

# INDIA'S GREAT MUTINY.

GRAPHIC STORY OF A TERRIBLE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

Causes Which Led to This Most Desperate Conflict—The Thrilling Tale of the Siege of Lucknow—Specimens of the Stuff of Which Heroes are Made.

Do we Americans, a united people, bounded by the seas, yet vast as we are, without the most insignificant of colonial responsibilities, do we appreciate what the 40,000,000 of pale faces that populate the British isles have undertaken to do to establish their dominion in India? asks a writer in the Chicago Inter Ocean. They have undertaken to govern and let govern, to harmonize and conciliate, to regulate and suppress, as the gigantic politics of the problem may demand, not less than 290,000,000 people, who speak nearly thirty different languages, and who are followers of at least nine different religions. Or to express the equivalence of this political equation in other terms, 40,000,000 Anglo-Saxons, with a gift for seizing territory and masterfully administering it, are at the task in British India of controlling the lives and fortunes of about 15 per cent of the entire population of the terrestrial globe. To accomplish this task, tactfully, economically, and safely, England now holds India organized in what are called British provinces and also in feudatory or native states. This colossal and delicate aggregation, the outcome of the craft of the trader and the sword of the soldier since 1600, is governed primarily from London, but by the actual presence and diplomacy of a governor general or viceroy. Below him, along democratic lines, as with us, are the governors of provinces and the rulers of semi-independent native states, who have the advice of a resident British representative.

It was in 1858 that this form of government for the Indian empire was established. A few months after, as the reader may note, the suppression of the ominous and bloody Indian mutiny, and so not long subsequent to the time of the story of this article, the recital of which we are now ready to take up. And yet two or three statistical matters cannot be more profitably introduced than here—India's capacity for defence, as against insurrection, or invasion, should not be overlooked. Great Britain's total British strength in India is about 74,000 men. The total strength of her native army is about 145,000 men. The entire force, British and native, is organized in four commands, viz., those of the Punjab, Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, each under a lieutenant general. It should also be noted, in passing, that the ratio of European to native strength is not as it was in the days of the great mutiny, for then there were but 40,000 Europeans, as against 215,000 natives, in the restless army of the populous empire. Note also that the so-called native states of the empire may not declare war or peace, may not send ambassadors to one another, may not maintain an army above a limited number.

One of the causes of the Indian mutiny seems to have been the attempt, in military matters, to force western ideas upon an eastern people. When the eastern people imaginative and excitable, and acted upon, also, by other forces, got to an explosive point, they struck, and the tragedy was the mutiny. Military dignitaries came from England with traditional ways of doing this and that, and, regardless of the new people and conditions presented, went about doing the usual things in the usual fashion. One day the Governor General, Lord Dalhousie took an unfortunate step. He ordered a regiment of Sepoys, that had been enlisted for home duty in Hindostan, to embark for war service in Burmah. They said they would not do it. Like wildfire the story spread through all India. The effect upon discipline was at once apparent. Military affairs in India were approaching stormy weather. Another blunder followed. Most of the Sepoys serving in the Bengal Presidency were recruited from the Kingdom of Oude. Such Sepoys, as well as those in the Bombay army, had a special privilege, viz., the right of petition in matters affecting home interests of the British Resident at the Court of Lucknow. In view of the character of the courts in a native state this was indeed a privilege to have the Resident your own advocate, as it were, and for this reason Oude was the best recruiting ground in India. One day the British government annexed Oadh, and away went this esteemed and ancient privilege. The mind of the Sepoy gradually was coming to a fever heat. In other parts of India other causes for exasperation were leading him to a similar perilous pitch of feeling.

There was an arch walking delegate in the Indian mutiny, and this was the man. His name was Ahmad-ullah, born in Oude, and known as the Maulavi, or "learned man." This agitator, the brain of the conspiracy, went through India sowing the seed of insurrection. He did not publish a proclamation announcing the day of revolt, but he caused it to be known that when from hand to hand among the faithful there should be passed aphatis, cakes of unleavened bread, the hour had come to rise and kill. When the rural people of the Northwest Provinces should receive this token they were to understand that the army of natives serving the British flag was also ripe to rise and be avenged. They caught this rascal, and convicted him, but before

they got his head he escaped and joined the rebel leader of the raging mutineers.

But the flame to the powder was the greased cartridge. As an improvement in ammunition the government had smeared the paper cartridges supplied the army with hog or cow fat. The Mohammedans despised the hog, the Hindoos revered the cow. It was natural reasoning for a discontented people to argue that now their Christian masters were about to deprive them of their religion as preliminary to forcing Christianity upon Mohammedan and Hindoo. Otherwise why should a Mohammedan be forced to tear open a cartridge soaked in hog fat, or a Hindoo to taste the fat of an animal he everlastingly revered?

Disaffection, promoted by other potent causes, spread and spread, although only rumors and not greased, instead of cartridges with waxed patches, had been distributed through the army. Next came an assault upon an officer, and the disbandment of two whole native regiments—two thousands men to go home and talk treason. The first move of the mutineers was at Mirath, where eighty-five troopers refused to take ordinary cartridges. They were sentenced to hard labor, shackled, and marched to jail. The next night the terrors of revolt stalked through Mirath. Houses were burned and women and children slaughtered. Delhi was thirty-six miles away, and for that the mutineers marched before bad management permitted the European forces in Mirath to arrest or avenge. The spirit of revolt was waiting for but a spark of Delhi. It flamed, and not a Christian who fell in the path of mad men lived to tell the tale. The native regiments in the garrison at Delhi gradually joined the revolt. Now thundered the first reply of England to the treacherous aliens. In Delhi was a great magazine of munitions of war. A little band of English, deserted by their sepoy helpers, held it. They held it until they themselves blew a part of it up, and with it several hundred rebels. Four of the gallant Englishmen got away. Fifty Christians—women among them—barricaded themselves in a strong house in the English quarter. They were dragged out, and after five days' confinement in a stifling hole, were all massacred. Delhi was in the rebels' hands; such Europeans as had not escaped were dead. These two tragic days in the history of British conquest in the East were May 10 and 11, 1857.

Be assured that Lord Canning, Governor General, had his hands full about this time. Look where he might he saw few British troops he could spare to crush the sepoy at these chief seats of his uprising and carnage. He would find some help in forces returning from a campaign in Persia, from others coming from Ceylon and perhaps from others on their way to China from England. Meanwhile the mutiny spread from garrison to garrison. What the British government had now to do was to recapture Delhi, and a puzzled man was General George Anson, commander-in-chief in India, to know how, with his few European regiments, and with disaffected centers to watch, he was going to do it. Other important strategic centers were on their own account hard pressed to resist the impending tempest; Kanpur was one where the officer commanding, Sir Hugh Wheeler, had fortified two barracks in the center of a vast plain, and with 450 women and children, was prepared to make a gallant stand against his fanatical assailants.

It is well in this brief sketch of the earlier episodes of the mutiny to cite some of the instances of cruelty on the part of the mutineers, otherwise we may not fully understand the desperation and ferocity of the Europeans when in the latter conflicts they came upon the red-handed destroyers of their gallant countrymen. A wolf among the mutineers besieging the intrenched at Kanpur was a leader named Nana Sahib. An English lady and four children going from the northwest provinces to Calcutta reached Kanpur. They were all shot. Another lady came along the next day. She was shot. A party of European fugitives, mostly women and children, were reported fleeing down from the northwest. All 126, were murdered. Nana Sahib's shells set fire to the hospital barrack of the intrenched Europeans lying out on that sunbaked plain fighting to the last gasp. Forty of the helpless in that barrack were burned to death. During the construction attending this incident 4,000 sepoy came forward to complete their bloody work. But six guns and 400 pale faces sent them back cowering. It was growing desperate behind those wooden walls and that low bank of earth. Starvation was nigh, ammunition was failing, and from nowhere came help. Out of the grass came a snake—word from the enemy that all who had had nothing to do with the former Governor General, Lord Dalhousie, and would lay down their arms, should have safe passage to Allahabad. Then came a parley, and better terms promised. So the gallant defenders, thinking only of the women and children, marched out and toward the boats that promised safety on the river. The English were slowly embarking, when from a temple near by a bugle sounded. Instantly the sepoy escort opened fire, and soon had thirty-nine of the forty boats in their hands. One boat for the time got

away and a few of its occupants made a defense like Custer's last rally. It was bloody, gallant, terrible. Four men escaped, eighty of all that trustfully quitted their barracks fell alive into the sepoy hands. The men were shot, the women and children reserved for some worse fates. These events came to pass June 27. We should not wonder if England gave as bad as she got when her day of reckoning came.

The day of reckoning was drawing on apace. The British were rallying. One of their great leaders was Sir Henry Havelock, who said, when he heard that 200 women and children of British blood were yet alive at Kanpur: "With God's help, men, we shall save them or every man of us die in the attempt." Kanpur was twenty-two miles away. The first chance that Havelock's Highlanders had at the hands of Nana Sahib they used the bayonet, no firing, no shouting, just the irresistible, merciless bayonet. The next emergency of this day's battle, on the march for the relief of Kanpur, also demanded the bayonet, but the bayonet in hands of men who had marched twenty miles and fought one fierce battle. But there were women and children of British blood pining in Kanpur, and if British blood was to be profitably shed for them there was no better time than now. So Havelock—on pony, for his horse was shot—pushed up to the front and screamed: "The longer you look at it, men, the less you will like it. Rise up. The brigade will advance, left battalion leading." And they rose up. When they lay down that night they had swept away five times their number and Kanpur was theirs. But, alas! What was Kanpur without the helpless ones they had battled to save? The execrable Nana Sahib had murdered nearly 200 and thrown their bodies into a deep well. Surely the Indian mutiny was a case of fire against fire, blood for blood. These events happened in the middle of July.

We are now prepared to conceive how desperate was the situation of the English in every city or cantonment where they had rallied in feeble numbers to watch suspected sepoys do battle with them to the death. We are now ready to proceed to Lucknow, to the aid of which the gallant Havelock, could be once upon Nana Sahib in, the latter's position near Kanpur meant vigorously to press. When Havelock looked into that dreadful well and remembered what came to his countrymen who were slaughtered while embarking for safety under a truce, he was impatient to get to Lucknow in its dread necessity.

This was the situation at Lucknow, where Sir Henry Lawrence, first civil officer and later first military officer in command in Oude, was in command. Lucknow is on the west bank of the River Gumbi, forty-two mile east of Kanpur and 610 north of Calcutta. All the main buildings lie between the city and the river. Here was the residency and its various dependencies, 2,150 by 1,200 feet. In May, 1857, the troops in Lucknow were 570 British infantry, of the Thirty-Second Foot, 56 British artillerymen, three regiments of sepoy infantry, one battery of native artillery, and one regiment of cavalry. Early in May Sir Henry had most diplomatically and considerably held a sort of reception, when he specially honored certain sepoys, who had in a crucial occasion a few days before proved loyal. At this powwow he also candidly reasoned with the native troops over their fear of religious intolerance and caste degradation. But fair words could not arrest the meeting in Lucknow, and so Sir Henry placed his troops with reference to the value of life and property, and the loyalty of the sepoy contingent, and anxiously listened for the storm. He put his magazine stores into a turreted building near the residency, called the Mochi Bhawan, and within the residency inclosed the European women and children, and the sick of the one English regiment. The night of May 30 Sir Henry began to see who were his friends. There was a revolt, many sepoys deserted, and Sir Henry, taking a fresh count, concentrated his little band of defenders more and more. One native regiment, the Thirtieth, still largely stood loyal. Meanwhile the revolt was spreading in the province and it spread so seriously, even to a show of sympathy on the part of large land owners, that by June 12 Sir Henry Lawrence felt that the only spot in Oude where British authority is respected was in the residency of Lucknow, and the number of sepoys he could now count faithful was 800. The storm gathered ominously. The natives of Oude, emboldened by Nana Sahib's bloody successes, had arisen, and now the rebels of Lucknow's own province of Oude were within eight miles of the capital, eight miles from the residency. Sir Henry, right or wrong, marched out and met the mutineers. When he returned he was in retreat, with a third of his regiment of Englishmen dead, some artillery lost, and the enemy encircling himself in the city whenever he could make Sir Henry's defense a perilous and bloody thing. So this harassed commander blew up the fortifications with which he meant to defend his magazine tower, withdrew in the residency, and thereupon the famous siege of Lucknow was begun.

On the morning of July 2 Sir Henry, outed as its defenders with in the inclosure of the residency 535 men of the Thirty-second Foot, 50 of the Eighty-fourth, 89 artillerymen, 100 English officers, 153 civilians, and 765 natives. The place was not defensible, for the intrenchments were but mud walls and trenches connecting the small plots of grounds adjoining the various houses that as a whole took the name, from the chief house, of the residency. From the day Sir Henry drew within its poor protection the fire of the rebels, from house-tops and other points of vantage, had been continuous. One of the first victims of their deadly fire was Sir Henry himself, a calamity that, says one historian, "was mourned wherever the English language was spoken." An eight-inch shell, penetrating his room, mortally wounded the English leader, who died two days later, July 4. It was a sad blow to the defenders, but they fought stoutly on. On the 7th they made their first sortie; on the 20th the rebels responded with their first grand assault. The mutineers then learned that unless starvation assailed with them never would they wet their hands in the blood of a living man within the residency walls. Of the residency itself it may be said in passing that it was an extensive brick building

# General Agency

BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, CANTERBURY STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Controlling the largest line of  
BICYCLES REPRESENTED IN THE DOMINION.

## 1896 Catalogue

Send Your Address for our

General Agent for the Maritime Provinces for  
The Yost Writing Machine Co.,  
The American Typewriter Co.,  
The Blickensderfer Typewriter Co.,  
The Edison Mimeograph Typewriter,  
The Edison Automatic Mimeograph,  
The Edison Hand Mimeograph,  
The Duplograph Manufacturing Co.,  
The Electric Heat Alarm Co., &c., &c.  
All kinds of bicycles. Typewriters and other intricate machines carefully repaired

## Typewriter and Mimeograph Supplies of all Kinds.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent,  
I. E. CORNWALL, Special Agent

with lofty rooms, fine verandas, and splendid porticoes. Besides a ground and two upper stories, it had a lofty cellar of great apartments, which in peaceful times, sheltered residents at the court during noonday heat. The building was on higher ground than were the houses surrounding it.

The siege progressed, deaths by the rebels' fire averaging fifteen or twenty a day. The rebels' artillery showed the skill of European traitors. The stench from dead horses and bullocks became pestilential. Now and then a handful of the besieged would make a sally, perhaps spiking a troublesome gun. By the 10th of July the rebels were firing from their larger cannon bullets of wood, pieces of iron, copper coins, and even bullocks' horns. And all the time there were rumors of relief, and yet no relief came. A man had to suffer an amputation of arm or leg, he probably died; something was lacking to pull him through the ordeal. By the middle of July luxuries began to fail. The enemy's assault on the 20th brought the last man to the defense, wounded and sick staggered from their beds, and to the scene of action, trembling and bleeding, firing as long as his strength permitted. Every garrison within the inclosure was a separate field of battle. The mutineers lost on that desperate day not fewer than 1,000 men. From 9 to 4 the fight raged, and when, under a flag of truce, the rebels bore away their dead, they counted them by the cart-load. And the siege never slackened, for the cannonade was resumed from old batteries, and re-enforced from new. Major Banks, successor in command to Sir Henry Lawrence, was now among the slain; Brigadier Inglis now took courage. The hospital was now full, and its suffering inmates inadequately attended. The children began to feel the privations, for over a score died. Flies and mosquitoes made life a torment. Beef was served in small quantities every other day. It rained, too, rained almost constantly. To make life uncertain, the apprehension that the enemy was mining various of the defenders' defences came to their minds convincingly. On the 25th, news came that Havelock was really coming, but days passed and no Havelock, and a man would get to look with envy upon the comrades that were each evening borne to their burial.

August came. The coarse, insufficient food began to play the mischief among the resolute garrison. Cholera was now afoot, and the children especially were its victims. The defenders dug mine with counter-mine. They dug one under a neighboring house, and buried from forty to sixty Sepoys in the explosion. A deadly rifleman among the Sepoys was an African eunuch, whom the English had christened "Bob, the Nailer." One day, in a sortie, this redoubtable marksman was brought to earth. None had done such work as he in the earlier days of the siege. Letters would go beyond the lines of the besiegers in a quill. One day word came that a large force for relief was assembling at Kanpur.

When September came there came also the belief that Nana Sahib, beaten at Kanpur, would bring his routed forces to strengthen the besiegers of Lucknow. So night and day, the garrison stood by their arms, the explosion or capture of mines being conspicuous incidents. One day a shot carried off the head of Captain Fulton, and the defenders had to mourn the loss of their most useful man, the garrison engineer. It was Sept. 25, that Havelock actually arrived. Truly that was an indescribable day. That was the day of the highland bagpipes, and of enthusiasm that knew no bounds. Fighting their way through the streets, Havelock's men pushed to the Residency's relief. As garrison after garrison of the Residency defenders heard the news, a fearful "hurrah" went up to heaven, the first rallying cry of a despairing host. And the pipers piped away. The beleaguered heroes went at Havelock's people without distinction of rank or service, almost eating them up in their frenzy of love and gratitude.

Now, for the first time, Lucknow had official report of the atrocities at Kanpur; now they learned what happened to the pagan natives when the force that was

marching to rescue the women and children at Kanpur looked into that awful well. Now they learned that the English General in command had taken prisoners some Mohammedans and high class Brahmins, to whom the mere touch of a dead man's bone was pollution; that these fellows were taken to that bloody house where women and children were bayoneted; that, the congealed blood on the floor being liquefied with water, these high class butchers were made to lick up; and that finally they were banged or blown from the cannon's mouth. They also learned how Havelock fought his way to their relief, and how his 2,500 gallant fellows under Outram and Neil finally came to hand-shaking quarters.

With re-enforcements the garrison now became aggressive, and extended its position. An anecdote is timely here to illustrate what a sepoy could do when he really was loyal. When the Seventy-Eighth Highlanders, advancing to the Residency's relief, came upon one of its batteries guarded by friendly sepoys, three or four of the latter, unknown as allies, were bayoneted. They never resisted, and one, waving his hand, cried in the agony of death: "Never mind; it is all for the good cause. Welcome, friends." It is surmised that had not relief came the native allies within the Residency, not of the flesh of this dark hero, would have deserted, and when they had done that the end for the besieged would have been another Kanpur, or, as the offenders once talked of doing, the women and children would first have been blown up by them that loved them, and then the remnant of defense would have died with their grip on heathen throats. Such is the policy outlined by one of the defenders, Mr. Rantz Rees, who narrated the story of the siege in a book published in 1858, and from which some of the facts of this narrative are taken. He estimated that not less than 10,000 cannon balls struck the buildings of the Residency, and he records the burial of 500 offenders in the garrison churchyards.

The Residency was still besieged. Yet even besieged as it was there were hours when perfect silence would reign, when the enemy ate his dinner and took his siestas. In those moments an observer from the terrace of the Residency could still appreciate the beauties of Lucknow, with its rich domes and minarets, its splendid mosques and palaces, its parks, and trees, and gardens.

Through September the siege continued, sorties again being resorted to to bewilder the enemy and feel his strength. It was the last of October that news came that Sir Colin Campbell, urged by Sir James Outram, commanding at Lucknow, for he outranked Havelock, whom he had now displaced in the campaign for Lucknow's relief, was approaching to raise the siege, and end this terrible summer of blood and suspense. Campbell got at the infidel at close quarters in a walled garden beyond the city. Both English and sepoy were desperate. Before Sir Colin's infuriated soldiers quit that garden, and the big building, they had bayoneted about 2,000 sepoys. No mercy was shown. Before the bayonet was driven home the pale face at the butt hissed "Kanpur." Lucknow was relieved. Its evacuation alone remained. This was accomplished without loss on the night of Nov. 22. Fifty thousand of the enemy were near but nothing. Sir Colin Campbell, commander-in-chief, had done great work, and won great honor. Havelock died during the temporary abandonment of the city he had been the first to relieve. Lucknow was retaken Dec. 15. By June of the next year British rule by British arms was again established in British India.

The Residency is a ruin today. About the grounds are monuments that tell moving tales of heroism and fidelity. Four miles from Lucknow at a beautiful retreat once an important strategic point, when Havelock was moving to the relief of Lucknow, rests the dust of this gallant soldier whose obelisk, thirty feet high, explains his services and pays tribute to his piety and valor.

It is said that it takes a snail fourteen days to travel a mile.

## FRIENDLY ADVICE.

IS THE MEANS OF RENEWED HEALTH TO A SUFFERER

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Succeed Where Doctors Had Failed for Thirty Years—The Sufferer One of Northumberland Co.'s Best Known Men.

(From the Trenton Advocate.)  
Mr. John Frost's case is a most remarkable one. He is one of the best known residents in the county of Northumberland, being a retired farmer of most ample means, and having financial dealings with hundreds throughout the townships. We have known him intimately for over ten years. From him we gleaned the following facts in February last:—"I was born in England and at twelve years of age arrived in Canada with my parents who settled in Prince Edward county and remained there for three years. We then moved to Rawdon township in the neighboring county of Hastings. For thirty years I was a resident of Rawdon, three years I resided in Seymour township and I am at present, and have been for the past ten years, a resident of Murray township. For thirty years I have been a martyr to rheumatism.



During that time I have been treated by scores of doctors and have found partial relief from but one. I have during the same period tried innumerable remedies, but all failed to cure me. Scarcely a month passes that I am not laid up, and frequently I am confined to bed six or eight weeks, unable to move hand or foot and suffering untold agonies. Two well known doctors told me one time that I would have to have an arm taken off to save my life. I tell you I have been a great sufferer in my time and I would give anything to find relief. My business causes me a great deal of driving and getting in and out of my rig is agony.

Knowing his story to be true and anxious that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should have a severe test, we prevailed on Mr. Frost, much against his will, to give them a trial. He got six boxes and commenced to use them. At the first start he smiled at our confidence in the pills. We saw him after he had used the first box and he admitted some relief and said he believed there was something in the remedy. He continued their use and by the time he had finished the six boxes he was as sound and proud a man as could be found in five counties. A couple of months have passed since the cure was effected and we deferred giving a history of the case in order that we could see for a certainty that the cure was permanent. We see him several times a week actively attending to his business and at all times loud in his praise of Pink Pills. All who know Mr. Frost know that his word is as good as a bond. Yesterday we said to him, "Now, Mr. Frost, do you really feel that you are cured of rheumatism? Do you feel any twinges of the old trouble at all?" He replied, "I am cured." The Pink Pills have thoroughly routed the disease out of my system and I feel like a new man. The use of the pill's has given me new life and I am telling everyone I meet about the cure." Such is the case and having known Mr. Frost for years the sufferer he was, and seeing him now active, and almost youthful again, the rapid change from suffering to health seems almost a miracle. However we are not at all surprised, for on all sides we hear of cures effected by the use of Pink Pills. The druggists remark their rapid sale and the satisfaction they give their customer.