

destitution had plunged her; and on her answering, "Come in," her lover, for such was O'Kelly, stood before her. After the first words of consolation were spoken, he commenced to tell her, how her dying father had expressed it as his wish that in case of his death she should make no delay, but bestow her hand on him, and thus gain for herself a fond and brave protector. Nor was this his only plea—he reminded her of his long and well-remembered affection; of the vows she had already breathed him; and then, touching as gently as he could on her present bereavement, demanded from her that proof of a confidence which she often assured him she reposed in him. He had repeated over and over again all that the eloquence of youth and devotion could suggest to him to say on such a subject, before he seemed to attract the attention of the sobbing maiden. Gradually, however, she weaned herself into comparative calmness, and uttered an articulate answer—it was to entreat a year's delay.

"But, dearest love!" said the earnest cavalier, "where will you be in the interim? The balls of our fathers, will, in all probability, soon own strangers for their masters, and we be outcasts—nay, love, we are outcasts—and can you ask me to leave you unprotected—alone in the world for such a period?"

"Can I not take shelter in a convent? The good sisters of Galway will not refuse so short protection to the orphan of an O'Connor."

"Alas!" said he, "they will soon themselves need protection from the rude soldiery of the conqueror. Many a hoary head will need a roof ere this night week be over."

"In France, then," said the reluctant lady—"I will fly thither with my uncle."

"Through the mazes of England, Grace?"

"Woe is me!" said she, "is there no safety for the conquered?" and her tears burst forth afresh as madly as ever, on its being thus represented to her how utterly outcast was the daughter of the brave and influential O'Connor.

But it is needless to tell how the refusals became gradually fainter and fainter, until, at length, hiding her head in his bosom, she scarce audibly spoke the word which made O'Kelly forget all he had suffered, and nearly all that was before him. The warrior priest was hastily summoned to the apartment, and informed of the conclusion to which the lovers had come, and which fully met his approval; for even in the turmoil which had reigned in his breast from the first announcement of misfortune, he had found time to spend some thoughts of deep anxiety on the bereavement of his orphan niece, soon to become even more destitute; for he was conscious that whatever respect might be shown to the sacerdotal character by the conquerors, he could expect but little at their hands from the many intrigues in which his lot and enthusiastic temperament had involved him; besides, that his reigning impulse at the moment was to die as quickly as he could in the guise and in the land of his fathers, sooner than end his life ignominiously on the gibbet or miserably in a foreign cloister. His vestments were hastily put on over his armour, and O'Kelly bore his scarcely living bride into an adjoining oratory, where, in the presence of her weeping attendants, the marriage vows were sworn, and the rites performed that gave the orphan a friend in place of him she had lost within the hour. When the ceremony was concluded, O'Kelly laid his pale and exhausted Grace on a bench in the apartment, and had seated himself beside her to soothe the grief into which she had relapsed, where a stern whisper from her uncle recalled him to a recollection of his situation.

"There is another sacrament, Sir Walter," said he, "whereat we shall need your presence; and then for Limerick. Nay, man, you may bring her with you," he continued, on perceiving his reluctance to quit his desolate bride. "To the council chamber all of you."

Thither the whole party followed him, and were joined in crossing the court by the remainder of the inmates of the castle. The doors of the apartment were thrown open, and they entered, not without a feeling of the deepest awe, which the scene before them seemed well to justify. The whole room, to the very key-stone of the lofty vault which formed its roof, shone with the reflection of above twenty torches, rudely arranged about the walls, distinctly showing at the farther end, the hastily prepared apparatus of an altar, while a still more conspicuous object lay in the middle. Raised from the floor by a few benches, the body of the O'Connor lay in his grave clothes on a bier, wrapped round in a few banners supplied by his defeated friends, or procured from some of the walls, where they had mouldered since the days of Cromwell, the blood from his recent wound still oozing through the frail substitute for a coffin. A glance from the priest on the assembled crowd checked the lamentation which seemed ready to burst from them despite the solemnity of his preparations; and he proceeded with the funeral service, uninterrupted save by the moaning of Grace, the sobs of the affected and devoted kins, or the occasional hysterical cry which escaped from some weaker sufferer. It was a scene for a painter. The ecclesiastical officiating in his mixed attire, and, perhaps, with feelings equally mixed—while his wild auditory grouped about him, gallow-glasses and kens, women and menials, in their ancient, uncouth dresses—and by his side the bridegroom and his lady, with their more decent comportment of reverence and mourning—all lighted by the strong but uncertain glare of the many torches.

The ceremony was at length concluded—the lightest and most valuable property of the garrison collected—the bier of the O'Connor raised on the shoulders of his foster-brother and three others of his clan—and the priest, now resuming his military character, without further explanation commanded the whole party to mount, and placing himself at their head, with his niece and her husband beside him, gave the word to march; and they defied out of the castle gate, never again to repress it. The grief which had been so long repressed now burst forth with tenfold violence, led by the bard of the fallen family. The bright summer's night was far advanced as they passed through the deserted town; for most of

its inhabitants, being employed in the troubles, had joined the army of the fugitives, and helped to swell the wailing cry which now pealed on the stillness of night, a thing of melting, melancholy beauty; yet, late as it was, and long as was their journey, their leader seemed, no way desirous to hurry or regulate their steps, until, having reached a particular turn of the direct road, he turned down in silence, followed by his people, who now understood his movements. They proceeded but a few paces, when the clear moon-beams poured their full light on the grey walls of the old abbey, even then advanced in ruin, owing to the devastation of Cromwell's soldiers. They entered into the aisle through the broken arches of the once splendid building, and, at a signal from the priest, laid down their melancholy burden. He pointed to a particular spot nigh the tomb of King Felim; and in a few moments a grave sufficiently deep was rooted up with the weapons they bore, and the corpse of the chieftain laid in it. The earth was thrown over him, and a stone pannel from the adjacent monument erected at his head; and they departed from the desecrated building.

"Ride for your lives, my lads," said O'Kelly, the moment he regained the road, on beholding a strong glare of light over the castle they had just left—"the English are in the castle—they have fired it on missing us, and will be after us ere an hour."

"Nay, Sir Walter, ride not for that," answered the priest, looking in the direction of the fire; that unfriendly act to the old walls was done by my own hand ere I departed; my father's hall shall never be a home for his enemies. But let us hurry ourselves at all events, for there's a long road 'twixt us and Limerick as yet."

Their pace was mended accordingly, and they reached Limerick in safety, and were by no means the least energetic among its defenders. The priest and most of his people fell on its walls; but O'Kelly and his beautiful bride survived the siege, and took passage to France on the surrender of the city; and their fortune in the country of their adoption was brighter and happier than that which they experienced in their native land.

(From the Indian Correspondent of the London Times.)

On the morning of the 4th of February I crossed the dirty Ganges with infinite satisfaction and left Calcutta behind me. Jostling through the swarming crowd of Hindoos, Mussulmans, and Coolies who filled the railway station, I once more enjoyed that mild personal triumph which one feels in establishing one's self in the port corner of a railway carriage, and in a few minutes was traversing the flat and uninteresting district which lies on the right bank of the Ganges. It is too much, perhaps, to say that the district is quite uninteresting to a stranger. The green rice fields, the mud built villages, the novel birds, the tropical trees and vegetation, and, above all, the population, for some time attract and engage the attention; but very soon the monotony of the scene—each grove so like its brother, and each village the model of all—that curiosity is satiated, and is succeeded by something stronger than indifference. Far as the eye can reach on either side there are the same small patches of rich green amid larger expanses of baked earth or banked-up water, fringed by little groves of dates, of coconuts, or by clumps of plantains. Beneath every thicker clump of trees are the wretched-looking cottages of mud, bamboo, and thatch in which the natives live. The snipe springs skirling from the marshes which fringe the railway banks, and along the margins of the tanks stalk snow-white egrets with long crests; the tamer paddy bird, which looks like a bittern, may be seen investigating the contents of the worm-heaps in the newly-dried land; snakes of various kinds, a large blue ray of beautiful plumage, and the saucy king crow, sit unmovingly on the telegraph wires,—the white buzzard, the common house kite, and multitudes of vultures hover overhead. A whirling cloud of flying foxes disturbed from their morning sleep wheel over the thick tops from which they have been roused by some native in search of a cocoanut; and the pretty green flycatcher darts from branch to branch incessantly. The hoopoe, like our own rare specimens, a large black and white kingfisher, poised over a tank like a hawk on the swoop; innumerable dam-like rocks frequent the sides of the rail, and the long-winged tern and the sandpiper are busy at work in the flooded fields. But at this season of the year the rice crops are scanty and the tanks are not half full. The country has been baked by the sun, and with the exception of such patches as I have mentioned the whole surface of Bengal is like nothing so much as a vast brickfield. There are bricks by the million on all sides, and people busy making them. There are bricks in heaps, in mounds, in piles, in blocks, all drying in the sun; there is the hard bare earth one vast brick in itself. Water or mud a piece of it, and it becomes a brick in a few hours. And the people naked and baked too—it seems as if not much were required to change them to their original element. The men square-shouldered, flat and thin-chested, hollow-thighed, big-kneed, large-footed, lank-heeled, are wading about in the tanks, or making bricks, or carrying small loads, or engaged in some very obscure agricultural operation, or doing nothing with equal indifference. They have no clothing but a small piece of cotton cloth, frequently very dirty, wrapped round their hips, and the end brought between their legs. Some wear a turban of the same material; some their natural coarse black hair; some a long tuft of the same substance, depending from the back of the head; others have the scalp half shaved, others again have the head shaven clean, so that it almost makes one shudder to see their shining black bald pates glistening in the broiling sun. Some are blacker than the darkest Ethiopian, others are coloured like the tawny Moor. There is one who is busy engaged in pursuing small deer amid the folds of his scanty pantaloons—he has three white stripes over his nose, and a sort of necklace which comes round under the shoulder, and a stupid and ugly look in his dull, dark eyes; he is, I am told, a holy Brahmin. Another is washing his clothes—and he has no change of linen—in the tank close by. Little children, boys and girls, quite naked up to the age of six or seven, hurrah and toss up their hands after the fashion of our own juvenile population in greeting a passing train. The women, though more decently clad, seem to be more wild and savage than the men. Their breasts and heads, and the body down to the knee, is covered by a thin fold of calico, but they have huge brass rings in their noses; shining rings of metal from the wrist to the elbow, and thick hoops of the same material round their ankles. Their highly polished, glittering little babies ride straddled on their mothers' hips as the latter totter about with heavily-laden baskets on their heads doing the work of men, or engaged in the very common process of kneading dung gathered in the fields into cakes, to be dried and used as fuel. It is said that on fete days these wretched-looking people come out in great numbers. I can only regret that they have not more of those fete days, as yet I have seen none. Through such scenes one whistles for miles past dingy little temples of foal and loathsome deities, till we come to Burdwan. Here we get out to look at the prison, and at the Rajah of Pacheta, who is confined there on suspicion of treason. It was

announced that the people were coming to rescue the Rajah. The Rajah, however, was not to be rescued. The truth of the report, in order that he might be removed to Calcutta if the magistrates found it was well founded. The jail consists of several brick buildings of only one-story in height, and surrounded by a high wall; the doors are strong and clamped with iron—the gaolers are armed with cutlasses. On entering the prison we saw a number of men with leg-irons engaged in various ways in the open yard, making coarse paper, grinding grain, pounding bricks—an evil-faced race. We passed into one of the rooms, and at once found ourselves among a number of brass pots, earthen pots, narghile bowls, and silver vessels, which lay on the floor; inside, a young man about 30 years of age, with coarse sensual features, seated on the ground, was eating rice with his fingers out of a large dish. In front of him, at some distance, with folded arms, stood three domestics in an attitude of profound attention. The Rajah—for it was he—looked up angrily and demanded who we were; nor did he seem better pleased when Dr. Mouat told him his business; but finding his Highness so engaged, we at once left his presence. I was somewhat relieved from any feeling of sympathy when I was informed that the gentleman bears a very bad character in every way, and that he has long been "looked for" by the authorities. Thence we went to the women's ward, a small building, consisting of two rooms, one opening into the other, with a little yard in front. Some 12 or 13 women of various ages were employed here pretty much as the men. Of these not less than eight were imprisoned for murder, mostly of the children of others whom they had been engaged to destroy, and it was with some surprise I heard that these hardened criminals were confined in the same room with women who were undergoing punishment for very trifling offences.

Cawnpore, Feb. 12.—The morning was just dawning, sharp and cold and gray as we approached Cawnpore. I looked in vain for any evidence that we were on the road to a great city, though I could see many traces of the existence of a large camp. It was with melancholy interest that I gazed with straining eyes at each site, known hitherto only by name, as one after another they were pointed out by my companion. They were all masses of ruins. "See that long white building all riddled with cannon shot, and battered on every side, with the little broken parapet of earth before it; that is Wheeler's intrenchment." Strange as it may appear, from the distance at which we were the whole range of these ill-fated buildings looked exactly like the barracks, or what we called the "White buildings" of Sebastopol after the siege. The spot was ill-chosen for defence—a long quadrangular block of houses on a level plain, without cover, and open to fire from numerous houses all around it. Had the magazine been selected the position would have been more defensible, and the enemy would have been deprived of the guns which they used with such fatal effect. But Sir Hugh Wheeler, like most old Indians, despised the enemy who appeared before him, or at all events he disdainfully abandoned the station as if from fear of anything they could do, and prepared to defend a position which he scarcely thought they would assail. We all know the sad result, which was brought home to us with renewed force when we filled the road from the house to the river with an imaginary procession of men, women, and children marching down to the boats, already covered by the ambushed guns of their cowardly and ferocious enemy. Our road lay through a flat, baked, burnt-up country studded with trees. On our left lay the whitewashed buildings which Wheeler occupied. Before us, on the right as well as upon the left, we saw after a few minutes' drive a scene of tremendous desolation—house after house roofless, doorless, windowless, shattered and rent in all directions, the porticoes and verandahs lying in fragments before them in what once were their peculiar gardens—long ranges of barracks, storehouses, large bungalows broken up piecemeal, and covering the site with heaps of broken brick, earth, and dirty rubbish—church pierced by shot, and open to every sun ray, the huge rafters alone standing—Government and military offices mere mounds of disintegrated masonry—and the unsightly mud walls of native residences—the stumps of trees, the withered branches of which were lying in every enclosure. Again I was reminded of the lost mistress of the Ruine, and, failing to find a parallel there for all this destruction, endeavoured to recall the descriptions by ancient writers of cities devastated by barbaric conquerors.

Cawnpore, however, was only an extensive collection of detached bungalows and offices spread over an immense space of ground, and here and there concentrated into piles of barracks, magazines, and offices. The utter ugliness of brick when deprived of its great coat of stucco, and the greater ugliness of mud walls in decay are there pitilessly exposed by the hand of the marauder and by the cannon shot. But for the sad interest attached to these hideous mounds, which forcibly remind one of the unboarded spaces in London where improvement commissioners are at work, labelled "Rubbish may be shot here," Cawnpore would be a most vulgar, commonplace, aggregate of uninhabitable edifices. We drive on a little further and on our right, amid many broken bungalows, there is visibly an enclosure with broken walls and shattered gate posts, in the centre of which is a heap of brick, mud, and white plaster about two or three feet high, scattered over 15 or 20 square yards of ground. Close to this heap there are some leafless trees, and on the topmost branch of one of these, just over the centre of the mound, with its foul plumage lighted up by the rays of the rising sun, sits a horrid vulture. A few yards beyond this mass of the ruins of what had once been a house there rose a ramp or sloping mound of earth from the level of the ground to the edge of a circular brick well, the top of which was covered in, and close by the well stood a monumental cross. It was scarcely necessary for my companion to say, "There is the house and just beyond it is the well." We passed on by the blackened wall of an absurdly fine masonic lodge, and by the ruins of a very spacious building called the Assembly-rooms, just opposite the scene of the butchery; by a house close to it, in which the Nana lived after the occupation of the place by the Sepoys; and then through the remains of mud houses and bungalows, till we reached the ruins of the Cawnpore hotel. Everything around us was dilapidated—not a pane of glass in the broken window, the doors and ceilings broken, and here and there the holes made by cannon shot; but we were glad to find that some of the rooms were unoccupied, and that such things as breakfast and dinner were not unknown. The scene from the hotel—you must dismiss from your mind all associations connected with the use of the word in Europe, so far as the outward aspect of the place is concerned—was curious. Ruins—ruins, nothing but ruins, amid which troops of vultures were gorging themselves, mingled with buzzards, kites, "adjutants," and carrion crows; a few tents pitched inside the compound by travellers en route, vast processions of carts drawn by oxen, and files of elephants and camels passing along the dusty plains which were swept continually by blasts that whirled before them clouds of fine earth, brickdust, and the powdered surface of the compounds. The first thing that struck me was the enormous number of natives in our service and the prodigious number of animals in attendance on such a small fragment of our force. There were, indeed, no less than 55,000 or 60,000 camp followers, servants, bullock-drivers, elephant-keepers, grass-cutters, and yes, what I have seen gives me not the faintest idea of the impedimenta, animate and inanimate, of an Indian army. Before breakfast we walked over to inspect the site of the horrid butchery which has rendered the Sepoy mutiny infamous for ever. The house in which it took place is now in ruins; it was pulled down to clear the ground for the guns of the *fort de la pointe* across the

Ganges, and the ruins of the wall is scarcely traceable. It was originally built for and used as a kitchen, an enclosed residence, with a courtyard in the centre, in which the stumps of trees were still standing, and off this open space were the rooms in which the massacre took place. The plaster of the walls was still lying about in patches, but I could not detect any trace of blood. Bits of cloth and of women's dresses were still visible amid the rubbish; but there were none of the more painful tokens of the dreadful tragedy which had been enacted where we stood. There is reason to believe that the writing on the plaster, the purport of which you know, did not exist when Havelock's force entered the place. I have spoken with officers who examined the walls, and every scratch in the sides of the rooms, and they declare that the appeal to vengeance which is attributed to one of the wretched victims was not to be seen immediately after we returned to Cawnpore, and that it had been traced on the wall by some person who visited the place subsequently. I shall hereafter mention a circumstance which favors that supposition. As there was nothing left of the house but a heap of broken bricks and plaster and some few stumps of brick pillars, we walked a few paces further to the well, in rear of the house, into which the bodies of the slaughtered women and children were thrown by the murderers. It is now bricked over, and there only remains a small circular ridge of brick marking the wall of the well, which was not more than 9 or 10 feet across. Beneath rest the mangled remains of our poor countrymen and their little ones, and standing there we could well realize the strength of that indignation which steeled the hearts of our soldiers against the enemy. Within a few feet of "the well," surrounded by a small wooden paling, there stands a stone cross on a flat slab, on two courses of masonry, the inscription on which tells its story:

In memory of the women and children of Her Majesty's 32d Regiment, who were slaughtered near this spot on the 10th of July, A.D. 1857. This memorial was erected by 20 men of the same regiment, who were passing through Cawnpore, November 31st, 1857.

This inscription is engraved on the upright part of the slab, which is in the form of a Maltese cross, within a circle of stone. In the quadrants of this circle are inscribed, in red letters and in the old English character, "I believe in the Resurrection of the Dead." The conception and execution of this memorial were most creditable. In the ranks of a marching regiment were found "20 men" who, with good feeling and excellent taste, have, impromptu, raised a memorial of the Cawnpore massacre, the sight of which must touch one more deeply than any elaborate and costly effort. We retraced our steps through the ruins, and after breakfast proceeded to the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, which is placed far outside the city, near to the *fort de la pointe*. The approach to it is marked by trains of oxen and baggage animals, hackeries and bullock carts, doolies or litters for the wounded. Certainly the Commander-in-Chief does not set an example to his officers by any extravagance in baggage. He lives in a small subaltern's tent, and his chief of the staff is equally moderate. I believe his Excellency's personnel is contained in a couple of small portmanteaus, and during this short campaign he has slept on the ground among his men on more than one occasion without cover of any sort. He is apparently in excellent health, although his labours are arduous and incessant, as he and his chief of the staff manage all the details connected with the disposition of his force, and to a great extent dispense with the usual services of Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General. At present all the artillery, except a couple of guns, are beyond the Ganges. Some small delay was caused by the breaking of the bridge of boats, but the greater part of the infantry are beyond the river, and are on the march to or are stationed between Cawnpore, Bunnce, on the road to Lucknow, and the Alumbagh. Meantime the enemy are becoming more uneasy, and as we are closing upon them, the discussions in Lucknow are augmented. A night or two before my arrival a body of 200 horse crossed the Ganges upon our left, and managed to get past our position, and have escaped, as it is supposed, to Calpee, where the remnants of the Gwalior Contingent are posted on the right bank of the river Jumna. At first it was reported that Nana Sahib was with them, but more accurate information leads me to believe that the Nana is still on the left bank of the Ganges, and that it was his nephew who got over. However, there is reason to think that the Nana is manœuvring with a body of 2,000 men, a large portion of whom are cavalry, to get over the Ganges either to join the Calpee enemy or to fall upon the convoys which are constantly passing between Agra and Cawnpore along the Trunk Road. If these Sepoys at Calpee stand firm, they are likely to feel the action of the Bombay column under Sir Hugh Rose, which has already passed Saugor, and is clearing the country up to the Jumna very rapidly. That there is inconvenience in leaving these fellows behind us is very evident, but it cannot be helped, and at present they are watched in front by a portion of the 84th Regiment. A conveyance on the road towards Agra has been recalled, and Walpole's brigade will be sent in that direction to-morrow, so that if the enemy attempt to cross they will be soon and effectually disposed of. They have reason to dread our means of attack; some must appear to them almost miraculous. A short time ago a body of Sepoys crossed the Ganges just below the junction with its waters of the Grand Canal. The river was low, and they forded it without difficulty, but, finding that there was a small force waiting to receive them, they retired precipitately after a brief encounter and prepared to reford the river. As they were contending with its shallow waters, the officer in charge of the canal suddenly turned down the sluice gates, and in a few moments the immense body of water which had been diverted from its channel returned to its bed with fury, and swept away 200 of the mutineers in its course. Here this mail closes I hope to give you some intelligence of the operations of Walpole's column, as well as an account of the preparations for the attack on Lucknow. Maun Singh has sent in an Englishwoman and her child, who were in his possession, and is making overtures for peace. There is a good deal to be said in his favour, and although he has probably been playing a double game, and trying to be fast and loose with us, he certainly in trying times protected our women and children, and up to September the 24th last year rendered us services. Sir R. Garrett, who arrived here on his way to Umballa, is not able to get on at present, as the road is not safe. Feb. 13.—To-day I went over the so-called intrenchments at Cawnpore, which were held by Wheeler's garrison for nearly three weeks. It was a melancholy sight,—beyond description sad and desolate. The position, if such it can be called, consists of two lofty one-storied buildings, intended, I believe, to be barracks, divided into many rooms with outward doors opening into corridors. There are two deep wells near these parallelisms, which are at the distance of 100 yards or so from each other, and three detached outhouses on the flanks. These buildings are surrounded by the remains of a miserable trench formed by casting up the earth dug from the soil out on a slope towards the enemy. There is no ditch whatever; the trench could never have been six feet deep, and as the enemy were all round the station, these open trenches were enfiladed upon all sides. The severity of the fire was excessive. Every square yard of the walls is perforated by cannon shot, the roofs are knocked to pieces, and in places have tumbled in *en masse*. No part of Sebastopol—not even excepting the range of barracks behind the Great Redan, is more battered and shaken than the barracks at Cawnpore. In one small space I counted 73 shot-holes, most of which were through and through the walls. The party walls were perforated and battered in the same manner. It was a wonder how any one could live inside for an hour.—At one angle of a room was written in pencil, "Be-

low this man, John Wheeler, was killed by a cannon ball, and he fell on the wall below." Scraps of music books, fragments of women's dresses still lie among the tiles, bricks, and filth with which the floors are covered. In another room the following inscription was written on the wall; it tells of the larger building in the corridor, between the fourth and fifth door, facing to the south, on the side opposite the doors—

"Countrymen and women, remember the 15th of July, 1857! Your wives and families are here, misery! and at the disposal of savages, who have ravished both young and old. Oh! my child! my child! Countrymen, revenge!"

This is an evident imposition, and is the work of the same or of a similar hand, in all probability, which penned the inscription on the walls of the house where the slaughter took place after Havelock's victory. It need not be said that no atrocities or massacres had taken place at Cawnpore at the time and up to the date of Wheeler's evacuation, and the dates prove the falsehood of the inscription, which is intended to convey the impression that it was written by one of the women who were in the place. I am therefore inclined to think that the inscription on the walls of the house where the subsequent slaughter occurred was an imposition also, inasmuch as it was not seen by any of those who first examined every inch of the walls, and it is scarcely possible that any woman in such a scene of massacre could have calmly traced with firm hand the words, which for the first time were visible upon the walls long after Havelock's advance. A good deal of doggerel writing of various kinds is to be seen, not only on the walls of Wheeler's intrenched buildings, but on those of the bungalows on the line of march.

Just as I turned out of the building and enough, the crash of a military band broke on close at hand, and, turning towards the road I saw amidst a cloud of dust the gleam of our bayonets, and then long files of camels and elephants; my old friends of the 23d and of the Rifles were marching towards the *fort de la pointe*, and I could not help thinking how different the scene all around might have been had those two regiments been in that place but eight months before,—what horrors averted, what bloodshed prevented, what suffering spared!

PROGRESS OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—At the time of the proclamation of the colony the number of its British population was 376, of whom 105 only were independent settlers, the remainder having been sent out either wholly or in part by the emigration fund or private aid. When South Australia attained its majority its population was 105,000. Four years after the establishment of the colony—viz., 1840, the revenue amounted to £14,600. The close of the year 1857 showed the receipts for that year to have reached the sum of £734,315. The foreign trade of South Australia has been equally rapid, and in its character and results. Two years after the proclamation of the colony the total imports were—these were by no means inconsiderable for so small a population—£158,582. The nine months of the year 1857, ending September 30, showed the total return of the receipts to have been £1,103,825, or at the rate of about £1,300,000 for the whole year. In 1838 the colonists were able to export whale oil, whalebone, and wool to the value of £6,442. For the nine months of the year 1857 ending Sept. 30 the value of these articles exported was £1,507,271, or nearly £1,500,000 per annum. During the seven years ending 1857 the colony has exported goods of the total value of £6,841,500. In the article of wool the value of the exports has risen from £700 in 1838 to about £450,000 in 1857. With respect to corn and flour, so great has been the productiveness of the soil that in 1856 the colonists were able to export grain to the value of £556,000, of which sum not less than £496,316 was for flour. The mineral wealth of the colony is as great as its other natural sources. The famous Barroo mine yields annually 3,000 tons of copper, and the metal and ore exported in 1856 were of the value of £404,811. The stock in the colony has increased with extraordinary rapidity. The figures speak for themselves; they are—sheep and lambs, 1,362,460; cattle, 272,746; horses, 22,260; goats, 1,677; pigs, 27,594. The total of the land in cultivation is not less than 203,424 acres, and is quite appropriated.—For wheat, 162,011 acres; barley, 7,828; oats, 2,824; maize, 66; potatoes, 2,370; garden and orchard, 4,148; vineyard, 753; hay, 22,516; and other crops, 897 acres. Add to this that there are not less than 30,000 square miles of waste lands let for pastoral purposes, and some idea will be formed of the energy, the enterprise, and the success of the colonists of South Australia. In point of fact, the quantity of land under cultivation in South Australia is much larger in proportion to the number of its inhabitants than in this country. The Government of South Australia has received during the six years ending 1856 an aggregate sum from the sales of Crown lands of not less than £1,422,542. The cultivation of the vine, too, has progressed most favorably, and the opinion is well founded that the Australian wines "justify every encouragement being paid to the planting of vineyards."—*Australian and New Zealand Gazette*.

THE KING OF DELHI'S PRISON ISLAND.—The few remaining years, or rather months, of the King of Delhi's miserable existence are to be endured amid the savage population of a group of small islands in the Bay of Bengal. Since the year 1824, when the British expedition against Burnah assembled at Port Cornwallis, the Andamans have scarcely been heard of in this country, and even their position on the map is still comparatively unknown. The principal island is also the most northerly of the group, and extends 140 miles in length by 20 in breadth. The little Andaman, on the other hand, is the most southerly, but does not exceed 28 miles in length by 17 in breadth. In the centre of the Great Andaman the land rises to the altitude of 2400 feet, forming a well known beacon to mariners—the Saddle Peak. A few small streams thence descend to the sea. Various kinds of timber suitable for shipbuilding are found in abundance; but the only fruit worthy of mention is the mangrove; the cocoa nut, which flourishes in the neighbouring Nicobars, does not grow in these islands. Many varieties of fish are caught off the coast, and constitute the chief food of the barbarous inhabitants, who also indulge in lizards, snakes, guanas, and rats. On the skirts of the forest which occupies the interior of the principal island are seen herds of a diminutive species of hog, supposed to be descended from a shipwrecked stock. With the skulls and bones of these animals the islanders adorn their huts, and were these accused of cannibalism, from a belief that their favorite ornaments were the indigestible remains of human beings whom they had slain and devoured. They are in truth, a cruel and savage race. All attempts to communicate with them have been repelled by darts and flights of arrows. They are described as resembling a degenerate tribe of negroes. They have woolly hair, thick lips, and a flat nose; their stature seldom exceeds five feet; their colour is a deep, unshaded black; and their costume that of primeval Adam before the Fall. Their huts consist of four poles driven into the ground, and interwoven by boughs of trees. Their chief want is a sufficiency of food, in search of which they are constantly prowling along the shores or climbing steep rocks; their annoyance is from the countless insects that infest the islands, to guard against which they plaster themselves over with mud, and thus render their skin as impenetrable as the hide of a hippopotamus. Their woolly hair is painted with red ochre to an extent that would excite the envy of the Guel. But wild as is their aspect and fierce their disposition, they are nevertheless amenable to the laws of politeness and good breeding. That man is considered a poor and no gentleman who does not salute his neighbour in a becoming manner by lifting one leg and smiting the lower part of the thigh with the open hand.—*Allen's Indian Mail*.