

he could not vanquish—to lure these Christians from the shelter of that wall within which no intruder had set his foot and lived. He suspended the bombardment and opened negotiations. The world had never yet heard of treachery so hellish as what he meditated then. Though some of the ladies had their fears, yet none imagined the purpose which was in the depths of the dark hearts of this man and his minion, Azemoolah. Admiration of the defence was expressed, and sympathy for the condition of the ladies still living, with the offer of boats provisioned and a safe conduct under the Nana's hand to take them to Allahabad. The terms of the conference were committed to paper, and borne by Azemoolah to the Nana for his signature; all was made seemingly right and safe for the capitulation. The boats were actually moored at the landing-place and provisions put on board, and the whole shown to the committee of English officers. That night they could obtain water, and deep were the draughts of the blessed beverage which they imbibed; they could also sleep, for the bombardment had ceased, though a cloud of cavalry held watch around their position. They slept sounder the next night, as Nana intended they should.

Some criticisms have been made upon their agreement to surrender at all. It may be answered, that had that garrison consisted only of fighting men, no one would have dreamed of surrender. But what could be done when more than half their number, male and female, had already been killed, and the balance was a mixed multitude, in which there was a woman and child to each man, while every other man was incapacitated by wounds or disease, with only four days more of half rations of their miserable subsistence, and the monsoon—the tropical rains—hourly expected to open upon them in all its violence? The only choice was between death and capitulation; and if the latter was resolved on it was well that the offer came from the enemy.

Eleven o'clock next morning, June 27th, came. Everything was ready; all Cawnpore was astir, crowding by thousands to the landing-place. The doomed garrison had taken their last look at their premises and the well, into which so many of their number had been lowered during the past three weeks. The writer has walked over the same ground, between their intrenchment and the landing-place, wondering with what feelings that ragged and spiritless cavalcade must have passed over that space that day. But they had at least this consolation—they thought that their miseries were ending, and they were going towards home, with all its blessed associations. They moved on, reached the wooden bridge, and turned into the fatal ravine which led to the water's edge. Two dozen large boats, each covered with a frame and heavy thatch, to screen the sun, were ready; but it was observed that, instead of floating, they had been drawn into the shallows, and were resting on the sand. The vast multitude, speechless and motionless as spectres, watched their descent into that "alley of the shadow of death." The men in front began to lift the wounded and the ladies into the boats, and prepared for shoving them off, when amid that sinister silence, the blast of a bugle at the other end of the ravine, as the last straggler entered within the fatal trap, gave the Nana's signal, and the masked battery, which Azemoolah had spent the night in preparing, opened with grape upon the confused mass. The boatmen who were to row them thrust the ready burning charcoal into the thatch, plunged overboard and made for the shore, and almost in a moment, the entire fleet was in a blaze of fire. Five hundred marksmen sprang up among the trees and temples, and began to pour their deadly bullets in upon them, while the cavalry along the river brink were ready for any who attempted to swim the Ganges. Only four men made good their escape—two officers and two privates, one of whom soon afterward sank under his sufferings—and they owed their lives to their ability in swimming and diving, and were indebted for their ultimate safety to the humanity of a noble Hindoo, Dirigibah Singh, of Oude. The Nana Sahib was pacing before his tent, waiting for the news. A trooper was dispatched to inform him that all was going on well, and that the Pershwa would soon have ample vengeance for his ancient wrong. He bade the courier return to the scene of action, bearing the verbal order to "Keep the women alive, and kill all the males." Accordingly the women and children whom the shot had missed and the flames spared, were collected and brought to land. Many of them were dragged from under the charred woodwork or out of the water beside the boats. Some of the ladies were roughly handled by the troopers, who, while collecting them, tore away such ornaments as caught their fancy, with little consideration for ear or finger. Their defenders were all soon murdered, and lay in mutilation on the banks or in the boats, or floated away with the stream. The ladies were taken back along the road, through a surging crowd of Sepoys and townspeople, till the procession halted opposite the pavilion of the Maharajah, who, after receiving

his wretched captives, ordered them to be removed to a small building north of the canal, which was to be the scene of their final sufferings on the 15th of the following month.

It comprised two principal rooms, each twenty feet by ten, with three or four windowless closets, and behind the building was an open court, about fifteen yards square, surrounded by a high wall. Guarded by Sepoys, within these limits, during nineteen days of tropical heat, were penned up together these two hundred and one ladies and children and five men—two hundred and six persons in all—awaiting their doom from the lips of a monster. Their food during those terrible days was very coarse and scanty indeed; and, to add to it the keenest indignity that an Oriental could give, it was cooked for them by the *Methers* (scavengers). They lay on the bare ground, and were closely watched day and night.

That evening the Nana Sahib held a State review in honor of his "victory," ordered a general illumination of the city of Cawnpore, and posted the proclamation already quoted, in which he called upon the people to "rejoice at the delightful intelligence that Cawnpore has been conquered, and the Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindoo and Mohammedan religions have been confirmed."

The Maharajah at length enjoyed the compliment he had so long coveted, and was so long denied—at the review he was greeted with the full sum of twenty-one guns; his nephew and two brothers receiving seventeen each. He wore his royal honors for seventeen days, and no more. Distributing \$50,000 among the mutineers, he returned in state to his Cawnpore residence. This was a hotel kept by a Mohammedan, and in which the writer slept when in the place a few months previously. The Nana took possession of these premises, which were about seventy-five paces from the house here shown, where the poor ladies were confined. Here he lived from day to day in a perpetual round of sensuality, amid a choice coterie of priests, panderers, ministers, and minions. The reigning beauty of the fortnight was one Oulao Adala. She was the *Thais* on whose breast sank the vanquished victor, oppressed with brandy and such love as animates a middle aged Eastern debauchee. She is said to have counted by hundreds of thousands the rupees which were lavished upon her by the affection or vanity of her Alexander.

Every night there was an entertainment of music, dancing, and pantomime, the latter being some caricature of English habits. The noise of this revelry was plainly audible to the captives in the adjoining house; and as they crowded round the windows to catch a breath of the cool night air, the glare of the torches and the strains of the barbarous melody might remind them of the period when he who was now the centre of that noisy throng thought himself privileged if he could induce them to honor him with their acceptance of the hospitality of Bithoor. To such reality or woe were they reduced! Heat, hardship, wounds, and want of space and proper nourishment were beginning to release some from their bondage before the season marked out by Azemoolah for a jail delivery such as the world never witnessed before. A sentence of relief may be added here, as rumors contrary to the fact have been circulated; Trevelyan, whom we have so freely copied, declares that the evidence shows that these ladies died without mention, and we may hope without apprehension, of dishonor.

The hour of retribution dawned at length! Outraged civilization was coming with a vengeance to punish the guilty, and to save this remnant if it were possible. General Havelock and his brave little brigade were on their way, making forced marches daily. The Nana roused himself to meet the danger. He had forwarded armies to resist their approach, but twice his forces were hurled back, bringing to him the news of their disaster. Reserving his own sacred person for the supreme venture, he now ordered his whole army to be got ready. But before setting out he took advice as to what was best to be done with the captives. It was seen that dead men or women tell no tales and give no evidence, and this was important in case of a reverse; while he also reasoned that, as the British were approaching solely for the purpose of releasing their friends, they would not risk another battle for the purpose merely of burying them, but would be only too glad of an excuse to avoid meeting the Pershwa in the field. So he and his council concluded. Their decision was that the ladies should die, and that, too, without further delay, as the army must march in the morning.

We purposely omit many of the details of the horrors of that dreadful evening, as we have read them or heard them described by Havelock's men, and will try to give the result in brief terms. About half-past four o'clock that afternoon—the 15th—the woman called "The Begum" informed the ladies that they were to be killed. But the Sepoys re-

fused to execute the order, and there was a pause. Nana Sahib was not thus to be balked, even though the widows of Bajee Rao, his stepmothers by adoption, most earnestly remonstrated against the act. It was all in vain. The Nana found his agents. Five men—some of whom were butchers by profession—undertook the work for him. With their knives and swords they entered, and the door was fastened behind them. The shrieks and scuffling within told those without that these journey-men were executing their master's will. The evidence shows that it took them exactly an hour and a half to finish it; they then came out again, having earned their hire. They were paid, it is said, one rupee (50 cents) for each lady, or one hundred and three dollars for the whole, and were dismissed. Then a number of Mothers (scavengers) were called, and by the heels, or hair of their head, these once beautiful women and children were dragged out of the house and dropped down into the open well—the dying with the dead, and the children over all! The well had been used for purposes of irrigation, and was some fifty feet deep. Next morning, when the army marched, no living European remained in Cawnpore.

Commanding in person, the Nana Sahib went forth that day to meet General Havelock, bent on doing something great in defence of his tottering throne. But, notwithstanding the disparity of their numbers, he soon realized the difference between them and the group of invalids and civilians, whom he had brought to bay behind that deserted rampart, or a front rank of seated ladies and children and a rear rank of gentlemen, all with their hands strapped behind their backs, as in his first "victory." Now he saw before him, extending from left to right, the line of white faces, of red cloth, and of sparkling steel. With set teeth and flashing eyes, and rifles tightly grasped, closer and closer drew the measured tramp of feet, and the heart of the foe died within him; his fire grew hasty and ill directed, and, as the last volley cut the air overhead, the English, with a shout, rushed forward at their foes. Then each rebel thought only of himself. The terrible shrapnel and canister tore through their ranks, and they broke ere the bayonet could touch them. Squadron after squadron, and battalion after battalion, these humbled Brahmins dropped their weapons, threw off their packs, and spurred and ran in wild confusion, pursued for miles by the British cavalry and artillery. At night the Nana Sahib entered Cawnpore upon a chestnut horse drenched in perspiration and with bleeding flanks. On he sped toward Bithoor, sore and weary, his head swimming and his chest heaving. He had never ridden so far and fast before. It was the just earnest of that hardship which was henceforth to be his portion.

A JAPANESE ELOPEMENT.

The festivities, etc., attendant upon marriage in Japan, which ordinarily last about a week, are so exceedingly expensive as to act, in some sense, as an impediment to it, for it not uncommonly happens that a man is hampered for many a long year by the lavish expenditure to which the national custom has driven him, on the occasion of his entering into the bonds of Hymen. The Japanese, however, are gifted with a good deal of hard common sense, and not caring to be burdened for half their lives with the consequences of indulging, against their will, in the extravagant festivities necessary for getting married in the orthodox manner, they sometimes resort to a species of elopement, to avoid the pecuniary embarrassments we have alluded to. M. Humbert, in his "Japan and the Japanese," gives such an amusing description of a supposed case of this kind, that we venture to quote it *in extenso*: "An honest couple," he says, "have a marriageable daughter, and the latter is acquainted with a fine young fellow, who would be a capital match, if only he possessed the necessary means of making his lady-love and her parents the indispensable wedding presents, and of keeping open house for a week. One fine evening, the father and mother, returning home from the bath, find the house empty; but the daughter is gone. They make enquiries in the neighborhood; no one has seen her; but the neighbors hasten to offer their services in seeking her, together with her distracted parents. They accept the offer, and head a solemn procession, which goes from street to street, to the lover's door. In vain does he, hidden behind his panels, turn a deaf ear; he is at length obliged to yield to the importunities of the besieging crowd. He opens the door, and the young girl, drowned in tears, throws herself at the feet of her parents, who threaten to curse her. Then comes the intervention of charitable friends, deeply moved by this spectacle, the softening of the mother, the proud and inexorable attitude of the father, the combined eloquence of the multitude employed to soften his heart, the lover's endless protestations of his resolution to become the best of sons-in-law. At length the father yields, his resistance is overcome, he raises his

kneeling daughter, pardons her lover, and calls him his son-in-law. Then, almost as if by enchantment, cups of saki circulate through the assembly. Everybody sits down upon the mats; the two culprits are placed in the centre of the circle; large bowls of saki are handed to them; and, when they are emptied, the marriage is recognized, and declared to be validly contracted in the presence of a sufficient number of witnesses, and is registered the next day by the proper officer without any difficulty." Truly this is an ingenious way out of the difficulty, and clearly shows that the Japanese have an innate talent for comedy.

THE DWELLERS BY ETNA.—The people have a sorrow-smitten and stern aspect. Some of the men in the prime of life are grand and haughty, with the cast-bronze countenance of Roman emperors. But the old men bear rigid faces of carved basalt, gazing fixedly before them as though at some time or other in their past lives, they had met Medusa; and truly Etna in eruption is a Gorgon, which their ancestors have oftentimes seen shuddering, and fled from terror-frozen. The white-haired old women plying their spindle or distaff, or meditating in grim solitude, sit with the sinister set features of Fates by their doorways. The young people are very rarely seen to smile; they open hard, black-beaded eyes upon a world in which there is nothing for them but endurance or the fierceness of passions that delight in blood. Strangely different are these dwellers on the sides of Etna from the voluble, little sailors of Sciaccia or Mazara, with their sunburnt skins and many-colored garments.—"Sketches in Italy and Greece," by John Addington Symonds.

SELECTIONS.

—Macaulay once observed that prize sheep were only fit for candles, and prize essays to light them.

—They are so lazy in a certain city in Kansas that they spell the name of the place "H-worth."

—Two things that are weakened by lengthening: steamships and sermons.

—We are constantly told that evening wore on, but what the evenings wore on such occasions we are not informed. Was it the close of a summer's day?

—A young lady at an examination in grammar the other day, when asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular, blushing answered, "Because it is singular they don't get married."

—The editor of a religious paper is mad because he undertook to state that Mr. Spruce, in his "Sword and Towel," said so and so, and the printer called it "Shirt and Towel."

—An Illinois editor returns thanks for a centipede sent to him by mail from Texas. "It being," he says, "the first cent of any kind that we've received for several weeks."

—A young gentleman remarked to his lady-love the other evening, "Ah! the most beautiful evening in my recollection. Luna looks peculiarly eventful." "Was that she that just went by?" quickly answered the young lady.

—A man who had just lost three of his toes by a railway carriage running over his foot, and was howling with pain, was checked by a by-stander, who exclaimed, "Stop your din there! You make more noise over the loss of your toes than that stranger did yesterday over the loss of his head."

—Incongruity is not always so amusing as in the device of a gunsmith, who has labelled a large horse-pistol in his show-window "Good for cats"; while to a bright little pocket weapon are attached the words "Good for boys." He leaves an open question whether cats should be armed with horse-pistols, or boys cut off prematurely.

—When Sir Francis Carew had rebuilt his mansion-house at Beddington, in Surrey, he planted the gardens with choice fruit trees. Here he was twice visited by Queen Elizabeth; and Sir Hugh Platt, in his "Garden of Eden," tells a curious anecdote relating to one of these visits. "I conclude," says he, "with a conceit of that delicate Knight, Sir Francis Carew, who, for his better accomplishment of his royal entertainment of our late Queen Elizabeth, led Her Majesty to a cherry tree whose fruit he had of purpose kept back from ripening at least one month after all cherries had taken their farewell of England. This secret he performed by straining a tent, or cover of canvas, over the whole tree, and wetting it now and then with a scoop of the heat of the weather required; and so by withholding the sunbeams from reflecting upon the berries, they grew both very great, and were very long before they had gotten their perfect cherry color; and when he was assured of Her Majesty's coming, he removed the tent, and a few sunny days brought them to their maturity."

NEW PICTURES FOR THE FALL EXHIBITION.

"Things to Adore," by Smith—A pair of iron hinges.
"The Wood-cutter"—An axe.
"The Bridal Scene," by J. Sadler—A very nice bride used for a horse.
"Lynx in Repose," by a Constable—A small chain, consisting of about a score of links.
"Mamma's Little Helper"—A sewing-machine.
"A View of Cork," by S. Stopper—A wine-cork.
"The Family Doctor," by G. Orie—A bottle of castor-oil.
"A Fancy Ball on Board," by Seaford—A child's fancy wool ball placed on a board.
"The Flower of the Family," by Millais—A basin of corn flour.
"Caught in a Squall off Yarmouth"—A red herring.
"The Traveller's Rest"—Slippers.
"Relief of the Great," by W. E. Cole—Cinders from the fire-place.