

LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE.

A Visit To The Scenes Of The Terrible Tragedies.

(Correspondence of Chicago 'Record-Herald'.)

Lucknow, March 9.—Lucknow and Cawnpore are usually neglected by American travellers, but are objects of pilgrimage to all Englishmen because of their terrible memories of the awful struggles of the mutiny of the Sepoys or native soldiers in 1857, and their heroic defence and heroic relief by a handful of British troops under Sir Henry Havelock, Gen. James Outram, and Sir Colin Campbell. Although more has been written about Lucknow, yet the tragedy of Cawnpore is to me the more thrilling in several particulars, and that city was the scene of the greater agony.

Upon the shores of the Ganges river is a pretty park of sixty acres, in the centre of which rises a mound. That mound covers the site of a well in which the bodies of 250 of the victims of the massacres were cast. It is inclosed by a Gothic wall, and in the centre stands a beautiful figure of an angel in white marble by an Italian artist. Her arms are crossed upon her breast and in each hand she holds a palm branch. The archway is inscribed:

'These Are They Which Came Out of Great Tribulation.'

Chiselled in the wall that marks the circle of the well are these words:

'Sacred to the Perpetual Memory of a Great Company of Christian people, chiefly Women and Children, who near this Spot were cruelly Murdered by the Followers of the Rebel Nana Dhundu Panth of Bithur, and cast Dying with the Dead, into the Well below on the XVth day of July, MDCCCLVII.'

The story of Cawnpore has no parallel in history. It might have been repeated at Pekin two or three years ago, for the conditions existed there. In the summer of 1857 sixty-one English artillerymen and about 3,000 Sepoys were attached to the garrison at that place, where about 800 foreigners resided. Upon June 6 the native troops rose in mutiny, sacked the paymaster's office, and burned several of the buildings. The frightened foreigners fled into one of the larger buildings of the government, where they hastily threw up fortifications, and resisted a siege of three weeks. Their position having become untenable, they arranged terms of capitulation with Nana Sahib, the leader of the mutiny, who had been refused the throne and the allowance paid by the British government to the late maharajah, although the latter had adopted him in legal form, and had proclaimed him his heir. This was one of the principal reasons for the mutiny, and, without considering the question of justice or injustice, Nana Sahib satisfied his desire for vengeance under the most atrocious circumstances.

Having accepted the surrender of the little garrison upon his personal assurance of their security and safe conduct to Allahabad, he placed the survivors, about 700 in number, in boats upon the Ganges river and bid them good-by. As soon as the last child was on board and the word was given to start down stream the blast of a bugle was heard. At this signal the crews of the boats leaped into the water, leaving the passengers without oars, and immediately the straw roofs of the houses burst into flames, and showers of bullets were fired from lines of infantry drawn up on the banks. Most of those who jumped into the water to escape the flames were shot down by the bullets. And many who escaped both and endeavored to reach the shore were sabred by cavalymen who awaited them. One boat had escaped.

The survivors of this incident, about 300 in number, were led back into the city, past their old homes now smouldering ruins and were locked up in two rooms twenty feet long and ten feet wide. They had no beds, no furniture, no blankets, not even straw to lie upon. They were given one meal a day of coarse bread and water, and after suffering agonies for fifteen days were called out in squads and backed to pieces by the ruffians of Man's guard. Their bodies were cast into the well, which was afterwards filled with earth and has since been the centre of a memorial park.

The siege of Lucknow was somewhat different. When the mutiny broke out Sir Henry Lawrence the governor, concentrated his small force of British soldiers, with eleven women and seven children, in his residence, which stood in a park of sixty acres. It was a pretentious stone building, with a superb portico and massive walls, and protected by deep verandahs of stone. Anticipating trouble, he had collected provisions and ammunition and was quite well prepared for a siege, although the little force around him was attacked by more than 30,000 merciless, bloodthirsty fanatics. The situation was very much the same as it was at Pekin, only worse, and the terrific fire that was kept up by the Sepoys may be judged by the battered stump of an old tree which still stands before the ruins of the residence. Although about three feet in diameter, it was actually cut down by bullets.

On the second day of the siege, while Sir Henry Lawrence was instructing Captain Wilson, one of his aides as to the distribution of rations, a shell entered his apartment,

exploded at his side and gave him a mortal wound. With perfect coolness and calm fortitude he appointed Major Banks his successor, instructed him in detail as to the conduct of the defence, exhorted the soldiers of the garrison to do their duty, pledged them never to treat with the rebels, and under no circumstances to surrender. He gave orders that he should be buried without any fuss, like a British soldier, and that the only epitaph upon his tombstone should be: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, Who Tried to do his Duty; May God have Mercy upon his soul.'

He died upon the Fourth of July. Upon the sixteenth, Major Banks, his successor in command, was killed and the authority devolved upon Captain Inglis, whose widow, the last survivor of the siege, died in London, on Feb. 4, 1904. The deaths averaged from fifteen to twenty daily, and most of the people were killed by an African sharpshooter who occupied a commanding post upon the roof of a neighboring house and fired through the windows of the residency without ever missing his victim. The soldiers called him 'Bob the Nailer.' The latter part of August he was finally killed, but not until after he had shot dozens of men, women, and children among the besieged. In order to protect themselves from his shots and those from other directions the windows of the residency were barricaded, which shut out all the air and ventilation, and the heat became almost intolerable. A plague of flies set in which was so terrible that the nervous women and children frequently became frantic and hysterical.

On September 5 a faithful native brought the first news that a relieving force under Sir Henry Havelock and General James Outram was nearing Lucknow. On the 25th Havelock fought his way through the streets of the city, which were packed with armed rebels, and on the 26th succeeded in reaching the residency. But although the relief was welcome, and the sufferings of the besieged were for the moment forgotten, it was considered impracticable to attempt an evacuation, because the whole party would have been massacred if they had left the walls. A young Irish clerk in the civil service, named James Kavanagh, undertook to carry a message to Sir Colin Campbell, and succeeded in passing through the lines of the enemy. On November 16th Campbell fought his way through the streets with 3,500 men, and the relief of Lucknow was finally effected.

A few days later Sir Henry Havelock, the hero of the first relief, died from an attack of dysentery from which he had long been suffering, and his body was buried under a widespreading tree in the park. The tomb of Havelock is a sacred spot to all soldiers. A lofty obelisk marks the resting place of one of the noblest of men and one of the bravest and ablest soldiers.

The residency is naturally a great object of interest, but the cemetery, gay with flowers and feathery bamboos, is equally so, because there lie the dust of 2,000 men and women who perished within the residency, in the attempts at relief, and in other battles and massacres in this neighborhood during the mutiny.

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Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Samuel Smiles Dead.

Samuel Smiles, LL. D., surgeon, journalist and railroad man, is dead. He was born Dec. 23, 1812.

Samuel Smiles was best known to the world through his books on character building. Among his many published works are the

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following: "Lives of George and Robert Stephenson," "Self-Help, with Illustrations of Character and Conduct," "Duty," "Thrift," "Life and Labor," "Industrial Biography," "Men of Invention and Industry," and "Life of John Murray: A Publisher and His Friends." He was also a constant contributor to The Quarterly Review and other periodicals.

"Self-Help" has been translated into seventeen languages, and was one of the most remarkable literary successes of the nineteenth century. It was written at the time of the Crimean War, and had the experience of many other successful works in the respect that the publishers would at first have nothing to do with the manuscript. John Murray took it finally and agreed to give the author two-thirds of the profits without much hope that there would be any. The sales of the book ran up into the hundreds of thousands, and it is still selling steadily wherever the English language is spoken, while its translations are to be found in every non-English speaking nation. The author had been writing for twenty years before he achieved his first success with his life of George Stephenson. Of his later works the life of his publisher, John Murray, has been much appreciated. Dr. Smiles and his wife celebrated their golden wedding in 1893, and his wife died in 1900. He wrote his memoirs, but they await publication. In one of his poems Kipling calls the author "Self-helpful Samuel Smiles."

Commenting on his first meeting with James McNeill Whistler, Mark Twain is reported as saying: "I was introduced to Mr. Whistler in his studio in London. I had heard that the painter was an incorrigible joker, and I was determined to get the better of him, if possible. So at once I put on my hopelessly stupid air and I drew near the canvas that Mr. Whistler was completing.

"That ain't bad," I said; "it ain't bad only here in this corner—and I made as if to rub out a cloud effect with my finger. "I'd do away with that cloud if I was you." Whistler cried nervously.

"Gad sir, be careful there. Don't you see the paint is not dry?"

"Oh, that don't matter," said I; "I've got my gloves on."

"We got on well together after that."

A Quickwitted Cleric.

A clergyman was dining in a hotel with some commercial travelers, who made jokes about him. He moved not a muscle of his face, and after dinner one of them approached him saying: "How can you sit quietly and hear all that has been said without uttering a rebuke?" "My dear sir," said the cleric, "I am chaplain to a lunatic asylum."

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Woodstock, March 9th, 1904.

Comparison of Three Septennial Periods.

	New Business	In Force	
1882	\$1,413,171	\$2,213,937	
1889	2,538,217	9,635,352	
1896	3,553,980	17,494,170	
*1903	5,884,890	32,625,083	
*Excluding monthly plan.			
	Income	Assets	Net Surplus
1882	\$ 81,014	\$ 151,135	\$ 4,430
1889	291,741	816,710	71,365
1896	641,788	2,515,833	421,546
*1903	1,381,304	5,625,801	550,257
*Excluding monthly plan.			
	1903	1902	Increase
Premium Income	\$1,132,616.91	\$1,049,652.74	\$82,964.17
Interest Income	248,745.78	221,187.47	27,558.31
Insurance Issued	5,884,890.00	5,773,945.00	110,945.00
Net Surplus	550,236.76	515,044.76	35,192.00

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