

The Mutinies in India.
THRILLING ACCOUNT OF THE
"REBELS" OF BANGALORE.
(From Le Pays of Paris.)
CALCUTTA, Oct. 8, 1857.

I give you the following account of the riel of Lucknow, as described by a lady, one of the rescue party. "On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that utterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We woman strove to encourage each other, and perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try to make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corpora in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollection of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, her father should return from the plowing." She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless and, apparently, breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, "Dinna ye hear it! dinna ye hear it! Ay! I'm no dreamer; it's the slogan of the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!" Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered: my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving, but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, "Courage! courage! bark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them all! Here's help at last!" To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had huddled to the spot burst out anew as the Colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonising hope, and Jessie who had sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line—"Will ye no believe it no? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are comin! D'ye hear d'ye hear!" At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the Sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the Residence of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of "God save the Queen," they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, &c." After that nothing made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched around the table playing once more the familiar air of "Auld lang syne."

don't quite like it; they are unable to comprehend why a city once stormed should not be given up to troops; but as! for them, their orders are strict, and heaps of brass pots and pans, clothes and miscellaneous property are collected at almost every gate, attesting the vigilance of the guards. Several natives, camp-followers and others, who have been caught plundering, have been flogged, and everything is done that can be done to put a stop to it. Colonel Burne has been appointed Military Governor of the city which is now almost clear of cannon. At first the dead lay in heaps, and the stench was dreadful. I am sorry to say there are still a great number of sick and wounded; the former do not, however appear to have increased, since the troops have occupied the city.

Selimgarh, the fort adjoining the palace has been selected as the hospital for the whole force. The prize agents are prowling about, realizing pretty well, and the general company doing a little "boot" on its own account. On the evening of the 21st one of our irregular cavalry officers going out with a party of his men towards the "Kootub," made prisoner of the King some five or six cows from the city, and brought him in; no longer a worshipped monarch, in state and grandeur, but a wretched, cowardly, idiotic poor devil, old, decrepit and frightened, in a shabby green palanquin, with Her Majesty in another beside him. He thought to enter the palace, where head quarters are; but the General hunted him off at once, and he was eventually stowed away in a poky hole of the "Chanday Choke," or Regent street of Delhi, under a sergeant's guard where I left him, I confess, itching to hoot the hoary scoundrel. Next day three of the princes, the Shahzada gen dlemen who, with their flowing pipes, and sitting on handsome chairs, "drew the first blood" from the crowds of our captured countrymen, women and children on the 11th of May last and following days, by firing in among them and then leaving the Sepoy butchers and other villains to complete the massacre, met their just punishment and the fate decreed for them—the Mussulmen are fond of predestination!—by a just and avenging Providence. These blood-dyed villains, no doubt, encouraged by the temporary escape of the King, expected the same leniency; but they were mistaken; for being taken by the same officer who captured the old murderer they attempted to put a light and bewildered face upon matters, as if quite innocent, and asked, "What, Sabib, what's your order?" The order was to "strip," and it was scarce complied with by the amazed and terrified wretches when they were shot dead, and their bodies being brought into the city in a common hackery, were thrown into the kennel near the Kotawal, for every one to look at and learn a lesson that like—a ghastly and very suggestive spectacle, as I can assure you. How long they remained there I neither know nor care; but I suppose, till, as in life, so in death, they had become a foul and disgusting nuisance, rotten and abominable. Our soldiers, now that the terrible excitement is over, are fast filling the hospitals, with fever cases for the most part, but we are using Mercur as a sarsaparilla, and most hold on here till we receive the orders of Government, for which the General has written, as to the fate of the place. We have almost all removed from the camp into the city; the hospital in the college, or what remains unshattered of it by the shot and shell of both sides, ours till we took it, the enemy's after we got possession; that of the 2nd Fusiliers is in the church, and so on, but, in my opinion, the sooner we get out of this accursed place the better for the army, or as much of it as is now here. We know nothing of what is going on down country; but hope that Havelock and Outram will be able, or have been able, to "go and do likewise," or something like likewise, for I don't think they will come quite up to us. We lost 1,137 men and 63 officers, killed and wounded, in the assault, and we had already above three thousand sick and wounded in camp the day we stormed Delhi, so you may imagine that we did great work with entreated means, but with heroic officers and soldiers. I hope soon to receive Calcutta letters from friends by the old route. We have nothing to read except korans and other such religious Mussulman books, and I don't know Arabic or Persian. Besides, we are all in rags, and sadly want some clothes—especially as the cold weather is coming, and the nights and mornings are already refreshing.

The Massacre at Cawnpore.
The following is an extract from a letter of an officer of the Madras Fusiliers:
"Cawnpore, Oct. 28.—I went the other day to see the house of horrors where the unfortunate women and children were massacred. At the entrance I found a gibbet, and under it the carcass of a wretch who had just been hanged as a spy."
"It is a small brick building, built in a square, the rooms opening into a small courtyard in the centre. The place is still strewn with fragments of clothes and bits of shoes. The walls in places are splattered with blood, and the mats on the floor appear to have been drenched with it. On a carefully examining the walls I found scratched on the plaster behind a door the following—written apparently by the wife of a European soldier, of whom there were several shut up there—"
"Countrymen and women, remember the 16th of July, '57. Your wives and

families are here in misery and at the disposal of savages, who has ravished both young and old, and then killed us. Oh! my child! my child! Countrymen, revenge it!"
I don't think anything would appear so strongly to the feelings of our countrymen at home as this simple statement of misery. It is expressed and spelt as above, and seemed to have been scratched with the point of a knife. The walls of the little room where it was written were spattered with blood, and the plaster cut in several places with swords.

"I want to see the intrenchment where Wheeler defended himself so long. It is a low mud bank about three feet high surrounding two large buildings that were formerly hospitals. The walls of these are literally riddled by round shot, and the roofs of both have fallen in. It seems quite miraculous when you look at the wretched defence, how men could have held out one day, much less many days, against a host well armed, and provided with big guns and every requisite material. They must have been arrant cowards—as indeed, we know they were—for they never dared to come out into the open. But fired from the cover of some half finished barracks near the intrenchment. If with the small force we have had hitherto, we have been able to command victory, what will it be when England's armies now arriving march through the country? In six months India will be more entirely in our power than it has ever been before."

Narrow Escape of Sir Coln Campbell.
BENARES, Oct. 31.—The Commander in Chief has come and gone. He arrived to-day at nine a.m., and put up at Colonel Gordon's, where he breakfasted and saw some officers, whence he paid a visit to the Lieut. Governor. He started for Allahabad at one p.m. On this side of Shergarh the Commander-in-Chief's party came across, most unexpectedly, a detachment of the fugitive and mutinous 32nd, and I were very nearly caught by them. Had the garries been five hundred yards further on the road, the whole party would have been cut off in a moment, for they were proceeding without an escort of any kind. The gallant Sepoys were seen travelling like gentlemen on elephants, of which fourteen were counted, and were also escorted by 25 Sowars, who loitered some time about the carriage. As soon as this cavalcade was perceived, the carriages turned back and retraced their steps for ten miles till they came up with a bullock train party. This accounts for the delay in the Commander-in-Chief's arrival, who otherwise would have been here yesterday. You may imagine how excited people became here, when coupled with the non arrival of Sir Colin, it became known in the town that the electric communication was interrupted between this and Shergarh; but little did the good folks think how near their suspicions were to realization, for it is not to be denied that to use a common phrase, the Commander in Chief was nearly "snatched" as possible, and all his staff with him. Now, why were elephants allowed to be retained for the use of these miserable traitors and murderers; called Sepoys, when brave British soldiers sadly wanted them to carry their baggage and tents to the north-west? Sir Colin looked uncommonly fresh and well, and intended to be at Cawnpore the day after to-morrow.

The Delhi Atrocities.
"From Delhi we have little further news. The fate of the King is not yet decided, and the British are complete masters of the town. Some further incidents of the siege, however, have come to light, and among them one which has driven every European, except the higher officials, almost frantic. The Sepoys took all the wounded Europeans they could catch during the siege, and burnt them alive. The charred bodies tied to stakes, were found by the stormers, with the Queen's buttons still recognizable. It must be remembered that the men who did this were Sepoys, the comrades for 100 years of the victims—men who had been led by them from victory to victory. You have endeavored I perceive, to account for these atrocities. The cause is not far to seek. The Sepoys are Asiatics, and there is not an Asiatic who, having the power, would not go and do likewise. The educated, smooth, silken Bengalee, who talks English and quotes Milton, is exactly as cruel as the Sepoy, and just as much a gentleman. The *Hindu Patriot* for instance, a journal edited by the ablest educated native in Bengal, afraid to express his sympathy with these atrocities, coolly denies them all. They are invented, he says, by the English press for the shopkeepers. I need not describe the proof that exists of their perpetration. I would only mention that in every instance in which stories of atrocities have been circulated we have had native as well as European evidence, and not one-tenth of the truth has yet appeared. The *Hindu Patriot*, I need not say, has neither been warned or suppressed, and is a warm supporter of the present administration. It appears to be proved that there was at least one European at Delhi who lent aid to the mutineers. Many letters report the capture of an Englishman in the dress of a native officer. He was a sergeant major of the 28th Native Infantry, and formerly an artilleryman. He rendered it is said, important services to the besieged, and was created a general of artillery. He has not been executed; and, despite appearances, I am disposed to credit the stories of his guilt. It seems incredible that a Euro-

pean should have deliberately aided the rebels who were burning his wounded countrymen. I hope it will be found that he was simply a man of weak nerves, unable to face the dread of death by torture. In such a case his own conscience will be his own sufficient punishment. It is in his favor, also, that the Portuguese drummer, Antonio Seraphim, who was kept to play to the general, and who escaped at a very late period of the siege, does not accuse him, but considers him rather a prisoner. Four Europeans at Morahlabad turned Mussulmen to preserve their lives. These five appear to be the only Christians about whose conduct during the rebellion there is even a suspicion.

New Advertisements this Week.
New Grocery Store.—D. Hopkins.
Black Box for
List of L. Ter, Richmond Hill P. O. Jan. 1st.
Dr. Tamblin's Vegetable Compound.
Bunnin Bro & Co's Wholesale Stationery
Warehouses.

The Election.
MEMBERS ELECTED.
MARKHAM MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.
The Municipal elections were now over in the townships of Markham. No change has taken place except in Ward number 2.

WARD NO. 1.
CANDIDATES.—Bowman and Nicholls. Bowman's majority, 41.
WARD NO. 2.
CANDIDATES.—Trudgeon and Doner. Trudgeon's majority, 61.
WARD NO. 3.
CANDIDATES.—Reesor and Flumerfelt. Reesor's majority, 54.
WARD NO. 4.
CANDIDATES.—Pingle and Fenwick. Pingle's majority, 2.
WARD NO. 5.
No opposition.—Button elected by acclamation.

REESOR, HIS CONFIDANTS AND HIS REQUISITION.
Mr. Reesor, on finding the success of Doner rather doubtful, and fearing himself placed in the same position, immediately gets up a requisition to himself, and declares to his confidants that he feels amply rewarded for his humble exertions in the Township and County Council, and that he is willing to serve them again to the best of his ability; and that they would have to determine as to whether he should serve them in the Township Council. But the County Council is another thing that must be determined by the people of the whole Township. Our opinion is that Mr. Reesor's expectations in this respect will meet with a little trouble; we need not tell him, he knows it; but who shall be warden if Mr. Reesor is not sent to the County Council, here again David will have to show his ivory.

REESOR AND HIS PET, DONER.
Reesor, in his paper of the 24th December, treated his readers to a long editorial, headed, "Our Loving Neighbour," at the commencement of which he appears to be a little vexed at us, because we stated that he had called Mr. Wright a blunt edged tool. Mr. Reesor would like very well for us to allow him to recall that assertion, and to say nothing more about it; but that we shall not do. If Mr. Reesor feels inclined to expose his own ignorance, we cannot help it. The assertion made by him at the Reform Convention, was highly insulting to Mr. Wright, and such is seldom heard except from the lips of a "thick skulled pettifogger," whose head is as empty of sense as a thief is of honesty, and as void of brains as a fool is of modesty. He then goes on to tell his readers, that we were anxious to become a member of the Township Council; that we got up a requisition to ourselves, and that many of the requisitionists would withhold their support from us; and concluded by requesting the electors of Ward No. 2, to "unite on one good man" and return him triumphantly.

Our readers will see the object Mr. Reesor had in view in recommending his pet, Mr. Doner. He well knew that if Doner should be returned to the Council that he would make a first rate "blunt edged tool" in his hands, and that he could sharpen him up and use him when required. Mr. Reesor's expectations in this respect are realized; and the other members of

the Council will now have to sharpen up Reesor, if possible. But report says that McLoughlin tried that and failed, in consequence of the thickness of his cranium. However, before any attempt is made, the advice of Professor Greene (who we understand is now in Unionville) had better be taken upon it.

WHAT AN EGOTIST!
The Markham Village Philosopher, in his Journal of the 31st December, lauds himself to the zenith, and thinks it very wrong that the Electors, at the close of the Poll at Unionville, on the 24th December, would not allow him to return thanks on behalf of Mr. Wright. He says that in obedience to the call, he mounted the stand, greeted by long and enthusiastic cheers. The cheering had scarcely subsided, when Duggan's rowdies began yelling in a true Sepoy style, thus preventing Mr. Reesor from being heard. Now, we are creditably informed that several boys were present, who desired to have some sport with Reesor, and consequently ordered him to come forward. To throw off his shawl was the work of a moment. Mr. Wright's friends seeing this were determined that as he had once before deceived them they would not trust him again. They knew that at the convention he had been guilty of throwing slurs upon the ability of Mr. Wright, and therefore they did not consider him competent; but he still persisted, declaring to them that in reality he had been cultivating his organ of cautiousness, and only desired a hearing, and he would prove to them that such was the case. He concluded by proposing three cheers for Mr. Wright, which were responded to in such a manner as to make the "boys" hang their heads.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS IN TORONTO.
The following is a list of the members elected to the Council of 1858, by the various Wards in the City—

ST. LAWRENCE WARD.
ALDERMEN—Straehan and Ewart.
COUNCILMEN—Lemox and Gorrie.
ST. JAMES' WARD.
ALDERMEN—Mowat and Smith.
COUNCILMEN—Fox and Craig.
ST. GEORGE'S WARD.
ALDERMEN—Brunel and Boomer.
COUNCILMEN—Mitchell and Upton.
ST. DAVID'S WARD.
ALDERMEN—Carty and O'Donnell.
COUNCILMEN—Carruthers and Ardagh.
ST. PATRICK'S WARD.
ALDERMEN—Dunn and Read.
COUNCILMEN—Purdy and Prittie.
ST. ANDREW'S WARD.
ALDERMEN—Bohton and Carr.
COUNCILMEN—Sproatt and Wilcox.
ST. JOHN'S WARD.
ALDERMEN—Bugg and Moodie returned without opposition. Mr. Alderman Dempsey having declined to stand again. COUNCILMEN—Smith and Griffith.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.
The semi-annual examination of the Vaughan School Section, No. 6, took place on Saturday last at Maple. The trustees and several gentlemen were present, and the various exercises were sustained throughout in a manner which reflected great credit on the master, Mr. McClelland. The pupils answered the several questions in an easy, ready and intelligent manner, which proved clearly the superiority of the Normal School system of teach, viz: to cultivate and draw out the intellectual faculties of children, in preference to the old fashioned style of whipping in stubborn facts, which only make a superficial impression. The following is the programme of exercises:—

MORNING—History (English and Canadian), Chemistry, Natural Philosophy and Astronomy.
AFTERNOON—Arithmetic (science and practice), English Grammar and Composition, Algebra, Geography, Geometry and Plane Trigonometry.

Among the pupils who particularly distinguished themselves, and may mention the following as standing pre-eminent: Master E. Fleming, the Masters Wood, T. Keefer, and Cooper. Altogether the proceedings afforded a rich treat to all present, and we have no hesitation in saying that in a very short time, under the able management of Mr. McClelland (of whom the trustees should really feel proud) Vaughan School Section, No. 6, will stand second to none in the County.

The Bombay Times states that one of the sons of the King of Delhi has escaped.

senior member for Toronto. On immaterial questions they are expected to act in conjunction; but on what are called test questions—especially on those questions into which religious fanaticism largely enters—they cannot cooperate. And their disunion largely augments the Upper Canada strength of the Government.

But we cannot consent, at Mr. Brown's bidding, to ignore the Lower Canada representation. It is an awkward obstacle in the path of the Clear Grits, undoubtedly; but is there, nevertheless, and neither by threats nor prophecies can it be annihilated. Well, extending our estimate over Canada as a whole—disregarding the miserable sectional antipathies which constitute a large portion of Clear Grit capital—we have no hesitation in declaring that, in the next session of Parliament, the Moderate party will command an aggregate majority exceeding forty. Mr. Cartier's following, so to speak, before the close of the contest, will constitute a formidable phalanx; and when to these shall be added the friends of Mr. Sicotte, the Ministerial majority, we are confident, will be in advance of the number named.

The *Globe's* pre-empted discovery of "wholesale defeat," must be classed, then, amongst those marvellous efforts of impudence which form its best known characteristics. That Ministers have been defeated, in certain instances, in Upper Canada, we cannot fail to regret; but the great Moderate party of the province is vigorous and, we believe, united. And, being strong, it will assert the supremacy of the Moderate policy—it will uphold the men who are its recognised expositors and advocates—and it will effectually baffle the intrigues, and belie the prophecies, of the incongruous crew who compose the rank and file of the Opposition proper.

Registration of Voters.
From the Colonist.
Experience acquired during the recent contests in cities and counties, appears to be rapidly maturing public opinion in favor of a Registration of Voters for parliamentary purposes. It is difficult to imagine valid reasons against the adoption of the system; and as the evils arising from the absence of it become more and more apparent, we may hope that the best men of all parties will unite in effecting a change in no way partial, and the direct result of which must be to secure a more honest expression of public opinion than is always a attainable under existing circumstances. At Montreal, we are glad to perceive, Mr. Solicitor-General Rose has united with Mr. Dorion in the expression of an intention to support some measure calculated to establish the system. The *Commercial Advertiser*, of that city, remarks:—

"The events of the late election have proved that representation is a farce without a system of registration. Upon the Opposition side several hundred false votes have been polled, and both Mr. Dorion and Mr. McGee have been returned by fraud."

"A cursory examination of the Poll Books has shown that one man voted eleven times, and that a number of individuals who voted from three to six times is very large. In St. Ann's Ward there was a regular system of taking the votes from poll to poll, thus turning one vote into three. Administering the oath was only a partial check for this."

"A modification of the English system of Registration will prevent the recurrence of such frauds. Every voter will be ascertained and recorded before the election, and will receive a certificate entitling him to vote. All the scrutiny necessary at the polling place will be as to the identity of the bearer of the ticket."

The *Hamilton Spectator* has a paragraph upon the same subject.—

"Some days since, at the close of the election for North West-ward, we remarked that the working of the new election law would have to be closely watched. Every fresh election serves to convince us that some check to its working is as absolute as necessary. In many cases of which we have heard, leases have been pre-arranged, in order that their possessors might vote. In others some have voted on a 'prospective interest' in their father's estates. In many instances there some person has voted in two or three different wards of a city, or in two or more townships of a county. For this state of matters we see but one remedy, and that is a REGISTRATION OF PARLIAMENTARY VOTERS. To this measure, so often spoken of, we hope the attention of the Government will be directed. It would do away with the trouble and annoyance consequent on having 'bad votes' polled; polling would take place more rapidly, and thus some exciting causes of disturbance at elections would be effectually removed."

The principal fortress, by means of which the Austrian Emperor curbs his Italian subjects is commanded by a nephew of "the Liberator." So we read in "Samuel's News Letter," which says: "The Emperor of Austria has been graciously pleased to appoint a distinguished Irishman, Colonel the Chevalier Daniel O'Connell O'Connell military commandant of the city of Mantua, the strongest fortress in the Austrian dominions. The Chevalier is the nephew of O'Connell, and brother of the Rev. Charles James O'Connell."