

From the London Weekly Dispatch.

### OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

Had Runjeet lived, the Sikh power would have remained formidable to this day, for a wiser and warier ruler never lived; loving peace, yet prepared for war, and ready to take advantage of the fanaticism of his race, without being a fanatic himself. But in 1839 this powerful monarch died. There was loud wailing at Lahore, his capital, and his funeral rites were celebrated by the sacrifice of four of his young wives and five of his concubines on the burning pyre. An infant son was nominated his successor, whose mother, called the Ranee, was declared Regent. Soon, however, it became evident that the discordant elements, which had been kept in check during Runjeet's lifetime, would no longer work harmoniously together. Mutiny began to show itself in the Sikh ranks; the authority of the Ranee was openly repudiated by many rude and haughty chieftains; and the whole country was threatened with the horrors of anarchy. Then it was that the Government of Lahore resolved to find a vent for the turbulent valour of the Sikhs by engaging in external war. The friendly disposition entertained towards the English by the late Runjeet Singh was never shared by his subjects; and the long pent up feelings of hostility now broke forth with unquenchable violence. A large army of Sikhs crossed the Sutlej, and entered the British territories, in December 1845.—They were promptly met by the gallant Sir Hugh (afterwards Lord) Gough, who defeated them in a bloody and obstinate contest at Ferozepore, on the 21st and 22nd of that month; the Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge (afterwards Viscount Hardinge), partaking of all the perils and the glory of the fight. On the 28th of January following, they were again defeated at Aliwal by Sir Harry Smith, and finally beaten, most decisively, by the two commanders at Sohraon on the 10th of February. The English then entered the Punjab, and the Maharajah (as Runjeet's son was called), surrendered to their arms, and entered into a treaty of "perpetual peace and friendship" at Lahore on the 9th of March, 1846. By this treaty, a considerable portion of the dominions of Runjeet Singh fell under British sway.

"Perpetual peace and friendship" with the Sikhs were not, however, obtainable by the mere stipulations of a treaty. When, in 1848, all Europe was in flames, the attention of England was once more fixed on the distant scenes of her conflicts and victories on the banks of the Indus. A Sikh, named Moolraj, the ruler of Mooltan, who was subject to the Government of Lahore, had been guilty of the treacherous murder of the two Englishmen, who were sent to treat with him respecting the tenure of his power. This crime led to hostilities, and after various field operations, Lord Gough took the command of the English force in the middle of November. In December, commenced the siege of Mooltan, and the fall of the place was precipitated by the terrific explosion of Moolraj's principal magazine, which he had been five years collecting, on the 30th of that month. Notwithstanding this catastrophe, it was not till the 22nd of January, 1849 that the Sikh chief consented to surrender at discretion. On that day, splendidly attired in scarlet and gold, he rode out of the fort, with his chiefs, the last to leave the place he had defended with such intrepidity. Meanwhile, Lord Gough was actively engaged with the Sikhs, under Shere Singh, in the field. A bloody engagement took place near the village of Chillianwallah, which proved too well the rashness of the English commander, the bravery of his troops and the desperate valour of the enemy. After one of the most obstinate conflicts on record, the English remained masters of the field; but the victory gained could not fairly be balanced against the loss of a great many European officers and men, four guns and five stand of colours. As soon as intelligence of these severe losses reached home Gough was subjected to severe censure, and his immediate recall resolved on, and Sir Chas. Napier started to assume the command of the British forces; but, in the meanwhile, Gough routed and dispersed the whole Sikh force at Goojerat, and gloriously put an end to the campaign. The English were now lords paramount on the Indus as well as the Ganges, and on the 29th March, the Governor-General issued a proclamation, in which, having set forth the misconduct of the Sikh chiefs, he declared "that the kingdom of the Punjab is at an end, and that all the territories of the Maharajah Dhulsep Singh (the son of Runjeet) are now and henceforth a portion of the British Empire in India."

Here we pause. History will tell that after we had pushed our Indian dominion to its utmost limits, we were startled by a catastrophe, which once more rendered the affairs of Hindoostan, of absorbing interest in every household. An Indian statesman once observed that our real peril in the East would come when, having subdued every native power, we should have, like Alexander, no fresh realms to conquer; when we should have to maintain our Sepoys in peace, instead of leading them against rival races. That danger has arrived, and displayed itself in a new, terrible and unexpected form. As our business is with the past, we

will not venture on prophecy; but those who have carefully followed the career of the English in the East, and watched how they have successively overcome obstacle after obstacle, and peril after peril, will believe them equal to this disaster.

### REVOLT IN INDIA.

From the British Papers by the last Steamer.

From the London Weekly Dispatch, Oct 4.

#### THE SEPOY MASSACRES.

We have received a letter from a gentleman at Calcutta, from which we give the following appalling extract. Under ordinary circumstances and if he only described a few isolated incidents we might forbear from harrowing the feelings by the recital of such horrors. But it is well that those at home should be told, even at the expense of conventional propriety of language, the fate which many hundreds of our countrymen and women have met at the hands of the dastardly miscreants. We do not attach great importance to the writer's remarks on the conduct of the authorities at Calcutta. There, excited feeling may, perhaps, warp judgement.—Here, in cooler blood, we would judge impassionately of the acts of men placed in a situation of unparalleled difficulty.

I write with truthfulness a tithe of the horrible details. Massacre is a word too mild for the subject. Can I nerve myself for the task (and as it can only come to the press of England through private channels), it must be told, and will be handed down to generations yet unborn. The press of India is gagged, and the Government are secret on passing events. But they will be forced to give an account of the following enormities that have been committed by their faithful Sepoys, who have not been satisfied with wholesale butchery, but have ravished the wife before the husband, who, bound in fetters, is brutally butchered before her eyes, his dying flesh cut off and forced into her mouth her children crucified to the wall. The wife, in heavy pregnancy, ripped open before the husband bound in fetters. The unborn infant torn from the mother and run through with a bayonet, and this same instrument of death, with the infant who never saw light on it, forced into the body of the father. Other instances where the mother has been bound and her children torn limb from limb before her eyes, and the parts of the body used as instruments to destroy chandeliers and such like about the house. Daughters of civilians, stripped naked and lashed on a cart, and ravished in open day, the Sepoys compelling the rabble to the deed. Others stripped naked and marched barefooted at the head of the mutineers, subjected to every atrocity. Amongst the Christian men who have felt the full force of their demon-like acts was a Mr Newland, the dragoon, who for some time previous had been making arrangements in Calcutta for proceeding to Delhi, in his own carriage, and who unfortunately arrived there the day of the outbreak.—His carriage was seized by the mutineers, his hands, feet and ears cut off; his eyes gouged out of his head; and the diabolical monsters, not satisfied, put his body into his carriage, and then set it on fire. To say nothing of the Cawnpore and other massacres, I cannot write more. My heart sickens at the recital. But it is a mere iota of what has transpired. Nevertheless, it is true—alas! alas! too true.—And with all these enormities looming in the distance, do you think the Government can nerve themselves for any emergency? No.—They have still the infatuation to think that some of the native regiments will be faithful.—Yes; and the Governor General actually went to Barrackpore, to thank three regiments stationed there for their professions of loyalty, while they were at the same time in league with all the native troops in and about Calcutta, as also the King of Oude's retainers, to rise and massacre all the Christian inhabitants in Calcutta; and it was not until the day before it was to have taken place, that the Government became aware of the fact, although it might be supposed it would have come to the knowledge of the Government through the body guard of the Governor General, or the native police, both of whom are retained to this day; while the Christian public had, in a measure, to force the Government to enroll them as a volunteer corps of cavalry and infantry—cavalry about 600 and infantry 500—who now make a very imposing figure when out on drill. The cavalry find their own horses and have severe work of it, patrolling from 9 p.m. to 3 p.m. the next day, when the different pickets are returned, and go on duty at 9 p.m. again; and with all this that there is still the innate dislike to any one not a Company's servant is at the present crisis too apparent, and not to be tolerated. While acts of treason and sedition with the natives are scarcely noticed, will you believe that five men were found guilty of conspiracy and condemned to be hung, and reprieved by the Governor General? The native Lascares on board the steamer Mirzapore were tampered with, (she was engaged to take the regiment brought by the Himalaya to Cawnpore or Allanabad), for the purpose of blowing up the vessel when the troops were all on board. These and such like acts are in a measure almost unnoticed. Imbecility appears to possess the Government at a

time when it should be nerved for any and every emergency. You will scarcely credit but so it is, a fact that at the present time the Mussulman population of Calcutta are most insolent, going so far as to say to the lady of the house, 'Your days for being masters and mistresses are nearly at an end, and you will then have to attend on us,' and which are when reported, unnoticed. It is really grievous to look forward, for, until large reinforcements of English troops arrive, India throughout, must remain in a dreadful state of excitement. Any act that is passed affects the Christian as much or more than the Mussulmans, both as regards arms and being abroad after 9 p.m. a sorry recompense to those who would at the present crisis lose their lives in defense of the Government. But this mail will take home the opinions of the people of India, as also a great many lady passengers, with others here (who, I forgot to mention, have had their ears and noses cut off) who could recount a volume of atrocities such as I have enumerated. Before closing this I will give you an insight into the cause of the outbreak. It is well known that the great portion of the Bengal troops belong to the kingdom of Oude, and whose families reside there, when, under the rule of the King of Oude, before his dethronement, any poor subject could cultivate 10 to 20 acres, and pay taxes only for three or four, while the East India Company's Government no sooner takes possession than the whole of the country surveyed, and, to these poor people, exorbitant taxes demanded on all land, land under cultivation or otherwise. Petition after petition has been forwarded to the Deputy Governor, but no notice has been taken of it.—This information I have gleaned out of the Government offices. The above is the main spring from which the promoters of the mutiny commenced their diabolical task, using every means, by emissaries all over the country to complete the downfall of India, which as I have said before, they have all but accomplished.

#### THE MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE.

The following is an extract of a letter from David Tracey, Lance Corporal H. M.'s 84th to a comrade in Dum-Dum:—

Sanders (i. e., Lieut. Sanders, H. M.'s 84th Ed.) was brought before the Rajah Nana Sahib, he pulled out his revolver, shot dead five of the guard, and missed the Rajah with the sixth round, they then crucified him to the ground; the whole of the cavalry charged past him, and every one of them had a cut at him; he was cut to pieces by the whole of them.—Then as soon as the scoundrels lost the battle of Cawnpore, they put to death the whole of the women and children whom they had imprisoned all together, in a house near where our camp is at present. It would strike terror into the heart of the Devil himself to go into that house, where 230 poor women and children were put to death in the most cruel manner by them: the whole of their clothing was torn to pieces by them, even the hairs of the head torn out by the roots, the heads and bodies backed and mangled to atoms. They rest in a large well in the same compound, which is formed into a grave over them, the whole of their clothing, bloody, and their other little things, are lying there at the present time; and when any of the Sepoys or any other persons are caught that had anything to do with the mutiny, they are brought to this building by the orders of Gen. Neill and made to clean up a portion of the blood of those so cruelly murdered, and then hanged on the same spot, and any person that is hanged is to remain so until eaten by dogs and birds of prey, any person found taking them down is served the same way by the authorities.

The writer of the following is described as one of our spies. He belongs to the 1st Native Infantry, and is said to be a most intelligent man:—

When the mutiny broke out at Cawnpore he was with three companies of his regiment, the first, or Gillis Pultun, at Banda. On the breaking out of the Sepoys at Banda Nujoor, Jewarree saved the life of a Mr Duncan and his wife, (Mr Duncan was a writer, and instructed this man in English) by concealing them in his hut, and afterwards reporting to the Rajah that they were willing to turn Mussulmans. For this the Sepoy fell into ill odour with his comrades, and when the mutineers marched into Cawnpore the Nana took away from him all he had—about 300 rs.—and confined him with four more Sepoys in the same house with the Europeans. At the fight at Futtehpore he was released by the Nana, and went back to the Gunde Nuddee, and thence came over to the English. His account of the Nana's treacherous attack on the boats, and escape and recapture of one of the boats is as follows:—

When the Nana's guns opened on the boat in which Wheeler Sahib, the general was, (it has now been fully ascertained from servants and others who were with the English party that General Wheeler was not dead before the massacre, but was put wounded on board the boats) he cut its cable and dropped down the river. Some little way down the boat got stuck near the shore. The Infantry and guns came up and opened fire. The large gun they

could not manage, not knowing how to work the elevating screw, and did not use it. With the small gun they fired grape tied up in bags, and the infantry fired with their muskets; this went on all day. It did not hurt the Sahib log much. They returned the fire with their rifles from the boat, and wounded several of the Sepoys on the bank, who therefore drew off towards evening. The Sepoys procured a very big boat, into which they all got, and dropped down the river upon the Sahib's boats. Then the Sahib's fired again with their rifles and wounded more Sepoys in the boat, and they drew off and left them. At night came a great rush of water in the river, which floated off the Sahib's boat, and they passed on down the river, but owing to the storm and the dark night they only proceeded three or four koss. In the meantime intelligence of the Sahib's defence had reached the Nana, and he sent off that night three more companies of the native regiment (1st Oude Infantry) and surrounded the Sahib's boat, and so took them and brought them back to Cawnpore. Then came out of that boat 60 Sahibs, 25 mem-Sahibs and four children—one boy and three half grown girls. The Nana then ordered the mem-Sahibs to be separated from the Sahibs, to be shot by the Gillis Pultun, (1st Bengal Native Infantry) but they said, 'We will not shoot Wheeler Sahib, who has made our Pultun's name great, and whose son is our quartermaster; neither will we kill the Sahib-log. Put them in prison.' Then said the Nadire Pultun, 'What word is this? Put them in prison; we will kill the male.' So the Sahib-log were seated on the ground, and two companies of the Nadire Pultun placed themselves over against them, with their muskets ready to fire. Then said one of the mem-Sahibs—the doctor's wife, she was, I don't know her name, but he was either superintending-surgeon or medical store-keeper—'I will not leave my husband; if he must die I will die with him.' So she ran and sat down behind her husband, clasping him round the waist. Directly she said this the other mem-Sahib's said, 'We will also die with our husbands;' and they all went and sat down beside their husbands. Then their husbands said, 'go back;' but they would not.—Whereupon the Nana ordered his soldiers, and they going in pulled them forcibly away, seizing them by the arm, but they could not get away the Doctor's wife, who there remained. Then just as the Sepoys were going to fire, the padre (chaplain) called out to the Nana and requested leave to read prayers before they died. The Nana granted it. The padre's bonds were unloosed so far as to enable him to take a small book out of his pocket, from which he read; but all this time one of the Sahib-logs, who was shot in the arm and the leg, kept crying out to the Sepoys, 'If you mean to kill us, why don't you set about it quickly and get the work done? Why delay?' After the padre had read a few prayers he shut the book, and the Sahib-log shook hands all round. Then the Sepoys fired. One Sahib rolled one way, one another, as they sat; but they were not dead, only wounded; so they went in and finished them with swords. After this the whole of the unfortunate women and children—that is, including those taken out of other boats—to the number of 122, were taken away to the yellow house, which was your hospital. This was the Bithoor Rajah's house in the civil lines, where I and four more Sepoys were confined, and where I had the opportunity of talking to the Serjeant-Major's wife. After this time, when we (Sepoys) were taken down with the Nana to Futtehpore, the women and children were taken away to the house where they were afterwards murdered.

'Were any of our women dishonoured by the Nana or his people?' None that I know of, excepting in the case of Gen. Wheeler's youngest daughter, and about this I am not certain. This was her circumstance. As they were taking the mem-Sahibs out of the boat a sowar (cavalry man) took her away with him to his house. She went quietly; but at night she rose and got hold of the sowar's sword. He was asleep; his wife, his son, and his mother-in-law were sleeping in the house with him. She killed them all with the sword, and then she went and threw herself down the well behind the house. In the morning, when people came and found the dead in the house, the cry was, 'Who has done this?' Then a neighbour said that in the night he had seen some one go and throw himself into the well. They went and looked, and there was Misse Baba, dead and swollen.

Our correspondent adds:—I have seen the fearful slaughter house, and also saw one of the 1st Native Infantry men, according to order, wash up part of the blood which stains the floor, before hanging. The quantities of dresses, clogged thickly with blood children's frocks, frills and ladies' under clothing of all kinds, also boys' trousers, leaves of Bibles, and of one book in particular, which seems to be strewn over the whole place, called 'Preparation for Death,' also broken daguerrotype cases only, lots of them; and hair, some nearly a yard long; bonnets all bloody, and one or two shoes. I picked up a bit of paper with on it, 'Ned's hair, with love,' and opened and found a little bit tied up with ribbon. The first fellows that went in, I believe, saw the bodies with