

## LETTER XXII.

## IN LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE.

NOTICING immense throngs of natives hurrying to the depot the day before we left Benares, our guide informed us that a great Hindoo festival would be held near Fyzabad in a couple of days, and that these were but a small part of the hundreds of thousands who would flock there from all over India. The following day, when we went to take the cars, we found fully one thousand five hundred pilgrims on the train. Almost as many more thronged the space about the depot, and spent the time in shouting to their more fortunate friends who were in the cars. They were in the cars, but packed and jammed, not seated. After all the third class or native passenger-cars had been brought into requisition, many freight-cars were filled. Then, after considerable delay, we moved out from Benares only to find crowds of disappointed pilgrims at every station. Many had come from remote points in the interior, in the hope of taking the cars to Fyzabad, and when they saw the cars approach so completely filled, and were not allowed to pass the gates to take the train, they manifested their displeasure by shouts and violent gestures. One man ran the gauntlet and got on the train, but was received with blows in the car where he forced an entrance, and after a bitter quarrel the guard administered a few well-directed blows and deliv-

ered him, assigning him quarters in another car. A broken arm was the extent of the damage done. Many, in their disappointment, wanted to throw themselves on the track and be run over. They were not gratified, however; partly, no doubt, for the reason once given by an engineer, who said that he never did like to run over a man, "it always mused up the engine."

At some of the stations the people were quieted by being packed in flat-cars which stood on the track, probably waiting for hours before a locomotive was attached. We were often awakened during the night by the noise of shouting pilgrims who saw the train go by without them. We could see in the moonlight where they had camped by the road, awaiting the train, which was to shorten the time of their journey but not to abate one jot or tittle of its merit. Aged women, leaning on the arms of sons, themselves in mature life, started toward the cars only to find that they could not go. We passed many thousands who thus bewailed their disappointment. Finally, when about midnight we reached Fyzabad, the people swarmed from the cars, and, not knowing where to go, rushed about in wild confusion. As we continued our journey we met other trains equally crowded, some made up wholly of freight-cars packed with this noisy human freight. Thus we were seeing the enthusiasm which attends a Hindoo *mela*, or religious festival. Formerly it was somewhat dangerous for a European to be present at one, the fanatics not hesitating to commit murder in their frenzy. A missionary thus lost his life some years ago. At this very *mela* a number of missionaries and native preachers were present to speak to the people and to sell them books and tracts. Among the number was my classmate in college, Brother Cunningham, now Presiding Elder of the Oude Dis-

tract. It was quite a compensation for the failure to see him at Lucknow that he was leading in such a good work.

We learned afterward that in the fearful crush, as the people ran down to bathe in the river at the sacred spot where Rama bathed over three thousand years ago, not less than sixty persons were trampled to death. Bathing twice a day is a necessary part of a Hindoo's religion. He will hold bitter discussions to prove his greater purity from his habit of personal cleanliness. The natives are also very careful about cleaning their teeth, which are remarkable for their clear whiteness. They use the end of a twig of some bitter tree for that purpose. They will scrub them daily, although they often use dirty, stagnant water in the process. If cleanliness was godliness the palm would have to be yielded to the Hindoos over some Christians. Water is profusely used after any act which defiles the body. The more sacred the bathing-place the more meritorious the bathing. Hence these holy spots are much frequented, and are places of social gathering and of extensive business transactions, as well as of religious ceremonies. Many Mohammedans attend Hindoo *melas*, and the Hindoos flock to Moslem festivals. The prospect of gain is stronger than religious hate.

We spent the Sabbath in Lucknow, the better enjoying its sacred rest and privileges after the noisy confusion made by idolatrous pilgrims with whom our lot had been cast for sixteen hours previously. Bishop Marvin preached at night in the Methodist church. The occasion was one of profit. American Methodism is here doing a good work among English subjects. A beautiful new church, built of funds raised on the spot, is about ready for dedication. The congregation is almost self-supporting. The M. E. Church owns much valuable

property here, and has made this the head-quarters of their mission in North India. Here is located their publishing house. The Rev. James Mudge is the editor of the *Lucknow Witness*, their Church-paper. I spent a delightful Sabbath with him, discussing the missionary outlook in India, as well as old college days at Wesleyan University, where we were fellow-students twelve years ago. Others of the friends of those years are at different points in India doing good work for the Master. Melville Cox Eliot, himself bearing an honored name, led the way, and fell at his post before the intelligence came that his appeals for India had won the consent of some of his college-mates to join him in the field.

One feature of the work in Lucknow is the large number of Sabbath-schools among the natives. I attended one of fifteen connected with this mission. There were some sixty boys present, who sung with considerable spirit. Pundits, or teachers in the day-schools, were there to assist as librarians and secretaries, but only Christian teachers aided in the work of instruction. One class of young men recited entirely in English. All of them were either Hindoos or Mohammedans, yet they manifested much interest in the study of the Scriptures. They were ready with shrewd questions, which showed that they had given the international lesson of the day considerable thought.

Lucknow interested us more as the scene of the decisive battles of the Sepoy rebellion than by its ancient or imposing buildings. We saw the ruins of some which were perhaps grander than any now standing. Years ago Lucknow was compared to Constantinople for architectural beauty. Many of the old palaces and mosques still remain, but one must see these structures of brick and stucco before he sees the stone and marble of Delhi and Agra to be impressed by them. It was thus that we saw

them, and we will try to forget the finer vision while we describe them. Kaiser Bagh, which we had to pass on our way to the hotel, was the favorite resort of the ex-King of Oude, for whom the government has provided quarters near Calcutta. The name literally signifies "Emperor's Garden." It embraces several acres, and is inclosed on all sides by tall and spacious buildings erected for his numerous wives. The gateways are quite imposing, while the grounds are well kept, with here and there a summer-house or an arbor of marble screen-work. The whole was erected at a cost of a million sterling, or five million dollars. It was much damaged during the mutiny, but has been put in a tolerable state of repair, and is now in charge of the native nobles, whom the government has conciliated by allowing them this favor. The royal palaces near by have only been repaired sufficiently to be used for public buildings, the government press, library, and museum. Some of them are on a large scale and in the midst of beautiful grounds. They now serve better purposes than for the uses of voluptuous kings. They have been consecrated by the English blood which was spilt to win them. In some of them untold cruelties were inflicted on English prisoners, none surviving to describe the nameless horrors.

The most massive building of Lucknow is a large mosque, designed to surpass in size the famous Jami Musjid of Delhi. The widow of the third King of Oude finished what her lord began, but while the result is a vast building there are no funds for keeping it in repair. Large endowments were left for all these fine structures. Mohammedanism is so largely indebted to the munificence of royal patrons that it appears to lack vitality to do any thing unaided by them. It is even accused of wasting funds which were left as endowments. In fact, the tomb of the

first King of Oude is kept in repair, and the objects of his charity are aided, by an endowment of a million sterling, which he left to the East India Company as trustees. He preferred the word of Englishmen to the oath of Moslems. From the proceeds of this endowment the grounds are illuminated twice every year—once on the anniversary of the king's death and again at the *moharam*, or great Moslem festival. The tomb is one of many in the city. It is really a vast building, covered with a dome. One is apt to take it for a mosque, until he observes that a mosque usually has three domes. Some of these tombs are fitted up with immense mirrors and glass chandeliers, and when all the surrounding grounds, as well as the tombs, are illuminated, the effect is a sort of immortality that is very dazzling to Oriental eyes.

The suite of buildings which each king sought to build consisted of a mosque, a building for both secular and religious uses, and a tomb for himself. These, approached by beautiful and lofty gateways, would make an earthly paradise. The pride of Lucknow was such a suite of buildings, called the Imambara. They were undertaken in 1784, as a sort of public-works relief, to give employment to the famine-stricken people. More than a million sterling was spent in their erection. The tomb was not built, however, and the nawab's body was buried in the large hall designed partly for secular uses. This entire building, constructed throughout of solid masonry, is now used as an arsenal by the English, and all the grounds are well fortified. Immense military roads were cut through the city after the mutiny, and these are commanded by the guns of the fort. Part of that policy which proclaimed Victoria Empress of India is to attach the natives still more to the British crown by restoring to them this great Imambara. *The English will build a new and better fort first.*

The Residency, with its battered walls, is still standing, and is the center of interest to the visitor at Lucknow. The extensive grounds are well kept, but the gateway through which Havelock led his brave columns after contesting every inch of the way for miles through the streets of the city, stands, like the ruins of the Residency, with its gaping wounds made by the enemy's cannon during the dreadful siege, a monument of the courage of its defenders, who did not falter in all the five long months of almost an uninterrupted battle. We first visited the cellar, where the women and children were placed for their greater safety, and where the wounded and dying were brought to receive their kind offices. Here the lint was prepared to stanch the flow of blood, and prayers were offered for the dying. Here, after the explosion of a shell gave him his death-wound while at his post of duty, Sir Henry Lawrence was brought to die. On being asked what he wished for his epitaph, he responded, "Here lies the body of Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul!" In the grave-yard near by, amid many long inscriptions on the elaborate monuments of his subordinates, there is a plain tomb with that simple epitaph. A large monument in the shape of a cross has been erected near the gateway, in memory of him and the gallant men who waited Havelock's coming. All during the siege an officer kept a lookout from the tower of the Residency, while batteries stationed at different points of the grounds answered the sullen voices of the enemy's cannon. The Sepoys had not in vain learned the arts of war from their English officers, and their mining operations were only too successful. But for the opportune appearance of relief the result might have been among the most appalling of history. The coming of Havelock's men, while it gave

assurance of greater powers of resistance, only increased the privations of the garrison, hundreds of whom succumbed to disease, and among them their brave Christian general. The final relief came nearly two months later, and in November, 1857, the besieged garrison, with its sacred trust of women and children, withdrew in safety to Allahabad.

Sadder than any event which occurred at Lucknow were those which took place at Cawnpore, the sites of which we also visited. Nana Sahib, a Hindoo of considerable pretensions to rank, had appealed in vain to the English for some inherited position on which he had not been permitted to enter. He continued, however, apparently on the best of terms with the officials, who did not hesitate, when the mutiny threatened, to give him a post of considerable honor. In short, he had charge of the arms, powder, and treasure. Pretending to reconcile the mutineers, he dissuaded them from marching to Delhi, and led them in an attack on the unsuspecting English, bombarding them with the very cannon which they had placed in his charge. After three weeks of fighting they welcomed a proposition to be escorted in safety to the Ganges, and be allowed to embark for Allahabad. When only a part had embarked the boats were set on fire, and a heavy fire of grape and musketry was opened on the deluded garrison. Many were slain, and the remainder, with only four exceptions, were driven back to the town and placed in confinement. The males among the captives were afterward taken out and shot. A worse fate awaited the women and children. Their numbers were shortly increased by about fifty other captives. The threatened approach of the British troops hastened their fate. By order of the Nana the work of slaughter was commenced. The marks on the walls showed that pistol-shots and saber-thrusts were the appointed means of

death. There were nearly two hundred to be slain, and it is doubtful whether all were killed that night. Perhaps many weltered in their own blood, and that of their comrades, until the following morning, when the bodies of the dead and dying were thrown together in a large well.

When the soldiers entered the town the slaughter-house was empty, save the large quantity of blood which covered the floor. Looking down into the well, they saw a mass of naked human limbs. The well was filled with earth, and after the close of the war a beautiful monument was erected over it. There it stands to-day, an angel with downcast face and drooping wings, all of pure white marble, while round the pedestal is the inscription: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a large company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhoondonapont, of Bithoor, and cast the dying with the dead into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857." Now all the grounds are inclosed, and no natives are allowed to enter except by special permission. As, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Waugh, we drove slowly up the avenue, at the other end of which stood the monument, the angel looking down upon the mangled forms which sleep beneath, the impression was deeply solemn. It seemed almost a sacrilege to speak.

While there was hard fighting done at Delhi, as a small force of English besieged the Mogul emperor in his capital, and finally blowing up one of the gates and forcing an entrance, virtually ended the war, yet the spots consecrated by most blood were Lucknow and Cawnpore. There was no doubt a perfect understanding between the people of Oude and the Moslem head-quarters at Delhi, and Oude became the real battle-field, while the mutiny naturally had its center in the imperial city. This is

not the place to discuss the causes of the mutiny—whether it was due to the recent deposing of the King of Oude, or to the settled hatred of the natives, brought to a focus by the tradition that one hundred years after the battle of Plassey, in 1757, English supremacy would cease in India. It doubtless showed that the empire must still, as in former years, be ruled by force. Thus England has to-day not less than sixty thousand soldiers in India, aside from two or three times that number of native troops. These latter make good soldiers so far as their fighting qualities are concerned, but the question is, For whom? In the mutiny they fought well against their masters, after conspiring to assassinate their officers. They belong mostly to the soldier caste, and would be disgraced by any other than military employment. Native princes have ceased to have large standing armies, and these Sepoys depend on the English for employment. Such officers as I have talked with appear to believe in their courage, and rely upon drill to take the place of loyalty. It should be remembered that not all were faithless during the mutiny. They receive about seven rupees, or three dollars and a half, a month, and provide their own food. They are thus far cheaper than English soldiers, who receive a shilling a day and their keeping. They are, moreover, acclimated, and in the event of deaths their ranks can be filled more readily.

This part of India, which was swept by the war of the mutiny, was selected as the mission-field of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They had hardly begun operations when, in 1857, the gathering tempest burst. Thus their field is one of average difficulty at least, and to achieve any success, amid those whose religious prejudice would naturally be intensified by dislike of their conquerors, is a result full of encouragement. I have before me the min

utes of the North India Conference, just held, from which it appears that there are over two thousand native communicants, besides fifty local preachers. During the past year there were one hundred and sixty-six adult and one hundred and ninety-three infant baptisms. These include one hundred and five converts from Hindooism and nine from Islamism. They have eight thousand and ninety-three day-school pupils and six thousand seven hundred and fifty-one Sunday-school scholars, and of this latter number one thousand one hundred and seventy-two are fifteen years old and over. Weekly papers are published in the vernacular, which have an extensive circulation in the schools and homes of the people. Many standard Christian books have also been printed in the Urdu and Hindoo languages.

While the converts have been mostly from the lower class of society, people without a caste, and hence called *outcasts*, their condition has been so much improved, as the result of their teaching, that they are prospering in worldly affairs, and promise soon to support their native pastors. More than a year ago it was reported that seven native Churches were about self-supporting. The tone of moral life among the members is said to be good, while those who are not Christians have learned to regard as sinful many things allowed by the Hindoos and Mohammedans, and hence have ceased to respect the religion of the latter. It is one thing, however, to despise a religion and another to renounce it. To renounce it means to invoke the hate and violence of all who espouse it. That many are faithful to their convictions, despite the consequences, is a reason for believing their sincerity.

The work has commanded not simply the respect and aid of government officials, both civil and military, but one or two wealthy natives have become

interested in some departments of it. The Nawab of Rampore, a native ruler, donated to the Mission a large house and some forty-two acres of land, to be used as a hospital for native women. Another native gave a considerable sum to establish a Female Medical Class, to be under the control of the Mission. Here, as in China, the medical practitioner has ready access to the homes and hearts of the people. Some of the female missionaries are also physicians, and the wives of some of the native preachers have studied medicine, so that they may be more welcome among the people, and be able to find ready ears for the truth.

These are indications of what is being done. They at least show the practicability of missionary work among the most prejudiced and bigoted people of the world. A more general outlook will be given in our last letter from India.

Bombay, India, March 10, 1877.