

'Not so pleasant as might be,' said Walter, 'but we may be compelled to take refuge there. Leave the door open. I will bring your mistress and the Baron here, to be in readiness to escape. Should the bandit succeed in forcing their way in, come here immediately, and do not wait for me, but descend at once and pull the door to after you. I will take care that the rascals are put on the wrong scent.'

Martin now stationed himself at the door to keep watch, while Walter hastened Madeleine and her father into the cellar, and showed them how to close the trap door, in case they were obliged to escape alone. 'Nay,' said he, as she looked up with eyes that said 'never without thee!' think of your old father, and that you can do me no good by waiting. I may be driven to escape some other way. But good bye!

It was hard parting there in the dim old cellar. Madeleine was tearful and trembling, yet for her lover's sake endeavouring to control her sorrow with true womanly will, and Walter, brave though he was, felt his heart beat hard against his side; for the parting might be forever. God give us strength and victory, said he at length, impressing a kiss on her brow.—God be with you, Walter, said Madeleine, trying to speak firmly. And so they parted. She watched her lover disappearing up the dark stairway, and then sat down beside her father, anxious and watchful, but quiet as the very stone that supported her.

Walter's first act on leaving the cellar was to take an old piece of rope ladder, which Martin had found for him, and hang it from the window of an upper chamber, where a projecting tower would conceal it from the besiegers, who were not likely to approach in numbers on that side. This chamber was so situated that a lantern placed there would cast a light down the main stairway. We shall presently see the use of this.

And now all was ready, and Walter took his station with Martin, behind the barricaded door. Each held a musket, with another at hand, ready for use.

I should have mentioned before, that there was another servant who now stood behind them to load the muskets as fast as they should fire. Their lantern was placed within the inner passage, so that its light should not expose them.

'They are coming!' whispered Martin, touching Walter's arm—there, in the shadow of the pines!

'Hush!' said Walter; 'look to your arms, and as soon as you can see to take aim, let them know that we are here and ready.'

They advanced stealthily, for their object was not merely to plunder—and no alarm was to be given. Walter and Martin fired together, and instantly passing back their muskets, fired a second time. The effect was indescribable. Five or six of the robbers fell, and among them was their leader. Thrown into confusion by this unexpected reception, they retreated to hold a council of war; but in a few moments came up again, not, however, in the same manner as before. They now divided, and crept up close to the walls, keeping entirely out of the reach of the defenders, who could only wait impatiently for what was to come. The robbers finally decided to cut away the door, in preference to burning it, as was first proposed. The first man, incautiously stepping forward with his axe, was shot by Walter; the second was more cunning, and kept in the shelter of the wall, while he plied his instrument with energetic strokes. It was slow but sure work. Piece by piece the old door was cut, and shivered, and knocked in, while not a shot could be fired with any effect. It was at last demolished.

'Now be ready,' said Walter. 'They will have to climb the barricade before reaching us. Put in a good shot as they rush in, and then spring for the hall.' So said, so done. Their fire must have done good execution, for the robbers recoiled an instant, and returned to find a barricade and another door. Some time was lost in forcing these, and then the foremost of them springing in, found the prey flown. Seeing a light streaming down the stairway, he called his men to follow, and rushing up, found a lantern, and a rope ladder, suspended from an open window.

'Escaped!' he exclaimed with a tremendous oath. 'After them for your lives! He flung himself upon the ladder, for Madeleine was his object. It was a fatal leap. The old strands gave way under his weight, and fiery Will lay dead upon a heap of stones. His fall was known to but few of his men. Some of them were rushing after the fugitives, and others busied themselves in plundering, and obtained very little satisfaction for their pains. To end with, the castle was fired.

The fugitives, meanwhile, were making the best of their way through the grim, low archway. It was toilsome, and often they grew faint from the confined air. The passage ended in a thicket near a river, and its mouth was so overgrown with roots and vines that it cost an hour's hard labour to work their way through. They were obliged to remain there till morning.

Walter and Madeleine were soon afterwards married; and here ends all the romance, and of course my story. I must add that the death of

two leaders and nearly a dozen of the band on the same night, coupled with more vigorous measures on the part of the Government, gave an effective check to the bandits. They were occasionally heard of for five or six years after, as doing petty mischief among the farmers, but they made no armed attacks as before, and at length the order became extinct.

REVOLT IN INDIA.

From the London Weekly Dispatch, Aug. 23.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

A great number of private letters have been forwarded by the recipients for publication.—Many of them contain details of the late terrible events which are omitted by the regular newspaper reporters. We extract such passages as appear to be most interesting. Mr S. H. Batson, surgeon of the late 74th Native Infantry, had an extraordinary escape from the massacres at Delhi. He writes:—

On Monday, the 11th of May, the Sowars came from Meerut into Delhi, and wreaked their vengeance, by murdering the greater portion of the Europeans. The 38th Native Infantry, 54th and 74th, were ordered out with the Artillery, but being of the same mind as the sowars of the 3rd Cavalry, they offered no resistance, but told their officers that they had better fly with as little delay as possible. The ladies had been collected in the tower on the hill at Delhi, and when the danger became apparent, I went to Brigadier Graves, then commanding at Delhi, and volunteered to take a letter to Meerut, to obtain the assistance of the European troops. Brigadier Graves gave me the letter, and after taking leave of my wife and three daughters, in the tower with the rest of the ladies, I went to my house and assumed the garb of a fuzee, colouring my face, hands and feet. I made for the Bridge of Boats across the Jumna, through the city, but on reaching it I found the bridge broken. I returned towards the cantonment and tried to get across the river at a ferry near the powder magazine, but by this time the Sowars of the 3rd Cavalry had reached the cantonment, and all the neighbouring villagers, Goojurs and Jants, were rushing to plunder the cantonment; the houses were fired, and I despaired of being able to get to Meerut. I rushed across the parade ground, and was fired at twice by the Sepoys. I got as far as the garden near the canal, when I was seized by some villagers, and deprived of every particle of clothes. I proceeded, naked as I was born, towards Kurnaul, in the hope that I might overtake the officers and ladies who had fled in that direction, but before I had proceeded a mile I saw two sowars, who had evidently failed in overtaking their officers. They rode up to me with drawn swords and exclaimed, 'Ferungee! hy! maro, maro!' I threw myself in a supplicating position, and being intimate with the Mahomedan religion, and speaking the Hindoostanee, I commenced uttering the most profound praises in behalf of their prophet Mahomet, and begged they would spare my life if they believed that Imam Mendhee would come and judge the world. I made every moral appeal to them (after escaping the first cut they made at my throat, which I did by falling down, they being mounted could not well reach me); my entreaties were listened to and they let me go, saying, 'Had you not asked for mercy in the name of the Prophet, you should have died like the rest of the Kaffirs.'—I was dreadfully excited and could scarcely stand but as I felt that I must proceed, I continued my journey. A mile further I met a lot of Mahomedans, who rushed up to me and said 'here is a Ferungee; kill the Kaffir.' They then said to me, 'You Ferungees want to make us all Christians.' They then dragged me away to a village about a mile or more from the road and tied my arms behind me, after which one of them said, 'Kurreeem Bux, go and fetch your sword, and we will cut off the Kaffir's head.'—While Kurreeem Bux was going to fetch his sword that was to launch me into eternity, a cry of 'Dhar dhar' was made by the villagers, and the Mahomedans who were keeping me, ran off to look after their own interests. I rushed off and ran with all my strength to the road again, and escaped from these unmerciful beings I continued to run along the road towards Kurnaul. I was again stopped by some iron-smiths who were employed in the Delhi magazine, when one of them said, 'Sabih don't fear, come with me to my village, and I will find you food; if you go on you will surely be murdered by the Mahomedans, who have turned out from the villages to rob and kill the Ferungees.' I went with the iron-smiths to their house, and was most humanely and kindly treated, one giving me a dhotee, another a cap, another some milk and native bread. I felt my life was safe. I was much excited and could scarcely speak; they gave me a cot, on which I lay down, but could not sleep. I told these people I was a doctor, and in consequence met with much greater attention. On the following morning the Chowdrie of the village sent for me, when the whole village assembled to see the 'Ferungee Doctor.' Exhausted as I was, I had to answer a multitude of questions put by the people, but finding I was perfectly acquainted with their religion, language and manners, they began to

take infinite interest in my life, and said they would protect me.

Here is a most marvellous escape from the miscreants at Delhi, communicated by the brother of the writer:—

Now, my dear fellow, I am going to tell you how I got out of Delhi. Nothing but my strong arm and determination to escape or die could have prevented my being either shot or mercifully robbed, stripped, and then stabbed; but they roused my temper—that temper which all my life was my bane, but this time was the means of saving my life. If a man with all the courage in the world had been in my situation, I do not think he would have attempted what I did; and I should not, had not my passions mastered my reason. But to begin. When the alarm was first given that the troops in Delhi had mutinied I was enjoying my meal, but from the atrocities that a friend of mine came in and told me had been committed, I left my eating, and looking out, saw seven or eight men dragging a female down the street by the hair of her head, which was very long and black. I could not look upon that without a feeling of horror, not of what would become of myself—I was a man—but for the other poor women who were in Delhi at the time. I went into the house, and soon returned with a rifle, intending to inflict punishment on one, at least, of the miscreants; but I no sooner appeared in the verandah than I was shot at by a black; but he missed me, and for which kind consideration I shot him through the heart. About a dozen ruffians now made an attack on my house, and began battering at the door. I called my friend who had given me the news, and giving him a revolving pistol, together with my two servants, each armed with a gun, and myself armed with a revolving pistol in one hand and a sword in the other (these were the arms of poor Harry.) I walked boldly down to the door and let them in; as I opened the door I retreated behind it. The blacks came rushing in pell mell, and were rushing up the passage when my friend and two servants came from their concealment and fired at them steadily, which brought three of them down, then clubbing their guns, they rushed on the surprised blacks. At the moment the attack was made by my *coup-de-main* I stepped out from my hiding place behind the door, and shot the hindmost villain down with my pistol, and then, with all the fury of ten thousand devils I went to work with my sword, wounding here, killing there, and shooting those that snubbed at me. At last there were but five blacks left, and they forced by me and gained the street. I, following close behind them, shut the door violently, thereby shutting them out. I went back and found that all three of my assistants had been so mortally wounded that I despaired of their lives, and my fears were quickly dispelled by two of them dying shortly after in the most frightful agony, the other—my dear friend Hancock—dying shortly after. After our killing so many of their men I knew that the house would be attacked and no mercy shown, so I discoloured my face, and assumed the garb of one of the dead blacks, and as I could speak their language I thought I should pass for a black. I got out by a back way and began hallooing and hooting, running, and going about where the other blacks were, and so by these means avoided suspicion, incurring the greatest danger of being recognised. I met two or three times with a single black in a lonely place, and such was my hatred of them, that I could not restrain myself from killing them.—One time, after I had killed a man and was looking over him, a body of blacks came up and would have struck me to the earth had I not called out fiercely in their language that I would avenge him, and suddenly starting from my standing place called out to an imaginary fellow to stop, swearing he was the murderer, I bounded away, the others with me, but failed to catch the fellow. When the blacks made a sortie I smuggled myself in with them, and came over to the side of my friends, where I was warmly received. I got wounded in the engagement, but revenged myself upon them, for I fought with all the desperation of madness.

The wife of Lieut. Tucker, late of the 15th Irregular Cavalry, describes the escape of her husband from Sultanpore. This gallant young officer was the only one belonging to the 15th Irregular Cavalry whose life was spared. The last accounts brought the tidings that he was safe at Benares, restored to his wife and child, but suffering from fever, consequent upon the perils which for 17 days he had undergone. Mrs Tucker writes thus:—

I will give you Charlie's own account of his escape. On the Sunday before the mutiny at Sultanpore (which was on the Tuesday morning) Charlie went out some distance to meet the wing of his regiment, which he commanded at Seetapore, and which was inclined to mutiny, to see if he could pacify the men; and he apparently did so, and brought them, with the second in command into Sultanpore on the Monday night late. About 8 o'clock on the Tuesday morning poor Col. Fisher, while out was shot through the body by the native police. Charlie directly went to him, and, after much trouble, persuaded some of the men to get him into a dooly. He said he was dying, but Charlie took out the ball and gave him some

water. He then tried to persuade the regiment to come near the Colonel, but no one would obey any order. They were all under some trees close to our house. A party of them made a rush at Captain Gibbins, who was on horseback at a little distance, and killed him, and the men shouted to Charley to go away.—He found it was all over then, and so rode off. Three men rode after him about a mile, and then returned. He thinks they must have wished to spare him, as they could easily have done anything they liked; but he was, I believe, a great favourite with the wing he commanded at Seetapore. He rode some distance and then got into a jungle, where he stayed a great part of the day; but he had first gone into a village, with one of his grooms who had got his mare, and who said he would take care of him, but Charlie found out that he meant to betray him, so he rode off. Only fancy how dreadful it was for him to be wandering about in the heat of the day, not knowing where to go, and getting people to give him water to drink at wells, and at last drinking it out of little streams, he was so terribly thirsty. At last, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, he asked a man whom he saw for some water, and also if he could protect him, for he and his horse were both getting knocked up. The man said he would, and took him into his village, and afterwards to his master, who lived in a native fort, and who was the principal person in the place; and there Charlie stayed until the party from here went to fetch him.

The Benares mutiny is thus described by an officer:—

We have been expecting the outbreak here for the past three weeks. It came on the 4th. We got an express from Azimghur to say that the 17th Native Infantry had mutinied and plundered the Treasury, killing every European; but this was subsequently modified. On hearing this I knew our time was up, but as I hoped to have 12 hours' start before the information got out, I went and engaged two garrees, one for Harriet, and the other for Mrs Capt. Dodgson, to send them off at once. While these garrees were coming I went off to the Judge to explain why I sent Harriet away, to guard against future remarks, and to offer myself for any service that might be needed for work so near at hand. I then went to the Commissioner, to offer a seat in the garree to any female member of his family. It was accepted for a sister-in-law. After dispatching the ladies I was to go and reside with Tucker and his family. I had hardly returned home 10 minutes, when bang, bang went the cannon, knew all was up. Saw crowds running for their life. Had my buggy at the door, bundled Harriet and our little boy, two guns, a revolver, and a pistol and sword into it, and drove to Mr Tucker's the Commissioners. He had never fired a shot in his life, and had not a weapon of any kind in the house, which I knew, but as his house was a *pukka* one, and capable of defence, I drove there instead of to the Mint, which was the rendezvous. In the house there were Mr Tucker, Miss Tucker, four little children, and a sister-in-law of Mr Tucker, with my guns only. Got them to the terrace of the house and covered them up with straw, and made every preparation we could. In came Capt. Watson with two ladies, but without any weapons. All this time the cannon were banging away and a rattle of musketry going on, and the whole of the Sepoy lines were on fire.—The rascally Sepoys were flying in squads past the house, with terror depicted in their faces, and very many of them had thrown away their muskets, accoutrements, and cutting like fugitives. Seeing this, and fearing that they might make an attempt at the house after the firing had ceased, I determined to go off to the bridge near my house, and try and make a stand there, so as to stop the flying any more to our side.—Got upon Mr Tucker's horse and galloped off, followed by Mr Tucker, having left Captain Watson in charge of the ladies, with my battery of guns. Immediately we came to the bridge, the Sepoys, instead of coming our way, made a rush down the sides of the bridge leading to the banks of the Burna. There were at the time 50 sowars of the 13th Irregulars, stationed opposite my gate. We begged of 25 of them to follow to cut off these vagabonds, but not a man would stir, on the plea that it was the collector's order, not to budge from the Treasury, which was held by 100 Sikhs. The array, however, helped us to frighten the Sepoys. The runaways, decreasing in number, I swept over the bridge, to find out how things were going on at the Mint, where Mrs Dodgson was, and who had been placed under my care. Mr Tucker led this time. 'Ping' went a bullet at him, but missed. I had three shots with my revolver on the bridge, but just as I came to the narrow part, three or four yards before me, I saw one of these rascally runaways ramming home a cartridge. Bang went the musket at me; but 'twas a bad shot, for instead of hitting me he slightly wounded the horse. Away we flew, but midway we came upon 50 sowars of the Irregulars. One fellow came with a pistol cocked at me, and said that they had no officer and no commands, and what were they to do? I asked them (20) to follow me, but the fellow hesitated, and Mr Tucker advised me not to trust myself to them. We left them and went to the Mint, and met 50 Europeans, and sent