

CAWNPORE.

Another Interesting Letter From India.

A Contrast of Today With Thirty Years Ago—The Story of the Terrible Massacre by Nana Sahib.

Yes, we have reached Cawnpore, that city ever memorable in British annals on account of the doings of that foul miscreant Nana Sahib; that city in which began a siege, the miseries of which to the few hundred besieged have never been exceeded in the darkest pages of medical history. It is distant from Allahabad 140 miles, and from Lucknow to the north, where we next proceed, 50 miles. The train is drawn into a fine, large depot equal in every respect to the Union depot in Toronto, built of well dressed grey stone, and we are again besieged by importuning beggars, would-be porters and hotel runners, but a dexterous flourish of a walking stick would do credit to Jim Flaherty at Donnybrook Fair, clear the road, and we soon find ourselves at the Railway Hotel. This is a low, rambling, cottage-shaped bungalow kept by an old soldier named Joe Lee, who was present at Cawnpore and Lucknow under Gen. Havelock in the early-memorable '57. It is wonderful the retentiveness of memory old soldiers are blessed with. The ordinary old man who is not a soldier generally forgets many of the stirring little episodes of his younger days, but not so the old soldier. Joe, this particular specimen of the genus old soldier under consideration, can sit and relate blood curdling stories of the wanted terrors of a multitudinous enemy with it of a feeble garrison and scant shelter within, of the heart-rending burthen of women, sick children dying with little or nothing to satisfy their hunger or allay their thirst, of the blazing sun over them like a canopy of fire, and the summer breeze like a furnace blast, and of all the other super added miseries peculiar to this horrible association, we drive to the memorial well situated now in the midst of a beautiful garden. The Government of India has spent a large sum in laying out, planting and beautifying the grounds surrounding this sacred spot, and a number of soldiers are told off, whose duty it is to keep the law and order in perfect order. A magnificent statue in white marble, erected in 1863 by the Government, marks the place where the well was. The statue is surrounded by a large octagonal enclosure, built of white marble in beautiful and appropriate design of Gothic architecture. The statue itself, some ten feet in height, on an octagonal pedestal, represents an Angel of Mercy with arms crossed standing against a Cross, looking down sorrowfully on the sacred surroundings. The inscription on the pedestal is nearly as follows: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great body of Christian people who near this spot were cruelly massacred on July 15th, 1857, A. D. by the followers of the rebel known by the name of Nana Sahib, who cast the dying with the dead into the well below." A few rods from his spot is a small enclosure containing 72 mounds where the unknown dead were buried by Havelock's men the following day. We have seen all that remains to tell the sad story of those troubled times, and with a feeling of thankfulness that we can say with one of old, "our lines are cast in pleasant places," direct our way back to the hotel, with the talkative old soldier, who had not for an instant ceased chattering since we started out. With a mingled pleasure and self-satisfaction and a degree of disappointment withal, he over and over again impressed upon us the fact that he, with the rest of his regiment, arrived from Lucknow just 2 hours and 10 minutes too late to prevent the massacre. Just 2 hours and 10 minutes, what a world of difference that short space of time can make in a nation's history! But again we are at the Railway Hotel, and after amusing ourselves looking through the autograph album of all kinds of silly suggestions and remarks. Some had even gone so far as to inscribe within his own book, the opinion as strongly expressed by Conrade of old Dogberry, "they had writ him down an ass." One half the visitors complained that the old landmark talked too much, some freely opined that the food was badly cooked and the accommodation very inferior. Others that the charges were excessive, the wine bad and the attendance poor. All of which we could more or less endorse, while some launched out into anathematizing poetry the alternative lines rhyming with such words as "lamb" and "well" &c. Toward the end of the evening we visited a manufactory where two or three hundred Indian boys and girls were engaged in weaving carpets, bag stuff, and other coarse material from put. A preparation much resembling henna made from the fibres of certain species of Cerechus found in India. Many of these nimble-fingered smart, watchful black-eyed children were working ten hours a day for a sum which would bring them about 40c a month. They are quick and intelligent and very readily take to any work requiring patience and close attention.

through the Christian blood they had spilled and were then blown from the muzzles of cannon. The forces under Havelock speedily routed the murderous rabble from Cawnpore, and their surprise must have been equalled only by the feelings of horror when they found that upwards of 200 Christian women and children had been hacked to death within a few hours of their arrival. Many of the dead and dying bodies were thrown into the well near by the rebels, and the British soldiers were ordered to fill it with many of those yet unburied, and part of the next two days was spent in gathering all the bodies to be found, and burying near the well. Such is the terrible story of the massacre of Cawnpore, and as we proceed through the outlying part of the city we are shown at every step some reminiscences of this dark page of history. The line is pointed out marking the entrenchment near one corner of the entrenchment is a beautiful English church called "All Souls," erected as a memorial church within which are marble tablets covering all the walls, to the memory of one thousand people who met their death in the terrible carnage. From here we drive down the ravine to the Suttee Ghant. The broad stone steps, down which the unfortunate people were hustled into the boats are here yet. The old Hindoo temple which was used as a signal staff for a flag, the sign to begin firing, is still standing. A hundred years ago, doubtless it was the shrine of some deity, which the trembling Indian widows were compelled to give their life on the funeral pyres with the dead bodies of their husbands. And the black picture loomed up before us of the wide, muddy river spotted over with boats full of helplessness, which to the swarms of rebellious along the banks, aided by a battery of four guns, only offered so many targets for rifle practice. What unutterable feelings of anguish this peculiarly doomed spot must have witnessed; what agony of soul; what cowardly exultations on the part of that fiend incarnate and his followers who devised and carried out such a devilish action. From the river side, with its horrible associations, we drive to the memorial well situated now in the midst of a beautiful garden. The Government of India has spent a large sum in laying out, planting and beautifying the grounds surrounding this sacred spot, and a number of soldiers are told off, whose duty it is to keep the law and order in perfect order. A magnificent statue in white marble, erected in 1863 by the Government, marks the place where the well was. 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PECULIAR HABITS.

Biting the Nails, Biting the Lips, Sticking Out the Tongue, Beating a Fist, and Other Freaky and Idiosyncratic Ways.

"Just look at that girl!" Yes; it is Miss Blank. What about her?" "Don't you see her tongue?" "Oh, yes. Isn't it perfectly dreadful? They say she always sticks it out like that when she's thinking about anything." The young woman in question was promenading the east side of State street yesterday morning, attired in a bewitching costume and a pensive expression, while the tip of her little tongue protruded in a manner anything but fascinating between two lips of the description known to novelists as coral. "Yes," said one of her feminine acquaintances, "she always does that when thoughtful or worried. It's one of those terrible habits which, when once contracted, stick closer than a million brothers. Miss Blank began it when a child, and no one ever took the trouble to break her of it. Now, poor girl, it mortifies her terribly to be told about it, though, of course, she is anxious to cure herself. But, then, nearly every one has some curious little habit which he would be very glad to break if he could; some trick more or less unpleasant, caused in the first place probably by nervousness. We all know the man who tugs at his moustache and the one who perpetually pulling up his collar. Then there is the girl who is always rubbing one eye, as if in search of a stray eyelash, and the man who can't be quite happy without some more or less fragile article to twist and bend and turn about in his fingers. Anything and everything, from your finest lace handkerchief to your new and extremely delicate paper cutter, is sacrificed to the demon of nervousness which possesses him, heart and yet you can't find it in your robin of his plaything. He is quite happy and at his ease so long as he is allowed to twirl and twist as much as he wants to, but bereft of the temporary object of his affection he would be abjectly miserable, and you know it. Many a man can talk fluently and well while winding something—anything—about his finger, who without it, would be constrained, awkward, silent. One of the most annoying forms of this disease in the incessant tattoo which some people keep on their knees, or on the table or whatever happens to be the most convenient as a keyboard. I have noticed that musicians usually indulge in this habit, and it is a very trying one, though I don't know that it is worse than 'twiddling your thumb.' You don't know what that is? Why, clasping your hands with the fingers interlaced, and then moving the thumbs slowly, very slowly, round each other. Nearly all old English people are addicted to this habit, and look upon it as a refuge from ennui during times of enforced idleness, such as that "blind man's holiday," when it is too dark to work or read, and yet not dark enough, according to English notions, to light the gas. At this time of day an old Englishwoman will sit and 'twiddle her thumbs' so many times from right to left and then so many times from left to right, until one begins to think she has discovered the secret of perpetual motion. The habit gains such a hold upon the men that they are unable to sit unoccupied for a moment without immediately beginning to 'twiddle.' "Of course, every one knows people who bite their nails, and nearly all of us can remember some girl who has destroyed what was intended for a pretty mouth by a senseless fashion of biting or rather gnawing at her lip. This is one of the most difficult habits to break, and at the same time one of the commonest. If you want to see how widespread it is, just go over to one of the State street drygoods establishments about 10 o'clock on any fine morning. Monday morning is the best, because Monday is the favorite shopping day. Didn't you know that? Oh, yes, it's a fact. Any floor walker will tell you that more business is done Monday morning than any other time during the week that is, in the big shops. Of course in the cheap ones Saturday is the great day. Why should Monday be popular? Oh, I suppose it is the reaction after Sunday's enforced idleness. On Sunday one can't shop, and when one wakes on Monday morning it is so delightful to feel that all restrictions are removed, and that there is nothing to prevent one from shopping all day, it inclined to."

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM.

Some of the Brightest Who Live by the Pen.

It was more than a century ago that one of the finest minds in all England left a little country house and journeyed to London to become the editor of one of the largest and most influential papers of the day. Her work was exhaustive, Mary Wolstonecraft rose to become one of the bright and shining lights of the Fourth Estate. Her powerful reply to Burier's pamphlet on the "French Revolution" elicited universal comment from all writers of that age for the original thought set forth in really imaginative the astonishment of those who held the narrow prejudice of that day when it was discovered that the writer was a woman. From her time we come down to later times, when Margaret Fuller as literary editor of the New York Tribune adorned the columns of that paper by the wit, the analytical taste and brilliant paragraphs from her finely trained and erudite mind. She died during a severe storm off Long Island coast, but she left to the world a shining mark and a brighter glow of sympathy for women in journalism for all times to come. In 1830 Miss Sarah J. Hale became editor of the Ladies Magazine, of Boston, and not long afterwards of *Good's Ladies Book*, which she continued to edit until a few years ago. Among the names of women who have gained lasting fame in journalistic work, Miss Mary Louise Booth, whose successful writing for nineteen years has embellished the pages of *Harpers' Bazar*, and Mary Mapes Dodge, who wears the laurels of successful authorship, are examples of what women may do in this line if given a chance. Mrs. Crawley, or Jennie June, as she is best known, wields an editorial pen which is always well furnished with a tempting variety of dishes. Her income may be only half as large as her next-door neighbor's, yet, judging from the appearance of herself and home, a person would easily think it was twice as much. She makes the daintiest dishes out of food that another woman would condemn as useless. She will make over a dress in the latest style, and when done look as well, if not better, than her neighbor, who has just come out in a new suit of rich material and stylish make. "I can't understand," remarks this neighbor, "how Mrs. B. manages to keep herself and home looking so nice; her husband doesn't get but half what mine does, and her family is larger than mine, yet she never seems to have any difficulty about getting along. I do believe that if her income were one-half what it is now, she would still manage as well as I do now, for she is such a planner." This is all very true, and very likely if the woman were cut down to one-half her usual income she would certainly get along almost as well as her wealthier neighbor. Her one faculty seems to be the managing or planning how to utilize articles and food that most people would throw aside. Such a person, in buying material for clothes, seldom purchases any kind but the most serviceable, both in color and quality. Because a cloth is of the latest fashion is no indication to her, for her clear head reasons that the fashion is so changeable and the dress she is about to purchase must last her for so long, that she cannot afford to follow this lady unless the goods are of a durable kind. They must be those that can be sponged, pressed and made over, to look almost as good as new, after being worn some time, before she will think of purchasing. Then in making the dress she always chooses a pattern that does not cut into the goods to any extent, so that in making over she will have all the goods she may wish without joining, or without having to try to match it in the store, as all know that it is almost impossible to do the latter where the goods have been worn for some time. A woman of this kind is a treasure to her own family and also to the neighborhood in which she resides. A friend has a garment to make over; it is all ripped apart, sponged and pressed, and just here she becomes helpless. She is sure she cannot go a step farther towards remodeling that dress. She knows there is not cloth enough to make it into the pattern she wished. She is heartily discouraged, when in comes the woman planner. Her clear head understands just what is the matter, and in a little while she explains away the difficulties in her friend's way, and makes everything so plain and simple that the friend is mortified that she didn't think of that same way herself. Very nearly all neighborhoods have this woman or her prototype, and it would be well for housekeepers to cultivate her acquaintance, as there are many things that can be learned from her, and the more we have of such women the better.

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SCROFULA.

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofula, Humors, Erysipelas, Canker, and Catarrh. Can be cured by purifying the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Wirt's Fountain Pen.



Wirt's Fountain Pen. EVERY PEN GUARANTEED. Price, \$3.00. THOS. MCGILLICUDDY, Agent.

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