

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Several foreign journals have announced, as positive news, that the Emperor of France and Russia, after a meeting at the camp of Châlons-sur-Marne, had decided on the subject of the war.

The day approaches when the assembled *Assemblée Nationale* will be allowed to re-assemble, but under a new name. What that name is to be has been the subject of an amount of talk. It has been proposed, but even now it is hardly certain if one has been chosen. Some did not suit the authorities—others were unimpeachable in the eyes of the public. Ladies will tell us that changing a name is no light matter, and, naturally, as the day approaches, the agitation increases. It is confidently affirmed that the *Assemblée* will be the new title, and that, for the first six months of its appearance, it will be permitted to add to that name the words, "*Journal fondé en 1848, sous le titre de l'Assemblée Nationale*."—*Times Correspondent*.

By the Emperor's special command, the Minister of Marine has issued an order to all captains of ships of war to give every aid to English vessels conveying troops to India, and to take them in tow when becalmed.

The *Debut*, in a long and interesting article, seeks to prove that the origin of the mutiny in India is to be sought neither in foreign intrigues nor in the incapacity or neglect of the officers of that army. The writer believes that Russian agency and manoeuvres can be traced in Central Asia only, and do not extend to our Indian possessions; he thinks it would be impossible for European agents to dwell and work in India without discovery; and, as for native agents, he believes they would long ago have sold the secret of their proceedings to the English authorities. He remarks, with some truth, that it must be most difficult to conceal the presence of European agents in India; where, with the exception of Government servants and their families, Europeans are extremely few. With respect to the officers of the Indian army, he expresses himself as follows:—

"It is unjust to attribute the responsibility of the present evils to the officers of the Indian army: the responsibility must be placed at a far higher door. These officers, who are now suffering the terrible consequences of a situation they had not created, merit some sympathy. They are paying with their lives, with the lives of their wives and children, for faults not committed by them. A considerable number have been assassinated, have seen their wives slaughtered, after enduring the vilest treatment, and have seen their children perish amidst the most horrible tortures. Even had these officers furnished matter for criticism, the present moment would be a cruel one to condemn them; and we must the more abstain from so doing since, in our conviction, there exist no grounds of complaint. Never, we believe, has the staff of the Anglo-Indian army, which has produced so many men of rare merit—we may say, without exaggeration, so many heroes—been better composed than at the present moment. In the two or three columns of letters from India, published daily by the English journals—in these letters, written in the midst of the most appalling scenes on the very spot where the most abominable barbarities are being committed, not a movement of weakness, not a boastful expression, is betrayed. Many of these officers have been put to death under circumstances where the victims required a far different courage from that of the soldier intoxicated by the hope of glory. And has a single man died otherwise than as a hero, striving to perform his duty up to his last gasp. Perhaps we fail to take into account, here in Europe, the extraordinary energy developed in these men by the sentiment of their moral superiority over the debased population which surrounds them. In India, amidst those barbarians, the motto '*Noblesse oblige*' is stamped in the hearts of Europeans. The successors of Clive and Malcolm are worthy of those who preceded them, a fact which is proved by the number of distinguished men who have issued from their ranks within late years. Who were the two Pottingers, Colonel Burns, and Brigadier Mayne? Who are Major Edwards, the two Laurences, Brigadier Chamberlayne, Colonel Jacob, and General Outram, who so skillfully conducted the Persian war? Are not all these eminent men, and many others whose names we cannot be expected to know, officers or former officers of the East India Company's service?"

A handsome and a well-deserved tribute. I must say that all the Frenchmen I have heard speak on the subject of the contest now waging in Bengal have expressed themselves in terms of warm, and some of them almost enthusiastic, admiration of the valor and constancy of the handful of brave men who are so valiantly struggling against the rebel forces, immeasurably superior to them in numbers. I submit that part of the article of the *Debut* relating to the supposed Russian intrigues in India:— "The opinion is widely spread in India that the long train of powder which has exploded under the feet of the British at Teheran, Delhi, and Canton proceeds from a concerted plan prepared by Russia during the late war, and not abandoned by her after the conclusion of peace. In India sincere belief reigns with respect to the power of intrigue and the diplomatic skill of Russia, notwithstanding the events of the last few years ought to have proved to the most prejudiced that this skill has been vastly exaggerated, and that the power of intrigue chiefly exists in the credulity of the public. Did we not, in fact, witness during the late war the utter impotency of Russia to produce an explosion in countries under the influence of her influence, such as Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro? But, if we in Europe are aware of the reality, people in India are not so far advanced. That Russia possesses agents in Central Asia is a matter of certainty, and doubtless their mission is to raise enemies to England. Some of these agents, and especially the unhappy Vicowitch, who disappeared so suddenly, with his papers, at St. Petersburg, have created too much noise in the world to permit any doubt with regard to their existence; but it is not so certain that these agents penetrate into British India. The presence there of a European is difficult to conceal, and it would be almost impossible for a stranger to mix among populations speaking an infinity of languages and dialects without being detected and denounced by the police. It may be retorted that, if Russian policy does not possess direct agents in India, it employs a host of emissaries, recruited among the traders, travelling fakirs, caravan-drivers, &c., of Asia. Now, the slightest knowledge of the East teaches that nothing serious could be obtained from such instruments, even if they were employed, for Asiatics placed between two Christian Powers would betray both. Now England pays better and more willingly than Russia; consequently, any intrigues of the latter would speedily be disclosed to the British authorities. In reality, the theatre of the struggle between the two countries is still confined to Central Asia, and we should be very much surprised to learn that the intrigues of Russia in India extend beyond the more or less authentic communications she may receive with regard to the finances, the army, the condition of the country, &c., from Greek or Armenian merchants established at Calcutta or Bombay. It is therefore neither in foreign intrigues nor in the faults of the officer of the Bengal army that must be sought the causes of the Sepoy revolt."—*Times Cor.*

SPAIN.

It is believed that the Cortes will meet in October, in order to be in session at the period of Her Majesty's accession.

It is a melancholy fact that two crimes, formerly unknown in this country, are now of frequent recurrence—suicide, and the sacrilegious robbery of the churches.

The public are constantly assured that the negotiations concerning the "Eccelesiastical question" are in a fair way of being settled with his Holiness; but nothing positive on this subject is published in the official journal, and Senor Mori, charged with these negotiations, is expected to resume his seat as deputy in the next meeting of the Cortes.

ITALY.

DISPUTES BETWEEN NAPLES AND SARDINIA.—The *Times* correspondent, speaking of the dispute about the Cagliari steamer, says:—"I am assured that the King of Sardinia is disposed to carry matters with a high hand, and he is said to be determined, if Naples refuses his request, not only to withdraw his ambassador, but also to declare war. One has difficulty in believing that he would so promptly adopt so strong a measure. I need hardly point out that, if he did, the affair would be most serious, and might, very probably, be fatal to the peace of Europe. Austria would at once side with Naples. Austria, however, is by no means desirous of seeing things come to such a pass, and is doing her utmost to make up the quarrel."

The *Corriere Mercantile* of Genoa says:—"The seizure of a quantity of arms at Naples on board two Neapolitan steamers is confirmed. The police had previously received secret information on the subject from the Austrian police. It is also stated that a small band of about fifteen men, the survivors of the Sapri expedition, are still wandering about the mountains of Calabria."

The *Cattolico* of Genoa, states that the deputation of Priests, who were to proceed to Florence to present their homage to the Pope, will not go; for reasons beyond the control of the Priesthood. The paragraph is so worded as to intimate that the government has interfered to prevent the departure of the deputation.

The *Bilancia* of Milan states that intelligence from Genoa gives reason to believe that the Mazzini or democratic party still hold their sacred meetings in that city, and that the Ministry are well aware of the fact, but that they do not think proper to hinder them.

TURKEY.

Despatches from Constantinople announce the receipt, by the British and Austrian ambassadors, of the fresh instructions from their respective governments by which they are ordered to demand of the Porte, conjointly with the representatives of the other four powers, that the Moldavian elections should be annulled. It is added, that before obeying these orders the two ambassadors thought it their duty to make a fresh representation to their courts. There appears not the least doubt of the satisfactory arrangement of the affair, the Sultan having declared his willingness to conform to the decision of the six powers as soon as that should be unanimous. It seems pretty certain that Kaprisli Pasha will be Vizier. This bias is decidedly French. It is stated that the French Government's latest instructions to M. Thouvenot are to be as satisfactory as possible in his manner of transacting business, and carefully to spare the susceptibilities of Lord Stratford and Baron Prokesch.

The *Times* publishes the following telegraphic despatch from its Paris correspondent:—"Paris, Aug. 25th.—The Porte has consented to annul the Moldavian elections on the representation of the four powers, without waiting for the adhesion of the ambassadors of England and Austria."

RUSSIA.

The following letter from St. Petersburg in the *Constitutionnel* refers to a singular rumour current for some time past in the German press, relative to an intention of Austria to question the right of the Emperor of Russia to the title of King of Poland:—"The relations between the Courts of St. Petersburg and Vienna are very unsatisfactory, and may be judged of by the petty quibbles now indulged in by the Austrian Cabinet. Everybody is aware that the Emperor of Russia is also King of Poland, and it is very natural that he should adopt that title in official documents. This can only be objected to by those who seek a pretext for satisfying their bad feelings. Such appears to be the intention of the Vienna Cabinet, which, through its Charge d'Affaires at our Court, objects that Alexander II. should assume the title of Emperor and King, which belongs exclusively, according to that cabinet, to the Emperor of Austria. It might be argued that the title of the latter is open to objection, since the unity of the Austrian Empire has been proclaimed, and the loss by the isolated kingdoms of Hungary, Bohemia, &c., of their distinct existence. Poland, on the other hand, has a distinct administration. Under these circumstances, which power is in the right? Our cabinet has simply refused to enter into any discussion on the subject."

PERSIA.

Despatches received in Paris from Teheran to the 5th July state that when the Indian mutiny became known in Persia, several ulemas preached in favour of the Indians, and the propaganda would have assumed a serious character had it not been for the energy displayed by the government to arrest its progress. At the latest date the country was tranquil, and the new Minister of War was reorganising the army. The court had quitted Teheran for Elbruz, where it encamps every year during the hot weather. The Shah was determined to honourably execute the treaty of peace, and the best understanding existed between him and Mr. Murray, the British minister, whose health would force him shortly to quit the country. Herat was to be evacuated by the Persian troops. This would have been done sooner had it not been for a civil war that was raging among the principal tribes of Afghanistan, of which each one pretends to the possession of that important fortress. It was known at Teheran that the British troops were about to quit the Persian Gulf.

INDIA.

The following telegraphic despatch, received through the British Vice-Consul at Trieste, August 26, at 7.30 p.m., is forwarded to the Editor of the *Evening Mail* by direction of the Earl of Clarendon:—

"Alexandria, Aug. 20.

"The Bombay arrived at Suva yesterday morning, bringing dates from Bombay to the 30th of July. The latest date from Delhi is the 14th of July, at which time that city was still held by the rebels. Though we have parts of five regiments before Delhi only 2,000 Europeans can be mustered for any effective attack, in consequence of detachments to protect other places. Sir Henry Bernard died of cholera on the 5th of July, and was succeeded by General Reid. The Bombay and Madras Presidencies were perfectly tranquil, and their armies continued loyal. General Sir H. Lawrence died on the 4th of July. The garrison of Lucknow is holding out. General Havelock at the head of 2,000 Europeans has defeated the rebels in three engagements, recapturing Cawnpore, and capturing 26 guns. These actions were very brilliant, and with very little loss on our side. The garrison of Agra fought the Neemuch mutineers on the 5th of July. Our loss was 49 killed and 92 wounded out of a total force of 500.

"Several massacres have taken place in the North West Provinces. The Punjab continues quiet, with the exception of a mutiny at Sealkote of the 9th Light Cavalry and 46th Native Infantry, who took the route to Delhi. They were attacked on the 12th of July by Brigadier Nicholson and were driven back, with 200 killed and wounded, leaving their baggage and plunder in our hands. Our loss was six killed and 15 wounded. A rising took place at Hyderabad on the 18th of July, but was quickly suppressed."

(From the *Times*.)

The Bombay mail arrived at Suva six days after the arrival of that from Calcutta, and brings us news from Delhi down to the 14th of July. At that date, it appears, we were still waiting for reinforcements,

as, owing to the extent of our own positions to be protected, no more than 2,000 Europeans could be spared for an effective attack on the city. On the scale of the calculations made in the not very different case of Sebastopol, this would not necessarily imply a less aggregate than 7,000 Europeans in the camp, the latest estimate reported. The death of Sir H. Bernard took place on the 5th, so that his successor, General Reid, had been nine days in command at the last date. The garrison of Lucknow, in the words of the despatch, was "still holding out" after the loss of its lamented commander on the 4th. The report of General Havelock's successes is confirmed. With his flying brigade of 2,000 Europeans he had achieved three brilliant victories over the rebels, and driven them away from the extensive positions they were lately occupying round Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore, capturing from them 26 guns. They are the very men who, under the miscreant Nens Sahib, perpetrated that horrible massacre of European women and children caught in their passage down the Ganges, and it is a good omen for our cause that they are the first victims of a just retribution. These successes have been obtained with little loss on our side. On the other hand, the report from Agra looks ill, though not very explicable. The garrison is said to have fought the Neemuch mutineers on the 5th of July, with the loss of 49 killed and 92 wounded, out of a total force of 500. "Several massacres have taken place in the North-Western provinces." This may or may not mean more detailed accounts of the calamities already reported.

"The Bombay and Madras presidencies were perfectly tranquil, and their armies remained loyal." This is now our chief hope, for so long as the mutiny is confined to its present range every day will place it more under command. The Punjab was quiet, excepting that some cavalry and infantry of the Bengal army stationed at Sealkote, on the Chenab, about sixty miles north-east of Lahore, followed the example of their comrades, and marched off towards Delhi, thinking that probably a safer course than to remain among the Sikhs. They were, however, attacked on the 12th of July by Brigadier Nicholson, and driven back with 200 killed and wounded, leaving their baggage and plunder in our hands.

As the mutineers were driven back with the loss of their baggage, and as the attempted march to Delhi is near 400 miles over a sandy desert, and other obstructions, besides that the Punjab is not exactly the place for an outcast and destitute Hindoo to find himself at home in, we may expect some further account of these gentlemen. A rising took place at Hyderabad on the 18th, probably under similar circumstances, but was quickly suppressed.

Here again, then, we have to repeat, what was observable on the face of the last despatch, that the only two pieces of bad news are the deaths of the two generals. The loss of Sir H. Lawrence is, indeed, a misfortune which is hardly possible to over-estimate.

(From the *Daily News*.)

The anticipatory telegraph of the Bombay mail confirms the disastrous intelligence received some days ago via Cagliari. If anything, it deepens the shade. It alludes to fresh massacres in the North-West provinces; it speaks explicitly of a rising at Hyderabad, and of a mutiny at Sealkote; and it mentions an action between the garrison of Agra and the mutineers from Neemuch. It is true that the insurgents everywhere give way before the English soldiers; but even victories will be wearing out the few who are struggling against such terrible odds.

The brilliant operations of General Havelock at Cawnpore contrast with these evil tidings as the brightness of the rainbow is enhanced by the darkness of the cloud in which it appears. Still it is strange that no mention is made of Sir Hugh Wheeler and his comrades. We cannot but think that had they fallen before Cawnpore was retaken, their fate would not have been passed over in silence. We will draw a good omen from the absence of their names. In doing so, however, we confess that we are "hoping against hope," as our correspondent "Cauldwell" expresses it, for mention is made of the fall of Cawnpore in the last letters of the lamented Lawrence.

The question suggested to every man by the depressing tidings from India is—How soon can reinforcements reach our gallant countrymen? By the Cape route the first instalments may begin to drop dribbling in about November; when the whole of the force now scattered over the ocean may reach the theatre of war none but an inspired prophet could tell. Will our ministers, even at this, the eleventh hour, awaken to the necessity of making at least an effort to forward a detachment through Egypt? Will they for once disregard their own petty reputations so far as to risk reproach or ridicule for a failure, to obtain a chance of sending speedier relief to the few thousands who are contending against myriads of incarnate fiends? Is there no member of the House of Commons who will avail himself of the few minutes he can snatch on Friday to tell ministers in the plainest terms what the country thinks of their callous dilatoriness and frivolous excuses?

We continue our extracts from letters from the disturbed districts:—The following is an extract from a letter from an Artillery officer, dated Peshawar, June 26:—

"We have formed here a beautiful six-pounder horse battery, with 160 Europeans attached, the only battery in India in which the drivers are not natives; seventy-four ride and the rest sit on the guns and waggons; in three weeks we procured volunteers, taught them to ride, and trained 130 horses; we want twenty more horses.

"I will not now weary you with more details, but change the subject. I am always picturing to myself the horror of people at home when they hear of the succession of atrocities perpetrated by the scoundrel Sopors, and of the narrow escape we had of losing India. We disarmed the 10th Irregular Cavalry here, and then disbanded them for not charging the 55th Native Infantry, who were in open mutiny, when ordered to do so. We managed to get these doves, as they are called, dismounted within 100 yards of the guns, sent a party to seize their horses at their pickets, then commanded them to lay down their arms, then sent searchers to relieve them of their paraphernalia, made them take off their coats, then ordered them to take off their boots. Fancy a cavalry regiment hard at work taking off each others' boots under the influence of artillery! Each man was then given eight annas (12d), the whole secured, marched off to the river side, where they are to be embarked in boats and sent down the Indus, where I expect every mother's son will have a chance of being drowned in the rapids. To-night we pick out horses to complete the battery from the disbanded cavalry. We had a night alarm a short time since; you know we (the artillery) all sleep at the guns. I awoke and heard 'boom, boom.' Hearing guns fired (for so it seemed) at regular intervals from the fort, we thought the city had risen, and a night alarm all through the cantonments was the consequence: we were all at our rendezvous in no time. This was caused by the explosion of little mines in the city in honor of a wedding. Well, next morning the persons concerned and those who worked at the mines were tied up and received such a flogging as they will not easily forget. In these times of danger and treachery we do not bother ourselves about the quirks of law, but hang, shoot, or flog as circumstances arise. We stand no nonsense here. The General swears he will maintain discipline.

What a wonderful mercy the telegraph communication has been kept up in the Punjab; here is a use it was put to:—A native of high rank (Pindia, which said, "Three natives of high rank (giving names) sit in council to-morrow, to decide what to do against the English." The telegraph said, "Let a spy attend, and report." This was done, and

in a few minutes after the outlines of the plot were before Lawrence. Telegraph attend. "Hang them all three." In fifteen minutes more they were hanging.

The following is an extract from the letter of a British officer in the army before Delhi:—It shows the arduous nature of the service in which that army is engaged, and that, in fact, it is rather besieged in its camp than acting on the offensive.

"June 24th.—Still before the walls of this horrible city. We have had no reinforcements yet beyond a few Sikhs belonging to the 4th Sikh Regiment; consequently we have been able to do nothing except hold our own. On the 19th they came out again, having received reinforcements, which they immediately sent out to fight us. At the same time a very large force went out a long way and tried to get round into the rear of our camp. A large force of ours consequently went out to meet these gentlemen, and a tremendous fight was the consequence. Our arrangements were very bad in this fight—the cavalry, infantry, and Artillery all mixed up together in sad confusion; many of our men, I fear, killed by our side. The mutineers held a capital position, and their big guns did terrible execution; loaded as they were with grape-shot; unfortunately, too, evening closed in on the fight, and, instead of quietly retiring, so as to protect our camp, we were ordered to fight on, and the confusion became terrible; at last, however, the order came to retire; many of our guns were left on the ground till morning, as also our killed and wounded, but were luckily all safely brought back into camp next day. I fear our loss was nearly equal to the enemy's that day; several officers were killed and wounded—among the latter our commander (Daly) shot through the shoulder. He is doing well, however. Kennedy, of our cavalry, too, has since been shot through the leg and stomach; he is doing well, but he had a narrow escape. On the morning after the last fight the mutineers again came out to try the same plan as the evening before; but the lesson we had made us wiser, and we marched out in capital order. The enemy, seeing this, immediately began to retire, and tried to draw us on to some broken ground. This, however, they did not succeed in; and, as they kept retreating from place to place, our Horse Artillery punished them a good deal. Finding they could do no good that day, they wisely retired, and we returned to camp. No loss on our side. Since then (the 20th), beyond a few skirmishes, nothing was attempted on either side, except our blowing up two bridges, which prevents the enemy's artillery from coming out except by a long route of some three miles to the left and right; but yesterday, the 23rd, we heard that every man in the city capable of bearing arms was coming out to make an end of us or die in the attempt. Our information was correct; at sunrise yesterday morning the whole city apparently turned out and attacked us on all sides. I was with the Guides on the right, and from sunrise to past sunset we fought altogether fifteen hours without anything to eat and only water to drink. We managed to hold our own well, nevertheless, till about one o'clock an immense reinforcement came to the assistance of the opposite party, and we had enough to do to hold our own. I twice fired away every shot we had, nearly a 100 rounds per man, and had sent back for more ammunition. The men I sent came back with the fearful news there was no more; to leave the position was contrary to all orders, so we had to do our best by pretending to fire and keeping the post with the bayonet. All this time we were under a perfect hailstorm of bullets, round shot, and shell, for the enemy had brought some of their light field guns round, and were playing with great effect on our reduced numbers. I certainly thought we should be done for, when by the greatest good luck, a part of the regiment of Sikhs that had that very morning marched into camp came up with a yell to our assistance; they were fresh men, and had lots of ammunition, so we rushed on and drove the enemy back. At the same time we were ordered to advance as far as we could; this we did, and drove the enemy into the city, after which, as they did not seem inclined to come out again, we retired, it being past sunset. Just at this time my legs, stout as they are, fairly and for the first time, refused to carry me after a little coaxing and rest, however, they condescended to carry me on a little further, and I reached our picket dead beaten. I certainly never was so fearfully and painfully tired in my life. A man named Shebbare, who is doing the second in command's work in poor Batyry's place, a great, big, and very powerful-built giant, was also so fearfully knocked up that he was obliged to be carried up; two of our poor men also were so fatigued that they died from exhaustion. Luckily on arrival at picket we found something to eat and drink. After a few mouthfuls I fell back on my bed fast asleep. Luckily, too, there was no alarm or attack in the night, for I feel perfectly certain that had my commission depended on it I could not have got up. A good night's sleep has set me up wonderfully, and I feel quite jolly. The mutineers have been quiet to-day also; they lost fearfully yesterday. No more for to-day, or I shall be too late for the mail."

A Clergyman at Benares writes that the gibbet is a standing institution there:—

"There it stands immediately in front of the flag-staff, with three ropes always attached to it, so that three may be executed at one time. Two additional gibbets were erected, with three ropes to each, but they have been taken down. Scarcely a day passes without some poor wretches being hurled into eternity. It is horrible, very horrible! To think of it is enough to make one's blood run cold; but such is the state of things here that even fine delicate ladies may be heard expressing their joy at the vigor with which the miscreants are dealt with. The swiftness with which crime is followed by the severest punishment strikes the people with astonishment, it is so utterly foreign to all our modes of procedure, as known to them. Hitherto the process has been very slow, encumbered with forms, and such cases have always been carried to the Supreme Court for final decision. Now, the Commissioner of Benares may give commissions to whom he chooses (the city being under martial law) to try, decide, and execute on the spot, without any delay. The other day a party were sent out to Gopigang, some thirty miles distant, to seize a landowner who had proclaimed himself Rajah, and two men said to be his ministers. The three men were surprised and taken. They were tried on the spot by a commission composed of five military and civil officers. After a short trial, the three were condemned to be executed then and there. The Rajah and the others protested they were innocent, and appealed to the Sudder (the Supreme Court). They were told there was no appeal to the Sudder in these days. To their utter amazement and horror, preparations were made for their execution before their own door, and before the sun went down they were executed. Whatever may be thought of such doings, one thing is certain, that these executions have struck terror into the hearts of the ruffians in this district, and have done much to awe them into better conduct. Roads near us, in which people were hourly robbed a fortnight ago, are now quite safe."

The writer of the letter from which we have extracted the following was in Delhi at the time of the outbreak. The sight of an outrage on a woman roused his ire, and, having shot one of the ruffians, he attacked his house:—

"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 revolver 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 club-

bung their guns; they rushed on the surprised blacks. At the moment the attack was made by my crew of men, I stepped out from my hiding-place behind the door, and shot the hindmost villain down with my pistol, and then, with all the force of ten thousand devils, I went to work with my sword, wounding here, killing there, and shooting those that stabbed 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 thereupon, shutting them out. I went back and found that all three of my assistants were 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 discolored my face and assumed the garb of one of the colored blacks, and as I could speak the language I thought I should pass for a black. I got out by a back way, and began hallooing and shouting, and 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 refrain myself from killing them. One time, after I had killed a black 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 post 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 snuggled myself in with them, and came over to 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 following letter is from a clergyman:—

"BANGALORE, July 4.—I began writing you an account by the last mail of this terrible outbreak in the Bengal Presidency, and I have determined to give you a brief outline of what further has been perpetrated, as Englishmen ought to be in possession of facts, lest there should be any squeamishness about the punishment in store for the brutal and diabolical mutineers."

"We have had an awful time of it, I can assure you, though we ourselves have been mercifully kept from alarm or danger. No words can express the feeling of horror which pervades society in India, we hear so many private accounts of the tragedy, which are so sickening to repeat."

"The cruelties committed by the wretches exceed all belief. They took 48 females, most of them girls of from 10 to 14, many delicately nurtured ladies, violated them, and kept them for the base purposes of the heads of the insurrection for a whole week. At the end of that time they made them strip themselves, and gave them up to the lowest of the people to abuse in broad daylight in the streets of Delhi. They then commenced the work of torturing them to death, cutting off their breasts, fingers, and noses, and leaving them to die. One lady was three days dying. They flayed the face of another lady and made her walk naked through the street. Poor Mrs. —, the wife of an officer of the Regiment, at Meerut, was soon expecting her confinement. They violated her, then ripped her up, and, taking from her the unborn child, cast it and her into the flames. No European man, woman, or child has had the slightest mercy shown them. I do not believe that the world ever witnessed more hellish torments than have been inflicted on our poor fellow-countrywomen. At Allahabad they have rivalled the atrocities of Delhi. I really cannot tell you the fearful cruelties these demons have been guilty of—cutting off the fingers and toes of little children, joint by joint, in sight of their parents, who were reserved for similar treatment afterwards."

(FROM A CIVIL SERVANT.)

ALLAHABAD, JUNE 28.—Here I am well and safe, thanks be to God, who has mercifully preserved me and others from a cruel fate which has overtaken many of our dear friends.

"We have had a trying time of it, but as far as Allahabad is concerned, all is well, for we have a large force of European soldiers, who would fight and beat off all creation if necessary, and which is being daily increased by reinforcements coming up from Calcutta. We have been so bewildered lately that I have lost all recollection of dates and of when I last wrote to you. We were incarcerated in that horrid fort from the 6th to the 18th of this month, and a fearful time we had of it. God grant that I may never pass such a time again! Better to die by the sword fighting than to see such sights of horror and pass such a time of anxiety. I do not think that I told you in my last letter of the treachery of the 6th Native Infantry, or of the fearful night of the 6th of June. I can hardly write it, so sad and miserable is the story. God, in His infinite mercy, preserved me from a dreadful death at the hands of the bloodthirsty Sepoys. I told you in my last letter that we were apprehensive of an outbreak on the part of the city people, and that I had taken up a position at the gaoi ready to make a stand; that the officers of the 6th Native Infantry had all confidence in their men, though we had not, for now no one can trust those wretched creatures. Well, matters went on quietly enough till Friday, the 5th, when news of the disturbance at Benares came up, with a report that a number of the insurgents were on their way to attack this station. On the same day an order came from the Brigadier at Cawnpore to 'man the fort with every available European, and make a good stand.' No non-military men were instantly ordered into the fort, being formed into a militia under the orders of the officer commanding the garrison. We slept in the fort on that Friday, the 5th, doing duty upon the ramparts, and returned to the station the following morning, but only for the morning, going into the fort again in the afternoon. At this time we had in the fort about 30 invalid artillery soldiers, some few commissariat and magazine sergeants, and we volunteers mustering above 100 men. There were also 400 Sikhs, and 80 of the wretched 6th guarding the magazine! A great number of the European merchants and half-castes remained outside, believing the report to be only a cry of 'Wolf,' and supposing it to be a false alarm. The report of the approach of the insurgents was false; but, alas! would that the poor creatures had taken advice and joined us in the fort! Among those outside were poor Captain Birch, the Fort Adjutant, a married man, poor fellow, with a family; Innes, the executive engineer, who had the previous day resigned his appointment to the fort from ill-health, and had gone up to his bungalow. My poor dear friend, Alexander, of the Invalids, was in a garden near the fort with 150 of his troops. Two guns under Harward, of the Artillery, had been sent down to the river to guard the bridge of boats over the Ganges towards Benares. Hicks, of the 6th Native Infantry, and two little girls were also stationed there in charge of two companies of that regiment. Well, all these poor fellows were out and we were inside the fort, through the mercy of the Almighty. We were told off on our guard and had laid ourselves down on our beds (those who were not on watch), when, about half-past 9, we heard firing in the station, and on the alarm bugle being sounded we ran up to the ramparts in breathless silence. The firing grew heavier, and we all thought that the insurgents had entered the station, and were being beaten off by the regiment. So steady was the musketry, regular file firing; on, on it continued, volley after volley. 'Oh,' we all said, 'those gallant Sepoys are beating off the fort, as if they were driving a force out of the station. But before long the truth was known. Harward's role in bringing the tidings that the wretched Sepoys had risen, had seized his guns, and had marched them up to the station. He had escaped, and had run up to poor Alexander's camp,