

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

PARIS, APRIL 28, 1858.—It is stated by persons who occasionally have access to official quarters that a considerable relaxation in the present system of administration is not only probable, but certain.—Times Correspondent.

The Paris correspondent of the Weekly Register says that the acquittal of Bernard is still a sore subject, and, as I have before remarked, the greatest delicacy of management is needed to be exercised by the Emperor to calm his justly-irritated subjects—or, as I have before said, and as the Constitutionnel now says, "notwithstanding his good intentions; it would be difficult to prevent the consequences of public indignation." Let England remember this. At the same time, though the French Government is setting her maritime affairs in order, as it is setting everything else in order, the Monitor formally contradicts the report that a great increase is being made in the navy, attributing such reports only to persons who love to spread inquietude by inventing daily false news. The official journal adds, this report is completely inexact; nothing has been changed in the provisions of the budget fixed for 1858 and 1859. The division of France into five grand martial departments certainly will render the country ready for any emergency;—but there is, I believe, no doubt that its primary object is to stifle insurrectionary plots at home, and prevent their having influence on the people; secondly, as a secure protection of the frontiers; connected as France is with so many and so various-tempered other powers, surely this is only wise and prudent. That it had any reference to England when planned, I believe I may assure you was not intended, excepting as a very distant and general idea, not even necessary to provide against at the time. If England will have it so, of course France has a right to hold herself ready.

The Monitor publishes a decree founded on a report from the Minister of War, ordering that the 42,060 young soldiers still disposable of the contingent of the class of 1856 shall be called into active service. The cause of this course, as stated by the Minister, is that the successive reductions made in 1857 having brought down its effective strength below the complement fixed by the budget of 1858, particularly for the regiments of infantry, the necessities of the service require that it shall be increased to the budgetary strength of 392,400 men. These young soldiers are to join their respective regiments between the 10th and 20th of June.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW GUN.—The construction of a certain kind of gun under the personal surveillance of the Emperor has been much talked of amongst officers of the army. So important was the observance of secrecy considered by the Emperor, that double wages was given to those workmen employed in the construction of the gun as an inducement to submit to the hard condition of remaining within the walls of the foundry until it was entirely completed. On Monday the weapon was announced as ready for trial, and the Emperor convoked about forty officers of all ranks to the ceremony. The thickest and strongest specimen of stone defence amongst all those used at Vincennes for essaying the power of the guns was chosen by the Emperor to test the strength of this new invention. It succeeded perfectly. No sooner was the gun drawn forth—a small contrivance, dragged to the field by a single man—than the word to fire being given, the whole of the heavy wall, stone, bricks, cement, and all, disappeared from before the eye as by magic, and crumbled into dust in a moment. The delight expressed by his Majesty was, of course, re-echoed by the officers, and the more heartily, no doubt, were they conveyed when it became known that the invention is English, brought from England by an Englishman, and only offered to his Imperial Majesty after having been refused for two years by the government authorities in London. The covert allusions to a new element of strength lately acquired by the French in case of war, which is so often mentioned in the Paris papers of late, refer to this invention.—Court Journal.

The Univers publishes a second article of five columns on British India, signed "Louis Veillout." Its object is to demonstrate that Russia must, at no distant day, become mistress, not only of British India, but of the north of China. The article concludes thus:—

"But, although the ambition of Russia is incomparable more elevated than that of England, although she does not repudiate the Cross, but, on the contrary, nobly carries it as her standard, nevertheless that ambition is not less formidable to the world, and reserves for it no less catastrophes and no less degradation. England is a trader; Russia is despotic. As the former covets gold, the latter covets souls. Christ whom she adores is not the Christ who sacrificed himself for all mankind. It is her own Christ, of whom she is the pontiff, of whom her Emperor proclaims himself the only vicar, and the Cross before which she wishes the human race should bend, is but the handle of her sword. If Russia should snatch the universe from the trading Pope who sells poison enveloped in the leaves of a poisoned bible, she will impose her Pope on horseback, surrounded by armies more than barbarous; surrounded by spies, savants, and huggens; and on whose crown will hover, in place of the dove, the double-headed eagle, to devour everything, as the Cross has two arms to embrace all. The Englishman says to the rest of the world 'Live to enrich me,' the Russian will say 'Live to adore me,' and the pride of domination, implacable and ever insatiable as the thirst of gold, will equal it in iniquities. This is the reason why Russia, as well as England, will be disappointed in her expectations. Should she conquer to the extent of her wishes and swallow her entire prey, it will choke her. Interests will rise against England should she succeed, and conscience will rise against Russia. The Emperor of Russia will not be the universal Emperor because he will not be the Catholic Emperor. All his force will not prevent him from meeting hearts resolved to adore nobody but God."

ITALY. DOING AT ROME AS THEY DO AT ROME.—The Glasgow Free Press, (Glasgow), contains a letter from the Glasgow Correspondent, describing the use of the Holy Spirit. The letter, however, concludes with the following statement, which we give as we find it:—"It is relieving to know that at least everyone who comes here from England is not disorderly, overbearing, or arrogant. We have very often some of the best specimens of refinement and morality coming from England to this place, and it gives me the greatest pleasure that could be afforded to me in this

way to be able to point to a bright example of this kind from your own door. His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, on his arrival here lately, went to kiss the Pope's foot. The Holy Father, on rising from his seat, found a gift of 12,000 scudi lying at his feet. His Grace attended at all the Holy offices performed at St. Peter's and the Sixtine Church during Holy week; and at the solemn mass and benediction of the blessed Sacrament of the mass on Easter Sunday.—I saw him afterwards mounted, along with General Goyon, at the head of the Roman army. He wore a red coat and tartan trousers."

SWEDEN.

Sweden is taking another step in the Protestant direction; the Chambers, both of Clergy and Nobles, having rejected the King's proposal for a very slight and cautious relaxation of the present laws for the persecution of Catholics, by which every convert is subject to banishment and confiscation, the authorities are now pressing for sentence on a few noble-minded female converts, whose cause has been standing over to wait for the result. All this may show us how much we owe to the maintenance of the Faith in Ireland, and, perhaps, even more to the disorganization and division of English Protestantism against itself, which deprives it of the power to persecute here in the open manner it has never failed to adopt where it can.—Weekly Register.

The Aftonbladt of Stockholm, of the 27th March last, announces the fact that the Chancellor of Sweden, M. de Koch, has just laid before the High Tribunal of that city the papers connected with the suit, begun in 1852, against some poor women accused of change of religion. These women, as is known, have returned to the true religion from which their forefathers had apostatized; that is, they have embraced the Catholic Religion. The penalty attached to this circumstance, in this country, whose freedom of examination of the Scriptures is inculcated, is perpetual banishment. The Courts of Law were anxious to avoid inflicting the penalty, and thus it may be accounted for that the verdict has been in abeyance for five years. It was hoped that the laws would have been modified, and that the state of the kingdom would adopt, at least in part, the propositions of King Oscar on the subject of religious liberty. Protestant fanaticism has prevented this, and the laws remains as before, and the King is no longer present to moderate the rancour of its tendency. The Prince Regent is generally understood as inclining towards a full infliction of the law, rather than to any amelioration of the penal clauses, and the fact announced in the Aftonbladt seems to prove that this opinion is too well founded.

INDIA.

On the 24th of March the bulk of the army before Lucknow was proceeding northward to Bareilly, commanded by Brigadier Walpole. A heavy column, under Sir E. Lugard, started on the 27th for Azimghur, and the remainder continued at Lucknow (? under Sir Hope Grant. Sir Hugh Rose reached Jhansi on the 22d, and invested the place. The bombardment commenced on the 25th. On the 1st of April 25,000 rebels, with 18 guns, called the army of Pashawa, endeavored to raise the siege, and were defeated, with the slaughter of 1,500 men. On the 2d of April the town fortifications were captured.—On the 5th the garrison escaped from the fortress during the night, and, by last account, were being cut to pieces in their flight; about 3,000 having fallen. Six British officers killed. The Rajpootana field force, under General Roberts, reached Kontah on the 20th; the town and fortress were captured on the 30th, with very little loss on our side. Near Aginsar (?), on the south-east frontier of Oude, a detachment of the 37th, under Colonel Milman, had been compelled to retire with loss of baggage, and on the 24th of March was shut up at Azimghur. Strong detachments for its relief were on their way from Lucknow.

ALLAHABAD AND BENARES.—The country opposite Benares, and to the north-eastward, continued much disturbed. The Northern Provinces being disarmed without resistance. Oude is to be pacified by means other than the bayonet. Maun Singh has surrendered himself, with several other Zemindars, thereby detaching at least 8,000 matchlockmen from the enemy. The proclamation I mentioned to you a month since is to appear a day or two after the fall of Lucknow, and is expected to produce the happiest results. It will, I am informed, announce honours and rewards for all the landholders who have stood faithful through all vicissitudes, confirmations of their titles, and, in many instances, considerable grants and gifts. It will also promise to all inhabitants who may submit before a certain date a full and free pardon and amnesty, and to all landowners, with named exceptions, their lives, and anything they may obtain from the clemency of Government. The mutinous soldiery are, however, entirely excepted from the benefit of the amnesty, which moreover is strictly confined to Oude. The order is published at the right time, after the fall of Lucknow, and must produce a tranquillizing effect. The people of Oude when they rose were scarcely our subjects, and thousands believed they were obeying the King. The amnesty saves them from despair, and may produce a sudden resolution to abandon the contest. It is, I think, a just and wise expedient, but fears are entertained upon one point. It is said the landholders, to whom the people look for guidance, are not promised their estates, and will not accept terms which may leave them beggars. I do not know that. Maun Singh has done so, and he was the boldest and ablest of them all. At all events, the time has arrived to try the experiment, and the importance of regaining all estates in Oude on our own terms as to tenure is not to be lightly estimated. The proclamation ought, as I am informed, to have appeared already at Allahabad.—Times Cor.

Sir Colin Campbell remains at Lucknow, but would probably move shortly on Sundola, and then into Rohilcund. The English garrison had been re-distributed, with the view to future operations in the field. Nana Sahib, reinforced by Bareilly Khan, purposed to attack the English. The British had experienced a reverse in the vicinity of Allahabad.

CHINA.

Canton continues tranquil. An Imperial edict was received on the 6th of March. Yeh's conduct is commended. He is degraded, and a successor appointed. The latter is to settle disputes with the barbarians, who, excited to wrath by Yeh, had entered the city. Lord Elgin and his colleagues had left for the North, the former on the 3d of March. The inflexible, with Commissioner Yeh, had arrived at Calcutta.

AUSTRALIA.

MINING POPULATION OF VICTORIA.—The census of Victoria, which has just been completed, gives as the result a population of 264,334 males, and 146,432 females, making a total of 410,766 souls. The total population of the gold mines is estimated at 166,550, of whom 136,060 are males, and 30,490 females. This is equal to 37 per cent. of the entire population of Victoria. The Chinese number 24,273, all males; 23,623 are on the diggings, and 650 distributed over other parts of the country. The aborigines number only 1,768. Of the population, 69 per cent. only are lodged, 140,892 dwelling in tents and houses of a temporary construction; and out of the 166,550 distributed over the goldfields 124,891 are dwelling in tents, three-fourths of which consist of a single apartment. The increase of the general population within the three years of 1855, 1856, and 1857 has been 178,968, or 73 per cent.—Mining Journal of April 24.

DECREASED EXPORTS TO AUSTRALIA.—The returns from the Board of Trade for the three months ending March 31, 1858, shows a decrease of exports from the united kingdom to our Australian possessions. We find the declared value of 23 items gives a collective amount of £1,470,635; and as the total for the same period last year was £1,665,084, there is a decrease of £194,449, on the enumerated articles. The falling

of was chiefly in leather goods, beer and ale, and British spirits. The aggregate value of British exports to our Australian dependencies, for the first quarter of the present year, amounts to £2,305,985. Enumerated articles, £1,470,635; and unenumerated, £835,350.—Mining Journal of April 24.

CAPTURE OF LUCKNOW.

(From the London Times Correspondent.)

On the 10th of March the operations commenced by the force capturing Bank's House and the defences adjoining it. On the 11th Outram seized the iron bridge and swept the suburbs of the city, establishing himself strongly from the Badshahbagh. To that point, and in the evening of the same day the Highlanders and Sikhs carried the entrenched position around the Begum's Palace.

March 11, 1858.

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 defences. This fire proved to be 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 out-houses, and by thick earthworks 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. I waited, in common with many other officers, for a long time, till the period arrived to return to camp, in order to witness the state visit of Jung Bahadour 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 in grand 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 towards 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 Bahadour, "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, Colonel Hogg, Colonel Young, Colonel 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, which nodded a plume of bird of Paradise feathers delicately loaded with emeralds and diamonds, Jung Bahadour advanced towards 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. Colonel 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 towards 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 loden gray tunic, turbaned cap, and trunk boots, with 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 pensive words from Sir Colin, the Deputy-Adjutant-General to the Chief of Staff, Hope Johnstone, marched out of the crowd again and vanished. Jung Bahadour 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 or five 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 Bahadour.

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, or at least to secure the stone bridge at both ends. But Sir Colin, 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 prefer using a thousand shells, dear though they be, to using up the rawest 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 authorised by the Commander-in-Chief. However, there was plenty to be seen by early risers.—We were in the Begum Ka Mahul, and the rooms were thrown open to visitors, thanks to the bayonets of our soldiers. Off poured by ones and twos and threes the members of the Head Quarters Staff, riding through the park of the Martiniere, out of the rough open ground between its enclosures and the canal, along whose dry bed the deserted trenches of the enemy offered a larger obstacle to our progress. The Sikh sappers were busy, however, in clearing a path through the parapet, near the second bridge, below Bank's House, which was just practicable for man and horse, and, passing through a large enclosure, the trees of which were torn with shot, we came out on the main road, within a few hundred yards of our new possession. 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. The road, which is lined by high walls on both sides, enclosing the residences of some wealthy people, now in ruins, above which rise continuous groves of trees and Eastern shrubs, leads from the broken canal bridge, and is met just in front of the Begum's Palace by another road of a similar kind, but a little more open, which passes by the bridge near Bank's House to the Dilkoosha. 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 ballustrades around the flat roofs of the numerous buildings inside. A high wall, forming the outer barrier, loop-holed at every inch, enclosed the building all round, but it bore fre-

quent marks of our cannon. In front of this wall there was a high parapet of earth with a steep scarp and ditch some 15 or 16 feet deep, and two small bastions with embrasures for two guns, which swept the approaches to the place, 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 here 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 astonishment 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 two thousand muskets, and it seemed scarcely possible to effect an entrance at the point where one portion of the 93rd and of the Sikhs had rushed through, with bayonets at the charge, on the astounding 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, mis-called 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 themselves 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, 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. General Lugard, seated in the midst of them, was busy giving orders to a group of officers, and first among those I came across was Leith Hay, leaning on the javelin of one of the Begum's state servants, and full of the incidents of the charge, in which he bore no small part, for he was, I believe, the second or third man who entered through the breach in the gateway of the column of the regiment confided to his care. Brigadier Adrian hoped an excellent and gallant officer, was also there, and he pointed out to me the narrow window through which he had leaped in upon the enemy. 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 brave soldiers alone unnerved the hands of their enemies. Many fled at once, and were pursued and shot down in the court-yards 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 court-yard. The Sepoys and matchlockmen fled from court to court towards the Imambarrah and the outworks of the Kaiserbagh. Onward went the torrent of Sikhs and Highlanders after them. The 42d, sweeping round by the left of the palace, came upon a field gun, which they captured. Pressing onwards they seized a serai, or garden enclosure of the Palace. Two companies of the 93d, under Stewart, went too far in pursuit, and came under a heavy fire from a loopholed wall. A company of the 42d, under Drysdale, were led to their succour, and had five men killed in a moment. When they came back they found, I am told, that the enemy had cut off the heads of their comrades. The attack, which had been fixed for 3 o'clock, did not take place till 4.30 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-lusted saloons, still filled with magnificent shawls and sear, and such valuable articles as the ladies of the palace were unable to carry off in their flight. These rooms, however, had been for the most part occupied by Sepoys, and, except those of the Zenana, they were all in a very filthy and disorderly state. 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 to enter 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 93rd 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 afterwards I saw one of these fanatics—a fine old Sepoy, with a grizzled moustache, 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 those fellows altogether, and they had either been surprised and unable to escape, or had shot 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 in live shells. 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 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 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 matchlockmen 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 where a number of these Sepoys and nujeks 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 two 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 Sebastopol were far exceeded by what I witnessed. Upwards 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. 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 53rd Regiment, to

which these quarters were not now, 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 recollected encountering any other so disgusting and intolerable as that which assailed our nostrils on approaching the northern side of the enclosure. The ground was covered with grinning skulls and fragments of burst skeletons. It was a veritable Golgotha. In this spot two thousand Sepoys met with 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.—Retracing our steps, my friend and myself crossed the bridge of boats, and came out upon the camp of Douglas's Brigade of Outram's force. The day was exceedingly hot, and the unpleasantness of riding in the glare of a sun of 110 degrees was much increased by clouds of the finest hot dust from the sandy plains. As we went on the telegraph party and wires went with us; for, as soon as Outram had fixed his quarters near the Badshahbagh, a branch line was sent across to connect him with head-quarters. Sir James's guns were speaking loudly from the batteries near the Badshahbagh, and from the north side of the river, at the iron bridge; and high—far too high—in the air, our bombs from the south side were bursting over the gilded domes and turrets of the Kaiserbagh. The enemy were thus suffering from a severe cross-fire, direct and vertical. It was curious to watch the flight of these hissing globes of iron as they flew through smoke and fire, out into the calm air on their errand of destruction. There is a fixing of tangents, and a squinting of eyes along a great monster, and a careful laying and putting and humoring of screws, and a coaxing up with handspikes, as if the coy beauty did not like advancing so boldly to the rugged embrasure. "Fire!"—Out bursts the thin smoke, and with a kind of joyous shriek the shell leaps out of its birth-cloud. Each man leaps aside to watch its flight. A pillar of powdered bricks and earth, and stone and wood, rises from the dome of the Mahul, and in a moment afterwards a burst of white smoke rises through the pillar, and up go more earth and bricks, and when all clears away there is a solution of continuity—a gaping hole, through which gleams the light of day in the battered palace. Pandy, after a while, runs out a gun, and his shell, a solitary one, bursts on the ground, 50 yards short of the battery, and then he throws a couple of round shot or so over it, but he is so much annoyed by riflemen of the Brigade and of the 23rd in the house in our front, that he does not lay his guns very coolly, and sometimes he is driven to give them a round shot, which from light guns at high elevation does no harm. Our replies are heavy, and all the time ten 10-inch mortars, ten 8-inch mortars, and nine 5½-inch mortars are throwing their shells into the city, and the heavy guns are knocking at the walls of the Imambarrah to say that the bayonet is coming.

The whole of this day we threw shell and shot into the Kaiserbagh, nor did we cease at night to do the same.

March 13. To-day was devoted to four matters, so far as I know, namely, a slow slap from the Begum's Palace and the Serai beyond it towards the Imambarrah, the preparation of batteries for guns and mortars to bear on that position and on the buildings near it, a demonstration by the Goorkhas on the enemy on our left, and a visit of ceremony paid by the Commander-in-Chief to Jung Bahadour.

As the progress of a snip 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 reconnoitring the north side of the city from the iron bridge which Sir James Outram's morning ride afforded to 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 isolated houses in walled enclosures, 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 onwards the bloated bodies of those who had fallen on our advance two days previously, now rapidly decomposing and covered with flies, made one often 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 to pieces, and the furniture smashed into confused heaps of rage, cotton, leather, and sticks. At last we came out on a road at right angles to 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 towards the cantonments 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 house tops 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 entrenchments in front of the Mohlee 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 large number of living Sepoys on 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 the Kaiserbagh, and its innumerable gilt cupolas, domes, and spires, its towers and fretted walls, its long lines of windowed enclosures, and spacious court-yards. It was evident that we were expected from the other side, for the works of the Kaiserbagh, and even those of the Mohlee Mahal and Mess-house, were turned towards the streets leading from the Canal towards 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 the cannonade which raged there during the grand defence. 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 Colonel Turner, and ambled across the street. It was odd enough, but here were Brigadier David Wood, Colonel Berkeley, 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 one of the best jokes in the world, and for the moment little thinking that an inch to the right or to the left, and down would drop any of three as gallant officers as His Majesty's service can boast of. However, they all got safe across, and having visited the battery down a cross lane, they came 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 workmen chinks, and with their index fingers crooked on the triggers of cocked firearms, just as a party at the end of a beat watch for some remarkably knowing old cock pheasants, to get a crack at you the