

college there, attempted to escape, disguised as a native, but was discovered and massacred. Two of the European Masters took refuge in the magazine which adjoins the college, and are believed to have perished in the explosion. Lieut. Willoughby, in charge of that magazine (containing 2,500,000 rounds of ammunition), blew it up, to prevent the mutineers from obtaining it, and perished himself by the act. The college was utterly destroyed; its literary toilers for India's good were sacrificed; and the library (valuable, irreplaceable, and choice) was consumed for fuel. Such was the anger of the wicked, which converted the head-quarters of India's evangelization into reeking, smoking shambles!

At Sealkate, 8 officers with a clergyman, his wife and child, were murdered; but some escaped by being in the fort—others (ladies and children) were escorted there by Sepoys who remained faithful thus far, and then joined the others. After plundering the place they set off for Delhi, but, met soon after by Brigadier Nickolson, 200 were killed and wounded, the baggage and plunder being retaken. We had but 6 killed and 25 wounded. Three days afterwards, the remnant were attacked and utterly and finally routed. "They had taken post in an island on the Ravee, and had placed there one gun in a breastwork on the margin. Nicholson took the 52nd across the island from a point below that on which the enemy's gun bore, and that piece was moreover kept in check by the fire of two nine-pounders, and a howitzer from our bank of the river. We landed the 52nd, took the gun with little trouble, slew many of the mutineers, and drove the rest into the river, from which those that escaped to the further bank would fall into the hands of the Sikh zemindars, or landowners, who would show them no mercy. We had but four men of the 52nd wounded."

One of the slain at Sealkate was Dr. Graham. He was driving his daughter in a gig, and was shot. The young lady seized the reins, and drove home, sustaining—the body in her lap.

At Hyderabad, the capital of the Nizam's dominions, 4300 Budmashes, and Rohillas marched on to the Presidency. Several guns were opened on them, the leader was apprehended, and the others were dispersed. Much uneasiness, however, exists as it is "an inflammable place," wants well watching, and another mutiny there would be equal in influence and extent to the size and importance of the place.

Later reports confirm previous ones in stating that most if not all of the Europeans at Jhansi were massacred, by the local Mohammedan authorities, with the usual atrocities. Fifty-five in all, ladies and children included, were ruthlessly murdered.

In the Punjab we are pretty well situated. It is owing to the wisdom of the defender of Lucknow, now no more: brave Sir J. Lawrence. The Sikhs, our former enemies, are furnishing levies, both of horse and foot, whose conduct and fidelity have been highly spoken of in recent times of trial.

"Through the north-west and upper Provinces, murder and rapine are the order of the day. We are constantly sickened by the tales of wholesale slaughter in which unoffending women and children have not been spared by the fiendish monsters who sought their lives. Those who were fortunate enough to escape have of course been utterly ruined; while many of the weaker sex are perhaps deprived of their natural protectors and must, therefore, be objects of pity and commiseration. This feeling has shown itself throughout the more favoured provinces of India, which have been exempt from the fearful calamities which have laid waste this fair land, and efforts are being made to relieve the immediate wants of the unfortunate sufferers. Subscription lists have been opened in Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Scinde, and the Punjab, and contributions to the relief fund are rapidly accumulating, and will be forwarded to Calcutta and other parts, and applied to the humane purpose for which they have collected. In Bombay, all classes have joined in the demonstration, and the natives seem to vie with their European brethren in subscribing towards this object."

At Calcutta all is quiet; safety is restored by the arrival of troops from China, and the Mauritius; and the 90th Regiment had arrived also. The Madras Presidency and Southern India repose in unbroken security. The Hindoo and Mohammedan inhabitants had presented an address to government, expressive of loyalty and detestation of the mutineers. In Bombay the government is "looking out to get the other end of a string of which one extremity is discovered. The high priest of the Mussulmans at Poonah has been arrested for treasonable correspondence with somebody at Belgaum. The authorities are silent, but watchful and vigilant."

Indore and Mhow since followed in mutiny. At Indore the artillery, who had been placed to defend the Residency, treacherously attacked it,

and a retreat was deemed advisable, after a vain attempt of Col. Travers, to "charge the enemy, with only five or six horsemen!" At Mhow, Colonel Platt would not believe the men were rebellious and went out to harangue them. His life paid the penalty. Many Europeans were butchered at these two places; the mutineers after plundering went towards Gwalior, and will most likely try to get on to Delhi.

Burmah is now safe, no Bengal soldiers being left there.

The sufferings of the fugitives have been dreadful. The thermometer ranged from 100° to 120°; the rain was incessant for 36 hours. Half-starved, half-naked,—wading rivers shoulder deep, and threading poisonous, lacerating jungles—beaten, hunted, hounded as beasts of prey—how they escaped seems almost a miracle. The poor women were like—*themselves*: that is the best way to describe it. In all hardships, they are said to have borne up, in some cases better than men; never grumbled, never complained, helped their defenders in all they could, and with blanched faces and quivering hearts, served, hushed their infants, cooked, or even loaded the guns—just as it came; though, to most, never did such work fall to such fingers.

Many of our ladies have uncomplainingly sunk to death, with shock and suffering: others have had their gentle feelings stealed to ferocity by the horrible cruelty to babes. One brave girl writes—"It makes me quite ferocious, and I long to go and fight the wretches myself. They set little children in the sun, without any thing on their heads, and refused them water, till they went mad!" At Delhi they were cut up before each other's eyes; at another place shot in two rows—men on one side, and women on the other. The latter had babes at their breasts and little ones holding to their gowns! What matter, that, to a Sepoy? Flesh was flesh, all alike: the better, if tender.

Come we now to the grand seat of war—Delhi. It still holds out; but while I am writing, perhaps the mail is at hand which will announce its capture. It is only a question of time, in arrival of troops.

Our troops have invested the city on three sides—on the fourth is the Jumna. Opposite to the Delhi there was observed, on July 1st, a large encampment. "It was the whole body of the Rohilcund mutineers from the three stations of Bareilly, Moradabad, and Shahjehanpore—four regiments of infantry, one of irregular cavalry, and a battery of artillery. For a time it had been hoped that they would find the Ganges impassable, but the anticipated rise of the river did not take place—it was crossed at Gurmuktesar, the usual place of passage, the Doab was traversed, and Delhi was attained. For two whole days our troops had the mortification of watching the long train of men, and guns, horses, and beasts of burden of all kinds (for there was a large treasure with the rebels—say five lakhs, £50,000, at an average estimate) streaming across the bridge of boats into the city, without the possibility of preventing or in any way annoying them. An immediate attack on the part of the reinforcements was anticipated from the known practice of the insurgents in regard to new arrivals. Accordingly on the afternoon of the 3rd they came out in force, and threatened the right rear of the English position. But finding our men well prepared they drew off and marched away several miles by our rear along the Kurnaul road as far as Alipore, the place where our army bivouacked the night before the advance upon Delhi and the first brush with the enemy. They thought, it is supposed, to meet and capture a train of supplies and treasure that was under convoy to the camp. But in this expectation they were disappointed, and on the following morning (the 4th) were returning to the city, when they were attacked by a body of 1,000 infantry, 12 guns, and two squadrons of cavalry, that had been sent out to intercept them. They contrived, however, to effect their retreat with little or no loss, and saving all their guns."

On the 8th, 9th, 13th and 14th, sorties had been made, but only with great loss,—at the second, 1,000 were killed; at the last, greater still. Our loss on the 9th was 212 killed and wounded.

The enemy's practice with shot is generally very good, with shells less so; they are apparently short of regular fuzees, using in their places pieces of bamboo. They have still, and are likely to have as long as their day lasts, plenty of powder. The large magazine contained 10,000 barrels, most of which fell into their hands, though some of it was plundered. Bits of telegraph wire have been fired, instead of bullets; musket shots were 3d. each in the city; scouts were sent out to pick up percussion caps; and

in some cases the guns have been charged with small copper coins.

Another account says that the great aqueduct supplying the city, has been cut off, so that the inhabitants would be forced to drink the nauseous and unhealthy waters of the Jumna.—On our side, however, supplies were full, and the troops in good health and spirits, despite the heat and their fatigues. Cholera was all over the district so bad, that whole villages had been deserted, in the interior, people preferring to die in the jungle.

4000 men had joined us at Delhi, and it is from these that we hope good news next mail. General Bernard's death is confirmed; and thus we have, by one mail, the intelligence of the loss of three Generals of Division, besides other officers.

One might fill all the "Christian Messenger," with details of escapes, adventures, murders, and horrible crimes. I select a few, from many.

Captain Gardner, stationed at Delhi, escaped with his wife, on the day of the outbreak; for thirteen miles they dodged the natives, and in a jungle the lady delivered herself of a daughter. The mother, with thirteen other ladies, reached Umballah safely—her husband too, but only to survive a few days. Some ladies threw themselves into the Ganges, for fear of falling into the rebels' hands.

The following is of Captain Skene, of the Jhansi district, and his noble wife; also of Capt. Gordon:—

"It is true about poor Frank Gordon. He, Alick Skene, his wife, and a few Peons, managed to get into a small round tower when the disturbance began; the children and all the rest were in other parts of the fort—altogether 60. Gordon had a regular battery of guns, also revolvers; and he and Skene picked off the rebels as fast as they could fire, Mrs. Skene loading for them. The Peons say they never missed once, and before all was over they killed 37, besides many wounded. The rebels, after butchering all in the fort, brought ladders against the tower, and commenced swarming up. Frank Gordon was shot through the forehead and killed at once. Skene then saw it was of no use going on any more; so he kissed his wife; shot her and then himself!"

Rome had Lucretia and Virginius: England owns the above-named!

The children of one family were murdered before their parents' eyes—then their heads were cut off, strung like heads, and fastened as a collar round their parents' necks, while torture preceded death!

Who, amid all this can wonder that our men are mad with fury—that they act as a young officer thus describes:—

"Whenever our soldiers get at the mutineers, depend on it the revenge will be commensurate with the outrages that caused it. Very little is said among the men or officers, the subject is too maddening; but there is a curious expression discernible in every face when it is mentioned—a stern compression of the lips, and a fierce glance of the eye, which shows that when the time comes no mercy will be shown to those who have shown none. I will only disgust you with two instances; but, alas! there are only too many similar ones:—

"An officer and his wife were tied to trees, and their children tortured to death before them, and portions of their flesh crammed down their parents' throats; the wife then ravished before her husband—he mutilated in a manner too horrible to relate—then both were burnt to death.

"Two young ladies named (very pretty) were seized at Delhi, stripped naked, tied on a cart, taken to the Bazaar, and there violated. Luckily for them they soon died from the effects of the brutal treatment they received.

"Can you wonder that with stories like the foregoing (and there are plenty of such), we feel more like fiends than men? Our fellows have crossed their bayonets, and sworn to give no quarter; and I pray that God may give me health and strength until we settle with these scoundrels. I will write no more on this subject, for 'tis too maddening."

Says another:—

"They'll have no mercy from me. I have fairly killed with my sword between 25 and 30 of them, besides having cut down a good many more. My only wound of consequence is a sword cut on the left arm, which I received when storming a village on foot. The fellow fought well, but I at length killed him with a blow which nearly cut his head in two. This was just before our regiment mutinied. I was very savage that day. Just as I had done with the chap I wounded, I had a turn up with four more. They knocked over the only Sowar who was with me with a sort of battle-axe. I had one pistol with me, with which I blew the head of one of them to pieces, and then turned and ran; but my foot slipped and down I came. Luckily, I was up again before they could polish me off; but I felt too done to run any more, so turned on them and wounded two in a moment. To my intense delight they then ran off, but were met by some Sowars hunting for me, and all killed."

I must stop here. All can imagine, if all cannot share in, the above feelings. Comment is needless: there are thoughts too deep for words; anger too burning for curses, even from cursing lips; times, too, when even Mercy turns silently

away, and leaves Justice alone with the iniquitous laden.

We have one subject of gratulation amid those horrors. Charity, ever-ready on English shores—is busy providing for the ruined, the mourners, the fugitive. The Queen gives £1000; Prince Albert, £400; Dowager Lady Forbes, £1000; Lord Palmerston and many others, £100 each. The subscription began at the Mansion House, and is going through the length and breadth of the land. £2000 was sent off at once to the Governor-General of India; and, as said, India has subscriptions of her own.

Nor are we alone, France, whom we helped with ready charity when inundation spread ruin in her midst—who braved with us the Russian hailstorms of bullets on Alma and Sebastopol—France comes forward with ready sympathy and aid. First on the list stands the Emperor, for £1000; and the press, forgetting minor jealousies and trivial differences, says, "let every town join in showing kindness to our allies." Brave themselves, the French have appreciated our young men's honor, and our women's fortitude. Hear what the "Constitutionnel" says of them:—

"If anything could soften the bitterness inspired by the sad news from India, it is assuredly the spectacle presented by the gallant men who have fallen victims to the rebellion. The dignity of the British character, and the admirable strength of the Anglo-Saxon race, which has performed so great a role in the history of the world, shine forth with splendour. Among the officers of the revolted regiments there were many young men who, by their youth and inexperience may have contributed to the events which have swept them away. But they have wiped away all faults by the firmness, free from any ostentation which they exhibited in late events. We have described more than one deed of heroism, worthy the admiration of posterity. In the midst of torments on the brink of the grave, they have displayed that modest courage which characterises, in our days, the man enabled by the influence of Christian civilization. The cruelty of the murderers has only been equalled by the courage of the victims. A nation which loses such sons must doubtless bewail their martyrdom, but it has the right to be proud of them."

Even Austria, hating us as she does, cannot refrain from a meed of praise, and abhorrence of our home-fed foes. All the world looks on with interest, as varied as their sympathies. The Russian *Le Nord*, gives us our due, and only some few boyards have pledged the mutineers' Mogul in their cups. We have been stung, it is true—but stung while asleep; thrown back, it is true—but thrown while defenceless, because unsuspecting, and by a blow whose strength lay in its secrecy. Now, we are awake, have arisen, press forward. Pity us, the world may: give but our right arms free scope, and in God's gracious mercy, we will leave history to tell our tale, even if she write our epitaph as well.

The subject is far from exhausted. Space and time control my pen: not exhaustion of its theme; and I would fain believe, Mr. Editor, that I take along with me burning hearts, among your readers of this bloody abomination.

There are to be considered many points which arise from the expression of the *classes* who lead this mutiny, and their *creeds*. This I must leave. The mail has not arrived, so you have now all that we know.

DOMESTIC.

To-day the weather seems to break up a dead-set rain having fallen all day. Hitherto we have had a wonderful time—the old folks say, "Just such as in my early days." The heat, on many days during the summer, has been equal to India; and there have been months of sunshine with scarcely more than a shower occasionally. Late years have had raw springs and cool summers; but a French philosopher says that a new decade of oceanic currents has set in, which will affect the weather as ours has been affected.

The harvest is glorious: fruit cheaper than for many years past. We may with thankful hearts-exclaim, "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness!" "Plenty is in our barns, and peace in our cities."

The past was a busy session, and did a good deal of work. There was the Princess Royal's dowry, for which her queenly majesty returned thanks in the Speech of prorogation; more efficient jurisdiction for proving wills; the Divorce Act, passed at last, after being worried about the two Houses till the original Bill was lost in alterations. I cannot now explain all its provisions, and said something recently on it; but divorce is extended to a lower class, is obtainable before a special Court, and actions for criminal are abolished.

A new law provides, also, against breaches of trust in bankers, trustees, and others, and will meet the high-class swindling I have so often noticed as prevalent. Transportation and joint