

attempts to breathe are repeated several times; and after each attempt a small quantity of air is expelled from the mouth and nostrils, until the air-cells of the lungs are completely emptied. Then the animal becomes insensible, and convulsive action of the muscle marks the instant when the brain begins to suffer from the influx of the dark-coloured blood. After these convulsions the animal is motionless, and gives no signs of life; but if the hand be applied to the thorax, the pulsation of the heart, gradually becoming fainter and fainter, indicates that some remains of vitality still linger in the system. Before the circulation ceases altogether, the muscles of respiration resume their action, and some ineffectual efforts are again made to breathe. It is a remarkable circumstance that the diaphragm continues to exert itself nearly as long as the heart itself, so that the interval between the cessation of the attempts to breathe and the cessation of the motions of the heart, short as it is in animals that die of strangulation, is shorter still in those that perish from drowning. These phenomena follow each other in rapid succession, and the whole scene is closed, and the living animal is converted into a lifeless corpse, in the brief space of a few minutes. I have never opened the thorax of an animal in which the heart was found acting in such a manner as to maintain the circulation of the blood so long as five minutes after complete submersion; and from the information which I have received from some of the medical attendants at the receiving-houses of the Royal Humane Society, I am led to believe that the period is very rarely, if ever, longer than this in the human subject.—*Brodie.*

#### A CONVERTED INDIAN TO HIS TRIBE.

You have been here several days and nights worshipping your Indian god, who has no existence, only in your dark and beclouded minds. You have been burning your dogs and venison for him to smell. What kind of god or spirit is he, that can be delighted with the smell of a burnt dog? Do you suppose the great God that spread out the heavens, that hung up the sun and moon, and all the stars, to make light, and spread out this vast world of land and water, and filled it with men and beasts, and everything that swims or flies, is pleased with the smell of your burnt dogs? I tell you to-day, that His great eye is on your hearts, and not on your fires, to see and smell what you are burning. He burst into tears; he caught the handkerchief from his head, and wiped them from his eyes. Many in the house sat as if they were petrified, while others wept in silence. Many of the females drew their blankets over their faces, and wept.—'Awful, awful day to the wicked!' said this thundering minister; 'your faces will look much blacker with their shame and guilt than they do now with their paint.'

#### THE ROMAN CAMPAIGN.

PERHAPS there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campaign of Rome under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself for a moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his feet, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow and carious, like the dusty wreck of the bones of man. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening, and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift themselves to the sunlight.—Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep; scattered blocks of stone, four-square, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull, purple, poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of massy ruins, on whose rents the red light rests, like dying fire on defiled altars. The blue ridge of the Aloan mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines. From the plain to the mountains, the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners passing from a nation's grave.

#### HOTELS IN THE UNITED STATES.

In the St. Charles hotel, New Orleans this season, the greatest number of guests sleeping on any night was 725; the greatest number dining on any day was 850. There were 650 beds, and 270 servants. About one-third of the boarders and guests are planters and their families. The remainder are principally business people, and a small proportion are ordinary travellers. The servants of this establishment do not sleep or eat in the house and are not included in the above numbers as sleeping or dining in the hotel. The United States hotel at Saratoga, with the connected premises, covers six acres of ground. It contains 800 beds. There are 175 male and 75 female servants; and it occasionally accommodates as many as 1,200 guests at one time.—*Sterling's Letters from the Slave States.*

#### LETTERS FROM INDIA.

From English Papers to October 25.  
THE BATTLE OF NUJUFFGHUR.

We furnish our readers with an authentic account of what has taken place in the camp before Delhi since the arrival of the last mail, including a description of the battle of Nujuffghur, with the true statement of the forces engaged, from the homeward mail.

Camp before Delhi, August the 15th.—When your note arrived I had despatched mine of the 12th inst., giving you an account of our having captured four of the enemy's light guns that morning. Our loss altogether was 118 killed and wounded, many of the latter only slightly, however. But many doubt whether our loss was not greater than our gain. Brigadier Shows, who has shown great pluck, in this, as in former affairs, is blamed for not sufficiently considering how he could save his men, and seeing that the enemy were about surprised in the early dawn, and not in a strong position, our loss does seem heavy. Lieutenant Sheriff of the European regiment is the only officer who has died of his wounds. Yesterday, her Majesty's 53rd marched in nearly 700 strong, with a wing of the 61st, and a battery, making altogether nearly 1,100 Europeans. Besides these there were about fourteen Sikhs, and five heavy guns, two twenty fours, and three eighteens, stores, and eight lakhs of treasure. It was supposed by some that this force, instead of coming into our camp, would at once have taken up a fresh position on the south side of the city. But we are too prudent for that, and they have all come within the entrenched camp, for it is nothing else. Now we are waiting for the siege train from Ferozepore, which ought to be here in a week. And then we shall wait for the commander-in-chief, about whom we know little, except that he is coming up when Oude is settled, and Havelock returns from Lucknow. There is slight but constant firing going on between our picquets and the enemy, with little damage on either side. The enemy's battery on our right occasionally fires a few shots, but when we reply it shuts up. But little news from the city. Two regiments, a bullock battery, and some sowars are said to have left Delhi in the direction of Muttra, to collect money, and Hodgson, with his Sikh horse and some of the guides, were sent out this morning to look after them. I don't know whether Havelock will make anything of his Sikhs, I mean as fighting men, for they were never held in high repute with the Sikh army. Some Mooltanese horse came in yesterday, whom Nicholson thinks highly of. Nicholson appears to have got a brigade consisting of the 1st Europeans, 2nd Punjaub, some others, and the battery that came in yesterday, about 800 strong. They are fine handsome men, very martial in appearance, and you can see that they are well drilled. It is considered a better corps than Coke's, and is commanded by an officer by the name of Green. I trust that Goolab Singh's death will make no difference in the Punjaub, though a rising there now would be of no less consequence than it would have been two months ago. Lawrence certainly has managed it admirably. Two attempts on the part of our engineers to burn the bridge of boats have failed, and they have given it up for the present. In fact, one could with their plan, only burn a boat here and there, which could easily be repaired as they have others. But when the place is to be assaulted, we ought to be prepared to destroy the whole at once. We expect 200 of the 6th out from Meerut shortly, and they will be replaced there by Goorkhas or Sikhs. We want about 100 more men for our wing of carabineers, but there is no chance of getting them.

August 25th.—Since last I wrote we have been very quiet in our entrenched position, neither giving nor receiving trouble. The Paudies must be heartily sick of fighting, and General Wilson will run no risk unless there is some great advantage to be gained, something which will conduce to the final result—the capture of Delhi. He has been made a major general for special service. Personally, however, he is cautious, placid, and unambitious, and you will find that he will not attempt to take the city, if there is risk of serious loss in doing so. It is said that letters have been received from General Neill that we must not expect troops up from Cawnpore for some time, and therefore Wilson will commence in earnest when the siege train due about the first comes in. There are thirty-two heavy guns in all 24 and 10-inch mortars howitzers. A regular siege will, perhaps, leave us an empty city to enter.—Last night a column of 1,000 Europeans (Infantry), 1,500 natives 500 cavalry, and twelve guns left camp to try and give some account of a large force of sepoys and eighteen guns which left the city in the morning to intercept the siege-train in our rear.—Hodson came in two days ago from the direction of Rohtuck, having cut up some ninety irregulars, and otherwise done good service. I think there has been a little more sickness in camp than there was; sufficient pains are not taken to keep the camp and neighborhood clean, and more than half the troops are on duty daily.

August 27th.—I wrote on the 25th, telling

you that Brigadier Nicholson had gone out after a large force of the enemy, which left the city the previous morning. After a harrassing march of seventeen miles across country and through jheels, where the infantry had to drag the guns out of the mud, our troops came up with the mutineers, and soon dispersed them, at a place called Nujuffghur. They attempted a stand at a serai, but were driven from that; and later in the evening they threw themselves into a village, from which they escaped at night, as it was not thought advisable to continue the fight after dark. Our loss was two officers killed, Lumsden, of Coke's corps and Gabbett, of H. M.'s 61st, and two wounded, with about seventy men killed and wounded. We captured 14 field-guns in all, four of which were the palace guns of former days, native made. Altogether it was a most successful affair, and would have been more so but for the long tedious march, and night coming on, as it did not commence till half-past four on the 25th. Our troops returned last evening. Yesterday the enemy made a sort of demonstration all along the front of our position, perhaps thinking we might have withdrawn some men, but all was ready for them, and they made no regular attempt against any part. We have been busy the last few days advancing our breastworks on the right, in front of the batteries about 900 yards from the Moree Bastion, at what is called the Samee House; and all, I believe, is ready to commence with the batteries on the left, when the fresh guns come up. There is no expectation of troops from Cawnpore, I am happy to say, or there might be a delay of weeks yet. Now we trust to ourselves. We have from 8,000 to 9,000 troops here, and surely that ought to be sufficient force for anything. Lawrence, I believe, can send no more from the Punjaub; and the natives here must be as weary of the state of things as we are, and as ready to go into Delhi. No news from Cawnpore, and we know nothing of Havelock's movements, or if he has reached Lucknow.

A Bombay correspondent writes a long and comprehensive letter, dated the 17th September, from which we take the following interesting extract:—

#### GENERAL STATE OF AFFAIRS.

I am happy to be able to begin this letter in a spirit more hopeful than that in which I closed my last. I think the violence of the hurricane is spent. It is getting lighter to windward, and ever and again one catches glimpses of the blue as the sand drives overhead; not that our chief anxieties have ceased to oppress us, for we do not yet know that Delhi is taken, or that Lucknow is relieved.—But we entertain a feeling of confident assurance in the one case, and in the other of, as we believe, well-grounded hope that in a few days previous to this on which I am writing, each of these earnestly-desired ends has been attained. Throughout the army of this Presidency no further outbreak has taken place, and though I think we may still have losses in regiments particularly exposed to temptation by their position on the frontier, any general disaffection will, I trust and believe, be prevented by the exhibition of English troops, which we are now, or shall immediately be able to make in quarters where the tempter of the Sepoys or of the people may appear unsatisfactory.

#### OUR FORCE BEFORE DELHI, AND PROSPECTS.

On the 14th, Brigadier Nicholson's column—lately, you will recollect the 'flying column' of the Punjaub, which destroyed the Sealkote mutineers, and rendered other good service—joined its chief. Thus were added to the army, the 52nd Light Infantry, the left wing of the 61st, Captain Bourchier's field battery—in all upwards of 1,100 Europeans and about 1,400 Sikhs. Of the latter were the 2nd Punjaub Infantry, 800 strong, regarding whom an officer of experience, who saw them march in, writes in terms of high admiration. With them were a body of Mooltanese horse, also very good. The infantry of the army was now formed into four brigades, but the Guides are not brigaded. Col. Grant, of the 9th, commands the cavalry, and Brigadier Garbet, the artillery. The latter had been strengthened by Nicholson, not only with the field battery but also with three 18 pounders and two 21 pounders, together with ammunition and stores. In all the camp now showed about 9,700 fighting men, of whom 4,600 were English. So, at least, I find it stated, and the tale agrees pretty nearly with my own calculations and information.

On the whole I cannot doubt that my next letter will convey to you the news that Delhi is at last in our possession. If the enemy make any stand at all, we must expect that our loss will be very considerable; but the slaughter of the mutineers must be terrific, for, as may be supposed, the troops are in a high state of exasperation, and it will be found no easy matter to control them when they are let loose upon the vast and populous city.

#### BRIGADIER NICHOLSON'S VICTORY.

On the 25th, took place the movement to intercept the siege train. Such, at least, is supposed to have been the object of the proceeding, though the line of march of the mutineers was to the Westward of Delhi, in the

direction of Nujuffghur, for from that point a flank march north-eastward to Seneepur would bring them upon the high road by which the train was advancing and well in our rear.—Their force are said to have included the men of six revolted regiments of infantry and of three of irregular cavalry, with 13 guns. Divining the intention with which this formidable body had left the city, General Wilson sent a brigade under Nicholson in pursuit of them. The Brigadier made all the haste he could to overtake the enemy, but such was the difficulty of getting his guns through the swampy and flooded country that it was four o'clock in the afternoon before he came up with them, posted at the village of Nujuffghur. He once attacked them and with complete success, capturing all their guns—their camp equipage, and stores, killing and wounding between 300 and 400, and driving back the rest broken and dispirited to Delhi. His own loss is variously stated, but is nowhere carried higher than sixty; including casualties of all kinds. Lieut. Lumsden, of Coke's Rifles, was killed, and Lieutenant Gabbett, of the 61st mortally wounded.

#### GENERALS OUTRAM AND HAVELOCK.

I have seen the latest letter received in Bombay from Sir James Outram. It is dated the 1st and 2nd September, being finished at Allahabad on the latter day, and there posted. In the confident opinion both of Sir James and of General Havelock, with whom at Cawnpore Sir James was in constant communication by the river, Lucknow would be able to hold out till relieved. Writing on the 31st of August, General Havelock reports that his latest accounts represent the beleaguered party as safe and in good spirits. There would be opposition to the march of the relieving army, wrote Havelock, but all would be well 'if we take lots of heavy guns with us.' Now Outram, as I have said, got to Allahabad on the 2nd.—He would probably have been there sooner, but delay seems to have occurred somewhere, perhaps from the necessity under which he lay of visiting each of the river stations of the Dinapore division, endangered by Gen. Lloyd's culpable mismanagement—but partly also, I believe, from the fact of an advance upon Lucknow by the River Gogra and Fyzabad being at one time contemplated by him, and afterwards abandoned as impracticable. However, on the 9th he expected to reach Cawnpore. He had with him about 1,500 Europeans, consisting of the 5th Fusiliers and the 90th, and a strong company of Royal Artillery. This reinforcement would raise Havelock's force to at least 2,000 Europeans. Of guns, light and heavy, there were abundance; of cavalry, unfortunately, only about 40 men; and the volunteers from the infantry. Havelock had made, or was making, full preparations for crossing the Ganges directly he was reinforced, and for carrying the entrenchment which the enemy were observed to have thrown up on the further bank.

#### FEARFUL BUT JUST RETRIBUTION.

On the 28th of August, the disarmed 51st broke out at Peshawur. On the following day, General Cotton reported to Lahore, that out of 871 men, 785 were 'accounted for,' and that the remainder were being brought in by twos and threes by the villagers and the police. At Umballah, portions of the 5th and 60th broke away, but were pursued, and 130 of them slain. At Ferozepore, of the 10th Light Cavalry, which for so long a period did good service against the mutineers, and when disarmed as a precautionary measure offered no opposition whatever, 100 mutinied on the 19th of August. They murdered Mr. Nelson, their veterinary surgeon, attempted to possess themselves of the guns of Captain Woodcock's battery, and had captured and made off with many of the horses before they could be interfered with. But the few men of the 61st left at the station, and the Bombay Fusiliers attacked them with savage energy, and their treason was bloodily expiated. Thirteen of those that got away were taken at Loodinah, and hanged on the 28th. At Harazah we learn that on the 7th of August, forty-one of the 55th, including seven commissioned and as many non-commissioned officers were executed, and that forty-three more had arrived, brought in by Ghelab Singh's people in Cashmere. Thus by the instrumentality of his various lieutenants, and throughout the length and breadth of his province, is felt the iron hand of the Chief Commissioner.

#### OUR SOLDIERS IN INDIA.

The following letter may have some interest for our readers, as exhibiting the spirit which actuates our soldiers in India, and supplying a glimpse of the manner of thought and quaint but graphic mode of expression among the men of the ranks, with reference to what is passing around them. It was written by Colour-sergeant George Wilson, her Majesty's 64th regiment (a portion of which corps has performed feats of such chivalrous prowess under General Havelock,) to a relative in the Castlecomer colliery, of which district the sergeant is himself a native:—

Mirzapore, Bengal, August 7th, 1857.—After two days' stay in Calcutta we were sent up the river Ganges, where the mutineers were killing most barbarously all the Europeans