

the army; her husband, Sir Robert, occupying a high position. She was taken prisoner by the butchers, and the remembrance of the Black Hole of Calcutta gave her a fearful foreboding of what was in store for the captives. From her diary, subsequently published, it appears that eighteen thousand troops perished during the massacre. The XLIVth (44th) Regiment suffered most. This gallant Regiment which plumes itself on having been commanded at one time by the Duke of Wellington, and at another by his nephew, Lieut. Genl. Sir Edward Pakenham, (a Belfast man by the way,) was almost utterly annihilated, only thirteen men being left to tell the tale of their survival.

Where they fell, there they lie till the final trump shall wake them to put on incorruption. One grave holds all that was then considered the flower of British Chivalry in India; that grave the bleak and inauspicious pass of Cabool! No solemn prayer was said at the funeral. No mock pageant attended it, but the mournful wind down that dismal gorge chaunted the doleful requiem over the bleaching bones of a martyred enemy.

CHAPTER VI.

CONTENTS:—CHINA—INDIA—ENGLAND—CONCLUSION.

"What flags low streaming o'er the murmuring deep,
"In mournful silence bid Britannia weep:
"What sounds are those which reach your tranquil shore?
"Mourn, Albion, mourn! MacNaughton is no more!"

Great anxiety was manifested in England for the arrival of the Oriental Steamer with news from China and from India. It was highly gratifying therefore when that news was received to find that the expedition to China had been successful even beyond the most sanguine expectations; that a portion of that great country was already under British protection. There too the arts, sciences, civilization, and even the christian religion were received with gladness and a hearty welcome. Sir Henry Pottinger had made his own terms with the Chinese, and received from them £3,000,000 sterling to defray the expenses of the expedition.

But how shall we attempt to describe the feelings of the public when made acquainted with the disastrous consequences of the Afghan war. As in Egypt, at the institution of the Passover, on that awful night when the empowered Angel passed on his errand of destruction, leaving in every house a trace of his visit, there was a great cry. A cry of mourning, lamentation, and woe, and many wept for their absent relatives because they were not. For the women and children held in captivity even greater grief was manifested, for, their fate was regarded as worse than death. But not only did individuals and families lament for their dead, and their exiles, but the nation would express her grief also. This, however was an after consideration, for he it borne in mind, that not one word was said by the British Ministry about the massacre, until the question was put directly to the Premier in the House of Commons. Then he replied that it could not be denied that the army in India had met with reverses of no ordinary description. He admitted that the hand of God was visible in the catastrophe regretted universally by the nation, and therefore by the consent of Her Majesty the Queen, a general fast should be proclaimed, a studied form of prayer should be prepared by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be read at Morning Prayer in all the Churches of England and Ireland, and in the colonies thereunto belonging, so that the entire British Empire should at one time, and in the same words, acknowledge a national repentance, and implore the forgiveness of heaven?

A national repentance! A national hubbub! While this solemn mockery was enacted in England, the idol Juggernaut was still worshipped in India; British troops as heretofore were forced to be present at processions in its honor, to fire the salute; British residents were compelled to pay taxes for the support of its unhallowed priests, and other matters continued much as they had been previous to the massacre. After the death of Sir William Hay MacNaughton, negotiations were resumed by Sir Robert Sale, and after a short period most of the celebrities mentioned in this sketch returned to their native land. Major Pottinger is confirmed in his belief that Paganism and Infidelity will be demolished not by power or the sword, but by the Word and Spirit of the Lord of Hosts—by effectual preaching of some meek and lowly follower of the Saviour of mankind.

The temporising policy of the British Government in countenancing Paganism in Pagan Countries, and Popery in Popish Countries—and making every effort to disconnect her very existence from christianity, will not go unpunished. As we have seen France passing through a scene that no one ever expected to witness, and which no thinking mind can attribute to other cause than a just retribution for the crimes of that nation, neither can we shut our eyes to the fact that our own country is fast passing into a state of being, that will be sure and certain to bring down from heaven a similar chastisement. The massacre of Cabool, and the Indian Mutiny were severe, but merely premonitory growlings of that terrific storm that shall one day sweep all before it.

Sir Henry Pottinger returned from China to receive the thanks of both Houses of Parliament and of Royalty itself at the foot-stool of the Throne. Sir Robert Sale, the hero of Jellalabad, and his lady returned to England two years afterward. They crossed the Irish Channel to visit their native land once more. In Dublin and several other large cities, public manifestations of joy hailed their arrival. LONDONDERRY, not to be behind hand, honored the distinguished guests by a magnificent banquet in Corporation Hall. Shortly afterwards they returned to India, where, in one of the first engagements with the enemy, Sir Robert met the death he all but coveted, and there lie his ashes till God shall gather them on the morning of the resurrection.

Another distinguished arrival from India after the massacre was that of the skeleton of the XLIVth Regiment—the thirteen men that were left. These bronzed warriors were received at the Broomielaw, Glasgow, by many thousands of the citizens of that great city. Their march to the Depot Barracks was one that will ever be remembered by those that witnessed it. The streets were most densely packed by his enthusiastic and excited populace, cheering until the very earth rang again.

At Ballycastle, in the County of Antrim, the writer of this sketch was shewn a pretty infant that was born to Captain Boyd, by his amiable wife, while a Captain in the hands of the Afghan victors. Sir Edmund MacNaughton, Baronet, lately erected in the Dunluce Parochial Church, a magnificent monumental tablet to the memory of his brother, which thus briefly tells the tale:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

of

SIR WILLIAM HAY MACNAUGHTON,

Second eldest and dearly beloved son of

SIR FRANCIS WORKMAN MACNAUGHTON, BART.,]

Of Beardville and Bushmills House in this County.

In his seventeenth year he entered the service of

THE HONORABLE THE EAST INDIA COMPANY,

And by his distinguished bravery and exertions, raised himself to the most honorable situation the Bengal Government could confer upon him. On the occupation of Afghanistan by the British troops and during the reverses that befel them in that unfortunate country, his courage revived the drooping spirits of his companions in misfortune. His services were ultimately acknowledged by his appointment as Envoy of the British Government at the Camp of Cabool, the duties of which office he was prevented from fulfilling by a premature and violent death. The hope of his brother officers departed, when, at a conference to which he had been invited by the hostile Chiefs, to ratify and confirm a treaty of peace, he was inhumanly and cruelly massacred on the—day of June, 1841.

"Free from reproach and fear he lived and died,
"A treacherous Afghan through the nations wide,
"Spread his fame trumpet-tongued; on every breast,
"The savage blow his latest words impressed;—
"Death not dishonor come. Her quarrel just,
"England by danger unappalled: Her trust
"Calm in her God reposes, and defies,
"In His prevailing name, her enemies."

DEATH OF COL. SIR WILLIAM VERNER, BART., K.C.B.

The Orangemen of Canada will learn with deep regret the death of this distinguished Chief; the oldest Orangeman on earth, the greatest that ever lived. *The Belfast Newsletter* thus announces the occurrence:—

"With sincere regret we announce this morning the demise of Colonel Sir William Verner, Bart., K.C.B., which took place on Friday night, at his town residence, 86 Eaton-square, London. Sir William was third son of the late Jas. Verner, Esq., M.P., and Jane, daughter of the Rev. Henry Clarke, of Anusammy, County Armagh. He was born on the 25th of October, 1782, and married 19th October, 1819, Harriet, daughter of Hon. Colonel Wingfield, of Cork Abbey, County Dublin, brother of Richard, third Viscount Powerscourt. The gallant baronet, whose death will be lamented by every loyal man in the United Kingdom and its dependencies, had attained a ripe old age, as full of honours as of years. The friend and companion of such worthies as the late Marquis of Downshire, the Earls of Enniskillen and Roden, Colonel William Blacker, and the venerable Thomas Drew; the associate and confidant of the present Earl of Enniskillen, Stewart Blacker, and tried men of that stamp. Colonel Verner has quitted life ripe in fame, having served his country in many a hard-fought field, and in the Senate as well as in the camp. He was one of that gallant band of Irish loyalists which the close of the last and the beginning of the present century produced, who never swerved from principle, and whose integrity was punished by way of reward! Born on the confines of the County of the Diamond, and within easy distance of that famous spot where the present form of Orangeism had its origin, he was in his boyhood admitted into the Institution, of which till the end he was a faithful and universally respected leader. In an interesting volume which he wrote some years ago the ardour of youth permeates the matured vigour of manhood, and he described effectively the scenes in which he had participated or witnessed, when treason was displaying its foul front in Ulster, and risked its first conflict and received its first defeat at the memorable Battle of Diamond, which gave Ireland a respite of three years from rebellion. William Verner was then only 13 years of age, but in fervid loyalty he was a man, and though he was not actually in the fight, he was paraded among those who were preparing for it, his absence being occasioned by no less important duty elsewhere, in which his esteemed father and family shared. He always spoke with pride of having been present with his father's yeomanry corps, and presenting arms to the Captain, when the brave fellows were marshalling to meet and defeat the enemies of the Crown who went under the name of Defenders. So conspicuous was the part taken by young Verner and his two elder brothers that they were marked out as objects of the Assassination Committee, and were attacked more than once. One night in particular, when returning from an Orange Lodge in Dublin, William Verner and his father were surrounded in Castle Street, and would probably have paid the penalty of their loyalty with their lives, had not Lord Kingston and a party of militia fortunately appeared in time, and rescued them. It seems that the Verners were most obnoxious to the disaffected because of Mr. James Verner having given information regarding a person who was acting as an emissary to France from what was called the United Irish Government; and Mr. Verner was informed by the Secretary of State that if he did not send his sons out of the country they would be made away with. Accordingly, the boys were sent to a private school in Chester. At an early age the subject of this memoir entered the army, and served with distinction under Sir John Moore at Corunna, and under the Duke of Wellington in Spain and France, having been present at the battles of Orthes, the Pyrenees, Toulouse, and Waterloo, where he was severely wounded. He had the honour of serving on the staff of the Duke, and some years ago, in a discussion as to whether his Grace was wounded, Sir William maintained that he was, but slightly, with an almost spent ball. Besides other military distinctions, he was one of the few remaining heroes who wore the Peninsula and Waterloo medals."

There are many old men in Kingston, and elsewhere in Canada (who came from the North of Ireland) who remember distinctly the return of Colonel Verner to the home of his ancestors after these occurrences; when every window-pane was illuminated, and the hills of Tyrone and Armagh were blazing with tar barrels and bonfires in his honour.

"In 1832 he was elected M.P. for the County Armagh, and held the seat till 1868, when declining health compelled him to resign a trust he had so faithfully discharged, and he was succeeded by his eldest son, Mr. (now Sir William) Verner, who is a Justice of the Peace for the County of Armagh, and a J.P. and D.L. for the County Tyrone. His second son, Edward Wingfield Verner, M.P., is the popular representative of the Borough of Lisburn in the County of Antrim. During his long Parliamentary career, the deceased Baronet was a faithful expositor of the principles of the Orange Institution, in which he held the double dignity of Deputy Grand Master of Ireland, and Grand Master of the County Armagh. This latter office he held for many years with honour to himself, and utility to the organization. Sir William Verner was deprived of the magistracy for one of his speeches which was offensive to the Whig Government, and he was kept out of other dignities to which his position and services to the country entitled him. He was honoured, however, in enjoying the unlimited confidence of thousands of brethren in his own country and throughout the kingdom, and they will assemble in thousands at the interment of his remains."

The following letter to a brother in Kingston City will be read with interest by the admirers of the illustrious dead:—

EATON SQUARE, LONDON, 30th November, 1865.

My dear Sir and Brother,

I have to thank you for your kind letter, and the very interesting reports which accompanied it. They are truly gratifying, and for so old a member of the Institution, indeed I believe I may say the oldest, doubly interesting. It is very pleasing to find that in a country to which so many of the members have gone to reside, they meet with so large a portion of true friends, and for the country itself, it must be a subject of sincere gratulation.

It is unnecessary for me to enter into any details of the proceedings in Ireland respecting the Fenian trials, as I know that you receive so many newspapers from the North of Ireland, but nothing can be more disgraceful upon the part of the authorities than to have placed in charge of the chief leaders of the Fenian insurrection, men equally implicated, who have opened the doors to the head of the gang, James Stephens, and set him at liberty. I confess I have little confidence in the persons acting under the present Government; and indeed the Government itself from the part it has been acting for some time past, granting every indulgence to the disaffected, and punishing with the utmost rigour and severity, the loyalists of the country; men who have hazarded their lives in perilous times for the altar and the throne.

I enclose you some photographs. They not only represent what I am but what I was. I showed your letter to James Crossley, Esq., who begs me to say to you, that notwithstanding all the obstacles thrown in the way by men in power, the Orange Institution in Ireland is in a most flourishing condition. Of his own primary Lodge he states that there were 120 members present at the last monthly meeting, and a dozen applications for membership.

I shall be at all times pleased to hear from you, and

I remain,

Your very sincere and faithful brother,

WILLIAM VERNER.

To WILLIAM SHANNON, Esq.,

Kingston, Canada,

The photographs referred to are, three several pictures of the distinguished chief, taken about six years ago, and are taken from an oil painting representing him as a Colonel of Hussars, in the uniform that he wore at the battle of Waterloo.

In Ireland recently our losses of great men have been severe. General Archdall, M.P.; Lord Farnham; Viscount Dunganon; the Earl of Roden; Revd. Dr. Drew, and Colonel Sir William Verner, Baronet, have all been removed within a few years. The best and most indulgent of resident landlords; the kindest and most amiable neighbours; beloved by all who knew them, of all sects in religion, and of all shades in politics.

"Thus star by star declines,
"Till all are passed away;
"This morning high and higher shines,
"To pure and perfect day;
"Nor sink those stars in empty night,
"But hide themselves in heaven's own light."

—Murray.

Kingston, 15th February, 1871.

CORRESPONDENCE.

St. ANNE, KANKAKEE, Co. ILL.,

17th February, 1871.

(To the Editor of THE ALTAR AND THE THRONE.)

MY DEAR SIR—If there is a man who must hail with a cheerful word the appearance of an Orange paper in Montreal, I am that man. There are very few in Canada who have had more opportunity than I have of appreciating the incalculable services rendered to the cause of liberty of conscience by the Orangemen. Even when in the Church of Rome, a most devoted servant of the Pope, I was looking to the Orangemen as the most formidable barrier my Church had to her gigantic projects of a supreme ascendancy on this continent. The very name of Orangemen often has made the knees of the most resolute Popish soldier shake. The stones of Rome have so often been taught the most disastrous as well as the most well merited lessons from the stout-hearted men who marched under the Orange banners! Some people have no idea how many times the timid unprotected disciples of Christ would have fallen under the deadly blows of bloody Rome, if a few Orangemen had not been near at hand, with their fearless hearts and strong arms. Three times have the Orangemen been the blessed instruments, in the mercy of God, towards me, yes, three times! the merciless hand of Popery when on the point of striking me has been paralyzed by the presence of Orangemen, and I would be a most ungrateful man were I not to ask God every day to bless the noble ranks and files with their faithful leaders and officers, who have all sworn to protect liberty of conscience all over the world, under the world-renowned name of Orangeism.

In the terrible persecutions which I had to sustain before the civil courts from the Bishops of Rome, a day came that I was scorpioped with debts, and so absolutely deserted by the Protestants, that I feared I must submit or fly away ignominiously from this glorious battle field; but the God of Heaven looked down upon me in his mercy. Two noble-hearted Orangemen of Montreal, W. Mackey and J. Ross, were chosen as the blessed instruments of the mercies of the Lord towards his unprofitable servant—more than \$800 were collected by them, and sent here to cheer up my heart, strengthen my hands, and help me to beat and confound the implacable enemy of the word of God.

My only regret is that there are not many more of those self-denying men, who are always ready, at any cost, to protect the weak, uphold the truth, oppose errors, make the soul's tyrants tremble and break the murderous arm; Rome would not be so bold, so impudent and strong, had every Protestant an Orangeman's heart in his breast. I do not mean that there are no true friends of liberty and truth outside of the Orange ranks; but your admirable organization gives double strength as well to the will as to the arm, which makes the very name of Orangemen a tower of strength to the unprotected. I shall never forget that about two years ago I had to cross a long range of high mountainous lands between the Ottawa and the Gatineau Rivers, peopled by Roman Catholics. Having heard of my intention to go through their settlement, these poor blind slaves of popery did not conceal their plan of murdering me. There were plenty of sticks and stones there, and nothing would have been easier for them than to add a new victim to the millions of the disciples of the gospel, who have already fallen under the cruel blows of Rome. But at a short distance there was a settlement of fearless Orangemen, they heard of the plot of the cowardly murderers. They sent word "that if Father Chiniquy, or the friends who were with him, were touched, they (the Orangemen) would, before the end of the week, pay them a visit!" This timely advice was so well understood by the Irish Papists, that not only they did not dare to attack us,—but they even beat, almost to death, their poor dogs who barked at our horses. And, thanks be to God and to that handful of fearless and noble-hearted Orangemen, though we were nearly six hours in the lion's den, we went out of it in safety.

Ah! would to God that there would have been only a dozen Orangemen in my mission in the dark nights of the 1st and 15th of September last, I would not be to-day surrounded by the smoking ruins of my dear Church and my poor college. The breath of the night breeze would have said to the mercenary tools of Rome, "the Orangemen are on your heels!" and the incendiary torch would have fallen from their trembling hands.

But if the Orangemen were not here to protect me and save us from the terrible disaster which is crushing me down, can they not, all over Canada, raise their supplicating hands to the throne of mercy, that we may be enabled to re-build the ruined walls of our dear Zion?

Orangemen of Canada, do not forget me in this dark hour of tribulation which the diabolical malice of Rome has brought upon me and my converts. Let a fervent prayer go up from your christian lips every day to the Father of mercy, that we may not be destroyed but only purified in this fiery trial. Remember we have to fight the giant and merciless power of Rome. Do not forsake us—come to the rescue, and from our hearts will go forth a fervent prayer to the Author of every perfect gift, to ask him to multiply the Orangemen as the stars in the sky, and to make them so shining by their christian virtues, that they may be blessed by both God and man.

Believe me,

Your devoted and sorely tried friend,

C. OHINQUY.