

European soldiers and volunteers were upon duty day and night. One of the cannon, along with several soldiers, were placed close to the Free Church for its protection, and that of the neighbourhood, and on Sabbath last we worshipped under the range of artillery, recalling to our remembrance the days when our Covenanting fathers had to bring their arms with them to their place of worship, and defend themselves from the cruel and treacherous foe. The Baghreed however, was not so much feared as the Maharram, for during the latter, there are usually armed processions of Mussulmans, and the festival lasts for a period of ten days. What renders our situation here more perilous, is the circumstance that it will be some time ere troops can arrive from England, and meanwhile the insurgents are increasing in number and force. Within these few days, more regiments of native troops have mutinied, while at the same time our troops have met with several reverses, and even our victories have been purchased with the loss of many of our men, who can ill be spared in this crisis of such fearful odds as regards numbers. Delhi is still in the hands of the enemy—Lucknow and Agra are still besieged by the insurgents—dissatisfaction is spreading among the few regiments that have hitherto remained faithful.—The Governor General has been obliged to disarm his own body-guard; and as late as yesterday attempts were made by the Mussulmans to take down the British flag from the fort, and to hoist in its stead, the Green flag—the standard of the false prophet. In these circumstances, it is no wonder that much alarm should prevail throughout the community, and that men's hearts should be failing them, for fear of what may come upon them.

We have much need of your prayers, that the Lord, who has hitherto defended and protected us, may be still "our help and shield," and that He would give us to know in our experience, the blessed fulfilment of that word "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." All missionary operations in the Upper Provinces, have come to a complete stand.—Most of the mission stations have been destroyed; and several of the missionaries themselves, belonging to the Church of England—the Baptist Mission—the American Presbyterian Mission, have, there is too much reason to fear, been cruelly massacred, by the blood-thirsty foe. In Lower Bengal, and even in Calcutta, all preaching in the open air has been discontinued; but preaching in Chapels, and teaching in schools, is still conducted by the missionaries of the various churches.

There has been no disturbance at Bancoorah as yet; but within these few days, the rebels have obtained possession of the Grand Trunk road, and have been committing outrages in that direction.

We still trust that the station may be mercifully preserved; and that we may not only have our lives given us as a prey; but may also be saved the spoiling of our goods. We know that all is in a good hand, and that the Lord will order all for the best.

I am thankful to say we have both recovered from the fever. We have much cause for gratitude to God.

I send you along with this, an account of the incidental expenses of this mission, from the commencement, up to this date, with the exception of my own in going to Bancoorah, which were formerly sent you.

I trust that in this sad and troubled time, we will be specially remembered by the church, that the Lord "may not give us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind," and that "in the time of trouble He will hide us in his pavilion."

I am, yours very truly,

GEORGE SUMNER.

## DR. DUFF ON THE INDIAN MUTINIES.

Calcutta, 21st July 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWISLE—Authentic details have now reached us from various quarters respecting the awful tragedy at Bareilly, the capital of Rohilkund. The latter name will at once recall to remembrance the most disgraceful incident in the life of Warren Hastings. For fifty years, British troops were hired to slaughter the brave R. hillas. Of that foul transaction have we ever repeated as a people and nation? And may we not now be smiting under the retributive judgments of that holy and jealous God, who declares that He will "visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate him?"

After the outbreak at Meerut and Delhi, all the officers at Bareilly, civil and military, took the precaution of sending their wives and children to the neighbouring hill station of Nynce Tal. Still, up to the very day before the outbreak, their letters contained little else than accounts of the quiet behaviour of the sepoys, with expressions of hope that ere long the district and place would be sufficiently quiet to allow of ladies returning! Everything was done which Asiatic cunning and treachery could achieve for lulling to sleep all suspicion. The Mohammedan chief, Khan Bahadur, the Nawab of the city,—a prisoner of the British Government, which treated him with the greatest generosity,—by various spontaneous services, strove to establish confidence in his attachment and loyalty. Only the day before the mutiny, the sepoys asked several officers to recall their wives and families from the hills,—appealing to the perfect quietness which prevailed; and, even to the last moment, swearing that they would protect their officers, if need be, unto death! It turned out, however, that at the very time when these earnest professions were being made, men lay concealed under a bridge so as to murder their commanding officers; while others were told off to surround the officers' houses; and others still, posted on the roads, so as to waylay and intercept any fugitives!

On Sunday, 31st May, at eleven A.M., a gun was fired, and at that signal the regiments rose en masse, and commenced firing into all the houses of the European residents. Of these a goodly number succeeded most marvellously in effecting their escape; many, however, were instantaneously slaughtered. The professedly "loyal" Khan Bahadur was proclaimed "King of Rohilkund." And his first proclamation was a denouncing of the penalty of death on any natives who should be found sheltering British men, women, or children! And such of the officers, civil and military with their Christian assistants, and two women and children, who had escaped murder on the first outbreak, were dragged forth from their places of concealment before the "new King," and by him formally sentenced to death.

Bareilly is in the centre of a large district containing between three and four millions of inhabitants, among whom, until the present year, a Christian missionary has never been located. A few months ago, the Rev. Mr. Butler, a minister of the American Episcopal Methodist, came out to establish a new mission in India. Mr. Butler is an admirable man,—a man of high talents and shining piety,—who endeared himself to all here who were privileged to make his acquaintance. As he expected to be soon followed by a powerful staff of assistants from America, he was strongly recommended to plant his new mission in Bareilly. From his name not having yet appeared in any list of killed or missing, we are hopeful that he and his wife and children succeeded in reaching Nynce Tal. A small body of native Christians—gathered by a native catechist, who had been supported by the British residents—has been destroyed.—The spirit of the Mohammedan has always been

known by the few who studied it to be more intensely anti-Christian than that of heathenism itself. Many, however, cherished the delusion that, under the combined influences of European civilization, it was now changed and mollified. I never believed this myself. I always regarded the apparent change as merely the result of external repression, that, is of necessity. Of the sad truth of this view of the case, the present rebellion has furnished the most memorable illustrations. Kindness, conciliation, benefits conferred—all have gone for nothing. The moment the external restraint has been removed, the old spirit, which exulted in the merit of sending the souls of infidels to the abyss of hell, has burst forth with uncontrollable fury.

August 1st.—The Cawnpore tragedy turns out to have been, in extent and atrocity, the most awful of all the terrible tragedies recently enacted in the northwest. It is now certain that not fewer than six or seven hundred men, women, and children, have fallen in it! The sufferings, physical and mental, which most of these must have endured for weeks, from the enemy's shot, exposure to the sun, scarcity of provisions, sickness of every kind racking suspense and anxiety, imagination itself can never realize. In my former account, it was stated that the monster Nonsa Sahib had reserved a number of women and children, who had escaped the fearful massacre in the boats; and that these he had barbarously massacred the day before General Havelock defeated him in battle, and re-captured Cawnpore. On the evening of the 15th July, these, as it now appears from a written memorandum found on the spot, to the number of 197, were taken to the house where the unfortunate men who had been taken from the boats were previously murdered; and there the whole of them were savagely butchered, and many of the mangled bodies thrown in to a deep well. The building in which the massacre took place is described as looking like a horrid slaughter house. A gentleman who saw it writes to say, "Let your imagination conceive of the horrible what it may, and it must still fall immeasurably short of the reality." Surely God is visiting our people in this land in hot displeasure; surely our sins have found us out. What need, then, of great searchings of heart and lowliest contrition of spirit, and burning confession of guilt, before God, if haply He turn away the fierceness of his anger! Still, nothing can palliate, far less justify, the crimes of the cruel murderers of defenceless women and innocent children. Accordingly, General Neill, by the last accounts, "was compelling all the high caste Brahmins whom he could capture among the guilty sepoys, to collect the bloody clothes of the victims, and wash up the blood from the floor,—a European soldier standing over each man with a 'cat-o-nine-tails,' and administering it with vigour whenever he relaxed in his exertions. The wretches having been subjected to this degradation, which of course includes loss of caste, are then hanged one after another."

Many isolated incidents connected with this wholesale butchery of a very affecting description have come to light. Here is one:—After the British had been shut up in their entrenchment, an English lady arrived with her children,—fugitives from some neighbouring station. Her husband had been murdered on the road. The poor helpless widow implored Nonsa Sahib for life; but he ordered them all to be taken out to the plain and killed! On the way, the children complained of the sun; and the mother requested that they might be taken under some trees. But even that request was denied her. Brought like so many felons to the open plain, the mother and children were tied together, and deliberately shot, with the exception of the youngest, who was seen crawling over the dead bodies, and feeling them, and asking why they had fallen down, and gone to sleep in the sun! At last a cruel trooper came, and dashed out the brains of this little