

[From the Liverpool Albion.]

## Delhi.

An officer writes:

'After the evacuation of Delhi by the Sepoys, you can have no conception of the scene of confusion—Riflemen, Goorkhaes, Sikhs, and Punja-bees quarrelling over their plunder, and such plunder to quarrel about! Old counterpanes, dirty blankets, tin and copper pots and pans, Sepoys' red coats, baskets, papers, packets of tinsel, bottles of rosewater, and otto of roses lying here, there and everywhere, and the whole place in a state of squalor and wretchedness passing all description.

'On turning into the gardens in front of Douglas's stables I found myself alone. I cannot tell you what a scene of desolation presented itself to my eyes. The garden had been an encamping ground of the Sepoys, and everything bore witness to its having been deserted in hot haste. The tents were still standing, but it seemed as if everybody had taken his armful out of the boxes and, without caring for what might drop, had made the best of his way out of the place. The stillness, too, after the noise and riot that I had just quitted, was really appalling, and I stood at the foot of the stairs stupefied as if with a heated atmosphere and unable to move. I was roused by hearing three cheers from the apartments above me.'

An officer of the 61st Regiment writes, on the 26th September, to his father:

'On the 13th it was pretty well known in camp that we were to assault the city on the following morning, and we were all anxiety, wondering how it was to be done. True enough, at two in the morning of the 14th we paraded, and at three marched down to the assault. There were two batteries, and we went at the left one between the Cashmere and Water bastions; the ditch was about thirty feet deep and fifty broad. As we neared the walls we caught it from grape, rockets, and musketry, the air being literally alive with bullets of all sizes. On we rushed, and quickly descended the ditch, and rearing our scaling ladders against the scarp of the wall, away we went. We soon forced an entrance into the place, and then a most terrible struggle ensued. We had to charge up narrow streets and lanes swept by guns firing double charges of grape. And here it was our losses for the most part occurred. I may as well at once say I hear about sixty-five officers and 1,200 men were put hors de combat. I have been in a good deal of rough and terrible work myself, but I was never in my life under such a fire of grape as these rascals kept up. We fought till dark, some fifteen hours, and by that time had reached the Cabul gate. From the 15th to the 19th we were at it every day. On the 16th our regiment stormed the magazine, and on the 20th I commanded the storming party which took the King's Palace. We killed about twenty-five inside, and some escaped over the walls and across the river. The gate being closed, the engineer attached a bag of powder to it, and on its exploding, we rushed in, polishing off ever Sepoy we met. In a quarter of an hour we had possession of the place.

'In the meantime another party went and took the fort of Selimgur, and the same night pickets were pushed forward in all directions, and, by midnight, the whole city was in our possession. Thus, at last, with the help of the Almighty, we have taken this blackguard place, where so many fearful deeds were committed. The King has been caught, and his two sons slain; also his grandson, Aboo Bakkur. Their bodies, naked and full of bullet holes, were cast in the Chandni Chouk, (the swell Regent street of Delhi) before the police station, and were visited by hundreds, myself included. Two of these accursed Princes violated our women, and then had them cut up in pieces. They are, I'll be bound, in a warmer place than India just now, and one, too, where punkas and tatties are not available.

I was on guard over the King and his wives and concubines on the 24th and 25th, and was obliged to be much on the alert to prevent rescue attempts at escape. I was ordered to shoot him if things came to the last extremity. Yesterday I handed him over to a guard of 60th Rifles, being precious glad to be relieved of so responsible a position.

We daily find hidden, in the houses, Sepoys who were unable to escape, from sickness or wounds; these are all put to death on the spot; on the 24th I caught a fine tall sowar or trooper of some light cavalry regiment, dragged him out into the street, and shot him dead. No mercy can be shown to them. We don't forget, and won't forget, the massacres of women and children, and we kill every Sepoy we catch.

The city is quite deserted and all the citizens have fled. It is curious to see a large place like this without a soul in it. We have plundered all the shops, and all the valuables are being collected and sold for prize. Our vengeance cannot be appeased, for we found several of our men who had been merely wounded on the 14th in the assault, and overlooked by us, lying dead minus their heads, and fearfully gashed with sabre cuts; and so we spare no one. Every Sepoy we catch, 'shoot him' is the word. I'm sorry to say our regiment has suffered much, and we have buried four officers and upwards of 200 men since it left Ferozepore.

Our loss from the 14th to the 20th September was four officers wounded, and eighty-one men killed and wounded, out of less than 250—a pretty good test of the fire we were under, our loss being one-fourth. There are also seven or eight men missing, and who, I believe, were put down as slain. We have buried about 120 from cholera; and now the whole regiment musters about 550, of whom some 200 are in hospital, sick and wounded and convalescent—a nice cutting up, indeed! As for me, I have by God's blessing, preserved my health and spirits wonderfully well, taking into consideration the heat and hardships to which I have been exposed. How

truly fortunate I have been to escape death in this campaign up to the present moment, and how grateful we ought all to be to a merciful Providence for having thus shielded me from all harm.

An officer, writing on the 13th September, says:—

No one can have an idea of such a scene but one who has been under fire. The roar of cannon, the whistling of bullets, grape, &c., overhead, is at first uncomfortable, but you soon get accustomed to this. The coolness of English soldiers is certainly extraordinary; they regard the whizz of a cannon-ball as little as a schoolboy does a snowball. Poor fellows, they have had very hard work since the 9th; day and night they have been engaged, yet you never hear them grumble, except when the fog is delayed. The days are very warm, yet the excitement keeps them up, and few have been admitted with *coup de soleil*.

It is a curious thing what a temperate man can undergo in this country. I have been exposed to the sun at all hours, and in the trenches the whole twelve, without any covering: yet I never felt any bad effects. We all take quinine as a preventive of fever, and certainly those who take it regularly escape the attack, or merely have it of an ephemeral type. We had a great loss yesterday in Captain Fagan, of the Artillery, killed in the batteries by a musket-shot through the head. Poor man, he had been more under fire than any other man, and has been always on duty since he came here. He has left a widow and seven children to lament his loss. Such is war—a man is killed, he is lamented for a day by his friends; other things come in, and only a passing thought is turned to the departed friend. In fact, it is necessary; we could never get on if we were continually brooding over our losses.

Writing again, on the 23d, he says:—

'At two, a.m., on the 14th, the camp was aroused by the welcome intelligence that the storming was to take place at sunrise. The troops were marched down, by the light of a crescent moon, to the rear of the advanced batteries. For two hours they waited there, until the right attack on a suburb outside the walls, called Kishengunge, was made. This, however, proved unsuccessful. The Cashmere troops ran, and our loss was severe. The principal attack was now proceeded with; the Cashmere gate was blown open in the most gallant manner, by the Engineers, and our troops marched in. The scaling parties on the right and the left took the walls, but with great loss. Pandey was perfectly unconscious of our movements until the columns rushed forward; the ramparts were now cleared, and the guns turned on the rebel city. Our troops advanced in different directions, and were succeeding better than expected, when several stores of beer, champagne, and brandy, placed there by Pandey (he knowing too well the character of the British soldier) were fallen in with, and some of the European troops became a drunken rabble. We were driven back some distance, where we made a stand. Guns were now brought up with mortars, and the firing became incessant against the magazine, the first stronghold. Our troops fought well, and took a great many guns. Every street had its one or two pieces, which poured grape into our advancing columns, and could only be captured by the bayonet. General Nicholson received a mortal wound while cheering on the men to a second charge at a gun. On the 21st I rode down to see the Palace; the wall and entrance are the finest part. The interior is dirty, filthy, and in great disorder, Pandey having revelled in its cool archways. The hall of justice and the king's throne are built of white marble; the latter is inlaid with stones and mosaics. I went all over the state apartments and the harem. The latter is a curious place, and had a remarkable appearance; its floor covered with carpets, bangles, &c., and redolent of sandal wood. The four daughters of Cashmere had their swing in the centre of the room. They had left in a great hurry; dresses, silks, slippers, were lying on all sides. On leaving the Palace I met a doolie, surrounded by some cavalry and a few natives on foot. Its inmate was a thin-faced, anxious-looking old man. This was the new King of Hindostan, the descendant of the Great Moguls, entering his palace in the hands of his enemies. He was captured some distance from the city. Being eighty-five years of age, his life is to be spared. He will be kept a close prisoner for life.'

Again, on the 26th, the same correspondent writes:

'We are left behind, in a camp strewn with dead animals in all directions, and with all the filth of three months' encampment. Within 100 yards of my tent is the churchyard, a very small space, but containing the remains of nearly 1,000 men. The graves are like molehills, as close together as they can pack, and, on digging a new one, the stench that issues is revolting; and the wonder is that a plague has not broken out and taken us all off while we are exposed to these things, the sick included. We have about 4,000 sick and wounded at present. It will rapidly decrease now, I trust, the weather becoming much cooler. Cholera is still carrying off individuals here and there. It has never entirely left us since June. It is extraordinary, the stillness now; it is, in truth, unpleasant. For three months, day and night, the cannon have been firing; now a musket shot is rarely heard.

Do not suppose that I like the noise in preference to the quietness. I do not wish ever to see or hear another gun fired in action. War is certainly a scourge; and, when these rebels are cut up, I hope India may long have peace. Our camp is swarming at present with old men, women and children, without food or money. They have lost everything, and are obliged to be fed by our commissariat.

A famine will be raging this season all through

this part of India. No fields have been cultivated, no money circulated, so starvation must stare them in the face. If it fell upon the Googurs chiefly no one would regret it, as they have committed more mischief than any other sect, but the innocent will also suffer.'

Report says that when the King was brought back he said, 'I am no longer a King or a Mussulman; I will now eat pork.'

A letter from Simlah says:

'Fancy, on the smoke clearing away at the assault of Delhi, the first thing that met the horrified gaze of our brave troops was a European crucified, and a woman (a European) stripped naked, sore from head to foot, chained to a bastion, a raving maniac. Two European women were also found crucified. A round shot ended the miseries of the poor maniac.'

## Thanksgiving in 1767.

The following proclamation from a royal Governor of Massachusetts, ninety years ago, is a copy of the original now in the possession of a family in Andover:—

## THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION, 1767.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY,  
FRANCIS BERNARD ESQ.

Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over His Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England and Vice-Admiral of the same.

## A PROCLAMATION FOR A PUBLIC THANK-GIVING.

As the business of the year is now drawing towards a conclusion, we are reminded according to the laudable Usage of this Province, to join together in a grateful Acknowledgment of the manifold Mercies of the Divine Providence conferred upon Us in the passing year; Wherefore I have thought fit to appoint, and I do with the Advice of His Majesty's Council, appoint Thursday, the Third day of December next, to be a day of public Thanksgiving, that We may thereupon with one heart and Voice return our most humble Thanks to Almighty God for the gracious Dispensations of his Providence since the last religious Anniversary of this kind; and especially for—that He hath been pleased to preserve and maintain our most gracious Sovereign King George in Health and Wealth, in Peace and Honor, and to extend the blessings of his Government to the remotest part of his Dominions; that he hath been pleased to bless and preserve our most gracious Queen Charlotte, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Princess Dowager of Wales and all the Royal Family, and the frequent Increase of the Royal Issue, to assure us the Continuation of the Blessings which we derive from that illustrious House; that He hath been pleased to prosper the whole British Empire by the Preservation of Peace, the Encrease of Trade, and the Opening of new Sources of National Wealth and more particularly that He hath been pleased to favor the People of this Province with healthy and kindly Seasons, and to bless the Labor of their Hands with a Sufficiency of the Produce of the Earth and the Sea, and I do exhort all Ministers of Gospel with their several Congregations in this Province, that they assemble on the said day, in a solemn manner to return their most humble thanks unto Almighty God, for these and all other of His Mercies vouchsafed unto us, and to beseech Him, notwithstanding our Unworthiness, to continue His gracious Providence over us. And I command and Enjoin all Magistrates and Civil officers to see that the said Day to be observed as a Day set apart for religious Worship, and that no servile Labour be permitted thereon.

Given, at the Council Chamber in Boston, the Fourth Day of November, 1767, in the Eighth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Third, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

By His Excellency's Command,  
A. OLIVER, Secretary.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

**THE DOWNVILLE FIRE.**—The conflagration commenced at 6 o'clock, p.m., New Year's Day, in the St. Charles Hotel, on Main street, and in one and a half hours that street, as far as the Upper Plaza, together with the bridge, and Commercial street, as far as the Methodist church, was a blackened pile of ruins. Both the Democrat and Citizen printing offices were totally consumed. A. S. Haxter had an arm broken, and several persons were bruised by the explosion of 100 kegs of powder, the report of which was heard 15 miles. Loss \$490,000.—[Sacramento Age.

Salathiel has the following: To my question now he could have mastered so many attainments, the old man replied, that with his three teachers 'everything might be learned, common sense alone excepted, the peculiar and rarest gift of Providence. These three teachers were necessity, habit and time. At starting in life, necessity told him if he hoped to live he must labor; habit turned the labor into an indulgence; and time gave every man an hour for everything unless he chose to yawn it away.'

**EARTHQUAKE IN SAVANNAH, GA.**—A very sensible shock of an earthquake was felt in this city about nine o'clock a.m. on Saturday last. It was most severe on the north side of the bay—in fact the buildings were so shaken as to cause all the occupants to rush into the street. There was but one shock, and it was of short duration. In our reading room it was not so great, but sufficiently severe to attract the attention of those who were in it.—[Savannah Republican, Dec. 21.

**THE RUSSIANS**—are re-fortifying and extending the north side of Sevastopol; a new fortress is being built at Kertch.

**CALORIC PRODUCED BY MOTION.**—M. Foucault of Paris, has constructed an apparatus to demonstrate that motion produces caloric. A thick bar of iron, bent into a horse-shoe form, is converted into an electro-magnet; between its two extremities is supported a disk of copper, to which a rapid rotary motion—three hundred or four hundred revolutions a second—is communicated by the intervention of toothed gearing. So long as the horse-shoe is not electro-magnetised, the disk turns with ease; but so soon as the horse-shoe is placed in communication with a battery, and thereby converted into an electro-magnet, a great resistance to the further revolution of the disk is made manifest. If, notwithstanding this resistance, the disk is turned during a minute or so, and a thermometer be placed upon the disk, the mercury will ascend to sixty or eighty degrees, centigrade, although the toothed gearing, axles, etc., remain at the ordinary temperature.

## Died:

In Pleasant Grove, Feb. 6, 1858, of bilious fever, THORNTON PECK, aged 32 years.

Br. Peck was born in Lock, Cayuga co. N. Y. He emigrated with his mother to Jackson co., Mo., in the fall of 1833, and a few weeks after, was driven, with his mother, from Jackson to Caldwell co. by a ruthless mob, when he suffered, in conjunction with the Saints, all the mobbing and persecutions that could well be endured.

He moved with the Saints to the State of Illinois and was again exterminated under the cruel and disgraceful order of Gov. Ford and had to seek an asylum in the midst of the uncultivated tribes of the western wilds and, while on this journey, to fill the unjust requirements of the U. S. Government, enlisted in the 'Mormon Battalion' in July and marched to California, enduring all the fatigue and hardships of that long, wearisome campaign, and in return for his services, was discharged unpaid, hundreds of miles from home.

He arrived in this Territory in the year of 1848, was ordained a member of the 34th Quorum of Seventies on the 10th of May, 1857. He leaves a wife and three children.

Br. Peck was never known to waver in the faith of the gospel of Jesus Christ. He died in full hope of the reward awaiting the faithful.—[Communicated.

On the 23d ult., WILLIAM AUGUSTUS STANDING, of nose bleed and inflammation, aged 15 months and 7 days.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## LOST,

IN this city, on Thursday evening last, a small red and white COW, three years old, points of near horn off, and a strap round her head. Any one finding her shall be rewarded on informing the owner.

THOS. R. G. WELCH, 8th Ward.

## LOOK!

ANY Person wishing to exchange property here for property in the East, call on me at the 19th Ward school house, or inquire of Bishop Raleigh. I will also sell a house and lot in Provo city and some excellent farming land.

H. JENNINGS.

## TAKEN UP,

AT Fort Herriman, one Three Year old light Red COW, with lined back and some white under her belly; has a yearling Heifer with her, also a yearling Black Bull Calf. The owner will please call, pay expenses and take her away.

WILLIAM FREEMAN, Fort Herriman.

## NOTICE.

I HAVE in my possession one red COW, about four years old, with a white spot in the forehead, one on each of her front legs and a crop off the right ear, with a swallow fork in it. No brands visible. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

ALEXANDER BECKSTEAD,

West Jordan.

## CASH PAID FOR HIDES.

JENNINGS & WINDER will pay Cash for Hides, at the following rates:— Good Green Hides, under 50lbs weight, five cents per lb. " " " over 50lbs weight, four cents per lb. " dry salted " eight cents per lb. " Green Calf Skins, ten cents per lb. We will also pay Cash and Leather for Bark, if delivered within two weeks.

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## STOLEN OR STRAYED,

FROM the range near Union Fort, a Spanish Sorrel MARE, four white feet, white face, Spanish brand on her left thigh and branded M. S. on the left shoulder, formerly owned by Henry W. Sanderson. Whoever will return said mare or give information through which she may be obtained shall be rewarded and their expenses paid by

WILLIAM P. SMITH,  
Union Fort, G. S. L. County.

## LOOK HERE.

MEAT may be had in exchange for wheat, oats and corn at Miner's Provision Store, G. S. L. City. On hand and for sale cheap—Wheat, Flour, Oats, Corn, Meal, Bran, Shorts, Butter, Eggs, Soap, Candles, &c. Cash paid for wheat.

51-3m A. MINER.

## "KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN."

STRAYED, from my farm on Big Cottonwood, a dun or yellow HORSE, 8 years old, some white in his face, black stripe on the back, branded Y. X. on left shoulder. Also one brown horse COLT, two years old, branded L. S. on right shoulder. Also one red COW, four years old, white face, white under the belly, bush of tail partly gone, branded L. S. on right shoulder.

Whoever will return either or any of the above animals to my farm at Cottonwood, or to my store in G. S. L. City, will be rewarded for their trouble.

52-3 LEVI STEWART.

## Fruit Trees for Sale.

A LARGE Lot of good sized Apple trees (many of them extra large) budded with as choice varieties of fruit as there is in the United States, comprising some thirty varieties of summer, autumn and winter fruit. Apicot, pear and peach trees. Plums—Coe's golden drop, Smith's Orleans, sweet damson, Washington. Cherries—bigarons, black tartarian, black Morelle. Paup tree, a great acquisition to our fruit, as it is a desert tree and at home in our soil; the fruit is equal to the seedless raisins or Zant currants; buffalo berry, a good substitute for the English currant. Currants—Hemling-way's sprout or wine currant, the largest and finest in the mountains; orange and yellow currant, large and fine. Wanted in exchange: Store orders; wool, clothing, wheat, beef, pork, lard, butter, wood; cash not refused.

50-6 L. S. HEMMINGWAY, 4th Ward.