

Wondrous Majesty of ‘Justice’, ‘Providence’ and ‘Almighty God’ in the cause of ‘Christianity’! Conclusions of an “erudite and poetic” British Official of Yesteryears.

Kriyabans who have attended Retreats would have heard the utterance from Shibendu’s body that “Power is Profane”. The Dispatch below from Frederick Cooper, Deputy Commissioner of Amritsar, to the Foreign Office in London, regarding the fate of the mutinous Sepoys (Bengali soldiers) at Lahore, India dated First of August, 1857, is presented below as a prime example of this. The dispatch shows a complete lack of the Energy of Understanding and underlines the profanity of absolute power. The text contains some explanatory comments in italics in parenthesis. These are added by Shibendu Lahiri:

“ On the 30th of July, over 400 Sepoys from the 26th Native Infantry escaped from the prison camp at Miamnir, where by order of the Crown they had been assembled and disarmed to prevent them from possibility of joining the rebels at Delhi. Being weakened and famished, the sepoy were easily pursued to the banks of the Ravi, where about 150 of them were shot, mobbed backwards into the river, and drowned. The survivors floated across the river on pieces of wood until they reached the opposite shore, whereupon they gathered together like brood of wild fowl, waiting to be captured. Had they tried to escape, a bloody struggle would have ensued. But Providence ordered otherwise. Indeed, everything natural, artificial, and accidental combined to secure their fate.

The sun was setting in golden splendour; and as the doomed men, with joined palms, crowded down to the shore on the approach of our boats, their long shadows were flung athwart the gleaming waters. In utter despair, forty or fifty dashed into the stream; and the sowars (mounted Sikh soldiers), being on the point of taking pot-shots at the heads of the swimmers, were given orders not to shoot. The mutineers were remarkably compliant. They were evidently possessed of a sudden and insane idea that they were going to be tried by court-martial, after some luxurious refreshment. In consequence, they submitted to being bound by a single man, and stocked like slaves into the holds of our boats.

By midnight, as the glorious moon came out through the clouds and reflected herself in myriad pools and streams, we had gathered 282 of the Bengali rebels. In the morning, a party of Sikhs (‘disciples’ of Guru Nanak - loyal to British rule) arrived with a large supply of rope. But as the trees were scarce, the rope was not used. A large problem lay in dealing with the loyal (non-Bengali) Mohammedan troopers, who would surely not have stood by in silence as justice would be meted out upon their rebellious Bengali co-religionists. As fortune would have it, the 1st of August was the anniversary of the great Mohammedan festival of Bukra Eid. A capital excuse was thus afforded to permit the Mohammedan horsemen to return to their homes to celebrate, while we Christians, (all luck to “Christians”!) unembarrassed by their presence and aided by the faithful Sikhs, might perform a ceremonial sacrifice of a different nature upon their (Bengali) brethren.(!!!)

There remained one last difficulty, which was of sanitary consideration. But again, as fortune (‘Almighty God’ has indeed made British Citizen fortunate) would have it, a deep dry well was discovered within one hundred yards of the police-station, furnishing a convenient solution as to how to dispose of the dishonoured soldiers.

At first light, the prisoners were bound together in groups of ten and brought out of the prisons. Believing they were about to be tried and their unwarranted grievances heard, the Sepoys were unusually docile. But when the shots began to ring in the still morning air, and they suddenly discovered the real and awful fate that awaited them, they were filled with astonishment and rage.

The execution continued uninterrupted until one of our men swooned away (he was the oldest of our firing-party), and a little respite was allowed. After we had shot 237 of the Bengali Mohammedans, the district officer was informed that the remaining captives were apparently refusing to come out of the bastion, where they had been imprisoned temporarily in expectation of their execution. Anticipating a rush and resistance, preparations were made against their escape. The bastion was surrounded, the doors opened, and behold! Forty-five bodies, dead from fright, exhaustion, fatigue, heat, and partial suffocation, were dragged into the light. These dead, along with their executed comrades were thrown by the village sweepers into the well. Thus, within forty-eight hours of their escape, the entire 26th regiment was accounted for and disposed of.

To those of you fond of reading signs, we would point to the solitary golden cross still gleaming aloft on the summit of the Christian church in Delhi, whole and untouched; though the ball on which it rests is riddled with shots deliberately fired by the mutinous infidels of the town. The cross symbolically remained triumphant over a shattered globe! How the wisdom and heroism of our English soldiers seem like mere dross before the manifest and wondrous Majesty of Almighty God in the cause of Christianity!’

**“Jai” Christian Mental Undertakings and their perversities!!!
“Jai” mind intoxicated by power, position, prominence and possessions!!!**