THE FERRY AT MINCHIN'S POINT.

(For the Protector.)

Mr. Editor,—I have to crave your indulgence for another letter regarding the Ferry, and shall be as brief as practicable. Mr. H. P. Welsh has attempted what he appears to consider a reply, and complete refutation of my former letter; and would have it to be something merely political or personal on my part. He is quite in error. When several were complaining that morning of detention, Harrison, his own man, said, among other things, "What is the use of continually complaining to us here! We cannot help matters. If people have cause of complaint, why do they not bring them in proper shape before the public and authorities," &c. To this I replied that he was quite right, and that I would do so.

The editorial remark "Mr. S. states his own experience," (well intended, I know), does not represent me in the proper light. If the Ferry were under no specific regulations, general satisfaction might be the only criterion in ordinary cases. But the charges I have preferred are gross violations of the laws that guard the sanctity of the Sabbath, human safety, and common civility; and, besides, Government have taken the Ferry under special protection, disposal, and regulation. They have disposed of it to certain parties, secured it to them, and fixed certain laws for their guidance in its management. If these parties attend to these regulations, none can have just cause of complaint *against them*. If they depart from these regulations, there is, then, not a matter of opposite experiences, but *the fact* of dereliction of duty, to which they acknowledge themselves bound by contract. Against such a *fact* ten thousand better experiences and increasing advantages are nothing to the purpose. Such facts I have charged: Sabbath desecration, dangerous mismanagement, and insolence. The communication sent by Mr. Welsh for publication to the *Protector* is the best possible proof of this last particular. The other two are not only unrefuted, but acknowledged by Mr. Welsh himself in his complete refutation. Let us examine the refutation.

First, Mr. Beer's letter. The whole value of this letter is in these words: "Almost the only inconvenience I and my family have experienced." Mr. B. states *a certain fact*, (with indeed a qualification), which I have never questioned; I have stated *certain other facts*, which Mr. B. does not for a moment call in question.

Secondly, a certificate is produced, of which he says, "Coming from gentlemen of undoubted veracity and independence—not biassed by any political prejudice to give me the benefit of their evidence—it must be much more forcible than anything proceeding directly from myself." The document itself says: "It having come to our knowledge that certain grave and damaging charges have been preferred, &c., we have to state as a duty we owe to you and to the public." Now, did this certificate come from these gentlemen spontaneously, and from a sense of duty? No! Mr. Welsh concluded a bargain with Mr. William Mutch to ferry him for the rest of the season for a certain sum. When he drew this document for his signature, Mr. M. refused; and, in revenge, or what people would regard as such, Mr. Welsh broke the bargain, and told Mr. M. he would then have to pay his usual fare. Mr. Samuel Moore never signed—never saw the document!—never knew such a thing was to be published. Mr. D. Farquharson never signed nor saw it; Mr. Welsh gave him a misrepresentation of its contents, upon which he gave him permission to exhibit his name. Mr. Matthew Murphy never signed it, and did Colonel Stewart or Mr. J. Roots? Did Mr. Knox even see it? But I must not follow this scrutiny; it would occupy too much space. Mr. Welsh says, "The majority of those cross more than once every day." How often has Mr. Knox, Mr. S. Moore, Mr. Fellows, &c., crossed even this season? once, twice, some of them thrice, it may be. I have paid fare on that Ferry myself six times this season. Further, why are not the name of Beer, Bourke, Moore, Rundle, Chandler, Mutch's, Boyyer's, McLeod's, McEachern's, &c., &c., &c., all respectable families at Southport, to that certificate? Most of these can see the Ferry every hour of the day, and cross it twice or thrice a week. Was it political bias, or a conviction that they would not be implicated in such a document, that prevented their signatures being solicited?

As to the certificate itself, it certainly *contradicts* my statements, but it does not venture to *disprove* them. It says: "We have repeatedly crossed, and bear testimony to the good conduct of the crew, and regularity of the boat." That is so far as their observation goes, and no further. But, perhaps the good folks of Southport have something else to say of the conduct of Mr. Welsh and his crew. Let the question be put to them again. "We believe public opinion has the fullest confidence in the boat." The public desiderate rather something of what the boat really is, and not merely its own "opinion." A government inspector once lulled public suspicion of a boat into a fatal confidence. Finally, it says "We are not aware that the Sabbath has been desecrated." But others *are aware*.

Thirdly, Mr. Welsh adds a letter of his own in which he says: "If anything be found deranged in the machinery, which can be remedied immediately, the engineer attends to it, as was the case on the Sabbath spoken of," &c. Two things are here confessed—that something was "deranged in the machinery," and that "the engineer" was at work that Sabbath till it was "remedied." He says, a few sentences after this, that the pipes were taken apart, and the evil arising from seaweed rectified on the Friday and Saturday evenings, after her hours for plying were over. Since the appearance of Mr. Welsh's letter, a respectable gentleman has written me the following: "It is quite true that *three men* were at work in the boat on the Sabbath alluded to, namely — Joshua Thorn, Honorable G. Coles's engineer, if he may be so called; Welsh's engineer, and his fireman. They were seen by respectable people from Southport when going to divine service, and again on returning in the afternoon; and they made a trial trip after that up the river." Further, he says: "It was not on Saturday the pipes were taken apart, but on Sabbath;" also, "you would think from the letter that he takes passengers free all day Sabbath—it is only from nine o'clock till two; before and after that he takes usual fare." These things, well substantiated, speak for themselves. On that Friday morning they blamed the piston; and after I went on board at ten o'clock, we had to lay at the wharf till a bolt, belonging to the machinery, was sent a *second* time to the forge. What an engineer! It was Saturday evening before he found out what was wrong! The boat was out of order Friday morning, and so far rectified that she was plying all day as usual. If, then, she was remedied on Friday evening, how did she come to be unable to ply on Saturday morning? If remedied on Saturday evening, how did she require the engineer's attention on Sabbath? And if rectified on Sabbath, how did stand equally in need on Monday morning *early*? This is strange in the extreme, if the boat is in proper condition, and the men know their duty. Mr. Welsh confesses that she did not condense steam. Let the question be put to any man that knows anything about engineering, if a boat is safe when she does not condense her steam! and if she is in proper condition? As far as I can learn, the so-called engineer was just a fireman and engine-driver for some time in the *Lady Le Marchant*, and knows really nothing of engineering. If anything gave way in the machinery, what does he know about it? The blaming of the piston, and afterwards the great discovery of seaweed in the pipes, &c., is sufficient proof.

Mr. Welsh repels (as he thinks) the idea that the boat is unsafe. In addition to the above detailed circumstances I need only say that a *few weeks* of mismanagement are quite enough to destroy the best machinery in the world. His arbitrary agreement with the Irish Society in his particular circumstances, was unwarrantable. He knew his engineer, and should have saved him from pleasure for duties. My seeming *contradiction* is easily explained. I was not aware that they required a day in the week for cleaning. At Pictou and Halifax, where there are sober hands and engineering skill, half a day is not required in a whole month. It is also a fact, that Mr. Welsh has been plying with the steamer on Mondays, two or three even in succession. Why not on that Monday, rather than on pleasure, to the disappointment of the public on Tuesday? Let me quote the following: "No longer since than last Tuesday His Excellency was crossing; his dog was left behind, and, in violation of his regulations, Welsh returned, without waiting his time, to hunt the dog; and, in consequence, parties left on the wharf from before noon to half-past two o'clock, p. m." This requires no comment. Also, "Last Monday, when the sail boat was running, while three respectable ladies were going down to the wharf, they saw the sail boat coming, but she left without waiting three minutes, and left them behind;" and "when Harrison is asked to bring the boat to the steps at low water, he refuses, particularly when there are ladies, which he did no later than last Sabbath." Now, this discloses one of two things,—either that they are exceedingly disobliging, which the instance of the governor's dog verifies; or, a degree of moral turpitude, shocking enough to offer open violence to decency; and this is still more probable when connected with the obscenity of the *shed*, for which the Ferrymen are accountable. Welsh says, "I used my endeavours to procure an engineer in his stead,—could not succeed. People need not be surprised, they know there is no encouragement here for such. I sent to Pictou,—things appear to be no better there.

The public may know that at present there is no encouragement for men of enterprise in any line truly valuable; but they also know, pretty generally, that it is not altogether from absolute want of men of talent and of enterprise. One man built a steamer to ply to Pictou, and thus sustained the credit of the Province; but he had to seek employment elsewhere, and the public had to put up with little better than a Pictou coal-barge. Another built a boat expressly to give the public satisfaction on the Ferry, but durst not ply. He has to open a course for himself. Yet, after all, not far from my residence, three competent engineers might be found in one house. I could name one at no great distance from the head of the Queen's Wharf. Mr. Welsh was very expeditious indeed if he sent to these that morning, and I am sure he knows something about them. There are men of talent in Pictou—men of spirit and enterprize—engineers too; but they consider this province a generation in the rear, in various respects—that very likely none of them would consider this Ferry emolument or advancement.

Mr. Welsh insinuates my "hiring a horse on Sabbath morning." I have never done so. And should I, as I have often done, gone considerable journeys in the discharge of lawful and necessary duty on Sabbath morning, what connection has that with flagrant Sabbath desecration?

I now leave this subject before the public and the authorities. My charges are more than established. I leave the gentlemen of the certificate to their own thoughts also. I feel satisfied that I have discharged a duty to the public, as I intended. If any reply is attempted, and any other makes reply, I can supply further matter, and sufficient proof, if called for by properly constituted authorities. I thank you for this indulgence, and hope the result will be beneficial. Yours, &c.,

A. SUTHERLAND.

The Protector & Christian Witness

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1857.

BRITAIN'S MISSION IN REGARD TO INDIA.

Nothing falls out by chance. Every event which takes place has been ordered by God, and is intended to serve some purpose worthy of himself. We may not, indeed, see the end which he has in view in the meantime, as we are short-sighted creatures, and can see only a short way into his providential plan. But, whether we may see it or not, we may rest assured that, in everything he does, he has an end in view worthy of himself. This often becomes apparent after the event has taken place. Of this the intelligent and devout student of history will not fail to discover many striking illustrations. Of this we may produce some examples.

Not long after Mahomet broached his false doctrines they had made extensive progress. They had spread over the chief parts of Asia, over the eastern part of Europe, and over a considerable part of Africa. By the Moors, who inhabited the portions of the last country opposite Spain, they were introduced into that part of Europe. The Moors seem to have been an intelligent and industrious, as well as a warlike people, and became the channel through which the arts and sciences found their way into Europe. It seemed now as if all of Europe would come under the sway of the followers of the False Prophet, as if the Crescent would prevail over the Cross, when the press, the compass, steam, and the other faculties for advancing civilization might have been monopolized by Moslemism. But he, without whose permission a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, would not have it so. Mohammedanism must not have Europe. God allows the Moors to continue in Spain only as long as he has a purpose to serve by them, until they have diffused that learning which is necessary to prove a prelude to the glorious Reformation. Then they must retrace their steps. To the Moslem it is said: "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further." He must retrace his steps. May we not see the hand of the Most High God in all this?

But we must proceed to other illustrations of the same thing. Europe had been long shrouded in mental darkness. The doctrines of the Cross had been defaced by unseemly superstitions. Error had taken the place of truth, and the pure worship of God had been supplanted by heathenish rites and ceremonies. The Bible was a proscribed book. The faithful followers of Christ were persecuted and put to death. The godly man seemed to fail, and the faithful from among the children of men. But God would not allow himself to be without a church upon earth. Accordingly he raised up reformers, who nobly stood up for the truth in the face of danger and death. The pure fountain of doctrine was unsealed, the Bible was translated into the vulgar tongue, and men were enabled to read in their native languages the wonderful works of God. The mind was freed from the shackles by which it had been so long bound; a pure Christianity took the place of superstition, and civilization followed in its wake. May we not say, "Behold what hath God wrought!"

But the effects of the Reformation were not to be confined to Europe; they were to have a far wider range—to reach far distant lands. The truth was to be planted in the far East. God, in his providence, accordingly, opens up a way of access to its teeming millions. Vasco de Gama discovers a passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope. The Portuguese establish a splendid kingdom, reaching from the Red Sea to the Islands of Japan, embracing possession on the south of Persia, India, Birmah, China. Wherever they ruled they set up their religion. Multitudes of churches were erected, priests everywhere abounded, Romish rites and ceremonies were observed. But did civilization follow? Ah, no! The people were little bettered. They had exchanged one form of idolatry for another. Their manners were unreformed. "Never," says a celebrated writer, "has the Romish Church had a more faithful or successful missionary than the Abbe Dubois. Yet, after a residence of *thirty years*, and having made *ten thousand* converts, he leaves in despair of ever seeing any *moral* change in the Hindoos, declaring that, out of this immense multitude, he could recall but a single instance where he believed there was any moral renovation; thus palpably conceding the complete impotency of Romanism to raise, purify and bless a debased people." But Portugal was not to hold India. Not more than a century had elapsed, when she was deprived of her vast possessions. The Dutch succeeded the Portuguese in the sovereignty of the East. France, also, made attempts to establish herself there, but without success. India was not to be held by a Popish, but by a Protestant power. It was the will of Providence that it should come under Britain's rule.

The rise of England's power in India was almost like enchantment. At first, she had only a mere lodgment in that vast country—only a mere pittance of land. A few merchants located themselves upon its coasts for the purposes of trade. In a very brief period Britain's dominions reached an extent beyond all precedent. Much has been written condemnatory, much in justification, of England's conquest of India. It is a question which does not fall within the limits of our present paper to discuss. It has been remarked by an able writer that Britain's possessions in India were acquired in self-defence. She seemed to have no alternative between dominion and expulsion.

Whatever may be said of the justness or unjustness of our Indian conquests, it cannot be denied that British rule, by whatever faults it may have been stained, has proved a beneficial change to the people. Under Mohammedan and Mahratta sway, peace was unknown. The record was a blood-stained history. The people were crushed down by a most grinding despotism. Life was insecure. As many as a thousand were sometimes slain in a day. It was not safe to be unarmed. Confidence was unknown. From this melancholy state of things British rule was a beneficial change—restoring peace, inspiring confidence, encouraging industry, by setting a hedge around life and property.

We must not, however, overlook the hand of the Most High in this matter. He rules in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth. He makes all things subservient to his own purposes. Why was it that Portugal did not retain her vast dominions in the East? Why was it that France did not establish herself in them? It was the will of Heaven that India should be subjected to a Protestant power, whose people would send the Bible, as well as the missionary, to diffuse among her teeming millions the blessings of salvation. For what purpose, then, was India placed under British rule? Was it that England might be enriched by her commerce? that her sons might riot on her luxuries? that her daughters might be arrayed in her silks and satins? These, indeed, are the things at which the worldly look. But they are only the incidents. God had higher aims in putting India under British rule. It was that she might be won to the Saviour, that she might be brought under the benign sway of the Prince of Peace. This is Britain's mission in regard to India. We do not mean that force should be used to convert the natives. Christianity disclaims all such methods—human might, or power, or stratagem. But the Bible, the missionary, the winning voice of persuasion, the earnest prayer, must be our weapons.

But has Britain been faithful in fulfilling her mission in regard to India? Has she no faults to answer for? Have not many nominal Christians in that country, by their unholy lives, brought discredit upon their religion? Has not the Government itself given too much countenance to idolatry? Have not heathenish rites been encouraged and fostered by Government money? Is it wonderful, then, that disaster should be measured out as a chastisement for sin? It has been remarked that, among the very class from which the missionary was sedulously excluded, the mutiny has arisen. Had greater efforts been used to diffuse among the Sepoys the knowledge of the Saviour, the present unhappy disasters might have been averted.

We fondly hope, however, that Britain's dominion over India will be still maintained. We trust that she has a Heaven-appointed mission to fulfil—to give the religion of Jesus to India's millions. But let England acknowledge her faults; let her not practically disown that Bible which is the foundation of her power; let her not give countenance to idolatry; and let every true-hearted Christian send up his earnest prayer that the victory may be her's in the present conflict, and that, under her protection, the missionary of the Cross may go forth to subdue the millions of the East to the Saviour—not by the weapons which are carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The Rev. Dr. Foley, Professor in the University of Dublin and Prebendary of Cashel, arrived in this city on Friday last. On Sunday he preached, with great acceptance, in Saint John Church in the morning and afternoon, and in Trinity Church in the evening. He uses no notes or memoranda of any kind, but utters apparently without effort the spontaneous effusions of his heart. His style is simple, but extremely forcible and eloquent. The illustrations in his morning's discourse of the power, wisdom, and providence of God, were exceedingly appropriate and convincing—displaying, as they did, the possession of rich stores of knowledge and true native talent. In the evening he took for his text the beautiful incident recorded in the second chapter of the Gospel of Saint Mark, of Christ healing one sick of the palsy. After unfolding the passage, and presenting in a masterly manner the great truths it conveys, he adverted to the Missionary work now going on among the Roman Catholics in Ireland. Being connected with the Irish Society, which has been laboring for upwards of a quarter of a century in that country, he said he was qualified to speak with some authority on a subject of so much interest to all true Christians. At the same time, he had no pecuniary object in view: he came not to solicit money; he was simply a traveller through the country, and desired to communicate the facts he was possessed of for our information and encouragement. He then described with considerable minuteness the wonderful progress of the Gospel among the Romanists, especially in the counties of Tipperary and Kerry. In various sections of those counties, where he himself had been engaged, the conversions to Protestantism can be numbered by hundreds and thousands. In some districts, where a few years ago hardly a single Protestant or a Protestant place of worship could be found, now the majority of the people were Protestant, and numerous Protestant churches and school houses were seen. Where ignorance, poverty and wretchedness reigned, now the very reverse may be witnessed. So true is it that Protestantism elevates the man who embraces it, both temporally and spiritually, and makes him wise both for time and eternity. The whole aspect of the country where the religion of the Bible had been accepted, was changed, and changed for the better. The people were there comfortably housed, industrious, and self-reliant. The work too was still going on with remarkable success in various directions. He looked forward to the time when Ireland, at no distant date either, would be an essentially Protestant country. The facts of the numerous conversions he spoke of could not be denied by any one who has a regard for truth. They were patent to all; and the Romish priests of certain parishes which he named would bear the same testimony that he did if appealed to on the subject. The Bishop of Tuam also had formally subscribed a document to the effect that he had confirmed in his diocese alone upwards of *nineteen hundred converts from Popery to Protestantism*. He pressed these truths with great force and eloquence upon the immense congregation present, and concluded by pointing out some of the errors of Popery. Purgatory, transubstantiation, praying to and for the dead, &c., were doctrines which had no foundation in Scripture, and were unsparingly condemned. He loved, ardently loved, he said, his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen; and for that reason he opposed the unchristian system which had so long enslaved them; and it was evident, from his manner, that he sincerely felt what he so eloquently expressed.

The reverend gentleman left the city on Monday for the United States and Canada.—*St. John Church Witness.*

POPISH DISLOYALTY.

England has long been, and is now, the bulwark of Protestantism. Cordially hated by Pope, Cardinals, and Priests, still these dignitaries, more or less overawed by her power, and the greatness of her prestige among the nations of the world, are constrained to speak of her in subdued and deferential terms. But there are times when the mask is thrown off—when the Holy Fathers appear in their true colours—when they speak their genuine sentiments. Such a time is the present. "England's extremity is Popery's opportunity" all the world over. The Indian mutiny has revived the spirits of the enemies of Protestantism. Popish Priests and Popish journalists fancy they perceive in the Bengal insurrection, as they did in the Russian war, evidences of the humiliation of England, and the downfall of an Empire upon which the sun never sets. Clergy and laity are getting quite encouraged again, and we should not be much surprized to hear if there was a repetition of blacking-bottle battles, and cabbage-garden victories, in Ireland some of these fine days. With such teaching as the following, from an eminent dignitary of the Church—with such sentiments addressed to the Irish soldier as well as the Irish peasant, it should surprise no one if the loyalty of the people is sapped and undermined. Our extract is from the London *Record*:

"Every crowned head, every Court in the world, every people, have long since detected her (England's) lying stratagems, and are no longer deceived by her external show of toleration and liberty. For instance, England holds out on large placards of parchment that the Act of Emancipation places all Catholics on an equality with their dissenting brethren, while every one knows that, with some few exceptions, *the same penal code fetters the limbs of Ireland as before this mockery of law was executed!!*

England parades the wisdom of her equal laws in commerce, agriculture, and arms, while the emigrant ship is filled with *wailing thousands flying from the palpable tyranny of her practicable enactments* (!!!). England declares in the Senate-house, and in all foreign circles, that she preaches the Gospel for nothing; that she makes no demand from the poor for her spiritual ministrations, while she is seen carrying on her bended back the annual revenue of upwards of eight millions sterling, plundered from the widow and orphan, and the aged, houseless, helpless poor. But the time has at length arrived when public opinion all over the world has *unanimously proclaimed the verdict*, that she is at this moment *the most intolerant nation in Europe in religion, and the most unprincipled, treacherous, and false in every phase of her political character*." (!!!).—*Nova Scotian.*

INDIA.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. DUFF.

CALCUTTA, 24th June, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—The centenary day of the battle of Plassy (23d inst), which laid the foundation of our Indian empire and which native hopes and wishes, and astrological predictions had long ago fixed on as *the last* of British sway, has passed away; and through God's overruling providence Calcutta is still the metropolis of British India. But, alas! throughout the whole of the north-west provinces all government is at present at an end. The apparently settled peace and profound tranquillity which were wont to reign throughout *British India* in former years once called forth from an intelligent French traveller the somewhat irreverent but striking remark, that the Government of India was "like the good Deity: one does not see it, but it is everywhere." So calm, serene, and ubiquitous did the power of British rule appear to be! How changed the aspect of things now!

Throughout the whole of the north-west, Government, instead of being in its regulating power and influence *everywhere*, is, at this moment, literally "*nowhere*." Instead of peace and tranquillity, security of life and property, under its sovereign and benign sway, universal anarchy, turbulence, and ruin! the military stations in possession of armed and blood-thirsty mutineers, the public treasures rifled, the habitations of the British residents plundered and reduced to ashes, numbers of British officers, with judges, magistrates, women and children, butchered with revolting cruelties,—the remnant portions of the British that have yet escaped, cooped up in isolated spots, and closely hemmed in by myriads that are thirsting for their blood,—while bands of armed ruffians are scouring over the country, bent on ravage, plunder, and murder,—striking terror and consternation into the minds of millions of the peacefully-disposed!! This, so far from being an exaggerated picture, is, I verily believe, but a feeble, inadequate representation of the terrible reality!

Every day still continues to bring us tidings of fresh terrors. Formerly of all life in India, the *safest* was *British* life. Of this I have had ample evidence in my own experience—having travelled, not only through its more civilised parts, but through some of its wildest regions, solitary and alone, unprotected by aught save the guardian care of a gracious Providence—often for days, and sometimes for weeks not seeing the face of a white man. But now, change, revolution!—throughout the north-west provinces, the earliest seat of Indian civilisation—the most *insecure* of all life is British life. At this moment British life, undefended by walls and cannon, is not worth half a second's purchase!

Almost all the greater and smaller military stations have already become the scenes of revolt and massacre—Cawnpore, Sultanpore, and others, being now added to the number, with their several catalogues of atrocities. Any that have hitherto escaped, such as Patna and Agra, have only done so through the providential presence of British troops—though each and all, even of these, are the subjects of fearful anxiety. The purely civil stations also have shared the same fate. The small companies of Sepoys acting at these as guards of the treasuries and court-houses, have been smitten with the universal epidemic of treachery and thirst for British blood. The accounts that reach us from some of these stations are unspeakably harrowing. At Futtehpore, for example, between Allahabad and Cawnpore, the native Deputy-Magistrate, a Mohammedan, heading the mutineers, attacked the British residents, who for some days succeeded in defending themselves on the roof of a brick house. Most of these during the night, contrived to escape,—one at a time. The Judge, Mr. Tucker,—a truly Christian man, who for years has devoted his spare time, his talents, his influence and his fortune, to the supplying of the educational and religious wants of the people around,—was the last to quit his perilous post. At last, overpowered,—but not without dealing out heavy and deadly blows to his brutal assailants,—he was cruelly slaughtered, his head, hands, and feet being cut off, and exhibited all bleeding, to the fanatical and murderous multitude! And many who had escaped the original massacre at different stations, after skulking about for days in various hiding places, eventually perished,—the victims of exposure, fatigue, and want, or of undressed wounds, or of the treachery of cowardly assassins.

Almost the only incident that has yet been brought to light, amid those scenes of dark and unbroken horror, is the fact, that a poor wailing British child, found exposed on the banks of the Jumna, beyond Delhi, by a faquir, or religious devotee, was taken up by him, and brought to Kurnaul, after being carefully nursed and cherished for several days. The parents of the poor infant were unknown, having in all probability been murdered in their attempted flight. But once safely lodged in Kurnaul, through the tender care of a dark heathen devotee, in whose bosom the spark of natural humanity still glowed, the child was soon caught up within the circle of British and Christian sympathy, whose special concern is for the poor, the needy, and the destitute.

It is not easy to imagine or realise the strangely saddening and depressing influence produced on the minds of all here by the daily reports of the deplorable events now everywhere occurring in the north-west. And what gives intensity to the sadness is, that there is scarcely any one amongst us who has not a father, mother, brother, sister, a son, daughter, or some other relative or friend, either already numbered among the victims of atrocious massacre, or in a position of imminent peril. To all this also has to be added the succession of dangers through which we ourselves have passed. All the revelations now made serve to show that these dangers were in reality vastly greater than any one at the time was fully aware of, or could bring himself to believe. It is now clear beyond all question, that between the 10th or 11th March last and the 14th instant there were at least four separate *plots* formed, that is, as some one has expressed it, "*definite arrangements appointed to have effect at a specified date*," for the destruction of this city and the massacre of its European inhabitants. By some apparently fortuitous, but really providential incident, each of these was timeously brought to light, and the murderous intentions of the conspirators frustrated. The last of the four was to have come off on Sunday, 14th instant, and was, under God, simply averted by a discovery opportunely made by the Brigadier at Barrackpore on the *night preceding*. The discovery led the Government to concentrate, during the night and early on the morning, all the available British troops at Barrackpore; and, on that day, to disarm the whole of the mutinous sepoys there, as well as at Dum Dum and Calcutta. What the things prepared for us were—and from which we escaped by so merciful an interposition of Providence—soon appeared, among other revelations from this—that when, after the disarming, the sepoy's huts were searched, they were found to be filled with instruments of the most murderous description—huge knives of various shapes, two-handed swords, poniards, and battle-axes—many of the swords being serrated, and evidently intended for the perpetration of *torturing* cruelties on their European victims—cruelties over which, in anticipation, these ruthless savages, while fed and nurtured by the Government, had doubtless fondly gloated!

Scarcely had these dangers passed away, when a timely discovery of papers and maps in possession of some arrested Mohammedans brought to light the last and greatest of the deeply designed plots against our property and our lives. That was planned for Tuesday the 23rd inst., the centenary day of the victory of Plassy, which laid the foundation of our magnificent Indian empire. The effect of this discovery was to arouse the Government and the whole European community to make preparations, on the most extensive and effective scale, to meet the threatened outbreak of exterminating violence. The British residents in this square,—being few in number, and at the same time completely isolated and cut off by a large distance from the European part of the city,—were peculiarly exposed to the first outburst on the part of a fanatical and infuriated native multitude. Accordingly on Monday, 22d, several left the square, and went to their friends in the city and elsewhere. My own resolution, however, from the first was, after using all proper means for obtaining protection from the constituted authorites, to cling to my post casting myself and partner, in faith, on the guardian care of the God of providence.

At length *the* day—the *last* and *fatal* day to *British power* in India, if the vaticinations so long current among all classes of natives were to be trusted—was ushered in among ten thousand anxieties, despite all the preparations that had been made to meet it. What helped to heighten these anxieties was, that, by a singular coincidence, that happened also to be *the great day* of the annual Hindu festival of the *Ruth Jattra*, or pulling of the cars of Juggernath. Of these cars, numbers of all sizes have been wont to be pulled along the streets of Calcutta and suburbs. On these occasions, the entire latent fanaticism of the Hindu community has been usually elicited when the Brahmins and attendant throngs raise and re-echo the loud shouts of "Victory to Juggernath; victory to the great Juggernath."

The day and night, however, have now passed away without any violent outrage anywhere within the bounds of the city; and we are still in the land of the living this morning, to celebrate anew Jehovah's goodness. Doubtless the knowledge of the vast preparations that were made promptly to put down any insurrection tended, under God, to prevent any, by paralysing the hosts of conspirators under a conviction of the utter hopelessness of success. Moreover, I cannot but note the fact, that our rainy season, which has been somewhat later in commencing this year, began to set in on Sunday, 21st inst., with a violent thunder-storm, since which very heavy showers have continued to fall in rapid succession, accompanied with violent gusts of wind. These gusty tropical showers rendered it particularly disagreeable for any one to be out on our muddy and half-flooded streets. The very elements thus seemed to conspire, along with the preparations on the part of man, to defeat the counsels and purposes of the wicked, by confining them to their own secret haunts of treason, sedition, and meditated massacre.

The only disturbances in the neighbourhood took place at Agarparah, about half-way between this and Barrackpore. On the afternoon of Tuesday (23d), a body of between two and three hundred Mussulmans rushed into the Government and Missionary Schools, shouting that the Company's Raj (or reign) was now at an end, and ordering the teachers, on pain of death, to destroy their English books, and teach no more English in the schools, but only the *Koran*. A violent affray with sticks, bamboos, and bricks was the result; but though a great many heads were broken, no lives were lost. This was a fair indication of the spirit and determination of Mohammedanism generally; and clearly proves how little not only Christianity, but even western civilisation, has to acquire the ascendancy in this land.

June 27.—Fresh rumours of every kind are afloat respecting the re-capture of Delhi, but as yet no reliable intelligence has reached the Government on the subject. Meanwhile, accounts, of new disasters—of sanguinary mutinies or attempts to mutiny—continue to pour in upon us. There are also unpleasant indications of the mutinous spirit having reached the Madras and Bombay Presidencies. The agents of evil have at least penetrated into these; though hitherto, their efforts have not been crowned with much success.

The sufferings of those who escaped, in trying to make their way to places of safety, have been so severe, that under them many have sunk. Let it be remembered that the season of the year was the most adverse to British constitutions. It was during the very height of the hot season, when the hot winds rage in the north-west with furnace heat, and the clouds of small dust are absolutely suffocating. Hitherto, during this season, it has been usually deemed rather hard to exist at all even within doors, with all the appliances of well watered grassy frames outside, to moderate the heated air as it passes through, and punkahs and thermantidotes, on the principle of the fanning-mill, in order to set the somewhat cooled air in motion. But now, as in the case of the fugitives from Sultanpore in Oude, about a dozen gentlemen, with a dozen ladies, and as many children, had, for eight or ten days, to work their weary way to Allahabad, through scorching heats, subject to frightful exposures, and in constant danger of falling into the hands of miscreants thirsting for their blood.

One of the escaped from Fyzabad, in Oude, writes:—"On Monday last (8th inst.) I had, with all the officers of the regiment, to run away to save our lives. We got into an open boat, and tried to work our way to Dinapore, but we have been *hunted like dogs*, and have been twice taken prisoners, and robbed of everything we had. I have hardly a thing remaining, excepting the shirt and trousers I have on, and which I have not taken off for seven days."

Another of the fugitives from the same place furnishes some further particulars:—"We all," says he "got into several open boats. On reaching a place ten miles below Fyzabad, we met several hundreds of the mutineers encamped, who fired on us. Colonel Goldney advised our pushing off to the opposite bank of the Gogra. We got on an island among some jhow (a species of grain) fields. The mutineers got into dinghees (small boats), and followed us. We made for the main boat from the island; Major Mills was drowned. The sergeant-major, Lieutenant Bright, and I were taken prisoners, carried to the camp of the mutineers, and brought before the sabadar commanding the rebels, who asked us who we were, &c. Two men then stepped out and shot the sergeant-major and Lieutenant Bright. I was rescued by an artilleryman, hid in a serai, and sent off in disguise. While we were talking with the sabadar, a number of the sepoys went to the remainder of our party. We heard firing across the river; the sepoys returned, and reported they had killed Colonel Goldney and six other officers, and that three had escaped. At Tanda I heard that Mr. Fitzgerald, clerk in the Deputy Commissioner's office, and overseer Sergeant Hunt, who were escorting some families to Allahabad, were killed, and the women and children also murdered. I don't know what has become of the officers who were in boats left behind us at Fyzabad."

An eye-witness to the brutal conduct of the mutinous sepoys at Allahabad, who himself had a narrow escape from their ruthless hands, thus writes:—"A next door English neighbour of mine was visited one night by a gang of upwards of two dozen sepoys, fully equipped with destructive arms. On the hue and cry being given, I went up to the terrace of my house, and saw with my own eyes the rascals *cutting in two an infant boy of two or three years of age, while playing with his mother*; next, they *hacked into pieces the lady*: and subsequently, *most shockingly and horridly, the husband*." The writer made his escape by a back-door, and, by means of a bamboo, he managed to cross the Ganges, and made his way through multiplied difficulties to Benares.

Affecting evidences of the villanies that have been practised are ever and anon casting up. The other day, in the neighbourhood of Benares, a detachment of Europeans fell in with *twenty-one* sepoys in disguise, who wished to pass themselves off as *poor* villagers that had been *looted*,—that is, plundered. On searching their persons, however, *each* of them had about *seventy* rupees in cash, besides *gold and silver jewels covered with blood*,—showing but too clearly the brutal way in which they must have been taken off our poor murdered countrywomen.

At one of the stations a lady, in panic terror, had hidden herself in an obscure corner of the house.—Through a chink or crevice in the partition she saw the bleeding head of one of her children rolled as a ball across the floor; and on emerging from her hiding place beheld the fragments of another scattered about!

Here is another variety of incident in the terrible tragedy now enacting in the north-west, as related by an eye witness:—An officer and his wife were attacked by many *sowars*, or mutineers of native cavalry. The brave officer singly shot dead seven of them on the spot, and at last was overcome by a number of the rebels. Instead, however, of allowing himself to be disgraced by the scoundrels, under the pressure of the awful emergency he *first killed his wife, and then put an end to his own life!*

Similar as to its main object was another case, of which certain information has reached us. A small party of gentlemen, with a young lady lately resident in Calcutta, and well known to some of us, effected their escape to an isolated house, where they were hard pressed by the ferocious mutineers. In case of their being eventually overpowered by numbers, they entered into a mutual though dismal agreement, *to kill the lady to save her from the brutal outrages of the murderers, and then to sell their own lives as dearly as they could.*

The troops at Seetapore, in Northern Oude, after the bloody butchery they had committed there, proceeded towards Muhundie. They met on the road the refugees from Shahjehanpore, and the civil officers of Muhundie, fleeing from the latter place; *all of whom they deliberately slaughtered*, save one, Captain Orr, who witnessed the horrible scene.

June 29.—Still no cessation of heavy tidings from the north-west. In one of our journals to-day appears the letter of a correspondent at Allahabad, who, after stating that the destruction of property there was total, thus proceeds:—"Did the report reach you of the massacre of the Futtehghur fugitives? It passed in atrocity all that has hitherto been perpetrated. A large body of Europeans, men, women, and children, in several boats