

simply ignoring the word; and as soon as he could leave Allahabad to take care of itself, he set out at the head, it is stated, of 400 Europeans and 700 Sikhs. He had scarcely left Allahabad when Brigadier-General Havelock arrived there; he had already been joined by the greater portion of the 64th Regiment; and on the arrival of a wing of the 78th Highlanders, daily expected, he was preparing to follow Colonel Neill's footsteps at the head of above a thousand Europeans.

Just such another was Sir Hugh Wheeler:—

"With a handful of Europeans he held a barrack, badly situated for defensive purposes, against thousands of natives, many of them trained by us in the art of war, and armed with guns. He was, at one critical period, getting short of ammunition; he sallied forth at the head of fifty men, and took a sufficient supply from the enemy to last for six weeks. He would not surrender; indeed, holding only that barrack against the country in open arms against him, he wrote with the greatest confidence as to his means of defence. This barrack was crammed with women and children, all of whom had not only to be defended, but to be fed and provided for; and Gen. Wheeler's resources lay solely in his own nerve and activity.

"Equally marvellous has been the position—the successful position—of Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow. The whole of Oude had risen. Yet with five hundred Europeans, Sir Henry Lawrence maintained his position. With a whole province in arms against him he overawed Lucknow, and kept the rebels at a distance. They actually dared not attack him. It is perhaps one of the most astonishing feats ever performed. Other men would fail with 5,000 Europeans at their back. It only shows the value of a good head and an undaunted heart. The possession of those enabled Sir Henry Lawrence to check the enemy in a vital quarter, and to save an incalculable number of lives."

It would indeed be gratifying, if we could still say that these two gallant men survive. But Sir Hugh Wheeler, pressed by famine, lent ear to the fiend Nara Sahib, the murderer of Cawnpore, who promised that, if the garrison would surrender, their lives would all be spared. They did so—and, *were all butchered!* One dare not trust to expression, in speaking of this. We only reflect, rejoicingly, that the miscreant, after investing Cawnpore, was twice attacked by Gen. Havelock, defeated each time, and driven out. But where is the red-handed monster now? Perhaps the next mail may rightly answer the question thus—Swinging from a tree, with his fellow butchers.

We know not, yet, whether the noble General died before capitulation, and whether this influenced the garrison to surrender, having lost its chief defender. The present accounts mention his murder and the capitulation without further details. But, before or after, and whatever his end, his name will be honoured and his memory sacred.

Of Sir Henry Lawrence, too, the same may be said. He died on the 4th July, from wounds received in a sortie from Lucknow. General Havelock, it was thought, would soon relieve the beleaguered garrison, which was expected to hold out till then. Sir Henry's work will then meet with reward, though he see it not.

At Seayckote, in the Punjab, the 9th Light Cavalry and 46th Infantry had mutined, and marched towards Delhi. They were, however, met by Brigadier Nicholson, and, after a severe battle, totally defeated and dispersed. The remaining regiments in the Punjab have been disarmed.

At Saugur, the 42nd revolted; but, on the other hand, another native regiment, with native officers, drove the rebels out of the station.

By the total revolt of the Oude soldiery we have lost an army of 30,000 picked men. This adds to our admiring wonder that Lucknow, its capital, should still hold out, and proves that, even beneath the scorching sun of India, our troops retain their indomitable superiority.

Another startling revelation is, the revolt of the Gwalior Contingent, amounting to 8400 men, who shouldered arms and marched for Indore, a small Mahratta state in the north-west. "The Mahratta prince, however, has not thrown his own 10,000 troops into the balance against us. Thus we have there one of the most magnificent fortresses in India, within which a British Garrison might remain secure, although a hundred miles of territory were blazing in insurrection around them."

It is probable that the Gwalior mutineers will try to reach Delhi. They consist of seven infantry and two cavalry regiments, with five companies of artillery. And this brings me to consider how matters stand at that chief seat of the mutiny.

General Barnard has died of dysentery, and General Reid has taken his place. Rumour has not given him credit for the continued display of that energy which he showed in first attacking the outposts; and it is said that General Sir Colin Campbell was empowered by instructions to supersede him by a General who would be more

daring in attack. This however is but one view of the question. With the force at his command, he might have effected a breach in the walls; but the overwhelming numbers of the mutineers, and the disadvantages of street fighting, in which the prowess of our troops would not have opportunity of manifesting itself against swarms of assailants, leaves it matter of doubt whether his course was not the only one left. Every house would be fortified; the mutineers fighting with the courage of despair, would know that no hope of mercy was left: and our soldiers, maddened by the massacres of their officers, swear they will show no quarter to any, but reduce the place to a silent city of the dead.

"Outside the city, fighting has been invariably in our favor. On the day before the anniversary of Waterloo, we captured an important position, defended by overwhelming numbers; and on another occasion, where the mutineers ventured out, such execution was done among them that 'the ground was horrid to look at.'"

My last letter spoke of cholera within the walls, and dead bodies infecting the air. When also we reflect that manumitted felons, wretches lost to every feeling of humanity, and the vilest scum of all India, are there assembled, we may be sure depravity—rotting living disease, and debauched satiated sensuality, with all its riot and ravage, will still further decimate its hellish crew. We have no mortars, or the effect of their shells on such a crowded city would do more than even our artillery and brave troops.

And we have also to fear that, as before Sebastopol, that fearful "pestilence which walketh in darkness" will not be confined inside the walls, but ravage our troops, uninvited to the climate, harrassed with fatiguing duty, and (as usual, in our misgovernment) clothed in costume just the most unfitting for such climate. Even the latest troops sent out, left in the same attire which they had at Balaclava and Aldershot, camps. Truly the French criticism was just which described our army as one of lions, governed by asses. But then, routine and red-tapism may not be disturbed, even though we should lose ships, troops, and all.

There was the "Transit," a wretched vessel which could not even take the House of Lords to see the recent review at Spithead without keeping a *Bishop and a noble lord at the pumps!* which, when selected for the passage of troops, first broke down a little way at sea, and again was obliged to put in at Corunna—which was an unmanageable, unseaworthy tub, laughed at by the navy—and which was known to be so crazy as to endanger all who were in her—this wretched old thing was insisted on by the admiralty, and, after buffeting about, went down in the Straits of Sunda, and its crew and troops barely escaped with life. Of course the stores were all lost. It is enough to madden sensible people, that such criminal, wilful endangering of lives and property is permitted in our governors. What if the troops had been lost! as they might well have been? We imprison a railway driver who runs into another train: but the admiralty may do as they please, untouched by law or police apparently.

Well, Sir Colin Campbell could not be long before he arrived to fill the place of General Barnard. We know that 5000 British reinforcements had arrived—that the Persian contingent was rapidly on its way there—and that in a few weeks we may expect almost as many Englishmen as fought the battle of Alma will be added to Sir Colin's army."

The *Times* points with gratulation to the number and efficiency of the troops recently sent out and to be sent out; but the *Transit* forms a sad drawback to an otherwise pleasing detail. That journal asks its readers to imagine at Southport, on July 8, two clipper ships, each more than half as large again as the largest in Nelson's fleet, with each 1000 men on board, of whom nearly 900 were soldiers. Then, suppose forty such, mostly filled with men, and a few with materials: the whole thirty thousand, well found and officered (despite the costume), and despatched in three months right across the globe to assert our authority on the Ganges and through the plains of Hindostan.

To provide against this draft of our regular army, thirty militia regiments are to be raised, and several regiments of the line to be increased to their full complement.

The mutineers are trapped. Gorged with blood—rotting in their sensuality, decimated by cholera, beaten in every salty, cut off from hope without, and demoralized within—they are as glutted tigers in their lair. Around them pour, from all quarters of the globe, resolute, unconquered avengers; the blood of their murdered victims cries, not unheeded, for vengeance: the groans of helpless women, and violated virgins, the wailing cries of butchered infants, are their

judges and accusers. Certain, bloody, and complete, will be the retaliation. India will be deluged in blood, and Mahomedanism be crushed for a while in its hideous temple. Alas, that in this nineteenth century of gospel progress and evangelizing missions, such details should be told! But so it is. We cannot draw a veil over it, cannot even name the horrors which burn at men's hearts and fill them too deeply for words. Delhi will fall: our reign will be re-established: English homes will mourn, and India be as a plague-pit of old. But, who began it, who carried it on, and who shall be answerable for all? Let the Government of India see to its own share; for though of course they were not answerable for all, they were warned, were told of misgovernment, and neglected it. These days have come upon us as a hurricane. For a short space we have bowed before the blast; but, rising as we shall do from the carnage, and destruction, England must not merely offer stereotyped prayers "to be read in all churches of the United Kingdom," but wash her hands of past guilt, and purify her way in the government of so many millions.

Much might be said, of ruined missions and checked gospel effort—of the Bible, the Koran, the obscene rites of Hindostan, the tenets of Mohammed, and the influence each and all have had on this matter. But this I cannot do here. When the storm of war shall have passed, and a security—iron though it be—established, then we may consider all these things, draw a moral from the past, and derive lessons to be acted on for the future. At present, one main cry resounds through all England—that cry is, "Delhi must fall!" and of its fall, I hope soon, Mr. Editor, to be your chronicler, with all the details of its occurrence.

"The intelligence from China is simply negative; there was a report of the Emperor's abdication, but naval and military movements were at a stand-still, and commerce was going on as though not a shot had been fired. The events in Bengal we infer have necessitated the suspension of arms in China, where, at the date of the latest advices, Commissioner YEH was looking at Admiral SEYMOUR over the tops of the houses in Canton, while Admiral SEYMOUR was coolly waiting for Lord ELGIN to decide whether Canton should be captured by our tars and grenadiers, or simply pounded into rubbish."

I have not space to tell many particulars of home. The Queen has been in her yacht to Cherbourg, on the coast of France. She took them quite by surprise; and the event was remarkable, as being the first entrance of an English Sovereign since the time when, 437 years ago, Henry V. visited there under such different circumstances. The mayor of the place of course took notice of this in his speech, and a neat little speech it was. But the Queen left as she came, and the worthy mayor may pursue his historical parallel at ease. In 1692 we fought the French there, defeated them, and burned 15 of their men-of-war. In 1758, also, we took the town, and ships in the basin, and destroyed the fortifications. *Vive l'union!* The Queen started for her Scottish residence this morning.

For the present, at least, the great scheme of Atlantic Telegraph communication, exciting so much attention and pointing to such vast results, is frustrated. A large book has been published, explaining to a nicety, how it was done. Of that we care little, knowing that it is done, and that we may, perhaps, hear no more of it for years. *Punch* says, we might have been sure that, commencing from Ireland, the cable would make a mess of it. We might have expected a great fall from the *Niagara*; and, with the system of paying out adopted, how was it possible to make both ends meet!

Napoleon and "his wife" have been to see our Queen at Osborne—all very quiet and privately, though business was talked over for all that. The Island swarmed with French and English detectives: when the Royal party went to Carrisbrooke, the Royal yacht came up to Cowes with her flag flying, to draw people away from the real route, and leave the Emperor safer in his visit. All was grim, silent, and uncomfortable. We are not used to such things, thanks to our good Queen, and the sooner he was off the sooner people felt at ease.

YOUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

### European & Foreign News.

#### INDIA.

The Rev. James Kennedy, of Benares, writes June 29, 1857:

"We have had many ups and downs since I wrote last; but thanks to the Divine goodness, we are still in safety, and, though it is well nigh impossible to have a feeling of security, we think our position is daily improving. The country in the immediate neighborhood is settling down into quietness. For several days, as far as we know there has been no plundering or murdering with-

in several miles of our city. For this comparative impunity, when the greater part of the country is in a blaze, we are indebted under God to several things. 1. We have no native soldiers worth naming to keep us in dread, while we have a very considerable body of European troops, to whom daily additions are made. Not a day passed without several arriving. They are being constantly posted on, and yet we have from 600 to 700 always here with six large guns. The dread of the European soldiers has fallen remarkably on the people since the engagement of June 4. They think them demons in human forms and to this opinion our safety is in a degree traceable. 2. We have an officer in command of the station of great vigour, in whom all have confidence. 3. Our judge is a man greatly feared by the people, and during this crisis he has done most excellent service. For daring vigour, he has few equals; his name is a proverb for swift, stern justice. There are, of course, thousands in this city set on mischief, and the dread of this one man has done more to keep them quiet than anything else. The result is that the city, notwithstanding its well known turbulence in even peaceful times, remains astonishingly quiet. Many of the people are petrified with fear of our soldiers being let loose on them. Our head magistrate also is well spoken of by the community. 4. The gibbet is, I must acknowledge, a standing institution among us at present. There it stands immediately in front of the flagstaff, with three ropes always attached to it, so that three may be executed at one time. Two additional gibbets were erected with three ropes to each, but they have been taken down. Scarcely a day passes without some poor wretch being hurled into eternity. It is horrible—very horrible! To think of it is enough to make one's blood run cold; but such is the state of things here, that even fine delicate ladies may be heard expressing their joy at the vigour with which the miscreants are dealt with. The swiftness with which crime is followed by the severest punishment strikes the people with astonishment, it is so utterly foreign to all our modes of procedure, as known to them. Whatever may be thought of such doings, one thing is certain, that these executions have struck terror into the hearts of the marauders in this district, and have done much to awe them into better conduct. Roads near us, in which people were hourly plundered a fortnight ago, are now quiet safe."

The *Edinburgh Witness* contains a letter from Dr Duff dated from June 24th (the day after the centenary of the battle of Plassey) to July 3rd. Dr. Duff says:—

"Through God's overruling providence, Calcutta is still the capital of British India. But, alas! throughout the whole of the north-west provinces, all government is at present at an end. The apparently settled peace and profound tranquillity which were wont to reign throughout British India in former years, once called forth from an intelligent French traveller the somewhat irreverent but striking remark, that the Government of India was 'like the good Deity: one does not see it, but it is everywhere.' So calm, serene, and ubiquitous did the power of British rule then appear to be. How changed the aspect of things now!

"Throughout the whole of the north-west, Government, instead of being in its regulating power and influence everywhere, is, at this moment literally 'nowhere.' Instead of peace and tranquillity, security of life and property, under its sovereign and benign sway, universal anarchy, turbulence and ruin!—the military stations in possession of armed and food-thirsty mutineers; the public treasury rifled, the habitations of the British residents plundered and reduced to ashes, numbers of British officers, with judges, magistrates, women and children, butchered with revolting cruelties,—the remnant portions of the British that have yet escaped, cooped up in isolated spots, and closely hemmed in by myriads that are thirsting for their blood; while bands of armed ruffians are scouring over the country, bent on ravage, plunder, and murder—striking terror and consternation into the minds of millions of the peacefully disposed! This, so far from being an exaggerated picture, is, I verily believe, but a feeble inadequate representation of the terrible reality!

"Every day still continues to bring us tidings of fresh horrors. Formerly, of all life in India, the safest was British life. But now—change, revolution!—throughout the north-west provinces, the earliest seat of Indian civilization—the most insecure of all life is British life.

"There were at least four separate plots formed for the destruction of this city and the massacre of its European inhabitants. By some apparently fortuitous, but really providential incident, each of these were brought to light, and the murderous intentions of the conspirators frustrated. The last of the four was to come off on Sunday, 14th instant, and was, under God, simply averted, by a discovery opportunely made by the Brigadier at Barrackpore on the night preceding. This discovery led the government to concentrate, during the night and early on the morning, all the available British troops at Barrackpore; and on that day to disarm the whole of the mutinous Sepoys there, as well as at Dumdum and Calcutta. What the horrors prepared for us were—and from which we escaped by so merciful an interposition of Providence—soon appeared, among other revelations, from this, when after the disarming, the Sepoys huts were searched, they were found to be filled with instruments of the most murderous description—large knives of various shapes, two-handed swords, poniards, and battle-axes—many of the swords being serrated, and evidently intended for the perpetration of torturing cruelties on their European victims—cruelties over which, in anticipation, these ruthless savages, while fed and nurtured by the government, had doubtless fondly gloated!

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