PRESBYTERIAN BANNER & ADVOCATE.

Presbyterian Banner, Vol. VI, No. 26. Presbyterian Advocate, Vol. XX, No. 23. | "ONE THING IS NEEDFUL:" "ONE THING HAVE I DESIRED OF THE LORD:" "THIS ONE THING I DO." | WHOLE NO. 288

DAVID McKINNEY, Editor and Proprietor. PUBLICATION OFFICE, GAZETTE BUILDING, FIFTH STREET, ABOVE SMITHFIELD, PITTSBURGH, PA. Philadelphia, 111 South Tenth Street, below Chestnut

TERMS.—IN ADVANCE. FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858. By Mail, or at the Office, $1.50 per Year, Delivered in the City, 1.75 " " } SEE PROSPECTUS.

Original Poetry.

Proverbs xiii: 24.

In God's own Word we thus do read,
Who "spares the rod, doth hate the son."
But few this warning ever heed,
And let their child to ruin run.

Ah! the improvement, in our day,
Is, spare the rod, and spoil the child;
Well, let your son have his own way!
And your reproofs be always mild.

You practice then, as Eli did,
He mildly did his sons reprove;
He never, sternly, them forbid,
They onward in their way did move.

Their sins they could not hide from God,
Nor did his vengeance long delay;
They both did fall beneath his rod—
Hophni, and Phinehas, in one day.

How many to the gallows go,
Who in, their youth, thus wayward were;
Their way they chose, pursued it too,
And neither God nor man did fear.

Small trees will bend, so children bend,
But who can bend the stubborn oak?
Those parents are their child's best friend,
Who teach it how to wear Christ's yoke.

It's good, saith God, that man should bear
My yoke, while he is in his youth;
That he his God and parents fear,
And read and love my word of truth,

Pour out thy Spirit, Lord, we pray,
Upon our youth, throughout our land;
Then saints, will praise thee in that day,
When thousands in thy kingdom stand.

JOSEPH KERR.

Oakland, Pa., Feb. 12th, 1858.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Letter from Northern India.

[Rev. R. Elliott Williams, missionary, writes to Dr. Elliott, of the Seminary.]

FORT OF AGRA, Jan. 1, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Your kind letter of the 20th September, I received by the overland mail of the 8th ult. I cannot describe to you how refreshing and encouraging it was, in the midst of the warlike sights and sounds by which I am surrounded, and have been surrounded for the last eight months, to receive so touching a memorial of home, so satisfactory an assurance that I am not forgotten by those distant friends who are often in my thoughts. Especially is it pleasant and assuring to know, that I am remembered in their prayers. In the trying and even terrible scenes through which we have passed since these troubles came upon us, we have all often thought of this with comfort; that our calamities were so connected with "the cause of Christ," as to call forth the sympathy and intercession, not only of our kindred and acquaintance at home, but of the friends of the Redeemer everywhere. When looking death in the face, and hearing of the death of our beloved fellow-laborers under the most appalling circumstances, there was true and solid consolation in the remembrance of that great Communion, which animates and binds together all the members of his Body.

Your letter of the 20th of March, was received one evening when I was doing duty as a sentinel. It was a time of great anxiety, as besides the danger from without, there were then two Sepoy regiments in Agra, who were believed, with good reason, to be mutinous; in fact, to be only waiting for a signal, to do what the native troops at so many other stations had already done—proclaim the English government at an end, seize the treasury, massacre all Christians and burn their houses, and take or destroy their other property. Nearly the whole district of Agra was in revolt; law had ceased to reign; the cultivators had taken advantage of the withdrawal of military pressure, to settle, or revenge their ancient feuds by an appeal to arms; and almost every night, in whatever direction we looked out, we saw the sky lurid with the flame of burning villages. The booming of distant cannon, heard at intervals, told us plainly enough that the fires were not accidental, that we were in the midst of an insurrection.

Within the city and the immediately adjacent villages—embracing a population of one hundred and thirty-five thousand—comparative order was still preserved; but it seemed to us most precarious. I think I should have felt quite as safe on a plank, in the middle of the Indian ocean, as I then felt on this small spot of *terra firma*, almost the only ground between Meerut on the North, and Allahabad on the South, where English law could be enforced. How little reason we had to hope for a continuance of quiet, or for ultimate escape, will appear from the mention of two or three facts. The two Sepoy regiments I mentioned before, about eighteen hundred strong, had already ceased to obey their officers, with any regularity; in token of their state of mind, they had burned their barracks, and those of them on guard at the Government House, and the Treasury, did not fear, by words and gestures, to insult Europeans as they passed them. The policemen of the city evidently sympathized with the native soldiers, and were ready to join them in whatever they undertook. We saw clearly too, that a large proportion of this great Mohammedan city rejoiced in the calamity which had befallen the English power, and were impatiently waiting for the hour when they could, with impunity, at once gratify their hatred of the foreigner, and obey the precepts of their Prophet. Then the multitudinous mob—"the dangerous classes" of the city, embracing both Hindoos and Mussulmans—people who live by crime even in quiet times, were on the alert, and in hopeful anticipation of the speedy reign of anarchy and slaughter. In the Civil Lines, that is, in the midst of the bungalows occupied by the civilians and clerks in the service of the Government, stood the great central Jail of the North-Western Provinces, and in it were, at that time, congregated about four thousand five hundred prisoners; most of them such wretches as only a heathen land can produce; miscreants, in comparison with whom the worst convicts in the Western Penitentiary are decent men, or "good sort of people." This Jail was guarded by Sepoys, and one of the first steps of the mutineers always was, to open the prisons, and release, and arm the convicts.

These were some of our dangers. Our human means of protection, may be mentioned in a few words. Our European force consisted of one regiment of Infantry, numbering about seven hundred and fifty men, of whom about six hundred were fit for duty, and one light field-battery; not a troop of *horse-artillery*, as is stated in the *Record*, in a letter from Agra. A troop of horse-artillery would have been a much more potent and effective arm of defence. To this force must be added about four hundred or four hundred and fifty men and boys, the male Christian population of the station, able to bear arms, but never trained to the use of them. I must not forget the Fort, to which, as a refuge at last, under God, we owe our lives. At the time of which I speak, this strong-hold was garrisoned by Sepoys. When the outbreak at Meerut occurred, a mild attempt was made by the Brigadier in command here, to remove the Sepoy garrison, and to substitute Europeans; but the Sepoys protested that they were "true to their salt"—that they would be disgraced by a removal; and threatened to kill themselves, if they were deprived of their honorable post on mere suspicion. And so the Brigadier yielded, and let them remain in the Fort, with all the ammunition, cannon, mortars, &c., at their command.

During this time, the intelligence we received from other stations, and from the country generally, through native sources, was at once vague and alarming. So much was clear—that the country, for hundreds of miles around us, was *up*, and that, while the land-holders and villagers were at war with one another, they were nearly all hostile to us. From time to time, some poor Christian fugitive, or small band of fugitives, succeeded in making their way hither, as to a place of safety. Now, it was a native Christian, who had witnessed the conflagration of the Mission premises to which he had been attached, the murder of his pastor and family, and of his own wife and children; and who had himself escaped, only by assuming the disguise of a Hindoo mendicant, or Mohammedan pilgrim. Now, it was an East Indian boy, from some isolated collectorate in the country, or toll-house on the Grand Trunk Road, dressed like a native, or with no dress at all, who came to say that a mob of villagers, or company of native soldiers on their way to Delhi, had burned the collectorate, and put to death his father, mother, brothers and sisters, and that he alone had escaped. Now, it was a wounded English officer, nearly dead from loss of blood and exposure to the sun, but whose pitiable condition was not sufficient to move the tender mercies of the heathen. He had thrown off his European clothes, put on a few rags of native dress, and blackened his skin, and in this way had been saved. He told how the regiments, of which he had lately been so proud, and which he had been so unwilling to distrust, had mutinied—had shot their officers, and had massacred all the Christians of the station which they had been paid to protect. Now, it was a company of ladies—some of them highly educated, and always accustomed to ease and luxury—whose husbands had been shot or bayoneted before their eyes; and who, with little clothing, had performed a journey of many days, through by-ways and jungle, exposed to the Indian sun of June, and protected from the violence, though not from the insults of the rabble, by a few Sepoys more humane that their fellows. Now, it was a Hindoo Faquir, or a holy beggar, with a little European child, an infant, in his arms, which he had picked up somewhere, and through a freak of kindness or hope of merit, had saved; probably the only survivor of what had been a happy family a few days before.

To return to ourselves. The English officers of our native regiments still continued to hope that their men would remain staunch, until an incident occurred which made it impossible any longer to trust them. A detachment, consisting of men from each of these regiments, was stationed at Multra, a large Hindoo city, thirty-five miles from here, as a guard over the Treasury there. An order was sent out for the removal of the treasure to Agra. When this order was made known to the Sepoys, they proceeded as directed, to place the money on camels, for transfer; but no sooner had this been done, than they discharged their muskets at the officers, killing one or two, and then pillaged and burned the station. Directly, they marched off for Delhi with the treasure. Word of this was brought to Agra about two o'clock on Sunday morning, by a loyal native officer, who informed the Brigadier in command, that our regiments intended to mutiny on that day. Their plan was, to surround the three places of Christian worship, where most of the Europeans of the station, including the soldiers, would be assembled; and after overpowering and killing all, to proclaim the King of Delhi, and occupy the city and Fort for him. No time was to be lost in disarming, or attempting to disarm them—a most hazardous undertaking with our small European force. Accordingly, all Europeans and East Indians—not soldiers—were quietly warned to assemble in three or four houses with strong walls, which were furnished with muskets and swords, and slightly fortified with embankments and sand-bags, and which, for some time, had been appointed as places of rendezvous, in case of alarm. The Sepoy regiments were ordered to meet for parade, on the usual ground, at morning gun-fire. In the meantime, masked cannons were planted so as to command the ground. The native regiments, expecting nothing unusual, came to the place, were drawn up in the customary order, with the European regiment and field-battery in their front, as if for a general parade. The Brigadier then told them how reluctant he had been to think them false, but that he had heard of their intentions, and the conduct of their comrades at Multra, on the day before, made it impossible for him to confide in them longer. He then commanded them to lay down their arms. They hesitated for a moment; but the sight of the guns, and the Europeans prepared to enforce obedience, had its effect. They obeyed. As I stated before, the Fort was garrisoned, and the Jail guarded, by Sepoys. It was necessary to disarm these men simultaneously with those in the cantonments. For this purpose, two small forces had been detached from the European regiment. The Fort-garrison, being distributed in small guard-parties at the different gates and magazines, the company appointed to disarm them, effected their object by passing rapidly from point to point, so that no time was allowed for concert among the Sepoys. It was effected without bloodshed. But the jail-guard, consisting of about two hundred men, were together. When the few Europeans, about fifty, had been drawn up in front of them, and they were ordered to lay down their arms, they flatly refused. The officer of the Europeans began to remonstrate, when they broke their ranks and ran off in small bodies, with their muskets. They made for their lines, in cantonments, in ignorance that their comrades there had already been disarmed. As they ran through the Civil Lines, they cried out that the English government was down, and called on the servants whom they met, to fire the bungalows. Any mischievous effect from this call, was prevented by Mr. Drummend, the Magistrate of the city, who was following the fellows closely with a few mounted men. When they reached their lines, and saw their comrades unarmed, they quietly gave up their muskets. Thus, to our great relief, we were delivered from our protectors.

The disarmed soldiers were much enraged, of course. The regiments broke up into companies, some of which immediately set off for Delhi, while others went into the native towns and the neighboring villages, seeming undecided whether they should follow their comrades, or make an attempt here, with such weapons as they could procure. Gradually, in the course of a day or two, they all disappeared. As may be supposed, the temper of the people had not been improved or quieted by what had taken place. On the contrary, it became more and more evident that they intended to rise; the excitement among them was intense, though suppressed. I can compare their sullen tumult to nothing so fitly, as the surging and seething of the troubled sea.

Our European force was now rendered less effective by being divided, one hundred men having been placed in charge of the Fort, and another hundred in charge of the Jail. Few of the Christian population ventured any longer to sleep in their own houses. The Lieut. Governor, Mr. Colvin, with great fortitude, perhaps wisely, determined to hold the station as long as possible. He therefore refused to admit people into the Fort, as he knew that whenever we should leave our houses, the city would rise. We spent the nights in the fortified houses mentioned already, taking turns of duty as sentinels. Our hope was, that should a rising occur we could hold out in these places until the regiment could come to our relief, and escort us to our stronghold, the Fort. This state of painful insecurity continued for several weeks. Fires, the work of incendiaries, were almost daily occurrences within the station, and hardly a night passed without an alarm, now that the prisoners were breaking the jail, and now that a band of insurgents had entered the city.

The reports received from our little army before Delhi, soon destroyed all hope of the speedy fall of that city. Indeed it was clear enough that the besiegers were besieged; that they were compelled to act altogether on the defensive; that we might, any hour, hear that they had been driven away, perhaps overwhelmed by the great rebel host arrayed against them. The mutineers who had possession of the city, with its immense magazines of ammunition and ordnance, were aided by the people of Delhi, chiefly Mussulmans, and besides were frequently strengthened by the accession of fresh regiments. They made almost daily sorties against the English force, who were suffering fearfully from sickness and sunstroke. The prospect of relief *for us* from the South, was not bright. Vague rumors of the massacres at Cawnpore, at Furruckabad, at Lucknow, at Allahabad, reached us from time to time; enough to show that nearly the whole valley of the Ganges was in revolt, and to render it probable that when troops should have arrived from England, they would have to *fight* their way from Calcutta to Agra. About the middle of June, rumors became current that a rebel army was advancing on Agra, from the direction of Indore, in Central India. These reports we did not fully believe, as we thought they had originated in the movement of mutinous regiments from that quarter, toward Delhi. The rumors grew, however, more rife, and by degrees assumed a more definite form. On the 1st of July, there was no doubt that the Neemuch and Nusseerabad brigades, consisting of infantry, cavalry, and one of the two best trained artillery companies in the Bengal army, had been joined by the troops of the Nawab of Thonk, and were then within a few marches of this place; the whole force under the command of a Hindoo General, named Heera Singh. How we then came into the Fort; how our small European force went out to meet the foe, which outnumbered them by thousands; how their tumbrils of ammunition were blown up by the enemy's shells; how they were compelled to retreat to the Fort, leaving some of their dead and wounded on the field; how the Mohammedans of the city raised the green flag, the emblem of holy warfare; and what a bonfire they and the rabble made of our houses and goods; all this has been told vividly enough by Mr. Fullerton in a letter published in the *Presbyterian*. Many, about thirty Europeans and East Indians, who imprudently remained out of the Fort until the battle began, were murdered. Among these was Professor Hubbard of the Government College, whose acquaintance I valued greatly. He had gone to his own house in the morning, where he stayed till he heard the firing; he then started for the Fort, but in passing through the city was shot by a company of policemen. Mr. H. was educated at Caius College, in the University of Cambridge—a very able man, and, besides, generous and true. His brother, a missionary of the Society for the propagation of the Gospel, had fallen in the massacre at Delhi, on the 11th of May, and another brother, also a missionary, has since died at Benares broken-hearted, it is said.

We were now in the Fort, and behind its cannon we knew that we should be safe for a while; but we had really little reason to congratulate ourselves on our position or prospects; little reason to hope for more than a respite, a short postponement of our doom. As to our position. Unless you had *felt* the climate of India in the month of July, and knew the appliances which are thought necessary to render it tolerable, I should despair of giving you such a description as would enable you to form an idea of our condition in the confined quarters to which we had been driven. With reference to our prospects, great mortality from common diseases seemed inevitable; and those of us who had spent the last hot season here, had recollections of a visitation of the Indian plague, cholera, which did not tend to brighten our hopes. In four weeks, it had carried off sixteen thousand souls. And then in anticipation of a siege, we had not much confidence in the strength of our place of refuge. This fortress, within which I am now writing, was built nearly three hundred years ago, by the Emperor Akbar, with little knowledge of or regard for the principles of European fortification. If held only by the garrison, which occupied it on the 5th of July, Vauban or Todtleben with five thousand French or Russians would have taken it in a morning. The upright walls of sandstone, very massive certainly and formidable enough to look at, would crumble away to a breach, in almost any part, before a two hours' heavy cannonade. When in 1803, it was garrisoned by ten thousand Mahrattas, and was besieged by Lord Lake at the head of his English and Sepoy army, the impression made on one of the bastions, by three or four cannon balls, prompted the garrison to surrender at discretion. And even on the supposition that our enemy had not a battering train, we could not feel secure. The smallness of our force, and the great circumference to be defended, (two miles or more,) rendered it no very difficult or daring exploit for a determined and numerous body of assailants to take it by escalade. The force which had driven in our garrison on the 5th of July, had not entered the city; acting under orders from the King of Delhi, they had proceeded toward that place on the next day. Within seventy miles of us, however, to the South, was a body of mutinous troops, numbering eleven thousand, thoroughly disciplined and furnished with all the appliances of modern warfare, including a battering train and siege tools. This was the Gwalior Contingent; troops levied and officered by the East India Company, and paid by the Maharajah of Gwalior for the maintenance of order in his dominions. They had mutinied two weeks before, and the few officers and ladies who had escaped from their murderous weapons, were among the refugees in the Fort. We knew that these men had intended to come here at the time they mutinied, and had delayed their march only on account of some difficulty among themselves about the division of their spoils. But this difficulty had been settled, and we fully expected that they would now execute their purpose, occupy Agra, and lay siege to our fortress. That they did not come, we owe to the interposition of Scindiah, the Maharajah of Gwalior. His highness is happy in being served by a most enlightened *Vakeel*, or Secretary of State, a Hindoo. This man, from his knowledge of Indian history, was aware that the success of the King of Delhi and the re-establishment of a Mohammedan dynasty, would not be a favorable event for the Hindoos generally, and the Hindoo Princes in particular. Besides his knowledge of English history, character, and resources, made it clear to him that even should the rebels ultimately succeed in throwing off the foreign yoke, in the meantime a terrible vengeance would fall on the chiefs of the revolution. These views induced the Maharajah to delay taking any step hostile to the English, either in aid of the Great Mogul or in assertion of his own independence. With his own small and comparatively ill-appointed army, however, he did not feel able to cope with the strong and disciplined battalions of the Contingent, or Company's troops. He, therefore, used artifice; he took the Contingent into his own personal service and told them that as Agra had formerly belonged to Gwalior, it must belong to Gwalior again; he would, in due time, after the Dasera festival, which occurs in the second week of October, head them himself in an expedition against Agra. Still very many of them soon began to suspect that he was not acting toward them in good faith; his own troops too began to show a mutinous spirit, and, for a time, there was danger that the Maharajah would be compelled either to flee for safety from his own capital, or head the rebels in an immediate attack on our garrison. This state of things in Gwalior was at once a source of incessant anxiety to us, and an encouragement to the disaffected and dangerous population around us, who were but little overawed by our few troops. But thanks be to God, we were not besieged. The guns of the Fort gave us a certain control over the city, and we were able to procure the needful supplies of fresh provisions, so as to spare the garrison stores. There was a good deal of sickness and mortality, but much less than the most hopeful had dreaded, as almost certain to result from the confinement, privations, and anxiety of our situation. Our circumstances, dismal as they seemed (and Mark Tapley himself, would have claimed some credit for jollity had he been here,) were not admitted to be desperate or utterly forlorn, by more than a few. Two or three antique majors and two or three billious civilians, darkly intimating that just one hundred years had passed away since the battle of Plassey, did not hesitate to say that all was over; the British rule in India at an end; and that as to the Agra garrison, it was merely a question of time, whether the Cawnpore tragedy should be enacted here in August, September, or October. These gentlemen were rewarded for their frankness and candor, with the title of *Croakers*, and at once became the most unpopular men in the Fort. Nothing could have been more admirable than the conduct of most of the officers, civil and military; nothing more perfect than their exemplification of *mens aequa in arduis*. Their energy, cheerfulness, fortitude, and quiet confidence in their countrymen at home, to whom we all looked for rescue, were assuring in a high degree, well adapted to inspire the timid and desponding with courage and hope.

The power of religion to sustain its possessor in dangers and trials, was beautifully illustrated in many. How often have I heard the remark made, with the happy confidence which could proceed only from conviction, "God who by his wonderful providence planted his Church in this land, will not suffer it to be destroyed; he will not leave unheeded the prayers and sacrifices of his people." And as I have seen delicately nurtured and feeble women, borne up into cheerfulness by the power of a living faith, under present hardships and prospective horrors, I have remembered what Minucius Felix says of "the *inspired* patience of the martyrs" whom he had seen suffer. I could not doubt that the same gracious influences which, in other times and countries, had enabled the young, and the aged, and the infirm to witness a good confession, were here as a present help.

But my letter is becoming unreasonably long; I have written much more than I intended, and more, I fear, than you will care to read. I must hasten to a close. July passed away, and August, and Delhi still remained in the possession of the mutineers. We heard of Havelock's wonderful march from Allahabad; his brilliant successes at Futtehpore, and his re-occupation of Cawnpore. We now began to entertain hopes of speedy relief from that quarter, hopes which were soon dashed. When we were every hour expecting to hear that Havelock had succeeded in relieving the garrison at Lucknow, which had been in a state of siege since the middle of June, word was brought us, that he had been compelled to fall back on Cawnpore with heavy loss, and that all the re-inforcements, troops from Ceylon and Mauritius, which were coming up the country, had been stopped at Dinapore on the lower Ganges to arrest rebellion there. In course of time, however, we learned that some more soldiers had arrived at Cawnpore; that Gen. Havelock had again marched to the relief of Lucknow, and that after a terrible battle, he had succeeded in reaching the nearly starved and exhausted garrison. But our rejoicing was soon cut short by the information that he had been able to effect nothing more than strengthen the garrison by adding his own troops to theirs, and that they were all hard pressed by the rebels, and so completely hemmed in, that communication with Cawnpore was cut off. Lucknow was still to be relieved, and no troops for the service. At this time the clouds began to gather around Agra darker than ever. A large body of mutineers from Indore, with heavy guns, took up a position at Dholepore, thirty miles from here, on the Gwalior road. They had come through Gwalior, and were understood to be the advanced guard of the Contingent, who were waiting for the Dasera festival to initiate their march on this place.

But, true to the proverb, "the darkest hour is the one that precedes the dawn," cheering intelligence now began to come in almost daily, from Delhi. Incurring great risk, Sir John Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner of the Punjaub, had almost denuded his territory of European troops, had raised new regiments of Sikhs, and had even brought auxiliaries from Cashmere, and had pushed them all on, to reinforce the army before Delhi. On the 20th of September, the city was stormed, and the mutineers expelled. A great body of them came down the Jumna, on the Agra side, a part of whom joined the mutineers at Dholepore. We now learned, through spies, that they intended to attack Agra, without waiting for the contingent, who were still lingering at Gwalior. Happily, by this time, a strong force of Europeans and Sikhs, from Delhi, under Col. Greathed, were moving down the country toward Cawnpore, to aid in the relief of Lucknow. On the morning of the 9th of October, word was brought that the Dholepore mutineers had come within ten miles of us. This fact was made known to Col. Greathed, who was distant thirty miles on the other side of the river. By a forced night-march, he arrived here on the morning of the 10th, just in time to meet our enemy as they were entering the station. They were completely routed, with the loss of all their guns, and camp. Since that day we have felt comparatively safe here; but as our troops have not yet been strongly reinforced, it is thought better to remain in the Fort, even if we had houses to occupy outside.

In regard to the state of the country generally, I can say only a word. The neck of the rebellion seems to be broken, and we hope that order will be everywhere established during this year, 1858. But much still remains to be accomplished. The whole of the recently annexed Kingdom of Oude, except one spot near Lucknow, occupied by Sir James Outram, with four thousand men, is held by the rebels. The whole of Furruckabad, the whole of Rohilcund, and the whole of Bundelcund, are still in their possession. The immense tract of country lying between this and Indore, is in a very disturbed state. On the other hand, many regiments have arrived from England, and Sir Colin Campbell, the new Commander-in-Chief, has gained great success wherever he has encountered the insurgents in large numbers. About the 1st of December, the Gwalior Contingent (so long dreaded by us,) having been joined by other troops, so as to form an army of eighteen thousand men, attacked Cawnpore. Cawnpore was held by two thousand English soldiers under Gen. Windham of *Redan* fame, and the Commander-in-Chief was at Lucknow. Windham was defeated, and driven into his entrenched camp, and was so hard pressed, that a second massacre was prevented only by a rapid march to his relief, by the Commander-in-Chief. Sir Colin Campbell was thus compelled to abandon Lucknow to the enemy; but, leaving Sir James Outram with the force I mentioned before, at Alum Bagh, between Lucknow and Cawnpore, he came to the help of Windham, bringing the women and children of the rescued garrison with him. With great difficulty he got across the river, and after making arrangements for their safety, he attacked the insurgents who had held the city of Cawnpore eight days. They were utterly *smashed*, and lost about forty pieces of ordnance. A native letter-writer in the service of the Maharajah of Gwalior, giving an account of the battle, says, "the English fought as none but Rustum and Asfendiar ever fought before." I may mention one characteristic incident, which does not rest on native authority. The Grenadier regiment of the Gwalior Contingent, consisted of picked men, and had been often told by their officers that they were equal to a European regiment. These men, to sustain their reputation, undertook to capture one of the English field-batteries. They charged upon it, and every man of the regiment, eight hundred strong, was killed! I mention the incident as characteristic of this terrible war, in which quarter is neither given nor taken. And who that knows anything of the conduct of these military savages, when they had it in their power to do as they please, and to gratify with impunity their brutal instincts, will blame these Englishmen, or wonder that they fight well in this war! With all its faults and shortcomings, the English government of this country has been a just and humane government, and the insurgents themselves don't allege oppression or patriotism as the motives which prompted them in attempting to overthrow it. But I have not space to enter on this subject.

In regard to the effect of the insurrection on the missionary work, it is too soon to form an opinion. My impression at present is, that it will be favorable. Mohammedan pride and insolence will be broken, and Hindoo caste will henceforth be treated with less respect, perhaps in a good degree ignored, by the officers of the government. Hitherto they have been encouraged.

I am not able to give you any additional information touching the fate of the Futtehgurh missionaries; we know that they were put to death either in Bithoor, or Cawnpore, and that is all we know. I never saw either Johnson or MacMullen, but the Freemans and Campbells I knew very well. Mr. Freeman was a most useful man, a zealous missionary, and a kind and steadfast friend. He was very practical in his habits and views, and was able to preach in Urda and Hindee with great fluency and fervor. Mrs. Freeman was one of the loveliest characters I ever knew; gentle, energetic, and wise; so strong in faith that she could look with serenity on the worst troubles of life, and, I doubt not, on death itself. Indeed her last letter shows that death had no terrors for her. I can hardly trust myself to speak of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. You know what intimate friends C. and I used to be, and we frequently exchanged letters after coming to this country. I saw him last in Agra, on his return from the Hills, in November, 1856. He seemed much changed. Since I had first known him, I had always thought him a radically earnest man, animated by real love for the Saviour, and truly devoted to the interests of his kingdom, and the good of mankind; but none of us who had known him in former days, were prepared to see such evidence of growth in the Divine life, as were manifest in him. No one who now saw him, and heard him talk and pray, could doubt that he was a *devout* man, with a single object in life—to honor God and do good to his fellow men. He and Mrs. C. were much beloved and honored by their colleagues at Futtehgurh. Their oldest child—Davidson—who was in feeble health, they had left at Landour, in the Hills, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Jay, the chaplain there, a kind friend of Campbell's. This child is still alive, but too young to know his loss. All the rest of the family—father, mother, brother, and sister—were killed together, and, I doubt not, are now together in heaven.

I am, as always, affectionately yours,

R. E. WILLIAMS.

From our London Correspondent.

Lord Derby Installed—Reassembling of the Commons—Change of Places—The Scene in the House of Lords—The Premier's Speech and Programme—Political Gossip and the Crisis—The "Marplot"—State of Parties—Evangelism leavening Politics—Hengstenberg's Attacks on the Evangelical Alliance—Cairns' Review of it—Noble Testimony to Truth—German Revival and High Churchism—German Home Mission and its Results—The Sabbath Question—Immaculate Conception and Romish Parties—Presbyterianism at Malta—Turkey and Christianity—Dr. Dwight in London—The Church Missionary Society and American Missions—Postscript—Pam's Epitaph—Orsini—Italian Deputies—Outrage on Americans in Syria.

LONDON, February 5th, 1858.

The POLITICAL CRISIS is over, and Lord Derby and his Cabinet are fairly in power. Intense were the interest and expectation associated with the announcement that the new Premier would declare his policy on Monday last. I was at Westminster in time to look in upon the House of Commons, which always meets an hour earlier than the Upper House. It was both curious and amusing to see the transposition of parties; the recent Opposition now on the Treasury Bench, with their Conservative supporters behind them, and the recent Ministers now on the "shady side" of the Speaker's chair, yet with a muster of backers stronger by far than their successful opponents. And then—while Disraeli, and other notabilities, were away in the country looking after their re-election, (for office always involves resignation of membership in the Commons, and a fresh appeal to the constituencies,)—it was something new to hear the Speaker call upon Sir Wm. Joliffe, the new Secretary to the Treasury, a fine looking man, who successively moved for new *writs* for vacant counties or boroughs, "in room of the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli," &c., &c.

But the Commons was not the scene of interest to-night, and to the Peers' House the adjourned Commons pressed eagerly, below the bar, to the galleries, and (in the case of the eldest sons of Peers, Privy Councillors, and others,) to the space in front of the throne. Conducted by a trusty friend, who rules the shorthand writing department of the Lords, along the lobbies, I met a crowd of persons, among whom I recognized Lord Clarendon, pale and anxious-looking, and Napier, the new Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

As I ascended the staircase to the gallery, I found, when at the top, that every seat was occupied, and many were standing. Among the latter I took my place, and glanced down and around. Never did I see the peers so numerous in their muster, nor peeresses so plentiful in the side-galleries. There, too, sits that fine old Puritan-like, grey-haired, gentle, and much-liked Ambassador of the United States, Mr. Dallas, with the ladies of his family around him. Sir F. Thesiger, the new Lord Chancellor, is on the woolsack, *vice* Cranworth, resigned. He *looks* his office well, and see how the lawlords and others go up and congratulate him with a hearty shake of the hand. First, up rises the notorious Clanricarde, who, amid the noise and crushing, is scarcely heard, as he intimates that he will, on a certain day, make a statement on matters affecting his personal character. Then rises old Brougham, and speaks in a loud voice. He says that he is about to ask a question of the Foreign Secretary, Lord Malmsbury, and adds that in this case the thing that is *near*, is also *great*. Great is the expectation. What is it to be? Is it about France and his friend Louis Napoleon? No! It is to ask for the Annual Returns of the Slave Trade. Now, that was not unimportant; but, with the *preface*, it seemed *not* quite in place, and so the spectators laughed. Whereupon the old lion roared aloud, and threatened, if such an indecorum was repeated, to clear the House!

Lord Derby now rises, and instantly there is a deep hush, and intense and silent attention. Mr. Dallas stoops his head almost between his knees, and puts both hands behind his ears, so that he may catch every word. Never did I hear Derby on a *great* occasion, or as a Minister before. He exceeded my expectations. His figure is very graceful, his manner and address those of a perfect gentleman, easy and natural, while his voice is silvery, and his oratory flows on like a Summer brook, with scarce a jagged rock to obstruct its current. He begins like Ulysses, in a low voice, and with eyes cast down. He declares that his are not the feelings of exultation or triumph. He refers to the vote of the House of Commons, which led to his being requested by the Queen to form a new Cabinet. He deprecates the idea that Conservatism is opposed to real progress. He acknowledges the great difficulties with which he has to contend. He speaks of measures. As to India, he and his friends had wished for *delay*; but as the House of Commons had voted, by a large majority, that the Company should be abolished, he and the Cabinet were prepared to carry out the wish of the country, and Lord Ellenborough, the new Indian Minister, (see here he sits, large in figure, and with thick, curling hair, turning gray, upon a massive head,) would bring in a bill to establish the Queen's authority in India. Then he touched on the *grand* point, the *notorious dispatch*, and our relations with France. He reasserted the right of asylum. He denounced those refugees who abused it. He declares that the dispatch shall be *answered*, and that he had no doubt the Emperor would reply in terms satisfactory to this country. He believed our law was sufficient to punish conspiracy. If not, it would be amended. After promising to consider reform of the representation, he concluded beautifully, by a recognition of his dependence on Divine wisdom.

Lords Granville and Clarendon followed. The latter attempted a defence of his conduct about the dispatch, but it was a failure.

It now appears that the overthrow of the Palmerston Cabinet was *unexpected*, both by the mover of the amendment, and by Lord Palmerston himself. He knew that a majority of two hundred had voted for the introduction of the "Conspiracy Bill," and he thought himself secure. The Conservatives were without a decided aim, until—*it is said*—Lord Derby, coming under the gallery, and seeing the temper of the House, passed the word to his friends to vote for the amendment. Palmerston might have adjourned the debate, as at the last moment the "whipper in" told him there would be a majority against him. But his anger for once was aroused, and he determined to let the division be taken, be the result what it might. Besides, it is thought that he looked forward with anxiety to a motion to have been made this week, for the abolition of the office of Privy Seal. This was the nominal office in which (*it is said*, at the instigation of Lady Palmerston, urged on by her friend, the Marchioness Clanricarde,) a worthless man had been placed, and *kept*, too, in spite of general disgust and remonstrance. *This*, to the credit of the moral sense of Parliament, had much to do with the vote. And so the *Times*, in its own slashing and terrible way, says: "Of Lord Clanricarde, the latest addition to the Palmerston Cabinet, we have long since said enough. He has had the rare fortune, *almost unassisted*, to destroy, by his mere presence, a ministry fortified by repeated victories, and supported by the largest majority known since the Reform Bill."

This "Marplot" nobleman I saw on the first night of the session, in the House of Lords. He sat on the ministerial bench, near to Lords Clarendon and Panmure. But neither with them, nor with Lords Granville or Landsowne, did he exchange a word, and he took care not to open his lips. "Thinks I to myself," as I sat in the gallery looking on, if your Lordship rise to speak, what a sensation would be created if Lord Derby and the opposition peers should take up their hats and leave the House! That, probably, would *not* have been done; but if it had, the whole country would have applauded the act enthusiastically. Some of the Lords themselves, on either side, are not untainted, or "*sans reproche*," as to morals. But they do not obtrude themselves into office, as this man did. His personal appearance is *not* evil-boding, or sinister. He has a long, conical head, bald on the top, and his aspect is quiet and subdued.

If Derby hold office for a time, and is then overthrown, the Whig party must at last learn the lesson that *they* are not made to be the sole rulers of England. Already the cry is strong against them on that ground. Macaulay, in his "History," shows the spirit of his party every where, being a Whig to the very core. On the other hand, the Peelite section, Sir J. Graham, Gladstone, and Sidney Herbert, while men of rare talent, are not to be trusted on any question where Evangelical interests are concerned. And as to the Radical Bright, Gibson, and Roebuck, *secularity* is their very inspiration, and they scorn and hate spiritual religion. There is, however, a constantly increasing pressure *for good*, from without; and very many, nominally belonging to one or other of the three political parties, are mainly concerned for the highest interests of the population. Thank God, there is a conservative element of the right kind in every country where the Bible is taught in the school and in the family, and where the conscience of the great middle class is from Sabbath to Sabbath educated by the preaching of quickening, hallowing, and heavenly truth. The *real* differences, therefore, between religious Conservatives (as Evangelical Episcopalians generally are,) and religious Liberals, is far less than appears. The freemasonry of Christian brotherhood, established by the teaching of the "One Spirit," and by that faith which, looking at things unseen and eternal, ever weighs a nation's interests in the scales of the sanctuary, has a wondrous influence in producing a community of effort toward one grand and patriotic design. Thus let it be on *both* sides of the Atlantic! Let politics be leavened with piety, and let sects be no longer *sectarian*, though sepa-