

Loanhead

24 Sept 1857

My dear Uncle

You must think me very neglectful to be so long in answering your kind letter. I do not know if you received my note that I wrote about the month of Aug, saying that I would be very busy for some time, but I was thinking you had left Nov. Scotia before it reached you.

The farmers are very busy just now collecting and securing the fruits of the earth and indeed it has been rather difficult to do for this harvest as well as last has been and is like to be a very critical one.

however we must just trust in God that he will not destroy the works of his hands. This day such months I was ^{doing} exactly what I am doing to-day

Replied to
2nd Nov 57

sitting in the same spot and writing to
my own dear Uncle in America that I
never saw and probably never will see
in world. There has been many very many
changes around us since last year. I have
lost a dear and valued correspondent
by the Death of sister Mr. H. Man. her husband
very unwell since she died and he has
come North in hopes of restoring his shat-
tered health, he has suffered sadly since
the Death of his beloved, Eliza.

I endeavored to the best of my poor ability
to convince him that it was wrong to
pore over his loss so much to the injury
of his health.

It is very hard to part with those we love
but sooner or later we must all follow them
and surely it is a cheering thought that
they infinitely better than they could be
with us, have you been reading the acc-
ounts from India, and are they not
horrible I do not recollect ever reading
of such fiendish barbarity.

I have been reading a letter from India just now, and Oh! what horrors it contains. I have time after I finish my letter I copy it as you may not see it.

God grant in his infinite mercy that these things soon may cease for it is fearful even to think of the awful sufferings that our poor countrymen, & countrywomen have suffered the mutiny in India began.

Women are said to be no politicians but still I cannot help thinking that our Officers and those connected with the Army loaded it too much over these unfortunates, and if they had been less exacting and tyrannical much innocent blood might have been spared but of course this is but my own opinion and I may be in error.

I have to thank you for the nice papers you are so often sending us we received we received two parcels of them the day before yesterday addressed to my

brother for which I thank you in his
name we have no such newspapers.
in Scotland they are all mere matters
of fact advertising papers or entirely
composed of fiction or whatever else
may be the leading subject of the paper.
for my own part I like a paper best that
affords instruction and amusement both.
I am thinking very long for the conclusion
of the harvest as I hope to get a short
excursion by rail as soon as I can be
spared I haven't been above three miles
from home since last New Year's day.
The Queen is at present staying at her
Highland home at Balmoral I would
like very much to go there but it is too
late this season I once got a glimpse
of Her Majesty at the Railway station
at Aberdeen but there was such a crowd
that it was almost impossible to see
her at all. There was a fine Regiment of
Highlanders drawn up alongside the
Royal carriages playing & so on the Queen

she goes about almost entirely unprotected
ed among the hills so much confidence
does she place in the loyalty of her subjects
she is so affable and kind among them
that every body loves her and welcomes
her return.

By the Bye I was asking my Brother
to write and he said he did not like
to do it unless you wrote first so will
you keep this in mind my own dear
I was not so bashful for I wrote you
first. Mrs leaves us all in the enjoyment
of good health thanks be to God for it
and I trust it will find you & yours
enjoying the same blessing.

you will be a happy family now
altogether I shall conclude with the
letter I mention'd & remains

your affect. M^r

Jane Norton

It is copied from the Aberdeen Journal
Glasgow July 18

My dear Nearest Brother

God Almighty has been graciously pleas-
ed to spare my poor life I am the only individ-
ual spared among all the European &
Christian community that inhabited the
station my poor dear wife my darling son
child Polly poor dear Rebecca and her
children & poor innocent children Emma
Eliza & Martha as also old Mrs. Frost & poor
Mrs. Osburne were all most inhumanly
butchered the day before yesterday and
their bodies thrown into a well with
a great number of ladies and children
reported to be about 130 in number

I am distracted. I am most miserable & woe-
retched. I am like one in a dream. You
could not recognise me if you saw me
My life has been spared by a miracle.
The will of the Lord be done. The alarm
can comfort me for I am in a terrible
state of distress of mind.

I will write you a detailed account
of all our sufferings and distresses such distress
as has never before been experienced on

heard of on the face of the Earth. at present
I cannot write I cannot eat or drink for
I am perfectly wretched I escaped only
yesterday from my miserable prison
where I had been confined with heavy
fetters on my legs for 24 days by the
rebels who nearly took away my life
but God alone prevented them and spared
me they gave me only parched grain to
eat and that in very small quantities
Here follows an account of the taking
of Cawnpore and the treachery of the
Rajah who promised ^{us all the English} them their lives
if they would give up all their treasures
ammunition & if they vacated the town
in three days the proposal was accepted
by the general 24 boats was selected and
as soon as they were filled they fired
cannon upon them. It says about 150
women and children and about 100 European
officers and soldiers were taken alive
at the time of their being murdered & that
the ladies I am told that a number of
them jumped alive into the well that
was intended to receive their corpses rather
than be butchered and insulted so unmercifully
as the hardhearted butchers were using them.

Oh when I think of it how my heart breaks
I get beside myself and wish I had not
been spared to hear of such dreadful
accounts. Oh my poor dear Polly how
must they have galled you. So sweet a
child never existed. How will I ever
forget you! The faces of all I have lost
are ever before me. Oh how dreadful is
my state of mind. God Almighty have
mercy on me. Oh God help those we
whom thou hast spared.

signed

P.S. I hope you will be able H. J. Shepherd
to read that hastily written extract
I would have sent you the paper but
I could not get it as it is a scarce paper
and it has to pass through a great
many hands after leaving us.

But it shows us what dreadful
sufferings are being experienced by
our countrymen there. I hope you
are getting well and strong again.
excuse this terrible bad note.

father & mother's compliments, our
kind love to you all.

Letting Jane Knowlton
24th Feb 1850

J. W.