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ARTICLE I.—*Annals of the American Pulpit*; or Commemorative Notices of distinguished American Clergymen of various Denominations. With Historical Introductions. By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D. Volumes III. and IV. New York: Carters. 1858. 8vo. pp. 632, 836.

WE have already paid our respects to the former volumes of this work, and we need not repeat the remarks which we then made upon the plan and manner of the collection. But this new portion has a peculiar charm, as containing the history of our own venerable and beloved branch of the church catholic. Delightful as it has been to turn over these pages, we have found it a slow process, as our progress has been continually interrupted by the emotions which memory awoke, as we saw passing before us in vision, the images, first of those whose names were perpetually on the lips of our fathers, and then of those at whose feet we ourselves once sat. The task or sacred office of recalling such associations has chastened every controversial heat, and made us fain to recall the day when the Presbyterian church in the United States was an undivided body; while the prospect of yet greater increase and diffusion over rising States and conterminous countries, lifts our hearts in thanksgiving and hope.

When we reflect that the series extends from 1683 to 1855,

enjoy such tokens of the Saviour's approval, as they only know who are willing to forsake all for Christ. The missionary will find no want of stimulus or scope for the exercise of all the nobler faculties of his nature. He will find a fruitful field of research in the character of the people around him, in the study of their language and in the labours that will devolve upon him in his new calling. He will have constant opportunities by the wayside, under the wide spread shade-tree, in the smoky hut, and in the open council-house, to unfold to men and women who never heard it before, the wonderful love of the Saviour, than which there is no richer spiritual enjoyment on earth. And if called to die in that far-off land, he will have the sustaining presence of his Saviour, and find as direct a pathway to heaven, as from any other spot on the face of the earth.

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#### ART. IV.—*The Present State of India.*

THE great event of this generation is the revolt in India. The standing of Great Britain among the nations; the destiny of the millions of India; and the progress of Christianity in the East, are all involved in the issue. The sympathies of the Christian world must be with the English in this momentous conflict. Not only are they our brethren in the flesh and in the faith, but it is patent to all men, that the outbreak in India is the rising of the powers of darkness against the kingdom of light. It is heathenism against Christianity. It is Belial against Christ. It is Satan against God. This is the essential nature of the conflict, whatever collateral or subordinate issues may be involved. There would have been no revolt, or it would have assumed an entirely different character, were it not for the deadly hostility of the people to Christianity; and the triumph of the rebels would be the triumph of heathenism and the suppression of the gospel. Viewed, therefore, either in its cause or consequences, this great conflict is essentially

the conflict of light and darkness. In saying this, we do not mean to say that the East India Company is a Christian institution, or that its government has been conducted on Christian principles. All we mean is, that the English rulers in India being Protestant Christians, they are of necessity the representatives of Christianity in the eyes of the people. Their presence gives facilities for the open inculcation of the gospel, and the progress and consolidation of their power must inevitably secure the progress of Christianity, and the consequent downfall of Mohammedanism and Hinduism. It is the consciousness of this truth which lies at the bottom of the conflict. Other things may be exciting or occasional causes, but this spiritual antagonism, this essential opposition between Christianity and heathenism, is the motive power. Temporal grievances may have weakened the levee, but the overwhelming rush of waters is from a higher source—from the inner or spiritual world—a world which politicians and statesmen, unfortunately, seldom take into account. The fatal error of the East India Company, its condemning sin, has been that they ignored their religion. They thought they could govern as neutrals in religion. They went about India, as men entering a cavern filled with bats and unclean birds, with dark lanterns, for fear of disturbing the inhabitants. Enough of light, however, gleamed through to arouse and terrify the spirits of darkness. Had they allowed the light to shine freely, those spirits would have fled or quailed. Our Lord said, "He that is not for me, is against me;" and the same is true of Satan. Not to be a Mohammedan is to be an infidel; and not to be a Brahman is to be unclean. The East India Company, by their assumed neutrality in religion, have Satan against them, without having God for them. Thus it ever must be with any individual or nation which acts on the principle of treating all religions alike.

A great distinction is to be made between the East India Company and the English in India. The former has, to a great degree, ignored their religion, while multitudes of the latter have been devoted Christians; and through them it is that Christianity, with its disturbing light, has been brought to bear on the powers of darkness. Christ said he did not come to send peace, but a sword. The East India Company were not wrong

in assuming that Christianity would be a disturbing element in India. Their mistake was in thinking that they could keep it out; that the sun could be hid under a bushel; that Christian men, the temples and organs of the Holy Spirit, could be scattered over the country, and yet Satan not know it, or knowing it, not resist.

In ascribing a religious origin to this revolt we, of course, do not deny the existence or reality of other causes. The mere disparity in numbers between the governors and the governed, forty or fifty thousand Englishmen controlling a population numbering a hundred and fifty millions, is of itself enough to account for this rebellion. To this must be added the diversity of race. If we should be restive under the military government of Malays or negroes, is it wonderful that the Hindus feel the domination of a handful of Europeans, whom they regard as a lower order of beings, a degradation?\* Was a Mohammedan nation ever known to submit quietly to the authority of Christians? Then again the government of a semi-civilized people must of necessity be more or less arbitrary, and when exercised by a minority, forced to rely in a great measure on the natives for the execution of the laws and the collection of taxes, it cannot fail in a multitude of cases to be oppressive. The substitution also of the rule of Englishmen necessarily displeased the native rulers; whole classes of men, before powerful and wealthy from the possession of office, were necessarily set aside and reduced to insignificance, and of course rendered discontented and revengeful. All these causes of opposition would exist, even had the Company and all its European servants been perfect saints. No one, however, in England and America is disposed to deny that many mistakes and many crimes have been committed by the rulers of India. Surely therefore causes enough for this revolt are to be found, without attributing it to the peculiar injustice and cruelty of the English. The common sense and Christian feelings of the community would be shocked

\* Father Spaulding, of the Ceylon mission, once said to us, that the meanest Tamul boy in their schools would feel himself degraded if forced to marry a daughter of the sovereign of England. A lady belonging to the same mission said, that even when professing Christianity, a Tamul youth would regard himself insulted if she should offer to shake hands with him.



at the assertion that the slaveholders of our Southern States are more unjust and cruel than the slaveholders of ancient Rome or of modern Africa. It would be regarded as a calumny against Christianity itself. No less revolting is the assertion that the Christian rulers of India are no better masters than the Mohammedans or Hindus. This cannot be true, unless Protestant Christianity is no better than heathenism. This charge is not only preposterous in itself, but it is contradicted both by the almost unanimous testimony of competent witnesses, and by facts patent to all men. Did systematic oppressors ever train their victims to the use of arms, organize them into regular battalions, discipline and marshal them as infantry, artillery, and cavalry, put under their charge vast magazines of all the munitions of war, and make them the custodians of the public treasury? Yet all this the English have done in India. Even Delhi, the sacred capital of the Mogul empire, with its countless stores of ammunition, arms, and money, was left without a single European soldier. Would the most benevolent and indulgent slaveholding community on earth dare to act thus towards their slaves? Would it answer to have a trained army of three hundred thousand slave-soldiers in our Southern States?

The conduct of the English is absolutely irreconcilable with the hypothesis of their being deliberate and cruel oppressors. The present calamity has arisen from their overweening confidence in the people. They confided not only in the prestige arising from their past achievements, but to the self-interest of their subjects. By bettering the condition of the masses, by substituting law and order for the arbitrary exactions and cruel treatment of the native rulers, and by petting and pampering the sepoys, they supposed they had sufficiently guarded against either popular insurrection or military revolt. They underrated the power of the hostile principles of race and of religion. The mass of the people of India are either Mussulmans or Hindus. To the former, all infidels are dogs, whom it is an act of piety to destroy; to the latter, all other people are unclean. Men with these sentiments wrought into their nature, the English have armed and disciplined, thus placing themselves, their wives, their children, their wealth and authority in their power,

and then, some would have us believe, goaded them into rebellion by deliberate injustice, insult and cruelty!

When we think over the real facts of the case, the comparative fewness of the English, the hostility of race and of religion, the reduction of so many princes and aristocratic families to insignificance or poverty, the immense mass of disciplined native soldiers to whom the English soldiers were in the proportion of one to a hundred, we must regard it as little less than miraculous that this revolt did not occur long ago, and we shall not feel constrained to believe our Protestant fellow Christians to be worse than the heathen in order to account for the event. All that was necessary to produce an outbreak of the hostile elements which everywhere existed in abundance, was combination. Skilful effort was all that was required to secure concert of action. India has long been like a vast galvanic battery, pregnant with latent fires. It was only necessary to bring the poles together to produce an explosion. The moment the Mussulman and the Hindoo joined hands the circuit was completed, and the whole fabric of British power trembled at the shock. It is generally admitted that the annexation of Oude brought about this fatal combination. Oude is one of the finest provinces of India, and the chief seat of Mohammedan power. The king resided in Lucknow. The whole land was apportioned off to large landholders, who farmed the revenue, giving a certain portion to the king and exacting manifold more from the people. Each of these talookdars, as they are called, had his castle or fort and his armed retainers. They were constantly at war among themselves, and exercised the greatest injustice and cruelty towards the cultivators of the soil. It was the feudal system in a heathenish form. The king was powerless, even if he had the inclination to control these landholders or to protect his people. In fact he cared nothing for the people, but was content to let violence take its course so long as he was allowed to live in splendour and debauchery in Lucknow. The whole land was filled with robbery and murder. The authority of this king the English government was bound by treaty to uphold, and by upholding became responsible for the character of his administration and the state of the country. After all other means had failed to induce

the king to discharge in some measure the duties of his station, and to protect the people, the Earl of Dalhousie determined on the annexation of the kingdom. This measure has been condemned by some as unjust, by others as inexpedient, while others who justify the act condemn the manner in which it was done. On these points we do not pretend to judge. If however the facts reported by Major General Sir W. H. Sleeman, British resident at the Court of Lucknow, after an official tour through the country, be true, then we think there can be little doubt of the justice of the annexation, whatever may be thought of its expediency or the mode of its execution. If it be right for any man to prevent another from robbing or murdering his neighbour; if it was right for England and France to prevent Turkey exterminating the Greeks, we do not see how it could be wrong for the East India Government to put a stop to such a state of things as is said to have existed in Oude under the late king. Whether the measure, in itself considered, however, were right or wrong, it is easy to see that the substitution of the strong arm of British power in place of the nominal rule of the king of Oude, would make the rapacious zemindars tremble for their right to plunder, and for the security of their ill-gotten possessions. These men were thus furnished with a motive for applying the spark to the train long since prepared. The malignity of the Mussulmans was always ripe for revolt. They had only to alarm the Hindoos, and especially the Brahmans, for the security of their religion, to persuade them that the English intended to force them to become Christians, or at least to make them lose caste—an evil to them a thousandfold worse than the loss of rank to European nobles—and the union of effort necessary to success would be secured. This was the course actually taken. A year after the annexation of Oude, a conspiracy had been organized, extending all over Northern India, which, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, leading to a premature outbreak, was prevented from being completely successful. The Mussulmans were the originators and plotters, the Hindus were the dupes. This view of the case accounts for the fact, that the Bengal army, recruited principally from Oude, was the first to revolt. This also explains why the outbreak assumed in Oude the

character of a rebellion, while, elsewhere, it was, in the first instance at least, little more than a military revolt. As soon, however, as the fire was kindled, it spread with fearful rapidity. The prisons were broken open and the convicts let loose, and all persons who had any grievance to avenge, and all who hoped to better their condition by plunder, joined in the revolt. So far as the facts are yet developed, this appears to us the natural account of this dreadful tragedy. "The heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing. The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against his Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision."

We hope our readers will excuse these remarks as introductory to an account of the revolt in India, from the pen of one of our missionaries, who has been on the ground during the whole progress of the conflict. Although this communication occupies more room than is usually allowed to a single article, and although it contains much already known from other sources, yet the ability and various knowledge which it displays, and the profound interest of the subject, must secure for it a cordial reception, and an attentive perusal. Our correspondent writes as follows :

In the history of mankind there are some pages much darker than the rest of that generally dark record. The passages which relate to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the dragonnades attending the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Sicilian Vespers, the Irish Massacres, the deeds of the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru, numerous scenes in the long drama of the Thirty Years' War, the Reign of Terror in France, are not read without a shudder and a melancholy feeling that such things could have been done by *man*. Our feelings are, perhaps, less enlisted as the distance of time increases which separates our days from those times and those events. But bitter, indeed, comes home to our own bosoms the truth of the utter corruption of mankind, when we are bound to insert another page into the dark record, detailing horrors that have



taken place in our own day, and that have befallen those of the same great race with ourselves.

The early part of the year 1857 saw Hindustan peacefully governed by the small number of its conquerors; the husbandman toiling in the field, the shepherd tending his flocks, the collector gathering the taxes, the banker weighing his rupees, the Brahman going out and in with rapid step at the low door of the temple of Mahadev, mumbling his formulas, pouring the water, strewing the flowers; the muezzin's call, loud and shrill, assembled the "faithful" to prayer; the Sikh blew his conch; the missionary preached in the crowded bazar, or taught in the humming school; the sepoy was bathing, or drilling, or practising at the target, or escorting treasure, or going on parade; the officer lived his listless monotonous cantonment life; the magistrate, with drowsy ear, listened to the drawling voice of the native writer reciting some evidence; the Grand Trunk Road was lively with traffic; the picturesque two-wheeled bullock-cart of the native; the large lumbering six-bullock wagon conveying government stores; the *dák-gari* conveying the solitary European traveller, or the palanquin, with its grunting bearers, or the rougher *doli*; numberless natives travelling on foot; regiments of Europeans, Hindustanis, Gurkhas, Sikhs, on their march from one station to another; in a number of places preparations going on for the commencement or completion of railroads; messages flashing along the wires from Bombay to Calcutta, and from Calcutta to Peshawur; men were digging canals, building barracks, erecting jails; whilst in the civil and military stations gayety and half-starved gossip were required to fill the time of many of their inhabitants; they were marrying and giving in marriage, when the idyl, in the twinkling of an eye, was terminated by the rattle of musketry and the booming of cannon, by the shrieks of maltreated English women—"the mother's, the maiden's wild scream of despair"—the piercing cries of English children caught on bayonets, the agonized wail of English infants hewn piecemeal, the dying groans of those that should have been their protectors, brave Englishmen. Rich and poor, young and old, all that was white, were overtaken in the one common calamity. From scores of places, almost simultancously, rose the despairing

cry for mercy—for vain was it to withstand such massacre—in language foreign to their foes, and choked in their own blood. Delicate women, who the day before were accustomed to every luxury, which in that hot land becomes necessity—for whom the high, large, darkened room, the thickest walls, the constantly moving fan overhead, the platted, saturated grass filling the whole doorway, the large machine that is to produce a current in the atmosphere, were all required to make the Indian climate bearable, who at home, in the mild English sun, would never go out without sun-bonnet and parasol—these are seen to-day flying through the scorching, stifling dust, which the simoom blows into their faces, more than half naked, under the rays of a sun such as none can conceive who has not felt them, without shoes or stockings—for the savage villagers have stripped them of everything which, besides their lives, they saved from the hands of the infuriated sepoys and their own treacherous servants. Thus they fly for days, hiding and flying alternately, repulsed and maltreated in this village, and supplied with scant, coarse food in the next; looking death in the face a score of times in various shapes—yea, and worse, much worse than death—and sometimes reaching a place of safety only to die in delirium. Imagine the husband entering the home which he had left but an hour ago, and seeing there his wife swimming in gore, seeing the dread familiar look of that dear face distorted and ghastly; and here the child pinned to the wall, its blood oozing forth in a black, sluggish stream, in its broken eye a trace of life, and intense pain in its pleading glance. Think of young girls whose *end* (and oh, what a relief!) it was to be torn limb from limb; think of whole families obliged to witness the disgrace, and the cruel, foul butchery of those most loved; think of crucifying, flaying, and burning alive, of forcing the still quivering flesh, torn from the child's body, down its parents' throats! Think of children tossed for sport on bayonets, or *spitted*, writhing, living, on troopers' sabres. Think of Mohammedans, their notions of women, and the deep hatred they have always borne European ladies for their freedom and their virtue, let loose, unrestrained by *any thing*, and—yes, think of what has been most cruel in history and in fiction, what have been the greatest and most barbarous tortures, what the lowest

conceivable indignities; yea, imagine new ones, tax your imagination to the utmost, and all your conceptions will fall short of the dreadful realities of the mutiny of the Sepoy army.

For India, eminently, is the land of the habitations of cruelty; a land where people revolt because their government will not let them roast their mothers, choke their fathers, and strangle their daughters; where for pastime they torture their fellows with unheard of inflictions; where the practice of torture has become blended with the customs of all sects and classes; where the poor practise torture on each other; robbers on their victims, masters upon their servants, zamindárs on their ryots, (landlords upon their tenants,) schoolmasters upon their pupils, husbands upon their wives, and parents upon their children; where atrocity, brutality, and cruelty become ingrained in their very character. The methods they pursue (and they have a name for every method) are scorching various parts of the body by lighted torches, by red-hot iron, or by pouring boiling oil. They rub the face upon the ground so much sometimes as to fracture a jaw; they put a stinging beetle upon the navel, and cover it with a pot; they stick thorns under the nails; they fill the mouth with pebbles, and strike the chin upwards with sufficient force to break the teeth. These are their minor tortures. It is impossible even to name or describe some other methods. To such a people, infuriated and intoxicated with religious bigotry, and driven to madness by the falsehoods of their inciters, let loose upon Europeans and Christians, women and children looked in vain for mercy. They neither knew the word, nor acknowledged such a feeling. They ran riot in blood and shame.

In order to understand this insurrection in India, it is necessary to look at the causes which apparently led to it. Many of the best Indian statesmen had always said that the great danger to India was its sepoy army. But before we look at the army of India, it may be advisable to obtain a bird's-eye view of the country and the government of India.

According to a parliamentary return published in August, 1857, the gross total area of all the governments in India is 1,466,576 square miles, with a population of 180,884,297 souls. This area equals the whole of the United States, without the

Territories; and all these 180,000,000 are often said to be under British rule. This is substantially correct; the French and Portuguese, the only other European nations which have now any possessions on the Indian peninsula, occupy no more than 1254 square miles, with a population of little more than half a million. But still we hear constantly of about a hundred or two of independent kings and princes in India: rájahs, ránas, ránís, peshwás, nizáms, nawábs, amírs, and whatever else their names may be. And it is true we find in that parliamentary return, that the British States occupy 837,412 square miles only, whilst the remaining six hundred and odd thousand square miles are called Native States. A clue why these States have remained so long "independent," may be found in the same return, by looking at the population severally belonging to them, which is doubtless an index of the comparative value of the countries these powers occupy. The population of the territories directly under the East India Company's government is 157.6 to the square mile; that of the native States only 77.3. Moreover, all these States are independent only in a very qualified sense. Some pay as much tribute as the revenue under the British system, deducting the cost of collection, would amount to. There are treaties with all of them; none are allowed to have any diplomatic intercourse with any power except the Governor-General; and there is a British resident usually with the court of the prince, without whose consent no internal measure can be carried. Many also are obliged to support a military contingent, usually officered by the Company's officers, which is to aid the British government in time of need; whilst others again obtain the permission only as a privilege to organize and maintain police corps for the internal management of their appanages. Hence it is no exaggeration to say that 180,000,000 of people are ruled over by a company of annuitants in London, or rather by their Board of twenty-four Directors, very few of whom have ever seen the vast country whose destinies they sway.

Before the late outbreak, the number of Europeans in all India did probably not exceed forty thousand; and it was quite a matter of course to hear people speak of the irresistible moral force, prestige, and what not, as the instrumentality by which



England held India. Those who have the office of lubricating the machinery by which the rivets that attach India to the fortunes of England were held fast and in their places, smiled at such phrases. They knew that this "prestige," this "force of opinion," this "mental superiority" required a vast amount of nutriment, that there was a solid basis to all these intangible abstractions which absorbed the entire enormous revenue of India, and that of late years the *prestige* had been seriously encroaching upon the solid income, and that by an infallible law, at the same ratio, it could not go on much longer, and nothing would be left but an enormous "prestige" and an enormous debt. At one time, at the commencement of the late Persian war, it looked as if England were not conquering countries by the sword, but by the famous means of Philip of Macedon, the donkey-load of silver. They had become accustomed in India to a state of things which it was attempted to transfer bodily to a new soil. The Persian war was ordered by the British ministry to be carried on by the Indian government; the latter, however, has not been in the habit of going to war in Asia *à la Crimea*, i. e., of wasting millions of money and thousands of lives, and then leaving things pretty much *in statu quo ante bellum*. The Indian government were at once speculating upon a welcome extension of seacoast, and sent therefore their instructions to the commander of the expedition in the Persian Gulf, *at once to enlist fourteen regiments of Persian subjects on Persian soil in order to reduce Persia*. This is the plan: buy the people; in our day a talent of gold is cheaper than military talent; a good financier not such a *rara avis* as a good general; and the magic touch of gold and silver might overcome the hardy Arab, Lurian and Kurd, more easily than the baser metals, lead or steel. In India the institution of caste has made the enlistment of its population as mercenaries comparatively easy. The profession of a soldier belonging to a certain caste only, it was not difficult to keep the unwarlike castes unwarlike, and to attach the Kshatriya (the warrior caste,) by comparatively high pay and few demands, to the rule of the foreigner.

The country has really been always held by the sword. It could not be otherwise. Appropriated strip by strip almost

wholly within the memory of men now living, the elements of resistance are too numerous to be kept down in any other way than by physical force. There are the descendants of the countless chieftains who once held possession of the country, eager, whenever opportunity should offer, to assert their claims; there are always long lines of frontier to be guarded against powers mostly professing friendship, but naturally not to be trusted; there is the proud, restless Brahman priest, who sees his power waning, and who would willingly see his country rid of the "unclean" foreigners. There are the fanatical Mussulmans whose religion is war against the infidels and death to every one of them; and it is very doubtful indeed whether the taxes, the only revenue in that land, would be paid by the landholders and the peasantry, but for the ever present influence of a large standing army.

This army, on the first of January, 1857, consisted of about 300,000 men, a little over 30,000 of which number were Europeans, the rest natives of the country, and that pretty much all natives of one and the same district; a district in which most of the Hindu mythology had its home, and which to all Hindus is a species of sacred land—the last annexed province of Oude. For convenience we classify this native army into regulars and irregulars, Infantry and Cavalry. The Artillery consists to a large extent of Europeans. Of course, it is the regular army that forms the bulk of all this force. Their organization differed little from that of the English line; the officers of each regiment are partly Europeans, partly natives; the highest rank which a native can attain, is that of Subadár Major, about the same as Captain.

But it is not our object to give an account of the Indian army, as much as to show what predisposing elements and causes there existed in it for the development of the mutiny and insurrection so lately witnessed.

The history of the sepoy teems with tales of acts of insubordination, all of which had their origin either in some imagined or actual slight or insult to the sanctity and majesty of caste, or in some dissatisfaction with his pay and allowances. There is more tendency to mutiny, also, in the Hindu sepoy of the regular infantry regiments than in any other arm in or

out of India, in modern or in ancient times. It may be doubted whether this is due to reasons which have lately been brought forward prominently, viz. that with the large portion of officers holding staff and civil appointments, and those absent on medical certificate, furlough, and private affairs, the number present with their regiments is never sufficient; that they, as well as those of a higher grade, have lost, and are daily losing, much of their influence, in consequence of the measures constantly taken by government to diminish their immediate power and authority over their subordinates; and that the ties between the officer and the sepoy, from want of sympathies, are too weak. There is doubtless something in the moral tone of a corps of officers which may silently work for good or for evil; and it is to be feared, that with society, artificial as it must be in India, the latter predominates; and that the seniority system which prevails gives to many regiments but nominal commanders. Three or four years ago, a young officer related his Indian experience in the following language:

“How on earth a corps holds together with such an utter absence of discipline and *esprit de corps* on the part of its officers, I cannot imagine; I suppose that the adjutant is a good officer, and does the work of the whole regiment himself. The rest are nonentities; but I pity poor John Company, who must find them terribly expensive ones. As to the commanding officer, there *is* one I know, for I called on him, and saw the poor old man on parade at muster, but otherwise might be in happy ignorance of his existence; it would be hard to blame him for doing nothing, and being a complete cipher in the regiment which he is paid for commanding, because he is, I believe, physically incapable, half blind, quite lame, and almost imbecile. Whether the command of a regiment should be entrusted to such a man, is quite another question. I can only say that Jack Sepoy must be a very docile animal, and require very little commanding.”

A more solid reason for this tendency to mutiny may be found in the cowardice of government, who have pandered to the spirit of caste until it has become too strong for them. It is notorious that the scrupulousness with which the British government have regarded and treated caste, as if it was a reli-

gious and not merely a social prejudice, has actually increased the number of castes. Caste, and what it forbids, and the danger attending any attempt to control or weaken its despotism, have been grossly exaggerated and greatly overrated; and this, being only too apparent to the apprehension of the native, has suggested to him the advantage of keeping up the delusion, and gratuitously furnished him with a weapon formidable enough to check the progress of improvement, and a pretext under the cloak of which he could further his own ends.

A practice has prevailed in the whole of the Bengal Presidency, of not permitting one of the working class, or of menial birth or occupation, whatever may be his qualifications, to enlist. This causes many inconveniences, excludes many of the strongest and best men, and induces an aristocratic feeling among the native soldiers, which, however, as may be expected, is greatly prized by many Englishmen. But the recruiting monopoly must be still more contracted; and, therefore, with the plausible excuse that the peasantry of Oude are the finest of the Hindu race, and best adapted for the profession of arms, it was confined, with, comparatively speaking, few exceptions, to that country. And, to make the regular Infantry still more select and *recherché*, there is a tacit arrangement, by which each regiment, as far as Hindus are concerned, is allotted to, and reserved for, a certain set of families and kinsfolk; and even in hospital, a sick Brahman does not allow himself to be attended and waited on by *any* Brahman; no, it must be one from his own clan or village. Of course, the Brahmans refuse to dig, to build, or perform any one of the thousand services as needful in a campaign as fighting itself. A regiment of cavalry on arriving at its halting ground, would decline to picket, unsaddle, or groom its own horses, and would wait for hours in conceited indolence till servants of subordinate caste, called *saises*, come to do the work for them. At the quarter-guard of a battalion on duty is kept a gong, which is struck every hour to indicate the time, but a Bengal sentry would not demean himself by touching the instrument at his very elbow, and the gongs are sounded by men kept and paid for the purpose.

There was an order of several years' standing, that each



regiment should contain two hundred Sikhs, but this, with great infatuation, was generally considered by the officers a dead letter. The line, then, being by this process composed, with the exception of some Mussulmans, of men of one district and one religion, bound to each other by feelings, by ties of relationship, and ties of caste, it could not be an arduous task for an uneasy, or turbulent, or discontented spirit, to get up a conspiracy, using some scruple of caste as a pretext, which should travel with the speed of wildfire from soldier to soldier, and from corps to corps. It was the plague of caste which worried the Sepoy army from the beginning, and now has apparently worried it to death. The poisonous influence of the Brahmans, who enlisted in large numbers, contributed in no slight measure to the diseased spirit of these troops; for a high Brahman in a regiment, such is the deference paid to these people by all castes, though a mere recruit, had more real power than the colonel. And of regiments consisting of such material, and thus constituted, there were in the Bengal Presidency alone eighty-four, comprising nearly one hundred thousand men, and this does not include local regiments, contingents, and irregulars.

How this spirit of the aristocracy of caste has worked itself into the minds of the old Indian officers, was curiously illustrated as late as the 24th of August, 1857, at Barrackpore, the station near Calcutta where mutiny made its first appearance. The native troops there had been told by the General of Division, Sir John Hearsay, that they could to a great extent retrieve their damaged character, (for though the first to show a mutinous spirit, they had been prevented from actual outbreak by the overawing presence of a superior European force,) by volunteering for the campaign in China. On the day mentioned, the 24th of August, he addressed them again on the same subject, and after reiterating what he had said on a previous occasion, he told them that they had now had one week to consider the affair, and make up their minds; that they must remember it was a matter of free-will, and no fault would be found with those who declined to volunteer, these would remain in Barrackpore doing their duty as usual. This he said, that he, their General, told them: he also said, that a few *wretched*

*baniyas* (shop-keepers) and *low-caste scoundrels*; had lately attempted to make them believe that the government intended punishing their regiment, and had even collected carts to carry off their dead bodies, etc., but that this was false, etc., etc.

One would have thought that after the horrible exhibition that caste had made of itself by that time, in addressing men forming part of a most miserable remnant of an army that was numbered by scores of thousands, who themselves were prevented from making a similar exhibition of caste prejudices only by the pressure of outward circumstances, General Hearsay could have found some more appropriate way of expressing his scorn of wicked men, than by designating them as men of *low caste*, which in truth the individuals meant, in all probability were not. Yet General Hearsay was precipitately knighted for a speech very similar to this one. There is a volume in that expression. It brings, as said before, into full view the manner in which officers of the Bengal army have treated the subject of caste. Though themselves, in the eyes of the Brahman sepoy, and indeed of all Hindus, low caste, and lower than low caste, they made it their study to speak of men and things always in accordance with the Brahman standard. Whom their Brahman sepoy despised, they despised; whom their sepoy revered, they revered. To be of low caste was in their eyes to be low and contemptible. The monstrous injustice and oppression of caste, its utter opposition to all that is generous and magnanimous, its irreconcilable contradiction to morality and true religion, to right feelings, and to the law of God, all this was nothing: it was deemed fitting that caste should be flattered and pampered, even to its minutest requirements, and every Brahman sepoy treated as though he were a king. It was considered necessary to purchase the obedience of these religious monarchs, in a few things, by falling down before them, and giving them honour in the various ways insisted upon by them.

There were other things, moreover, which kept up a real irritation in the sepoy's mind; and the most striking, perhaps, is his attempted assimilation to a European model. Nothing is more ludicrous to one unaccustomed to the sight, than a sepoy of the line, with his black, handsome, bearded face, surmounted

by a rigid basket *shako*, which it requires the skill of a juggler to balance on his head, and which cuts deep into his brow if worn for an hour; with a stiff stock around his neck, well calculated for strangling; buttoned tight in a red swallow-tailed jacket, with white lace covering his breast; trousers in which he can scarcely walk, and cannot stoop at all, and can seat himself only by keeping his knees perfectly stiff; bound to an immense and totally useless knapsack, so that he can hardly breathe; strapped, belted, and pipe-clayed within an hair's breadth of his life. What a difference between this poor petrified relic of Frederick the Great's drill discipline on parade, and the same well-shaped, broad-chested native, swaggering through the bazar in his well-fitting, loose roundabout, his easy *lungi* gracefully slung about his loins, the smart turban on his head, and his well-developed calves unconcealed by trouser or boot.

The irregular cavalry is an approach to a more rational system. These irregulars are free lancers, receiving monthly pay for themselves, their horses, and arms. They are armed with sword and carbine. The horses are surveyed and passed by European officers, and none admitted under a certain value. Their dress consists of a small turban, worn generally on the side of the head, long frockcoats of peculiar semi-oriental cut, and high jackboots. They take immense pride in the condition and appearance of their horses, and in the brightness and temper of their arms. They ride long, and their seat is most graceful and erect. The handling of their horses, and the rapidity with which they wheel, halt in full career, and again dash off with the swiftness of the deer, made it almost impossible during the mutiny for one of them to be overtaken by any European cavalry. This service has usually very respectable men in it, and often men of property. It was at first believed that the disaffection of the native army did not extend to the irregular cavalry; but obligations of caste, and the bonds of a common country, in most instances, proved stronger than their sense of loyalty and fidelity to the foreign master.

Passing over the middle classes, the inhabitants of the towns and cities, the traders and artisans, because they are the least numerous and the least influential among the people of India, let us look at the aristocracy, or rather the remnant of the

ancient aristocracy. The Moghuls, to whose empire and institutions the English succeeded throughout India, resembled in many points the Normans in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The aristocratic element was the basis of their entire political system; but they differed from the Normans in the important particular, that they recognized no hereditary aristocracy. Rank was the result of official position, and of that alone; and official position was dependent upon the will and power of the sovereign. There was the *súbadár*, appointed by the king himself; he was the governor of a province. There were the *kárdárs*, appointed by the latter, with a delegated power within a certain district, called *parganna*, containing towns and villages to the number of two and three hundred. The *kárdárs* were invariably men of importance, wealth, and consideration; their powers were very considerable, as their functions included an almost irresponsible jurisdiction, fiscal as well as judicial, over their respective districts. But it is unnecessary to enumerate the various gradations of an official aristocracy, which can easily be conceived of; and the remnants of one like it may still be seen in England. The English conquest at once did away with this entire aristocracy. The honours and high emoluments of government are of course entirely in the hands of the English. Power and authority is abstracted from the natives, with a very few exceptions, which may be mentioned afterwards.

Now, although this Moghul aristocracy was not hereditary, it naturally created a class from among whom the high officers of state were usually taken, and to step beyond which was always a hazardous measure. This better class of natives, who are far more intelligent than the mass, have never been partial to the British government; they have no attachment for it; not a drop of blood or piece of coin would they voluntarily expend for its support; they are wealthy often, and they know the uses of capital; yet they will not voluntarily subscribe to government loans, though the highest interest be offered them; and there are hundreds of cases where they actually withdraw from contact with the English; they prefer living and serving under the openly corrupt and capricious control of a native principality, to passing an obscure and despised existence in



the Company's dominions. Sometimes, nay frequently, the effect of the extinction of that ancient aristocracy is sad enough. It is sometimes asked, what has become of the families whose members filled important and dignified offices, civil and military, under the various native powers that have been successively swallowed up within the last seventy years? Why, if the children of those men *were* willing to enter the Company's service, they could only enter the army as a sepoy at seven rupees a month, or civil employ as a writer at thirty. This the pride of family would never admit. There are *sháhrádas* (princes) in Lodiana, living with a pension of ten rupees (five dollars) a month, who would yet rather starve than work. The annals of one such family would form a curious and painful social picture. We may conceive an old *Diwán* (farmer-general, chancellor of the exchequer, or secretary of the treasury) carrying the wreck of his fortune to some large city. He receives a pension from the British government, which ceases at his death, or the half of which is continued to his son. For two or three generations his descendants cluster together and preserve a shadow of their former position in gradually increasing poverty and discontent. They pass their lives in killing time; they are ignorant, extravagant, and licentious; they are overwhelmed with mortgages, usurers, and religious leeches; and if they have any estates, they frequently fall into the hands of government by some process of assumption, resumption, or for want of heirs, (that is, such as the government would recognize as heirs,) or in default of payment of revenue. They present a sad picture of frivolity, baseness, and depravity; but certainly the occasion of their demoralization is the total annihilation of their former power, and influence, and circle of duties; the absence of a hope, an object, or a purpose in life. In all this, however, no fault can be found with the English government; they do not fail to perceive the evil, but it appears an inevitable one. One of the Reports, written by an Indian official, graphically states that "the feudal nobility, the pillars of the state, are tending towards inevitable decay. Their gaudy retinues have disappeared; their city residences are less gay with equipages and visitors; their country seats and villas are comparatively neglected.

But the British government has done all it consistently could to mitigate their reverses, and render their decadence gradual." These are reasons why we might have expected to see this large and still influential class the most bitter, intolerant, and brutal enemies of the European rule.

The last class we shall mention is the least numerous, but as events have proved, they were the main spring of the rebellion; and it is only necessary to mention them to make it clear why it should have been so; we mean the kings and princes. The entire empire now in the hands of the British, is made up of conquests, annexations, and so-called lapses, to all of which there are claimants, unseated princes, or their sons, to whom it still seemed possible to regain their lost position. These waited only for some favourable juncture to carry out their long-cherished schemes for the dismemberment of this great empire. The old king of Delhi received a sufficiently large pension (\$750,000 a year, together with his ancestral palace,) to keep up a considerable show of mock royalty within the walls of his fort; and by a considerable amount of literary patronage, he had adherents all over the country, besides those large numbers who caring less for the individual, yet wished for a restoration of the Moghul dynasty as a religious matter. On the occasion of his son's death, in 1856, who had been looked upon as his heir, the English papers had articles on the subject of this royalty, and discussed the expediency of abolishing the title. In appointing another of his sons heir apparent, his wishes had been somewhat thwarted by the British authorities, as there was a disagreement as to the person to be selected, and this added doubtless to the embitterment. Another lackland king had been added to the number of royal personages out of employ in India, in February, 1856, by the long-threatened annexation of the fertile kingdom of Oude. Indeed, however long discontent may have been brooding, and however slowly the conspirators were adding to their number, this most arbitrary annexation of all (*dacoitee in excelsis*, one calls it,) seems to have been the feather which broke the camel's back.

The annexation policy of Lord Dalhousie, the late Governor-General of India, has been widely discussed, and frequently

blamed, not without reason. One of the earliest measures of his long reign was the nullification of the law of adoption. It had been the custom of the Hindu princes from time immemorial, in case there was no son to succeed the father on the throne, for the latter to *adopt* an heir to the crown. This law, being as everything else among the Hindus made a religious matter, was respected by the English governors until Dalhousie abolished it, and thereby added considerably to the Company's possessions. However much discontent the resumption of principalities by means of this abrogation of an old law caused, there was yet a show of legality about it, which the annexation of Oude could not exhibit. The last royal family had been raised to that dignity, it is true, by a former Governor-General; but there were several treaties in existence by which the British government were bound to give all needed protection to their neighbour, and which contained conditions none of which had been violated by that State. Indeed, Oude had often proved a friend in need, a most faithful ally in times of distress and pecuniary pressure. During the disasters in Kabul, Oude aided the British government to the extent of three millions of dollars in cash, besides furnishing numerous elephants, and other materials of war. Nevertheless the country was annexed "because the people were not happy" under their actual king. This is a phrase Alexander the Great and the old Romans never thought of. The "people" have their own thoughts about such matters, as is evident from the late insurrections. Bishop Heber tells us of a British officer, who, when riding through the country with an escort of Oude troopers, and freely conversing with them about the frightful misrule that prevailed, asked them if they would not like to be placed under British government. Whereupon the Jamadár in command of the escort replied with great fervency, "Miserable as we are, of all miseries keep us from that!" "Why so?" said the officer, "are not our people far better governed?" "Yes," was the answer, "but the name of Oude, and the honour of our nation would be at an end."

Nor did the fears of the people as to interference in their religion, and an eventual forcible conversion to Christianity,

appear to them so entirely without any foundation, as it has been represented they were. It was pretended on the part of the Legislative Council in Calcutta, that it was in accordance with the wishes of the people that they legalized the re-marriage of Hindu widows, a thing supposed to be forbidden by the Shasters. It is, however, remarkable that though the new law has been in existence for nearly two years, not more than two such re-marriages are known to have taken place; considering, too, that there is scarcely a Hindu family in which there is not one of these extremely young widows. The projected law prohibiting polygamy, primarily directed against the Kúlin Brahmans, who contract as many as thirty marriages because they are paid for it, was nevertheless believed by the Mussulmans to be intended to interfere with their own domestic institution. They say, too, that government shows much more favour to the missionaries than they were wont to do. They remember the time when no missionary ever was allowed by the same government to trouble them, and when no attempt was made (as it is made now at the instance of the missionaries) in the government schools, to use expurgated editions of their Persian classics; and when missionary schools received no grants-in-aid as they do now. The missionaries, also, being almost the only Europeans in the country not connected with the government, the native cannot bring himself to believe that the missionary is not paid by government for preaching, knowing as he does that the other *padres*, the chaplains, *are* paid by government; and the inferior style of living common among the missionaries generally, the smaller number of their servants, and the great contrast between the single small tent of the itinerating missionary, and the gay camp of the travelling official, do not appear sufficient to convince him. And perhaps there may be also a secret consciousness in the native mind, that Christianity is slowly and silently, but surely, gaining the day; and that the old religion, now that people go on pilgrimages most shockingly by railroad, and now that the sacred goddess *Gangá* (the river Ganges) has allowed herself, like any other common water, to be diverted from her course, and been made, like a slave, to flow in a canal which the foreign *Mlechha* has built for her, in spite of all the evil prognostications of Brah-



mans and devotees, is gradually waning, and the old idolatry, like

“A mighty rock,  
Which has, from unimagivable years,  
Sustained itself with terror and with toil  
Over a gulf; and with the agony  
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down,”

is about to crush them by its fall.\*

If we add to all this the existence of various classes and individuals who, for divers reasons, or for no reason at all, manifest that love of change, so apparent among all subjugated nations, that propensity *rebus novis studere*, which Cæsar considered his most turbulent foe in Gaul, and the prospect such people would have of plundering the well-furnished houses of the Europeans, and their well-filled treasuries, and the hope of rapine during such a state of anarchy as must ensue at the subversion of an existing, evidently careless dynasty, we shall be inclined to compare the masses of Hindustan to the heap of pine shavings upon which the oil poured by some designing hand produces what has been called spontaneous combustion.

The oil on this occasion was the religious bugbear of the greased cartridges thrown among the native army. It is difficult for us not to call it an absurd prejudice, which makes it so obnoxious to the sepoy to be compelled to handle a cartridge greased with materials which he cannot touch without loss of caste. But loss of caste in India is the most serious thing that can befall a man. There is nothing like it in any other country. Perhaps the Roman interdict *aqua et igni* resembled it; or the later Roman excommunication in the time of a Hildebrand, which Cardinal Bembo in his affected classicity also called *aqua et igni interdictio*.

In India, by a breach of the regulations of caste, the man becomes an out-caste, and can never more be associated with by his family or friends. No one will eat or drink from vessels polluted by his touch. His wife and children will no longer

\* When, in the presence of many breathlessly expectant thousands, the water was for the first time let into the Ganges Canal, numbers of Hindus, in religious frenzy and *despair*, plunged into the flood, to reappear only as corpses.

dwell with him; they are separated from him for ever by their own feelings, perhaps, but certainly by the rigid priestly code under which they live. No house in his own village will receive him. This is the most fearful infliction. For one of the most prominent features in the character of a Hindu is his strong and lasting attachment to his village. However long his absence, however great his prosperity may have been elsewhere, however effectually death may have deprived him of the friends and relatives of his youth, he never ceases to regard his native village with feelings of lively affection; he never ceases to yearn that he may once again be enabled to sit gossiping under the old gateway, or to be dreaming for a few hours under the wide-spreading shade of the sacred *pipal*, where he reposed so often when a boy; of patriotism he knows nothing; for his country, for his race, even for the neighbouring hamlet he cares nothing; the one may be conquered, or the other destroyed, still for them he has no sympathy; but for his own village his affection remains lively, and vivid, and unchanged to the end. What misery then to be shunned like a leper at this, of all spots! If he is unmarried, none but an out-caste will give his daughter to him in marriage, and wherever he turns, he is an object of loathing and disgust. The embrace of brother or sister he must never look for again; even the mother is taught to regard him with horror. He is incapable of inheriting property of any kind.\* The temples of his gods are closed to him, and the priest turns away from him with the haughtiest disdain. Thus he lives the life of the accursed; he dies the death of the dog.

The hand pouring the oil was that of Mohammedans of the highest ranks, and of ample means, who were conspiring "against the state." The Secretary of the Punjáb government, a shrewd observer, remarks in reference to the difference of disposition manifested by the Hindus and Mussulmans towards the English government (in the *First Punjáb Report*;) "With the single exception of the Sikhs, it is remarkable that the Hindu races, whether converts to a foreign creed, or pro-

\* This last item has so far been interfered with by an enactment of the Legislative Council, in Calcutta, that a man, on becoming a Christian, is not thereby incapacitated for heirdom.

fessors of their ancestral faith, consider themselves as subjects by nature, and born to obedience. They are disposed to regard each successive dynasty with equal favour or equal indifference—whereas the pure Mussulman races, descendants of the Arab conquerors of Asia, retain much of the ferocity, bigotry, and independence of ancient days. They look upon empire as their heritage, and consider themselves as foreigners settled in the land for the purpose of ruling it. They hate every dynasty except their own, and regard the British as the worst, because the most powerful of usurpers.”

The unreasoning fatalism of the Mohammedan leads him to believe victory as entirely due to “luck,” that the prosperity of the British is owing to their *igbál* (good star,) which like all stars must eventually set; that power has been granted to them by God, but only for a time, say *one century*. That century, a native almanac, published at Benares, hinted, should, according to the conjunction of the stars and by the agreement of all prophecies, come to an end on the 23d of June, 1857, the anniversary of the battle of Plassey, which established the absolute dominion of the English in Bengal, Behar, and Orissa.

As far as the machinations of the conspirators can now be traced, from the intercepted correspondence, and the confessions of prisoners, they extend back to the year 1855, and seem to develop full activity several months before the annexation of Oude. This however does not invalidate the theory that this annexation gave the conspiracy its final impulse. For the English newspapers in India were discussing long before February, 1856, the impending annexation, some condemning, most defending it; the “*Friend of India*,” the principal organ in the Bengal Presidency, looking upon this and other annexations as inevitable events. Moreover, Lord Dalhousie informs us, that long before the edict went forth, he had fully matured his plans and preparations. A complete civil administration had been prepared, and the military force which it was intended to retain had been fully organized, before negotiations were opened with the king. Officers had been named to every appointment, and the best men that could be found available were selected from the civil and military services for the new offices. In a red-tape government like that in Calcutta, such

things take time; and in every office, from the highest to the lowest, natives, both Hindu and Mussulman, are employed; hence the preparations were no secret.

Warnings to government were not wanting from parties who were informed as to what was going on underneath, as well as from parties who made simply shrewd guesses, that this annexation should prove a perilous undertaking; but the Ides of March came, and Cæsar went to the Curia. The annexation of the province was not accompanied by an outbreak; the transference of power was accomplished peaceably; the government jeered the "croakers," and with the indifference of conscious power surrendered themselves to oriental *insouciance*, and to the pleasing delusion that they were welcomed as the deliverers of mankind wherever they went.

In November, 1856, old Guláb Singh, the astute Hindu on the throne of Kashmir, since dead, wrote to Lord Canning that the Mohammedans intended to rise and overturn the British government, and had offered him the direction of the projected movement. The government laughed, and did not even reply to the letter. Mr. Hamilton, a merchant in Cawnpore and Allahabad, who had gained the confidence of the native dealers, received notice to send away his family in six months. At first he refused to do so, but at last he followed the well-meant counsel. At the same time he wrote to the government, and offered to obtain further information, but received no reply to his letter. (A copy of this letter is in possession of a book-selling firm in Calcutta.)

The emissaries of the king of Delhi, of the Nawáb of Murshidábád, and of the court party of Lucknow, in the meanwhile were active among the people, but particularly among the native soldiery, (for without *them* nothing could be done,) endeavouring to show the utter faithlessness of this infidel government, how they broke treaties without the shadow of an excuse, and that the sepoy should now have to pay back again to the British taxgatherer his hard-earned pension, when after long years of service he should return to his native, but no longer his own, country, the song-famed land of Ayodhya, now invaded by the jails and the kutcheries (court-houses) of the foreign Mlechha.

Once give a Hindustanee an object, and it will be difficult to



find his equal in the art of scheming, and in a cunning seizure of every circumstance that can favour his plans, as the records of every court throughout the country can testify. An occurrence which almost entirely escaped the minds of the Europeans, was laid hold of by the natives to further their aim.

The extension of territory made it evident that an increase of the military force was necessary. Many military commanders had warned the Indian government against an increase of the native army without a corresponding increase of the European force in the country. The Court of Directors, therefore, probably at the instance of the Governor-General, applied to the English Ministry for permission to raise some more European regiments of their own, as distinguished from the Queen's troops, that are only *lent* to the Indian government, intimating at the same time their design to reduce their regular native army by about 50,000 men. With their usual jealousy, which often has been wholesome, frequently also injurious, the Ministry refused this permission.

The correspondence on this subject, through native employees in the government offices at Calcutta, doubtless became known to the conspirators, and the story they manufactured out of it was the following. It must be presumed also that Lady Canning appears to take a lively interest in missionary schools, and that the Secretary to the Indian government not long before had presided at an examination of the Free Church Institution in Calcutta. The machinators circulated largely among the natives, especially among the sepoys, a printed circular, setting forth with great circumstantiality, and in an inflammatory style, that Lord Canning, the new Governor-General, had quitted England, pledged that he would convert the whole of India to Christianity; that for this purpose he considered it necessary to kill off at once fifty thousand of the sepoys; and since to this end a large European power would be requisite, he had written to England for thirty-five thousand men, who had at once been despatched in steamers by the Mediterranean; that, however, the successor of Mohammed, Sultan Abdul Medjid, had informed the Pasha of Egypt of the design of this large force, and that the latter, as a good Mussulman, had annih-

lated the whole army when off Alexandria; and that the English had sent another equally large army by the Cape. The proclamation then goes on, calling upon all the natives to rise and strike the blow before *they* should be able to carry out their nefarious purpose of conversion; to unite at once and murder all the Europeans in the country, etc. In addition to this, numerous agitators in the guise of *faqirs*, or religious mendicants, kept up irritating reports and rumours in every military station; one of these many, pretty generally believed, was, that a general parade was to be held, at which all the different castes of Hindus, as well as Mohammedans, would be obliged to eat together, and thus break their respective castes, preparatory to being made Christians. At another time, a report had been widely spread, and was possibly believed by some, that the flour which the sepoy had to buy in the regimental bazars had been mixed, by the order of government, with ground bones, (a most polluting substance;) that thus the sepoy would unconsciously break his caste; and what would remain then but forcible conversion? Again, a report extensively believed was, that as there were a great many widows in England, in consequence of the Crimean war, these were to be brought out and married to the different Rajahs; and that their children, brought up as Christians, were to inherit all the estates. Now it was this, now that; the whole mass was in a ferment with the connivance, and under the leadership of their native officers, the European officers being the whole of that time in profound ignorance as to the state of their respective corps, the most of them putting almost unlimited confidence in their men.

During the hot and rainy seasons of 1856, a phenomenon was observed by many district officers throughout Bengal and Hindustan, which some did not fail to report to their superiors, but which all deemed of very little consequence. A man would suddenly appear in a village with five *chápátis*; this is the common bread of the people; they are always made when they are to be used. They consist simply of coarse wheaten flour, kneaded unleavened, spread out flat between the hands, and dried rather than baked upon a hot iron plate; they have no

connection or kinship with *patties*, as Disraeli seems to think.\* These *chápátis* would be distributed and eaten in the village, five new ones made, and passed on to the next village, and so on. These *chápátis* seem to have passed over the whole Bengal Presidency. The European officers could obtain no satisfactory account concerning their use or import. In one place they were said to belong to some religious ceremony connected with the harvest, which ceremony, however, had never been observed before; whilst in other places it was pretended to be a measure intended to stay the cholera, which was then raging in many places. They seem to have served the purpose of ratifying a mutual covenant, or engagement, by the old oriental method of eating together. It is certain that an extremely active and lively correspondence was kept up among *all* the native regiments, the sepoy but rarely entrusting their letters to the public mail, but keeping up messengers of their own, defraying the expense by regimental collections; money was also distributed, especially among the native officers, through the means of those vagabond beggars on horseback, and sometimes on elephants, the pretended faqirs.

Indeed, language which has been employed to describe the origin of the mutiny at Vellore, in the year 1806, is word for word applicable to the case in hand: "Hired emissaries, under every variety of caste, and character, and costume, swarmed in all directions, armed with the means of bribery and corruption. And these means were employed at once with oriental adroitness and Punic unscrupulousness. Working on the natural attachment of Mohammedan soldiers to rulers of their own

\* Disraeli has fallen into another error to which all persons are so extremely liable in treating of Indian affairs, if they have never been in India. He speaks of a *lotus* flower, as a symbol of something or other, having passed from hand to hand among all the regiments. This *fact* is entirely unknown in India. It is supposed that he confounds the *lotás* with the *lotus*. A *lotá* is a brass urn which no Hindu can well be without. The Hindu bathes every day, that is, he pours the water from his *lotá* over his body, usually at some stream. The secret meetings of the sepoy took place generally when they went to bathe, all with their *lotás* in their hands. It is difficult otherwise to divine the manner how Disraeli's misapprehension originated. Those periodicals which, in consequence of Mr. Disraeli's speech, had learned antiquarian dissertations on the *symbol of the lotus flower*, and found that it was the emblem of *mercy*, made themselves very ridiculous.

faith—acting on the natural prejudices and bigotry of the Hindoo—appealing to the covetousness of the human heart by large promises of pecuniary aggrandizement—and playing, by turns, on the ignorance and all-devouring credulity of all, they succeeded in inspiring them with vague and indefinite fears of their own religion on the one hand, and indefinite hopes of promotion and prosperity under a restored native dynasty on the other. The alleged purpose of the British government to destroy their ancestral faith, and compel them to embrace the hated creed of their European conquerors, was the principal stalking-horse of the cunning intriguers; but the destruction of the British power, and the reëstablishment of a Mohammedan despotism indeed was their real object. There were thus at the outset the crafty deceivers and the simply deceived—the dupers and the duped; though doubtless, in the onward progress of events, many of the subordinate became principals—many of the misled, misleaders—many of the deceived, deceivers themselves.”

The plan of the conspirators was well laid; it may be doubted whether, with the vast and heterogeneous material they had to act upon, the details were sufficiently well taken care of; but there can be no doubt that had they succeeded even in the general outline of their plot, the massacre of Europeans which would have taken place in one day, would have exceeded enormously the actual loss of life, great as that has been. That day was to have been the 24th of May, 1857, the Queen's birthday. It is a sad thing that the European soldier in India should offer to the observant native no characteristic more prominent than that of love for intoxicating drink. This propensity, doubtless, carries off its hundreds in India, for the tens that fall under the effects of the climate. A Bengal officer reports that from the year 1840 to 1848, only 33 men died at a certain station from fever, and 41 died of *delirium tremens*; and in a strength of 3451 men, there were 2375 cases of drunkenness. At the delightful station of Kasauli, six men of Her Majesty's 29th regiment died in September, 1845, including three from *delirium tremens*, because, as their colonel remarks, a certain donation allowance “was paid on the 14th of this month.” It was thought a sufficient reason to account



for soldiers drinking themselves to death, when it was said that they had got some money.\*

It is absolutely astonishing to see the eagerness with which the mass of European soldiers in India endeavour to procure liquor, no matter of what description, so that it produces insensibility, the sole result sought for. And the native, observant as a child, even in times of profoundest peace and amity, made his gain from this prevalent vice. Some of the most remarkable facts during the insurrection hinged on this matter of drink. Whilst the mutineers held Delhi, there were still numbers of natives living within the city who were suspected of friendship towards the British government, whose wealth at the same time excited the cupidity of a paramount unbridled soldiery. The uniform charge upon which their houses were plundered was that of harbouring some "Christian," and the uniform and sole proof of this latter circumstance which the military or non-military ruffians ever offered to give, was the production of a bottle of rum which they pretended to have found in the house—unmistakable evidence, this, that a European must be concealed there. At Allahabad there was a revolution and a counter-revolution, both drawn in deep grooves, first burnt by the incendiary torch, then filled up with streams of blood. When Colonel Neill (since fallen) arrived there, he found all the European soldiers dead drunk; indeed, he could only stop the unbridled drunkenness by buying up all the plundered wines and liquors himself for his own commissariat. When Dion returned to Syracuse, we are told,

"Lo! when the gates are entered, on each hand,  
Down the long street, rich goblets filled with wine,  
In seemly order stand,  
On tables set, as if for rites divine."

A scene in Delhi reminds one of this. At the storming of that city it was found that the cunning sepoy had placed various favourite intoxicating beverages in conspicuous places, as the siren whose silent song he knew the European soldier could not resist; and—*proh pudor*—he partly succeeded; one of the

\* The Bombay Quarterly Review, No. III.

attacking columns had actually to retreat, after having entered the city, partly, doubtless, because it consisted mostly of the Kashmerian auxiliaries, raw recruits, whose bravery was by no means commensurate with that of their European leaders,\* but mostly because it was found that the artillery-men attached to some guns which were to support that column, had found some European stores which, for the time being, they having been at work for nearly eight hours, unfitted them for any further military duties.

Hence we may infer why the conspirators selected the 24th of May. It was easy enough for the sepoy to kill their officers and the families of these at any time, at those stations where there were no European troops; but where there were European troops, the first thing to be done was to put these out of the way.

On the Queen's birthday the European soldier receives double rations of grog, and besides, discipline being slightly relaxed on such a day, he avails himself of other facilities to obtain the loved enemy. This day was fixed for the entire native soldiery, foot and horse, regular and irregular, and even police corps, etc. in Bengal, the north-west provinces, Oude, the Punjáb, the Trans-Indus frontier, even in distant Assam, and as it appears from the event, also in some parts of the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, to rise simultaneously. They were to attend on the parade usually held on that day everywhere, with muskets loaded, and provided with plenty of ammunition, not only their pouches, but also their haversacks filled with cartridges, powder and balls; and on the word to break line being given, the unsuspecting and unarmed Europeans were to have been massacred before they could reach their lines. Simultaneously with this movement, the sepoy on duty in Fort William, (in Calcutta,) the forts at Allahabad, Futteghur, Agra, Delhi, Lahor, Multán, Peshawur, and other important places, were to have seized those strongholds, and murdered all the Europeans, whilst the whole Mussulman population was to rise *en masse* and slaughter all with the name of Christian—men, women, and

\* When they were told to retake some guns which the enemy had taken from them, they answered that there was no need of it, as the Maharajah (the ruler of Kashmir) had plenty besides.

children, without distinction. The king of Delhi, until that time residing in the palace of the old imperial city, with a pension of three quarters of a million of dollars a year, was to have his old empire, the Nawáb of Murshídabád was to have Oude as a semi-independent province, with the title of king, and the king of Oude was to become the ruler of Bengal and Behar. This distribution shows the hand of some lover of the old regime, for the present royal family of Oude are such really only by the creation of the Company's government, and not by ancient hereditary right. In the proclamation, also, issued by the mutineers, calling upon all India to rise, the king of Oude is simply styled "ruler of Lucknow." It is notorious that the assumption by the Anglo-Indian government of the right to make the *Nawáb*\* (vicar or viceroy) of Oude into a *king*, was for years the pet grievance of the mock sovereign at Delhi; and the Mussulman population of Bengal and Upper India never ceased to offer daily prayers in their mosques for the restoration of the empire to the descendants of Timur. A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, October, 1857, says:

"The Kabul disasters showed how hot a fire of malevolence and bigotry burned under the thin crust of allegiance to which we trusted. At that season of peril many officers had opportunities of discovering the truth. One of General Nott's staff, returning from the war, continued to wear his Affghan dress as he traversed the north-west provinces, and his acquaintance with the language and customs of the East disarmed suspicion. He passed thus through Delhi and the neighbouring districts, visiting the chief places of resort, the mosques, and every spot to which a traveller would be attracted. Everywhere he heard the same avowal of rancorous hate from the lips of the Moham-medans. At that very time another political officer, the writer of this article, was invited by Saiyid Karámat Ali, the friend

\* The same as the cognate Hebrew word *nábi*. There is really no such Kal as  $\text{נָבִי}$ , as Gesenius assumes; and the *passive* forms  $\text{נִבֵּן}$ , etc. only being used, might lead to the supposition that these are denominatives, and that the cognate Arabic verb is not *nba*, (*editus fuit*, and then by a change of the passive into the active, *annunciavit*, i. e. *edidit*), but rather *nab*, *vicem subiit*; so that etymologically also, *nábi* would mean "a delegate or representative;" cf. Exod. vii. 1. This is the first and fundamental meaning.

of Arthur Conolly, to be present at a great religious meeting of Mohammedans near Calcutta. Two thousand Moslems of the higher classes thronged the Imámbarah, or Hall of Mourning, and amongst them were many of our native officers. In the costume of a Mogul, the European visitor passed unnoticed, and heard on all sides the eager and oft repeated hope that the star of the Feringis had set. There was not one of our native officials there who remembered the salt he had eaten; that salt had, indeed, lost its savour. The smiling mask had been laid aside in that secure assemblage of the faithful, and beneath it appeared a scowl of hatred and defiance."

The whole matter was, most skilfully, made a matter of religion with the Mohammedans; and next to cupidity, no more powerful motive in a Mussulman's breast could be appealed to. When the Meerut mutineers had arrived in Delhi, and demanded entrance into the fort, the native officer on guard demanded the countersign; and the words "Friend of the Faith" at once caused the gates to fly open. At Hissar the mutiny was excited by a number of troopers of irregular cavalry, who had come there from Hansi, after murdering everybody at the latter place. The principal magistrate at the former place put himself under the protection of the sepoy who mounted guard at the treasury. The sepoy seemed at first inclined to protect the officer, but on being asked by one of the troopers, "Art thou a friend of the Faith?" he deliberately loaded his musket, turned round and shot the magistrate dead.

Among the Mussulman portion of the army, it was not difficult to get up a factitious religious enthusiasm, Islam being a proselytizing faith, which commands every opponent to be put to death. But with the Hindu, religion is a matter of birth; nobody can *become* a Hindu; hence there is no room for proselytizing; and as for attacks on his own religion, he does not fear argument or discussion, being able to spin arguments thin as air, in a rare atmosphere, whither the earnest, truth-seeking European opponent can hardly follow him. But what the Hindu does fear is to break his caste, and on this vulnerable point, as said before, the wily plotters applied their irritating cataplasms.

In doing this, however, they evoked an element which soon



passed beyond their control, and which ultimately, in its violence, destroyed their craft. There is a legend of a wizard who used to call his familiar spirit to do for him the work of a domestic, to sweep the house, to bring water, etc. In the absence of the master, the apprentice calls the familiar, and bids him do what he has seen his master bid him do. The house is swept, and now he brings the water. He fills the different vessels about the house, and continues to bring water. The apprentice now with horror observes that he has caught the formula by which to call the demon, but the abracadabra which is to stay his activity has escaped him. In vain does he put on the master's magic robe and incantatory hat, in vain does he wave the mighty wand—the word, the spell, the charm he cannot recall. With the irresistibility of a machine the indefatigable spirit brings the water, fills the room, fills the house, fills the street, and the rash apprentice is drowned.

In playing upon the credulity of the Hindu sepoy in regard to the pretended attempts upon his caste, the Mussulman overstepped the bounds of that cunning craftiness which he had hitherto displayed. Besides the purely fictitious attempts which he imputed to the government, he also brought in the famous cartridge question; and this, most probably, saved *British* India. As far as the facts have become known, they are these:

At Dumdum, near Calcutta, there is a large artillery depot and a general military laboratory. One of the native labourers at this laboratory was one day found by a high-caste sepoy drawing water at a well usually frequented by the sepoys, at which the sepoy was very indignant, upbraiding the man with the lowness of his birth. The labourer\* retorted by telling the sepoy that the days of his caste were numbered, as he and his companions would soon have to chew bullock's fat every day. The Enfield rifle musket was just being gradually introduced into the native army, the cartridge for which is greased at the ball end, to increase facility in loading. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that there being no grease at the extremity intended

\* Whether the labourer was a bought or an unconscious agent of the Mussulman cabal, does not appear. It is certain that the Mussulmans in every regiment were extremely active in fanning the perhaps casual spark into a fierce flame.

for the bite, no good reason exists why the grease and the teeth should come into contact. Still, the cartridge *contained*, may have been the thought of the sepoy, the fat of that animal which he had been taught to revere as inviolable and sacred. He hastens to his comrades and coreligionists, and imparts the grievance. It is passed on from one to another; councils are convened forthwith, (with the knowledge of the native, but without that of the European, officers,) and grave discussions ensue. The priestly caste especially are entreated to take care *ne quid detrimenti Respublica Brahmanica capiat*; so that, finally, the hitherto languid adherence of the Hindu sepoy to what even *he* regarded as the Mohammedan cause, is changed into a violent partisanship, and an earnest personal concern. The government could not but become aware of some very serious agitations, which might result in a very great calamity. They do not seem, however, to have realized the greatness of the danger, and believing the ostensible cause to be the real and the only cause of the prevailing discontent, they addressed themselves to filling up the chinks of the apparently started timbers of the ship, whilst there was really a great hole unobserved below the water-line.

It was given out that a fraudulent contractor had substituted cows' fat and hogs' lard in lieu of the mutton fat ordered by the government, and that the objectionable cartridges had been cancelled. The sepoys would not believe it. They were then ordered to buy their favourite *ghi*, (clarified butter,) and grease the cartridges themselves. Almost as if to show that they were determined not to be satisfied, they now maintained, that as the *paper* used for the cartridges came from England, unclean animal fat was used in its manufacture. They were told to buy their own country-made paper, and manufacture the cartridges in their own lines; but like the spoiled children that they were, they said, No, the government had a design somehow to deprive them of their caste; why else should they introduce a new weapon at all? Had they not conquered all India with the old musket? Besides, they said, they did not know how much injury had been already done to them before they found out about the fat, etc. The military secretary of government then published that none of the new cartridges had as yet been

served out; the commander-in-chief even was led to promulgate the humiliating, and, as it appears, ill-timed (because it came too late) order, that the sepoys should not be required to use any cartridges which were in any way objectionable to them. An exhibition of weakness this, which only urged the proud sepoy into the belief that government were afraid of him, and that he might, if he chose, also prescribe his own wishes in other matters.

This under-current of violated caste prejudices, whilst it helped on the fraternization of Hindu with Mohammedan, yet agitated the ocean of oriental life too much for the safety and success of the plot. But those feelings were now beyond control. The Asiatic, servile, cringing, sinister and untruthful, as his slavish nature is, no sooner becomes master than he is the most intolerable, unconcealed tyrant, oppressor and despot. In this instance his triumph appeared certain. He heard from all quarters of the country that there was but one heart and mind in the matter; that as all power resided in the native army, it was utterly impossible for the handful of Europeans either to escape him, or to resist him with any hope of success; the seapoy already revelled in the prospect not only of doubled pay under the new regime, but also of the large amount of property he should acquire in the shape of hard cash, since every treasury in the country was under the guard of sepoys. The native officer, the highest rank attainable to whom is that of captain, already saw himself riding in his colonel's carriage, and addressed as Brigadier, or General Sáhíbh Bahádúr, with his former general's daughter for his slave-girl. Many an idle scion of former royalty, with his large government pension, continued inviting the European officers to his table, at which, though sitting, he himself never ate, and whilst listening to the entertaining conversation of his guests with the blandest smiles, was thinking of the approaching day when he should bear his share in exterminating these hated Feringhis, these proud Englishmen who live on raw meats, and wines of fire, who laugh at their fathers, and never say a prayer, and who, when they can wring no more from their own peasants, plunder the kings of India. The servant, as he was setting out his master's table with the

plate and the crystal, was gloating over the shining array which so soon should be his own, and the place for whose reception he had already prepared. And the sanguine, hotblooded children of the sun could not conceal their anticipated triumph. The hitherto, generally at least outwardly, obedient soldier assumed airs of consequence, became sullen, disrespectful and contemptuous. He who always saluted with ostentatious military salute every European he met, now passed with firm unyielding step and scowling countenance every white face. Servants, so wofully familiar with the children of their masters in India, would tell the wondering little ones how soon their mamma would grind the corn for the king of Delhi's horses. These things could not remain unknown to the government and its servants; but, like the inhabitants of Catania, they had become accustomed to the rumbling of the mountain, and even to its occasional smoking; they did not believe in the predicted eruption which was so soon to overwhelm them. And yet there is mercy in severity. A judgment was to be brought upon a government that had failed to give God the glory, and to honour him in all their acts before the heathen; but God looked upon the churches gathered by his servants, even amidst so much surrounding darkness and forgetfulness of God, and he diverted the frightful stream of lava from its terrible course of destruction; it did not burst out in full fury, and there was time to sound the tocsin, and to warn the people.

The outbreak at Meerut, which was at first considered the origin of the mutiny, was really the cause of its failure; it was premature, deranged the preconcerted plans of the conspirators, gave time to the vigorous administration of the Punjáb to disarm the native forces in that important land, and ultimately to furnish the troops which were to save India for the crown of England. But we must not anticipate. Although we cannot pretend in these pages to give a detailed account of this mutiny and insurrection, we shall yet endeavour to give an outline of its main course.

As early as February, 1857, disaffection had ripened into open mutiny in two regiments stationed at Barrackpore, twelve



miles from Calcutta, which manifested itself so far as that the lives of some officers were attempted. The result was the execution of a native officer of one of the regiments, and the disbanding of the other. The words "caste" and "interference with the religion of the natives," were then much bandied about, and the General commanding the station, in a speech to the native troops, went even so far as to intimate (so at least it was understood) that he would not allow a missionary to remain in the cantonments under his command. Like Lord Ellenborough and those of like mind with him in the British Parliament, there were members of the Indian government who would have been glad to be able to trace the existence of the discontent to the direct labours of the missionaries. No attempt, however, could be more futile. Though missionaries make no distinction of persons, and preach to all that are willing to listen, yet from the nature of the case, and the peculiar circumstances of the native soldiers, their labours have been much less among these than any other class of people. Of Christianity the sepoy know far less than any other class of people. Indeed, neither the sepoy nor the populace ever opened their mouths against the missionaries during this insurrection; some have fallen victims to the bloodthirstiness of the fanatical miscreants, but not so much because they were missionaries, as rather because they were foreigners. The people, too, often revile the missionary to his face in the marketplace and at the city gates, but they usually speak well of him behind his back. It is impossible to say that the missionaries have been the cause of the discontent or the outbreak, in any way, but it is possible to say, and perhaps to prove also, that the *want* of missionaries may have something to do with it. Among the number of Mussulman officials who turned against the government whose salt they were eating, none have as yet been pointed out that have been educated in the missionary schools, whilst those who have remained faithful are of that class.

An interesting circumstance connected with the Barrackpore mutiny must not be passed over. The commander of one of the mutinous regiments was Colonel Wheeler, a man well known throughout the Bengal Presidency for his zealous Christian character. The obloquy heaped upon this man, when the

mutiny became known, passes all belief. He was known to have preached to the people, and to have distributed Bibles and tracts. Efforts appear to have been made to deprive him of his commission; he *was* deprived of his command; and during the investigation which ensued, he was obliged to write two letters to his military superiors, in vindication of the course which he had been accustomed to pursue. As an instance of the soul-crushing influence of a bad system, it may also be remarked, that the Military Secretary, who played the unenviable part of Inquisitor-General on this occasion, and to whom these apologetic letters had to be addressed, is himself an officer who is generally considered as possessed of decided piety. We regret not to be able to transfer these letters to our pages; but their length precludes them. He therein shows that he is not ashamed of Christ, and that he considers it the duty of every Christian to make known the glad tidings of salvation to every man; that whatever his military duties might be, they could not prevent his serving his "Heavenly Superior;" he confessed to the charge of having preached to the people whenever he could get them to listen, and that he was not careful that sepoys should not be among his audience; and he avows his conviction that he has been right in the course which he had been thus pursuing for twenty years. It is gratifying to know that this is by no means a solitary example of the Christian soldier among the officers in India. When the Board of Directors of the East India Company sent orders to the government of India, to proclaim to every native of India that they would proscribe any one of their Christian servants, who should afford pecuniary aid or countenance to missions, or to any such efforts for the enlightenment of the people;—which orders, we are expressly told by the Chairman of the Court, were in furtherance of "the policy so long observed by our government"—they were not carried out, because it was known that some, yea many, of the very best officers the Company had in India, would at once throw up their commissions, if such restrictions should be placed upon them. (*Kaye's Life of Tucker*, p. 562.)

After the disbanding of the mutinous troops at Barrackpore, there occurred, night after night, incendiary fires in the

different military stations throughout the north-west; officers' houses, churches, hospitals, and the huts of the native soldiers themselves illuminated every night the sky with their lurid glare, and might almost have suggested the beacon-fires on the heights of Switzerland, which called on the mountaineers to rise against their masters. Whilst the authorities supposed that this was the way in which the sepoy vented his feelings in regard to a fancied wrong done to him by government, and never dreamed that matters could go further, and that the fate of India was really then in the balance, the fact was, that these conflagrations were but the preconcerted signal to show which stations were "ready." The appointed day was approaching; the month of May, with its stifling hot winds, had already set in; a fortnight more, and the most brilliant gem in the crown of England would have been lost. But on Sunday the 10th, the Meerut mutiny broke out.

Meerut, a station on the road from Delhi to the hill Sanataria, the headquarters of the Bengal artillery, contained, besides artillery, also one regiment of European infantry, and one of cavalry, besides the third Bengal light cavalry, and two other native regiments. Eighty-five troopers of the light cavalry had refused to use the cartridges which had been served out to them. They were tried, and convicted of disobedience, amounting (as there was a distinct combination) to the crime of mutiny. The punishment in all standing armies is simply death. But from that principle of imitating and aping the Queen's service, which, as has been observed, has done so much to injure the Company's army, the Bengal articles of war necessitated the prisoners being tried by native officers, who in this case, of course, were their secret confederates. They, as may be expected, would not pass a death sentence; but they did not object—they knew at the time it was only for form's sake—to sanction the cruel and insulting punishment of twelve years' hard labour in chains. They were publicly stripped of their uniforms, manacled in presence of the entire division of the army, and led off to prison. The next day, towards evening, the native regiments openly revolted, killing every European they met. The cavalry galloped off to the jail, released their comrades, with twelve

hundred prisoners besides, obliged the commissariat blacksmith to free them from their fetters, and then they all joined in the worst of pillage and destruction, burning the officers' houses, and carrying away what they could lay their hands on. They were joined largely by the native domestics, by the bad characters that infest all military cantonments, and especially by the Mohammedan rabble of the city, who had been waiting with eagerness for the signal of rapine. And here commenced those unspeakable atrocities and heart-sickening horrors which were repeated in almost every station whither the mutiny spread, which make us ashamed of our very humanity; acts so abominable that they will not bear narration, for which our Western languages not only have no names, but hardly words to describe them. The perpetrators of the crimes may thus escape punishment from the very enormity of their offences. Those merciless, fiendish Mussulmans treated their masters, and still worse, their *ladies* and their children, in such a manner that even *men* cannot hint to each other in whispers the awful details. The narrative of such sufferings and such indignities could never be printed; they are too foul for publication. What is the murder of whole families in cold blood, when murder was mercy; and when the well-nigh universal massacre of the British officers by the sepoys must be called the very mildest feature in the affair? But who can speak of what preceded the hacking to death piecemeal? We occidentals have too sluggish imaginations to conceive of a tithe of the horrors perpetrated; and even were we told of some things, our minds could not take in the shocking picture, either as a whole or in its details.

One of the London newspapers, bolder than the rest, gave a short enumeration of some of the enormities committed at a few stations, and the heart of England shuddered at the recital, and a wail of horror arose from one end of Great Britain to the other, whilst a sad smile played on the features of the surviving English in India, when they read it, knowing how very far short fell that impassioned account of the unutterable realities. Especially guilty were the filthy bazar rabble who burst out of their dens to prey upon all; rapine their sole object. Plunder and defilement, cruelty and sensuality, Moloch and Chemosh, were



their characteristics. Brute force had the upper hand for a time, and they hurled themselves into the whirlpool of lust, as if this was only for them to live.

Of the marvellous fact that such enormities were committed in Meerut in the presence of a European force amounting to more than two thousand, and of the inaction or tardiness of the military authorities in that place, we cannot speak; everybody knows the sad facts, that British troops lost their way in going from one end of the cantonment to the other; and after the mutineers and released convicts had finished their fiendish work, and left the station, the European soldiers remained to guard the burning houses, "the corpses of the slain, their own barracks, and the slumbers of the division head-quarters:" while three regiments of natives, without leaders, made good a march of twenty-six miles to seize the native capital of the country! No explanation has as yet been given.

Twenty-six miles south-west of Meerut lies the city of Delhi, the ancient seat of the Mogul empire, and the modern residence of the pensioner, who has been known under the name of "King of Delhi." The name of the city most generally known is said, by Ferishta the historian, to be derived from Rajah *Delei* of Kanauj, its founder, who appears to have been a contemporary of Darius Hystaspis. Its ancient Hindu name is Indraprastha, or Hastinapúr, whilst the Mussulmans frequently call it Sháhjahánabád. It stands in the middle of a plain, surrounded on every side with the ruins of the ancient metropolis; it contained 160,000 inhabitants; it has nineteen gates, and walls seven miles in circuit. The Jumna, crossed by a single pontoon bridge, flows close under the walls of the palace of Sháh Jahán, which dominating the whole scene by its size, with granite-faced walls of sixty feet in height, is crowned with domes and minarets, and flanked by forts. Mosques with their enamelled and gilt cupolas are conspicuous, and some striking oriental buildings, intermixed with a specimen here and there of the curious nondescript European architecture of India, might be seen rearing themselves above the low flat-roofed houses of the Indian city. The royal palace, in which the king was allowed to exercise some shadowy sovereignty, was said to contain 12,000 inhabitants. The *Chándrú Chauk*,

a *wide* street, (a great rarity in oriental cities,) the principal mosque, and the *Diwán-i-kháss*, or Hall of Audience, composed of exquisitely carved blocks of white marble, and bearing the inscription mentioned in *Lalla Rookh*, (Agar bihishte bar rúe zamín ast, hamín ast, hamín ast, hamín ast, hamín ast, "If there is an elysium on earth, it is this,") are the boast of Hindustan. Couched under a ridge of sandstone rocks, lay the military cantonments, which, like most cantonments in India, presented the usual alternation of uniquely built houses for the European residents, low, windowless mud huts for the native soldiery, and groups of gaudy trees, among which the unfrequent palm formed a conspicuous object. The city wall or rampart is built of red granite, battlemented and turreted, and presents a sufficiently formidable aspect.

The garrison of this place, at the time of the outbreak, consisted of three regiments of native infantry, and three companies of native artillery, and no Europeans. The Meerut mutineers reached this city early in the morning, were immediately joined by the sepoy in Delhi, and together they took possession of the fort and city; the cantonments were soon laid in ashes, the treasury containing more than two millions and a half dollars in coin, was at once appropriated, the Delhi bank plundered, and the government college destroyed. The Delhi Gazette press was preserved to print insurrectionary manifestos and proclamations. The European males and children were assassinated with the most exquisite cruelties, and the ladies reserved for a worse fate. Some escaped these shambles, but only to perish on the road from hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, and sun-stroke, and the hot wind, and fever, and the hostility of the villagers, who mostly turned against the Europeans, and also by the hands of robbers and marauders, who in a moment sprang up on every side, destroying the lines of telegraph, and intercepting the mails. Very few, indeed, and these through incredible sufferings, some by apostasy, saved their lives; for such was the rapacity of the villagers, that those who reached European habitations again, did so often in a state of utter nakedness.

The loss of this city was so much more important as it contained the principal magazine and arsenal of the North-west,

besides the splendid camp of the commander-in-chief. The magazine contained hundreds of cannon of all sizes, vast stores of muskets, sabres, carbines, and bayonets, and military accoutrements; shot and shell in uncountable measure; gun-caps, powder, in short, everything that makes an army efficient, and the want of which paralyzes the efforts of the largest numbers. So great was the quantity of these warlike stores, that after some brave officers, before finally evacuating the magazine, had laid mines and blown up a portion of it; after the mutineers in the city, soon swelling by constant accessions from without to the number of twenty-five or thirty thousand, had been using them with the utmost profusion for one hundred and forty-five days, sometimes keeping up the fire on the besieging force night and day, and after much had been wantonly destroyed by explosions, the Europeans, on their re-occupation, found whole piles of ammunition entirely untouched. The plundered treasure the sepoy distributed among themselves; and as every man carried his entire property about him, we are told by native eye-witnesses that the men could hardly walk under their loads, and that they paid from twenty-four to thirty rupees for gold pieces whose real value was only sixteen, whilst the cunning Hindu bankers, who had not gold enough to exchange all the stolen silver, brought thousands of brass mohurs into circulation. The king, of course, was at the head of the rebellious troops; but the sepoy obeyed his orders only when they pleased; the king's sons were appointed to high military commands, but the sepoy derided their ignorance and incapacity. Men suspected of leaning towards the British government were plundered, while most of those decayed Mussulman princes whose subsistence depended hitherto upon their pension from government, remained unmolested. This premature outbreak, doubtless, took the other regiments by surprise, and by deranging their previously agreed-on plan, may have shaken the resolution of some. Still, the country being very large, and the means of communication soon getting into hopeless confusion and entire stagnation, some stations hardly heard of what had taken place before the day originally fixed for the rise really came on. Indeed, it would appear from the manner in which regiment after regiment mutinied and deserted, how every day for six months brought the information

of a new defection—one regiment revolting as much as six weeks after the recapture of Delhi—until at last but one regiment remained of that entire splendid army, the regular infantry amounting to seventy-five thousand men, who had retained their arms and had not mutinied, whilst most of the irregular cavalry and the contingents of the protected states “went,” that these regiments considered themselves bound in some way to mutiny, whether they could effect any thing thereby or not. In the meantime, the Meerut authorities had sent to Rurki for a battalion of native sappers and miners, who also at once proceeded on their march, but when in the neighbourhood of Meerut, they killed their commanding officers, and tried to make their way to Delhi.

Alighar is a station halfway between Agra and Delhi, containing a large establishment belonging to the government bullock-train, the great means by which European goods and stores are transported in India. The garrison here mutinied, drove away the officials, took possession of the treasury, destroyed the post-office, and the bullock-train magazine, containing at the time goods to the amount of more than half a million, belonging mostly to private persons in the Punjáb.

And now the mutiny and insurrection spread with great rapidity. One hundred and twenty miles southwest of Delhi is Nasírabád, a station with two regiments of native infantry and some artillery; they seized the treasure, but were fiercely opposed by some Bombay lancers, who remained true. They marched then to Ajmír, having first destroyed the cantonments at Nasírabád, and then to Nímach, where they were joined by two more regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, some horse-artillery, and marched all together to Delhi, which, it became soon apparent, was the rendezvous of the revolting regiments. But it would be too tedious to go over town, and city, and station, one by one; the mutiny, in a word, soon became general;

“Surge leaping after surge, the fire waved onward red as blood,  
Till half of *India* lay engulfed beneath the eddying flood;  
For miles away the fiery spray poured down its deadly rain,  
And back and forth the billows sucked, and paused, and burst again.”

Everywhere the sepoy made it their first business to seize the



treasure, release all convicts and prisoners from the jail, then murder their officers, leave the wives and children of the officers to the mercy of the lustful Mohammedan rabble, and march to Delhi, or if Oude was more convenient, to Oude, and Lucknow, its capital. There are exceptions also to the universal ill-treatment. In some, though extremely few, places, some sepoy or troopers remained with their officers, until these had reached some place of safety, whereupon they returned to join their mutinous comrades. At one place in Oude, Fairabád, the troops assembled on parade in all due military order, then informed their officers, without rudeness, that they were taking possession of the country in the name of the king of Delhi, presented to them one of their native officers as the newly *elected* Brigadier, gave them money for their travelling expenses to Calcutta, from the government treasury, of course, and saluted them on their departure. However, these officers were all set upon by another mutinous regiment and killed.

The mutiny actually extended from the borders of Afghanistan to Assam, and from the Himalaya to the Deccan. Were the places to be enumerated where the British rule ceased for a time, it would but be a recital of the plagues of fire and sword, and in many places, where a brave band of Europeans made a stand, in some fort or other building—also of famine.

At Futtehgurh, a name well known to the friends of missions, information was received on the 3d of June, that the troops at Sháhjahánpúr (fifty miles north of Futtehgurh) and Baraili (about fifty miles further) had mutinied, and that a body of Oude mutineers, consisting of troops of all arms, were marching on Futtehgurh. This caused great anxiety, as the native regiment stationed there were known to be mutinously disposed, for they had given out that as soon as another corps arrived, they would rise and murder all the Europeans, only sparing their own officers. That night a consultation was held, and it was considered absolutely necessary to send off the ladies and children to Cawnpore, and as boats had been secured, it was settled that a start should be made at once, as it had been before agreed that it was impossible to hold the fort, and it was at that time thought that the river was quite open. The party started at one o'clock, A. M., on the 4th of June, and got on

very well that night. The next morning they were joined by the officers of the Futtehgurh regiment, who reported that their men had mutinied, seized the treasure, abused the colonel, and fired on themselves, and that there was little chance of any of those who had remained behind having escaped. The fugitives proceeded on their way, and when opposite the village of Husúnakhore were fired upon by the villagers, but only one was slightly wounded. The next day they had not gone far when a report reached them that Oude troops were crossing at one of the ferries a few miles below. On a further consultation it was deemed best, as the party was very large, to divide. Accordingly, about forty Europeans landed and were received in the fort of a native. The remainder of the party, amounting to one hundred and twenty-six souls, proceeded to Cawnpore, as no intelligence of the mutiny there had reached them.

In the meantime, the Bhitúr Rajah, Sri Mant Dhundú Pant Nána Sáhib by name, had raised the standard of revolt, and made the region around Cawnpore the theatre of his bloody deeds. In bloodthirstiness, wanton cruelty, and utter faithlessness, he showed himself the true Maratta that he was. He was a son, real or adopted, of the vizier of the late ex-Peishwá, Báji Rao, the last of the recognized Maratta chiefs, and on some frivolous pretence (the Court of Directors said) had laid claim to the revenues of the Peishwá, but government had overruled his pretensions, and he thirsted for revenge. During the times of peace he showed himself most friendly and kindly disposed towards the English officers. He had some English education, professed to be a great admirer of everything English, and often invited the English officers stationed near him, gave them banquets and dancing exhibitions, or placed his elephants at their disposal for the exciting tiger-hunt or elephant chase. Before the mutiny fairly broke out at Cawnpore, and while the British were still temporizing, in the vain hope that Delhi would soon be recaptured, and that this event would restore peace and confidence, Nána Sáhib proposed to bring his fifteen hundred men to the assistance of the British garrison at Cawnpore, and for the dispersion of the mutineers. At the same time he was entreating his favourite English friends, among them the chief Collector, to send their young wives and

children to his castle at Bhitúr, as a place of safety. Nobody seems to have doubted his friendship and honour. Was he not a man of immense wealth and power, all through the favour of the English government? Did he not occupy a large estate, and a stronghold of very difficult approach, only six miles from Cawnpore, not inherited, but actually presented to him by the British rulers of India? At the same time he was organizing a corps of assassins, dug out the guns which he had kept concealed, and not a day passed during the bloody interregnum, in which some poor hunted European was not brought in, and literally hacked to pieces by his orders.

Before this tiger, the incarnation of brutality and treachery, whose crimes seem to surpass even what human nature was thought capable of, the pitiable Futtehgurh fugitives were brought, and put to death; all perished, cut to pieces on the parade ground in Cawnpore. Among these fugitives were four American families, the missionaries stationed at Futtehgurh: the Rev. Robert McMullin and his wife, who had only arrived from America three months before; the Rev. Albert O. Johnson and his wife, whose residence in India only dated from December, 1855; the Rev. David E. Campbell with his wife and two children, and the Rev. John E. Freeman with his wife; the latter had but lately removed from Mynpúri to Futtehgurh, to take charge of the Orphan Asylum. Thus did a most cruel and unexpected death terminate the lives of these brethren which had been devoted to the service of their Master. It must be a consoling reflection how these victims of barbarity were doubtless enabled to spend their last breath in directing their one hundred and sixteen fellow-sufferers, amidst the clangor of arms, to the Prince of Peace; how their last few days were possibly crowned with souls saved by their instrumentality; with what fervour, surrounded by enemies, they must have pointed to Him who is the friend of sinners, and how a dying Lord was offered by dying men to dying men. The church and the work of missions have lost, by a sudden stroke, their talents and their piety; but we know that *they* have lost nothing. A great gap has been made in those family circles with which these brethren and sisters were more immediately connected, but the Lord reigneth,

whose judgments are a great deep. He is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him!

The other fugitives from Futtehgurh fared hardly better. After remaining for a few days in the fort of Dharmpúr, where they had taken refuge, they returned again to Futtehgurh. The regiment used various artifices to make their officers believe that they would remain faithful, although they were in possession of the treasure—and they almost succeeded. But on the 18th of June they released all the prisoners and convicts from the jail; a regiment which had mutinied in Oude, crossed the Ganges, and entered Futtehgurh; a company of the Futtehgurh regiment then marched to the Nawáb of Furrukhabád, placed him on a throne, laid the regimental colors at his feet, and fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns. The Nawáb, however, at that time would have nothing to do with them, unless they made over to him the money which they had robbed. They would not do this, and ultimately dispersed. The Europeans, in number upwards of one hundred and ten, including women and children, now took refuge in the Futtehgurh fort, and there being thirty-three able-bodied men among them, they prepared for a siege. They defended themselves with great courage and perseverance for a number of days against an overwhelming force of sepoy, who had been joined by about one hundred and fifty of the Afghan settlers of that region. But after they had lost several of their number, and the enemy's guns and mines had effected two breaches, their position became desperate, and they resolved once more to take to the boats. This was nearly a month after the first ill-fated party had started. They were soon overtaken, however, by the pursuing sepoy, and men, women, and children, one by one, perished miserably, from wounds, by drowning, from exhaustion, and through treachery. But two survived, and reached a place of safety to tell the sad and sickening tale. In the meantime the district of Futtehgurh was formally taken possession of by the Nawáb of Furrukhabád, who was greatly assisted by one Hidáyat Ali Khán, who had been a taxgatherer under the British government, and who made himself vizier of the Nawáb, retaining all the government officials and employees, and continuing to collect the revenue for the coffers of the Nawáb. The latter put all that could yet be found of any European descent or connec-



tion to death; among them we hear of *twenty-one* native Christians, who had doubtless belonged to the Christian village gathered there by the Presbyterian Mission. A native witness tells how two of the women and one child were twice shot at, by way of execution, without being hit; whereupon they begged the Nawáb for their lives. He seemed inclined to relent, but Hidáyat Ali, who was also present, said they were infidels, and the Koran commanded such to be put to death. And this is the spirit of Mohammedanism wherever it has the power.

At the junction of the Ganges and the Jumná, five hundred miles from Calcutta, lies the city of Allahabad, called by the Hindus, Prayág. When the news of the Meerut and Delhi mutinies arrived, the sepoy regiment there volunteered to march against the mutineers; and on the same day, the 6th of June, they rose and killed eighteen out of twenty-six of their own officers. With loud invocations of Rám Chandra, their favourite name of Krishna, they proceeded to the jail, and liberated two thousand robbers, the offscouring of mankind. Even the native population of the city started with horror as the clanking of the irons, still dangling on the legs of the convicts, resounded for hours through the city. The sepoys in the mean time plundered the treasury of three millions of rupees, and each took away as much as he could carry, leaving the rest to become the cause of strife and bloodshed among the convicts and the mob. The sepoys, to carry the more, threw away their arms, and were consequently set upon by the villagers and spoiled of their spoils. In the city a Mohammedan schoolmaster set up the standard of rebellion, and by dint of much Arabic, or what passed for it, endeavoured to excite the populace to attack the fort in which the European residents had taken refuge. Though demonstrations were made against it, it remained in the possession of the Europeans, who thus saved their lives, though many who could not reach this place of safety were killed by the insurgents. A Sikh regiment, stationed there, though somewhat doubtful at first, ultimately remained staunch, and garrisoned the fort, assisted by thirty European artillery men, who had arrived on the day of the outbreak from Chunár. But nearly every European habitation was burnt to the ground; the church of the station as well as that of the American mis-

sion was gutted, the mission press destroyed, and almost everything was lost. The usual and more than the usual atrocities were committed; neither age, nor sex was spared, and we hear of whole families tied to trees and burnt alive. After the fort had been besieged\* for about ten days, and the Sikhs had begun to waver, Colonel Neill, with forty Europeans of the Madras fusileers, who had arrived by a steamer, appeared most opportunely and restored confidence. The following day two hundred more of the same regiment arrived; a sally was made, and the rebels routed. Two of the Sikhs who were left wounded on the parade ground, whilst the English force pursued some mutineers, fell into the hands of the towns people, who cruelly murdered them. At this intelligence the whole Sikh regiment rose up, mad and infuriate, and demanded revenge. With a party of Europeans they proceeded to the town, and murdered every man, woman, and child they met. Those who a few days before had mocked the helpless Europeans, and exulted over their shame and their calamities, and danced howling round their burning bodies, were slaughtered like sheep. The Sikhs exasperated at the wanton cruelty practised against their brothers; the Madras fusileers stung to the quick by the dishonour of their countrywomen; European indigo planters who in one hour had been reduced from affluence and power to beggary and helplessness, and officers whose homes had been made desolate, and who but by a kind providence had escaped the miserable fate of their brothers, precipitated themselves upon the guilty city, and gave no quarter. At the approach of night the city was fired, and half of it destroyed. Many perished in the flames. The revenge was terrible. At such a time, when

“— Weiber werden zu Hyaenen,  
Und treiben mit Entsetzen Scherz,  
Noch zuckend, mit des Tigers Zähnen,  
Zerreissen sie des Feindes Herz,”

what can be expected from an infuriate, *intoxicated* soldiery? A banker, who had encouraged the sepoy in their revolt, was stripped of his three hundred thousand rupees, and then nailed

\* Fifty-nine women and children died during the siege.

to a large mahogany table, which he had obtained a few days before from one of the houses of the plundered Europeans.\* The American Presbyterian Mission buildings, the school, the library, one of the best in Upper India, were all ruined; the missionaries plundered of nearly everything they had. Two of the missionaries with their families fled. Gopí Náth Nundy, a native of Bengal, a Presbyterian minister in Futtehpore, who had fled to Allahabád, was in the hands of the mutineers for some days, his feet in the stocks a part of the time; but he would not recant, in spite of all menaces; on the contrary, he maintained a good confession, and offered praise and prayer to the only true God, in the presence of his enemies. Some native Christians are said to have pronounced the Mohammedan creed, to save their women from dishonour.

The capital and the seat of government of the north-western provinces is Agra, called by the Mohammedans Akbarabád, well known to the Christian reader as a great missionary station. Here is the American Presbyterian Mission, with three missionaries, a fine Presbyterian church, and three flourishing schools; here the English Baptists had a mission, as well as the Church Missionary Society; the Romish mission dates from the days of Akbar; here was the centre of the North India Bible Society, with its fine depository of thirty-eight thousand Bibles, Testaments, Psalters, etc., in Asiatic and European languages; the Christian Tract and Book Society, with a depository of not less than one hundred thousand pages in various languages; here was the Secundra Orphan Press, one of the largest in India; a Mission College, and a Government College. To the reader of Indian travels, Agra is specially known for its remains of Mogul magnificence, and their crown, the Táj. But during the insurrection the interest of Europeans centred on the other side, on the fort, which extends along the banks of the river, and within whose lofty embattled walls there is the Motí Masjíd (Pearl Mosque) of pure white marble, unrivalled in chasteness of design and elegance; the remains of the palace, with its gilded cupolas,

\* There may be inaccuracies in this account, as we have seen no details in the newspapers; our version is taken from an unpublished official document.

and rich tracery on the walls and ceiling; but also an arsenal, and numerous compartments and sheds for all the paraphernalia of war; for in this fort, hardly strong enough to stand an assault, was shut up a European population of nearly six thousand souls for three months.

Agra was garrisoned by three native regiments, one European, and a company of artillery. The native regiments mutinied early, and moved off to the focus, Delhi. Agra being in the very midst of the mutinous districts, was soon cut off from regular communication with east or west, north or south, and hence the government, as far as it depended upon the head, was at once paralyzed. The station remained quiet, however, until the end of June. Immediately south of Agra are some dependent states which are obliged to maintain military contingents; nearly all of these mutinied; and the Gwalior contingent, on its way to Delhi, after having shed the blood of their officers, passed near Agra. Now the Europeans took refuge in the fort; though a detachment of the European regiment, with two guns, marched out to prevent the mutineers from entering the station. An engagement took place, during an early part, in which the ammunition tumbrils were blown up; the Europeans had to retreat, with great loss; and the city and cantonment rabble soon made havoc of the station, burning and destroying everything, and murdering everybody that bore the Christian name, who had not been fortunate enough to reach the fort. So many people being crowded together in gunsheds, casemates, and verandahs, cholera made its appearance, though the mortality from this source does not appear to have been very great. Captain Thomas, well known for his beautiful sketches of Simla scenery, and Mr. Colvin, the lieutenant-governor of the north-west provinces—the latter perhaps overcome as much by anxiety and grief as by disease—were among the victims.

The most disorganized and anarchical district, during the entire period of the insurrection, was that of Rohilkund, settled by Rohillas (Afghans) about a century ago, and the barbarities committed at Baraili, Sháhjahánpúr, and other places, only proved that the descendants of those wild warriors who had so often overrun India, held blood as cheap as their brothers across the Indus. At Baraili the native infantry destroyed



every European house, the college, and every public building. The green flag of Islam was raised, at the sight of which no Mohammedan dares remain neutral, and *Din, Dîn, Yâ Allâh* became the watchword of the rebels. The artillery and the irregular cavalry soon joined them, and Khán Bahádur Khán, a Rohilla prince, proclaimed himself governor of the province, in the name of the king of Delhi. The Europeans fled, but many were cut up. Those who escaped owed their lives mostly to a few native troopers, who had remained faithful. They wandered about for a long time in disguise, often maltreated by the villagers, and suffering every hardship before they reached a place of safety in the hills. At Sháhjahánpúr, on the 31st of May, the European residents were nearly all in church, looking to God for protection, we may imagine with what intense fervour at such a time, when the sepoy's rushed in with swords, and murdered most of them. Some fled to the fort of a neighbouring rajah, but were turned out the next day, and hunted to death like wild beasts.

In Hissar, the splendid government stud was destroyed; most of the horses houghed, the treasury plundered, the prisoners released, the European buildings burnt, the government records destroyed, the Europeans murdered. Prince Mohammed Azím Beg, who was in government employ, proclaimed himself governor in the name of the king of Delhi; and the other native officials immediately took service under him. He was ostentatiously engaged in the evening prayer when information was brought to him that two Feringhis were concealed in a certain place. "The prince thanked the Prophet that the merciful God had been pleased to keep the two Káfirs (infidels) for his share of the massacre."

"Ces monstres furieux, de carnage altérés,  
Excités par la voix des prêtres sanguinaires,  
Invoquaient leur Seigneur en égorgeant leurs frères;  
Et, le bras tout souillé du sang des innocens,  
Osaient offrir à Dieu cet exécration d'encens."

At Jhansi, the famous episode of "the round tower" took place. Two officers, Skene and Gordon, had taken refuge in an old martello tower. They fought the mutineers, Skene's wife

loading his rifle for him, and thirty-seven of the enemy fell before their steady fire. But ladders scaled the place; the ruffians surrounded them; Gordon's head was pierced by a bullet, and he fell. All hope seemed then gone; Skene kissed his wife, shot her, and then shot himself. "Kiss of love and anguish; in famous story or true record of love and death, no kiss like that was ever recorded." The rest of the Europeans, fifty-seven in number, held out for days against large bodies of insurgent horsemen. At last cannon was procured, and the rebels effected an entrance into the old fort in which the Europeans had taken refuge. On this, the latter capitulated for the safety of the women and children, which was granted. Faith was not kept. The men were bound with ropes and placed in a long line, and their wives and children being forced spectators, were all beheaded with a cruelty such as hitherto it was believed belonged distinctively to the Chinese. The children were then cut to pieces before the eyes of their wretched mothers, who then were stripped, flogged—but how can pen describe the undescribable, the inexpressible? We stand aghast at such treatment; for we had forgotten that with the proud Brahman, we always were considered as out of the pale of humanity. We had forgotten that the Mohammedan is a ferocious animal, made so by his creed, which inspires him with a blind, vindictive exclusiveness, that makes him a true demon as soon as the restraint of fear is taken off. The very contact with a Western, a Christian civilization, had an influence over these wild natures, which, however, left the inner unseen man of these aliens entirely unchanged. When a set of low wretches once break loose from a spell which has long restrained them, there is on ordinary principles no knowing how far they will go. They exult in their release from the tie of respect, and think they cannot hurl the burden too far. They toss it off with wild and frantic delight, and rush into boundless insolence. They revel and wallow in the absence of respect as the greatest luxury they can enjoy, and having once torn the veil, rush with a voracious relish to the pollution of the sanctuary. This is the extravagance of vulgar irreverence, to soil the marble surface of the temple with vilest filth, to spit in the face of Majesty, and

kick the Royalty which has won such deference, in very revenge for the deference it has won.

But even such recitals fail to prepare our minds for the gigantic treachery of the Bhitúr Rajah at Cawnpore. He had already shown his temper by the wanton massacre of the poor Futtehgurh fugitives; but the tiger had tasted blood, and blood only could slake his bestial thirst. The first accounts of the mutiny at Meerut, and the reception of the rebels at Delhi reached Cawnpore about the 16th of May. The garrison of that station consisted of about four native regiments. Cawnpore is situated on the right bank of the Ganges, about six hundred miles from Calcutta, separated from Oude by the river. The station is built on a dead level; the lines of the different regiments straggling to the distance of five miles along the river bank; it possesses no fort or place of refuge, and is in every respect ill adapted for defence. The town contains about one hundred thousand inhabitants; many of them were armed; and the proportion of Mussulmans is large. It was a divisional station, commanded by General Wheeler, a man of nearly seventy years of age, fifty-three years in India; he had fought at the original capture of Delhi. He at once turned his attention toward the provision of a fortified position, in which, at all events, he might await the arrival of succours. He pitched upon the hospital barracks for the purpose. He intrenched it and armed it with all the guns of the battery. He had with him a few Europeans, who had been hastened up from Benares, but the whole force did not exceed one hundred and fifty men. The sepoy mutinied on the 5th of June, and then he had only this force to rely on, with about forty officers of various regiments. With this small body of troops he had to protect the depot of a European regiment, (who were in Lucknow,) consisting of one hundred and twenty women and children, and the whole Christian population of the place, which included civilians, merchants, shopkeepers, engineers, clerks, pensioners, and their families, to the number of nearly four hundred persons. He had very short supplies of food and ammunition. Against him were assembled a body of men probably exceeding four thousand in number, animated with fanatical rage, well supplied with ammunition, assisted by artillery, and led by the

truculent Nana. Lucknow was not fifty miles off, but no help could be expected from that quarter; and relief from Allahabad was soon rendered doubtful by the tidings that there had been a mutiny there, and that a large body of insurgents had assembled in the city. The enemy obtained mortars and sent shells into the crowded garrison—six hundred persons crowded together in a space calculated for two hundred—in an Indian June! Their supplies were exhausted, and water scarce. Daily men died from fever, and from the heat, and from wounds, and from hunger, and there was no place to bury them. Pulse, used to feed horses, was placed in buckets, raw, in the midst, and on this the delicate women subsisted until the 27th, when they capitulated. Favourable conditions were agreed upon; the garrison (including women, children, and camp followers,) were to be permitted to take their arms, property, and one hundred and fifty thousand rupees with them into country boats provided for their reception, in which they were to proceed to Allahabad. The miserable, half-starved Europeans were conducted to the boats, and pushed off into the stream.

“The starving mother clasped her shrunken child  
 And hurried to the boats, O ecstasy,  
 The thought of safety and of once again  
 Rejoining those they love! The gentle crowd  
 Is now on board, and, as the river air  
 Breathes in their faces, smiles are interchanged,  
 And thanks are wafted silently to heaven.”

But suddenly, on a signal given by Nana himself, guns on the bank were unmasked, and opened upon them. Out of the forty boats they embarked in, some were sunk, others set on fire, and the rest pushed over to the Oude side, where cavalry were awaiting them, and hacked them to pieces. Some, among whom was General Wheeler himself, got ten miles down the river; but they were pursued, overtaken, captured, and brought back in triumph to the barracks. The men were massacred, the women reserved for a worse fate. Some fifty or sixty ladies were kept as prisoners by Nana for about a fortnight. What their sufferings during this time must have been, can hardly be conceived. It is certain that they were allowed but very little food, and had to exist in the most revolting filth. On the wall



of the apartment in which they were kept, was found written, in a lady's hand, that such sufferings had not been endured since the siege of Jerusalem. When Nana heard that a British force was advancing against him, he ordered the execution of the captives. The native eyewitnesses, servants mostly, described the cries and screams of the ladies as heartrending. Gradually, they say, these cries ceased, and there was an awful stillness. All were left for dead: the wretches did not examine the bodies to see if life were extinct, but slunk quietly away. On the morrow it was found that twenty-five were still not dead; they had only been wounded. But it made no difference; the dead and dying, in a promiscuous mass, were thrown into a well, and earth heaped over them. Here, a few days after, they were found by the European soldiers, who came too late for relief; and the sight of all the memorials of the butchery so infuriated them, that they rushed upon their own native camp-followers, and killed many of them; and even slaughtering many of the inhabitants of Cawnpore, as well as of the surrounding villages, scarcely satisfied their desire for vengeance. Some of the scenes that occurred at the massacre, which were afterwards related by the native servants who were witnesses of them, bring the fearful distress of such a time vividly before us.

When the unhappy Europeans were brought back from the boats, they were separated from their wives and daughters, bound with ropes, and placed before their butchers. The chaplain obtained permission to read prayers, probably the burial-service, before the final command to despatch them was given; but he was interrupted by some of the victims who were suffering intensely, under that burning sun, from wounds they had received whilst in the boats. The women were present. The wife of a surgeon rushed upon her husband, embracing him convulsively, and determined to die with him; the other ladies followed her example, but the Nana ordered them to be separated by force. It was done; and the women had to witness the last death-agonies of their husbands, fathers, and brothers, with the exception of the surgeon's wife, whom no force could sever alive from her husband.

Here is the state of a single family in the besieged entrenchments during those terrible twenty-five days of June. The

whole family consisted of twenty-six souls, not one of whom is now in the land of the living. "Mrs. Samuel Greenway, who was delivered of a boy two days before she entered the entrenchment, became mad shortly after, and died about the 9th of June. Mr. Gee, while seated on a chair, received a part of the building, knocked off by a cannonball, on his head. He lingered till the following day, the 11th of June, and died. About this time, Louisa (a girl of fifteen years) was attacked by fever, which continued for three days. During this period her sufferings were agonizing, as little or no water could be procured to still her feverish thirst. She called to her father, and said, 'I am dying.' She kissed him, and expired. My master seldom got up from his mattress, and most deeply felt the death of his daughter, who was his favourite child. Under this grief he sunk, and died about the 17th. On the 18th, Miss Stewart, being frightened by the burning of the barrack in which she was, was running from it to the other quarters, when she was struck by a cannonball on her back. She fell, and died. Mrs. Gee became distracted at the scenes around her, and died on the 21st. The baby, who had subsisted on water only, died about eighteen days after its birth. All the dead bodies were thrown into a well by the soldiers." And so the sad tale of the domestic goes on. Then comes that moment, full of hope, when the boats received the deluded captives: "I saw my mistress seated in the boat, resting against a post, holding the Bible, from which she had never parted. Frederick (seven years old) was seated near her. About this time the fire commenced from a battery of masked guns. I saw my mistress's boat burn. I saw her open the Bible, clasp Frederick to her arms, and then she sunk under the flames. A horseman cut Henry (eleven years of age) with his sword, taking the right shoulder off entirely. Henry then ran a little, fell, and died. John and Mary, with Mr. Samuel Greenway's two children, were taken prisoners, and subsequently barbarously murdered."

Calcutta did not escape at least a panic, and but for the timely arrival of reinforcements from Mauritius, might have fallen into the hands of the conspirators. During the latter part of the month of May and the beginning of June, hundreds of people took refuge in the fort and shipping. A plot was

discovered in which the entire native garrison, and many of the Mohammedan inhabitants of that large city were implicated, in which the taking of Fort William and the destruction of the city were contemplated. At that time there were only three hundred and fifty European soldiers in garrison, and five hundred in Barrackpore, the military station a short distance from Calcutta. It was arranged that the sepoy should release the prisoners in the Alipore jail, join the body-guard of the ex-king of Oude, then living in Calcutta, which amounted to a thousand well armed men, and aided by the Mussulmans generally, march on Fort William, while the three native infantry regiments were to come in from Barrackpore, after destroying the Europeans there by surprise at night, join another set of Mohammedans who were to be in readiness, take possession of the government-house, the mint, the treasure, and plunder and murder all they could. At the same time, two other native regiments which had just arrived from Burmah, and were encamped near Kúli Bazar, were to seize Fort William, aided by the native guard within, amounting to seven hundred men. The city people were to rise *en masse*, and murder the European and Christian inhabitants, while the regular and irregular regiments stationed at Behrampore were to destroy that station, and march down to Calcutta. The higher classes of the English in Calcutta were, in fact, all invited to an enormous banquet by some native prince, where they were to have been surrounded and destroyed. But a thunderstorm of unprecedented violence burst upon Calcutta that evening, so that no one could move from his place. At the same time an unaccountable panic seized the Barrackpore sepoy, the execution of the plot was delayed, and hence defeated. For in the meantime the authorities in Calcutta received such authentic information in regard to the existence of this plot, that no doubt remained even upon their incredulous minds that the English rule was really upon the edge. They found, for instance, that a number of firms who dealt in firearms, especially revolvers, had disposed of nearly their entire stock to certain wealthy natives, and the manufacture of native weapons had also been going on very briskly. But though cognizant of the true position of affairs, they felt themselves paralyzed, not having

sufficient European troops to enforce any measure of disarmament which they might have devised, or to change the fort guard; which measures, if unsuccessful, would only have precipitated the crisis. At that critical moment, unexpectedly, the steamers came in, bringing European troops from Ceylon and the Mauritius—and Calcutta was saved. The ex-king of Oude and his prime minister were at once imprisoned, their communications with their followers cut off, and thus probably the head of the rebellion was, at least, scotched. For after all, Oude must be regarded as the hotbed of the whole insurrection. The annexation in February, 1856, was, as one of Lord Dalhousie's admirers has termed it, "a miracle of quietness." This quietness should have alarmed a sagacious government. The population had been turbulent on religious questions immediately before. Should the edict of a foreign infidel *really* have the power to produce "a miracle of quietness"? There is such a thing as the silence of rage; when a man gnashes his teeth, he cannot speak. Did the government read the native newspapers during the summer of 1856, the Koh-i-núr of Lahor, for instance? A country covered with forts, bristling with arms, filled with armed and warlike men, *peaceably* admitted a foreign ruler, whom the kings of the country had been constantly buying off during the last half century! Marvellous, indeed! Strong zamindars entrenched in their castellated dwellings, ryots living in villages surrounded by the impenetrably interlaced walls of the rank bamboo and belts of thorny jungle; a numerous, turbulent, ill-disciplined, exacting soldiery; chiefs, nawábs, and rajahs, in possession of strongholds and guns above and under ground, all submitted quietly to a system of taxation which nothing could escape. Wonderful! Lord Dalhousie himself, in his minute of the 28th February, tells us with pride, that despite the long prevalent and latterly universal anarchy, and the most disproportionably large army kept up by the king, the transference of power was accomplished peaceably, and without a drop of bloodshed.

Lucknow, of course, the capital of the country, and the residence of the king, a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, was perhaps the point concerning which most apprehensions had been entertained. There was there a class of courtiers and



hangers-on of the royal family; the inmates of an unusually well-stocked harem, their numberless relatives and their attendants; the office-bearers of the court, chamberlains, mace-bearers, soothsayers, physicians, savans, musicians, men-in-waiting, falconers, lion-tamers, elephant-trainers, jugglers, rope-dancers, actors, most of them Mohammedans, who had considerable influence upon the lower orders of the population. From these, who by the deposition of the king lost almost everything—for such men are not provident—most had to be feared; and there is no doubt that they at once set to intriguing against the English government. One of their most prominent and able men is said to have boasted, after the outbreak, that he had surrounded the English with toils which they would not readily unravel. This whole class, indeed, were banished from the capital, and the lawless royal army of some sixty thousand men was replaced by some ten or twelve *native* regiments, and only a single regiment of Europeans. General Sir James Outram was the man whom Lord Dalhousie had selected for the task of annexing and conducting the administration of the new territory. At the sailing of the expedition against Persia, however, he was chosen to conduct it, and a man put in his place, in whose character “were singularly blended the heroic chivalry of the old Greek, and the inflexible sternness of the old Roman, in happy combination with the tenderness of a patriarch, and the benevolence of the Christian philanthropist.” This was Sir Henry Lawrence, a man alike distinguished for the noblest qualities of head and heart, a glorious warrior, a great civil administrator, a far-sighted statesman, and a man who ruled with justice and humanity.

Before the outbreak at Meerut the military station at Lucknow had been troubled by incendiary fires. On the 30th of May, one of the irregular regiments, which had been in the king’s service before the annexation, mutinied; but the mutineers were overawed, threw away their arms, and fled; and the personal courage and the judicious measures of Sir Henry were thought, for a little while, to have subdued the discontent. But the troubles of the handful of European soldiers at once began. For the sake of increased vigilance they were encamped; and at that season it is one of the greatest hardships

imaginable to have no shelter but a tent against the furnace blasts of the hot wind, with the thermometer in the coolest spot constantly at 110°. On the 19th of May the sepoy, three regiments, rose in arms, killed the brigadier and other officers, burnt the station, plundered all they could reach, shot down all who opposed them, and advanced on the city. Sir Henry Lawrence, however, had not neglected to prepare for the worst; he had fortified the Residency, and placed in it the women, wives of officers, clerks, and others. The Residency is a piece of ground elevated above the rest of the city, allotted by the king of Oude to the British civil residents, when he first put himself under British protection, some fifty years ago. It is walled round, almost entirely; on one side native houses abut upon it, but on the other three sides it stands clear of buildings. This space contains the chief and other commissioners' houses, the post-office, city hospital, electric telegraph office, a church, and some other buildings. The cantonments were about five miles from the city. Lawrence also repaired, armed, and manned the old castle of Machibhawan, and a magazine, all these being adjoining to one another. As soon as he heard of the outbreak in the cantonments, he moved to the attack with three hundred Europeans and two guns. He attacked the rebels, beat them, and pursued them for miles, capturing more than one hundred of them; these were all hung. He foresaw worse things, and continued his preparations to stand a siege; he laid in provisions, and bought up very large quantities of wheat, flour, sugar, etc., knowing well that the whole country would soon be up; for in despotic countries with a centralized system of administration, Paris is France, and Lucknow, Oude. Hence the outbreak at Lucknow was immediately followed by a general rising in the whole of the province. In the military stations, all of which were garrisoned by natives only, the Europeans were killed, or if they escaped immediate death, it was mostly to find a slower end by privations of all kinds, and the hostility of the villagers. Sir Henry Lawrence's force now consisted of some six hundred Europeans, and a company of artillery. He mounted every available gun upon the Residency, placed ten guns to play upon the city, and adopted every precaution to strengthen his position. He was now

besieged by all the Oude regiments which had not gone to join the mutineers in Delhi.

On the 2d of July, the besieged Europeans, pressed by want of meat and fuel, made a sortie in the direction of the enemy's camp. The advanced guard was taken by surprise, and utterly routed, after two hours' desperate fighting. A considerable quantity of provisions fell into the hands of the English troops. This operation was conducted in person by the noble chief, Sir Henry, at the head of less than three hundred Europeans. Returning from the scene of action, bearing the proceeds of their hard fight for the relief of the poor sufferers in the fort, just as the troops reached the town, the native artillery who had accompanied the expedition, suddenly wheeled round and opened a deadly fire from the guns on the unfortunate Europeans, and before they were able to recover themselves and face their assailants, one hundred and thirty men were killed, and several of the officers severely wounded; among the latter the gallant leader, who was cut in the leg by the splinter of a shell, and died two days after of lockjaw. "In him," says the eloquent Dr. Duff, "the native army, through whose treachery he prematurely fell, has lost its greatest benefactor; while the girls' and boys' schools, founded by his munificence on the heights of the Himalaya, of Mount Aboo, and of the Nilgírís, must testify through coming ages to the depth and liveliness of his interest in the welfare of the British soldier's family in this burning foreign clime. I mourn over him as a personal friend—one whose friendship resembled more what we sometimes meet with in romance rather than in actual every-day life. I mourn over him as one of the truest, sincerest, and most liberal supporters of our Calcutta mission.\* I mourn over him as the heaviest loss which British India could possibly sustain, in the very midst of the most terrible crisis of her history." In consequence of these casualties the Europeans had to fall back entirely upon the old fort. At this time one of the civilians among the besieged writes: "The most painful consideration is the number of ladies and women, and helpless people who have fled for

\* Many other missions in India bear a like testimony to his worth and liberality.

protection to the fort, and are now here. Upwards of two hundred of these poor creatures are crammed into this narrow place, where it is impossible to describe their sufferings. Death would be, indeed, a happy release to many of them; and it is enough to melt the heart of the hardest soldier to witness their cruel privations, while it is wonderful at the same time to see the patience and fortitude with which they are enabled to endure the unparalleled misery of their position."

The number of rebels besieging the Europeans ultimately, is stated to have been not less than one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, about twenty thousand of whom were well-equipped troops of the Company's service, the rest an armed rabble, under wealthy and aristocratic Mohammedan leaders. One of the sons of Wájíd Ali, the ex-king of Oude, Birgis Qádir Bahádur by name, was proclaimed regent for the king of Delhi. His prime-minister was Sharífuddaula, who had been formerly minister of Oude. He reënlisted the disbanded regiments of the former reign, invited the petty rajás and great zamindárs to join him with their followers, issued orders to the villagers to kill all the Europeans passing through their villages, promised rewards for every European killed, and struck a new rupee to commemorate the downfall of the British power, bearing an inscription in Persian in honour of "Sultan Alum Shah," the nonagenarian Delhi miscreant.

Wonderful to tell, this closely pressed handful of English in Lucknow were able to hold out, thanks to the foresight of Lawrence, until, after many, many delays, they were relieved, towards the end of October, by the gallant and Christian soldier, General H. Havelock, who himself never was to leave that city again. He died, of dysentery, on the 25th of November.

It would be endless to recount all the places visited by these disasters. Let the reader imagine the whole of the Bengal Presidency from the Sutlej to the sea, one scene of anarchy and bloodshed, and he will have in his mind a faint shadow of the reality; women and children, naked and destitute, crowding the river boats from Allahabad downwards, to fly from the scene of their husbands', their fathers' murders; the beautiful cantonments a desolation, churches, colleges, schools, presses,



banks, court-houses, destroyed; the fine costly European furniture in heaps on the roads, ruined for ever; the thousand things that go to make up what the Englishman in India must prize so highly, *comfort*, all adding on every side to the impression of some convulsion; *destructae urbes, eversa sunt castra, depopulati agri, in solitudinem terra redacta est*, like the once fertile Campagna, after the Vandals had swept over the smiling land. During the latter half of the month of July and the month of August, there was not a single European living between Rániganj and Benares; from Calcutta to Allahabad the English held only those districts which were commanded by English troops, and from Allahabad to Delhi the forces held but little else than the ground upon which they stood. The Bombay and Madras Presidencies remained free from a general rising, but there were in both Presidencies, especially the former, a number of active mutinies, connected with the murder of officers, burning of stations, and a general flight of Europeans; this, however, took place mostly in districts contiguous to the Bengal Presidency, or in territories nominally under native rule. Nevertheless, all over India, even where no active outbreak took place, plots continued to be discovered, the ringleaders of which were usually Mohammedans in government employ. So, for instance, the Kotwál (or ward officer) of the Landour Bazar, to rescue one of his friends, a khidmatgár, (or table-servant,) sentenced to receive two hundred and fifty lashes for indecent and insolent behaviour towards unprotected ladies, tried to get all the Hindus of the place to rise. To effect this, he cunningly and schemingly reported to the commandant of Landour that a Hindu temple near at hand had become so dilapidated and mutilated by the rain that it would fall and injure passengers, if not immediately thrown down; hoping that the representation of such an emergency would cause an order for its immediate demolition to be given without previous inspection; but the commandant went to the temple, and found it strong and complete in every respect. The object of this Mussulman was twofold; by destroying a Hindu temple he would have secured a heavenly reward as *but-shikan*, or iconoclast; and secondly, by studiously impressing the Hindus with the belief that the destruction of this

temple was but the beginning and a specimen, and that it was the intention of government to throw down all Hindu temples, he might undoubtedly, in the then excited state of the minds of the populace, and the illimitable credulity of the heathen, have succeeded in producing a general rising.

But in this case, as in the case of the cartridge myth, and in several other instances, where the Mussulman endeavoured, by playing upon the sensitive religious or caste prejudices of the Hindu, to make a cat's-paw of the latter, he overshot the mark. The Hindu, unlearned and careless of history as he is, had forgotten that he had no greater foe to his religion than the bigotted bawler of the *Kalma*; but the insurrection had not progressed very far before he found it out. In Rohilkund, where the fanatic descendants of the fanatic Afghans loudly proclaimed that the times of their great idol-breaker, Mahmud of Ghazni, had returned, they proceeded *bona fide* to destroy the Hindu temples, after they had made such short work of the few Christian churches within their reach. The Hindus, therefore, had their eyes opened very quickly, and actually sent a petition to Meerut, praying for the return of their English rulers, and for deliverance from their tyrannical Mohammedan masters. In Delhi, too, the shaky descendant of Timur committed the capital blunder to proscribe the Sikhs, and actually sent a Sikh, whom the insurgents had taken prisoner, into the English camp with lips, nose, and ears cut off, and his hands hanging by a string round his neck. This may have contributed much to the generally staunch adherence of the Sikhs to their English masters.

The mention of the Sikhs brings us to the Punjáb—the Punjáb which saved the English rule in India in 1857. Strange things certainly do happen in this strange world of ours, with its strange, surprising, startling history. Any one might have predicted, ten years ago, that in 1857 the Bengal sepoy would be opposed to the Sikh in the field, for the Sikhs were then the enemies of the British, and had their own independent government in the Punjáb, and were even threatening to cross the Sutlej and march on Delhi. The great arsenal of Delhi was therefore expressly provided against the dangers of such an invasion, and its walls and fortifications were repaired and

strengthened by English engineers. But could the prophet of ten years ago have foreseen the position of the English at this period, that *they* should be the assailants of Delhi, that the Sikhs should fight on their side? Ten years ago, an English army was marching against Kashmir; it might not be strange, therefore, that one of the columns assaulting Delhi on the 14th of September, 1857, should consist of three thousand Dogra Rajputs, sent by the ruler of Kashmir; but it is strange that these three thousand auxiliaries should have been supported by English artillery. Ten years ago, the indomitable mountaineers from Peshawur and Multán were fighting against the Company's sepoy, and for the last eight hundred years Delhi has always been the cynosure of covetous Afghan eyes; no wonder then that men from the Sulimani mountains should to-day make incredibly quick marches to reach Delhi in time to plunder it; but that they should receive, for this service, fifty thousand rupees a month, from Colonel Edwardes, the British commissioner at Peshawur, would not readily have been foretold by our supposed prophet. Calderon, in his tragedy of *Absalom*, makes an old wise woman predict to Absalom that "his locks would lift him high," which he interprets to mean, that his personal attractions should procure him the favour of the people and raise him to the throne. So there was a semi-political prophecy current, that Delhi should once again be found in the pathway of the conqueror from the north-west. Russophobia had a ready interpretation of this sibylline dictum. It would have been difficult, *a month* before the event, to predict that England should be outside Delhi, and herself at the head of the deprecated invasion, literally coming from the north-west, to conquer Delhi and Hindustan.

This shows the unreasonableness of those who would throw the entire blame of this mutiny on Lord Dalhousie. Lord Dalhousie, they say, annexed Oude. But Lord Dalhousie also annexed the Punjáb. The foresight of a Lawrence saved the Europeans in Lucknow; the energy of a Lawrence preserved the Punjáb, and saved India. The General Order after the capture of Delhi announces:

"The Governor-General in Council will not postpone his

grateful acknowledgments of the services which have been rendered to the Empire, at this juncture, by the Chief Commissioner of the Punjáb.

“To Sir John Lawrence, K. C. B., it is owing that the army before Delhi, long ago cut off from all direct support from the Lower Provinces, has been constantly recruited and strengthened so effectually as to enable its commander not only to hold his position unshaken, but to achieve complete success. To Sir John Lawrence’s unceasing vigilance, and to his energetic and judicious employment of the trustworthy forces at his own disposal, it is due that Major General Wilson’s army has not been harassed or threatened on the side of the Punjáb, and that the authority of the government in the Punjáb itself has been sustained and generally respected.”

That the comparative tranquillity of the Punjáb was preserved, not because the mutinous and insurrectionary elements were wanting there, but simply on account of the energetic measures of Lawrence and his coadjutors, is proved by the fact that a number of more or less successful outbreaks did take place where the orders of Sir John had not been sufficiently obeyed, or where the peculiar position of things made the authorities helpless. As soon as the telegraph had announced in the Punjáb the outbreak at Meerut, a general disarming of the sepoys throughout the Punjáb was ordered, and a movable column was formed without delay, to march in haste upon any point where disturbances should take place. Still, some mutinies did occur. A native infantry regiment in the immediate neighbourhood of Peshawur seized a fort, but fled at the approach of a European force; their commanding officer, who had put great trust in them, killed himself. This is not the only instance of suicide from such a cause during this mutiny. An irregular cavalry regiment who were ordered to fire upon those mutineers, but refused, were ignominiously disbanded. As late as the end of August another regiment in Peshawur mutinied, after having been comparatively quiet, without arms, for three months; they were all killed. A like fate overtook a regiment in Lahor, who killed some of their officers. In Rawal Pindi executions and numerous imprisonments were necessary to keep the sepoys quiet. At Jilam a regiment refused to be



disarmed, and killed and wounded more than sixty Europeans, among whom were several officers. When this news reached Siáلكot, the brigadier there began discussing the propriety of marching his sepoy against the Jilam mutineers, when a mutiny broke out in which he and other officers were killed, as also a missionary of the Scotch church, with his family. The brigadier in Jalandar delayed the carrying out of the wishes of the Chief Commissioner as to disarming the native troops; hence the latter, after firing buildings in the station, went off with their arms to Delhi. On their approach to Lodiana, a Kashmirian rabble availed themselves of the confusion, and plundered the Presbyterian Mission; fourteen of the criminals were hung the next day, and the city had to pay to the mission a compensation of about twenty-five thousand dollars. In Filaur the native troops mutinied and went off to Delhi. In Firozpúr the confusion was great; several Europeans were killed, and there were two mutinies, with an interval of three months. Multán and other stations escaped risings with difficulty. Even the hill sanatorium of Marí, forty miles from Rawal Pindi, had to repel an attack of the hill people, who thought that such a favourable opportunity for plunder should not be let slip. At Gogaira there was a rising of the prisoners in the jail, but it was suppressed, not without bloodshed. "Groves of gibbets" had to be erected in all these and many other stations, and those whose lives were finished by the hangman's rope, must be counted by the hundred, besides those much larger numbers even who were blown from guns, or despatched by musketry. There are multitudes also imprisoned, who will probably be transported whenever the country settles down in some measure. The road from Lahor to Multán, the only one remaining by which the northwest had any communication with the world without for nearly six months, was also closed up for a time. This road passes through wastes overgrown with grass and brushwood, scantily threaded by sheep tracks, and the foot-prints of cattle. Here and there a dirty village stands alone in the wilderness, tenanted by a semi-barbarous population, the Fattéhánas, Bharmánas, Kharsals, and other tribes, probably the very aborigines of the land;—lawless pastoral tribes, who collect herds of cattle stolen from the agricultural districts.

These, probably stirred up by straggling, wandering mutineers and deserters, rose in large numbers, robbed the mails, attacked the villages and custom-houses, and committed various outrages. Forces had to be sent against them, and it was only after experiencing tremendous losses that they were pacified. An assistant commissioner and some European travellers were killed by them.

But on the whole, Sir John Lawrence succeeded not only in keeping the Punjáb tranquil, but also in raising at once a large number of regiments of Punjábis, Sikhs, and through the admirable management of that accomplished administrator, Colonel Edwardes, even Afghans, to replace the mutinous, disbanded, or disarmed Purbia troops. He did not hesitate even to denude the Punjáb (with the exception of the north-western frontier) of European troops, in order to reinforce the small army before Delhi; and what is more, he had, from the ordinary resources of his province, only with the aid of a small, but successful, forced loan, to maintain all the troops which he had raised. But he failed in nothing; and had but his instructions been fully and promptly carried out in the different stations, there is no doubt some mutinies would not have taken place, and some lives would have been spared. The thing for which he deserves, perhaps, most praise, is the boldness with which he took upon himself that from which so many Englishmen shrink, preferring routine to it, viz. responsibility. Though aware of the jealousy existing between the Queen's and the Company's officers, he did not scruple to raise a Company's officer, a regimental captain, John Nicholson, to the rank of Brigadier-General—and the result fully justified his eagle-eyed choice. Nicholson, at the head of the movable column, promptly and severely punished the Siálkot mutineers, defeated an overpowering number of the insurgents in the neighbourhood of Delhi by most consummate generalship and unsurpassed bravery and hardihood, urged the attack on Delhi as soon as he had joined the besieging force, contributed much to its success, and fell on the ramparts of the hard-contested city.

The siege of Delhi, if such it can be called, lasted from the 8th of June until the 14th of September. When the Commander-in-chief, whose headquarters during the hot weather

are generally in the pleasant hill-station of Simla, heard of the fall of Delhi into the hands of the mutineers, he proceeded to the plains, in order to advance with a force towards Delhi. But the change from the cool regions of the Sub-Himalayas to the burning plains of Hindustan in the hottest time of the year, was too great for Sir George Anson, and he died in Karnál, whether of cholera, from the heat, from anxiety, or, as is loudly whispered, in some other way, (for the relation of the Commander-in-chief to the whole army is very much like that of a commanding officer to his regiment,) does not clearly appear. This untoward circumstance, the want of carriage and artillery, and other causes, combined to delay the arrival at Delhi of the small English force available, for four weeks. The senior officer, General Reid, also called from his summer retreat into the field, had to retire again to the Hills, (he, like nearly all the other generals of division in India, is very old,) and General Barnard, who had been in the Crimea, took the command of the force. He was a cautious man, and also died of dysentery. Major-General Wilson, who had been Brigadier of Meerut at the time of the outbreak, now took the command, and retained it until the end of the siege. He also thought that the English force was too small to assault a city held by a far superior number of desperate men, who would contest every inch of ground. But when, finally, sufficient troops had been engaged and raised in the Punjáb, and when the Land of the Five Rivers was sufficiently quiet to warrant the measure, General Nicholson was despatched to his aid with a column, and the city, after an ensanguined fight in its streets, which lasted nearly a week, was ultimately captured, entirely denuded of its inhabitants, who had all fled. Perhaps the name of Nádir Sháh was then in their mouths, who, when he had captured Delhi, in 1739, ordered a massacre of the inhabitants, in which the number who perished were eight thousand, according to the lowest estimate.

During the siege there were almost daily engagements with the sepoys, who would come out in large numbers to attack the entrenched position of the English, but were uniformly routed and driven back. Many incidents of a very curious nature took place during this time, which, however, we cannot mention

in this place. A European woman came out from the city as a spy for the sepoys; she was captured and hanged. During the first day of the siege two Europeans were taken and killed, who had been engaged in laying the guns for the besieged; they confessed that there were ten more Europeans in the service of the king of Delhi. One of the Baraili regiments obliged its European serjeant to remain with them, when they mutinied and marched to join the rebels in Delhi; he was found in the city at its recapture, and cut to pieces. The old king and some of his large family were captured in the tomb of Humáyun, a few miles from the city; the officer who took him prisoner at the same time killed two of his sons and a grandson. His life has been guarantied to him, although there was a report that he was to be tried for the disappearance of a lady who was known to have been alive in Delhi up to the capture of the city, but was probably murdered when the royal family evacuated the palace, which held out longest. The fearful nature of the engagement on the 14th of September may be conceived, when it is remembered that the three assaulting columns consisted in all of two thousand seven hundred and fifty men, Europeans and natives, whilst the defenders of the city were at least ten times that number. No wonder that on that day the number of killed and wounded on the side of the English was eleven hundred and forty-five; it was a bloodier affair, old soldiers said, than anything they had seen in the Crimea. Of the king's family twenty-nine had been executed by the middle of November; others were kept prisoners; others fled and remained concealed; whilst some joined the insurgents in their irregular warfare and continued resistance to the government forces. The capture of Delhi by no means terminated the insurrection; for that the reinforcements from England were urgently required; and the first ship-load of these only arrived a month after in Calcutta. Their reaching the upper provinces would consume another month. In the mean time we hear, for instance, that on the 7th of October, Sandar Sháh, "late a prisoner for life at Hazáríbágh," takes possession of Sambalpúr. About the middle of this month, a battle was fought under the walls of Agra, in which the same force who plundered the station more than three months ago, were severely



punished. About that time also General Havelock arrived with a force in Lucknow, but only to strengthen the position of the European garrison, not really to relieve them; for this purpose his own force was too small, and that of the insurgents too large. He could only join the besieged Europeans, and wait for further reinforcements, which finally arrived, on the 12th of November, under the new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, who had to fight his way through the city step by step; he was himself wounded in an engagement in its streets about a fortnight after.

The task which the British still had in India was not a light one; they had to reconquer strong positions and extensive districts, to destroy some hundred regiments of treacherous mutineers, to chastise and terrify into submission independent princes, numerous contingents, crowds of irregulars, whole tribes of robbers and murderers, and a population naturally apt to side with the rebels. But we must stop here. The first act of this sad drama doubtless closed on the 14th of September, and we cannot, at this time, pursue the course of the revolt any further. It might have been interesting also to glance at the part which it is alleged Russia and Persia had in this revolt, the attitude of Afghanistan in reference to the Trans-Indus frontier, the perilous situation of the English mission at Candahar; the policy of *suppressio veri* adopted by both the English and the Indian governments during this crisis; the deep religious feeling which it appears to have excited in England, the influence it is likely to have on the future of India and its millions, especially in reference to the evangelistic work; and the changes which it will necessitate in the administration, and probably also in the form, of government; but space forbids.

In endeavouring to enumerate the causes of this remarkable mutiny, we have hardly alluded to the highest and deepest consideration which must arise in the mind of a reflecting Christian, namely, What national sin called down such a severe national infliction? We have refrained from speculating on this topic for a very obvious reason. It is with nations as with individuals; the charge is too often a true one, that we are liable to regard the calamities that befall ourselves as chastisements, and those that befall our neighbour as punishments.

But, nevertheless, if we believe in a special providence at all, we must believe that "affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground;" nations live only in this world; their national sins must be visited on them. It is not difficult to charge Great Britain, and especially the Indian government, with many things. A Russian organ has said, "We should be justified in considering these bloody dramas as a retribution for Kertch, Odessa, Uleaborg, etc." Some, with greater probability, have pointed to the opium trade as most likely to have incurred the wrath of the Almighty. But we find in Scripture that God pursues a certain method in his dealings with nations, which may serve as a clue to guide us in our contemplation of great historical events.

We find in the ninth chapter of Exodus that the boil that broke forth upon the Egyptians was caused by Moses sprinkling the ashes of the furnace. The furnace spoken of is supposed to have been that of the brick-kilns used in their taskwork by the Israelites; and Matthew Henry thus remarks on it:—"Sometimes God shows men their sin in their punishment. They had oppressed Israel in the furnaces: and now the ashes of the furnace are made as much a terror to them as ever their task-masters have been to the Israelites." In Isaiah, ch. xxx., we find a woe denounced against Israel, "that walk to go down into Egypt, and have not asked at my mouth; to strengthen themselves in the strength of Pharaoh, and to trust in the shadow of Egypt." Hence their punishment is to come from that very quarter: "Therefore shall the strength of Pharaoh be your shame, and the trust in the shadow of Egypt your confusion." One burden of Hosea's impassioned speech is the infatuation of Israel in regard to foreign alliances: "They call to Egypt, they go to Assyria." Hence their punishment is to arise from that very quarter: "How will he remember their iniquity, and visit their sins: they *shall* return to Egypt;" "And they shall eat unclean things in Assyria;" "Egypt shall gather them up, Memphis shall bury them." So, without doubt, at a previous period, their backwardness in obeying the divine command in reference to the extermination of the wicked Canaanite nations, became the means of their corruption and

their consequent punishment. When the sea, and the rivers, and the fountains of waters become blood, the angel of the waters says, "Thou art righteous, O Lord, which art, and wast, and shalt be, because thou hast judged thus. For they have shed the blood of saints and prophets, and thou hast given them blood to drink." (Rev. xvi. 3-6.) We may, therefore, not be accused of presumption, if we endeavour to find in the infliction the index to its internal moving cause. We find that the mutiny, from beginning to end, was placed on a religious ground. Mohammedans and Hindus, who have nothing in common, except hatred of the truth, joined in a crusade against Christians. This is not natural; it is rather surprising. The whole creed of Islam is opposed to idol-worship; and the Brahman is, perhaps, the subtlest and at the same time the grossest idol-worshipper that can be found; his most spiritual conception of a Deity is a most hideous, unreal, pantheistic idol; and at the same time, there is no religion that has so outraged decency in its audacious representation of the infinite unseen Being, that has dragged him so unceremoniously to the very surface of the world of sense, and clothed him in such gross, grotesque shapes. Islam, on the other hand, exhausts the plasticity and copiousness of that opulent language, the Arabic, in its attempts to remove the Deity from human sense, to divest him of form and quality, and to enwrap him in seventy thousand veils of mystery and inaccessibility. The cobweb-metaphysics and fine-spun abstruse speculations concerning the Deity and his attributes, which we find in Aquinas and the schoolmen, are but the grosser northern imitations of the aërial fabrics proceeding from the earlier thought-looms of Cordova and Granada.

The extraordinary spectacle of a union of such discordant elements justifies us in saying that this insurrection is a solemn call on the Indian government to review their religious policy and tactics. The most cursory observation will soon convince them that it is not opposition to heathenism and idolatry with which they have to charge themselves, but a cowardly concession to the Hindu religion, an undignified bowing to caste prejudices, and a want of either seriousness or moral courage to confess Christ before men. Says the Psalmist: "If we have

forgotten the name of our God, or stretched our hands to a strange god, shall not God search this out?" We have said above, that the feeling of the Hindu as to the decline of his religion, was not without foundation, and his ascribing this to certain government measures, was not so entirely without some show of reason, as some have thought. But this does not militate against what we are maintaining now. It is a remark of the greatest profundity, and one betokening close observation, and true philosophy, which has been made by an English writer, that "our present difficulties are due, in some degree, both to the neglect of the fundamental maxim of Anglo-Indian administration, that the religious and social prejudices of the natives are, above all things, to be respected, and to a mistaken and exaggerated application of that maxim." If infanticide and *satí* were put down, was it not after seventy and eighty years' toleration of them? These and similar measures could never have provoked even astonishment among the natives, much less such dissatisfaction as could lead to a revolt, were they not so entirely different from what the Hindus had been accustomed to see in their *Christian* rulers. Did they not see temples and mosques restored at government expense, whilst most stations, with their Christian inhabitants, were left without churches? Do they not know, that even now hundreds of idol-temples are endowed and supported by their Christian government?\* Did not, until very lately, if the practice does not exist even now, the government derive some revenue from the horrid exhibitions at Púri? Did the salutes from the ramparts, in honour of idolatrous and Mohammedan festivals, even on a Sunday, never sound in the natives' ears? Did they not know that grants were made from the public treasury, in seasons of famine and drought, for idolatrous rites to propitiate the Hindu deities for rain? Did they not see the offerings presented in the name of the government to idols, whilst in the next street the missionary was proclaiming—"The things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God"? Do they not know, that in the government colleges, where maulwís are paid to

\* In the small Bombay Presidency alone, the annual expenditure under this head amounts to no less than one million five hundred thousand rupees. (See "A few Remarks upon the Present Crisis." London, 1857. Page 9.)



teach the Koran, and pandits are entertained to expound the Shasters, the Christian teachers are not allowed to open their mouths in the defence, or even explanation of any point of their professed creed? Was not a native officer, a man of good birth, a Brahman, and an excellent soldier, expelled from the Bengal army, under the immediate orders of the Governor-General, on the sole ground that he had sought Christian baptism? Were not the natives aware that a Mohammedan or Hindu employee of government had but to profess Christianity, to be summarily dismissed from his situation? Is this not being ashamed of Christ?\* Was not high caste, as we have set forth more fully in a previous page, the idol before which English officers loved to bow? Is not that great evil, now almost ineradicable, viz. the multiplicity of servants necessary to be kept by every European in India, the result of this ignoble compliance with absurd and spurious pretensions of caste? It is true, there are officers in India who are much better than the government or its policy; and this, by the way, makes Indian matters so extremely difficult to be understood. The traveller or foreigner in India comes in contact with a variety of officers, and he finds none of them the despotic, heartless sultans which sciolists and demagogues would have led him to believe he should find. On the contrary, he finds many actively engaged in devising means for the amelioration of the condition of the natives. It is the *system* that is bad in plan and bad in faith; but it is ably, and on the whole, kindly administered by energetic, generous Englishmen. The cold cruelties, the fatal mistakes, the irremediable blunders of Indian rule, come from the apprentice statesmen in England, or civilians high in office, who never see a poor native during their whole stay in India; whilst the genial sympathies and good tact of the military instruments and subordinates alone give the system what efficacy it has. There are

\* The revolt, in this respect, seems to have inaugurated a new era. Mr. Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner of the Punjab, has expressed, by a circular to the different Commissioners, his desire that special efforts should be made to employ native Christians in the government service. It is possible that this example will be imitated in other parts of India. We have no space to remark on the probable effect of such a measure on Christian missions. The Directors, however, appear opposed to such a course.

pious officers also in the army; but there is a government order interdicting their speaking to the sepoy on the subject of religion. When some, on their march to Kabul, took Persian Bibles with them for distribution, their attempts were absolutely prohibited by the English authorities. It was surely not the Bible, its doctrines, or its morality, that caused the rising of the Afghans!

It is all right and proper to grant religious liberty, to permit freedom of conscience, and to respect the right of every man to worship after his chosen fashion; no one calls on *government* to proselyte India; but what can justify their throwing the immense weight of their influence all into the other scale? What can we say to an exhibition such as was witnessed in the House of Lords, when one lord, an ex-Governor-General of India, ascribed the mutiny to Lord Canning's having contributed to some missionary fund; and other lords said that if Lord Canning had really committed such a great crime, he ought to be at once recalled? Must a man cease to be a Christian on becoming Governor-General? Is it no interference with the liberty of the individual to say, that civil and military officers, and even Governors-General, may not in their private capacity, subscribe to missionary funds? It is perfectly gratuitous to say that Colonel Wheeler, and Christian men like him, have done harm by their religion; no one has ever attempted to bring any evidence of it; nobody can prove it. But there is no doubt now in the mind of any one, that truckling to native prejudices has done harm. Even the government's policy, not to say anything of their Christianity, has conceded far too much to the pride of caste. The sepoy, so far from thanking them, has simply accepted their concession as the reluctant homage of fear, and has risen in his own conceit of himself proportionally.

The nature of Christianity is such that without the sword, and often without the word even, merely by its silent influence, it proselytes and propagandizes; and where it fails to do this, it arouses opposition and hatred. No external agency seems to be required frequently to produce either effect; the Moham-medan hates the Christian because he is such, and the Brahman feels his religion tottering by the mere presence of a man who

he knows believes only in one incarnation. If the Indian or the English government think that they must not proselyte, they must stay away; they cannot help proselyting; the very presence of the Christian religion in that country is a missionary appeal. In the Hindu mind, everything begins and ends with religion. He sees European greatness, power, wisdom, and justice; and he ascribes these attributes, involuntarily, and perhaps unwillingly, to the religion of Europeans. If the government think the preaching of Christianity dangerous, then they must abandon all schemes for improving and elevating the natives, enlarging their minds and acquainting them with European literature and history; for such advance in knowledge must have the effect of making them discontented with their old absurd religion, and introducing them to the evidences and moral fruits of another.\* Whilst, therefore, the Indian government are not called upon to preach the gospel, let them not pander to a vile idolatry; let them cease to bow down in the house of Dagon; let them not be ashamed of the religion they profess; let them now hear the rod, and Him who hath appointed it; let them give God the glory, lest a worse thing befall them than even THE MUTINY OF 1857!

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ART. V.—*The General Assembly.*

THE General Assembly met in the city of New Orleans, May 6th, and was opened with a sermon by Rev. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, D. D., from 2 Cor. xiii. 11. The Rev. WILLIAM A. SCOTT, D. D., of California, was chosen Moderator, and the Rev. D. X. JUNKIN, D. D., Temporary Clerk. The next Assembly was appointed to be held in Indianapolis, Indiana, on the third Thursday of May, 1859.

*The American Bible Society.*

In the Assembly of 1857, an overture had been presented by the Rev. R. J. Breckinridge, D. D., in reference to the

\* This view has been fully recognized and endorsed by the *London "Times."*