

# The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

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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## Cleanings from late Papers.

### THE INSURRECTION IN INDIA.

#### THE JHANSI MASSACRE.

The following is the evidence of a Sowar (Nujamooddeen), of two classes belonging to Bhugwandoss's (native jemadar's) establishment, and of one classic of Mahomed Ismael's (native jemadar's) establishment. All four were shut up in the fort with the gentlemen, and on their release thence, on the 10th inst., came to Mahoba and related the occurrences:—From the evening of the 4th until noon of the 8th the gentlemen in the fort kept good their position, the ladies assisting them in cooking for them, sending them refreshments, casting bullets, &c. There were 55 in number altogether (Europeans), inclusive of the ladies and children, and they began to get very much straitened for want of provisions, &c. Behind all the gates they had piled high heaps of stones to strengthen them, and kept up so good a defence that one of the cannon which had been brought too near the gates was abandoned, and it was only by fixing ropes to it in the night time that the mutineers were able to regain possession of it. Lieut. Powys was the first person killed in the fort. The way he met his death was this: Two men, brothers, in Capt. Burgess's employ (one was his jemadar) declared that they would go out. They were told they might as well be shot as stay there to be starved, and accordingly commenced undoing the fastenings. One was shot immediately; the other turned on Lieut. Powys, who happened to be near him, and cut him down with his tulwar. This one also was directly shot by Capt. Burgess. The only other person killed inside the fort was Capt. Burgess himself, who received a bullet in the head after having, I am told, with his own hand, killed no less than 25. All the natives spoke of his great skill as a marksman. The mutineers at last, having forced the Ranees to assist them with guns and elephants, succeeded in effecting an entrance at two of the gates, and they promised the gentlemen that if they laid down their arms, and gave themselves up quietly, their lives should be spared. The gentlemen unfortunately trusted to their word and came out. They were tied in a long line between some trees, and after a short consultation had their heads struck off. Such ladies as had children had to see them cut in halves before their own turns came. The Sowars, it appears, bore the principal part in all these atrocities. This took place on the afternoon of the 8th June.

C. D. KIRKOFF, Sergeant and A. O.

The Sergeant thus gives his own personal experience:—

**JERUPORE, JULY 2.**—The system of pampering, petting, flattering, and coaxing the Sepoys and natives generally, which has been the fashion ever since I have been in the service (and I can bear testimony to some 18 years), has at last borne its full fruit. Our prestige in India is lost for the present, and an army of 50,000 Europeans will be required to restore it. We have little to thank our masters for. Their system has been to exalt the native and lower the European, and so effectually they have done so that the former is now trying his hand at ruling us. The death-knell of the Government which leaves its servants to be helplessly massacred must soon sound. Those iniquitous Black Acts must be put by for another century; that beautiful fabric of native magistracy must be demolished, and the army must be disciplined. Officers who come to India to be soldiers must not look upon their regiments as a punishment, escape from which is the first step towards success in their career. An officer must be an officer, not a schoolmaster, or an inspector, or a thief-catcher, or a gardener, or a tamer of wild beasts, or anything, in fact, except a soldier. We left Mahoba on the evening of the 17th, and after a rather long march encamped under some hills. During the day (18th) Mr. Carne, the collector of Mahoba, brought out some money (2,000 rupees I believe was the sum) which had been applied for, to the Churkaree Rajah. This fact was evidently known by a large party of dacoits, who mustered in force on and behind the hills beneath which we lay encamped, as during the day they sent a message to say that unless 1,000 rupees were paid down to them they would not allow the party to pass. After some consultation among the officers, it was agreed to give them 700 rupees down, and the remaining 300 rupees after their escorting us safely through the range of hills. The 700 cash were accordingly paid down, and some sort of a written agreement drawn up. During the night there was a false alarm that we were attacked, owing to some horses in camp breaking loose, and several random shots were fired by the sentries, but, the cause being speedily ascertained, all was soon quiet again, but on the next morning (the 19th), just at daybreak, when we were all prepared for a start, the dacoits on the hills commenced a heavy fire on us. Lieut. Townshend was one of the first killed, a ball going through his heart. I saw several red coats on the ground, and the Sepoys afterwards told me that 10 or 12 of them had been killed and several others wounded. The Sepoys appeared to be very disheartened, and complained that their guns could not carry so far, while the matchlock men were picking them off from the hills, behind stones, &c., and as they appeared to be flanking us a retreat was commenced, leaving carts, &c., in their hands. The party then retraced its way towards Mahoba across country, skirmishing, as the dacoits followed for some four or five miles. During this time Capt. Scott and another officer returned to the scene of the conflict for the purpose of burying Lieut. Townshend, and I believe accomplished their object. Before we reached Mahoba, Mrs. Smalley died, and a soubadar who had a ball in the belly also died. On reaching Mahoba, for some cause not known to me, we did not attempt to enter the place, but, skirting it, struck into the Banda road. About a mile from Mahoba Bullock Sergeant Raibe declared that he could go no further, we helped him into a police choko alongside the road, and there left him. Sergeant-Major Lucas was the next to die; after staggering a few paces he fell and never stirred again. About three miles from Mahoba Major Kirke fell from his horse, and shortly after expired. He was buried under a tree close to the spot. Mr. Langdale was the next who died from the heat. The people of every village we passed turning out armed, the Sepoys proposed that all our arms should be taken from us, and that we should be marched as prisoners in the midst of them to Banda, thinking thus to protect their officers. We halted at last at Kabray, where the people disbelieving the tale that the Sepoys told, wanted to take us from them by force to deal with us themselves, and as we found that the Sepoys were gradually dropping off, there then not being half the original number left, it was determined to make a start as soon as it got dark (such as had or could get a mount). The drummers and bandsmen had been promised service there by, I believe, some one called Phylwan Singh, and left us before we started. Mr. Sturt, Assistant-Patrol, also left disguised as a native, and such as were unavoidably left behind there intended passing themselves off as bandsmen. We took the directions of Banda, and halted before morning in a hope, very much distressed from want of water, but found on day breaking that a well was close by us. Immediately after starting this morning (the 20th), we were followed and attacked by some villagers, at first merely lattiewallahs, but these were soon joined as we proceeded by others, armed with spears and swords, and a very sharp skirmish took place. Capt. Scott's horse receiving a spear in his hind leg, ran away with him, and he was followed by Lieutenants Remington and Frank and Mr. Smalley, and nothing more was heard of these four. They had also Dr. Mawes's child with them, and I believe went off in a direct line towards Banda. It was only after many narrow escapes and after killing three of our assailants, that we managed to get away from the remainder. After being pursued by nearly every village near which we showed ourselves, and suffering dread-

fully from want of water, we at last reached the Cane river, and were intending to rest for a time in an apparently very secluded spot which we had hit upon to refresh both ourselves and our horses; but in a very short time we found we were again set upon, and had to make a run for it again. Dr. and Mrs. Mawes having fallen off the horse upon which they had been helped, and the horse running off, they were unavoidably left behind here. Of their fate it is difficult to speak. Dr. Mawes had throughout the day been in a very desponding state, several times expressing a determination to proceed to the nearest village and meet his fate at once, whatever it might be. A short distance beyond this Lieut. Barber fell from his horse, sun-struck. The party was now reduced to the following:—Lieut. Jackson, Lieut. Ewart, Mr. Kirke, Sergeant Kirchoff, Mrs. Kirchoff, and an infant of Mr. Smalley's. After skirting Banda, but not daring to venture into it, we turned off in the direction of Nagode, intending to make a fresh for that place, and towards evening resolved on trying our luck in a village, where we were well treated and got food for ourselves and our horses. We remained there that night, and the next morning proceeded thence, with two men as guides. After proceeding a few miles we stopped to drink at the village of Mussooree, and imprudently all got our horses to rest ourselves a little, when Lieut. Jackson, having heard something to alarm him, passed the word to mount as soon as we could. After giving the child into Mr. Kirke's hands after he had mounted, and then assisting my wife to mount behind Mr. Jackson, by the time I reached where I had tied my own horse I was somewhat behind-hand, and had scarcely got into the saddle when I received a blow with a lattee from behind on my head, and several others about the body, which of course upset me again. The remainder, however, made good their escape from there, and were last heard of as having been seen going in the direction of Assaghour. The villagers, however, where I was left, after taking all I had, let me go. Beyond this my narrative is only a personal one. With great difficulty I made my way on foot to Nagode, which I reached on the evening of the 25th inst.

#### THE RISING AND MURDERS AT FYZABAD.

The rising at Fyzabad occurred on the night of Sunday, the 8th ult., the 6th Regiment Oude Irregular Infantry giving the signal, which was immediately answered by the 22d Native Infantry. They at once took possession of the battery, and would not allow the officers to approach, but do not seem to have offered them any further violence. Fyzabad is in the very heart of Oude, and is situated upon a branch of the Ganges. The officers determined to endeavour to escape by boat, and were allowed quietly to embark. What followed is thus related by one of the party:—"I remember the officers in the two boats; I accompanied Lieut. Bright, 22d Native Infantry; Lieut. Parsons, 6th Oude Irregulars; Lieutenant Caulley, 22d Native Infantry. Sergeant Busher, Sergeant-Major, Quartermaster-Sergeant, 22d Native Infantry, and myself, were in one boat; Colonel Goldney, Lieut. Currie, Artillery, Lieut. Ritchie, 22d Native Infantry, Sergeant Edwards, and Sergeant-Major Matthews, in the second boat; three other boats followed behind. We waited two hours for them, but as they did not come we pushed off. As we were getting into the boat we saw the Sepoys of the 22d rushing towards the Treasury; there were about 2 lakhs and 40,000 rupees in Capt. Drummond's house (where the treasure had been placed). On reaching a place called Begumgunge, about 10 miles below Fyzabad, we met some mutineers encamped; these men fired on us; there were 800 or 900 of them; about 100 men fired on us when we were 600 yards off. Col. Goldney advised our pushing off to the opposite bank of the Gogra; we got on an island among some jhoo fields. The mutineers got into dinghies and followed us; we made for the main boat from the island; there were about 40 or 50 yards of water between. Major Mills was drowned. The Sergeant-Major, Lieut. Bright, and I were taken prisoners, and taken to the camp of the mutineers, who were men of the 17th and 37th Native Infantry, and the 17th Irregular Cavalry. We were taken before the Subahdar commanding the rebels. He was a Hindoo, and belonged to the 17th Native Infantry. He was an old man, slightly made, and about 5 feet 8 inches high, with gray hair. He asked us who we were. He then appealed to the Mussulmans on the Koran, and to the Hindoos on the cow, not to injure us, and told us to go away. Two men of the 17th stepped out and shot the Sergeant-Major and Lieut. Bright. I was rescued by an artilleryman, and was hid in a Serai at Begumgunge, and sent off in disguise. While we were talking to the Subahdar, some 15 or 16 of the Irregular Cavalry, and 10 or 12 Sepoys, went after the remainder of our party. We heard firing across the river; the party returned, and reported that they had killed Colonel Goldney and six other officers, and that three had escaped. On arriving at Tanda on the 10th instant, I heard people in the Serai saying that six or seven officers had been killed, and two or three were sheltered by some zeminder in Goruckpore district. At Tanda I heard that a Mr. Fitzgerald, clerk in the Deputy Commissioner's office, and Overseer Sergeant Hurst, who were escorting the families of some sergeants to Allahabad, *via* Saltenpore, were killed, and the women and children also murdered. I do not know what has become of the officers who were in the boats behind us when we left Fyzabad. We have reason to believe, however, that a considerable number of the officers have effected their escape from this station, and whatever may have taken place after leaving it, the conduct of the Sepoys at the time seems to have been characterized by the strangest moderation. We cannot resist the temptation of quoting from a letter on the subject:—"The account of the mutiny of the 22d Regiment bears some romance; they guarded their officers and their bungalows after mutinying, placed sentries over magazines and all public property, sent out pickets to prevent the townspeople and servants from looting, held a council of war, in which the cavalry (Fisher's Irregular) proposed to kill the officers, but the 22d objected, and informed the officers that they would be allowed to leave, and might take with them their private arms and property, but no public property, as that all belonged to the King of Oude. Their officers asked for boats; the rebel Commissary-General, a Ressadar, was ordered to provide them. He did so, but merely small dingies, so that they could only bring away a bundle each, and then they were presented with 900 rs. which the rebels had taken from the treasure chest to give them. When the officers tried to recall them to their duty, they respectfully assured them that they were now under the orders of their native officers, and that the Subahdar Major of the 22d Regiment had been appointed to the command of the station, and that each corps had appointed one of its officers to be their chief."

#### A HUNDRED AND THIRTY TWO EUROPEANS HACKED TO PIECES AT CANNOPRE.

Of the whole country of Rohilkund, Futteghur (Furnekabad) was the last station to rise. The 10th Regiment has unquestionably given in simply to the force of the dangerous example all around it. The Sepoys of this corps continued for weeks to guard the treasury and maintain discipline, while every station near them was in open mutiny. They do not appear to have offered any violence whatever to their officers, but a most melancholy rumour prevailed in Allahabad on the 23rd inst. as to the fate of the unhappy fugitives after they left the place. We take it from the *Englishman* of the 29th ult.:—"Did the report of the massacre reach you of the Futteghur fugitives? It surpassed in atrocity all that has hitherto been perpetrated. 132 Europeans, men, women and children, in 50 boats, left Futteghur for this place. They were all non-military residents of the place. On arrival at Butoor the Nena Sahib fired on them with the artillery the Government allowed him to keep; one round-shot struck poor Mrs. —, and killed her on the spot. The boats were then boarded, and the inmates landed and dragged to the parade-ground at Cannopre, where they were first fired at and then literally hacked to pieces with tulwars. Report says not one escaped."

#### MURDER AND CUTTING UP OF JUDGE TUCKER.

Extract of a letter from Banda, dated the Nawab's Palace, 14th June:—"We are just existing here; the heat is awful, 100 deg. in our sitting-room, with punkah and tatties. We are praying for rain—it would be such a blessing. The whole district now is up, murdering and plundering each other. They have come within four miles of us, and we expect an attack at any hour. The Madras Fusiliers had not reached Futtehpore on the 10th; these poor people who have come away lived on the top of a punkah-house for 10 days, keeping the rabble at bay, and escaped on their horses at last, slipping out one by one, and arrived care-worn and weary. Poor Mr. Robert Tucker, the judge, would not be persuaded to fly with the rest, and has been cruelly murdered. The deputy collector had been requested by Mr. Tucker to lay a hawk for him to Allahabad. The wretch sent word to say he would arrange all, which he did by bringing an armed force and shooting Mr. Tucker, cutting off his head, feet and hands, which were held up by the crowd for the rabble to see and gloat over, as the body of a Feringhee. Mr. Tucker shot 16 men before he died, and tried to fly too late. This account came from a native Christian who saw it all, and escaped over here afterwards. He can be perfectly depended upon.

#### TREACHERY AND ATROCITIES AT BAREILLY.

It is now evident that an arrangement existed between the troops at Bareilly, Shahjehampore, Lucknow and Moradabad, to effect a simultaneous rising. The outbreak occurred at each on the morning of the same day. The mutiny at Bareilly seems to have been attended with circumstances of peculiar atrocity and treachery. Only the day before the outbreak the Sepoys appealed to their officers to recall their wives and families from the hills, where they had been sent for safety, and even to the last moment these miscreants swore to protect their officers to the death. The regiments rose *en masse* on Sunday morning, the first of June, a shouted gun being fired as the signal about eleven o'clock. The men at once rushed upon the officers' lines, and opened a fusillade upon the bungalows. Such officers as were able immediately got on their horses, and made for the rendezvous previously agreed upon among them—the cavalry parade-ground. An ineffectual effort was made to bring back the troops to their allegiance, but the scoundrels opened upon them with grape-shot, and they had to ride for their lives. The country having risen in all directions, it was with extreme difficulty, and only by a ride of 70 miles, that the little band at last found safety at Nynce Tal, in the hills, where they had previously sent their families. Here the refugees are congregated in numbers, which will probably have any attempt to attack them, and as the place is of very difficult approach, we may hope they are in safety. At Moradabad the desire of plunder seems to have prevailed over the murderous propensities of these miscreants, and they gave their officers two hours' grace to make their escape, in which they fortunately succeeded, the whole of the officers (29th Regiment) and the residents, with their families, escaping to Nynce Tal the day after the arrival of the Bareilly refugees.

#### ASSASSINATION OF SIR NORMAN LESLIE.

The following particulars of the assassination of Sir Norman Leslie are given in a letter from Major Macdonald, dated Roehon, 14th June:—"On the evening of the 12th inst., Lieutenant Sir Norman Leslie and Dr. Grant joined me in front of my house, as usual, to take tea, and about a quarter to nine o'clock, Dr. Grant got up to go to my house to wind up the clock, before leaving. On his rising from his chair he said, 'who can these fellows be?' and at the same instant we heard a rush of feet towards where we were sitting. I had just time to jump up when I received three sword cuts on the head in quick succession. I seized my chair by the arms and defended myself successfully from three other cuts made at me, and succeeded in giving an ugly poke to my opponent, which appeared to disconcert him, and he at once bolted, followed by the others (three of them in all). I was streaming with blood and made for the house, followed by Dr. Grant, to stanch my wounds. I found Dr. Grant severely wounded, one deep cut in the arm, and a second fearful gash on the hip. When we went back to see after poor Leslie, we found him stretched on the ground in a dying state; he must have received his death-blow the first cut, and fallen afterwards on his face, for he was cut clean through his back into his chest, and breathing through the wound in the lungs; also many cuts on his head; he was quite sensible, and said as I bent over him, 'Oh, Macdonald, it is very hard to die in this manner,' and added, 'My poor wife and children, what will become of them?' I told him that he had only a few minutes to live, and to make his peace with God, and that all should be done for his poor wife and family that could be done. Under such fearful circumstances he then applied himself to make his peace with God, poor fellow, and breathed his last in about half-an-hour afterwards."

#### THE CITY OF DELHI, AND ITS DEFENCES.

When we took Delhi in 1803, the outer wall was in a very ruinous state, without any flanking defences further than small round bastions placed at intervals. The ditch was imperfect; there was no glacis, and the ground outside was covered up to the very walls with ruins of streets, tombs, and mosques, and was, besides, intersected and cut up with ravines. Yet even thus, a small body of our native troops was able, in 1804, to repel all the attacks of Jeswant Rao Holkar, with a victorious army of 70,000 men. The scheme for the improvement of the fortifications was entrusted to Captain George Hutchinson, of the Bengal Engineers, who was succeeded by Captain Robert Smith, of the same corps, and under these two officers Delhi was placed in the situation with regard to works in which it now stands. Captain Hutchinson determined on establishing a series of bastions, with faces and flanks as usual along the whole of the enceinte, the bastions to be mounted with heavy artillery. He repaired the old walls, and, for the purpose of preventing escalade, protected them, especially on the river face, by false or beams, the sharp ends of which were pointed at an acute angle downward into the ditch. The ditch was cleared out, repaired, and deepened, especially on the south side, where the wall rested on rock. A glacis was formed to cover in some degree the scarp of the wall. The ground outside was cleared of houses and ruins, the ravines were filled in so that the works were rendered proof against wild plundering hordes, or indeed any force whatever unaccompanied by heavy artillery. At the same time that Captain Hutchinson was strengthening the defences against attack from without, he made preparations also against a rise of the inhabitants, which, at that time, appeared a probable event. To meet this danger he erected along the line of wall a series of detached masonry towers, entirely separate from the walls, and accessible from them only by a draw-bridge. Each tower was to have a gun mounted on a pivot, so that in the event of a rise in the city artillerymen might take possession of the towers, raise the draw-bridges, and pour shot into the town from the whole circle of the enceinte. The Mahomedan College, or Madrasah, at the Ajmere Gate, was protected by an outwork, and the gateways of the city were strengthened by the usual defences in regular fortification. The Cashmere Gate, on the north, from which runs the road to cantonments, was formed into a place of arms, in which was the guard-house, &c. It was in the enclosure of this gate that several of the officers were killed in the late massacre. Lord Auckland, in 1838, recommended extensive repairs, and, in particular, of the Wellesley Bastion, which was, in fact, entirely reconstructed. It appears that he also suggested the erection of a citadel, though the palace may itself be regarded as one, being surrounded with a ditch, and having walls of great height, built of red sandstone, and pierced for matchlocks. We will now turn to the position of the besieged as regards water and supplies. The population of Delhi has been variously computed, but we shall perhaps not

be far wrong in reckoning it at 180,000; and the influx of troops and of people from the surrounding villages will probably have compensated for the numbers killed in the late conflicts, and for those who have carried off their property to more secure localities. There are considerable supplies of grain kept up by the grain merchants of the city, but little fodder for horses is procurable. For a lengthened siege the supplies within the city would be insufficient, some might be obtained from the opposite side of the river, or from the villages on the right bank, many of which, especially those in the neighbourhood of the Delhi Canal, would be able to pour in vast stores of both corn and fodder. As the Eastern Jumna Canal enters the Jumna opposite Delhi, and as that canal irrigates all the country in its vicinity, the supply of corn, &c., from the left bank would be by no means contemptible. We suppose that these supplies have been cut off by the Meerut force under Brigadier Wilson, while those from the right bank have been secured by General Barnard and the main army, which is encamped to the north and north-west of the town, in the cantonment, which is situated about a mile and a-half from the Cashmere gate, and is separated from the country in which the city stands by a low ridge of rock, on which the telegraph tower is built. This ridge is now in possession of General Barnard. It is a mistake to suppose there is no water in Delhi. The wells are comparatively few in number, but they yield a fair supply. Generally speaking, however, the water is brackish, but in some wells it is excellent. A new well, of large dimensions, was made by an enterprising individual in 1848-49. The reason that wells are not so numerous as they otherwise would be is that the Delhi Canal is regarded as the favourite source of supply. But during severe drought, when every particle of water is required for the irrigation of the crops, Delhi is annually and frequently left without any supply from the canal, and this for 20 or 30 days at a time. The inhabitants then have recourse to their wells and the branch of the Jumna, which flows past their walls. Were the supply from this branch cut off by our troops, water might still be procured by the besieged by digging, or even scratching holes in the sand as it lies close to the surface in the low tracts, which are affected by the main river. With regard to the capture of Delhi by escalade, it is probable that a few salvos would bring down a portion of the long line of wall between any of the two towers, and render an escalade tolerably easy. But when the assailants had entered the town, if the narrow streets were well defended by firing from the houses on either side, or by a gun judiciously placed, so as to rake them down their whole length, the position of a weak column of troops would be far from secure. General Barnard, in our opinion, is wise not to hazard a reverse, which in present circumstances would be most disastrous. He will now daily be receiving reinforcements, and will be enabled to make the attempt before long with every prospect of success.

#### LETTER FROM AN OFFICER IN THE BESIEGING FORCE AT DELHI.

**BEFORE DELHI, JUNE 16.**—On our side we have three batteries—one at the Hindoo Ras's house, one at the observatory, one at the Musjid; so that whichever battery of ours they fire at they get an answer in return. This house is fearfully shattered; our engineer officers say they work their guns beautifully, and fully equal us in good shots. We who are on outpost here, some 20 of us (officers and men), all live in the gateway of this house. On the 17th, while quietly sitting and chatting together, a round shot came humming and whistling right into the mouth of the gateway, struck the wall when it had gone about three yards, and burst into a thousand pieces. Poor young Wheatley, of the late 54th (one of the few who had escaped the massacre), was taken from the middle of us, a large piece of the shell striking him in the shoulder and nearly cutting him in two. He dropped down dead, poor young fellow! Five of us who were sitting within a circle of ten yards of him were more or less struck, but none seriously. I got an admonitory thump on the shoulder from a large piece of a stone that was sent whizzing by my ear; thank God, a stiff shoulder is the only damage done. Two more were cut about the face. The splinters then left us alone in a most curious way and went about six yards. I expect with a large piece of the round shot, which must have struck the wall at the other end of the gateway and burst again, for it killed two men of the 6th Carabiniers who were sitting at the mouth of the gateway, smashing their massive brass helmets and thick turban covers, as if they had been made of thin glass, and at the same time five or six Goorkas of the Sirmoor Battalion, were killed dead on the spot, also a poor Syce. It was a most wonderful thing we were not all killed, but a merciful Providence was watching over us. We have now some sandbags as a wall in front of the gateway, and are pretty safe from shot and shell.

**JUNE 24.**—Still before the walls of this horrible city. Since the 20th, beyond a few skirmishes, nothing was attempted on either side, except our blowing up two bridges, which prevents the enemy's artillery from coming out, except by a long round of some three miles to the left and right; but yesterday, the 23rd, we heard that every man in the city capable of bearing arms was coming out to make an end of us or die in the attempt. Our information was correct; at sunrise yesterday morning the whole city apparently turned out and attacked us on all sides. I was with the Guides on the right, and from sunrise to past sunset we fought altogether 15 hours, without anything to eat and only water to drink. We managed to hold our own well, nevertheless, till about 1 o'clock, and killed an immense number of the mutineers; but at 1 o'clock an immense reinforcement came to the assistance of the opposite party, and we had enough to do to hold our own. I twice fired away every shot we had, nearly 100 rounds per man, and had sent back for more ammunition. The men I sent came back with the fearful news there was no more; I left the position was contrary to all orders, so we had to do our best by pretending to fire and keeping the post with the bayonet. All this time we were under a perfect hailstorm of bullets, round shot and shell, for the enemy had brought some of their light field guns round, and were playing with great effect on our reduced numbers. I certainly thought we should all be done for, when, by the greatest good luck, a part of the regiment of Sikhs that had that very morning marched into camp, came up with a yell to our assistance; they were fresh men, and had lots of ammunition, so we rushed on and drove the enemy back. At the same time we were ordered to advance as far as we could; this we did, and drove the enemy back into the city, after which, as they did not seem inclined to come out again, we retired, it being past sunset. Just at this time my legs, stout as they are, fairly and for the first time, refused to carry me; after a little coaxing and rest, however, they condescended to carry me on a little further, and I reached our picket dead beaten. I certainly never was so fearfully and painfully tired in my life. A man named Shebbear, who is doing the second in command's work in poor Batty's place, a great, big, and very powerfully-built giant, was also so fearfully knocked up that he was obliged to be carried up; two of our poor men also were so fatigued that they died from exhaustion. Luckily, on arrival at picket, we found something to eat and drink. After a few mouthfuls I fell back on my bed fast asleep. Luckily, too, there was no alarm or attack in the night, for I feel perfectly certain that had my commission depended on it I