

## WHERE MAHRATTAS FELL.

### A Graphic Description of their Last Struggle With the Saxon.

KIRKKE, Western India, Jan. 14.—I have just finished a day's work which would suffice of itself to rebut the oft-repeated calumny that there is "nothing to be seen here worth talking about." From an English point of view perhaps there is not; but anyone who takes an interest in either the past or the present of India may find here abundance of material well worth thinking about, whether worth talking about or not. On this quiet little mountain plateau, where the slanting sunlight falls so peacefully on the glassy water, and the cool breeze rustles through acres of feathery sugar cane and shadowy groves of teak and mango, was fought out the last struggle of the formidable race which had conquered India from sea to sea, and the question whether India should belong to Mahratta or the Englishman was settled once and forever.

But there is little outward token of its terrible past in the aspect of the beautiful valley, whose clustering vegetation completely shields me from the glare of a sun which even in winter fully matches the heat of a Western summer. Man's ravages transient as himself. Rice and sugar-cane are none the less green and flourishing because the great prince who first planted them here has since died a dethroned and helpless captive. These grand old trees, under whose shade the Hindu, the Portuguese, the Mogul, the Mahratta, and the Englishman have stepped the earth in blood, still rear their towering heads as vigorously as ever. Who is to guess that beneath these twining flowers scores of famine-stricken wretches have lain down to die? That yonder waving harvest fields have been swept by a sea of fire which left them black and blasted as the mouth of a volcano? That this smooth, dark lake, slumbering in the shadow of over-arching trees, with a group of round-limbed, native girls filling their little earthen pitchers on the lowest step of the stone stair that leads down to it, was once lashed into crimson foam by storms of pelting shot and the writhing limbs of mangled and dying men? The sole token of what has been is this huge crumbling wall, black and charred as if by devouring fire, which starts up suddenly right in front of me on the brow of a steep, overhanging rock? What can it be? "Sahib want see Parvati?" The shrill call breaks my meditation at once, and I look round to see beside me a Hindu boy, slender and sinewy as a bronze Hermes, with little covering beyond the tangled mane of black hair, from beneath which his small rat-like eyes glitter impishly.

Such a guide is not to be despised, for I see no chance of scaling the bluff single-handed, girded as it is with one of those terrible hedges of prickly pear, which, according to the Eastern proverb, "an elephant cannot break down, nor an ant creep through." But my little darky dives nimbly off the road under the nearest arch of a huge viaduct, and leads me up a steep, winding path through a cluster of mud huts, half of which have already tumbled down while the others are fast following their example. Repelling with some difficulty the obtrusive attention of a dozen hideous native beggars, with four eyes and three noses among them, we mount a flight of rock-cut steps, half-way up which I halt to examine a curious pile of stones built together in the form of a square and overhung by the long pennon-like leaves of a mango. There is nothing very remarkable in its appearance; but I look at it with a new interest when my guide tells me it marks the spot where a Hindu widow of rank the last local victim of native superstition, was burned alive with the corpse of her husband, in compliance with that hideous custom which the strong arm of England has now, thank God, swept away forever.

It is now high noon, and every point and rock stands out sharp and clear in the blistering glare, while the huge broad leaves of the tropical points in either side cast jet-black shadows which would gladden the heart of a photographer. The very steps feel hot beneath my feet, and the carved Eastern gateway that now begins to grow out of the cliff-top seems a terribly long way off. However, I reach it at last, and am greeted by a coffee-colored gentleman with a head smoothly shaved, all but one rampant gray topknot on the crown, giving him very much the look of a parrot with its front feathers scalded off. He informs me that he is the high priest of the place, and at once proceeds to exhibit the local "lions." First comes a miniature temple, covered with staring grotesques of the monstrous figures of Brahmin mythology. Then follow several magnified bird-cages of stone and iron, in which various native deities are shut up lest their devoted worshippers should be tempted to walk off with them. Brahma is holding a shapeless black cow very much like a burned quatern loaf. Vishnu's fierce face suggests habits of confirmed intemperance. Siva, evidently at a loss what to do with his six superfluous hands, is flourishing in the other two a large and well-selected assortment of serpents. The elephant-headed Pollar stares rudely at me with his beady black eyes, while the silver image of Parvati glimmers faintly in the pale gleam of her two ever-burning lamps. Then the priest, pointing to the charred walls around, tells me how the burning of this place in 1815 was held to be an omen of defeat in the impending struggle with England, and shows me a spot on the brink of the precipice whence the Mahratta Peishwa (Prince) two years later, beheld the final rout of his army at Kirkee.

At the sound of that familiar name the whole scene rises before me again. Far and wide, the whole plain below is alive with fluttering white robes and crimson sashes, and gay-colored turbans, and prancing horses, and gleaming steel, and all the splendor of barbaric war. Well may the Peishwa of the Mahrattas look scornfully at the smooth green meadow in yonder bend of the river, where a tiny patch of scarlet marks the presence of the handful of English and sepoy red coats whom his countless hosts have beleaguered there for days past. But those few half-starved men are led by one who is little used to count his enemies when once he sees them fairly within reach. No help is possible for seven days to come, and the impressionable sepoys are already beginning to waver; yet another day or two of this enforced inaction and all is lost. There is but one thing left to do, and the grim old Colonel does it at once. "Gentlemen," says

he to the little group of knitted brows and compressed lips around him, "if we are to die, we may as well die like men." Forward march!

Forward they go like a torrent, 1,800 men against 25,000. Crash! bang! the roar of cannon and musketry shakes the air, and all is veiled in rolling smoke. But when it clears, and the Peishwa looks to behold his enemies trodden like grass, what does he see? By the sacred cow of Brahma the infidels have the best of it! The thin red line has driven itself wedge-like into the heart of the white-clad masses, which are giving way on every side. But suddenly there comes a strange sound like the distant patter of rain upon leaves, swelling louder and nearer till the very earth seems to tremble beneath the yell and hoof-tramp of the terrible Mahratta horsemen. But already the British line has become a hollow square bristling with levelled steel, upon which the wave of assault breaks in a whirling of tossing arms and glittering weapons, answered by the flash and crack of the ceaseless death-volleys from within. Twice the frantic valor of the assailants almost forces the iron ring, but the thinned ranks close sternly up, till at length the onset begins to slacken. Then, just at the critical moment the English cavalry fall like a thunderbolt upon the wavering squadrons, and all is over. The great hosts melt like a cloud of mist, and the Peishwa himself turns to fly with a muttered curse on "those English demons," and the spell cast over all India by the mighty name of the Mahrattas is broken for evermore.

## Horrors of Nihilism.

London Daily Telegraph.

From Samara, one of the most flourishing towns in the Volga Government, is reported the following tragical incident, painfully illustrative of the baneful influence exercised upon overwrought natures in Russia by the Nihilistic propaganda. Some weeks ago, a popular preacher in one of the Samara Orthodox churches gave deep umbrage to the Revolutionary Committee of that city by recalling, with fervent eloquence, the assassination of Alexander II. to the remembrance of his congregation, and vehemently inveighing against the murderers of the late Czar. A few hours later the Committee held a meeting for the purpose of deciding what punishment should be inflicted upon the offending priest for his inflammatory utterances. After some discussion, the Committee resolved that he should be put to death, and its members drew lots for the executioner's office which fell to a girl of nineteen, affiliated to the organization only a few days previously. Upon drawing the fatal lot she exhibited some agitation, but, speedily collecting herself, accepted her murderous mission with the words, "The Committee will have reason to be satisfied with the manner in which its decree will be carried out." Next morning the doomed priest was awakened, shortly after daybreak, by the report of a firearm, discharged in a room contiguous to his own bed-chamber. Upon entering the room in question, he beheld his only daughter stretched out at full length upon the floor near the foot of the bed and weltering in her blood. She had just strength enough left, before expiring, to confess to him that she had pledged herself to take his life, in obedience to the orders of the Secret Committee, but had preferred killing herself to fulfilling her oath. Exhorted to reveal the names of her fellow-conspirators, she steadfastly refused to do so, and died without having afforded any clue that could lead to their detection.

## A Queer Story, if True.

The *Figaro* tells a queer story about Miss Emma Thursby. At Stockholm, one night after a concert, as she was waiting for a carriage in the rain, a footman in elegant livery came up and said that his master had ordered him to place his carriage at her disposal. "Who is your master?" "I have orders not to reveal his name, but to insist upon your making use of his carriage." In short, Miss Thursby, with one of the persons who accompanied her, entered the carriage and were driven to her hotel. During her visit to Stockholm, and in every town in Sweden and Norway where she went, Miss Thursby found the carriage with the two white horses and the two servants at the door whenever she needed it, but the owner failed to make himself known. Finally, three days before Miss Thursby left Scandinavia for Paris, Mr. X. was announced. It was he! After Miss Thursby had expressed her thanks, and Mr. X. had explained his conduct, he said—"Miss, will do me the honor to become my wife?" To which Miss Thursby replied, "You know who I am, but you do not know the engagements that I contracted towards my family when I left America. I will tell you what they are, in order that you may see that this marriage is impossible." "Impossible?" "Listen. When I left my parents they made me promise two things—Firstly, that I would never sing on the stage; and, secondly, that I would marry none but an American." "If I were to become an American," said Mr. X. "Then I should be free to dispose of my heart as I pleased." Two days afterwards Mr. X. returned. "I shall leave for the United States tomorrow; I hope, with the credit that I have, to get promptly naturalized as an American. Go to Paris, for it is there I shall come to ask you to realize your promise, for you promise me, do you not, to be my wife?" "I promise you," replied Miss Thursby. Mr. X., adds the *Figaro*, is now in America.

## Why Couldn't We Have It in our Houses?

What most astonishes those who visit the boring for the British Channel Tunnel is, first, the complete dryness of the rock, and, secondly, the marvellous ventilation of the long and narrow tunnel (it is only seven feet in diameter), which extends now 1,100 yards under the sea, and which, it is promised, will by Easter be fully a mile long. The air at the head of the boring is far pleasanter to breathe than the air of any London street, and the reason is obvious. It is, in fact, the very healthiest sea breeze, caught just below Shakespear's Cliff, and, after compression, conducted thence in a five-inch iron pipe to the boring machine 1,100 yards off; there the air escapes in the most inflexible and even agreeable manner.

The island of Elba, Napoleon I.'s old home, is being strongly fortified by Italy.

## ONE THOUSAND MILES IN AN OPEN BOAT.

### Terrible Sufferings of a Crew.

Chicago Mail.

The "Lara" was a barque of 950 tons register, and left Hull on May 4th of last year, loaded with 1,450 tons of coal, consigned to Messrs. Rodgers, Meyer & Co., of San Francisco. On the voyage across the South Atlantic the "Lara" suffered so much from bad weather that she was compelled to put into Rio Janeiro for repairs. This place was left in September, and all went well until 20th October, when it was discovered that the cargo was on fire. Every effort was made to extinguish the flames, and for a time success attended the endeavors of the crew. Holes were bored in the bow, and the flames seemed to have been mastered, and the water was pumped out. No sooner had this been accomplished, however, than dense volumes of smoke began to issue from the ventilator hatch, and then it was attempted to smother the fire. This change of policy proved unsuccessful, and finally, on 23rd October, in lat. 11 N., long. 116 W., the "Lara" was left to her fate. She was then about 2,000 miles due south from San Francisco, the nearest point of land being Acapulco, in Mexico, 1,000 miles away. For this latter part the ship-wrecked mariners steered. They were divided into three parties, and each party was provisioned for 50 days. The ship was not left until the heat and gas from the burning coal rendered further stay on board unendurable. The crew and passengers, 21 all told, were distributed in three boats as follows:—In the master's boat was Capt. Currie, his wife, two children, the second officer, and six seamen; another boat contained the mate and five sailors, whilst the third boat was occupied by the boatswain and three sailors. Each boat carried a compass, and a supply of water was proportionately served out. It was 10 o'clock on a Sunday night when the long journey from the ship to the shore was commenced. The sky was bright, but the only light was that afforded by the stars and the burning vessel. The "Lara" was soon lost sight of. For two days the boats kept well together. The mate's boat, being a good sailer, towed the smaller craft, whilst the captain's boat sailed free. On the night of the second day a storm separated the boats, but two days later they all came in sight of one another. For another couple of days the three boats sailed in company, and then the parties separated, and from that time to the present nothing whatever has been heard of the mate's or the boatswain's boats. Whether they have reached the shore in some desolate part, whether they have been picked up by some passing vessel, or whether they have found their last home beneath the deep waters of the Pacific, it is now impossible to say. The party under the command of the captain suffered frightful agonies from thirst, the heat of the sun's rays and the ocean's reflection. The allowance of water for several days was but half a pint per person, but as the voyage neared its completion, this small quantity was increased. The captain's wife and children were the greatest sufferers, and at one time it was thought that the former was dying from exposure. The two children were aged respectively seven and two years. Their sleep was troubled, and as they lay in their mother's lap they would moan feebly for water. The only incident on the voyage was the capture of a turtle, which was torn from its shell, not for its flesh, but for its blood, which was eagerly drunk by the party. At last the coast of Tehuantepec was reached, and a running stream being encountered rest and refreshment were obtained. It was not deemed safe by Captain Currie to stay here, and he resolved to prosecute his voyage to Acapulco, still some 200 miles to the north. But two of the sailors resolved to take their chance at that outlandish and inhospitable shore rather than face further boat sailing. At last after a voyage of 23 days, the remnant of the party, safely reached Acapulco.

## The South American War.

Recent Panama advices say: Chili advances in announcing the close of the conference between Mr. Trescott and the Chilean Minister of Foreign Affairs, say an amicable agreement has been arrived at. The two gentlemen drew up a protocol to be submitted to the Peruvian Government, to serve as a basis of a treaty of peace between Peru and Chili. The protocol recognizes Chili's claim to the cession of Tarapaca, or at least does not stipulate for an immediate or early payment. Mr. Trescott has ninety days in which to submit this to some competent Government in Peru. If on the expiration of that time he has not secured its signature by the Government, in whose stability Chili can confide, the protocol becomes void. The time allowed is too short to do anything. An effective attempt has not been made to organize any other Government than the nominal one of Montero. Bolivia is said to be awaiting the moment when Chili evacuates Tacna and Arica to take possession of that valuable department and further the dismemberment of Peru.

It is reported that a meeting has taken place in Lima looking toward the organization of a new Government, of which Pirola will be the prominent member. Dr. Antonio Arenas is spoken of for President. An Executive Committee has been appointed to start the popular movement in favor of a strong administration. All the documents in connection with Cochet and Landreaux claims against the Peruvian Government have been found among the archives of the palace. They will be published, and interesting revelations are promised. Colonel Delcanto had an engagement in the valley of Junin with a detached force of eleven hundred Peruvians; he killed their chief of staff, several other officers, and eighty-seven soldiers. Many were wounded. The Chilians had fifteen killed and fifteen wounded. Captain Baeza was killed. Seventy-six soldiers have died of yellow fever in Trujillo where the disease is raging.

The baggage of Mr. Johns, when he arrived at a hotel in Bismarck, Dakota, was a worn, cheap-looking trunk. Being called away on imperative business, he left it six weeks in the storeroom. Nobody thought it worth while to steal or open it. On his return he took out of it \$12,000 worth of gold dust and nuggets. His plan of escaping the attention of thieves had proved successful.

## Physicians in China.

The Chinese authorities of Shanghai recently issued a quaint decree respecting the neglect of physicians to attend at once on their patients and the high fee which they charge. They give notice that it is the duty of all physicians to use their knowledge for the benefit of the people; when people are sick they must be ready to attend upon them whenever they are sent for, without regarding the hour of the night or day or state of the weather. When people are ill they long for the presence of the doctor as the grain of seed longs for the rains. Instead of doing this, however, the physicians now think that they possess great skill, and not only charge high fees, but insist on being paid full hire for their chair coolies, and they do not care what becomes of the patient so that they get their fees. If these were only charged to the wealthy, it would not be so much matter; but the poor have to pay them also. An evil practice, the decree goes on, also exists by which doctors will not visit their patients before one o'clock in the afternoon; some will even smoke opium and drink tea until late in the evening. These are abuses, the Magistrates say, which they will on no account permit. Doctors must attend to their patients at all times; they must, if necessary, visit them several times daily; they must think more of them and less of their fees. Notice, therefore, is given to all officials and people that a physician who does not attend when he is called must only receive half his fees and half his chair-hire. "If you physicians delay your visits you show your wickedness and sin against yourselves." The decree is a model one for a paternal Government; argument, entreaty, oburgation, exposition, threats, are all mingled in due proportions.

## A Sad Tale.

Chicago Tribune.

"Does your father know?" "He does not. Thank Heaven, that sorrow was spared him." The cricket climbed under the flagstones, and the warm, south wind came in soft puffs over the meadows, bearing upon its bosom the scent of the red-topped clover and the eye-daisies, as Rupert Redingote and Aphrodite McGuire stood by the path that led from the farm to the village of Roussillon, Macoupin County, while the swallows circled around in the fast coming twilight, giving forth now and then little sleepy twitters as if anxious for the warmth and comfort which their nests afforded. They were to be married in the fall, these two—in the merry hard cider and corn husking time—and, although scarce three months had passed since Rupert pressed upon her pulsing lips the solemn betrothal kiss, Aphrodite trusted him with a perfect faith that was almost sublime in its passionate intensity. "So the old man didn't hear about my getting full?" said Rupert. "No," was the girl's response, as with a little, happy, take-it-away-for-tenscents sob, she laid her gum-filled cheek upon Rupert's breast and twined her dimpled arms about his neck—"If any one had told him it would have been a cold day for you." "You are singing on the right key now, Aphrodite," was Rupert's reply. "If the terrible fact had come to his knowledge he would part us forever. His position as Deacon in the church would not allow him to overlook the fault, even should his stern, Puritan nature relent. No, darling, we must not let him know of this sin of mine." As Rupert spoke a buggy was seen coming rapidly up the lane, and as it reached the gate the horse stopped suddenly, and the man in the vehicle came out over the animal's head and fell with a dull, sickening thud into a hotbed.

The Deacon had been taking a nip himself.

## The Hunted Czar.

The Kremlin of Moscow, with its ancient and modern palace and its four cathedrals, has been ruined before now, and the Nihilists would willingly ruin it again, with the Czar inside. There is a subterranean passage leading from the heart of the Kremlin to the edge of the river Moskva, intended apparently, when it was first constructed, for the escape, in case of investment, of a Czar surrounded by foreign or domestic enemies. This passage is doubtless well watched. But the eminence on which the Kremlin stands might be bored in various directions, especially from the side looking upon the river or from the Kremlin gardens at the foot of its steepest slope. The preparations for the coronation will doubtless include a careful inspection of the weak places, in an engineering sense, presented by the ground adjoining the Kremlin and by the side of the Kremlin itself. Besides taking all kinds of precautions in the personal interest of the Czar, the authorities of Moscow will be required, as the day for the great celebration approaches, to see that the streets are properly paved, and to keep them clean; to have the fronts and roofs of the houses painted; and to catch and confine the beggars who would otherwise annoy distinguished visitors, besides giving the city a discreditable and poverty-stricken look.

## An Item in Cable Work.

The following is taken from the *Times of India*: "During the repairs of the telegraph cable near Bombay, the steamers Chiltern and Great Northern were about half a mile apart, the former having hold of a shore end cable, and so was in telegraphic communication with Bombay; the latter having hold of a sea end, and so was in telegraphic communication with Aden. The Chiltern desired the Great Northern to splice on to the cable end held by the latter, and pay out three-quarters of a mile of cable, and this was communicated by wire from the test room of the Chiltern, passing through all the coils of cable in her hold and on to Bombay, whence it was sent on to Aden, and back from Aden to the Great Northern. Thus, as a speedy means of sending a message half a mile, it was forwarded by route between three and four thousand miles long. The following morning, when the vessels were within a quarter of a mile of each other, communications passed between them constantly in the same way."

If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to think.—*Cecil*.

## FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

Russian, German, French, Italian, English and American Notes.

German officers say Italy is not of much account as a military ally so long as its army remains as it is now, a very imperfect machine.

If we cannot have both education and health for the children, let us insist on having health. We believe that both can be had, but not without some vital reforms.

A rattlesnake confined in a cage for eleven months shed its skin four times, ate sixty rats, and, altogether it had access to a tank of water, an apparatus prepared for the purpose proved it had never drunk a drop.

You make a great mistake in thinking that the world will break all in pieces when you leave it. It is barely possible, on the other hand, that you are persistently standing in the way of a better man.

EMPEROR WILLIAM IS NOW a great grandfather, and it is beautiful to see the old man take the baby on his knee and sing "Rock a bye baby on the tree top" just as he used to do in the first flush of his early daddyhood.

THE famous Watkins Glen property, lying at the southern end of Seneca Lake, was recently put up at auction to satisfy the claims of certain creditors, and was bid in for the sum of \$50,000 in the interest of the heirs of Wm. C. Longstreth, of Philadelphia.

RECENT excavations at Cairo have resulted in the discovery of a monolith belonging to Apries, the Pharaoh Hophra of the Old Testament, inscribed: "The beloved of Ptah of Memphis, giving life forever, the good god Ra-ab-ab, lord of the two lands Apries."

If the tunnel which it is proposed to build across the English Channel should cost \$50,000,000, which was one of the estimates, it would take 1,000,000 passengers at \$2.50 each to pay 5 per cent. on the investment. Of course, there must be an allowance for freight, but no estimate has been made of the possible business of this nature.

THE Russian *Official Gazette* published a report upon the conscription for 1881. The number of those liable to military service was 779,000, about 15,000 less than the previous year. Originally the contingent was fixed at 235,000, but it was afterward reduced by a decree of the Emperor to 212,000. The recruits taken numbered 210,106. The defaulters amounted to thirty-one per cent. of Jews, and three per cent. of Christians.

A gentleman in Paris owns a handsome and valuable dog named Bismarck. He recently received a note from the German Embassy inviting him to remove the name from the dog's collar, and to cease calling the animal by it, under pain of prosecution, upon the ground that the patronymic belonged exclusively to the German Chancellor, and the Embassy cannot allow it to be publicly applied to a dog.

Emigration to Cape Colony from Great Britain is fast increasing. For 1879 the returns show only 1,332 emigrants; for 1880 the number was 2,607; for 1881 it was 4,163. These 4,163 consisted of 324 men for the Government railways, 2,613 artisans and domestic servants, 758 agriculturists, and 468 recruits for the Cape Mounted Riflemen. The agriculturists took out with them in money alone an aggregate of \$77,325, or a little over \$100 for each man, woman and child.

It is a well known scientific fact that the bite of an angry animal, whether man or beast, is more dangerous than an ordinary bite, and has produced more serious consequences than the mere wound would account for. An angry woman in Newport, R. I., threw a fork at her son. It lodged in his heel, making a slight wound, which resulted in gangrene, from which he died. If people punish their children by sticking forks into them, they should be careful not to do it when angry.

Acts of Vandalism and fanaticism are beginning to recur in France. Youths have been caught at the Louvre in the act of dabbling with vermilion two portraits of Francis I., and a nocturnal attempt has been made to burn down the Chapelle Expiatoire. The keeper discovered a volume of smoke in the chapel, and the altar carpet, part of a chair, and some flowers had been burned; but the fire had died out before his arrival for want of material. The incendiaries must have sealed the walls to enter the court, and next forced open the door of the building.

In 1880 France took from Italy 40,000,000 gallons of wine, being more than four-fifths of Italy's total wine export. The quantity of wine thus taken from Italy in 1880 by France is not very far under her own total exports of 1881. The French wine merchants naturally send their cheaper falsified wines abroad if they can, being afraid of the more experienced palates of their countrymen; and the Italians do not scruple to assert that there is not a cheap claret now drunk in England that is not mainly composed of Spanish and Italian wines, blended, if not adulterated.

A few months ago the Post Office at Kimberley, in the South African diamond fields, was broken into, and diamonds to the value of £80,000 carried off. No trace of the thieves or their booty was ever found, though for some weeks every passenger by the Cape steamers was subjected to the unpleasant indignity of a personal search before he or she was allowed to put foot on British soil. However, the diamonds have now reached England, and the police say they know that £5,000 of these very stones were sold the other day for £2,000, but sufficient evidence is wanting to convict.

## Always Send Copies.

The parents of original verses sent to newspapers frequently ask that the verses be returned in case they are not used. This is asking too much. It would be much safer to keep them at home in the first place. They never would be missed at the newspaper office, and in cases where there is the slightest desire on the part of the author for the possession of original poems, it is best not to trust said poems to the tender mercies of mail carriers, or editors, even. Always send copies, and rest the heart as to their fate.