The Protector.

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.---A FAMILY JOURNAL.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

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KIRWAN'S LETTERS TO BISHOP HUGHES.

SECOND SERIES.

LETTER VII.

Unmeaningness of Romish Doctrines and Ceremonies—Baptism—The Mass—Penance—Extreme Unction—Holy Water—Prayers to the Saints—Withholding the Scriptures.

Reverend and dear Sir.—I ask your attention in the present letter to the consideration of another objection, which, mountain-like, opposes my return to your Church, drawn from *the utter unmeaningness of your peculiar doctrines and ceremonies.* If I coin a new word to express my meaning, surely you will forgive me—you, a bishop in a Church which has coined doctrines, and sacraments, and ceremonies without meaning and without end.

When I look into the New Testament, every thing there is plain and simple. True, there are some doctrines there taught which are above my entire comprehension, but yet they are plainly taught. Having settled the divine authority of the Scriptures, I never question what they plainly teach. Its most mysterious truths are not opposed to my reason; they are only above it. When I look at the worship and ceremonies there enjoined, they all seem to me perfectly simple and expressive; and so are the worship and ceremonies of all the Protestant churches with which I am acquainted. So far as they deviate from simplicity and expressiveness do they deviate from the apostolical model. But when I turn to your Church—the Church of my fathers—every thing peculiar to it wears a contrary aspect, and, to my mind, seems utterly unmeaning, and frequently absurd. Permit me to illustrate what I mean; and even should I occupy this letter with my illustrations, my only excuse to you and my readers is the importance of the subject.

I begin with your sacrament of baptism. This we all admit to be a sacrament; but I have now to do with the power and significancy which you give it, and the ceremonies you connect with it.

The effects of baptism when duly administered, as stated by Challoner, are these: It washes away original sin—it remits all actual sin—it infuses the habit of divine grace into the soul—it gives a right and title to heaven—it makes us children and members of the Church. Now, sir, I have no sense by which I can perceive how the application of water by a priest, or a minister, or a laic, or a midwife, can accomplish all this, while testimony to the contrary addresses itself to all my senses. Christ died for the sins of all that believe in him; it is faith in Christ that secures the washing away of original and actual sin; and faith is the exercise of a heart renewed by the Holy Ghost. Being justified by faith we have peace with God and a title to heaven. All this I can understand; but how your dipping three times in water can do all this, I see not. What the Bible attributes to the Holy Spirit and to the exercise of true faith, you claim for the sacrament of baptism.

If your doctrine of baptismal regeneration is true, what a singular commentary we have of it in the lives of your people! What a singular manifestation of the habits of divine grace which your baptism infuses into the soul, you see daily among your people! I only wonder that the facts in the case have not long since exploded your doctrine, and led you back to the simplicity of the sacrament as taught in the Bible! The apostles administered baptism to those who confessed faith in Jesus Christ; and through this sacrament we obtain a place and a name in the visible Church. This all men can understand; but how you or any mortal man, by the application of water in any or all ways, can wash away the original and actual sins of the sinner, infuse into his soul the habits of grace, and give him a title to heaven I can not comprehend. If your baptism could only do this, It would wonderfully mend the habits of many of your people, and save some of the criminal courts of New York a world of trouble! The Sixth Ward of the city of your residence contains a great number of those who have been baptised with your baptism; and if it "infuses the habits of grace into the soul," they have a most unfortunate way of displaying them! Your theory is simply absurd.

And the power you claim for it is no more unmeaning than the ceremonies you connect with it. This sacrament ordinarily must be administered in churches with fonts, whose water must be blessed "on the vigils of Easter and Whitsunday." There must be godfathers and godmothers. The priest blows in the face of the subject of baptism thrice, to drive Satan out of him! Then blest salt is put in his mouth! Then exorcism is performed to drive the devil out of him! This is all done in the porch of the church. Then, when the devil is scared away, the child is introduced into the church, where prayers are said. Then the priest puts his spittle on his ears and nose. Then he is anointed with holy oil, "blessed on Maunday Thursday," and then he is baptised. Then he is anointed on the top of the head with holy chrism; then a white linen clothis placed on his head; then a lighted candle is put in his hand! then the ceremony is ended, and the person is dismissed, his sins all washed away, the habits of grace infused into his soul, and his title to heaven in his pocket!

Now, sir, excite my wits as I may, I can not understand all this. It is addressed to my ignorance. Pray inform us what wizard devised such a ceremony.

The whole ceremony of your *Mass* is yet more unmeaning to me. Often as I have witnessed it, I never gleaned one intelligent idea from it, nor does one out of one million of your people. I have just read through the laboured explaination of it by Bishop England, and it is truly painful to see so noble a mind expending its powers in the vain attempt to give meaning to every thread of such a gossamer web—to give sense and significance to what is so utterly nonsensical.

"In the Mass," says Dr. England, "Christ is the victim; he is produced by the consecration, which, by the power of God, and the institution of the Redeemer, and the act of the priest, place the body and blood of Christ under the appearance of bread and wine, upon the altar; then the priest makes an oblation of this victim to the Eternal Father on behalf of the people, and the victim undergoes a destructive change, showing forth the death of the Redeemer, and making commemoration thereof by the exhibition of the apparent separation of the body from the blood; the former being under the appearance of bread, and the latter under the appearance of wine, and by the consumption of both by the priest..' This is, on the whole, the clearest account of the Mass that I have ever seen from the pen of a priest, and yet what mind can understand it? Sir, do you understand it? Christ produced from some bread and wine by a priest; this produced Christ is laid upon the altar by the priest; an oblation of this produced Christ is made to the Eternal Father by the priest; the produced Christ undergoes a destructive change in the act of oblation; this oblation of the produced Christ is offered for the people; and then this produced, offered Christ, and after he has undergone a destructive change, is eaten by the priest! - Sir, all this is as unmeaning to me as the leaves which the fabled sybil scattered on the winds; and this unmeaning Mass, a greater mass of absurdity than ever heathen ingenuity or depravity invented, is the chief source of edification to nine tenths of the papal world! If it were merely unmeaning, without being blasphemous and wicked, I could extend to it some toleration.

And the absurdity of the whole thing is increased to intensity by the fact that the pantomime is performed in Latin! Pray, sir, how many of your worshipers at St. Patrick's understand English, not to say Latin? Why use a language now no longer spoken by any nation or people, which is now simply a medium of intercourse among scholars? The answer given to this question by Challoner is one of the most cool-insults that I have ever known offered to the common sense of the world. Here it is: 1. Because it is her ancient language . . . and the Church, which hates novelty, desires to celebrate her liturgy in the same language. 2. For a greater uniformity in public worship; that a papist, wherever he wanders, may witness the ceremonies of the Mass in the same language. 3. To avoid the changes to which all vulgar languages are exposed. He also tells us that it is unnecessary to understand what we are saying if our hearts are only sincere! Sir, I see not how men who offer or receive such statements as reasons can have the faculty of understanding a reason. Because the ritual of the Mass was first formed in Latin—because Mass was first said in Latin at Rome when that was the vulgar tongue, the hatred of your Church to novelty forbids her to change the language of her ritual when there is not a congregation on earth that can understand it! And it is not necessary to understand the language in which we address ourselves to God, if we only intend to worship him! And such is the excuse you make for the man who may be worshiping a false relic for a true one. If he only means to honor the true relic, it makes no difference! If he mistakes the thigh of Barabbas for that of Barnabas, or the finger of Pilate for that of Peter, or the hair of Jezebel for that of Mary, or the head of Balaam's ass for that of Paul, it is all the same, if he only means to worship the true relic! and I suppose the difference, sir, is very little.

These things may be very clear to you, and to your priests and people, but to me they are utterly without meaning, save a meaning that insults my common sense

And such is the fact as to your doctrines of penance and extreme unction, which I have already examined. I am a sinner. To obtain forgiveness, you tell me that I must confess to you—that I must perform the penances you enjoin—that I must secure absolution from you, and that, until all this is done, I can not procure forgiveness. But your doctrine of penance and its reputed efficacy are as difficult for me to understand as they are contrary to the Bible.

And so as to your extreme unction. I am in a dying state. The sands in my glass are almost run. You come to my dying bed with your little cup of olive oil, blessed on Maunday Thursday. Dipping your thumb in the box, you cross and anoint my eyes, my nose, my tongue, my ears, my hands, my feet, and when the crossing and anointing is over, I am prepared for "the port of eternal happiness." Now, sir, after every effort, I can not understand how olive oil produces those effects, if rubbed on with both your thumbs and with all your fingers. I can readily see how the blood of Christ, applied to my soul in the dying hour by the Holy Spirit, fits it for its departure; but how olive oil, or any other oil, rubbed on by your thumb, or poured upon me in a deluge, can effect this, is a mystery utterly beyond my power of solving. Can you solve it?

And to whichsoever of your peculiar doctrines or ceremonies I turn, I find the same unmeaningness in them all.

I go into your church—St. Patrick's. I go with the multitude to the stone basin containing the holy water, and, dipping my fingers into it, I cross myself with the water. This water is made holy by being exorcised by the priest, mixed with salt, and then prayed over; and I cross myself with it, that it may defend me from the power of the devil! Now, sir, all this I can not understand. The devil is cast out of the water, then the water is salted, then it is consecrated, and then I am required to sprinkle myself with it in order to keep off the devil. I can readily see how salt will keep the water from becoming putrid, but how you get Satan out of the water, and how the water can keep Satan away from me, is beyond my comprehension. And where do you get this rite of holy water? I remember, when a boy, seeing the priest on Sunday passing through a densely-crowded chapel, with two boys carrying a tub of holy water before him, and he sprinkling it upon the people with something which I then thought was a cow's tail; and I well remember how I often dodged behind some burly person, lest I should get a little too much of it; and if that water drove the devil out of some of them, I would like to know how they acted when he was in them. If holy water would only produce the effects which you attribute to it, I would wish you to give many of our countrymen a pretty thorough sprinkling.

I find the same difficulty in your doctrine which teaches me to pray to the saints. How Paul or Peter can hear me in New York, and another in Cork, praying to them at the same time, passes my comprehension. I am sure poor Mary must have her hands full if she attends to all who supplicate her favor. I have no doubt that in the papal world ten pray to her where one prays to God.

Nor can I comprehend why or for what purpose you withhold from me the free use of the Scriptures. They are a revelation from God to man—not to priests only, but to the race. They are the chart of the way to life, and all men are commanded to search them. Why not permit—command all men to search them? The shipping merchant furnishes his captains with charts of all the seas over which they are to sail, and enjoins a constant use of them; and you take from me the chart which God has given me to direct me across the ocean of life, and to a safe anchorage beneath the shelter of the Rock of Ages. Why is this?

My dear sir, God has given me a mind to understand his will equally as he has given you, and in revealing his will to me he has consulted the intelligence with which he has endowed me. He asks of me an intelligent service and worship. He requires all men to worship him in spirit and in truth. Your Church requires me to deny the testimony of my senses—to go contrary to the decisions of my reason—to believe, not only without, but against evidence—to believe in doctrines as true which common reason pronounces absurd, and to submit to ceremonies which would seem solemn were they not so ludicrous and farcical. I believe it is Thomas Aquinas who proves the duty of inferiors to submit to superiors in the Church from the very pertinent passage in Job, "The oxen were plowing, and the asses feeding beside them." And while I have no objection to your bishops and priests considering themselves oxen, I prefer, on the whole, a religion, to believe and practice which does not require me to be turned into a donkey.

With respect, yours, Kirwan.

Caste in India.—An important witness has just come forward, showing how deeply the present revolt of the Bengal army is connected with the caste question. Hedayut Ali, the subadar of the Sikh police among the Sontals, has made a statement of his views respecting the mutiny, derived from long intercourse with numerous regiments in all parts of Upper India. He says that the discontent that has ripened into rebellion, began during the Affghan war. The Sepoys were then led beyond the Indus, which has always been considered the boundary of Hindooism: that the Brahmins among them had to leave their sacred threads in a temple on its western bank, and that as they advanced into the cold mountains, they no longer kept up the bathings and washings which every Hindoo in North India daily undergoes before he takes his first meal. The evil rankled in their minds, and they would have been glad even then to kill their officers, and run back to Hindostan, only they were afraid lest the Affghans should overpower them and compel to become Mussulmans. They never forgot it after their return. From that time dissatisfaction was frequently expressed about their rations and their pay. On some occasions they proceeded (as at Sukkur) to open mutiny. Twice were regiments disbanded; but the dissatisfaction still went on. Caste was next attacked in the messing-system being introduced into gaols: in which, till a few years ago, every prisoner was allowed to preserve his caste by cooking for himself. In one caste the prisoners were so enraged at the innovation that on the next visit of the magistrate to the gaol they killed him with their brass pots. The system was, however, introduced, and the Sepoys heard of it and felt it deeply. The preaching and teaching of missionaries, till then unnoticed, were next observed, and viewed as a Government measure. Then came the order that all future Sepoys should be enlisted for general service, and should be obliged to go wherever military duty called them. They feared this greatly, as another covert attack upon their caste: "Who knows but that we may be ordered to London." Soon after came the annexation of Oude, which took away their exclusive privileges, and put the peasantry upon a level with them in English courts of justice. Their fears respecting their beloved caste had reached a climax; their peculiar privileges had been assailed; the Enfield rifle arrived, schools of musketry were established, and the greased cartridge set the train on fire.

NEWS BY THE ENGLISH MAIL.

LONDON TIMES' CORRESPONDENCE.

CAPTURE OF LUCKNOW—INTERESTING SKETCHES OF THE WAR.

Thursday, March 11.—Our guns and mortars, which were put in position yesterday, opened on the Begum's Palace, and on the second line of the enemy's defenses. This fire proved very destructive, and our heavy guns battered down stone walls and breached the brick and earth works of the enemy. It was understood that the Begum's Palace would be assaulted at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, but the front was so well screened by outhouses and by thick earth-works and parapets, that our artillery, powerful as it was, did not make sufficient impression on the place to justify an attack till two hours later.

VISIT OF THE NEPAULESE GENERAL.

I waited, in common with many others, for a long time, till the period arrived to return to camp, in order to witness the state visit of Jung Bahadoor to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief. No one could say whether the assault was to come off or not; but, according to general orders, it was quite settled that the Maharajah would make his appearance in our camp at 4 o'clock. A canopy was prepared in front of the Commander-in-Chief's mess tent. A guard of honor of Highlanders, their band and pipers, were drawn up near it, an escort of the 9th Lancers and a battery of field guns were in front and on the flanks, and all the ceremonials which could be devised under the circumstances were executed admirably well. Sir Colin, in full uniform, was punctual to the minute, and all his staff not on duty were also present *en grande tenue.* The Chief, it was plain enough, would rather have been close to the Begum's Palace. His eye and his ear were by turns directed toward that place, whence, as the time wore on, could be heard the increasing rattle of musketry. Still the Jung came not. Minute after minute passed by very slowly. It was plain that his Highness the Maharajah, if he knew of the Commander-in-Chief's arrangements, did not possess the "politeness of princes." It was 5 o'clock, and the musketry was rolling out in great volleys.

Sir Colin was walking up and down, like a man who had waited quite long enough for his wife to get on her bonnet, and was about to "stand it no longer," when a great buzz amid the soldiers announced the arrival of the Jung Bahadoor, "the Lord of Battle," and the band of the Highlanders and the thunder of the guns gave him welcome. Inside the canopy were Sir Archdale Wilson, Col. Hogg, Col. Young, Col. Sterling, Sir Hope Grant, Major Bruce, Major Norman, Dr. Tice, &c. As the Maharajah approached, the Commander-in-Chief and his aides-de-camp on duty stepped out to meet him. Who in London does not remember the Maharajah's diamonds, and jewelled head-dresses? In the light of the setting sun, they even looked more brilliant than under the opera chandelier. Indeed, he was so very brilliant, that for a time one only looked at the casque and at the scarlet coat, crisp with jewels and gold, and not at the man who wore them. With white kid-gloved hand raised to his glittering crest, above which nodded a plume of bird of paradise feathers delicately loaded with emeralds and diamonds, Jung Bahadoor advanced toward Sir Colin Campbell, took the outstretched hand of our Chief, and introduced him to his two brothers, who, almost equally gaudy in attire and rich in decoration, accompanied him. Col. McGregor, in his full uniform and orders, was on the right of the Maharajah, and after him came a long following of Generals in rich dresses, most of them with faces of the Calmuck type, broad in the shoulders, short-necked, and thin-legged. They seated themselves on chairs, anything but easy for them, on the right of Sir Colin, whose staff sat on his left, and then there was a long interchange of courteous speeches, but Sir Colin's mind seemed intent on the Begum's Palace, and his ears fixed on the rapid roll of musketry. Still the speeches and conversation went on, the Maharajah's quick eye glancing furtively from staff to Highlander and back again.

In the midst of all this courtly ceremony, a tall figure, covered with dust, broke through the crowd of spectators at the end of the line of Highlanders, and strode up toward the Chief, who rose from his seat and advanced to meet him. It was strange enough, amid all this glitter of gold lace and fine clothes, to see this apparition in hodden gray tunic, turbaned cap and trunk boots, with a long sword clanking on the ground, and head, and face, and garments, covered with dust, walking stiffly up the aisle of men. "I am desired by the Chief of the Staff, Sir, to tell you that we have taken the Begum's Palace, with little loss, and are now in possession of it and the adjoining buildings." And, with a few pleased words from Sir Colin, the Deputy Adjutant-General to the Chief of the Staff, Hope Johnstone, marched out of the crowd again and vanished. Jung Bahadoor perhaps imagined it was a well executed *coup de theatre;* but it was a hard reality—as hard almost as the skirl of the bagpipes, which were played by six as fine Highlanders as ever trod on leather, who walked twice in front of us to a heart-stirring pibroch, and then played a few *morceaux,* to the great delight of the Bahadoor. His Excellency finally mounted, with his brothers, on two elephants with gorgeous howdah cloths, and returned to his camp.

A VERITABLE GOLGOTHA.

A few hundred yards off there came in sight one of those high square inclosures, surrounded by party-colored walls with gateways and towers, which are the general type of the country residences or pleasure palaces in Oude. Near one of the angles was drawn up a battery of field artillery, and a red coated sentry stood on the shade of the angle tower to which we were advancing. It was the angle at which the breach was made, and where most of the stormers entered on that terrible day. We found a party of the 53d regiment, to which these quarters were not new, posted inside the building. Their sentries were watching a battery of the enemy's, and a number of their men, in a village or suburb on our front, but there was no fire on either side. I never recollect encountering any odor so disgusting and intolerable as that which assailed our nostrils on approaching the northern side of the inclosure. The ground was covered with grinning skulls and fragments of burnt skeletons. It was a veritable Golgotha. In this spot 2,000 Sepoys met a terrible punishment for their crimes. The most callous of men in smell and sight must have been glad to leave the place, and the officers declared to us that they could not keep the men on that side of the square.

STORMING OF THE BEGUM'S PALACE—HORRIBLE SIGHT.

Friday, March 12.—The camp was on the alert at an early hour this morning, for it was expected that Outram would receive permission to attack the iron bridge at both ends. But Sir Colin Campbell, so reckless of his own life that his staff are in continual apprehension, is chary, indeed, of the life of any soldier under his command, and he would perfer using a thousand shells, dear though they be, to using up the rawest of recruits. We have a powerful artillery. It is not till the whole force of that arm has been exerted that an assault on any position will be authorized by the Commander-in-Chief. As we approached the Begum's Palace the enemy's bullets, varied by a round shot now and then, came hissing overhead, and announced that they were still fighting in the front. Externally, all we could see of the Begum's Palace were some glittering domes, the cupolas and minarets of a mosque on the left, and the balustrades around the flat roofs of the numerous buildings inside. A high wall, forming the outer barrier, loopholed at every inch, inclosed the building all around, but it bore frequent marks of our cannon. In front of this wall there was a high parapet of earth, with a steep scarp and ditch some fifteen or sixteen feet deep, and two small bastions with embrasures for two guns, which swept the approaches to the palace, or were intended to do so.

The embrasures, however, had been beaten into ragged holes, choked up with sand and timber, by the fire of our guns. Just in front of us, within some 18 or 20 yards of the ditch, there was a large hole in the ground, caused by a mine which the Sepoys sprung when it was too late to do them any good or us any harm. In the ditch itself there lay a heap of the dead bodies of the enemy, which our men were dragging out of the palace and flinging over the trench. The enemy had literally dug their own graves. As we crossed the narrow ramp of earth leading to the gateway, we could not but feel astonished at the small loss by which we had gained such a position. Along the front of this wall, in addition to the guns, there were loopholes for at least 2,000 muskets, and it seemed scarcely possible to effect an entrance at the point where one portion of the 93d and of the Sikhs had rushed through, with bayonets at the charge, on the astounded foe. The gateway to which the ramp led was protected by loopholed turrets at the sides, and by a considerable fire from the walls of the place. The breach made by our guns was on our left of a gateway, but when our troops entered, it was only to find themselves in front of a similar wall, directly under the fire of the enemy, who were concealed from them, at half-pistol shot. The only way of getting at the enemy was by a hole, miscalled a breach, and battering in the door by our guns, so narrow and low that not more than one man could enter at a time, and then only by bending his head.

But to avail ourselves even of this mode of entrance our men had to struggle through the outer breach, or to clamber up the steep bank of the ditch, where, impeded by their numbers in the narrow space, as they made for the inner breach, they were held in check under the enemy's fire till some of them forced their way in through the bricked-up windows, which led them into small dark rooms filled with sepoys. Held by such troops as those who assaulted the place, the Begum's Palace had been impregnable to infantry. Entering with difficulty through the suffocating breach, rank with hot air, gunpowder, and dead bodies, I passed into the first of the court-yards, in which the fight took place. It was filled with exulting Highlanders, still flushed with the heat of victory—Sikhs burning gold and silver tissue and lace, for the sake of the metals. Gen. Lugard, seated in the midst of them, was busy giving orders to a group of officers. How a man could have escaped who entered in such a fashion is beyond my comprehension. But there were few slain outright, for the apparition of these brawny soldiers alone unnerved the hands of their enemies.

Many fled at once, and were pursued and shot down in the courtyards without offering resistance; others fired their muskets or matchlocks once, made a wild thrust with the bayonet, and ran also; others, surprised in holes and corners, fought with the ferocity of wild beasts. One officer of the 93d killed with his own hand 11 sepoys, whom he shot with his revolver or sabred in the courtyard. The attack, which had been fixed for 3 o'clock, did not take place till 4½ p. m., and many thought that it would not take place at all last night, in consequence of the lateness of the hour. At 5 the Begum's Palace was ours, and Sikhs and Highlanders were rioting amid the mirrored and many-lustred saloons, still filled with magnificent shawls and scarfs, and such valuable articles as the ladies of the palace were unable to carry off in their flight. Very soon every mirror was shattered to atoms, chairs of state were in fragments, and the glass of lustres dashed to the ground, so that the drops and crystals lay like a pavement on the floors.

Just turning to the left, we were about entering a court-yard, when an officer said, "Mind what you are about! There are some fellows hid inside there, and one of them has just shot a sergeant of the 93d and a man of the 90th." This is, as you will have observed, a mode in which our men frequently lose their lives in this odious warfare. Soon afterward I saw one of these fanatics—a fine old Sepoy—with a grizzled mustache, lying dead in the court, a sword-cut across his temple, a bayonet thrust through the neck, his thigh broken by a bullet, and his stomach slashed open, in a desperate attempt to escape. There had been five or six of these fellows altogether, and they had either been surprised and unable to escape, or had shut themselves up in desperation in a small room, one of many looking out on the court. At first attempts were made to start them by throwing a live shell. The use of a bag of gunpowder was more successful, and out they charged, and, with the exception of one man, were shot and bayoneted on the spot. The man who got away did so by a desperate leap through a window, amid a shower of bullets and many bayonet thrusts. Such are the common incidents of this war.

We went up to the top of the mosque, upon the left of the palace, but the fire from the Kaiserbagh was too near and sharp for one to remain there without cover. From court to court of the huge pile of buildings we wandered through the same scenes—dead Sepoys—blood-splashed gardens—groups of eager Highlanders looking out for the enemy's loopholes—more eager groups of plunderers searching the dead, many of whom lay heaped on the top of each other, amid the ruins of rooms brought down upon them by our cannon shot. Two of these were veritable chambers of horrors. It must be remembered that the Sepoys and matchlock men wear cotton clothes, many at this time of year using thickly-quilted tunics; and in each room there were a number of *resais,* or quilted cotton coverlets, which serve as beds and quilts to the natives. The explosion of powder sets fire to this cotton very readily, and it may be easily conceived how horrible are the consequences when a number of these Sepoys and Nujeebs get into a place whence there is no escape, and where they fall in heaps by our shot. The matches of the men, the discharges of their guns set fire to their cotton clothing; it is fed by the very fat of the dead bodies; the smell is pungent and overpowering, and nauseous to a degree.

I looked in at such rooms, where, through the dense smoke, I could see piles of bodies, and I was obliged to own that the horrors of the hospital at Sevastopol were far exceeded by what I witnessed. Upward of 300 dead were found in the courts of the palace, and, if we put the wounded carried off at 700, we may reckon that the capture of the place cost the enemy 1,000 men at least. The rooms of the building round the numerous courts were for the most part small and dark compared with the great size of the corridors and garden enclosures. The state saloon, fitted up for durbars and entertainments, once possessed some claims to magnificence, which were, however, now lying under our feet in the shape of lustres, mirrors, pier-glasses, gilt tables, damask, silk and satin, and embroidered fragments of furniture, marble tables, over which one made his way from place to place with difficulty. The camp followers were busily engaged in selecting and carrying away such articles as attracted their fancy, shawls, *resais,* cushions, umbrellas, swords, matchlocks, tomtoms or drums, pictures, looking-glasses, trumpets, but the more valuable plunder disappeared last night. It will be long ere a Begum can live here in state again. Every room, and wall, and tower, are battered and breached by our shot.

PROMENADE WITH SIR JAMES OUTRAM.

As the progress of a sap is not very interesting, I was in no great hurry to return to our camp at the Martiniere, and gladly availed myself of the opportunity of reconnoitering the north side of the city from the iron bridge which Sir James Outram's morning ride afforded us. If the old adage about early rising be correct, that gallant officer must prove one of the healthiest, wealthiest, and wisest of mankind. It was scarcely gray dawn when he was up and stirring, and with the sun we were out on the road which leads towards the city and cantonments of Fyzabad. The road runs through a large suburb which consists of insolated houses in walled inclosures, thickly wooded and provided with pleasant gardens. But the odors which filled the air and overcame the rich perfume of the mango groves were not from flowers. As we passed onward the bloated bodies of those who had fallen on our advance two days previously now rapidly decomposing and covered with flies, made one turn aside in disgust. There had not been time or men to bury them or save them from the dogs and vultures.

Along the road-side were large villages deserted and in ruins, the windows and doors broken in pieces, and the furniture smashed into confused heaps of rags, cotton, leather and sticks. Our pickets were posted strongly all along the road. The 79th Highlanders and the 23rd Fusileers were furnishing the men for this duty, and I was amused at the ragged, war-worn aspect of some of my old friends—their red jackets turned the salmon color, and white at the seams, buttons scarce, and pipeclay nowhere. For two miles or more we rode through this suburb, and I can safely say that I did not see a wall or a house which had not been prepared more or less for defense. Most of the walls of houses and of enclosures were thickly loopholed, and a determined enemy could only have been dislodged by the effects of heavy artillery and destructive and tedious street fighting. The enemy had fled without a struggle before Outram's force, and the road was covered with their shoes and fragments of clothing, which they had cast off to facilitate their flight. There were fellows, however, still lurking in the houses, and yesterday a Sikh was shot by a sepoy in one of the narrow streets, and some of our men had been fired at from unknown houses. At last we came out upon a road at right angles in our route, and found ourselves close to the iron bridge.

In order to prevent any attack on our position from the north, two guns pointing toward the cannotments were placed so as to sweep the road, and one gun behind a trench bore on the bridge. We dismounted and left our horses under cover, and then, led by Sir James, ran the gauntlet along the side of the street up to a house close to the bridge, from which a view could be had of the opposite side. The enemy in the houses at the other side did not lose their chance, and their bullets went singing past us sharply. The houses on both sides of the street were occupied by our men, English and Sikh, who kept up a steady fire on every living object visible on the housetops and in the windows of the mansions and mosques along the other bank of the river, which is only thirty or forty yards across at this place. Looking through the balustrades on the top of the house, we could see the intrenchments in front of the Mohtee Mahal, or "the Pearl," and the enemy's batteries commanding the bridge. There were five dead sepoys on our side of the bridge, and a number of living sepoys at the enemy's side; their heads were for a moment visible now and then over the parapets of their works.

Behind them spread out the vast extent of Kaisrbagh, and its innumerable gilt cupolas, domes and spires, its towers and fretted walls, its long lines of windowed enclosures, and spacious courtyards. It was evident that we were expected from the other side, for the works of the Kaiserbagh, and even those of the Mohtee Mahal and Mess-house, were turned toward the street leading from the Canal toward the Residency. Of the latter building all that remains is one ruined tower, and the houses in the neighborhood bear numerous traces of the fierceness of cannonade which raged there during that grand defense. After a careful inspection, Sir James descended to the street, and suddenly gave way to an uncontrollable desire to visit a battery on the bank of the river, which could only be done by crossing the street. We were ordered to remain under cover while Sir James sallied forth with Sir Hope Grant and Col. Turner, and ambled across the street. It was odd enough, but here were Brigadier David Wood, Colonel Berkely, Chief of Sir James's staff, two of the aides, Lieutenant Stewart, of the Bengal Engineers, and myself, looking at this little race, as if it was the best joke in the world, and for the moment little thinking that an inch to the right or to the left, and down would drop any one of three as gallant officers as her Majesty's service can boast of.

However, they all got safe across, and having visited the battery down a cross lane, they came ambling back again with a similar whistling accompaniment of matchlock and musket bullets around them, the enemy having previously favored us by a few, just to show they knew where we were, and that they would be on the look out for us as we ran back to our horses. It is a most unpleasant sensation to feel that a score of dusky gentlemen are waiting, with their eyes to unknown chinks, and with their index fingers crooked on the triggers of cocked fire arms, just as a party at the end of the beat watch for some remarkably knowing old cock pheasants to get a crack at you the moment you break cover. But it was all over in a minute. Out came Sir James, brass sheathed sword, white cap, blue frock, general's spurs, and all: and then, in single file we glided—one of us at least with a cold sensation at the small of his back—towards the place where we left our horses. Bang! bang! bang! bang! twit! twit! a flight of wasps passing by your ears; and it is all over, and nothing hit but the wall, which comes in for it very smartly. It is quite evident, however, that morning walks with Sir J. Outram are not the most healthy recreations in the world, and are pretty much akin to the rides with Sir C. Campbell. But where is he going to now? Off to visit another battery. This time we go down to a shady lane, but, alas! it is not very long in turning, and the moment we come to that turn, the wasps are on us again, and we find that we are in full view of a line of loopholed houses at the other side of the river.

That escapade over, we mounted our horses, and proceeded to ride homewards through the suburb—here a dense village, with narrow lanes through which a horse could just go in a knee scraping walk, the principal object in view being apparently to ascertain if there was a good chance of being shot by some of the fanatics who were known to be shut up in the houses. Many of these had never been entered by our men, and the doors were fastened from the inside. Here and there some wounded wretch had crept away to die, and one or two very miserable old women still lurked in the huts. One sat by the side of a body covered with clotted blood, and tenderly caressed the dreadful form. Another was creeping along with a heap of rags on her back—her journey near its close. Inside one of the enclosures one of the officers told me there lay dead a pretty little boy of some seven or eight years of age, his back torn open by a grapeshot and beside him shrieked and chattered his pet parroquet in a cage, just as it had fallen from his hands, as he was flying with it across the cornfields. Some kind hand liberated the poor bird.

Sir James returned to his quarters and the force under his orders was merely engaged for the day in strengthening their batteries and in guarding the position they had seized. From the stone bridge we can command the iron bridge, but as yet the Commander-in-Chief is unwilling to lose valuable lives in occupying a post which the enemy must soon evacuate. Our artillery maintained a vertical fire on the place, and Sir James's force in that arm will be strengthened by a number of mortars, which were sent on this forenoon from the park. Reports state that our bombardment has done more damage than we conceived. Thousands are flying from the city at night, and proclamations have been posted offering as a reward to any private who can prove that his officer absents himself from his duty the pay and position of the offender. Most of these fugatives make toward Rohilcund, taking Sandeela on their way. The Chuckladars and Talloodars are to a man against us. Their tenants and the peasantry who are rather in our favor, will, I fear regard us with hostility if we do not take steps to prevent the waste of their crops, which is committed by the camp followers.

In the evening, at 5 o'clock, all our tents were struck once more, and the head-quarters camp was moved from the front of the Martiniere to the inclosure in the rear of it, near the canal, where we have the advantage of the shade of some fine trees. The soil of the park, however, is at this season a fine dry shifting sand, and when the hot wind sets in, as it does every day about 9 o'clock, lasting till 4 p. m., the dust is all but intolerable. The heat is increasing to-day—it is 96 degrees in the shade, and 110 degrees in the sun, but that is nothing to what we have to expect in April and May.

Sunday, March 14.—All during the night our guns kept up a cannonade on the Imambarrah and on the Kaiserbagh, and they are now throwing shot and shell into the enclosure of these strongholds. The Imambarrah was to have been assaulted at dawn, but owing, perhaps, to the breaches not having been so large as was anticipated, and to the desire to save our men as much as possible, the attack has not yet been made. We are, however, "pushing steadily on," to use the phrase in favor of the authorities here. The portion of the city suburbs on our left, opposite to the Ghoorkas, are covered with a drifting dark cloud of smoke from burning grass, cottages and huts. There was a heavy fusilade in that direction between 9 and 10½ o'clock last night, but I have not heard the result. We hear that the bombardment has not caused much loss of life in the Kaiserbagh, but that one of the Begum's ladies lost her forearm by the explosion of a shell. One of the faces of the Kaiserbagh and the front of the Mohtee Mahal are mined extensively.

Sunday Night.—I had written so much of my letter before breakfast, when I turned out of my tent to ascertain from what point the enemy were annoying the headquarters' camp, for it became evident that round shot were whistling