THE GREAT MUTINY.

A Highlander's Recollection of the Indian Uprising of 1857.

Stories Related by a Sergeant of the 93rd—Something to Make the Blood Tingle.

No one of the many books describing the great Indian mutiny of 1857 has a better right to exist than one just published. It is the thrilling record of the experience of a brave sergeant of the famous "Ninety-third," who marched with Sir Colin Campbell to the relief of Lucknow, and who was in active service thereafter till the struggle ended. His story is told with rare simplicity, modesty, and unconscious dramatic force, and also with what is not often evident in such reminiscences—an effort to be just to the enemy. He has made no attempt to set forth a connected history of the mutiny; but his rough diary of events and his anecdotes of personal adventure give a remarkably vivid idea of the tragedy. The book is full of tales of generous courage and unselfish heroism, such as may well make the reader proud of whatever drop of Scotch, English or Irish blood runs in his veins.

The old 93d, the never-to-be-forgotten "Thin Red Line" of Balaklava, was, when hurried to India by news of the mutiny, a splendid regiment of 1000 big Scotchmen, 700 of whom wore on their breasts the Crimean medal of valor. They were of the Cromwellian type, temperate, praying fellows, often going into battle with a Presbyterian hymn on their lips. The regiment was a military Highland parish, minister and elders complete—the latter being selected from among the men of all ranks—two sergeants, two corporals and two privates. They were as submissive to discipline as any regiment in the service; nevertheless, as Sergt. Mitchell shows, they used their reasoning powers like true Scots, and offered suggestions in the heat of conflict to Sir Colin Campbell—suggestions which that true soldier was not at all above taking. Another

CURIOUS ILLUSTRATION

of the relationship between regiment and Commander-in-chief was the fact that Sir Colin in explaining proposed movements to his officers sometimes did so in a voice audible to the men, thereby acquainting the latter with his intentions and breaking no rule of military etiquette. He felt unbounded trust in the obedience and courage of his "Thin Red Line;" be it recorded that they never failed him. "Ninety-third!" he called to them before Lucknow, "you are my own lads; I rely on you to do the work!" Up went a ringing cheer from the "lads" and a shout: "Ay, ay, Sir Colin, ye ken us and we ken you; we'll bring the women and children out o' Lucknow or die wi' you in the attempt!" While making their way to the Residency, and exhausted with constant fighting, they besought their leader to remain behind while they went on to storm the Shah Nujeef. "We can be replaced," they said, "but you can't. You must remain behind—we can lead ourselves." Lead themselves they did in many cases—often with judgment as good as their daring was great. "All right, Sir Colin; we'll do it!" they shouted, a fortnight later, when he explained to them why they must make a forced march to Cawnpore; and they did it, though for seven-and-twenty fighting days and nights they had not taken off their clothes and accouterments and their bodies round their waists where held tight by their belts were worn to the flesh. Sergt. Peter Gillespie, the possessor of the Crimean medal with the four clasps for Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol, was asked by the London Times' correspondent when they expected to be in Lucknow. "Well, I dinna ken, sir," said Peter, "but when Sir Colin likes to give the order we'll just advance and take it."

Mitchell describes the advance and capture with a vigorous pen. The march was made by way of Cawnpore, where, three months before, the terrible massacre of the English ladies and children had taken place, the bodies being thrown into a well in the garden. The floors of the

"SLAUGHTER-HOUSE"

were still covered with congealed blood, and littered with torn garments and slippers of women and children and locks of long hair evidently severed by sword cuts. Most piteous of all was a sight which brought tears streaming down the cheeks of stern soldiers, and which may be mentioned here as an instance of the hideous cruelty that evoked relentless reprisals from the English forces: "It was an iron hook fixed into the wall of one of the rooms of the house, almost 6 feet above the floor. I could not possibly say for what purpose this hook had originally been placed in the wall. I examined it carefully, and it appeared to have been an old fixture which had been seized on as a diabolical and convenient instrument of torture by the inhuman wretches engaged in murdering the women and children. This hook was covered with dried blood, and from the marks on the whitewashed wall it was evident that a little child had been hung on to it by the neck with its face to the wall, where the poor thing must have struggled for long, perhaps in the sight of

ITS HELPLESS MOTHER,

because the wall all round the hook on a level with it was covered with the hand-prints, and below the hook with the foot-prints, in blood, of a little child." Some of the wretches tried and found guilty of having assisted at this massacre were punished in a way which by destroying their caste, made death seem to them a trifle. They were taken to the "slaughter house" by the scavenger police, made to crouch down and flogged until with their tongues they licked clean a square foot of the blood-soaked floor. Then they were taken out and hanged on a gallows erected between the house and the well where the murdered English women and children lay. On the arrival of the 93d Sir Colin Campbell put a stop to this particular punishment as "unworthy of the English name and a Christian Government." "Gen. Neill," adds Mitchell, "has been much blamed for this order; but in condemning the action we must not overlook the provocation. The General saw more of the horrors of Cawnpore than I did; but what I saw, and the stories which were told by natives who claimed to have been eye-witnesses of the horrible scenes which they described, were enough to make the words 'mercy' and 'pardon' appear a mockery." The next year, while Mitchell was in charge of a high-caste native under sentence of death, he was told by this man that Nana Sahib had intended to spare the English women and children, but that they had an enemy in his zenana in the person of a female fiend who had formerly been a slave girl. She persuaded him to order the massacre, being supported in her evil counsel by many of the Nana's male advisers, who wished to see him so implicated in rebellion that he could not draw back. His own guard refused to do the work, as did the Sepoys of the 6th Native Infantry. Then the fiendish slave girl went forth into the city and found three men—two butchers among them—

WHO DID THE DEED.

In the war which followed this massacre no quarter was given on either side—on the rebels' part through stony cruelty, and on the part of the Europeans because they needed every available man for the struggle and could not guard prisoners. Mitchell notes, in concluding his comments on this phase of war, that the European soldiers went through the terrible scenes of the mutiny with great moderation, especially where women and children, or even unarmed men, came into their power.

The rescue of the women and children shut up in Lucknow, with a handful of English troops to guard them, was one attended by many thrilling episodes. Every position leading up to the Residency was won with desperate bravery by the attacking column, one of whose units was the reckless little soldier known as "Plucky wee Bobs," and now as Gen. Lord Roberts. The natives fought like devils incarnate, in blind fury; while the 93d, fresh from the sight of the "slaughter house," screamed "Cawnpore! You bloody murderers!" till hoarse and mad with thirst brought on by biting the muzzle-loading cartridges with their sifting powder. They were so inflamed by memory of the Sepoy astrocities that mutilation and death seemed to have no terror for them. One poor fellow whose legs were carried clean off above the knee by a round shot in the advance on the Shah Nujeef was knocked head over heels by the force of the shot. "He sat bolt upright on the grass, with

THE BLOOD SPOUTING

from the stump of his limbs like water from the hose of a fire engine, and shouted: 'Here goes a shilling a day; a shilling a day! Pitch into them, boys; pitch into them! Remember Cawnpore, Ninety-third! Remember Cawnpore! Go at them, my hearties!' and he fell back in a dead faint and on we went." He was dead before the doctor could reach him.

Occasionally the avengers relented, as in the case of a native who, by cleverly "shamming dead," had nearly escaped. He was still within range, however, and several rifles were leveled at him.

But Sergt. Findlay, who was on the ramparts, and who was himself one of the best shots in the company, called out, "Don't fire, men; give the poor devil a chance!" Instead of a volley of bullets the men's better feelings gained the day, and Jack Pandy was reprieved with a cheer to speed him on his way. As soon as he heard it he realized his position, and, like the Samaritan leper of old, he halted, and putting up both his hands with the palms together in front of his face, he salaamed profoundly, prostrating himself three times on the ground by way of thanks, and then walked slowly toward the Badshahibagh, while we on the ramparts waved our feather bonnets and clapped our hands to him in token of good will.

About Ghosts.

In other provinces of the abnormal, such as spirit-rappings, and noisy hauntings, the early phenomena, since 856 (when a rapping goblet disturbed a convent, as we read in the Chronicles of Richard of Fulda), have been very much akin in modern "spiritualistic manifestations." This uniformity is, indeed, at once monotonous and interesting, proving either the reality of strange occurrences, or unanimity in imposture or in imagination. All this agreement of evidence—in fact, all the evidence—is habitually neglected by the sceptic, who pronounces an opinion in complete ignorance of the subject. It is by no means necessary that everyone should study the topic; but an opinion founded on confessed contemptuous nescience is of no more value as regards apparitions than as regards chemistry. When the student has arrived at these conclusions—namely, that even common-sense may err when it pronounces a verdict based on ignorance, and again, that the testimony for apparitions is not wholly valueless—the moment has come when one or other view of ghosts, or both views, must be adopted, or an agnostic attitude must be assumed. A man may say, "there is something in this ancient belief. That something may be explained by telepathy, by the power which one mind has of producing hallucinations in another mind." Or he may say, "A ghost's a ghost for a' that"—a spectre which can be seen, and heard, and touched, which can lay a cold hand on me, or drag my bed-curtains aside, is an existing actual being, the double of a living, or the ghost of a dead person. There remains the third position which may be taken by one who is not a complete sceptic; he may say that he knows nothing about the matter; that apparitions do appear, but that nothing like a satisfactory theory of apparitions had been put forward. Probably neither the old nor the new believers can quarrel with this position, for the facts (as we call them by courtesy) cannot be fitted into any harmonious hypothesis.—[Andrew Lang, in Blackwood's Magazine.

Rivalry Between Cities.

English critics of Canadian life sometimes remark on the "absurd jealousy" that exists between rival cities on this side of the water. But the feeling seems to be not unknown in the old country. We learn from the London Times that a Liverpool shipowner was told by one of the leading men in Manchester that he did not care if the ship canal cost another fifteen millions if it only relieved them from the rapacity of Liverpool. At the meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce at which this statement was made there were other depreciating remarks about the ship canal which it is difficult to set down to anything but local jealousy. Indeed, feeling seems to run so strong just now between Manchester and Liverpool that the rivalry between Montreal and Toronto is not comparable with it. But, for all that, we need not expect the British critic to lay aside his habitual tone of superiority in dealing with colonial affairs.

DREAD A ROYAL VISIT.

European Courts are Aghast.

The Shah of Persia About to Travel Again Accompanied by His Original Table Manners and Somewhat Embarrassing Notions of Etiquette.

"The shah is coming again! Good Lord, deliver us!" Such is the fervent litany of the courts of Europe. For it is announced that during the present year Nasr-ed-Din, the king of kings, will descend from the peacock throne and make a tour of the chief capitals of Europe as the guest of the sovereigns thereof. To say that the news causes consternation is to put the case too mildly. It is a reign of terror. The coming of the shah will have much political significance. Of that, according to the Philadelphia Times, there is no doubt. And merely on that score it is perhaps well that he is to come. Affairs are in a bad way in Persia. There is widespread discontent with the shah's rule, based chiefly on the allegation that he is subservient to European influences. Of this discontent the priests are the chief promoters. Indeed, the whole priesthood of the empire is hostile to the shah, and its hostility is scarcely disguised.

Before he came to the throne the priests were all-powerful, in state as well as in church, but he has greatly diminished their power and largely freed the civil government from their control. For this they hate him and also for his introduction of various European reforms and his negotiations with European powers. So far, indeed, has their enmity toward him proceeded that they now omit from the ritual of the mosques the khutbeh, or a prayer for the shah, and they have actually announced the appearance of the Twelfth Imam. This latter personage is the long-expected mahdi, or Mohammedan messiah, who is to sweep all unbelievers from the face of the earth and make the true faith universal. He has arisen, they say, at Samara, near Bagdad, and is known to men as Mollah Hadji Mirza Hassan Sirazi. All the priests avow allegiance to him and so do many of the civil dignitaries of the Persian court, including even the minister of war, Prince Naib-es-Sultaneh, who is the shah's third son. Nor is it without ominous import that the appearance of this mahdi followed close upon the proclamation of the Russian czar as emperor of Central Asia and his formal recognition of Mohammedanism as the established religion of that portion of his realm. It would be only another such paradox as history teems with for the czar, the head of the Greek church, to be declared also the caliph of Islam.

MEMORIES OF A FORMER TOUR.

Certain it is, at any rate, that the Russian government is in close sympathy and active alliance with the Persian priests in their opposition to the shah. And the chief object of Nasr-ed-Din's approaching visit to Europe is, first, to see what aid and comfort he can get from England, Germany and Austria for the maintenance of his throne; and, second, failing that, to make the best terms he can with Russia. On these grounds alone there would be no objection to his coming, for England has set out to build a railroad through Palestine and Syria to India, or to the Persian Gulf at the least, and it is therefore highly desirable to get on the closest possible terms of friendship with the shah. And that end could far better be effected by having him come to England than by sending any number of ambassadors to him at Teheran. The trouble is, however, that he comes not merely as an important political personage, but as a most offensive individual personage as well, and it is in this latter capacity that he has literally stricken with dismay and horror the courts of Europe, where his last visitation is only too well remembered.

His first visit to Europe was made in 1873 and his second in 1879. He came again in 1889, and it was then observed that his manners had not in the least improved. He still insisted, for example, on throwing under the table his plates and other dishes as fast as he got through with their contents. Perhaps that is the approved Persian table etiquette. But in a sumptuously furnished European palace, with china as eggshells and worth its weight in gold, it is, to say the least, rather trying. At his first dinner as the guest of Queen Victoria, in 1889, it is said, he thus destroyed a thousand dollars' worth of rare china. At all subsequent meals a number of waiters were kept standing close behind him to snatch up his plates the moment he seemed done with them, or at least to take them from his hand before he could throw them under the table. Even despite these precautions he broke several things and hit some of the other guests on the feet and shins with the dishes.

WILLING TO SHARE HIS PLEASURE.

On one occasion the shah was seated at table next to one of the most stately and dignified royal princesses of Europe. He was helped to some asparagus, cooked in a peculiarly delicious manner. Picking up a stalk in his fingers, he sucked the end of it with evident delight. Then turning to his fair neighbor he exclaimed, "Ba! ba! How good it is!" and thrust the same stalk into her mouth for her also to taste.

Nor was his conversation less embarrassing than his table manners. Talking with a nobleman of great distinction, he suddenly asked:

"Is that your wife over there?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"But she is old and ugly. Why don't you get rid of her and take a new one, one of these young and pretty women?"

As he spoke in a tone perfectly audible to the lady under discussion, and indeed to most of the company in the room, the sensation produced may best be left to the imagination. Nor was the scene less embarrassing when the shah one evening approached one of the royal princesses and began to pat and pinch her plump shoulders, saying, "Ah, you are the kind of a woman I like! You are not all bones! I will get rid of one of my wives and take you in her place!"

The shah is, however, as a matter of fact a particularly amiable and kind-hearted man. For this he has been noted since his boyhood. It is a matter of authentic record that the shah on a certain occasion was about to set forth on a tour through his dominions, attended by all his court and a retinue, all of whom were actually on the road, when he found his pet cat fast asleep on the identical fur mantle which he wished to wear, whereupon he set down to wait until puss should of its own accord wake up and leave its couch; and that not coming to pass for some time, the court and retinue were dismissed for the day and the start postponed until the morrow, when, be it observed, the shah's attendants took good care that no cat again should use the mantle for a bed.

MARRIAGE IN MANY LANDS.

How the Contract is Made and How Annulled.

The Greeks had two forms of divorce; sending away, going away; in the first the wife being dismissed, in the second her leaving was voluntary.

There is apparently some ratio between divorce and suicide, as in most countries a correspondence is observed between the numbers of the two.

Darwin says that 450 per 10,000 marriages among the English nobility are between blood relatives, and over 19 per cent. of such marriages are childless.

A Connecticut man got a divorce because "the defendant would not get up in the morning, nor call this plaintiff, nor do anything she was told."

A Michigan wife was released because the husband did not provide the necessaries of life, saying "he would not work his toenails off for any woman."

A New York wife was granted a divorce because her husband threw the baby at her when she hit him with the coal bucket for spitting on the stove.

A Missouri divorce was once granted because "the defendent goes gadding about leaving this plaintiff supperless, or if he gets any he has to cook it himself."

In Pennsylvania a henpecked husband was relieved from the yoke of matrimony because "the defendant struck this plaintiff a violent blow with her bustle."

The most frequent cause for divorce granted by the Greek Church is "disappearance." Over two-thirds of the whole number of divorces are granted for this reason.

In Minnesota a decree was given to the wife because "the defendant never cuts his toe-nails, and, being restless in his sleep, scratches this plaintiff severely."

Of 1549 marriages contracted in Prussia in 1889 between blood relations, 1422 were between cousins, 110 between uncles and nieces and 16 beween aunts and nephews.

In California a defendant husband was adjudged guilty of cruelty because he did not provide water at his house, neither would he repair the house to make it comfortable.

Insurance statistics have shown that in England, if the wife dies first, the husband survives nine years; while if the husband dies first, the wife survives eleven years.

In twenty years prior to 1886 the United Kingdom had 6587 devorces; Russia, 21,976; France, 57,116; Germany, 93,818; all Europe, 258,332, the United States, 328,716.

The meanest reason ever given by a man for marrying was assigned by an Englishman forty years ago. He married because he wanted somebody to part his hair straight.

Divorce in France is regulated by law on the theory that a wife is her husband's equal; she does not promise to obey; she retains her own property and may dispose of it by will.

In Kentucky a divorce was once granted because "the defendant came into the bedroom the morning after the marriage and beat this plaintiff on the head with her shoe heel."

The Emperor Tiberius made an edict against the marriage of men over 60 and women over 50, but so strenuous were the objections of widows and widowers that the law was soon repealed.

An Indiana divorce was some years ago granted because "the defendant pulled all the covering off of this plaintiff's bed and she likewise ran a knitting needle four inches into his arm."

In France divorce is common among all classes. During forty years there were 17,315 divorces granted to professional people, 16,180 to merchants, 12,060 to farmers, 32,995 to laborers.

For a clergyman or registrar in England to celebrate a marriage in a private house, except by special license from the Archbishop of Canterbury, is a felony, and punishable by severe penalties.

The Scottish marriage law is so loose that if a lady living with John Smith is addessed in the presence of Smith as Mrs. Smith, and answers to the name, the courts have decided that she is legally his wife.

Illinois leads the States in divorces. During the twenty years ending with 1880, there were 36,072; Ohio came next with 26,361; Indiana had 25,193; Pennsylvania, 16,020; New York, 15,355; Missouri, 15,278.

By Roman law a married man having three children was entitled to a better seat in the theater than less fortunate benedicts. A married man having twelve children was entitled to a robe of honor and a pension.

Gallus divorced his wife because she ran about with her head bare; Vetus got rid of his because he saw her talking with a freed woman; Sophus, because she went to the theater; Amillius Paulus, because he did not like her.

If a wife in India is abandoned by her husband, she waits eight years if he has gone on a pilgrimage, six if he went to study and three if he traveled for pleasure, and then is legally divorced and may remarry at her pleasure.

Cards and Bacteria.

There is danger ahead for card players. A learned doctor has discovered that ordinary playing cards are covered with bacteria, and that 6,300 specimens of the staphebaccus pyogenes aureus, that being the scientific name of them, have been found on a single card. Now that begins to look serious. No card player should risk his life in such a way. A few hundred scattered through a pack of cards would be no serious objection, but when they run into the thousands it is a serious matter. A man or woman might win the first prize and yet carry away enough bacteria to stock the family for life. Better play football. There is no bacteria in football, and all the injuries received are external.

IN THE FACE OF DEATH.

Left by the Dying Breeze in the Hands of Pitiless Malays.

Adventures of a Merchantman in the Gulf of Siam.

We were standing up the Gulf of Siam, with the Malay country not over ten miles away, when the wind died out and left us heaving and falling on the glassy ground swell. It was the merchant brig Fearnaught, with a crew of eleven men, and the captain had his wife and child aboard. It was 10 o'clock in the forenoon when the wind left us, and by 2 o'clock in the afternoon we had drifted to within five miles of the land. From noon to 2 o'clock the captain and mate appeared troubled and anxious and frequently swept the coast line with their glasses. At the latter hour the captain called us aft and said:

"Men, you know what sort of a coast lies over there. The Malays no longer attack vessels at sea, but we've drifted in close, and there's not another sail in sight, and it's a greater temptation than they can withstand. A crowd of them are pulling out to visit us. If they get aboard not a man of us will be alive ten minutes later. Will you stand by to beat them off?"

"Aye, sir!" answered one man for all of us, "but what are we to do it with?"

In almost every house in the land there's a firearm of some sort, but ship owners to this day will send a craft to the cannibal islands without even an old musket aboard.

If the Malays attacked us our only weapons would be capstan bars and belaying pins. They were pulling out to us in a sort of galley, with as many as ten oars on a side, and we could figure that there could be at least forty of them and all well armed. It did not take us five minutes to get ready. It did not take any man five seconds to figure out what would follow an attack. The Malays never left a witness of their cruelties alive behind them.

PREPARING FOR A HOPELESS STRUGGLE

You see men turn pale and shiver as they go into battle. When you see men quietly arming themselves to make a hopeless fight you mark the contrast. Their faces flush, their eyes glare, and they bite their lips without feeling the pain. They move on tiptoe, they speak in whispers, they look around them as if taking a farewell of earth. When the galley was yet two miles away our ship was as silent as the grave, though this silence was broken at intervals by sobs from the cabin. The captain had told his wife of the danger. Woman-like, she uttered a sob of despair now and then, but even as she did so she was weighting her clothing and that of her sleeping child with bars of lead. If the Malays boarded us she would take the child in her arms and leap overboard. That was settled from the very first.

Did the fellows pull a lazy stroke to deceive us into the belief that they were coming out on some matter of no great importance? The mate's glass made out forty-three men in the boat, and their weapons caught and reflected the rays of the sun as they came along. We swept the sea for sight of sail or steamer's smoke, but we were alone. We uttered bitter curses as we realized our helpless situation, but we must let them scramble aboard of the brig before our weapons would be of any use. It was positively maddening to witness their slow and careless approach. It was as if they felt so sure of victory that they need put forth no particular exertion. The galley was steered for our port broadside and she was within 200 feet of us and we could look into the evil eyes of her desperate crew when her way was checked. Then her captain stood up, made us a profound bow, and in fairly good English observed:

"Captain, I trust you are loaded with English goods for Bangkok."

Our captain bowed, but did not speak.

"Because," continued the other, "that is just such a cargo as I want and your brig also pleases me very well. Do you surrender?"

"No! No! No!" yelled half a dozen voices in reply.

"Ah, you do not? Do you wish to jump overboard and drown, or shall I have to kill you and throw your bodies to the sharks? I am in no hurry. I will give you three minutes in which to decide!"

About fifteen of the natives had English rifles, probably purchased at Singapore, and the others were armed with blowguns, pistols, and swords. They needn't come a foot nearer to pick off every man of us. The captain and mate conversed for a minute and then the former said to us:

"Men, we have all got to meet death right here and now, but let us show them the brig carries no cowards! Be ready for them when they dash in!"

'TWAS THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE.

I think the first idea was to use their rifles, but they abandoned it for fear the firing might betray them, though, as I said before, there was nothing in sight. Those who had their guns raised now lowered them, the rowers lifted the oars, and the long sweeps had just dropped into the water when we beheld a singular spectacle. The galley suddenly lifted itself out of water and went up and up until it reached a point thirty feet high and then turned over and came down so broken and shattered that it instantly sank from sight. Right under the boat was the head of a whale, and it followed it up for at least fifteen feet. Then the monster fell on his side, gave his tale a flirt or two, and disappeared from view. It was like a magician's trick. The time consumed was not over fifteen seconds. We saw the boat bows on to us. We saw her high in the air. We saw a few of her planks dashing about on the waves kicked up by the whale. That was all. But for the half-dozen Malays who reached our bows and were killed there, but for the racing to and fro of the sharks, all of us would have wondered if it was not a horrible dream. The wife sat in the cabin weeping and waiting. The child slept on without moving a hand. We looked into each other's faces; we looked from sea to shore and down at the splintered planks floating about. Then we heard the captain's voice quietly saying:

"There comes an off-shore breeze, Mr. Merwin, and you can swing the yards and make sail. Tell the steward to serve out grog and see if he can't loosen the tongues of the lads and get up a cheer or two."