The Examiner.

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EDWARD WHELAN] This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES. [EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Gleanings from late Papers.

THE INSURRECTION IN INDIA.

THE APPALLING ATROCITIES OF THE MUTINEERS—DIABOLICAL TORTURE OF WOMEN.

The imagination can scarcely conceive the fiendish barbarities perpetrated by the Sepoys. When the Bengal mutineers entered the city of Delhi there were English merchants, mercantile, telegraph, and post-office clerks, officers of the native regiments, and Government functionaries, with their English wives and children, living there as unconscious of danger as if they had been in any English town. As soon as the mutineers entered Delhi a great many Englishmen and Englishwomen and children escaped, but numbers could not do so, and those who did not escape were subjected to outrage worse than death. The daughter of an English clergyman was driven through the streets of Delhi naked, then subjected to unspeakable outrages by an infuriated soldiery, and afterwards cut to pieces with swords. An English lady in the same city was suspended by the feet naked and hacked to pieces. The European officers and soldiers are exasperated to madness by these atrocities, and most terrible punishments will be inflicted by the European soldiers on the mutinous Sepoys when Delhi is taken. These Sepoys have acted more like fiends than human creatures. It is with the greatest difficulty that the English soldiers can be prevented from laying violent hands on every native they meet. A Highland regiment landed at Calcutta, and one of the soldiers was seen to rush straight to a native and fell him to the earth with his fist in an instant. Whoever lives to tell the tale of Delhi and of the scenes witnessed in the city during the siege, will be able to relate undreamt of horrors.

The following is part of a private letter from a gentleman in Bombay, addressed to his brother in London. It is dated Bombay, June 30, 1857.—"By the account of yesterday, Delhi has fallen, with a loss of 7,000 or 8,000 to the insurgents. By this morning's mail, there are accounts which contradict it all, and which speak of a sortie repulsed, with heavy loss sustained by the rebels. Still the "Bazaar" is sure to have news before the Government, and they have it that Delhi *has* fallen. Day after day, the post comes in, bringing with it its dreadful load of horrors piled upon horrors. Not a town but has its hideous history to relate—not a family but has its sorrowing tale to tell. The Press does not publish these things, and it is wisely done. But, oh, the *savage* mind never yet conceived the atrocities which these *civilised* savages have committed. No one can tell, none but the Almighty, who has no doubt heard the smothered prayer for mercy, can tell what our sisters especially have gone through. The exquisite nature of the torture they inflict has something awful in it. For instance, they dragged forth a poor woman, *enciente, they cut off her breasts* so that they may mock her, then vilely treated her—so vilely that the pen cannot depict the horror—and then, a gasping body, they threw her into the jungle to be treated by beasts and birds of prey more merciful than man. The 3rd Nizam's Cavalry, at Aurungabad, thought themselves at liberty to do as they liked, and so they mutinied. Fortunately, however, Woodburn's column, or a portion of it, came up. He gave them three hours to reflect. They refused to retract. They were fired into with heavy cannon, and those who escaped the bullet were cut down by European troopers. I only regret that many women and children also suffered; but it was inevitable.

[There are some acts of atrocity so abominable that they will not even bear narration. We claim the confidence of our readers when we tell them that we have received letters from the seat of rebellion which inform us that these merciless fiends have treated our countrymen, and, still worse, our countrywomen and their children, in such a manner that even men can scarcely hint to each other in whispers the awful details. We cannot print these narratives—they are too foul for publication. We should have to speak of families murdered in cold blood—and murder was mercy!—of the violation of English ladies in the presence of their husbands, of their parents, of their children—and then, but not till then, of their assassination. The well-nigh universal massacre of the British officers by the Sepoys was the mildest feature in the affair; of the horrors which in too many instances preceded the massacre we cannot speak. On grounds both of justice and of policy, then, we are prepared to maintain that these Indian ruffians must be made to feel the consequences to themselves of the wrath which they have provoked. We are prepared to support our officers and soldiers in the discharge of their duty if they have retaliated upon these monsters according to the measure of their offences. Even if we admit—which it is impossible to do—any palliation for the murder by the Sepoy soldiers of their officers, what had our poor outraged countrywomen done that they should be so foully abused? What injury had the wretched English children inflicted upon the population of British India in general, or upon the Bengalese soldiers in particular, that their brains should be dashed out against the ground—that they should be flung up in the air, and be caught as they descended upon the bayonets of these villains? For these things shall not a full and ample atonement be exacted? We are very confident that we represent the feelings and opinions of the inhabitants of the British Empire, with the exception of a small and insignificant fraction of cold-blooded theorists, when we say that the European officers and soldiers now employed in the suppression of this military mutiny may look for the unhesitating support of their countrymen, however stern may be the measures which they may think proper to employ.]

BUTCHERIES AND HORRORS AT BENARES AND ALLAHABAD.

The subjoined are extracts from letters from a gentleman at Chunar, who was obliged with his wife to take refuge there from his post in charge of the missionary college at Benares:—I must tell you what happened at Benares. When the news arrived from Azrimghur it was resolved to disarm the suspected regiment, the 37th N. I. It is said that this intention was not fully communicated by the chief authorities to the officers of the regiment, who could not therefore properly explain it to the Sepoys. About 4 p.m. the troops were drawn out on the Parade. The 37th Native Infantry were ordered to put their arms into the "bells of arms." As they were doing so they saw the English in front of them and the guns, and they were panic struck, thinking they were going to be shot down, and therefore they seized their arms, and as their officers could not explain, they called out that their officers were betraying them, and immediately shot at them, and poured a volley on the Europeans. This, of course, was instantly returned, and followed up by a discharge of grape from the three guns. The 37th fled to their lines. The Sikhs, who had hitherto been considered faithful, had been told nothing of what was going on, were also panic stricken, and fired at the English. Col. Spottiswoode, with 14 men, fired the Sepoy lines, and drove them out on the Parade again; there the guns were turned on the 37th and the Sikhs, and very soon some were shot down and the rest dispersed. Capt. Guise was killed; Ensign Chapman shot through the mouth, to recover, I hope; Lieut. Hayter shot, and likely to die; Capt. Dodgson slightly wounded, and three English killed. About 14 natives were left dead, and many wounded. Some of these poor fellows were very faithful. Major Barrett was protected and carried off the field by a party of the 37th. Col. Gordon, commanding the Sikhs, was aimed at: another Sikh stepped forward and held his arm in front of the Colonel and received the bullet; another aimed at him and was instantly shot down by two others. The sowar who fired at Capt. Dodgson was shot down by others. As they ran off they fired at Mr. Tucker, but missed him; they also fired at the carriage taking the ladies to the Mint, but without injury.

And now I have a tale of fearful horrors to tell you of what happened at Allahabad. The 3d Oude Cavalry and 6th Native Infantry rose, and destroyed the bridge of boats, and murdered every European they could find. Out of 17 officers at mess at 9.30 14 of them were butchered by 9.40 by the mutineers and mess-guard. And this is a regiment that volunteered to go against the Delhi rebels! Many of the poor residents had left the fort, on account of the intense heat and the apparent security of everything. The mob and cut-throats rose with the soldiery. They burnt one whole family, from grandfather to grandchildren, alive! Others they killed by inches, cutting off the nose, then the ears, then fingers, then toes, &c.; children they killed—little innocent babes. * * And such might have been our case at Benares, had not our officers anticipated the bloody plot of Thursday, the 4th. At 8 a.m. on Friday, the 5th, two or three indigo planters rode at full speed into the Reuthers' compound, saying, 'Fly for your lives; the Sepoys are upon us!' They hurried off at once to the Kutcherry, where all the residents were assembled. The 37th first came up, and seem to have been afraid to attack them. Meanwhile Mr. Cæsar was walking with Capt. Mara, who commanded the Sikhs at Jaunpore. Mr. Cæsar said, "The 37th are upon us." "The 37th!" said Capt. Mara, "what have we to fear from the 37th? our own men will keep them off.' Mr. Cæsar had scarcely left him when he was struck by a ball from the Sikhs, staggered a few steps and fell. It seems the Sikhs were afraid to rob the treasury till they had shot their officer. Then they began to pillage, and the residents took that opportunity to be off. Before they went the Sikhs had come up and fired in at all the windows of the Kutcherry, and they were obliged to lie down on the floor, the bullets whizzing over their heads. Mr. Cæsar saw the magistrate, Mr. Cuppage, lying dead in front of the gaol door. Martial law is proclaimed at Benares, and all disturbers of the public peace are hung after a court-martial; sixes and tens have been hung every day—an awfully severe measure, but perfectly necessary to restrain the thirst for plunder and blood which is abroad.

EXECUTION OF MUTINEERS.

FEROZEPORE, JUNE 13.—This morning were executed twelve of the mutineers of the late 45th Regiment Native Infantry. A gallows had been erected, and around it were the troops drawn up. A squadron of 10th Native Light Cavalry, a remnant of the disbanded 57th Native Infantry, and commissariat and magazine establishment on the east; her Majesty's 61st Foot and Artillery, with twelve guns, on the south; and the city and cantonment police on the west. The mutineers (twenty-four I think) were brought into the centre by a guard of her Majesty's 61st Foot; one of the mutineers was brought in a doolie, as his left arm had been amputated in consequence of a fracture caused by a musket ball, fired at him by her Majesty's 61st Foot, when with the mutineers he was in the fausse braie of the fort. Lieut. Hoggan read out the proceedings of the general court-martial, and then informed the mutineers that if any would become Queen's evidence the brigadier would reprieve them. Twelve accepted the offer, and were marched to the rear of the artillery. Of the remaining twelve, two (one being the man with the amputated arm) were taken to the gallows. They ascended the ladder with firm steps, and never betrayed any emotion of fear. On gaining the platform they adjusted the nooses with their own hands; their eyes then were bandaged, and their arms pinioned. Another second, and they were launched into eternity. Death was instantaneous with one, but the one-armed culprit lingered out for a considerable time, as the knot slipped under his chin. The hangman had to re-adjust the knot, and giving him another drop, the throes of the body rapidly ceased, and the vital spark soon became extinct. The ten other mutineers were led away to the artillery guns, but while their irons were being struck off some cried out, "Do not sacrifice the innocent for the guilty," Two others, "Hold your snivelling; die men, and not cowards—you defend your religion, why then do you crave your lives? Sahibs! they are not sahibs, they are dogs." Some more began to upbraid their commanding officer. "He released the havildar-major who was the chief of the rebels." The ten men were fastened to the muzzles of ten guns, which were charged with blank cartridge. The commanding officer directed port-fires to be lit. "Ready!" "Fire!" and the drama was played out. The scene and stench were overpowering. I felt myself terribly convulsed, and could observe that the numerous native spectators were awe stricken. The lesson, I trust, will not be lost on them. Precaution was not taken to remove the sponge and load men from near the muzzles of the guns; the consequence was that they were greatly bespattered with blood, and one man in particular received a stunning blow from a shivered arm. It would appear that some of the artillery guns, by oversight, were loaded with grape shot, instead of blank cartridge only. The guns were faced towards some of the spectators, five of whom have been severely wounded: two were shot through the thigh, one at the ankle, one through the calf, and another in the heel.

THE BATTLE OF BENARES.

"The Mint, Benares, June 9.

Tuesday, the 2d, passed quietly over, B—— and his friend C—— staying at my bungalow; but on Wednesday a rumor came that 500 disbanded Sepoys were on our side of the river, opposite Benares, on their way up, and were burning and plundering as they came; so we called a council of war, and resolved that there was no example in history of three men resisting 500 with any success to speak of, especially in a thatched bungalow, so we sent two sharp fellows to spy out the enemy, and packed up the office papers and drawings and sent them to the fort, then dined, made ourselves happy with a pipe, and rode on heavily armed. Thursday morning, after a quiet night at the Padre's, my men came in with the news that the 500 men were a myth; however, as we were in, and all the office papers locked up, I resolved to make a holiday, and stay in the station. Mr. C. was in a hurry to get to Benares, so we sent him off in an *ekka* (a horrid native pony carriage); but just as we were sitting down to dinner, about 8 p.m, he came back again with a scared face and told us he had met two men in a buggy who had left Benares at 5 p.m. in full fight—grapeshot, officers killed, &c., slightly confused, and rather awful. This time the intelligence was pronounced trustworthy, and we felt our work was going to begin. We sent notes to the officers and held a council as to whether we should disarm the 80 or 90 Sepoys in Chunar Fort. The Padre and all the unmilitary men said, 'Certainly, disarm them;' but the officers said 'No, we will not show them that we mistrust them.' These words which I have quoted have been the death sentence of hundreds of the bravest Indian officers. In station after station the same felling has prevailed of conciliating the blackguards by appearing to trust them, and the appearing has gone on till they fire upon their officers without warning. You may be sure we made every use of these arguments, but in vain, so we prepared for a stormy night. I started at 4 a.m. to Benares to see what it was all about. Three miles down the road is Sultanpoor, the head-quarters of the 13th Irregular Cavalry, only 50 men and a jemmadar were there, and they turned out as I came along, and told me to give their salaam to the Brigadier, and say they were then ready to obey orders, and did not know exactly what to do. I promised to take their message, but said if they wanted immediate instruction they had better turn out a dozen men and come down with me. You see an escort of cavalry would rather have suited me just then; but they did not seem to like it, and said they had sent a picket on, whom I might catch if I chose to ride for it. So on I went, found my second horse all right, and caught the picket about five miles from Benares, and joined company with them. As we went we asked everybody for news; as we got towards the place we met another cavalry man coming from Benares, and after some private talk with him my picket tried to shirk me, and, finding they could not easily do so, one of them came to me and said they had orders to join the regiment privately, and therefore must leave me. I did not like it at all, but there was no help for it, so I rode on alone. However, I got in safe, and saw some soldiers and English officers before me, and gallopped up to them as fast as I could. From them I learnt the particulars of the fight, and that the English were all assembled at the old Mint, a large building capable of standing a very fair siege. And now wait a bit till I sing my song concerning the battle of Benares, which was fought on Thursday, the 4th of June, 1857. Imagine a square, the north side formed by the huts of the 37th Native Infantry; west, Sikh regiments; south, the Irregular Cavalry; east, 300 English and three guns, the hope and last resource of Benares. Enter English officer, rides up to the 37th's lines, and order out the troops; they come out, and form line in front of their huts; then each officer explains to his company that they are to disarm for the present till less stormy days. One officer, G—, my informant, actually shook hands with the chief men of his company, and then ordered them to step forward and lay down their muskets. Their answer came in the shape of 80 musket balls all round him; but not one hit him, nor were any of the other officers killed in this first charge. The men then fell back into their huts and commenced loading and firing under cover of them at the English. Major Guise, of the Irregulars, rode in among the huts, and was killed almost immediately. The English guns took up a raking position, and peppered the huts with grape at 250 yards. One of our officers came forward with a few men, and fired the roofs, so the Sepoys got rather astonished. Meantime the Sikhs left the east side of the square and formed a line parallel to and between the Sepoys and cavalry, and facing the former. The cavalry said they wanted an English officer to lead them, and Dodson of the 37th, who had just escaped the first fire of his own corps, came forward and was immediately received with one or two rifle balls from the cavalry. Upon this the Sikhs faced round and fired a volley, but whether intended for the officers or the cavalry, is not told. Certain it is they shot down three of the former and none of the latter. When the other officers found themselves thus between two fires they gallopped out and joined the Europeans, and made them turn their guns on Sikhs and cavalry alike, until these two gallant regiments found out their mistake, and once more turned their fire on the 37th. Was not this a nice battle? The sum total was that the 37th were utterly ashamed, and the Sikhs and cavalry frightened out of their wits, and made sensible that they were mistaken. Many of the officers are furious, and say we have been shedding innocent blood, and the whole thing was a blunder. But the cavalry fired at a party of ladies who were going in their carriages to the Mint, and would certainly have murdered them if they had not been beaten off by a small force of Europeans. So much for the battle. I found everybody at the Mint, which several had only reached after many adventures, and we bivouacked in the large room, and slept on the roof—ladies, children, ayas, and punkah coolies; officers lying down dressed, and their wives sitting up by them fanning them; gentlemen in the most fearles *dishabille*, sleeping surrounded by ladies. In the compound or enclosure below there is a little handful of Europeans—perhaps 150 altogether; others are at the barracks half-a-mile off. There is a large collection of carriages and horses, little bedsteads all over the place, and two circular quick hedges, with flower gardens inside, are falling victims to the sheep and goats which have been brought in to provision the place; add to this a heap of more beer boxes than your English imagination can take in, and throw over all the strong black and white of a full moonlight, and you have the Mint as it looked when the English of Benares had sought refuge in it. There was a picknicky, gypsified look about the whole affair, which prevented one realizing that the small congregation were there making a stand for a huge empire, and that their lives were upon the toss-up of the next events. On Saturday, Sunday, and Monday our fears diminished progressively, and we ventured out more and more.

MURDER OF CAPTAIN O'MARA AT LAWNPOOR.

At Lawnpoor they came badly off; we were much interested in them as Mrs. P——, our late Chunar bride, was there with her husband. The first news they had of the outbreak was of the post being stopped on Friday, the 5th: then some indigo planters came riding in, and said that the 37th were close at hand, whereupon they all went to the Cutcherry, or collector's office. The 2nd company of Sikhs, stationed there, swore to defend them to the last drop of their blood, and, as they walked into the cutcherry, one of the blackguards shot Captain O'Mara through the back. They took him in and shut the doors, and laid him down on the floor, while the Sikhs kept firing in above their heads, and another party of them seized the treasure (some £25,000) and walked off with it; then the English came out, left poor O'Mara dying, and got into their carriages and drove away. They had to leave the Benares road as the 13th Cavalry were coming along it, and they kept knocking about the country till Tuesday, when a party from here fetched them in. Of course, during these four days they underwent great hardships, and were in perpetual danger of their lives, so you may fancy how welcome the English cheers sounded in their ears. Cubbidge, the magistrate, was killed by a Sikh; and Mrs. O'Mara died of apoplexy, but the rest of the party got in safe. Last Thursday we had another party of fugitives; they had gone on board a steamer at Mirzapore, and had been taken too near Allahabad, when the flat which was in tow of the steamer struck on a sandbank, and the steamer having business at the fort, left the passengers on board the flat, and went off alone; of course the flat was immediately attacked by natives, and the English had to cut in the boats. They actually sailed down to near Mirzapore before they were caught by the steamer. The Mirzapore people all ran down to Chunar, but apparently without sufficient alarm, so they were ordered back by Government to their duty.

THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

The city is surrounded by a high crenelated wall, in a deep ditch and glacis. At the Cashmere gate only is there anything of modern fortification; here there is a simple bastion with properly cut embrasures. It is enclosed and forms the main guard. The city measures about two miles across, and is some seven or eight miles in circumference; on the east side the walls are washed by the Jumna. The palace is in a commanding position, and, though the walls are not calculated to resist heavy artillery, yet the place could scarcely be taken without a breach being made in them, that is, if the garrison showed any skill in its defence. The capture of such a place is a simple matter of time. The whole of the western side is one mass of native houses. To scale the walls would be easy, but no object would be gained by pouring our handful of troops into a sea of houses, with streets barricaded; heavy loss would unquestionably follow. There are two modes of attack, however, which could not well fail. The first is to attack the palace at once from the river side; for the water until the end of the month is so very low, and is little more than a stream which is fordable, that it would create no obstacle worth mentioning. The batteries could be erected on the sand, and the camp being across the river would be safe. By shelling the palace and breaking its new wall, an assault could be made, and the fire of our guns would continue till our troops had fairly got in. The shelling would have destroyed all cover, and probably would have driven out the defendants, so that there is little doubt but that the assault would be successful. Having got possession of the palace, the city falls at once. There is, however, a chance of the river rising suddenly, when the batteries would be destroyed, so that this attack entirely depends upon the river and the probability of its rise. The next and safest mode of attack, and the one that in all likelihood will be the one adopted, is to attack near the Cashmere gate. The advantage is this, that our left would be protected by the river, a great consideration in a small camp. Our guns would soon render the main guard untenable, and to make a practicable breach in the wall between the Cashmere gate and the river would be a very simple operation. Our advance would then be made in the open, and with little risk of loss from the fire of musketry from houses, for owing to the explosion in the magazine, it is probable that from the church to the palace all has been levelled. Our object then would be to breach the palace in the north wall, mortars all the time doing their work. To storm the palace would close the proceedings. As the garrison have so few artillerymen, it does not seem likely that their defence is to rest in their guns. They will trust to musketry fire from houses; in all probability they have undermined all the gates, and their plan will be to inflict upon us as much loss as they can while gradually falling back, when they will hope to escape with their treasure, dispersing in every direction immediately they leave the walls.

A news letter from the City of Delhi says, that strict orders have been issued by the King to the Hindoostanee soldiery to slay all the Sikhs who may be met with; even men who from their countenances may be supposed to be Punjabees, are to be slaughtered.

SUCCESSIVE DEFEATS OF THE MUTINEERS BEFORE DELHI.

Of the discomfiture of the mutineers by General Barnard, on the 8th, we have since received such details as a hasty despatch, written after the action to the Commander-in-Chief, can afford. Marching from Alipore at one in the morning, the General found the enemy entrenched in a strong position or line of positions covering Delhi. By nine o'clock he had carried the whole of them in the face of a stubborn resistance, and had driven the mutineers within the walls of the city, upon which he was intending to open with his heavy artillery, without a moment's delay. The Ghoorkas, Sappers and Miners, and other native troops engaged (irregulars, I believe,) behaved admirably, as did the contingents furnished by the tributary Rajahs. One officer only was killed, Colonel Chester, Adjutant-General of the army. The general loss is not mentioned, but is stated as comparatively trifling. On the following day, the 9th, a sortie of the mutineers took place. They were attacked by the cavalry of the Guides, which had joined the army, and driven back to the walls by a brilliant and successful charge, in which, however, the commandant, Quintin Battye, fell mortally wounded. On the 13th or 14th a second sortie was made from the city, in which the mutinied 60th, late of the Umballah garrison, took a leading part. Like that of the 9th, it was repulsed with severe loss, and on this, as on the former occasion, the gallantry and conduct of the corps of Guides was eminent. The cavalry of the corps, and also the infantry, are with the army, the latter having been brought down from the Punjaub on cameis. The cavalry made the astonishing march of 750 miles in 28 days. It were well if the General commanding could get a few thousand men like these, for of reinforcements he is sorely in need, and for want of them he was, on the 16th, pausing in his attack. By the 21st, however, he would, it is thought, receive a considerable addition to his strength.

MUTINY AT BENARES.

There has been mutiny at Benares. It appears that it was at first reported to the authorities at that station, that the Sepoys of the 37th Native Infantry had been more or less successful in their endeavors to tamper with the Sikhs. It was accordingly determined to disarm the 37th. On attempting to carry out this resolve, the 37th mutinied, and were joined by the greater part of the Sikhs. The Irregular Cavalry (13th) were ordered to act against the mutineers, but they refused, and a great portion went over and joined them. The artillery succeeded in dispersing the revolters, who took the road to Allahabad. A letter gives the following account of the affair:—"Some of the 37th seized their arms and commenced firing at their officers, This appeared to be the signal, for the rest of the regiment then ran to the bells of arms; the guns, however, began to pour in the grape so sharply upon them, that they were glad to beat a retreat; only a few of the most determined rebels still kept up a fire from the right wing at the officers. The Sikh regiment all this time remained quiet on parade, passive spectators of the scene, but at this crisis they loaded, by order of Col. Gordon. An ominous change then came over them. The cavalry first turned, and then, with the Sikhs, poured in a deliberate volley on the officers standing around, three of whom fell. The artillery in return gave them a shower of grape, which sent them flying off parade. About 100 of the mutineers were killed and 200 wounded; the rest bolted, throwing down their arms. The mutineers of the Sikh regiment tried to capture the guns, and were thrice repulsed, with great loss. Only a few men of the Irregular Cavalry and Sikh regiment stood firm; all the rest mutinied; their discomfiture was complete, thanks to the bravery of 180 European soldiers, who defended the guns and charged and shot down the mutineers. Eight only, instead of 35 as reported, of these brave soldiers were killed and wounded. The lives of the civilians and their families, who had taken refuge in the collector's cutcherry, were saved by the presence and noble exertions of Soorut Singh, a Sikh prisoner. He it was who went among the Sikhs of the treasury guard, and prevented them from rising after they had heard how the men of their corps had been cut up, and by his influence they were kept at their post until next morning, when the treasure was removed to cantonments under an escort of Europeans. The portion of the Sikh corps over the treasury remained staunch."

The following is from Benares, dated 16th June:—"Thank heaven there is one man of nerve here not afraid to hang a few rascals every evening. I saw a Sikh hung yesterday for shooting at a non-commissioned officer. A gallows stands in front of the Main Guard, from whence the culprit is led at the appointed hour, the guard under arms, and a grave dug on the flank. No useless parades or prancing, station, staff, pomp, &c. Benares is ours, and likely to remain so, thanks to our brave troops."

THE MUTINY AT ALLAHABAD.

At Allahabad the mutiny broke out on the 4th of June, when the "loyal" 6th Regiment, which had volunteered to proceed to Delhi against the rebels only a few days before, became the assassins of their own officers, and then marched off to join the mutineers, after burning the church and every bungalow in the place, and looting the treasury. The whole number slaughtered amounted to 26, and amongst them we find the names of Captain Birch, the Fort Adjutant, and the following officers:—Lieut. Innes, ex-Engineer; Lieut. Alexander, 2d Light Cavalry; Capt. Plunkett, 6th Native Infantry; Lieuts. Stewart and Hawes, ditto; Ensign Munro (doubtful), Ensigns Scott, Cheek, Todd, Smith, Way and Smith (doing duty with the regiment.) The Irregular