

'And blown out his brains!' added the landlord.

The colonel looked at the ghastly, dirtorted face. It was that of his only son. He was a corpse!

This is the story I have promised you, continued my friend. There is still more to say. Everybody thought the calamity would kill Mrs H—; but you see her now, a feeble, sorrow stricken woman, who never leaves her own room, except to visit the grave of the suicide.

The colonel is a different man. Since the tragedy he has never been seen to smile. He stands like a withered oak, dry and stiff, yet strong in his decay.

From Fraser's Magazine.

The following is an amusing anecdote, told by Marshall Pelissier at a dinner in the Crimea of French and English officers.

ANECDOTE OF A ZOUAVE.

'The best foragers I had in Algeria,' says he, 'were my best soldiers too. If I wanted fresh milk for my coffee, I trusted to the same men that formed my storming parties, and I was never disappointed in one case or the other.—In effect, they were droll fellows my Zouaves Indigenes—cunning too, as the cat that steals cream; the Kabyles could keep nothing from them. If we entered their tents, everything of value was taken away before you could look round. To be sure we could carry nothing with us, but that made no difference. I have seen men wind shawls round their wrists that were worth a hundred louis a-piece, and throw them aside on a hot day on the march. There was one Kabyle chief who was very conspicuous for the magnificent scarlet cashmere which he wore as a turban. On foot or on horseback, there he was, always fighting, and always in the front. Heaven knows why, but the men called him Bobouton, and wherever there was a skirmish, Bobouton was sure to be in the thick of it. One day I happened to remark that I was tired of Bobouton and his red shawl, and I wished some one would bring me the turban and rid me of the wearer.' A little swarthy Zouave, named Pepe, overheard my observation. 'Mon colonel,' said he, with a most ceremonious bow 'to-morrow is your *jour de fete* (battle day)—will you permit me to celebrate it by presenting you with the scarlet turban of Bobouton?' I laughed, thanked him, and thought no more about it. On the following morning, at sunrise, I rode out to make a reconnaissance. A party, of whom Pepe was one, moved forward to clear the ground. Contrary to all discipline and *ordonnance*, my droll little friend had mounted a magnificent pair of epaulettes. Worn on his Zouave uniform, the effect was the least thing ridiculous. As I knew of no epaulettes in the camp besides my own, I confess I was rather angry, but the enemy having opened a sharp fire upon my skirmishers, I did not choose to sacrifice an aide-de-camp by bidding him ride on and visit Pepe with condign punishment; so reserving to myself that duty on his return, I watched him meanwhile through my glass with an interest proportioned to my regard for my epaulettes, an article not too easily replaced in Algeria. Nor were mine the only eyes that looked so eagerly on the flashing bullion. Bobouton soon made his appearance from behind a rock, and by the manner in which he and Pepe watched and, so to speak, "stalked" each other, I saw that a regular duel was pending between the two. In fine, after very many manœuvres on both sides, the Zouave incautiously exposed himself at a distance of eighty or ninety paces, and was instantaneously covered by his watchful enemy. As the smoke cleared away from the Kabyle's rifle, poor Pepe sprang convulsively in the air, and fell headlong on his face. 'Tenex!' said I to myself, 'there is Pepe shot through the heart, and I shall never see my epaulettes again.' The Kabyle rushed from his hiding-place to strip his fallen antagonist. Already his eyes glittered with delight at the idea of possessing those tempting ornaments—already he was within a few feet of the prostrate body, when, 'crack!' once more I heard the sharp report of a rifle, and presto, like some scene at a carnival, it was Bobouton that lay slain upon the rocks, and Pepe that stood over him and stripped him of the spoils of war. In another minute he unrolled the red turban at my horse's feet. 'Mon Colonel,' said he, 'accept my congratulations for yourself and your amiable family. Accept also this trifling token of remembrance taken from that incautious individual who, like the mouse in the fable, thinks the cat must be dead because she lies prostrate without moving. And accept, moreover, my thanks for the loan of these handsome ornaments, without the aid of which I could not have procured myself the pleasure of presenting my worthy colonel with the shawl of *ce malheureux Bobouton*' (the unfortunate Bobouton.) The rascal had stolen them out of my tent the night before, though my aide-de-camp slept within two paces of me, and my hand rested on the very box in which they were contained."

'Do try to talk a little common sense,' said a young lady to her visitor. 'Ah, but wouldn't that be taking an unfair advantage of you?'

LETTERS FROM INDIA.

The following is a copy of a Letter from a Private of the 10th Foot:—

Dinapore, July 13.

My dear Grandfather,—It is with feelings of the deepest regret that I have to tell you that the entire of India is one theatre of open and undisguised rebellion, bloodshed, violation, rapine, and murder, and a rebellion of such an unnatural character that it stands out in bold relief in the history of the world, unequalled for its ingratitude, and unparalleled for the ferocity, brutality, and cruelty of its acts; it is the rebellion of the Sepoys (native troops) against the Government, against Christianity, and against the life and property of every white man in India; and not content with attacking soldiers, and using their firearms against armed men, these monsters in human shape have waged war with defenceless women and innocent children, sacrificing in their blind and brutal rage the old man and the maiden, the pregnant woman and the unweaned babe, and that with such a refinement of cruelty, that one would suppose the devil himself reigned paramount and alone—that there was no Christ, no mercy, no hope, save of the terrible revenge which most justly will be taken on these fiends.

In every station wherever Europeans have fallen into their hands, they have been murdered in cold blood, their dead bodies mutilated, the raven and the jackal preying on the remains of as brave men and as fair women as ever left our shores. However, we are getting out troops as fast as we can, and against this day three months the name of Sepoy will be erased from the dictionary of the world, and the homes of these devils will be but discernible by the burning embers and smouldering ashes of their villages, which, like the Cities of the Plain in Scripture, will at once serve for the scene of their crimes and their sepulchres.

At Delhi, my dear grandfather, the diabolical cruelty of the Sepoys is horrible to relate; they paraded all the European heads up and down the city in a cart, and at Allahabad, the 6th Native Infantry, who had received praise in the morning for their loyalty to Government, fell on their officers in the evening while they were at mess, and killed seventeen of them. The Adjutant of the regiment they nailed to an arm-rack, and made a target of his body; another officer was pinioned to the ground with bayonets, and a fire lit on his body. At another station there was one officer and his wife—he killed seven of the miscreants with his own hand, and when he saw there was no chance for himself or his wife, he shot her and then himself, before he would let her fall into the hands of the Sepoys, because he was well aware what her fate would be—rape, and then murder.

At a station called Fyzabad two native regiments of foot and one of horse, with a battery of guns, mutinied and killed some of their officers; one colonel's lady saw her husband shot in front of her eyes, she then went raving mad through the jungle with her two infants. I had this from a survivor, one that escaped in a boat with about twenty more Europeans, principally women and children; he saw the lady with her children on the bank and called her to him, but she looked at them for a moment and then ran screaming away, dragging her children after her. They could not land to pursue, because the Sepoys were coming down on them at the time to murder them. I have since heard that the lady has been rescued, but is still a maniac. At another station they have murdered fifty-four Europeans—the place is called Jhansi; one officer killed no less than twenty-six of the ruffians before he was killed himself. A sergeant and his wife and two children barricaded themselves in their house; the woman said she would shoot the first man that entered, and she was as good as her word. She did so, and then was shot herself. The husband then escaped, and the two children in attempting to follow him were caught and thrown into the flames, as they had set fire to the house.

I told you in my last letter that the rebels made off to Delhi. They have fortified it in every direction, and one Mauder Khan has styled himself Commander-in-chief of all the Mussulmans in India. I believe there are about 30,000 Sepoys in Delhi at present. We have a rumour here that it has been retaken by the British with great loss, but I believe the place is still in the hands of the mutineers. We sent two of our companies from this to Benares; they were ordered with three guns to go and disarm the 37th Native Infantry, which is stationed there. They fired on our fellows, killed two and wounded eight, and one captain of the Irregular Cavalry killed and two more wounded. Two of our men have since died of their wounds.

But the most fearful of all the tragedies I have to tell you about. At Cawnpore all the Europeans have been massacred to a man. They had entrenched themselves in the European hospital, commanded by Major-General Sir H. Wheeler. He was mortally wounded, and then the Europeans came to terms with the Rajah Nena Sahib that they were to depart peaceably in boats, with what money they had, which

amounted to 3½ lacs of rupees, when this miscreant Rajah Nena Sahib, got them into the boats and launched out into the river, brought cannon to bear on them, and murdered every one of them—nearly 300 people in all—viz., 90 men of Her Majesty's 84th Regiment, 17 men of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, and the whole of the women and children of Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment, 60 women, and about 150 children, all murdered in cold blood, and about a dozen officers of note, and also a battery of guns, comprising altogether about 60 Europeans.

There were about 132 Europeans, principally females, coming from Furruckabad in boats. They enticed them to the bank and brought them on to the Sepoy parade ground, where they cruelly butchered them all. I couldn't tell all the horrors that have been enacted in this country. Some of the horrible murders will never be known. I think, grandfather, that there have been more European officers killed in this place than there were altogether in the Crimea.

We never get any news here except by chance, as all communication is stopped with the Upper Provinces. They have cut the telegraph wire, and no letters can pass up or down the country for them. The Commander-in-Chief died at Kurnaul last month. There are many more stations that have mutinied and killed their officers, but we have not heard any account of them yet. I will give you another instance of their horrible cruelty.—one European officer, a commissioner at Delni, with his wife (who was pregnant,) and four children; they tied the husband in a chair, and then cut the heads off his four children, and ripped open his wife, took the unborn babe from her, and struck the husband across the face with it, and then shot him. My dear grandfather, you would scarcely credit all these murderous transactions; but I can assure you it is all too true.

There was also a conspiracy discovered at Calcutta to massacre all the Europeans there and take possession of Fort William. It was fortunately found out, and the King of Oude taken prisoner, who, it was said, was at the bottom of all this rebellion. I don't think there is any likelihood of us going home this year, or the next, perhaps, if this doesn't cease; but we must only live in hope. There is only one regiment here and only one company of artillery to watch three mutinous regiments alongside of us, and murderers on all sides of us.—Nothing but fear prevents them rising here and enacting all the horrors, the brutalities, and all the atrocious murders of their brother miscreants in the Upper Provinces; but we have abandoned sleep and watch them night and day; nothing but continuous patrols all night long, sentries challenging, armed parties passing each other, so that a bird can scarcely rattle a branch without attracting the notice of the ever-watchful, sleepless sentinel.

I remain, my dear Grandfather,

Your affectionate grandson,
RICHARD DOUGLAS.

The following is from a Soldier, and is a most interesting narrative:—

Patna, July 31.

I thank God that I am alive and well and able to write to you once more. I have been in great danger, and never expected to reach this place alive again, but God has been most merciful to me. As I dare say you would like to hear the whole story, I will begin at the beginning. About a week ago, as we have long anticipated, the three native regiments at Dina, poor mutinied. The General, an old man, in his second childhood, managed the whole affair very badly, or rather did nothing at all.—No one knew who was in command of the Europeans, no one knew whom to look to for orders, the General was not to be found, and the consequence was, that the three regiments managed to get clear off with their arms and ammunition, and almost without losing a single man. The General was advised and asked to send men after them, but this he altogether declined to do, and determined to keep every European in Dinapore, to take good care of himself. A day or so after the mutineers left we heard that they had gone to Arrah, where they were attacking poor Wake and party, consisting of about 12 or 13 Europeans and 50 Sikhs. Wake had strongly fortified a pukka house, and laid in lots of ammunition and food. Directly we heard of this, and that they were holding out well, Mr — wrote to the General to send out aid to them. At first he refused, but after receiving a strong letter from Mr — he consented, and sent off 200 Europeans in a steamer. The next day we heard that the steamer had stuck in the river, and that the General had sent orders to recall them. Of course, as Englishmen we were in a great rage at this—leaving a number of poor fellows to their fate; so off — and I started at 12 o'clock at night on Tuesday last, to pitch into the old mull.—When we got to Dinapore we found that he had been made to change his mind, and had consented to send another steamer off, which luckily happened just to have come in. In this started 150 Europeans and 50 Sikhs; we altogether made up a force of 400 men. As Wake is one of the greatest friends I have got, I determined to give him a hand if I could, and I

volunteered with seven other fellows, five of whom are dead. Well I was up all that Tuesday night, and at daylight on Wednesday, off we started. We reached the nearest point to Arrah, on the banks of the Ganges, at about 2 o'clock, and were beginning to get dinner ready (so as to start with a good feed, as we could not expect to get any thing on the road) when we heard our advanced guard firing. We immediately all fell in, and went off to the place, about two miles off, where we found them drawn up before a large nullah (river) about 200 yards wide, firing away at some Sepoys on the other side. The Sepoys when they saw us coming, ran away; and then, as we had got so far, we thought we might as well get on. After a delay of two or three hours in getting boats, and crossing over, it was nearly seven o'clock before we got well off. From the villagers we heard that Wake was still all right and holding out, which was confirmed by the firing we heard in the direction of Arrah, of big guns. It was a beautiful moonlight night, the road a very bad one and wooded country on both sides of us. We did not see a soul on the road, though we passed through several villages, until we came to within five miles of Arrah, where we saw a party of horsemen ahead of us, who galloped off before we got within shot. About 11 o'clock, the moon went down; however, as we did not expect that the mutineers would face us, we still went on till we came within about a mile of the fortified house. We were passing a thick black mango grove to our right, when all of a sudden, without any warning, the whole place was lighted up by a tremendous volley poured into us at about 30 or 40 yards distance. It is impossible to say how many men fired into us—some say 500, some 1,500. The next thing I remember was finding myself alone, lying in the middle of the road, with a crack on the head, and my hat gone. I suppose I must have been stunned for a minute. When I recovered there were several men lying by me, but not a living soul could I see. There were lots to hear though, for the bullets from right to left were whistling right over my head. I was just thinking where our men could be, and which way I should run, when I saw the Sepoys advancing out of the grove, with their bayonets within a dozen yards of me. I fired my double barrel right and left into them, and then ran towards our men, whom I could hear shouting on the left, under a tremendous fire from both parties. Everything now was in a most dreadful condition; the men were all scattered in groups of fifties and twenties, firing, in every direction, and I fear, killing each other. At last, a Captain Jones, a very fine fellow, (our commander was never seen again after the first volley), got hold of a bugler, and got the men together in a sort of hollow space, a half filled pond. There we all lay down in a square. I was in the middle, with the doctor, helping him to tie up the wounds of the poor fellows, and bringing them water. The firing was still going on. The enemy could see us, as we were dressed in white, while they were nearly naked, and behind trees and walls. However, the men fired about at random. At last the poor doctor was knocked over, badly wounded. It was dreadful to hear the poor wounded fellows asking for help. I shall never forget that night as long as I live. We held a consultation, and determined to retreat, as the enemy was at least 3,000 or 4,000 strong, and had besides, several cannon. Directly morning dawned, we formed order and began our retreat. The whole distance, 16 miles, we walked under a most tremendous fire, the ditches, the jungles, the houses, and, in fact, every place of cover along the road was lined with Sepoys. We kept up a fire as we went along, but what could we do? We could see no enemy, only puffs of smoke. We tried to charge, but there was nobody to charge; on all sides they fired into us, and were scattered all over the country in groups of tens and twenties. Dozens of poor fellows were knocked over within a yard of me, on my right and left, but, thank God, I escaped in the most wonderful way. The last five miles of the road, I carried a poor wounded fellow, who begged me not to leave him, and though we had had nothing to eat for more than 24 hours, and I had had no sleep for two nights, I never felt so strong in my life, and I stepped out with the man as if he had been a feather, though he was as big as myself. Poor fellow! the men, most of them more or less wounded, were leaving him behind, and the cowardly Sepoys, who never came within 200 yards of us, were running up to murder him, I got the fellow safe over the nullah; I swam out and got a boat, put him in, and went over with a lot of others. The poor fellow thanked me with tears in his eyes. At the crossing of the nullah we lost a great many men; they threw away their muskets to pull the boats and to swim over, and were shot down like sheep. I never before knew the horrors of war, and what I have gone through, I hope will make a lasting impression on my mind, and make me think more of God and his great goodness to me. I am sure God spared me because He knew I was not fit to die; and I pray God that He will prepare me, for we can truly say we know not what a day may bring forth. I had several extraordinary escapes, one bullet went between my legs as I was walking, and broke a man's leg in front of me; another bullet hit me on the back of the head, knocking me down, but hardly breaking the skin. Every