

so fondly, will be the most earnest sympathizers with the Royal Bride. All the gentlemen are to be in full uniform, the ladies in full dress, and no mourning is allowed to be worn. After 11 1/2, no one will be admitted into the Chapel. The comparatively confined space is regretted, as but 1500 can possibly see anything of the ceremony, by any possible contrivance.

The Prince of Prussia will arrive at 12; the Bride elect, with Papa and Mamma, seven bridesmaids (chief, Princess Alice), and the remainder of her suite, at 12 or 12 1/2; and the service, with choral accompaniments, will occupy about 40 minutes.

The dejeuner will be at Buckingham Palace, and be attended by the Royal guests, the bridesmaids, a few chief officers of State, and foreign Ministers. In the evening there will be a concert, more generally attended.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

To-day's Times publishes a telegram dated Paris, Thursday evening, and saying "that the Emperor was shot at when entering the Italian Opera, at 9 1/2. Several persons in the street were wounded. The Emperor showed himself at the doors, to the people, before entering, and then stayed till the close of the performance. On his return he was hailed, by an enthusiastic crowd, with loud cheers."

Such is the telegram. But no one is spoken of as arrested; and several were injured. Is this one of the plots that the Paris police get up every now and then, in aid of the miserably bolstering system which is necessary to be resorted to in order to preserve the present regime? We have not forgotten the last conspiracy farce, with its clumsy lies and threadbare sophisms. To-morrow will tell us more, and then we can better judge.

HAVELOCK.

England turns awhile from the conquests she has won, to mourn for her matchless son. Her inner heart had reposed to his bravery; every man and woman loved and honoured him. Alas, that we should say—he is gone! No chronicle of his last hours has come to assist our realization of his death. We only know that, overborne, pressed down to the dust, by care and disease, even his iron frame at last succumbed to the fearful pressure on brain and nerve caused by devoted persistence in toil, and unrelieved watchfulness for his Sovereign's honour, soldiers' safety, and foes' destruction: We only know that he died at Allumbagh, when the work he had set his soul to accomplish was completed—when rescued heroes and delivered women and children blessed his name, and the rebels had felt the scourge of his lightning progress. Warrior, saint, true-hearted soldier alike of his God and Queen, he rests on the soil of his victories. Before an echo of his honours and rewards had reached him—before he could repose from war—he died in harness: harness, worn without ceasing till its pressure forced him to the grave. Careless of himself—disregarding safety, ease, life itself, he worked on; till, beneath the accumulated load, his spirit sought repose where conquerors are best crowned, and where the palm branch of immortal victory never leaves its possessor's hand.

"He is gone. Heaven's will is best! Indian turf o'erlies his breast, Ghoul in black, nor fool in gold, Laid him in yon hallowed mould, Guarded to a soldier's grave By the bravest of the brave. He hath gained a nobler tomb Than in old cathedral gloom; Nobler mourners paid the rite Than the crowd that craves a sight; England's banners o'er him waved— Dead, he keeps the realm he saved. Strew not on the hero's bierse Garlands of a herald's verse: Let us hear no words of fame Sounding loud a deathless name. Tell us of no vauntful glory Shouting forth her haughty story. All life long, his homage rose To far other Shrine than those. 'In Hoc Signo' pale nor dim, Lit the battle-field for him; And the prize he sought and won Was the Crown for Duty done."

Requiem from Punch.

On the 25th of November, and before the honour of baronetcy conferred on him had passed the legislature, Havelock died. The Queen will, doubtless, date back the patent, so that his son may succeed to it. Lady Havelock will have to be provided for; and though we know not yet in what way, surely she will not be neglected.

The reputation of Sir HENRY HAVELOCK will not decay with the generation that has witnessed his heroism. The baronets of his line may point centuries hence to the name of the noble warrior whose march from Allahabad to Lucknow was

"In hoc signo vinces" (under this sign thou shalt conquer). The standard-motto of Constantine; who, seeing a luminous cross in the heavens, bearing this title, adopted it, invoked "the true God," passed an edict in toleration of the Christians, and adopted their religion. The cross, of course, must have been imaginary; still, the impression worked a great deal.

like the passage of a fiery star—swift, sweeping, irresistible; and they may well esteem such an origin as equivalent to that of the Nevilles and De Burghs. Once more let us say, while a murmur of sorrow fills the land, that the splendour of the Indian General's prowess equals that of any champion whose feats of arms fill the pages of Froissart. He was not a baron or a belted earl; he was a knight of the highest order of English chivalry—or he would have lived amidst social refinements at home; but he was one of Nature's nobles, and with his intrepid column marched through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, with victory in his right hand, wielding his troops as though they had been physical weapons, inspiring all with confidence, astounding the enemy by the rapidity and precision of his movements, and laying a solid basis for those operations which Sir Colin Campbell subsequently carried on with so much success. In mere justice to the memory of a fallen hero, it must be distinctly remembered that, had not HAVELOCK performed his memorable advance upon Cawnpore, the garrison of Lucknow would have been infallibly doomed—hundreds of Englishmen massacred, women stripped and slain, children put to death with agonising tortures. Every one of the Europeans now reported to be safe at Allahabad would have been lying, naked and mutilated, in some tank at Lucknow, or blown to atoms in the explosion of the defences. HAVELOCK, by moving forward, drew off successive bodies of the enemy, and thus prevented an overwhelming concentration at the Residency; he killed hundreds of them, and disorganised large detachments; he secured Cawnpore—an inestimable piece of service; he pushed into Oude, and, although compelled to retire, kept the rebels in action and drew their attention from Lucknow; finally, with Outram, he marched through the insurgent territory, and after one of the bloodiest engagements on record, saved the beleaguered garrison when it was reduced almost to its last ration, with mines run under the principal walls, and within twenty-four hours of the closing scene of despair and slaughter.

Havelock is dead, but not his fame, or the influence which his piety exercised over those who deemed it impossible for a soldier to be a Christian. May the brave men with whom he prayed, as well as led to victory, treasure the lessons he gave, both of godliness and faithfulness to secular duty.

CANPORE AND LUCKNOW.

I must condense the news, to make room for a document which will thrill every heart—the record of Lucknow's siege. First, however, it must be told.—On the 21st of November Sir Colin Campbell, after a protracted conflict, relieved the garrison; he immediately despatched the women and children to Allahabad, whence they are believed to have reached Calcutta without hindrance; while he himself engaged the enemy, and kept up the fighting for two additional days near the Residency. On the 23rd he fell back on the Alumbagh. From Lucknow Sir Colin brought away all the guns worth carrying, and £250,000 in treasure, belonging to the king.

Then follows a most decisive victory. On the 20th, General Windham attacked one of the enemy's divisions, three thousand strong, eight miles from Cawnpore, routed them, and captured all but one gun. Next morning, having been apparently reinforced, they returned the assault, drove the British within their lines at Nuwabgunge, burnt down the camp of three regiments, and, on the 28th, renewing their undertaking, were beaten off triumphantly. By this time the Commander-in-Chief was at Cawnpore, but several days elapsed before he drew on an action with the strong rebel army. When fought, however, it was all but decisive, for, on the 6th of December, he swept them off the field, destroyed their camp, drove them with slaughter fourteen miles along the southern road, and captured their principal arms and stores. The English were only 2000 strong, in Windham's attack, and suffered fearfully. One regiment was "nearly cut up."

But the succeeding victory of Sir Colin Campbell made amends, and 16 pieces of artillery, 36 carriages, and a prodigious quantity of ammunition, stores, bullocks, grain, and the whole of the enemy's baggage, were taken. Our loss, on this occasion, was but trivial.

Nor did the rebels then escape. Brigadier Grant, with fresh troops, came upon the enemy when Sir Colin's wearied forces gave up the pursuit, and completed the rout. He caught them when trying to cross the Ganges, captured 15 guns, all their stores and ammunition, and, though inflicting on them great slaughter, lost not a man himself.

To this now routed army we had looked with great anxiety. They were the Gwalior Contingent; and had their attack been made earlier, while Havelock or Sir Colin were fighting toward Lucknow, we might have sustained defeat, and the delay would have certainly proved fatal to the Residents, reduced to the last gasp. This delay we may attribute to Providence—involving as it did the confirmation of our victory, instead of turning the scale against us.

One of the most remarkable histories of human endurance that are on record has been made known to us, by one who occupied a principal part. Brigadier Inglis gives us the details of the siege of Lucknow; and, modest as he is brave, draws with a chastened pencil the horrors of those fearful months. In other hands, the picture would be more highly coloured, and higher justice paid to the sufferers. But, naked and unvarnished as it is, the record bespeaks for itself the full and entire sympathy and applause of every manly heart. Would that I could transmit it in full: a summary only can be appended, and, long as it will make this letter, I dare not omit a word.

[Our Correspondent is not aware that Brigadier Inglis is a Nova Scotian and a native of Halifax, or he would compliment us in the share we have in these victories.—Ed. C. M.]

Brigadier Inglis who succeeded to the command of the garrison after Lawrence's death, describes how "in June, Lucknow was in danger; how treachery drove the garrison within their walls; how they ensconced themselves in the famous Residency; how Lawrence, too chivalrous, spared private property, and thus left the enemy in possession of formidable covered forts, and, too daring, perished on the spot whence he had been warned by the bursting of a shell. Next, Major Banks received a shot through the head, and died without a groan."

"And now came the long agony of the siege. The enemy, in tenfold numbers, brought their guns and musketry, 'within pistol shot,' and 'kept up a terrific fire by day and night.' Eight thousand men were computed to be firing, at one time simultaneously into the Residency, where hundreds of English women and children, in whose faces war had now frowned for the first time, were pent up with their handful of defenders. Not a building within the walls was safe; the wounded were slain in the very midst of the hospital; ladies and children were shot dead in houses, to which it had been deemed impossible that a ball could penetrate, and thus death stared in the face every inmate of that Indian Troy.

Nor did the besiegers slacken their diabolical efforts. Huge guns were planted against the frail defences, and both men and ordnance were shielded from the English fire. For forty days and forty nights the thunder of their batteries shook the city, and the garrison of Lucknow existed as in the centre of a tropical cloud, flaming and bursting without a moment's intermission.

Nor was this their most deadly trial. On the 26th of July, the enemy, assembling in a vast and terrible multitude, exploded a mine inside the British defences, advanced in a double column to storm the Residency, repeated the assault continually, and until late in the afternoon, and were driven back amid horror and slaughter by the defenders of the place, who fought as men only fight when a mighty trust has been confided to them.

"Thenceforward was passed another month, during which the rebels showered fire upon the forlorn garrison, killing the artillerymen at their guns, cutting off the supplies, adding the threat of famine to the menace of their overwhelming numbers, and then, for the second time, having breached the walls, attempting to take the Residency by assault. The mouth of an earthly hell seemed to open, when, pouring into the ditch, they stood under the British guns, with a thin line of officers and men upon the rampart, and grenadiers hurling missiles through the breach."

Failing in the assault, they renewed it again and again. Their multitudes increasing, while the garrison dropped away, the hearts of the boldest haunted by the terrible fear that, after this tremendous conflict, those delicate and dear hostages of war, immured within the circumvallation of blazing lines, might be doomed to torture, death, and shame beyond conception. That conviction quickened every sense, invigorated every arm, warmed every soldier's nature, and gun and bayonet did their work against a raging power, which, elsewhere, the commandant of so small a force would scarcely have dared to engage. Four great battles were won by the iron-hearted garrison, the last taking place on the 5th of September, when, as usual, mines were sprung and fresh batteries opened before the Sepoys rushed to the attack, their passions inflamed by promises of the glut of murder and rapine that would fall to their share when the beleaguered Englishmen, women, and children fell into their hands to be spoiled, stripped, violated, hacked, and butchered, with all the accompaniments of brutality and vengeance that blackened the cowardly triumph of the Nana Sahib at Cawnpore.

"It would be impossible to heighten the effect of the thrilling narrative written with a simplicity so powerful by Brigadier Inglis. A never-ceasing fire, constant exposure, alterations from extreme wet to intense heat, false alarms, exhausting and unnecessary, although unavoidable preparations, kept every nerve on the rack, and the wonder is that mortal nature survived that ordeal of anguish and giant labour. For eighty-seven days and nights both officers and men literally stood or slept under arms, suffering under every possible infliction of fatigue, all ranks working at the mines, removing putrid carcasses, shouldering muskets, and mounting guard. They made five separate sorties, they repelled four tremendous assaults, and they saw their defences shattered around them, houses unroofed, walls crumbled, and, worse, the roll of the dead lengthening, and helpless women and innocent children sinking into sudden graves; and who can doubt

that unless these gallant men had believed in a God who gives not the battle to the strong, they would have remained so steadfast in their fortitude, so unwearied in their heroism? Cholera, and small-pox, and an unknown but fatal disease, added to the destruction caused by the fire of the enemy, and yet the women of the garrison—some even while their widowhood was new—acted as nurses and assistants, and animated their protectors by their example. So close were the enemy, at times, under the walls, that they held conversations with the garrison trusting to seduce them into a surrender. But the blood of Cawnpore was upon that legion of murderers, and British shot and shell responded to the lie. Nor were the Sepoys successful in decoying from their allegiance the native portion of the soldiers under the command of Brigadier Inglis.

"And now, what will the country say, after reading this unparalleled epic? First, that, without exception, every man engaged in the defence of Lucknow should be decorated with the Victoria Cross; that the officers should be signally rewarded; and that a mark of distinguished honour should be bestowed upon the brave soldier in command, whose undaunted spirit was infused into the garrison, and whose conduct fired all hearts with that undying and indomitable fervour which, more than anything, saved the beleaguered band. But whatever the distributors of official honour may do, history will be just to Inglis and his devoted companions, and for many a day our children's children will tell the mournful yet illustrious tale of Lucknow assailed by tens of thousands, garrisoned by hundreds, and saved by the heroic pertinacity with which every man—every woman fulfilled a duty inconceivable to most minds, and eclipsed by nothing in the annals of human affliction and glory."

Lord Canning has for once done justice, in applauding mention of all concerned in this defence. The survivors are to be embodied in one regiment, "The Regiment of Lucknow." Such will display the feeling of every one towards those gallant men. Space prevents my entering on other particulars of the last mail which are, however, of minor importance.

Your Special Correspondent,
NIGHTLAMP.

For the Christian Messenger.

Temperance movements in Cornwallis.

At the General Session of the Peace in Kings County, October Term, 1857—eight persons were recommended by the Grand Jury, to be allowed Tavern Licenses, besides one young Justice of the Peace a shop license for the sale of Intoxicating Liquors—three in each Township. When the presentment came before the Justices for their concurrence, a sharp discussion ensued—it was moved that no license be granted—and in amendment, that all recommended be licensed. Both the motion and amendment were subsequently withdrawn, and each case taken up separately. In deciding respecting the Horton licenses it was found, that a decided majority of the whole were in favour of licensing all. It was suggested by one of the Cornwallis Magistrates, that if those from Horton, and Aylesford, wished licenses to be granted in their respective townships, we should not hinder them if they would not interfere with us. The consequence was that a decided majority of the Cornwallis Magistrates present, did not concur in the recommendations, and no licenses were granted in that Township for the ensuing year.

A savage howl of discontent and dissatisfaction arose from rum-seller and rum-drinker. In this rich and beautiful, but much injured township, was it to be endured that all our flourishing and cherished institutions, with those vast improvements about to be made in the trade, should be struck down? abandoned to the tender mercies of temperance fanatics? instead of having a smart, likely, intelligent, young Magistrate to preside and direct, to keep a law-established depot in the centre of the Township, whence all drinkers and sellers, licensed or unlicensed from the expected Hotels at Canning and Canady's Creek—to the innumerable dens and holes, black, white, and grey, through the pine woods, and all over the township, might with safety and respectability furnish themselves at noon-day, with copious supplies? Must they instead of this high privilege—again have to go to the sign of the Mule, or Ass, on the Steeple? to him who has strewn the country around him for the last dozen years with corpses living and dead, and who ought if justice had been done, to have now been in the Penitentiary for life—must they sneak into his disreputable den—looking every way lest some man should see them, and they should be subpoenaed to give evidence against him? Forbid it, O Bacchus! that thy fervent votaries should have to worship in illegal and unlicensed temples. But the invocation is vain it must be submitted to—and again must our county treasury be robbed of the license-money