

# The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWS PAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."  
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## Report of the Educational Meeting at Yarmouth.

CONTINUED.

Through the photographic skill and kindly disposition of Rev. S. T. Rand, we are able to resume our report of the recent Educational Meeting at Yarmouth:—

Rev. Dr. Cramp supported the resolution. This, he said, was the 24th of August. Now his thoughts were always running in a historical channel, certain dates always reminding him of certain important events connected with them. Now on the 24th of August, a fearful tragedy was being transacted in Paris. Constantinople reigned everywhere. Men armed to the teeth, were running through the streets, pursuing helpless women and children, and unarmed men, shooting them down like dogs and stabbing them, so that the gutters ran with blood, and tens of thousands miserably perished for no other crime save one, except that they would not bow down to the decrees of an apostate church, but would worship God according to the dictates of His word and their own enlightened consciences. But here we are on this 24th of August, assembled within these sacred walls engaged in the promotion of the cause of truth and liberty, and progress, so marvellous to molest us or make us afraid. And why? Because the glorious gospel of the blessed God has gone through the world, and light and knowledge, gospel purity, and religious freedom have prevailed and spread east and west, and north and south, in spite of the decrees of kings, and councils, and popes; and with all this, education has had much to do. God has used it as one of His great instrumentalities by means of which His Kingdom is to be promoted until all rule, and all authority, and all power, are put down, and Christ the Lord shall reign triumphant. Brother Bill has referred to the restrictions by which King's College was formerly fettered, and, sir, one cannot wonder at the emotions excited in his bosom under the circumstances. But, after all, I am not sure but it is as well that he did not go. I am afraid they might have made an Episcopalian of him, and he might have entered the ministry in connection with that denomination, and then, however much they might have profited by the acquisition, his talents, and zeal, and activity would have been lost to us. But there has been progress here also. The restrictions no longer exist. King's College like our own, is now open to all denominations, and they exist no longer in England. There, in the mother country, a man of any denomination or creed, may attend and graduate at the highest Universities, without any restriction relating to his religious views. Thirty years can do a great deal for the cause of education. Let us pray that not only on this subject, but also upon every other, true ideas of liberty may be in every quarter entertained.

But I see Brother Davis looking at me, and I know what he is thinking about. He is dwelling on 24th of August scenes in England. We have St. Bartholomew's remembrances, there also, you must know, Mr. Chairman. On the 24th of August, 1662, two thousand devoted men of God were cast out of their pulpits, and driven from their flocks and homes, not because they were guilty of any crime, not because they were inefficient or idle in their master's service, but because they could not conscientiously submit to certain rites and formalities which had been imposed upon them by the powers that were. They were reduced from affluence to penury, they were persecuted and pursued by convulsive acts, and "five mile acts," and other annoyances; they suffered cold, and hunger, and imprisonment. They wandered about from place to place, "being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy." And what followed? Did they cease to labor for the edification of the Church, and the conversion of sinners, because they were forbidden to preach publicly and from house to house. Were their thoughts that stired their bosoms destined to die there, and the world know nothing of them? No, sir. They were men of education; they could write as well as speak, they could make books and they did make them. From the obscurity of their closets, from the depth of their dungeons, they sent them forth trumpet-tongued, to shake the thrones of despots, to break down the pillars of anti-Christ's kingdom, to turn men from darkness, and to cheer, and comfort, and edify, and instruct the church in all ages. They were your Baxter's, your Owen's, your Howe's, your Bunyan's, and a host of others. Their piety, and zeal, and biblical knowledge, as seen and felt in their works, are and will be to the end of time, among the choicest blessings of earth. But, mark; they could never have written as they did, had they not been educated men. Let us thank God for them.

And, sir, when I speak of thankfulness, I desire to render praise and thankfulness to him for all that he has done for the world and for the church, for all that he has done for Acadia College, and this country, and every other; but, sir, I desire to thank him devoutly on my own account, for what I have seen and felt of his love and power upon my own heart since I came to Acadia College. I have rejoiced to witness the pouring out of His spirit upon our youth, upon the students, scholars, and others; and seen scenes of religious

awakening, earnest enquiry, deep feelings, and heart-felt joy, such as I hitherto had not been accustomed to mingle in, were the means of awakening within my own soul, I humbly trust, such emotions of penitence and faith, and love to the blessed Redeemer, and of earnestness for the salvation of sinners, as I hope never to forget or lose the relish of to my dying day. Oh, Sir, I heard the earnest enquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?" I heard the exultant exclamation, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." I baptised the happy eight converts, and saw them going on their way rejoicing. I don't wonder my good Brother Thomson there is moved. I baptised that son of his, of whose conversion he told us this morning. I bless God for what I have witnessed in that region, and my earnest prayer is, that such scenes may be witnessed and participated in everywhere.

Now, Sir, something has been said about prayer. Christian brethren, we cannot do without your prayers. Pray for the College. Ask the God of all grace to continue to smile upon us, and much more abundantly. And I would most earnestly pray, Pray for him who stands before you. He needs much grace and wisdom from on high. All that the young men at Acadia College have of the logical instruction, he has to afford them. I trust ere long we shall have a better state of things, but in the meantime I must exhort myself to the utmost and do the best I can. Meanwhile allow me just to say, before I close, that we need also enlarged liberality and exertion on the part of our friends, if all go on and increase in our efficiency and usefulness. And we believe there are men here, and women too, who know the luxury and blessedness of giving, who know, Sir, and feel that life itself would be a blank, a useless thing, as not worth the having, if accompanied by the pleasure of doing good. As the poet has it:—

"That man may last but never lives,"  
"Who much receives, but nothing gives."  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,  
Creation's blot, creation's blank."

The second resolution, moved by Rev. Thomson and seconded by Rev. T. C. Haines, and supported by Rev. J. Chace, read as follows:  
Resolved,—That to relax exertion on behalf of Acadia College would be an act of ruinous folly, which would involve us in disgrace, and also evince base ingratitude to Almighty God, whose blessing has so signally rested on the Institution.

Rev. A. D. Thomson, in moving the resolution, claimed the right of apologizing as well as the speakers who had preceded him. He had a great mind to back out altogether. For his part, under the circumstances of the case, he did not know as he ever felt more disposed to be sick. Brother Bill had apologized for calling his resolution "his text," for his part, he should not hesitate to say "this is my text." He (Mr. T.) could have forgiven Brother Bill for taking his text, if he had only taken his own and stuck to it. But no, he has encroached upon mine. And that is not all, he has taken the sermon along with it, taken away from me the very points I had planned to speak about. However, there are so many things to be said about education, that I shall go on and try to say something in my flourishing manner. I hear many say, we had better do this, and we had better do that, in order to help us out of present difficulties, and really if we listen to the advice of each one who chooses to offer it, we may find in the end the old story of the "Man and his Donkey" acted over; attempting to please everybody we may please nobody, and lose our property in the bargain. If we stop to consider everybody's way of it, it will go over the dam. It is said in my resolution, that to recede would involve us in disgrace. Now, we don't like to be disgraced, and we don't like that our denomination should be disgraced. We don't want our country to be disgraced. We feel an honest pride in our country and her welfare, and love to keep her honour unimpaired. Suppose now some of our dear friends here were just to step over to the United States. Well they begin to enquire about Nova Scotia, the place from whence you came. "Where are you from, Sir?"—"From Nova Scotia." "Nova Scotia?" Well what kind of people have you over there?" You would like to answer, "Oh we have fine people over there." "Fine people, ha, fine looking? Donkeys wear fine clothes. Do the ladies wear fine chemises around their necks, and beautiful ornaments around their wrists, and on their fingers, and in their ears? Do the gentlemen wear gold chains, drive fine horses and carriages, and dash high? Are these the things you would be proud of my friends? I think not. But, have they good schools? Do they patronize Colleges? Are they an intelligent people? Do they build good ships, cultivate the land in a scientific manner? Are they an intelligent, moral, and religious people? These are the questions you would like to answer in the affirmative. And you would feel disgraced if you could not answer them in the affirmative. You would like to say, "We have a first rate College at Horton, well sustained, liberally patronized, and attended by a large staff of able Professors, and scores of moral and diligent students in attendance." Then you would be respectable in their eyes, if you could say all that. They would think you a literary people, and you would feel pleased.

Whether you had supported the Institution or not, you would feel pleased. But if you were among its patrons, and had helped it with your prayers and money, you would not only feel pleased, and feel an honest pride, but you would be grateful to God. You would see and recognize His hand in all His works and ways.

The speaker went in his own peculiar style to illustrate the advantages of knowledge and the ridiculous plight into which men often get, who deem themselves wise and knowing. A little boy can teach the man of gray hairs; or if the latter be too far gone in ignorant conceit to be taught anything, the child with the map in his hand, or his finger on an artificial globe, can know the absurdity of his theories. An amusing instance was given in illustration.

Now with regard to support. The great Mr. Finney, a Revivalist preacher among the Presbyterians, in the States, of whom the most of you have probably heard, was once lecturing in behalf of some benevolent object, and he said, "There are people in this country who could give their hundreds and thousands, and have enough left them to damn all their children." Have you not remarked that children who have been left with large fortunes, are like hot house plants. As soon as they are left to themselves and exposed to the blasts of temptation, they wither and die. They know not how to save or how to use the property for which their fathers toiled so hard to leave them, and they destroy it, and it destroys them. Will others, who imitate that hardy boy we have heard about this evening, who could face the northern blasts, and the chilling influence of poverty and other hardships, in order to obtain an education, rises in the world, becomes affluent, honourable and eminently useful. See what that very boy has become, and notwithstanding, I feel myself eclipsed by him, I cannot help rejoicing at his success. See how he has passed up.

I can't for a moment think that Acadia College will be allowed to go down. Brother Demill remarked the other day, and he is not a down right fantastical enthusiast, that a boy sent to Acadia, is almost sure to be converted. He has had several sons converted there himself. And one of them, Budd Demill, preached a sermon at the Eastern Association that was enough to carry one away. I heard him myself, and I must say I was entranced with it. But I must close. What is the use of talking about it. No one thing is like that Institution.

REV. J. CHACE.—Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—I think that this Resolution expresses the sentiment that "relaxation of our efforts would be a disgrace," and I feel exceedingly gratified that it has been couched in that strong manner. Nor can I conceive of a deeper disgrace attached to a denomination possessed of the instrumentality of such an Institution as that go down. But more than this. Who is there who can remember the marked interpositions of divine grace with which these Institutions have been favoured from time to time—whose must not acknowledge that the deepest ingratitude must attach to those who would suffer them to fail? Let us not forget their origin, how they had their birth in faith and prayer. I am aware that some suppose that they were originated in the frenzy and selfishness of certain individuals who came over to the Baptists from other denominations. But, Sir, this was not the case. The plan of a place where the higher branches of education could be obtained by the youth of our Denomination, originated before those men were thrown among us. Why, Sir, I have heard father Manning speak of it long before that. I sat under the instruction of this man, and again and again have heard him, standing before the congregation, urge the importance of such an Institution. Father Joseph Dimock did the same. Those Institutions have arisen in the desires and prayers of these men and others of the same stamp. You, Sir, know the difficulties that had attended their first commencement; but they have been destined to prosper in spite of all opposition. They are the result of personal effort. These men did not merely think, but they talked and acted, and the circle of that influence enlarged itself like heaven hid in three measures of meal, that spread through the whole surrounding mass. The who's denomination has become leavened with their spirit, until they have gone forth in their might to accomplish the work in spite of all opposition.

Now what we want at the present time is friendly consultation. Let us talk together about the present state of affairs. I don't mean discouraging talk. That can do no good. But let us rather encourage one another. I see people often get gloomy about their own private affairs. Something unoward happens, and friends begin to talk about it. One says, "well, poor man, it is just what I expected." Suppose mistakes have been made, let us do better for time to come. We want every one to say, "It has been a mistake of the judgment, and not of the heart, an error and not an immorality. We shall learn by experience."

Now it is progress which has been spoken of here to night, must be continued. We must keep the thing moving. We want people to give us their money for this object, or rather, I should say, not their money, but a portion of that money which God has made them stewards. I am aware that when we speak of these exertions, people cry out, "O

you are always asking for money." And pray what object do you suppose we have in view? Our own personal pecuniary advantage? I say no. So far as we can see that would be in a contrary direction. If we are not what we profess to be, if we are not hypocrites, we are asking it for the cause of God. If I did not believe that our Educational Institutions are intimately connected with the promotion of truth and righteousness, I would have nothing to do with them. I would put my foot upon them. But some tells us "you want so much money, what can you do with it all?" We! I don't think we waste it. Look at the buildings. You will see a large amount of it there. Have any other of the denominations done as much as the Baptists in proportion to their means? I think not. Compare our college buildings. Compare our professors, and means of instruction. I am satisfied we should not lose by the comparison. I know if no Institution in these Provinces which is carried on with more efficiency.

Now is it a strange thing in the history of colleges for emergencies to arise and calls to be made for increased liberality for their support. Look at Waterville College in Maine. Some time ago a cry went through the length and breadth of the land that it would fail unless 50,000 dollars were raised for endowing it. Look at Brown University, shortly after Dr. Wayland the President proposed to leave, and that he would return only on the condition that the endowment would be raised to a hundred thousand. At Windsor the Episcopians have been enlarging their operations, and so have the Methodists at Sacville. There they have erected their Female Academy. The Presbyterians have heirs at Halifax, at Picou, and at Truro. All these exertions have called for increased liberality.

But you say, "we thought we were to be done giving." Then you thought wrong, for the fact is, if we prosper this prosperity will require to be sustained by corresponding exertion. We shall have to come to you again and again as they prosper. Is there anything strange in this. Not at all. Does the merchant imagine that because his business is prospering, he may lessen his capital and slacken his exertions? Does the farmer reap thus? does the mechanic? No, indeed! They all know that just as they prosper in their several callings, increased effort and expense is the result, and increased advantage. So will it be with our educational institutions. The more good they do the more they will cost, and the more they will be worth to the denomination and to the country. Why it has been this very prosperity that has driven us to you from time to time. Why, large as are our buildings, they must soon be enlarged. Within two years I have seen times when, if we had had three students more, we would have been obliged to lodge them elsewhere.

We will soon have to separate the Academy from the main college building, and erect one for its exclusive use. This is already in contemplation, and depend upon it, if the institutions flourish we shall have to come to you from year to year. To relax our efforts would be the basest folly. What folly would it be for a man who has been toiling for years to gain a prize—to accomplish a great and praiseworthy object, and to relax his exertions and lose it just as it is within his grasp, to stop, to turn away from the desire of his life, just as success is ready to crown his efforts. I would say we might as well give up all our religious efforts, to send out no missionaries, employ no more porters, dismiss our Sabbath schools, and give up building meeting-houses, because all these things cost money, as to abandon our educational interests on that account. But let me say a word about the deep ingratitude of such a course. Oh, Sir, if time would permit, I would like to review the history of revivals in connection with these institutions, from the time we commenced in the little old school house, until the present year. From that period to the present, something like 28 years, God has manifested His love and power in no less than eleven distinct revivals of religion. God has thus spoken to us as distinctly as he can speak in his providence, bidding us be of good cheer, and to go forward. Sir, I well remember during the time when our beloved brother, Professor Chipman, of blessed memory, was laboring there, that during a time of great depression, that after days and weeks of perplexity, when it seemed as if we could see no light in our darkness, and were just ready to give up in despair, a thorough revival of religion took place. It operated like a charm. There arose light in our darkness. The prayer of faith was offered and heard, and God in mercy delivered us, as he had done again and again before. Then again, about three years ago, a dark cloud of adversity came over us, and we seemed on the eve of certain destruction. When lo! God again speaks to us in mercy. And still in the last year he has again poured out his spirit upon us and blessed us in the conversion of sinners.

And, Sir, I look abroad over our own Provinces and elsewhere, and I see what has been done in the way of preparing efficient men for the work of the ministry, and I ask would it not be wrong? would it not be folly? would it not be the basest ingratitude to turn against such an institution, and suffer it to fall? Don't imagine I have any more personal interest in the matter than any of you. Sixty cents, shillings and pence are concerned, I would have been better off to-day had I had nothing to do with it. But I

had rather suffer pecuniary loss and go a crippled man to my grave, than to see these institutions crippled or inefficient. But I knew there were plenty of able advocates present, who have had what I have not had, just those advantages which we are seeking for others in advocating the claims of the college, and just thought, Mr. Chairman, that I would get up and illustrate my own deficiencies, the importance of the object. Now friends, think of your own advantages. Reflect on what God has done for you, and then on your knees in your closets enquire, "How much shall I give?" and may he give you the means, the heart to use it aright, and grant you the abundant and gracious reward!

## The Horrors of the Indian Mutiny.

AN ESCAPE FROM DELEL.

The following is the copy of a letter from an officer of the 28th Native Infantry:—

"Monday morning came, and the whole brigade paraded to hear the sentence read of the Barrackpore courts-martial. About eight o'clock the 54th went under arms, and marching to the city with two guns of Captain De Teissier's Battery. The mutineers from Meerut were then crossing the bridge of boats. The 38th and 74th had not long been under arms, when news reached us that the 54th refused to fire; that Colonel Ripley and others of their officers had been shot or cut down. We then moved down the Artillery parade-ground, where were De Teissier's guns and some companies of the 74th. There we moved to the Flagstaff Tower, where the midday gun fires, and formed a line along the high ground. Procter (38) had gone down to the Cashmere-gate, where he was subaltern officer of the main guard for that week (afterwards saved). We remained at the tower all day; the ladies and residents, some in their carriages, some walking, gradually flocked there. Dr. Stewart and myself escaped from the city, and told us of the fate of Col. Ripley, who was not dead, but removed to the Artillery quarter-guard, mortally wounded. It was so explicable to us why troops from Meerut did not arrive. Looking towards the city, we saw fires blazing, and heard the firing of heavy guns, which left us in uncertainty as to what was taking place. Our men, composing the guard and companies of the 64th and 74th, hung about in knots; two guns were in position, pointing to the gate; a large knot of officers stood on the slope going up to the main guard. I saw Procter, Dr. Wood, Hyslop, Smith (74), Revley, Osborne, Captain Gordon Butler, Anglo-Elton, and some others. Above was a group of ladies—the Forests, Mrs. Ineson, Fuller, Foster, &c. While I was there the magazine blew up; it sent us hurrying in every direction, for fear of the falling fragments, but no one was hurt. It was thought to make a stand at the tower, and the service ammunition was brought up from the lines, but we had only a few Europeans, drummers, &c., and a few officers, that we could count upon. The sepoys soon showed the spirit which animated them, by firing on Captain De Teissier, fortunately only killing his horse. The sun was going down when Major Paterson and Elton came in, stating that they had escaped from the main-guard; that the sepoys were showing down their officers, and a few were confused. We saw it was hopeless. The Brigadier ordered us to retire. First went the carriages, then the guns, next the 38th, and a portion of the 74th. I cannot say then what became of the carriages. As I brought up the rear our men fell in confusion in order, but as we retired they streamed off right and left by hundreds into the bazaars, till at last the Colonel and I found ourselves with the colours and a handful of men. We intended to make for a ford by the powder magazine, but our men showed that they were no longer under control, took their colours, and made for their lines. The Colonel and I followed. We sounded the assembly, and there was a great hubbub. We implored the men to fall in, but they stood still and declined. The Colonel went among them, and begged they would shoot him if they wished it. They vowed they had no feeling against us. I walked disconsolately into our quarter-guard. The Colonel did the same; somehow the idea of flight did not occur to us. I got my bed down from the bungalow and my kit, and went for some dinner. Then our men commenced urging us to escape, but we refused, and I fell asleep. I awoke, and my bearer entreated me to go, and said that the ruffians were coming from the city. Peile was also in the quarter-guard. We each took one of the colours, and got as far as the door, but the men closed on us, and jerked them out of our hands. Firing commenced behind us, and the satisfaction of being shot by one's own troops is small. I met the Colonel in the doorway, and, seizing him by the wrist, forced him along over the parade ground to the bridge by our butts. It was quite dark. We reached it untouched, and scrambled on till we fell exhausted by a tree. Soon the moon rose, and cannonments in a blaze threw a glare on the Colonel's scales; my scabbard flashed, and like clothing looked like snow. We crouched like hares, and thus passed all that fearful night, now running forward, now hiding in hollows and gaps, as voices seemed in our track. We kept parallel to the road which leads to the Shalimar Gardens. We crossed the Jumna Canal by a ford, and drank as perhaps we never drank before.

The poor Colonel was terribly exhausted; we had had nothing all day.

Day broke; we were under a tree, and the Colonel tore the scales off his coat and hid them in the bushes. I was bent on making the Kurnaul road, trusting to some conveyance meeting us; but the Colonel was set against the plan, and we made for the Jumna bank. We perceived a broken down mud hut at a little distance. Into this we crept and lay down; while there, as the sun rose, we perceived a party of sepoys and others advancing towards us; they seemed to search the bushes, and the sun glittered on their arms. I cocked my pistol mechanically, but after two barrels I had no more ammunition. The Colonel had not even his sword. I remember saying, "Oh! Colonel, death is better than this horrible suspense; God's hand was over us then as ever. The sepoys turned towards the river, as if thinking we had taken the ford, and disappeared. Some Brahmins discovered us as they came to work; one took us to the village, and put us in a top (clump of trees), while he got us chupatties (bread) and milk. On the way, Mr. Marshall, the auctioneer and merchant, met us. He had quit the quarter-guard immediately after the Colonel and me, together with three others, but in the morning Marshall alone remained, and where the others are, alive or dead, we know not. After giving us food or Brahmin friends took us over a ford of a branch of the Jumna, and concealed us in the long jungle grass on the other side. While there another came to me, and said a party of fugitives like ourselves were in the grass at a little distance. I followed, and he led me some two miles, when I found a party of ladies and others concealed. The first person I saw was Procter, and in my joy at seeing him, whom I had believed shot at the main-guard, I saw no one else. After the first joy of meeting him, I looked about and found Mrs. Forrest, her husband, and three girls, Mrs. Fraser (Engineer), Mr. Salkeld Vibari, and Wilsou (Artillery). I sent to the Colonel and Marshall, and this made our party thirteen; with guns and swords we thought ourselves a match for a chance struggling party of mutineers.

The escape of this party from the main-guard was wonderful. During the afternoon it was determined by Major Abbott at the Cashmere-gate to send what ladies were there to cantonments. There were no conveyances, and they were mounted on the carriages of the guns—who knows what spirit possessed our men? they were suddenly dislodged, and a murderous fire commenced on all there assembled. There was a rush up the ramparts into the main-guard. Osborne was shot through the thigh; he said, "I am not going to be murdered by these sepoys," and led the way, throwing himself over the wall into the ditch below; others followed. Mrs. Forrest was shot through the shoulder, but over they went, one after another, dropping down what they in ordinary circumstances one would say endangered life and limb; yet they reached the ditch, scrambled up the scarp, and the party I mention reached Sir T. Metcalfe's house; the servants gave them some beer and food, and led them to the river bank shortly before the house was fired. They passed much such a night as we did, with one narrower escape. As they lay concealed some men passed, and saw a riband or bottle and saying, "Oh, they have been here evidently," went on. They came to the same ford, and, while concealed, heard me described by my eyeglass, sent for me, and thus we happily met. We could not stay in the grass, so that evening started, the Brahmins conducting us to a ford over the Jumna. We travelled some two or three miles up stream before reaching it. Our hearts failed, and no wonder, where ladies were concerned, as we looked at the broad swift river. It was getting dark, too. Two natives went across. We watched them anxiously wade a considerable portion of the river; then their heads alone appeared above water. It was our only chance of life; and our brave ladies never flinched.

It was so deep that where a tall man would wade a short man would be drowned. I thought it was all over when, on reaching the deep water with Mrs. Forrest on my left arm, a native supporting her on the other side, we were shot down the river; however, by desperate efforts and the assistance of another native, we reached the bank in safety. I swam back once more for another of our party, and so ultimately we all got safe over. It was a brave feat for our ladies to do. We passed another wretched night, suffering fearfully from cold, and crouching close to each other for warmth; there was no noise but the clattering of our teeth. Next morning we were discovered and led to a top, where again the Brahmins temporarily proved our friends, but they turned us out shortly afterwards with news that there were Sowars behind and Sowars in front. We turned wearily to the left to fall into the hands of the Googurs. These ruffians gradually collected, and with a wild howl set upon us. Our arms had been under water and use, and they were fit to be used. They disarmed us and proceeded brutally to rob and strip us. I think a fakir here saved our lives. On we toiled all day in a burning sun, with naked feet and skins peeling and blistering in the burning wind. How the ladies stood it is marvellous, yet they never murmured or flinched, or distressed us by a show of terror. We were taken to a large Brahmin village that night, and remained in a fakir's hut. We were there three days, and I trust hereafter hand-