

of the trustworthy force at his own disposal, it is due that Major-General Wilson's army has not been harassed or threatened on the side of the Punjab, and that the authority of the Government in the Punjab itself has been sustained and generally suspected.

The Governor-General in Council seizes, with pleasure, the earliest opportunity of testifying his high appreciation of these great and timely services.

The following is from a letter written by an officer:—

"The Cashmere Gate presented a horrible sight; thirty or forty Sepoys, some blown up and others bayoneted and shot down, were lying all about. It was the same all along the walls. No quarter was given; but they made very little defence, and retired into the city, where they again made a stand. I went into the bastions. Such a scene of ruin you never saw. Almost every gun was dismantled, or had a great piece of iron knocked out of it, and dead sepoy all around. The troops took up their quarters in the college and church, but the enemy fired on us all night. We made a battery by the college, and commenced shelling the town and palace. We lost most of our men in town. They advanced too far without support and were fired at from the walls and houses.—On the 29th, after our pouring into it a tremendous fire of shell, we attacked the palace.—There were very few sepoy found in it; they had all fled during the night. Thank God it is all over; I am sick of bloodshed and seeing men killed. I never felt so much seeing a European killed as a poor private of her Majesty's 61st. I was in the magazine with him, making some loopholes of sandbags. He asked me to take a shot at the sepoy outside with his rifle, and he was looking through the loophole to see the shot when a bullet came through and killed him by my side. Lieut. Hodson took the King of Delhi prisoner, about four miles from here. He is very old, but if it is proved that he aided in the murder of Europeans he will not be spared. Fancy, a European was taken who had been fighting on their side all along. He was a sergeant-major in a native infantry regiment, and had turned Mussulman. He will doubtless be hung. Three or four hundred of inhabitants who were suspected to be guilty of the murder of Europeans were shot, but I am glad to say not a woman or child was touched, for, although they murdered all our ladies, it is not in the nature of Europeans to kill women. The two sons and grandson of the King were killed; his son, the heir to the throne, was the man who killed some of the Europeans with his own hand. A good deal of plunder, but not so much as was expected, has been found.—There are prize agents, who are supposed to stop plundering, but I don't think they do much. All of it should be divided among the army.—I trust we shall get a medal for Delhi. I am sure we have had as hard fighting as we well could, though against mutineers. They say we shall get six months or a year's batta, but I don't care much about that if we get a medal. A column is gone out in pursuit of the fugitives. Most of us are a good deal knocked up by this campaign. I don't know when we shall go back but I shall not be very sorry to get away from here. I think the best regiments here are Her Majesty's 60th Rifles and the Ghorkas; I don't like the Sikhs much."

THE BAYONETING OF THE KING OF DELHI.

A letter received in Glasgow on the 16th, repeats the rumour which the Morning Herald published from Calcutta, to the effect that the King of Delhi and the Queen had been killed. The letter, which is dated Calcutta, 8th Oct., says: "General Wilson, the officer in command, knowing the temper of his men, and feeling the necessity of the case, had issued orders that no harm should be done to women and children, but that no quarter was to be given to the men. He was bound, however, to enforce the official command to secure and protect the persons of the state criminals. He therefore placed the royal rebels under arrest, the guard being supplied from the different regiments in rotation. On its coming to the turn of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, only sixty-four of whom survived the assault, the guard rushed on the King and Queen with their fixed bayonets and speedily dispatched them. The officer on duty rushed forward to prevent the vengeful retribution, but was instantly served in the same way. Such acts of sanguinary insubordination are not to be justified, but a reference to human nature will be sufficient to explain them."

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Bureaux of Health, hospitals and dispensaries, have never accomplished half the good that has been accomplished through the agencies for the sale of these remedies. Fortunately for the sick these remedies prevade all countries. Every dwelling, however, should be furnished with the preparations, for they may be suddenly and imperatively required at any hour. If universally and appropriately used in all cases demanding medical treatment, the average duration of human life would be increased, and the amount of human suffering greatly lessened. The effect of the Ointment on eruptions, ulcers, tumors, and all kinds of external diseases and injuries, is little short of supernatural.

Communication.

Metapedia, December 2, 1857.

Mr Editor,

I resume my answer to Contractor's Letter with a quotation. "But Mr Editor I have always been an advocate for the Metapedia Road," that long-eared gentleman would not even sign a petition in favor of the road; he is now braying over what he has done with his writing, his writings only attack private individuals and only calculated to hurt the circulation of the paper they are published in; for his character is well known on the pasture he belongs to." And so Contractor says he has always been an advocate for the Metapedia road—indeed!! and with how much force or benefit? I will answer—just about as much as the moving of my grandmother's old cap. Take another extract from this wonderful letter. "But, Mr Editor, if John Meagher, Esq., has put one hand in his pocket, to hand over money to the Government of Canada, to forward that great undertaking, he knows right well where to put the other to get it back, or the Metapedia road would be a long time in being completed." Oh how cruel of you, Mr Contractor, you that was always such an advocate for the Metapedia Road, to hit John Meagher, Esq., such a stinging blow, for the energy and willingness he has manifested to carry out your favourite line, and to whose praiseworthy exertions this road is much indebted for its present forward state. This cruel slap might have been borne from a foe, but to receive it from a friend, it is too bad. Shame on you man.

Another extract—"But next comes the exploring party—First Engineer, Joseph Meagher, Esq., second John Lefebore, ship-carpenter. Third Alexander Fraser, instrument bearer, also two chain bearers, two Indian bush rangers, and Peter Mollie, cook and baggage bearer, which makes up the staff." I would, Mr Contractor, now ask you a civil question or two: why lay your rattle so smartly and sharply on to the backs of unoffending individuals? why pull the nose of Joseph Meagher, Esq., who is proverbially known for his kindness and urbanity, and who wishes to live in peace with all men? With respect to your snuffling and sniveling at Indians, I am very much mistaken in my man, if it does not come with a very bad grace from you, Sir, for I need scarce remind you that you have seen the day that had you discovered the smell of Pear Mollie's cooking, you would have sneaked along like some half-starved hound to lick the platters. How much better would it have been for you to have whipped along your "Jackass" and licked him into shape, which after all might have been a task equal to your ability. I now cast the gauntlet in proud defiance at your feet, and take it up if you dare. Come out from under your skulking cover in your second or third "epistle of the Gleaner" or Times, either. Appear under your own proper signature, as I have done under mine: spare me not as I do not intend to spare you. Gather up all your venom, and dash it at me. "Pocket Books," "Black Alick," and all other such phrases and epithets; make a clean breast of it for yourself and others. It may cost an effort and a trifle for communicating it, but never mind, I will cheerfully foot the bill. But I have no hope of drawing you out, to stand the gaze of a scrutinizing public; you would sooner sneak away like all champions of your cast, or like a whipped cur, betake yourself to your hiding place, and whine and moan over your bruises.

If ever the heart of a shepherd rejoiced at seeing the blood-thirsty prowling wolf, which from time to time had thinned his flock under the cover of midnight's darkness, while he with rifle in hand, pouch well filled, and powder dry, stood ready with nerve well-strung and eye well trained to range his piece, so did my heart rejoice at finding at last one of my vile traducers screw himself up to the point of attacking me through the press, even under the flimsy cover of "A Contractor." As the public are informed by this writer, that I have been in company with Indians, it ought not to surprise them very much should I know something of Indian peculiarities and Indian ways; that I have marked well the cunning, crafty, stealthy mode they often adopt to capture game, or track an enemy. Every bush and brake are examined; the ruffling of leaves, the barking of trees, the smell of smoke, the track and the way it points; but once upon the trail, they follow it with blood-hound correctness. If failing in all other means to capture their game in a long chase, a shot is let off, half at random, either to wound or bring it to bay; so following their example, I picked up my rifle and let bang at Contractor by the rustling of the bushes; but scarce had the pan flashed, or the smoke settled down, while the echo was yet heard dying slowly away among our distant mountains, when the scouts came running in, declaring I had wounded the animal badly, if not mortally; so loving mercy and hating cruelty, I must away and hunt up the trail and try to despatch him.—But where is the trail? Ah! "that's the rub;" I do not know but I shall be obliged to apply to that "honest Scotchman" for the loan of one of his valuable dogs to hunt it up for me. Ha, ha, here I have it—all right once more; and now Mr Contractor, being once more on your trail, I shall present the public with a few more extracts from your invaluable letter.

You say—"the present Superintendent Mr

Lefebore is an honest industrious man, but as his pretensions to road making cannot be much, as his first work in that line was the bushing out of the Kempt road, which any boy could have superintended. But being in the confidence of the member of the County, of course qualified him for any undertaking, more especially when such a man as Alexander Fraser was appointed to be his guide." Thank you, Mr C.—thank you, and I am sure the present Superintendent Mr Lefebore, alias Mr Lefebore, will thank you too, notwithstanding you did cudgel your brains to make a bore of him, and publish to the world that he had followed the disgraceful calling, in your estimation, of a "ship carpenter," but as you failed to cast the slightest shadow of light on the mysterious circumstance of his having gained the confidence of the Member of the County, it may not be altogether out of place to assist you a little, and in doing so, I would just say—who knows but the member of the County found out as well as you, that the present Superintendent was "an honest industrious man," and who knows but the Board of Works knew that too, before he got his appointment; for although the nasal organ of the present Superintendent may not be as powerful as "to small roots under ground," like some of his predecessors, still, who knows but he may have acquired some valuable lessons in the art of road making on that extraordinary fine road, although he was but employed in pulling bushes out of it. Many strange actions and transactions have happened on that far-famed road, some of which may now be recorded in due course, and who knows but the Member of the County found out as well as the Board of Works, that public money had too often been entrusted to self-conceited, blundering blockheads and lazy, dishonest men; and after all, who knows but the Member of the County found out by some means or other, that no better man could be found, one knowing half as much about the Metapedia river, or one to whom he might intrust the safe keeping of this "industrious honest man," and with less danger of being led astray, than to the said Alexander Fraser. But then the present Superintendent knows nothing about road making; well, just wait a little, Mr Contractor, and if you are a genuine road contractor, perhaps you will be a better judge on that head when you finish your contract, but as you have enveloped that in mystery as well as many other parts of your letter, it is as yet difficult for the public to judge whether you are a road contractor, a mischief contractor, or the great veritable mail contractor of the Kempt road; however, I dare say, by this time, some of the public will be pretty well satisfied that you are a contractor of some sort.

Let us now pass on to another extract:—"Again Mr Editor that long-eared gentleman attacks an honest Scotchman without a reason, because her Majesty's mails have been carried by dogs in winter for the last twenty years, through the Kempt road, which is no disgrace, it has been the most regular mail in the three Provinces during that time, from that we may judge the honest Scotchman has not often lost his road, but that long-eared gentleman would very willingly put his feet into that Scotchman's shoes, but the responsibility would be too much for him, and security hard to find."—So now you have it—a "long-eared gentleman Jack-ass," with Contractor dragging him all through the rubbish by the ears. I suppose Contractor did not like to swing too long by the tail of this animal, it being a rather dangerous position; he preferred to take hold of him by the ears, and by soft, coaxing words, such as "long eared gentleman," drag his animal along without any trouble, or fear of being bitten. Well, pull away good fellow, we shall strive to relieve these long-ears from your clutches, and you may live to see the day, Mr C., when you will witness this Jack-ass canting round "the pasture he belongs to," tossing his heels high in the air in utter contempt at you, for your silliness, while in your mortification look on, and with shagrin behold the finger of scorn pointed at you by every right-thinking person; but in the mean time we must attend to something else—and that is, that I attacked our "honest Scotchman" without a reason, because her Majesty's mails have been carried by dogs in winter for the last twenty years, through the Kempt Road; which is no disgrace." No, no, Mr Contractor, nothing could be more fallacious or false. It mattered very little to me, whether her Majesty's mails were "carried by dogs," goats, or on the back of jackasses, if her Majesty and the public were satisfied with the conveyance, all would be right; and if the driver or owner of those dogs had conducted himself as civilly and quietly as the inoffending dogs, nothing would have been said about him or the dogs; but it was because he had not the sagacity or instinct of one of his dogs, to mind his own business and let other people alone, who were not meddling with him, that it was thought a small touching up through the press by way of a hint, might do him and others some good. But why are you so much offended, Mr Contractor, with Common Jack, "Jack-ass," "long-eared gentleman," or whichever you like, bringing this "honest Scotchman and his dogs" before the public. You surely do not forget the time, when this "honest Scotchman" dogs and all, was prominently and graphically described before the public, by one of your "honest Scotchman's" bosom friends, and with whom "the honest Scotchman" entered into a league, to furnish his friend with certain patent nostrums, to cause the barren to bud and bring forth, and to blossom as the rose, whilst he, the "honest Scotchman," expected to gain an everlasting fortune by the

experiment. And, Mr Contractor, I cannot but think that you have been a little too severe on your "Jackass" for merely braying over the words of your friend. The honest Scotchman himself, told all about the dogs, and a great deal more, to a stranger, and to a person whom he knew would publish it. I have said nothing yet about poor old inoffending Jonathan Noble, or his family, who located themselves in a wilderness, striving by hard industry to support themselves, and often rendering relief to the weary and worn out way-ward traveller, and frequently without recompense or reward; and many other matters of a like nature. So, Mr Contractor, go and ask your friend, if ever he did so; and if he says that he did not, just tell him that Alexander Fraser says that he does not believe him; and that he further says that the public won't believe him either. And likewise tell him, that what is "saucy for the goose" should surely be saucy "for the gander." But then, this mail which "has been carried by dogs in winter for the last twenty years, has been the most regular in the three Provinces during that time." Astonishing, Mr Contractor, that you or your friend should have so long concealed from the public this most important fact, considering the frequent murmurs of the press at the irregularity of the mails; why did you not, if too bashful to appear in print, drop a private note to the post-master-general of each Province, advising or admonishing them the urgent necessity of doing away with horses, and to introduce dogs to convey "her Majesty's mails in winter" on the several lines of road under their control; citing as a proof, your friend's experience of "twenty years, which would be no disgrace" to you; and by such a prudent course you might immortalize your name, Mr Contractor, by being the means of causing people to pay more attention to the rearing of dogs, thereby causing a new, and perhaps a lucrative trade to arise in our midst, whilst you, yourself, Mr Contractor, might take up the contract to furnish the several post-office departments with dogs, and be known hereafter to posterity as the GREAT DOG MAIL CONTRACTOR. At all events we might expect a better class of dogs than at present infest the country; for you must admit, that this most regular, or superlative "mail in the three Provinces," must be altogether owing to the activity of the dogs, for you surely would not have the hardihood or presumption to say, that your friend was the best driver to be found in the three Provinces during the space of twenty years.

I shall continue the subject next week.
ALEXANDER FRASER.

MIRAMICHI BANK.

The following article appears in the last number of the Royal Gazette:

AT THE COURT AT WINDSOR.

The 4th day of November, 1857.

PRESENT:

The QUEEN'S Most Excellent Majesty.

His Royal Highness the PRINCE CONSORT,
Lord Chancellor, Duke of Wellington,
Lord President, Earl of Clarendon.

WHEREAS the Lieutenant Governor of Her Majesty's Province of New Brunswick, with the Council and Assembly of the said Province, did in the month of March 1857, pass an Act which has been transmitted, entitled as follows, viz:—

No. 2553. An Act to incorporate sundry persons by the name of The President, Directors, and Company of the Miramichi Bank, in the County of Northumberland.

And whereas the said Act has been laid before Her Majesty in Council, together with a letter from the Right Honorable Henry Labouchere, one of Her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, to the Lord President of the Council, recommending that the said Act should be left to its operation: Her Majesty was thereupon this day pleased, by and with the advice of Her Privy Council, to approve the said recommendation. Whereof the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, or Commander in Chief for the time being of Her Majesty's Province of New Brunswick, and all other persons whom it may concern, are to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

WM. L. BATHURST.

RELIEF FUND FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THE FRENCH.—The Committee have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the sum of £2 10s. cy., from Fredericton in addition to the sum of £64 18s 4d, already acknowledged.

HENRY CUNARD,
RICH. HUTCHISON, } Committee.
GEO. H. RUSSELL.

Miramichi, December 8, 1857.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—At the regular quarterly meeting of the above Society, held in the Temperance Hall, on Monday evening the 7th instant the following members were chosen Office Bearers for the year ensuing.

President—Mr Thomas Barden.
Vice President—Mr Cornelius Fitzpatrick.
Treasurer—Martin Cranny, Esq.
Secretary—Mr Thomas O'Kane.
Committee—Messrs. Edward Haley, Mich. Delaney, Ambrose McDonald, John Bannion, Thomas Farnell, John McCabe, and John Ferguson.

Chatham, 11th December, 1857.