

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

London Correspondence.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

London, August 14, 1857.

THE REBELLION IN INDIA.

MR. EDITOR,

The questions which, above all others, agitate the public mind now, are,—Has Delhi fallen? Is the mutiny checked, or extending yet further? As more detailed particulars of late events have come to hand, their horrors increase, and we gain a better idea of what appears to be a war of races as much as anything else—the avowed object being, as avowed in the manifesto issued by the mutineers from Delhi, “not to leave the seed of the (European) devils in any place.” For these reasons we have, merely for the sake of the faith, concerted with all the subjects, and have not left one infidel of this place alive; and have constituted the Emperor of Delhi upon this engagement, that whichever of the troops will slaughter all their European officers, and pledge allegiance to him, shall always receive double salary.

Letter after letter has poured in, each with its own dreadful tale. But common decency shrinks from bare mention of all the diabolical cruelties perpetrated by the brutalized mutineers. Imagination, it is said, in its most extended flights, cannot conceive half of their abominations. Lust, torture, the abnegation of every consideration due to sex, age, or humanity, all combined, have been heaped on those whose only crime was, that they were Europeans. History has told of fearful deeds, in early times, by those who were monsters of iniquity; but the historic pen of the present day cannot narrate, men of the present age dare not publish, what befel their own wives, sisters, and daughters. A dreadful veil must rest over the tombs of those who found death the sweetest part of their woe—those who, stripped, ravished, tortured, cut and hacked piece-meal, leave only their names as an oriflame of vengeance to righteous retribution. Who shall describe the untold crushing woe, that now rests on the English homes from whence gallant soldiers, with chaste and pure female relatives, went to India! Who can say how they died: who reveal the horrible steps by which vitality was forced from their quivering frames, and death came only when polluted bodies afforded no further scope for torturing, defiling hands?

I must, however, to make good the foregoing, and that my readers may form some faint idea of the dreadful story, narrate some particulars.

As soon as the mutineers entered Delhi, a great many English men, women, and children escaped; but numbers could not do so, and those who did not were subjected to outrage, worse than death. The daughter of an English clergyman was driven through the streets of Delhi naked, then subjected to unspeakable horrors, by infuriated soldiery, and afterwards cut to pieces with swords. An English lady in the same city was suspended by the feet, naked, and hacked to pieces. They dragged forth a poor woman, *enclave*, cut off her breasts, then vilely treated her, and then threw her into the jungle.

The well-nigh universal massacre of British officers by the Sepoys was the mildest feature in the affair. Of what, in too many instances, preceded the massacre, we cannot speak. At Allahabad the 3rd Oude Cavalry and 6th Native Infantry, destroyed every European they could find. Out of 17 officers at mess, 14 were butchered. The mob and cut-throats rose with the soldiery: they burnt one whole family, from grand-father to grand-children, alive. Others they killed by inches, cutting off the ears, then fingers, then toes, &c. Children also they killed—little innocent babes—throwing them in the air, and catching them on their bayonets.

Some of our soldiers found a wretch with part of a lady's dress for his kummerbund. He had seized the poor fugitive who had escaped from Delhi, stripped, violated and murdered her; first cutting off her breasts. He said he was sorry he had not an opportunity of doing more. Another lady who had hidden under a bridge, was similarly treated, then hacked to pieces, and her mangled remains thrown out on the plain. A pair of boots was found (evidently those of a girl only six or seven years old), with the feet in them. They had been cut off just above the ankles.

The following is a detail of the five fearful days after the entry of the mutineers into Delhi, from Meerut, where the mutiny arose:

“First only five troops came into Delhi from Meerut. They first went to the house of an agent of the King of Delhi, near the Delhi gate

inside the town. He came out and said he was in the service of the King. They would not listen to him, but cut him down, and then murdered his wife and family, and told the people to plunder the house. They then went to the houses in Durya Gunj. Peer Bakshe saw the troopers go to a pink-colored house; the owner was an European; they killed him, and plundered and burnt the house. They plundered and burnt all the houses in this suburb, which is chiefly inhabited by clerks, and murdered all who could not escape. By this time other troopers and infantry and townspeople joined in the work of destruction. A number of the fugitives took refuge in a building near the mosque of Aurungzebe's daughter, and began to defend it against the insurgents. These were held at bay. They left people all round, and the main body went off to the Bank. There they were joined by more mutineers. They plundered and murdered wherever they found Europeans. The townspeople assisted warmly in the plunder, and the mutineers of the infantry were particularly active. On the second day they went to the magazine, where many Europeans had taken refuge. After some firing on both sides, the natives, such as Lascars, would do nothing, they hid themselves; the Europeans alone carried on the defence; but, seeing they could do nothing against so many, they blew up the wall towards the river; some 200 of the rebels or more were destroyed by this. They, however, got in and destroyed as many Europeans as they could, and plundered weapons, &c., leaving only the guns and powder. Two native infantry regiments were present. They searched, and everywhere they could find Europeans they slew them.

On the third day they went to the house near the mosque where some Europeans had taken refuge. As they were without water, &c., for several days, they called for a Subadar and five others, and asked them to take their oaths that they would give them water and take them alive to the King; he might kill them if he liked. On this oath the Europeans came out, the mutineers placed water before them, and said, ‘Lay down your arms, and then you get water.’ They gave over two guns; all they had. The mutineers gave no water. They seized 11 children, (among them infants, eight ladies, and eight gentlemen. They took them to the cattle sheds, placed them in a row, and shot them. One woman entreated them to give her child water, though they might kill her. A Sepoy took her child and dashed it on the ground; the people looked on in dismay, and feared for Delhi. The King's people took some 35 Europeans to the Palace; on the 5th day they tied them to a tree, and shot them. They burnt their bodies. On the 5th day notice was given that if any one concealed a European he would be destroyed. People disguised many, and sent them off but many were killed that day mostly by people of the city.”

At Peshawur mutiny and massacre were prevented by timely disbanding the native regiments, and the arrival of a large European force from Mooltan. The 55th native Infantry, however, held a fort near, and were in open mutiny. On being attacked by our troops, some escaped, 159 were killed on the spot, and others driven into the hills, where, a price being set on their heads, they were killed by natives. The colonel of this regiment blew out his brains in disgust at the mutiny. The mutineers had kept their officers in confinement, threatening to roast them alive if they attempted to escape—which, however, they accomplished. The narrator of the scene says:—“Some of the 200 prisoners of the 55th have been tried; and we blew away 40 of them from our guns in presence of the whole force. Three sides of a square were formed, ten guns pointed outward, the sentence of the court was read, a prisoner tied to each gun, and a salvo fired. Such a scene I hope never again to witness—human trunks, heads, limbs, arms, legs, &c., flying about in all directions. At first, precaution was not taken to remove those who loaded the guns, and tied the prisoners, far enough off. The result was, that they were bespattered with blood and flesh—one of them being stunned by a blow from a disjointed arm. I watched the effect on the native soldiery. They appeared to quiver to their heart's core, and turned from pale to blue, all sorts of colors. The mutineers met their fate with firmness: except two, who would not be tied up; so, to save time, they were let down to the ground, and muskets blew their brains out.” It is a singular instance of the fanatical fury which possesses the mutineers, that in nearly all cases they are defiant and firm in their so-called faith to the last. Intense hatred, fanatic detestation of everything European, appears the leading impulse. And what can the men be who thus entertain such passions? Surely even Mohammedanism, and still more benighted Hindooism, would scarcely care to have them considered as fair exponents of those creeds.

In one instance the mutineers forbore to shed blood. Lieut. Constable, of the 17th Native Infantry, at Azinghur, says, all the officers were at mess, and ladies with them, when on a sudden two signal guns were heard on the Parade; then whirr went the drums, and they knew the whole regiment was up. They fled directly to the Kutcherry, and put the ladies on the top of it. The soldiers came up with such an outcry that

the parties could not hear their own voices. But they formed a square round their officers, and said they would protect them; that there were some of their number who had sworn the death of particular officers, and therefore begged them all to escape at once. “But how are we to get our carriages?” said the officers, “seeing that they are scattered all through the stations?” “Ah, we will fetch them,” said the Sepoys; and so they did, giving the party also an escort for ten miles on the road to Ghazee-pore. One, however, fell a victim. A Sepoy, with two loaded muskets, walked up to within ten feet of the Quarter-master and shot him dead. The rest escaped, with nothing but the clothes on their back.

In another instance, the mutineers fell into a cleverly arranged trap. Lieut. Cockburn had with him at Gwalior only 123 men, when he heard that a party of 500 men had collected near Hatrass, and were murdering and plundering all upon whom they could lay hands. Accordingly, he procured a curtained bullock cart, such as colored women travel in up the country. Having let down the curtains, he persuaded four troopers, with loaded carbines, to enter, and personate the ladies. The cart he sent on in front; and he himself, with 40 troopers, followed at a distance, screening his party under the shade of some trees. No sooner did the plunderers see the cart, than they rushed forward to plunder and abuse the fair damsels, whom they imagined to be concealed inside. But they were woefully mistaken; for the foremost of them, so soon as he neared the cart, was shot dead; and Lieut. Cockburn's party in the rear, hearing the signal, were upon the marauders in an instant. They broke and fled in all directions—48 were killed, 3 wounded, and 10 taken prisoners; while others, in the extremity of their fear, threw themselves down wells.

A sad contrast took place at Allahabad. The mutiny broke out in the 6th Regiment, who had volunteered to proceed to Delhi against the rebels only a few days before. Instead of that, they became the assassins of their own officers; and then, after burning the church and every bungalow in the place, and looting (plundering) the treasury, marched off to join the mutineers. The whole number slaughtered amounted to 26!

At Jhansi, too, near Gwalior, the native soldiery rose and murdered all the Christians but four, who escaped to Agra. The ladies and children had taken refuge in the fort, but were overpowered and sacrificed by the villains. Mr. Raikes, one of the Judges, with much trouble and expense raised a non-military party of some 60 Europeans, mounted. With these he hastened to the support of some ladies who had collected at Etawah, saved, and returned with them in safety.

The ladies and officers at Gwalior were protected by the Maharajah there. Some of the mutinous soldiery demanded that their officers should be given up to them to be murdered, but the Maharajah would not do so. One man, amid *fends!* may his shadow never be less!

At Bhurtpoor, Captain Nixon heard of disturbances at Neemuch, and set out for that place with the Bhurtpoor levies. They had only proceeded two or three marches, when the men mutinied; the officers had to fly for their lives, and in doing so passed through districts where they were frequently fired on by the insurgents. After many hair-breadth escapes, they were fortunate enough to reach Bhurtpoor, uninjured. Sixty regiments and irregular corps have mutinied, and eighteen have been disarmed; in fact, the whole of the Bengali army may be said to have been dissolved, besides the loss of numerous contingents.

Of course, these events have exasperated our soldiery to madness. Some are with difficulty restrained from murdering, in return, every native they see. One soldier, on landing at Calcutta, made up to the first native he saw, felled him, and would have murdered him, unless he had been prevented. The faithful natives belonging to a corps which Major Edwards had raised at Mooltan, on being conducted to a place where mutiny was apprehended, wanted to be allowed “to polish off all the Sepoys there for 6d. a head!”

Doubtless, when the tables were turned, as they will be or have been ere this, it will be impossible altogether to restrain the fury of those who conquer. It is hardly within the limits of flesh-and-blood forbearance, to know of all the unspeakable horrors committed by those vanquished only by superior force, and not rid the earth of such disgraces to common being and humanity, without question or delay. Such, though natural, would be deplorable. What a lofty moral influence would be furnished to the millions who have quietly looked on in this mas-

sacre (one cannot call it war), if they saw that while rigid and unsparing justice was meted out to the guilty, cool and possessed impartiality prevented any indiscriminate massacre in return! By such vengeance we should reduce ourselves to the Sepoy level—and that of those who in India as everywhere else, taking advantage of sedition and tumult, prey upon society and make their acts to be regarded as those of the party whose name they assume. No doubt, many of the scum of India, and not merely the soldiery, assisted; still, the complicity of the Sepoys is so convincing, so utterly damning to their fame—that they must bear the odium of all, as they mixed in and shared all.

But, how are matters to end? Time, if only a day or two, influences those who waver on the edge of sedition; and as to the stern necessity of perfectly crushing and annihilating the revolt, there can be no question. There is hope, as the latest Calcutta papers say, that we have seen the worst. There are no more regiments of Bengal to mutiny, and of the Bombay and Madras ones we have no fear. About 30,000 soldiers will soon have arrived: the first batch, intercepted on their way to China, have landed at Calcutta; Sir Colin Campbell also arrived at Aden on the 29th July.

Up to the 27th July, Delhi still stood out. The mutineers had been defeated with great slaughter in every sortie made, and been obliged to retire under shelter of their guns. “Inside the city, great sickness prevailed. The stench from dead bodies had produced cholera, which struck down numbers daily, and the utmost terror reigned.” Of course, too, such a scourge could but increase, from the beleaguering of the city.

The mutiny had extended to eight or ten more districts, especially at Indoor, in the heart of the Peninsula, in close contiguity to the Bombay dominions. But every attempt at insurrection in the Punjab had been repressed: the important station at Aurungabad, one of the keys to the Bombay region, had been restored to security: and although there is a vast assembly at Delhi, yet our troops are pouring in, and soon all must be over with the rebels.

At Malta, the 13th battalion of artillery volunteered and prayed to be sent against the torturers of English girls and infants; “40,000 men, too, levied in the Punjab, are on their way to the scene; and we may also rely on the powerful Ghoorkas, who have nothing in common with either the ambitious Mohammedans or fanatic Hindus.”

General Courtland had gained a signal victory. In marching to Hissar he encountered the rebels, and after two severe engagements, completely routed them. They fled, leaving 200 dead, and many prisoners.

To-day, (14th) the full particulars of the last few paragraphs will arrive, but too late for me to analyze. In my next letter I hope to be able to add, that our rule is re-established—that the puppet King and his horde of Satyrs, are swept away,—that the fanatic dream-plot of Mohammedans, and the blind fury of sensualized Hindoos, are dispelled in the cold, stern justice of retribution: that India is still ours without a rival; and that our banners float over safe, though bereaved households.

We may just glance at the history and character of the city which is now the centre and seat of mutiny.

THE CITY OF DELHI.

Delhi, once the capital of Hindostan, the boast of India; and the seat of the Great Mogul, was captured in 1193, by the Mahomedans, under Coottoobodeen Khan, who fixed his residence there. In 1396, it was stormed, pillaged, and reduced to a heap of ruins, by Tamerlane. In 1631 Shah Jehan founded the new city on the west bank of the Jumna. During the reign of his third son, the revenue amounted to £4,000,000, sterling, and the population was estimated at 2,000,000. It continued to prosper until 1739, when Nadir Shah invaded it, massacred 100,000 inhabitants, and collected £62,000,000 sterling of plunder. It was again pillaged by Ahmed-Aballah, and in 1788 Gholam Kadir, the Rohilla, made himself master of this city, starved and tortured many of the nobles, and put out the eyes of the King, to compel him to a disclosure of supposed concealed treasure. He was at length forced to abandon the city, by Madhajea Sindia, and was himself put to death by the same kind of torture he had inflicted on others. In 1803 it came into the possession of the British, by the victories of Lord Lake, and has since been recovering, under our rule, from its former misfortunes. The modern city is built on two rocky eminences, and contains many palaces and mosques. It is seven miles in circumference, and is surrounded on three sides by a high wall;