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troops, being a little less than one-third. The extreme disproportion between the British troops and the native troops of India, considered generally, explains the present revolt in Bengal...

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at, and arrived here next day, this place being only six miles from Calcutta. We are about to start for the Upper Provinces, via Allahabad, Benares, &c. I shall assure you long for that day that brings us to the frontiers of the Ganges...

An officer and his wife were tied to trees, their children were tortured to death before them, and portions of their flesh rammed down the parents' throats; the wife then ravished before her husband...

Two young ladies named (very pretty), were seized at Delhi; stripped naked, tied on a cart, taken to the Bazaar, and there violated. Luckily for them they soon died from the effects of the brutal treatment they received.

Can you wonder that, with stories like the foregoing (and there are plenty such), we feel more like fiends than men? Our fellows have crossed their bayonets, and sworn to give no quarter, and I pray that God may give me health and strength until we settle with these scoundrels. I will write no more on this subject for 'tis too maddening.

The following is from an officer in one of the regiments just arrived in India:—

"We are all moving up to Allahabad, about 70 or 80 miles from here. There a column is to form which will be joined by the forces coming down from Delhi, and then it is supposed all will proceed to Lucknow, and so on to the whole province of Oude. I should think that before long there will not be such a thing as a Sepoy left. We are getting the upper hand of them."

I dare say that by the time you get this letter you will have read accounts of some of the atrocities and enormities committed by the mutineers; but you may rest assured that you have not heard of the worst by a long way. A description of the outrages will never appear in print. They are of too harrowing and barbarous a character for that. They have not appeared in the papers here. The female portion of their victims have been treated in a more horribly brutal way than has ever been seen or heard of. You may some day hear a recital of some of the worst of the outrages perpetrated on our poor countrywomen, but you will never see them in print.

THE MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE.—Our Times correspondent at Calcutta sends us the following account of the Cawnpore massacre:—

The first accounts of the mutiny at Meerut and of the reception of the rebels at Delhi reached Cawnpore about the 16th of May. The garrison of that station, the European regiment having been transferred to Lucknow, consisted of three native infantry regiments, the 1st, 53d, and 56th, one native cavalry corps (the 2d), and about 50 European Artillerymen. The station is built on a dead level, possesses no fort or place of refuge, and is in every respect ill-adapted for defence. When, therefore, the news of the Meerut revolt reached Cawnpore, and it became evident that that example would shortly be followed by the native garrison there, Sir Hugh Wheeler at once turned his attention towards the provision of a fortified position, in which at all events, he might await the arrival of succours. He pitched upon the hospital barracks, in the centre of the grand parade, for the purpose. He entrenched it, armed it with all the guns of the battery, placed in it the women belonging to the depot of Her Majesty's 32d Foot, the ladies of the station and others, and himself remained prepared to act on the first sound of alarm as circumstances might dictate.

On the 31st letters were written to Calcutta to state that an outbreak was imminent that Sir Hugh Wheeler had no means at his disposal to put it down that there were from 400 to 500 women and non-combatants at the station, and to defend these not more than 150 fighting men. The utmost he could do would be to defend them all in the entrenched hospital, which he had victualled for three weeks, until reinforcements could arrive from Calcutta. The 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of June passed away; not one day without alarm; and yet there was no outbreak. On the morning of the 5th an officer, the only one who, from the first, had pooh-pooh'd the idea of an insurrection, wrote to a friend in Calcutta ridiculing the precautions that had been made. In the afternoon of the same day he wrote to the same friend enclosing his will, and stating that the crisis had arrived or would be upon them that evening. He, poor fellow, was one of its first victims. The particulars of the insurrection have not yet been told. We only know that many officers were killed on their way to the entrenched camp, that one of the first acts of the mutineers was to seize the treasure, about £160,000; to open the guns, and let loose the prisoners. They then gassed and set fire to the houses, murdered every Christian they came across, and finally proceeded to attack the entrenched barracks.

Here, however, General Wheeler had an advantage. The rebels had no guns. He had several, though of small calibre, and with their assistance he would have been able to keep any amount of insurgents armed only with old Brown Bess at bay till the end of time.

It is at this point of the narrative that Dhondoo-punt Nenajee, quasi Rajah of Bithoor, appears upon the scene. This fend in human shape was the adopted son of the late Heishwa. On the demise of that functionary he applied to the Government of India, and subsequently to the Court of Directors, for the continuation to him of the enormous pension assigned to the deceased. By both parties he was refused, but Lord Dalhousie allowed him to keep six guns at his castellated palace at Bithoor. These guns turned the scale against our unhappy countrymen at Cawnpore.

This man, generally styled the Nena Sahib, was well known to the residents of Cawnpore, and in prosperous times was always glad, or appeared glad, to receive them at his castle, and to accompany them on their shooting excursions. He is a middle-aged man, dark-complexioned, and but for a dishonest expression would have been considered a good-looking man. The writer has seen him and shot in his company. The moment, however, that he heard of the mutiny at Meerut, and had felt the pulse of the troops at Cawnpore, his mind was made up. We had refused him his 'rights'; he determined to gain them himself or perish in the attempt. His first hostile act was committed on the persons of fugitive ladies and children from Futleyghur and elsewhere, about a hundred in number. Bithoor is only six miles above Cawnpore, and as they were passing the former place en route to the latter he stopped their boats, brought them on shore, and remorselessly shot every one. He then tied their bodies together and threw them into the river. This was Dhondoo-punt Nenajee's declaration of war against the British Government. This occurred early in June. The revolt broke out at Cawnpore on the 5th. No sooner had intimation of it reached the Nena than he took his guns and joined the rebels, assuming the command in person. Guns were procured also from other quarters of large calibre, and with these he commenced pounding Wheeler's intrenchment, to which, with his small calibre guns, he could not adequately reply. Notwithstanding this, and that

in the first fortnight he lost about one-third of his force. Wheeler's heart never failed him. Sally after sally he made his men always drove the enemy before him. Had not been there so great a crowd of ladies under his charge he could with ease have cut his way '65 Allahabad. On the 28th of June, they had but two days' supply of food left; they had no water, their ammunition was at its lowest ebb. From being confined in a number, in a barrack originally designed to contain about 200, and from the bodies lying unburied all around them, disease had now had come among them, and was decimating their ranks. But the heart of the gallant Wheeler rose with the crisis. On the 26th he was determined to make one last effort, one grand assault on the enemy's position, and to take from them the necessary supplies. He came out with his half-starved band, charged the enemy, and drove them from their position; but he had no cavalry. The enemy had been joined by a second regiment from Oude; and the two coming upon his flanks, just as he drove the infantry before him—coming with a proportion of 12 to 1, compelled him to fight his way back. He himself was mortally wounded, and lost many men in the action. Its result and the death of Wheeler the next day damped the hopes of the garrison. They had neither food, water, nor ammunition; to remain there was to die. In this emergency they sent Mr. Stacy, the deputy collector, on the 27th of June, to treat with Nena Sahib. He was received by that victorious leader with great civility. The following most favorable conditions were agreed upon:—The garrison (including women, children, and camp followers) were to be permitted to take their arms, property, and a lac and a half of rupees with them into country boats provided for their reception; in which they were to proceed to Allahabad. The ingenuity of hell never devised a blacker scheme of treachery than that deliberately planned by the Nena and shared in by all the rebels at Cawnpore, those rebels being Sepoys who for years had eaten our salt. Our poor, miserable, half-starved countrymen were conducted, faithfully enough to the boats—officers, men, women, and children—and pushed off into the stream in full confidence in the good faith of these devils; but they had scarcely done so when, on a signal given by the Nena himself, guns were opened upon them from the bank; and out of the 40 boats they embarked in some were sunk, others set on fire, and the rest pushed over to the Oude side, where cavalry in waiting for them, in their eagerness to slay the Caffra (infidels), rode their horses belly deep into the river, to meet the boats and cut and hack at our unhappy countrymen and women, who vainly tried to escape. One boat, however, actually did manage to run the terrible gauntlet successfully, and got ten miles down the river, but they were pursued, overtaken, captured, and brought back in triumph to the barracks, where the men were all shot, and the women reserved for a worse fate.

CANTON ENGLISH

CANTON ENGLISH.—The elegant Greek slave imposed his language and his mode of thought upon his barbarous Roman master; our civilized Chinese attendants have communicated to us outer barbarians the syntax of the Chinese tongue. My friend introduced me to his comprador thus:—You see gentleman—you tawkee one piecy coolie one piecy boy—lartn pigeon, you savee, no number one fooly—you make see this gentleman—you make him house pigeon? This was said with great rapidity, and in my innocence I believed that my friend was speaking Chinese fluently. He was only talking "Canton English." Translated into the vernacular it would stand:—You see this gentleman—you must engage for him a coolie and a boy, people who understand their business, you will bring them to him, and then manage to get him a lodging and furnish it. To whom the polite comprador, lenter alterna caudam, replied:—Hab got. I catchee one piecy coolie, catchee one piecy boy. House pigeon number one dearoo no hab got. Soger man hab catchee house pigeon. Must got 'Heugh.' The basis of this "Canton English," which is a tongue and a literature, for there are dictionaries and grammars to elucidate it, consists of turning the 'i' into the 'y,' adding final vowels to every word, and a constant use of 'savey,' for 'know,' 'talkee' for 'speak,' 'piecy' for 'piece,' 'number one' for 'first class,' but especially and above all the continual employment of the word 'pigeon.' Pigeon means business in the most extended sense of the word. 'Haven pigeon hab got,' means that church service has commenced; 'jos pigeon,' means the Bhuddist ceremonial; 'any pigeon Canton?' means 'have any operations taken place at Canton?' 'That no boy pigeon, that Coolie pigeon,' is the form of your servants remonstrance if you should ask him to fill your bath or take a letter. It also means profit, advantage, or speculation. 'Him Wang too much fool, him no savey, vely gooo pigeon hab got,' was the commentary of the Chinese pilot upon the Fatahan Greek business. Until you can not only speak this language fluently, but also—which is far more difficult—understand it when spoken rapidly in a low monotonous voice, all communication with your servants is impossible. The second morning after I had been installed in my dwelling my new 'boy,' Ah Lin, who sleeps on a mat outside my door, and whom I suspect to live principally upon successful rat hunts for he knocks down about three per diem—this Ah Lin, drawing up my mosquito curtains, presenting me with the six o'clock cup of tea, and staring at me with his little round eyes, gravely remarked: 'Missa Smith one small piecy cow child hab got.' It was a long time before I comprehended that it being a part of a boy's duty to inform his master of the social events of the colony, he wished to give me to understand that Mrs. Smith had presented her husband with a daughter. It makes a bachelor laugh and an excited family man almost cry to hear the grotesque caricature of the language of the nursery.—Hong Kong correspondent of the Times.

LAMENT OF A MAID IN PRISON

LAMENT OF A MAID IN PRISON. (From Punch.) To think what I am come to from a comfortable place! Here I am a pickin hocum, brought to trouble and disgrace; And allowanced to bare wittles, that had meat with hevery meal, Hall along of bein' tempted in a hevill 'our to steal. Dnat that there rag and bone warus!—if I'd never sin't his bill, I might have kep in service and have lived in plenty still, If I tother persnances hadn't never lent my mind, And n'er know'd what hard labor was, which now a lass, I find. I first begun with kitching stuff disposin', on the sly, And then I sold the drippin' which I ort to have put by; To melt it down for gravy when I had a jint to roast, Not content with spraddin' butter upon both sides of my toast. Bones also I got rid of, which for stock I should have saved, Which I repents of when I thinks how fool-like I be-aved; Then bottles to the wine-merchant's that back was to have gone; And so to towels, napkins, and sich-like, I soon got on. 'Twas very stoopid on me—that much I will confess And next I took to priggin' and to sellin' bits of dress. One thing tends to another, and one don't know where one stops; When one begins to steal things for to sell to them there shops. At last, ill-luck would have it, by chance, as I may say, Some spoons and forks was mislaid, and our Missus in a way;