

the master mind was wanting. Hence the Sepoys always came into action very well, but, as the battle went on, got boisterous, and made a mess of it. Our want of cavalry in these actions was most severely felt—a couple of squadrons even would have been of most incalculable use.

The three troops camped down that day on the spot where our last gun was fired, and got what rest they could, having taken five guns. Late that night a rumour spread through camp that a still heavier fight awaited us for the morrow, and during the next morning's march this intelligence was confirmed. The whole of the mutineer's army at Cawnpore—about 4000 Infantry and 500 Horse—had come down with the Bhoor Rajah, otherwise called the Nana Sahib, to meet us, and had taken up a position at the fork of the Grand Trunk Road, about four miles from Cawnpore, where one road branches into cantonments, and the other continues straight on to Delhi. Here they had strongly entrenched themselves, with heavy guns placed so as to command the road, and sweep it with a flanking fire.

We were then twenty miles off, which determined our General to march on fourteen miles that morning, and attack in the afternoon. Accordingly, the force bivouacked under the trees, cooked food and eat, and at 1.30 p.m. were again on the march, proceeding to the attack; for the position of the enemy's forces and guns being known, it was determined to make a detour, and attack them in flank, which required time. This I believe to have been one of the most severe marches ever made in India. In the full mid-day heat of the worst season in the year did our troops start, each man fully armed and accoutred, with his sixty rounds of ball ammunition on him. The sun struck down with frightful force. At every step a man reeled out of the ranks, and threw himself fainting by the side of the road—the calls for water were incessant all along the line. At length came the point for the flank movement, and the column turned off into the fields. It had not proceeded half a mile before the enemy caught sight of us, and opened a fierce, well-directed fire from their heavy guns, by which the 78th and 64th suffered some loss. Through this storm of round-shot and shrapnel the troops quietly proceeded, till the turning point of the flank march was gained, and then, forming up in line, with artillery in the intervals, advanced steadily down upon the enemy's position. The artillery first moved forward and engaged the heavy guns—which were pelting into us all this time—and the remainder of the troops, with the exception of the skirmishers, who were hotly engaged on our flanks, lay down.

After a few rounds at different ranges, it was found that the enemy's guns in the village were so well sheltered by walls and houses that our artillery could not silence them. They kept up as hot a fire as ever, and their infantry too, from behind their cover, kept up a constant fire. Hereupon the 78th were ordered to advance and take the village. The Highlanders rose, fired one rolling volley as they advanced, and then moved forward with sloped arms and measured tread, like a wall—the rear rank looked up as if on parade—until within a hundred yards or so of the village, when the word was given to charge. Then they all burst forward, like an eager pack of hounds racing in to the kill, and in an instant they were over the mound and into the village. There was not a shot fired or a shout uttered, for the men were very fierce, and the slaughter was portentous. "I've just got three of 'em out of one house, sir!" said a 78th man, with a grin, to me, as I met him at a turn of the village.

The English force were now fairly within the enemy's lines, and they went forward, taking gun after gun, and driving everything before them; but, meantime, the enemy's cavalry and a portion of their infantry had moved round, and part of our artillery had to turn round and hold them in check. At one time, indeed, our small handful of troops were completely surrounded. The mutineers fought fiercely and well, and if there had only been a head to guide them, we must have fought hard to save even our bare lives; but unity of purpose prevailed over multitudes. One by one their positions were carried, and the final advance of the 64th, when they charged and took a heavy gun that had up to that time been playing on our troops with murderous effect, finally settled the business. After that there was no more regular opposition, and, just as night set in, the English force formed up and bivouacked on the plain, just beyond the grand parade ground of Cawnpore.

This was a hard fight. So many fell out on the road, that there cannot have been more than 1000 men of all sorts in action on our side, opposed to at least 5000 of the enemy. In the former actions our artillery and skirmishers did most of the work, but here the brunt of the battle fell on the infantry. The Sikhs are reported to have fought like devils. The fact of their mutineer brethren's throats having been cut by the Bengal Sepoys had come to their knowledge, and rendered them even more savage than the English soldiery, if that were possible, against the mutineers. Here, more than ever, was our want of cavalry felt; for the enemy's horse got off comparatively scatheless, besides creeping round to our rear and cutting up our wounded men. They made a dash at a small handful of our skirmishers—about a dozen of the Fusiliers—who with their officer, Seton, had got separated from the rest. Seton called his men round him, and formed square; the cavalry dashed at them, but swerved off from a cool, steady fire, every bullet of which brought down a man, and the little party rejoined their regiment unhurt. The only guns the enemy carried away were two Horse Artillery guns, which we could not catch—the remainder, to the number of eight, all heavy guns, remained with us.

There was no supper that night, and no bed but the wet ground, but no man wanted to make him sleep after such a day's work. In the middle of the night there was an alarm, and the tired force had to start up and stand to their arms again.

I cannot omit to mention here an instance of cool courage on the part of a man of the 64th, which came to my knowledge after the action was over. Early in the fight he had his leg shattered by a round shot; and as he lay there on the ground the horsemen came down to cut him up. Lying on his back he shot the first—they drew back—he loaded again, and shot a second—they began to move, he loaded again, and shot a third—whereupon the troopers went off, and left the wounded man in his glory. This man's leg was amputated next morning, and he is now rapidly recovering.

Next morning, soon after daybreak, while waiting for the baggage to come up preparatory to encamping, as we lay idly looking towards the belt of trees and houses across the parade ground, all at once a huge dense white pillar of smoke slowly rose in the air, unfolding volume upon volume, mounting still upwards in the sky, like the Genie of Arab story—followed presently by a report and concussion of the air, as when a large mortar is fired. The enemy had blown up the grand magazine and arsenal, four miles and a half distant.

And now, alas! came intelligence which turned the joy of our victory into mourning. We had learnt on the march up that about a hundred of our women and children were still alive at Cawnpore. The thought of releasing them from their cruel bondage had been a matter of happy speculation throughout the camp. We now learnt from people who came in that the Nana Sahib had caused every soul of them to be murdered in cold blood the day before, when he found the fight going against him.

Cawnpore, formerly the largest, handsomest, and wealthiest station in the north west, was now one desolate wilderness of roofless, gutted houses. Traces of the most wanton devastation met the eye at every step—every door and gate was pulled off its hinges. Some officers of the force visited the place wherein the fearful tragedy of the day before had been enacted. It was a native house of the best kind, having rooms on either side, round an enclosed inner court-yard, where those unfortunate ladies and soldiers' wives, and their children, had been confined; and it was told to me as an actual and literal fact that the floor of the inner room was too inches deep in blood all over—it came over men's shoes as they stepped. Tresses of women's hair, and children's shoes, and articles of female wear, broad hats and bonnets, books, and such like things, lay scattered all about the rooms. There were the marks of bullets and sword-cuts on the walls—not high up, as if men had fought, but low down, and about the corners, where the poor crouching creatures had been cut to pieces. The bodies of the victims had been thrown indiscriminately down a well just behind the house, and were there to be seen a mangled heap, with an arm or leg protruding here and there. If the Black Hole of Calcutta brought down such retribution on its perpetrator, what vengeance can be meted out for this?

That same evening intelligence came in that the Nana Sahib had placed himself in despair (he is still alive and in Oude), that his palace at Bhoor was evacuated, and that the Cawnpore insurgents had dispersed in the wildest fear. A detachment was instantly sent out to occupy Bhoor—they returned next day with sixteen guns from thence.

The inhabitants of Cawnpore appeared right glad to get back their old masters, having learnt the difference between the rule of a native prince and the English Government. They brought

supplies of all kinds with the utmost readiness, and assisted in discovering and bringing forward Sepoys hidden in the city, who were hung as they were caught. In the evening the deputy collector of Cawnpore was brought into camp. This man, Mussulman, and a highly-trusted servant of our Government, had been one of the Bhoor Rajah's most active supporters throughout; and when our force was marching up, this astute scoundrel spread the report that the whole of the English ordered out from England to the assistance of the Pasha, and not Government had been stopped in Egypt by the Pasha, and in consequence permitted to pass through that country—that in consequence eight thousand English soldiers only remained to be dealt with in India, and they might easily be harassed to death.

Here, for the present, my long letter ends. The force is now engaged in crossing the broad Ganges—a most arduous task at this time of year—preparatory to marching on Lucknow. The Highlanders and some guns are over—the rest are coming fast. It is hardly too much to say that Havelock's column has reconquered India. In eight days it has marched 125 miles, fought four actions, against greatly superior numbers, in the most arduous and trying season of the whole year, and taken 45 guns. You may observe that I give no return of killed and wounded—I do not pretend to do so. All I relate is from my own observation—the returns will give the rest. I only know that no man of the enemy was ever spared that was caught.

The Examiner.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., OCTOBER 26, 1857.

THE ATTACKS OF THE OPPOSITION PRESS ON THE LAND OFFICE.

It was certainly a fortunate thing for the Opposition Press that the Land Office was established, and the Worrell Estate purchased. Often dull and stupid enough as it is, the condition of the *Islander* and *Monitor* would be pitiable in the extreme, if the Government's land speculations did not give them an opportunity of displaying their talent for scolding and calumniating their opponents at least once a week. Scolding, we know, is very improper; but when there are a set of people whom we dislike, and whom we want to displace—most of us are frail enough—and if inclined to Toryism, especially frail—to relish now and then a bit of abuse at their expense. Political Opposition Journalism would receive no support from your thorough-going Obstructives, unless it kept up an unceasing fire against the Government; and as the Land Office is supposed to present the most vulnerable spot to the attacks of outside barbarians, we cannot be surprised at the continuous pelting of the foe in that direction. But the Opposition has been far more prodigal of fire and discretion than the results of their attacks would justify. They have effected no breach, or anything approaching to it, and when we come to reckon up the number of the wounded, we can find none but their own people in the list.

To speak a little more plainly, and to show the reckless spirit in which the *Islander*—always foremost in attacks of this kind—misrepresents the conduct of the Government in the matter of the purchase of the Worrell Estate, we need only refer to an article in the last No. of that paper, wherein the editor makes an impotent attempt to apologise for Mr. Douse in his practically refusing to comply with the instructions of his principal and the earnest desires of his tenantry, regarding the sale to the Government of the Selkirk estate. The *Islander* cannot understand for what purpose the Government wants the £100,000 sterling loan, because no terms have been agreed upon for the sale of the Selkirk property, and that he hears of no other proprietor willing to sell at the rate limited by the Land Purchase Bill. Mr. Douse has a reason equally as strong for declining to propose any terms on behalf of Lord Selkirk. "Where is the use," says he, "of my entering into any negotiations with the Government when they have not yet got the cash to buy the land?" We are quite certain, that, with one exception, there was never a land agent yet in this Island willing to become a party to the sale of any estate over which he exercised control. The only people who make fortunes out of the Township lands in this country are the agents of non-resident proprietors. They perfectly understand the process of enriching themselves, and it is too interesting—too great an auxiliary to ship-building, and too productive of social and political influence, to be lightly abandoned for any considerations of a private nature—for the applause of the press or the rejoicings of the crowd. Proprietors, too, especially non-residents—who have not been nearly beggared by the possession of estates in this country—but who, having no middlemen, are able to derive handsome incomes from their lands—will always, as well as the agents, find excuses as plenty as blackberries in August for declining to sell their properties. If they can command from thirty to eighty shillings an acre for land sold in small quantities, they will rather continue to dole out their estates in that way, than part with them wholesale for about a dollar an acre. Government competition in land speculating is, therefore, to be decried by all means. It has a strong tendency to place the agent's occupation in the same category with Othello's—puts an end to jobbing, to cooking accounts, to timber dealing, to speculating in various ways on one's own hook—lessens the value of lands generally, and makes too many independent freeholders in the country on easy and advantageous terms. Besides, so long as the Island is allowed to swarm with poor tenantry—dependent on the agent or proprietor for indulgence in the payment of rent—so long will the political rights of the former be controlled and directed by the latter. The Agency or Middleman System has had the honor of making members of Parliament of such men as Mr. Yeo and Mr. Douse. Let us do away with the system, and we are sure to lose the invaluable services of this class of legislators.

We shall now turn to the article in the last issue of the *Islander* which suggested these remarks, and show, by two or three extracts, the reckless and unprincipled manner in which the chief organ of the Opposition usually assails, for the reasons we have already adduced, the conduct of the Government in almost every matter connected with the operations of the Land Purchase Bill.

"We learn," says the *Islander*, "on what we consider very good authority, that the amount of receipts for the present season does not cover the mismanagement of the Estate by a long chalk, as we long since foretold would be the result." The *Islander* invariably considers any "authority" "good" which gives an unfavourable account of any Government transaction. But where could he have learned that the amount of receipts this season is not equal to the expenditure incurred in the Land Office? The only persons who could be suspected of giving him any information on the subject, are the Auditors of the Public Accounts; and even were they disposed to make an improper use of their position—which we are not inclined to think they are—they could not show that the cost of

managing the Worrell Estate was greater than the receipts, until the end of the financial year in January next; and it is well known that the present season is the time, immediately after harvest, when payments can and will be made on account of land purchased, to a far greater extent than in Spring or Summer.

"It seems," continues the *Islander*, in the paragraph from which we have already quoted, "that the settlers from the Worrell Estate have been led to believe that no pay or instalments would be exacted for the land sold them in fee simple." There is not the shadow of foundation in fact for this absurd statement. If "the settlers on the Worrell Estate had been led to believe" such an improbable thing as their getting their lands for nothing, not one of them would have paid a shilling of instalments without being coerced to do so; whereas, in fact, they pay their money with alacrity, and in as large proportions as could be expected, perhaps, from any other class of settlers in the Island.

The next assertion of the *Islander* is equally untrue. "It is said," we are told by that voracious journal, "that Mr. Aldous, having prosecuted some of them," (that is, the settlers), "one came to town, as a representative of the others, we suppose, and calling on Whelan took him under his wing to the office of the Land Commissioner, whom he abused in fine style." Our readers will observe that whenever the *Islander* hazards a statement which the editor has reason to believe is untrue and ridiculous, or both, it is announced as a public rumour, beginning with such words as—"We learn on good authority that so and so," or "It seems," &c., &c., or "It is said," &c., &c. Show the *Islander* that its story is quite groundless, and it will indulge in any amount of quibbling—will say, perhaps, that its announcement, if not true in every particular, was partly true; but, in the meantime, many persons easily deceived, or willing to be deceived, and not seeing the exposure of the falsehood, will suffer their minds to be prejudiced and influenced by the deception.

Now, here are three falsehoods from the *Islander*, in a space of as many lines. 1.—Mr. Aldous did not prosecute any of the settlers on the Worrell Estate. 2.—One of those settlers did not come to town as a representative of the others. And 3.—The Commissioner was not abused by the person who was accompanied by "Whelan" to the Land Office. The subsequent slang about "Whelan" and the settler being shown the door by Mr. Aldous, is of a piece with the *Islander's* previous assertions, totally and literally false from beginning to end. On every occasion that we visited the Land Office—and we have been there on many, in company with settlers from the Worrell Estate—the most courteous and affable demeanour has been shown towards us and our friends by the Commissioner; and we are certain that he never had occasion to complain of the slightest impropriety of conduct on the part of any person by whom we were accompanied—much less having to submit to "abuse."

It is not difficult to understand why falsehood and misrepresentation are so freely used by the Opposition Press in discussing the affairs of the Worrell Estate, apart from considerations, already referred to, which prompt hostility to the purchase of Township lands by the Government. The vendors of the Estate in question claim a balance of £6,000 from the Government. The latter is willing to give no more than £2000, reserving the difference to make up for the value of fishery reserves not fully accounted for, and for payments received from the tenantry on account of purchases and back rents, not credited at the time the estate was handed over to the Government. A remarkable instance of forgetfulness in the latter respect has recently come to light, and our readers will shortly be afforded an opportunity of learning all the facts connected with it. Now, if the Government can be written down by the Opposition Press—if its land policy can be shown to be "ruinous" to the country—if people can be frightened out of their senses by a continual cry of taxation! taxation!—why then the next general election may result in giving a majority to the Tories, and Messrs. Pope, DesBrisay and Morton will not only get the full amount of their claim from the next Government, without reservation or deduction, but they will be spared all unpleasant disclosures for the time to come, in the form of uncredited payments, as the new Government would seem to scrutinize too closely the accounts of their own friends.

"Lives there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
I'll get a line, a hook and lead,
And go a fishing?" —Scott—slightly altered.

The Reverend George, having, since his editorial connection with the "Sanctified," duly qualified himself for his threatened fishing "into the troubled waters of the *Islander* and *Examiner*," by the acquisition of a tolerable acquaintance with the sporting phraseology of Billingsgate fish market—has now announced his intention of essaying his hand at hooking two at a time. It occurs to us as just possible, that how-ever congenial it may be to his reverence, and however compatible with his office as a Christian Minister, to fish into troubled waters, he may find that his line may not have "fallen into pleasant places," and that he will require no common tackle for his sport. He is too small a gentleman, both physically and mentally, to bear much resemblance to the worthy of whom we read that,

"His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,
He sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale."

The first piscatorial success of the editors of the *Protector* was the hooking of their former printer, Mr. Burris, but he speedily found that the bait was decidedly small in quantity, and spit out the hook ere the barb had entered his vitals or victuals. All we can promise our reverend angler is, that we shall rise at his first cast, and trust to be able to make his arms ache with the contest he has provoked. We could have wished, however, that he had not made the pompous announcement of his terrible intention, as it may possibly raise expectations in the minds of his admirers and the public generally, which the result of the sport may fail to realize. When we read the threat, not perceiving the appropriateness of the metaphor, we inconspicuously bethought ourselves of our old copy of Johnson's Dictionary, to find out what weapons we might have to contend with in the coming onslaught, and to our surprise we found, as the definition of the word "fishing-rod":—"A thing with a worm at one end and a fool at the other." "Surely," we exclaimed, "his Reverence has been as unfortunate in the selection of his figures of speech, as he will be awkward in the use of the article from which he derives his illustration." The disclosures likely to be made by him, as the result of his fishing "into troubled waters," may, perhaps, to the great grief

of his sanctified co-editors, result in the application to the fisherman himself of the proverbial "fisherman's luck," and his return from his sport may bring tears into the eyes of his friends by the pitiable exposure of himself in a melancholy state of *wetness and hunger*. However, if the worst come to the worst, if the *Islander* and *Examiner* are both to be annihilated, we must console ourselves with the old saying, the meaning of which his worthy father can explain to the fishing parson:

"There was nair tint at Flodden."

While yet our fate has not overtaken us, we avail ourselves of the merciful muttering which indicated the coming disaster, as the lowering sky and heavy growl announce the approaching thunder to make a request, not so much for mercy to ourselves as charity to our memory, and we now prefer the plea to our destroyer, that after having hooked and killed the editors of the *Islander* and *Examiner*, he will, in respect of our having died game, have us eured and put up in a well-headed barrel, (some heads of the Sutherland make are very soft and sappy), and let us be branded as No. 1. The editor of the *Islander*, with a copious application of salt, will pass muster as No. 2.

Should our fears not be realized, and the fisherman have in truth the peculiar luck to which we have referred, we understand that he will "improve the occasion," on the first opportunity after his defeat, by preaching from John 21, 3d v.

ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISH MAIL.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM INDIA.

The English Mail was brought over from Pictou on Friday evening last. The news from India is not of a very encouraging nature—the mutiny in the Bengal Presidency being apparently nearly as formidable as ever, and other parts of India are considerably disturbed. In our present No. will be found the latest intelligence furnished by our files.

DELHI STILL IN THE HANDS OF THE REBELS.—GENERAL HAVELOCK'S RETREAT CONFIRMED.

The Pottinger has arrived at Suet, with dates from Bombay, 31st August, Aden, 11th Sept.

The latest date from Delhi is the 12th of August, when that city was still in possession of the rebels; but an attack was expected to be made shortly, as General Nicholson was within a day's march, with considerable reinforcements.

In a prolonged attack by the rebels at Delhi, which lasted from 6 p. m. on the 1st of August to 2 p. m. on the 2nd of August, our loss was 10 killed and 36 wounded. The rebels were supposed to have expended 200,000 rounds of shot. The loss of the rebels was severe, and many of them deserted.

General Havelock's force has retired towards Caspore, being unable to reach Lucknow. A second advance was made on the 4th of August; but the General was again obliged to fall back for reinforcements. During these movements several actions were fought with the enemy, who were invariably defeated, and lost many guns. General Havelock returned to Cawnpore on the 13th.

Great anxiety is felt as to the fate of Lucknow, where a thousand Europeans, a large portion of whom are women and children, are blockaded by the rebels under Nana Sahib. They entertained hopes of relief from either Cawnpore or Nepal. The 5th and 90th Regiments are on their way up the river, to reinforce General Havelock's Division, but it is doubtful whether the garrison of Lucknow has provisions to enable it to hold out.

The 26th Native Infantry mutinied at Lahore on the 20th of July, and murdered the commanding officer, Major Spencer, but the mutineers were wholly destroyed.

The mutiny in the 27th Bombay Infantry has been entirely suppressed. Only 200 men of the regiment had revolted, but another, being stationed at Rutnagerry, has been disarmed.

The 12th Bombay Native Infantry have been disarmed at Nasseerabad, in consequence of their insubordination, and of the threatening attitude they assumed while endeavoring to protect a trooper of the 1st Lancers, who had openly incited his comrades to mutiny. They did not proceed to active violence.

Martial law has been proclaimed at Belgaum, and several Mahomedans, who have been convicted of treason, have been executed. A plot to attack the 2d Europeans on their arrival at Belgaum has been discovered. The traitors were arrested and executed at Mout Aboob.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S PROCLAMATION AT CALCUTTA.

BY THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

"Her Majesty having been graciously pleased to appoint me Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in India, in the room of the late lamented General, the Hon. George Anson, and Her Majesty having also been graciously pleased to confer upon me the rank of general in the East Indies, I now assume the command of the army in India. In doing so it affords me the highest satisfaction to find under my orders troops who have so fully proved themselves, in the recent arduous operations in the field, to be what I have ever known British soldiers in every quarter of the globe—courageous, faithful, obedient, and enduring. In former years I have commanded the native troops of India, and by their side I have been present in many battles and victories in which they have nobly borne their part; and it is to me a subject of deep concern to learn that the soldiers of whom I have been accustomed to think so favourably should now be arrayed in open and defiant mutiny against a Government proverbial for the liberality and paternal consideration with which it has ever treated its servants of every denomination. When I join the force now in the field restoring order to the district disturbed by disaffection of the army of Bengal, I shall, at the head of the British troops, and of those native soldiers who, though few in number, have not feared to separate themselves from their faithless comrades, and to adhere to their duty, feel my old confidence that they march to certain victory. I shall not fail to notice, and the powerful Government which I have the honor to serve will not fail to reward, every instance of fidelity and valour shown by the troops under my command. I call upon the officers and men of both European and native troops zealously to assist in the task before us; and, by the blessing of God, we shall soon again see India tranquil and prosperous.

(Signed) "C. CAMPBELL,
General Commander-in-Chief.

Calcutta, Aug. 17, 1857.

Sir Colin had excited the utmost enthusiasm at Calcutta and the general saying was, that his presence was as good as that of 10,000 men.

FEARS AND ALARMS IN CALCUTTA.

EXTRACT FROM A JOURNAL KEPT BY A RESIDENT IN CALCUTTA FROM 9TH TO 22ND AUGUST.

AUGUST 9.—Her Majesty's ship Shannon arrives; said to have a reinforcement of 1,700 men, in reality she has 800 marines, but the whole of her crew is to be made available for defence of Calcutta. Numerous armed bodies of men are hovering about Calcutta, it is supposed not less than 70,000 men, exclusive of those known to be hiding in the town, and a large number of cavalry.