

## THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

### STORY OF A STRUGGLE.

#### Middleton's Bravery—The Cawnpore—Mercy was Neither Asked nor Given—Capture Meant Death.

"General Middleton was as brave an officer as ever led a charge," said ex-Sergt. James Fisher of the Army Corps, now residing with his family at 39 St. Clarens avenue, Toronto.

"You knew him then in India?" queried the reporter.

"Why, I served under him," said the old soldier. "We were together at the capture of Lucknow, and it was in an engagement where he commanded that I nearly lost my life."

"Were you at the relief of Lucknow then? Tell us the whole story, won't you?"

"It's pretty long," said the old veteran, "but there were few men in the Indian mutiny that saw more fighting and bloodshed than I did."

"In 1857, some time after returning from the Crimea, on the Fall of Sebastopol," said Mr. Fisher, "a military train was organized to take the place of the old transport corps, and I among others in the Scots Greys then stationed in Ireland, volunteered. We were at once ordered to China, where there was war going on, but on reaching Singapore found fresh orders awaiting us there. The China war had collapsed and the Indian mutiny had broken out. As a result we were ordered back to Calcutta in great haste. When we reached Calcutta the 8th Madras native cavalry had mutinied against going to Bengal, and we were asked to volunteer for service. As the second battalion of the Military Train comprised nearly all cavalrymen we at once did so, and the horses and accoutrements of the 8th Madras horse were turned over to us.

#### POISONED BREAD.

"Then we had our first narrow escape, and it was a close one I can tell you. Previous to going up the country we were sent on a short distance to a riding school at Dum Dum for a couple of weeks. There were there about 600 men and 400 women and children. One morning as we were sitting down to breakfast the bugle suddenly sounded the rally and we all hurried out. Then the bread was hastily collected and destroyed, and we were told it had been poisoned. Had the bugle sounded five minutes later it would have been all up with us.

"Well, the chief baker and five of his assistants were arrested, and, as they couldn't give a satisfactory account of how the poison came in the bread, we hanged the six of them. All the explanation they could give was that some one must have come in the bakehouse and put it in the dough, but that was all rubbish and they deserved their fate."

#### TO RELIEVE DELHI.

"We were first ordered to relieve Delhi, and we started on the road to Cawnpore. It was a fifteen hundred mile march, and it took us about two months to make it. The bridges had all been destroyed, and we had a number of encounters with hill robbers, but we finally reached the scene of the most atrocious massacre of modern days without mishap. You will remember that it was at Cawnpore that General Wheeler, after a brave resistance, laid down his arms to the Sepoys, on condition that he and his men, with the women and children, were to be allowed to depart unmolested. Nana Sahib agreed to the terms, and the soldiers were about getting on the boats in the river when the mutineers fell upon them, and massacred the whole brave band. Only three men escaped, and they did so by swimming the river, and hiding in the bushes. The women and children were detained as prisoners until at the approach of the British troops Nana Sahib ordered them to be slain and their bodies thrown into a deep well. A monument to-day marks the site of the slaughter at the well. This barbarous order was carried out and when we reached there a few weeks afterwards the place presented a gloomy and a terrible appearance. It is said that by order of Nana Sahib an English minister and a Roman Catholic priest were hanged face to face and then thrown into the well, along with the women and children."

#### TO HAVELOCK'S RESCUE.

"We intended to march on Delhi from Cawnpore, but when we reached there found that it had already fallen. It was then determined as soon as reinforcements came up that we should attempt the relief of Lucknow. You will remember that a short time before this when the handful of European men in Lucknow were just about on the verge of giving up, General Havelock with a couple of thousand men threw himself into the place but his force was too small to get out again, and he was still besieged there."

"As soon as Sir Colin Campbell arrived with reinforcements we started for Lucknow, six thousand strong, crossing the Ganges on a bridge of boats. The distance from Cawnpore to Lucknow was about fifty-one miles, but we had scarcely made more than ten when the enemy began to show fight. They would conceal themselves in the bush while we kept to the open, and shelled them out with our guns. We captured quite a few prisoners as we went along and most of them met the same fate. If they could not show conclusively that they were not at the massacre in Cawnpore a blank cartridge was placed in a cannon, they were strapped across the mouth of it the cartridge was exploded and the Sepoy was

#### BLOWN INTO THE NEXT WORLD

in small pieces. We asked no quarter and gave none. If our men were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the enemy it meant death, and if the enemy fell into ours they knew what they had to expect. We had no room for prisoners.

"Well, we fought on day by day, but it was not until we were within four miles of Lucknow that we found the Sepoys in force. They occupied the King of Lucknow's summer residence, known as Dalakooka palace. We executed a flank movement by engaging the enemy with artillery in front and getting round to the left of the palace. All that day we fought hand-to-hand, and when night came the palace was ours. We lay right down there on the ground and slept among the slain each man with his horse's bridle twisted round his wrist.

"The second day after some hard fighting we carried Martineau College at the point of the bayonet. On the third day we got a position near the bridge which leads to Lucknow, and captured it with a charge. We held it, too, in spite of the fact that the enemy made several desperate attempts to

blow it up. The fourth day we spent in CANNONADING THE CITY,

and succeeded in burning most of it down with rockets. It became too hot for the enemy, and they fell back, leaving a small section in our possession. On the fifth day we crossed the bridge altogether, and got a good foothold in the city. By this time we were close enough to enable Havelock to make a sortie from the Residency where he was besieged. The enemy attempted to prevent a union of our forces, but failed, and Havelock and his brave band were rescued. "We then fell back to Alumbagh, a fort a few miles away, and situated in an open country. Here after three or four days poor Havelock died, and although the doctors didn't say so, I have always thought that joy at being rescued was too much for him. We remained at Alumbagh until reinforcements could arrive. At this time Sir Colin Campbell was suddenly called back to Cawnpore, and just got there in time to prevent the Galway contingent of the native army about twelve or thirteen thousand strong, from capturing that place. There was some desperate fighting, but he managed to hold it. If it had fallen we would all have been cut off in the heart of India and nothing would have saved us. While we remained at Alumbagh the enemy attacked us nearly every day, and it was an ordinary occurrence to have to turn out and drive them back. One day they came in large force and we got our guns on them and they left about five hundred men on the field. After that we were not bothered so much."

#### BEHEADED THE SERGEANT-MAJOR.

"What did you do with their wounded?" asked the reporter.

"Well," said Mr. Fisher, "we had no place for prisoners and they were put out of the way. We lost our sergeant-major, though, at Alumbagh. He undertook to visit the pickets one night for one of the officers. In the darkness he wandered away and got inside the enemy's picket line. They pounced upon him and carried him to Lucknow, publicly beheaded him and carried his head around on a long pole announcing it as that of a British General."

"About two miles from Alumbagh was the Fort of Jallalabad, where our stores and ammunition were under guard. I was made a corporal at Alumbagh and placed there with four men, and while we were at the place it was attacked several times. One day after being the enemy we observed a big Sepoy rush to the front and endeavour to urge them back to the attack. I at once galloped out and with a blow of my sword brought him down. I saw a medal on his breast, and thinking I had killed him, seized the medal and carried it back with me into the fort. It was a medal given by the British Government to Saperside Singh for bravery. Saperside, however, wasn't killed, and we took him prisoner, and he afterwards gave us very valuable information and advice."

#### A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

"A few days later Jallalabad was again attacked. This time the enemy moved up with great caution and suddenness, and they were between us and the camp at Alumbagh almost before we knew it. On previous occasions we always sent to Alumbagh for assistance as soon as we saw them coming, and I at once directed one of our men to go there now. In a few minutes he came back and said it was impossible as the enemy had cut us off. I reported this to the officer in command.

"Corporal," he replied, "you will have to go yourself."

"I went, but you could have brought my life for a five cent piece. I had to ride right through the enemy, but in the dust and confusion, although I was rubbing shoulder to shoulder with them they never noticed me. I got through safely enough, but as soon as I got clear of them a short distance they noticed me separating from the main body, and at once sent volley after volley after me but I escaped all right. I reached Alumbagh just in time to find the troops on the move. I joined my own corps and we returned to the attack utterly routing the enemy and capturing five guns and a howitzer. The enemy fought desperately, and in some cases the Sepoys would climb the trees and shoot down at us as we passed underneath. We would shoot them up in the trees and they would fall from limb to limb and finally drop like squirrels on the ground dead."

#### LUCKNOW CAPTURED.

"On the 10th of March 1858 sufficient reinforcements had arrived to enable us to attack Lucknow, although it had a native garrison of seventy thousand Sepoys. We removed all our stores and ammunition from Jallalabad and the engineers blew it up. On the 14th of March, with 25,000 men and 10,000 Gorkhas we commenced the attack on the city, and it is needless to describe to you the two days' fighting that ensued and its final fall. But few of them escaped and the route to them was most disastrous. It was here I first saw Captain Fred Middleton."

"After the fall of Lucknow a column under General Lugard was ordered to march after Kooz Singh and raise the siege of Asizgah, where the 13th Light Infantry were hemmed in. On reaching there we found that the Sepoys had retreated without waiting for us to come up, and a detachment consisting of two troops of the military train, four hundred of Hudson's Horse and three guns from the Horse Artillery, under command of

#### STAFF OFFICER CAPT. MIDDLETON

were ordered to pursue Kooz Singh. After marching about nine miles we came across some of their baggage and took possession of it. A little further on the detachment came to Kooze bridge. This was a narrow bridge crossing a stream with an embankment leading up to it on each side. There was no sign of the enemy here but as it afterwards turned out they were concealed in force in the bushes on the right hand side of that embankment. Hudson's Horse were ahead and had almost crossed the bridge when there was a roar and a volley of bullets was poured into them from the bushes on the right. They were thrown into great confusion and crossing the bridge wheeled down the left side of the bank out of range of the enemy instead of charging them. We were next. As soon as Capt. Middleton saw what had occurred he dashed forward brandishing his sword in the air. Riding in front of us with flashing eyes he shouted—

"Don't show the white feather.—Charge!" "And he led the way down the embankment in among the bushes with us riding pell mell after him. We cut and slashed and fought hand-to-hand for fully half an hour.

In the meantime Hudson's Horse had rallied behind the bank and came to our assistance. Then the enemy began to retreat. The last few shots were being fired when I got two of them, one through the right arm and the other through the right shoulder. My horse was shot through the head at the same time and

#### FELL ON ME

and I didn't remember anything more for seven days. The rest of the battle I must tell you from hearsay. Had the second battalion of the military train followed the action of Hudson's Horse the enemy would have seized the bridge, cut off our retreat and we would have been destroyed to a man. But, Middleton's promptness in ordering us to charge turned the disaster into victory. Out of eighty men who charged down the embankment after Middleton—twenty were killed and thirty wounded. Hudson's Horse also lost heavily. Their commanding officer, Col. Hamilton, was among the killed. Two men Morley and Murphy, in trying to save him, earned the Victoria Cross. They rescued their colonel, but it was only to see him die of his wounds. When the doctors came to all they said I couldn't live, and attended to me the other wounded first, but at the end of a week I recovered consciousness, and when I was strong enough I was sent down to Calcutta and home to England with a convoy of wounded, and here am I in Toronto to-day as hale and hearty as any man in the city, and yet after the battle of Kooze Bridge, the doctors said I hadn't a ghost of a chance for my life."

Mr. Fisher not only has medals for the mutiny, but also for the Crimean and Abyssinian wars and for long service and good conduct.

#### A Remarkable Escape.

An exciting scene was recently witnessed on the Pankow Chaussee, outside Berlin. While thousands of Sunday excursionists were on the road to Pankow, Schonhausen, and Schonholz, a carriage and a pair, containing a lady and one child, passing along, nearly came into collision with a bicycle, the rider of which rang his bell loudly. The horses, which were very restive, took fright and bolted, scattering the foot passengers right and left. The coachman completely lost control over the animals, and in a very short time both he and the servant sitting beside him were thrown from the box. A dragon who was in the crowd bravely attempted to stop the horses by catching at their reins; he succeeded in seizing the horse's cinch, but the speed that which the man was thrown down and dragged along the road for several yards. When the soldier was picked up it was found that his uniform was torn to pieces, and that he had received two or three serious bruises. The horses meantime rushed on, striking a cab and knocking several foot passengers down. A new danger now presented itself. The carriage reached a point in the road which is crossed by the Slettiner Railway; the barrier was already in the act of being lowered to allow the express train that was in sight to pass. To the onlookers the destruction of the carriage and its occupants seemed inevitable, as it was certain that at the rate the horses were going they would dash through the barrier into the railway line. The animals' fright was increased by the screams of the horrified spectators; and it was only when they had arrived within a few yards of the line that two policemen sprang into the road; one of them seized the horses' reins, while the other tore a red flag out of the signalman's hand and waved it in front of the animal's heads, by which means they were brought to a standstill just as the express swept by. The owner of the carriage, a French countess, and her little girl, were taken out, and found to be quite unhurt. The lady, with an extraordinary amount of courage, had not moved from her seat, and in spite of her narrow escape seemed quite calm and collected. She wished to present a large sum of money to her preservers, who, however, refused to take anything, saying they deserved no reward; they had only done their duty.

#### A Spook of War.

An incident is reported in Venezuela that may lead to one of those miserable petty little wars in which England, even if victorious, always appears in the light of the big persecuting the small. Recently the British gun boat Ready, from Demerara, with Commissioner McClure on board, arrived at Barima at the mouth of the Orinoco, and ordered the captain of Faro, a Venezuelan man-of-war, to haul down his colors. He submitted to the superior force. The Venezuelan government has sent a commission to the spot to investigate. The commander of the Faro will be tried by court-martial for having yielded without making a proper show of resistance. The press of Caracas suggests that another vessel be sent with her guns shotted and the Venezuelan flag nailed to the mast, and if worsted to appeal to the United States and the sister republics of South America and to the parliament of England. It appears that a dispute has existed some time between England and Venezuela as to a portion of territory lying between British Guiana and the mouth of the Orinoco river which is the natural outlet for the produce of the country. Lately two Canadians, named William Try Stevens and Charles A. Connolly, representing themselves as Americans from New York, were expelled from the country for selling maps in the city of Caracas showing this belt of land as being disputed territory.

#### A Sabbath Day.

There is no sound upon the grassy plain,  
The calm of summer silence lies serene,  
And sunlight falls along the winding main  
Upon the hills and vales that intervene.

In golden rest the busy cornfields lie,  
Ungathered sheaves in yellow clusters stand,  
No cloud moves o'er the blue expanse of sky,Nor song of bird upon the stireside land.

The grazing cattle in the pastures green  
Seem silently to move with hushed tread,  
And on the sloping meadow lands are seen  
Bees here and there among the clovers red.

Save on the clear, sweet air the chime of bells  
Echoes across the level stretch of ground,  
Each ringing note a varied story tells  
Of that far land where love and light abound.

Chance is a word void of sense; nothing  
Can exist without cause.

## "BOX CAR CAZEY."

The Notorious Desperado After a Year's Hunt is Run Down in Toronto.

Box Car Cazeay, which is the only name he was ever known by, is, as some will probably remember, the western desperado who a year ago robbed the post-office at Hillsboro, Trail county, Dakota, and afterwards shot down in cold blood a detective by the name of J. B. Stafford, who attempted to arrest him after his escape from the county jail at Caledonia, where he was taken by Detective Grant E. Stevens for robbery. Stafford was a companion of Stevens, who had a brotherly affection for the brave detective who had shared his dangers on hundreds of cases, and who had saved his life more than once while hunting evidence against the Blind Pigs and illicit distillers in the territory during the year of 1888. Detective Stevens was so grieved at the death of his companion that in addition to the five hundred dollars' reward offered by the Caledonia authorities, he added five hundred more, and throwing all business aside set out himself in quest of the murderer, with the full determination of bringing

#### THE SCOUNDREL TO JUSTICE

even though it took five years and all of the little fortune he had laid by.

The desperado had plenty of Uncle Sam's money, and the detective made up his mind that he would have a long chase, but he went at it and stuck to it with bulldog persistence. After travelling over most of the states and territories on false scents, through some lucky chance he managed to locate a woman in the state of Michigan with whom the outlaw was still, as in former times, deeply infatuated. By scraping an acquaintance with her he soon located his man at Saratoga from a letter which he managed to secure. He arrived at Saratoga just in time to miss him, but again located him in New York city, for which place he immediately bought a ticket. Arriving there, he frequented the race courses at the seaside resorts, and after patient watching, ran across his man at Coney island. The man was so changed that he was not sure of his identity and followed him on his return to the city. Arriving at Brooklyn he took the King's county elevated road and stepped off at Flatbush avenue, closely followed by Stevens. The fellow started across the track, which is against the rules there, seemingly with the intention of catching a passing train for the other direction. This decided the detective who quickly intercepted him, and in the struggle which followed Stevens was shoved through the trestle work to the street below which laid him up at the King's hospital at Flatbush over three weeks. As soon as he had partially recovered, he pluckily continued the long chase again locating him at Montreal. Missing him there he went to Toronto and accidentally

#### RAN ACROSS HIM AT HANLAN'S

Point on civic holiday. Following him back to the city he located his retreat on Richmond street and telegraphed for another man, who came on immediately. He so worked himself into the good graces of the scoundrel that he inveigled him across the line, where he was taken into custody. The prisoner seemed to break down completely and went on west peacefully without even a requisition.

Mr. Stevens is a tall, broad-shouldered young man of about 30, with features strongly marked with character and determination. He is a native of Toronto and returned here to spend a few days among his many old friends before going west. He expressed his intention of giving up the vocation of man hunting and going into business of a more pleasant nature in the city of his choice and birth.

#### Masculine Women.

To every distinct quality belongs its own kingdom. The woman who can stride round her farm and keep her workmen in proper subjection, who can drive her yoke of oxen afield, red and blowed and muscular, has her own rule and empire; but it is not of the sort of which we are speaking. There was not, perhaps, much womanliness about such individuals as Elizabeth of England, or Catherine of Russia, or Christina of Sweden; all their lovers put together could not give them a charm they did not possess—the charm of Mary Stuart, of Josephine; for the possession of lovers by no means proves the possession of this charm. Yet where one accomplishes her ends by mastery of purpose and manner, many women accomplish theirs by using the iron hand, it may be, but always in the velvet glove; their will is no less strong because it is not made evident in season and out of season, although, in fact, the graceful yielding of that will now and then is a strengthening of all the bonds by which empire is held.

The masculine woman is strong only with other women and with womanish men. The womanly woman conquers every one. With men her power is in the inverse ratio of her approach to anything resembling herself; the woman, not the man in her, attracts; and, singularly enough, her power is greater with most women also from this heightening of her feminine side. This, however, is a very insignificant matter beside the circumstance that a woman is fulfilling her destiny, and living the life appointed her, and developing herself on the lines of nature, by keeping in view the greater use she can be, and the greater joy and comfort she can give, through the exercise of those traits which seem to have been set apart for her characterization. And if it is the intention of nature that the qualities of the sexes shall so differentiate, it is not the part of wisdom for her to contravene such intention and make of herself that conglomerate and hybrid thing, a masculine woman. The old story of the vine and the oak does not come into this question. In the womanly woman the growth is as strong and integral and self-supporting as it is in the manly man. She is as distinct an entity, and she is more in unison with eternal purposes and the creative power, the more utterly and thoroughly she is womanly.

Physician—"Now, Mrs. Smalltalk, will you let me look at your tongue?" Mrs. Smalltalk (two minutes later)—"Well, doctor, why in the world don't you look at my tongue, if you want to, instead of writing away like a newspaper editor? How long do you expect I am going to sit here with my mouth open?" Physician—"Just one moment more, please, madam. I only wanted you to keep still long enough so that I could write the prescription."

## THE ORIGINAL PATAGONIANS.

What Explorer Magellan Found on his First Visit to Them.

Magellan's first American port, writes Edward Everett Hale in the August Harper's was the Bay of Rio Janeiro, to which he gave the name of Santa Lucia. It had been explored by Lopez four years before, and even before that time. There was one Portuguese trader settled on an island in the bay, the pioneer settler of the great city which stands there to-day. The whole crew were delighted with the luxuries of the climate and the cordiality of the simple natives. "You can buy six hens for a king of diamonds," says Pigafetta, the amusing historian of the voyage. "They are not Christians, but they are not idolaters, for they adore nothing; instinct is their only law." This is his summary account of their religious habit and condition, an account proved to be quite inadequate by more careful inquiries. After thirteen days spent in this bay the squadron resumed its voyage of discovery.

They looked in at the great estuary of the River La Plata, but Solis, who had lost his life there, had already discovered that this was not a passage to the Pacific. Still coasting southward they sighted and perhaps landed on the Island of Penguins and the Island of Sea Lions, and there were struck by a terrible storm. Not far from these islands, on the shore of the continent, they discovered the Bay of San Julian, and here Magellan determined to winter.

Magellan made his ships secure at the shore, built a forge and storehouse and some huts for barracks, and established a little observatory, where Andres San Martin determined the latitude at 49 degrees 18 minutes. Longitude in those times they could not well determine.

While they were thus occupied a little party of natives appeared, and after some friendly signalling one or more of them came on board. Magellan directed a sailor to land, and to imitate every gesture of the first who appeared, as a token of friendship. The man acted his part so well that the gentle savage was propitiated and readily came to an interview. On this or another occasion six Indians consented to go on board the flagship. Their Spanish hosts gave them a kettle-full of biscuits—enough for twenty men, in the Castilian measure of appetite. But the hungry Indians devoured it all. Two, at least, of these visitors were of unusual size. The Spaniards only came up to their girdles. But, as the children's books say, these were "friendly giants."

One of them saw the sailors throwing rats overboard and begged that he might have them for his own. Afterward he regularly received the rats caught on board the ships as a daily requisite. Before their voyage was over Magellan's sailors were glad enough to follow his example and to place these fellow-voyagers on their bill of fare at the rate of a ducat apiece.

This party of six—and a party of nine seen at another time—which may have included part or all of the first six, are all of the natives whom Magellan and his men ever saw. Of these, it seems certain that two at least were very large. All the Indians wore large shoes, which they stuffed with straw for warmth. From this custom the Spaniards gave them the name of Patagons, meaning in Spanish those who have large feet. When Magellan was about to sail he determined to carry the two giants home as curiosities. It was impossible to overpower either of them in fair contest, and he resorted to treachery, which can only be excused on the theory of the Spaniards at that time than all these savages were to be ranked among brutes, over whom Christian men had certain special rights. The two friendly giants being about to leave the ships, Magellan loaded them with presents. He gave them knives, mirrors, and glass trinkets, so that their hands were full, then he offered to each a chain. They were passionately fond of iron, but could not take the chains from their very embarrassment of riches. With their full consent, therefore, Magellan bade the smith fasten the chain to their legs by the manacles which were attached to them. When it was too late the poor giants found, as so many wise men have found, that they had accepted too many presents, and that in their very wealth they were made slaves. When they discovered this they were wild with rage, and vainly called on their god Setebos to come to their rescue.

Not satisfied with this success Magellan tried to make more captives. He directed nine of his strongest men to compel two of the Indians to take them to the station where their women were. One of them escaped, but the other was subdued after a hard conflict. He consented to lead them to the wives of the two prisoners. When the women heard of their fate of their lords they uttered such screams that they were heard at the ships far away. The Spaniards had such superiority in numbers that they expected the next morning to carry the Indian women and their children on board ship. But meanwhile two Indian men came, who spent the night with them and at daybreak the whole party escaped together. In their flight they killed one of the Spaniards with a poisoned arrow. Magellan sent a large party on shore and burned the Spaniards.

And so they parted—the Spaniards and the Patagonians. The two giants were separated; one was placed on the Trinidad and the other on the San Antonio. It was from these experiences that Europe took the notion, which is, perhaps, not yet fully dispelled, that Patagonia was a region of giants.

#### A Moonlight Sonata.

Young man (with young lady on his arm)—"Can you tell me the way to Maple street, sir?"

"Young lady—"And please, sir, will you tell us the longest way, around, because we are in no hurry at all, sir."

#### A Wise Girl.

Sunday School Teacher—"Miss Fanny, what are we to learn from the parable of the wise and foolish virgins?"

Miss Fanny (aged ten years)—"That we are always to be on the lookout for the coming of the bridegroom."—[Texas Sitings.]

#### The Flowers of Social Intercourse.

Wife—I'm writing to Mrs. Van Cortlandt Lake, dear; shall I put in any word from you?"

Husband—That woman makes me deadly tired. Give her my kindest regards, of course.