

# THE INDIAN MUTINY

AND IN PARTICULAR,

## A Narrative

OF

EVENTS AT CAWNPORE,

JUNE AND JULY, 1857,

BY

J. Lee,

*(Now Proprietor of the Railway Hotel, Cawnpore,  
Formerly of the 53rd, (Shropshire), Regiment of Foot,  
Also a Soldier of Gough's days).*

who was present

TWO HOURS AND TEN MINUTES AFTER THE BUTCHERS  
COMPLETED THEIR SANGUINARY WORK  
IN "THE HOUSE OF MASSACRE."

SUPPLEMENTED BY

The NARRATOR'S TRAVELS  
AND  
VISIT to ENGLAND and AMERICA.  
IN  
1883.

TOGETHER WITH

the manner in which he was received by his  
relatives in different places,  
AND

Some amusing letters from them after the lapse of  
40 years in India.

J. LEE.

## Preface.

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In presenting my pamphlet to the public I must apologise for falling into the general custom (that of ninety-nine of a hundred writers) of inflicting the reader with a prefatory note. In the several editions that have previously issued, I especially avoided this course. However, I feel certain that there will not be a single reader but will admit the justice of my explanatory remarks which nothing could have provoked me into making short of trying to filch from me my good name :—

*Good name, in man and woman, dear, my lord,*

*Is the immediate jewel of their souls.*

*Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;*

*'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slaves to thousands ;*

*But he that filches from me my good name,*

*Robs me of that which not enriches him,*

*And makes me poor indeed.*

*Othello. Act, iii. S. 3.*

As I remember it expressed by a lady author, “ there can be no more agreeable conviction to a writer, than that of having selected a subject in which the feelings of a large proportion of readers are naturally and *deeply* interested.” The Indian Mutiny must ever be regarded as such a subject ; in fact, as one of the popular themes of the century, it has engaged in its service many abler pens than mine, but, instead of shrinking, for this reason, from the humble performance of my labours of love, I am the more encouraged to proceed ; because, while the subject itself derives interest and importance from the variety of talent it calls forth, I am satisfied, that, so far as a work of this kind can be recommended to every soldier, by being written with the warm feelings of a comrade and a brother, no one can offer more legitimate

claims than myself, considering that I have been out in India about 49 years, from as far back as 1844, and that I was an actor and eye witness to very many of the scenes of the stirring days of the Indian Mutiny Campaigns, throughout which (1857, 1858 and 1859) I served and was rewarded with the Mutiny Medal and two Clasps, having received a sabre cut over the left arm at Cawnpore on the 5th December 1857.

However, because of the above claims, and of the consideration shown me by the visitors to my Hotel, who have *pressed* me to relate the scenes over and over again to them, there has been kindled a feeling of covetousness and jealousy in the breasts of a few, *residents in India*, who, returning evil for good, have been active in spreading a report that I could not have been an actor in the Mutiny Campaigns and the scenes at Lucknow and Cawnpore, as I was a patient then in the Hospital at Dum Dum. I am glad, however, to have, in order to contradict them, the direct testimony of Mr. Forbes Mitchell, which cannot be gain-sayed, as that gentleman served in the old 93rd Sutherland Highlanders and came out with them in 1857. On the 1st of June of that year three Companies, of which Mr. Forbes Mitchell's formed one, embarked, with him on board, in a coasting steamer for Plymouth, where they joined the *Belleisle*, an old 84 gun two-decker, which had been converted into a transport for the China Expedition. It was not before reaching Simon's Bay, on the afternoon of the 9th August 1857, that news was heard of the Indian Mutiny and of the *Belleisle's* route being changed from China to Calcutta which was reached on the 20th September, the anniversary of the Alma.

Having therefore served in the old 93rd Sutherland Highlanders and been present at every action in which that famous regiment played a part, from the Relief of Lucknow in November 1857 till the final operations in Oudh ended in February 1859, Mr. Forbes Mitchell's testimony in the Calcutta "*State-*

man" in respect of myself, is invaluable, and I am indeed grateful to him for his mention of me which, coming just as it has while I am having another edition of my pamphlet printed, has proved most timely. I also thank the "*Cawnpore Exchange Gazette*" for very kindly reproducing, in its own columns, Mr. Forbes Mitchell's narrative of myself, with an opening notice of its own. I shall, next following this Preface, give *Extracts* from both these papers, confining myself here to only a single *Extract* from "*A Winter in India*" by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Baxter, M. P.

*Pages 62 to 64.*—Sergeant Lee, a very remarkable man, now keeps the clean Railway Hotel, near the Railway Station. He went out to India in 1844; has marched from Peshawur to Calcutta 2,200 miles in 4 months, was in nearly all the great battles in Scinde; marched to the Relief of Lucknow and Cawnpore, with Sir Henry Havelock and Lord Clyde.\* Although three times wounded has enjoyed perfect health, without ever being home, or even up to the hills; is very well to do, and very thankful to God for his position and success in life."

"I write at the close of a memorable day, when, under his guidance and listening to his vivid and naturally eloquent description we have visited the scenes of the awful catastrophe. The three wells—first, that into which were thrown the bodies of those who died in Wheeler's Entrenchment, and for whom no cemetery could be found among the living; the second, from

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\* The Rt. Hon'ble W. E. Baxter is slightly out here. There were *two* Reliefs of Lucknow, I marched with the *first* under Sir Henry Havelock and my party were in turn relieved (the *Second* Relief) by Lord Clyde, with my Regiment it is true, but I had preceded them to Lucknow, for, when Havelock left Calcutta for the Relief of Cawnpore there was no Cavalry, and certain of the 53rd. I among the number, were allowed to join the Volunteer Cavalry in Havelock's Brigade. This is how I had to undergo fearful hardships in Lucknow until it was relieved a second time. The confusion has arisen from my Regiment being of the *relieving* force while I was one of the *relieved*.

which alone the besieged could draw water, but always at the peril of their lives, as it was commanded by the enemy's guns; the third, into which were heaped the mutilated bodies of Nana Sahib's victims and which now stands in the midst of a most beautiful garden, and over which has been erected a memorial screen and a statue by Baron Marochetti. We sat on the steps of the ghaut where the too confiding ones embarked and were fired upon; inspected the monuments in the handsome Memorial Church; and for four hours listened to descriptions of horrors almost too terrible for relation."

It may be, the tale of the massacre and what happened afterwards, may never be told. Things could be written about Sepoy barbarities in the next generation which could scarcely, having regard to the feelings of sorrowing families, be committed to paper while any of the victims are alive; and it may turn out that blowing from the guns was one of the mildest forms of retribution practised by the British troops."

In conclusion I would express my thanks to all who have accorded me their patronage and resided at my Hotel. I hope that through their agency others will be directed to visit "The Old Soldier of Gough's days,"

J. LEE.

EXTRACT FROM,  
 "The Cawnpore Exchange Gazette,"  
 3rd April, 1893.

We make no apology to the Calcutta "*Statesman*" and Mr. Forbes-Mitchel for the following extract from, "*Thirty-five years after ; or, Scenes of the Mutiny Revisited,*" published in the above Daily on the 19th ultimo, as it treats of one of our oldest residents, in the person of Mr. Joseph Lee of the Railway Hotel. The account now given of Mr. Lee's connection with the Mutiny should, if true, for *ever* set at rest any doubts that may have existed as to the Veterans actual participation in some of the events of those stirring times. We quote the words of Mr. Forbes-Mitchell, who recently visited Cawnpore and, by the way, we may mention that he gave Mr. Lee a written declaration,\* which Mr. Lee now holds, stating certain facts.

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EXTRACT FROM  
 "The Statesman and Friend of India,"  
 19th March, 1893.

"THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER;

OR,

SCENES OF THE MUTINY REVISITED.,"

by

*William Forbes-Mitchell, late 93rd Sutherland  
 Highlanders.*

XXI.

(For the "*Statesman.*")

CAWNPORE IN ITS PALMY DAYS.

IN 1857 and 1858 the usual expression of old Indians, with reference to Cawnpore was "You ought to have seen Cawnpore in its palmy days," and meant when the city was our frontier station with a garrison of four Batteries of Artillery, two Regiments of Cavalry and three of Infantry, all cantoned in Cawnpore

to overawe Lucknow, the capital of Oudh, with its court intrigues and turbulent population. Therefore, "Cawnpore in its palmy days" signified a large military cantonment, with its private theatricals, its balls, picnics and dinners, its marryings and its givings-in-marriage, varied by visits from the be-jewelled Nana Sahib, moving about the General's ball-room with a haughty stare and ill-concealed dislike, while young subalterns remarked, in the hearing of his English-speaking followers, "Why the deuce does the General ask that nigger here." That picture of "Cawnpore in its palmy days" had a sad, I may say a horrible, reverse to its "palmy" side in the Suttee Chowra Ghaut Massacre," the Slaughter house and Well all of 1857. What was the lesson meant to be taught by the reverse of the picture. Be that what it may, my re-visit to Cawnpore, thirty-five years after, tempts me to draw comparisons and to remark, that I consider the Cawnpore of the present time far more deserving of being classed as "Cawnpore in its palmy days," than was the Cawnpore of 1853, before the annexation of Oudh. On the 6th December 1857, I advanced across the Canal with *thirty-six*, well served, heavy guns pouring shot and shell through our ranks. On the 19th August 1892, I stood on the top of the Cawnpore Woollen Mills, and counted *thirty-six* chimneys of sizes belching out smoke from more than three times that number of steam boilers and, in my perambulations through Cawnpore, I called at each of the Mills, and I dare say many of the Managing Directors and Managers must have considered me a most inquisitive globe-trotter, (rather early in the season), when I invariably asked them the number of natives employed in each Mill, and the amount of wages paid monthly, for only *native* labour. But, as a rule, I got a straight answer to a straight question, and when I got back to my room in Lee's Railway Hotel, and totalled up the figures, I found that the European industries of Cawnpore are paying, *monthly*, an average of Rs, 1,36,000 for *native* labour alone !!! Month after

month, throughout the year, this amount of money is being expended by the European industries and European enterprise of Cawnpore and, without a single exception, every one of these industries has been built up by independent European enterprise, and this within only the past quarter of a century, for I did not include the Government Harness Factory in my calculations, because it was in existence before 1857, although it was then destroyed and had to be re-erected. In my cogitations I was obliged to admit, that Cawnpore refutes those who so unblushingly assert that the country is rapidly "going to the dogs." If British pluck and bayonets avenged the murders of our countrymen, women and children in 1857, British skill and industry have made a noble return to the poor of Cawnpore for the loss of its great Military Cantonment, its Nana Sahib and his Mahratta rabble; and the "Captains of Industry," to use Carlyse's phrase, who have done this, are as much entitled to Stars and Titles, as were the military commanders who stamped out the Mutiny. As an old soldier I desire to return my sincere thanks to the Field-Marskals, Generals and Brigadiers of Industry in Cawnpore for the kind way in which they all received me, when they found I was an old soldier of 1857. In returning my thanks, I must especially mention the ladies:—Mrs. Johnson of the Muir Mills, and Mrs. McRobert of the Woollen Mills, both of whom gave a most kind welcome to the "Old Highlander." As for the gentlemen I cannot name them all. I can only select a few as representative of the rest, and, as all were equally civil, I will take them in alphabetical order. Mr. Beer of Messrs. Beer Brothers & Co., Mr. Johnson of the Muir Mills; Mr. Ledgard of Messrs. Cooper Allen, & Co.; and Mr. McRobert of the Cawnpore Woollen Mills—all able Generals of Divisions in the Army of Industry. Mr. Ledgard, alone, has a Division of nearly twice the numerical strength of the force with which Sir Colin Campbell re-took Cawnpore from the grasp of the Gwalior Contingent, on the 6th December 1857.

In returning my thanks, I had almost forgotten the Brigadier of the Elgin Mills Brigade, who proposed to send me to the top of the Elgin Mills chimney to get a bird's-eye view of Cawnpore ; I, however, begged to be excused the journey because I had already accompanied my countryman, Mr. McRobert, to the terrace of the third story of the Cawnpore Woollen Mills which was the height of my ambition that morning. In this notice of my friends in Cawnpore there is one individual who deserves a whole chapter to himself : that is the immortal Joe Lee, and I must devote the rest of this chapter to informing the readers of the "*Statesman*"

" HOW I DISCOVERED JOE LEE,

My old friend *Dobbin*, of 1857.

I had never seen Joe Lee, nor heard of him to the best of my belief. When I revisited Cawnpore on the 19th August 1892, I then heard of him from several gentlemen resident there, and I may as well say at once that the general opinion was, that Joe Lee was addicted to expanding the truth with regard to what he had seen of the events of the Mutiny of 1857. Some enemy had spread a report that Joe had not actually seen anything of Cawnpore and the scenes which he so graphically described till long after, because he had been, so his enemy had said, left in hospital in Dum-Dum when the 53rd was sent to the front for the relief of Lucknow ; and, when I was informed that Joe Lee stated that he had formed one of Havelock's Brigade and had entered Cawnpore only a few hours after the massacre of the women and children, I was inclined to believe it more than likely that I would find Joe Lee more or less a humbug. I, therefore, agreed to give the results of my observations regarding Joe Lee's knowledge of actual events, so far as I had witnessed them myself, and could consequently check the correctness of the statements. I, accordingly, returned through Cawnpore

via Jhansi, arriving by the mail train I. M. Railway, from Bombay and allowed myself to be annexed by Joe Lee's man at the Railway Station. I soon after found myself in a comfortable room in Lee's Hotel and after a bath and *chota hazree* I requested an interview with mine host. I introduced myself as a commercial traveller from New York, who had been with General Lee in Virginia, and having only the day before finished reading through "With Lee in Virginia," by Henry, I considered myself well prepared, should Joe Lee have read much about the American Civil War and attempt to put me through my catechism. But, after our introduction, Joe did not appear to wish to hear anything about "Lee in Virginia" instead he asked me all about New York, which he had himself lately visited on a pleasure trip to America. I was, however, not prepared for this, and was in danger of falling into the pit I had dug for Joe Lee, for I knew nothing whatever about Brooklyn Bridge, Manhattan Island &c., &c., so I had to plead that I was very tired and gladly accepted a copy of Joe's book, "The Indian Mutiny and Events at Cawnpore during 1857," to read before starting to visit, with my host as my guide, the scenes described.

From the first interview I was convinced I had seen Joe Lee in 1857, although 35 years had considerably altered him, but I remembered his voice more than his features. So we had barely stated on our round, when I asked him if he ever heard of a man, a Sergeant I believed, in the 53rd by the name of Dobbin, who had called to Sir Colin Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief, on the 16th November '57, in front of the Secundrabagh, 'Let the two-thirds at 'em, Sir Colin, and we'll soon make short work of those murdering villains'. When I asked this Joe drew himself together in his buggy, and, looking me straight in the face, replied, By Joe, how do you know about that? I an Sergeant Dobbin; it was I who called to Sir Colin. How came you to know about it? I replied, "I

read it in America in a history of the Indian Mutiny, to which Joe replied "I have never seen that mentioned in any history that I have read." I rejoined "That may be the history that was published by a man of the 93rd Highlanders in New York, and he mentions many thing that are not noticed by other writers. On this Joe exclaimed, "I would like to get that history for, I have never seen it; what is the name of the author?" I replied by asking how it happened that, "Sergeant Dobbin" of 1857 could become "Joe Lee" of 1892? Oh! that is easily explained" said Joe, "*Dobbin* was a nick-name given to me from a character which I used to represent on the stage, and all the officers and men knew me better by the name of *Dobbin* than they did by my real name." I need not take up the time of my readers with all my conversation with Joe Lee. Let it suffice to say that it was most amusing I made him take me all over the route by which the 42nd, 53rd and 93rd advanced against the Gwalior Contingent on the 6th December 1857, all through the city, past the Memorial Gardens and Well, &c., &c., past where the Fort stood, (now the Government Harness Factory), and every now and again Joe would draw up the horse, stare at me, and exclaim, "By Joe yen have read history, to some purpose. I have shown many visitors over Cawnpore, but I have never before met one who remembered details like you." This went on till we finally got to the Memorial Church on our way back from the Sutte Choura Ghat, where Wheeler's force was destroyed by the treachery of the Nann, and at every detail of history which I remembered, Joe began to question me the more closely on his side. At length when we got to the church, Joe became so excited when describing all about the massacre and pointing out names on the tablets, that he actually commenced to cry and the tears ran down his cheeks; and it was almost as bad with myself, but my emotion was caused more through suppressing laughter because, all this time, I firmly believed that Joe was describing

what he had not seen that is, I believed he had seen just as much as I had done myself and nothing more, and all his descriptions about gathering the bodies of the murdered women and children, putting them into the well and so forth, I believed to be an expansion of fact. However, when we got to the church, I brought out another incident connected with my former acquaintance "Dobbin" which I had kept in reserve. I may as well explain that on a campaign every soldier carries his own tin pot in which he receives his grog &c., and Sergeant Dobbin had a famous tin pot, made of double block-tin, ornamented with drawings of the regimental colors and with all the honors engraved on it, also the "Retreat from Lucknow" and "Relief of Cawnpore." I saw a cook-boy of the 53rd with this highly ornamented tin pot, and I annexed it for my own use. But when we were encamped at Cawnpore, Sergeant Dobbin sent a notice through the camp offering a reward for the recovery of his tin pot which, his cook-boy had reported, was annexed by a corporal of the 93rd, and the reward offered was a quart bottle of grog; so I took back the tin pot to Sergeant Dobbin, and in return he filled my water flask with rum and pretended that he valued the tin pot because of the beautiful manner in which it was engraved. But I had found out the real reason. The tin-pot was what old soldiers called a Bagdader tin pot. It had a false bottom to it and two drams of rum could be so cleverly concealed in the bottom, that the pot might pass inspection as empty. This was the reason Joe Lee, *alias* "Dobbin," was so anxious for its recovery. However, when I returned the tin pot I did not tell him that I had discovered its secret compartment, and Sergeant Dobbin was careful enough not to enlighten me. Well, when we were in the church and Joe had described most of the tablets and wept with excitement, I suddenly asked him if he remembered the incident of Dobbin's tin pot being lost on the "Retreat from Lucknow." Joe Lee at once dried his tears and, looking me straight in the face, said "You have seen Cawnpore before and you know more about the Mutiny than you pretend to do. In what history did

you find an account of my tin pot? I have had my suspicions of you for some time. You know too much. I believe you are the corporal who brought back my tin pot!" Then I was obliged to own up for, being in the church, I could not bring myself to carry the deception further, so I, in my turn, called on Joe Lee to explain the following additions or expansions of truth. "Considering that the 53rd Regiment did not go to Lucknow till November 1857, when they accompanied Sir Colin Campbell along with the 93rd Highlanders, how did Joe Lee manage to be with General Havelock's Brigade in Cawnpore in July, three months before his Regiment came to Cawnpore?" Joe Lee explained that when Havelock left Calcutta for the Relief of Cawnpore there was no cavalry, and certain men of the 53rd who could ride were allowed to join the Volunteer Cavalry, and Joe Lee being a Welshman, and every Welshman being a good horseman, he had volunteered and joined Havelock's Brigade as a cavalryman. That explanation was, so far, satisfactory. But Joe Lee had been in the habit of stating that he entered the Residency with Generals Havelock and Outram on the 14th September 1857. If that was so, how did he manage to be with his regiment at the Secundrabagh on the 16th November, seeing that the Residency was not relieved till the afternoon of the 17th? I thought I had Joe Lee in a cleft stick at that point. But no. He replied "Well, I have never exactly said that I entered the Residency with Havelock and Outram on the 14th September. I have been obliged to describe the advance of Havelock to Lucknow so often to people who cannot understand the difference between the Allumbagh and the Residency. As a matter of fact I advanced with Havelock and took part in *every* engagement till we reached the Allumbagh, and cavalry being of little or no use in the streets of the city we were left in the Allumbagh on the 14th September, and I did not see the Residency till after it was relieved by Sir Colin Campbell on the 17th November. In the interval between the 14th September and the 11th

November, when Sir Colin, with the 53rd and 93rd, was in front of the Allumbagh, my horse had been killed, so I joined my Regiment the 53rd, Captain Walton's company, and advanced on the 14th November 1857 and consequently *was* with the regiment when the two thirds, 53rd and 93rd, stormed the Secundrabagh. So you have got the actual facts of my service and when we return to the Hotel, I will show you my medals and record of service." On returning to the Hotel Joe Lee brought me his old regimental records, in which I found the following duly attested entries : " Corporal Joseph Lee, Regimental Number, 3167 ; served in the 53rd Regiment, Shropshire Light Infantry, under Sir Colin Campbell in the Peshawar Valley, 1851 and 1852 ; served throughout the Mutiny Campaigns, 1857, 1858 and 1859 ; " Relief of Lucknow" from 10th to 24th November ; " Relief of Cawnpore," 1st to 6th December 1857, Serai Ghat, 9th December 1857 ; Kali Nadi Bridge, 2nd January 1858 ; Shumshabad, 28th January 1858 ; Storming and Capture of Miangunge, 23rd February 1858 ; Siege of Lucknow, from 2nd to 19th March 1858 ; Kursi, 24th March 1858 ; Passage of the Gogra, 25th March 1858 ; Action at Bungaon, 3rd December 1858 ; Tulsipore, 23rd December 1858. Mutiny Medal with two clasps. Wounded in left arm ; at Cawnpore on the 5th December 1857.\*

So much for my interview with Joe Lee. Of course, I will not guarantee that Joe does not occasionally expand the truth by mixing up what has been told him with what he has seen but taking him all round, there are but few Europeans, now alive who know, from personal knowledge, more about Cawnpore in 1857 than Joe Lee does, and I cannot close this account of my re-visit without stating my belief that Cawnpore, without Joe Lee, would be equal to an edition of Shakespeare with

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\* This was a sabre cut, but I was also wounded at the battle of Sobraon and again in the Punjab Campaign—both the latter were shot wounds.

*Hamlet* expurgated, or Robbie Burns without *Tam o' Shanter*, or with "Holy Willie's Prayer," all cut out. Joe Lee is an institution in himself that Cawnpore cannot afford to lose, and I advise the good people of Cawnpore to cherish him as one of the ornaments of their station, and adopt the advice of the poet towards him:—

Be to his faults a little blind,

Be to his virtues very kind.

If Joe Lee had been born three hundred years ago he would have been a Welsh bard of renown. My readers must excuse me for devoting so much space to Joe Lee. I do so, since I had promised many gentlemen in Cawnpore to give my candid opinion of the man, because some whom he had befriended had spread reports that he was not in Cawnpore till long after the Mutiny was over. *Now, that is untrue.* Joe Lee was with the 53rd at the Secundrabagh on the 16th November 1857; I stole his tin pot at Bunnee Bridge on the 28th November; I returned it to him at Cawnpore about the 3rd December; so I am *positive* that Joe Lee saw as much of the Mutiny as I saw myself. So much for my direct evidence, and here I will end this chapter.

CAWNPORE, 15TH SEPTEMBER, 1892.

I cannot state in words the pleasure I have received from meeting Mr. Lee, in his own Hotel, on my re-visiting Cawnpore after 35 years. Mr. Lee did not know me nor did I tell him, till after he had taken me all over Cawnpore and the scenes of 1857, that I had served in the old 93rd Highlanders, in the same Brigade as Mr. Lee's Regiment, the old 53rd Shropshire and that I could myself describe every incident related by Mr. Lee. I now beg Mr. Lee's pardon for playing him this old soldier's trick. I am glad to see Mr. Lee so hale and hearty and so comfortable in his old age. He appears to

me to be as ready for a fight as he was on the morning of the 16th November 1857, when the old 53rd and 93rd were lying down behind a mud wall in front of the Secundrabagh in Lucknow, and Captain Peel's guns were breaching the walls under a very heavy and well directed fire from the enemy's loop-holes, so heavy and well aimed that two guns' crew were disabled in about 20 minutes, and a certain Sergeant Lee of the 53rd, presuming on old Punjab acquaintance, called out to the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Colin Campbell, of glorious memory, " Sir Colin, Your Excellency, let the Infantry charge, let the two thirds (the 53rd and 93rd) at 'em, and we will soon make sharp work of those murdering villains." The Commander-in-Chief replied " Do you think the hole is big enough Sergeant Lee?" Sergeant Lee said " If it is not big enough we can widen it with our bayonets." The General then gave the command, " Colonel Ewart and Captain Walton, let the 93rd and 53rd prepare to charge," and we charged, and two hours after the bayonets, both Highland and Shropshire, had done their work, and over two thousand *pandies* lay dead within the enclosure of the Secundrabagh and when the muster rolls were being called, Sir Colin Campbell rode to the front of the column and said, " 53rd and 93rd, you have bravely done your share of this morning's work and Cawnpore, is avenged. Is Sergeant Lee safe?" A Welshman answered, " All right, Your Excellency, except a few scratches which a glass of grog will heal." But enough. I am proud to meet Mr. Lee in his own Hotel, and may good luck still attend him. If ever detraction dare to smite him, " May none believe it" is the sincere wish of his old comrade in arms.

(Sd.) WILLIAM FORBES-MITCHELL,

*Late 93rd Highlanders,*

*Now, Honorary Magistrate and Merchant,*

*Garden Reach,*

*Calcutta.*



## THE RE-OCCUPATION OF CAWNPORE.

When Nana Sahib heard that Havelock had defeated his troops at the Pandu Nadi,\* and had cleared the road to Cawnpore, he ordered the massacre of all the English women and children in his power. Between four that afternoon and nine the next morning two hundred and six persons, (mostly women and children of gentle birth) were barbarously butchered and their bodies thrown into a dry well situated behind the building in which they had been confined.

Ignorant of this brutal massacre Havelock pushed swiftly forward from the Pandu Nadi, and at an early hour next morning, (July 16th) came in sight of the forces of Nana Sahib, who had taken up a position at the village of Alurwa, where the Cantonment Road branches off from the Grand Trunk Road to the Cawnpore City.

The position which Nana Sahib occupied was impassable, and his entrenchments were arranged with seven heavy guns. Havelock, seeing that his men would be shot down in great numbers before the entrenchments could be carried by a direct attack, resolved on a flank movement on the enemy's left. After giving his exhausted troops two or three hours rest in a mango grove, until the fierce heat of the sun had somewhat abated, he gave the word to advance. The Madras Fusiliers led, followed by two guns, then came the 78th Highlanders, followed by the central battery of six guns. The 64th and 84th had two more guns in rear and the Regiment of Ferozpour Sikhs closed the column. The flank movement was screened, for a considerable distance, by a clump of mango trees, but, as soon as Nana Sahib discovered it, he sent forward a large body of Horse slewed his guns round and opened fire with shot and shell.

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\* Nadi means Stream.

Havelock, however, continued to advance until the enemy's left was completely turned. He then ordered his little column to "Form Line," and, while the British guns opened fire upon the rebel batteries, the Infantry advanced *in echelon* of Regiments, covered by a wing of Fusiliers as skirmishers. Then came a series of operations in which were strikingly displayed the superior qualities of the British Infantry.

Havelock directed the 78th to advance and, 'Never have I witnessed' he said, 'conduct more admirable,' for, as they approached the village they cheered and charged with the bayonet the pipers sounding the pibroch. Havelock himself followed close behind throughout the charge and, after the men were halted in rear of the village, rode up to them and exclaimed 'Well done 78th you shall be my own regiment.'

At the word, '*Charge*', wrote an eye witness, 'the village was taken in an instant.'

THE FOLLOWING SHORT SKETCH GIVES THE PRINCIPAL OBJECTS OF  
INTEREST AND THE COMMERCIAL AND BUSINESS PLACES OF  
CAWNPORE.

Cawnpore is situated on the right bank of the Ganges about 130 miles above its junction with the Jumna at Allahabad. It is 965 miles from Bombay and is arrived at by the G. I. P. and E. I. Railways, or by the E. B. and G. I. P. Railway, and Rajputana State Railway to Agra, thence to Cawnpore—1,006 miles from Bombay ; or by a still shorter route *viz.* the G. I. P. Railway as far as Manickpore on the Jubbulpore Line, and from thence by the Indian Midland Railway which comes straight into Cawnpore. From Cawnpore you take train to Lucknow by the Ondh and Rohilkund Railway, 43 miles distant. There is also the Cawnpore and Farakhabad State Railway, a narrow guage line, about a quarter of a mile north of the East Indian Railway Station.

The chief objects of interest are the Memorial Garden, in which the Memorial is erected over the Well into which so many victims were cast in 1857; the two cemeteries in the garden; Sutte Choura Ghat, the scene of the slaughter of the too confiding garrison ; General Wheeler's Entrenchment ; the Memorial Church, built on the site of the entrenchment ; and a small cemetery situated in the precincts of the European Infantry Barracks.

Cawnpore is one of the principal grain and cotton marts in India. It is also noted for its leather manufactories. There is a Government Saddlery and Harness Factory, for the purpose of making military accoutrements for British troops, under an able Superintendent, Col. P. F. M. Baddeley, of the Royal Artillery, who has managed it for several years with great satisfaction to Government, as did his predecessor, Colonel Stewart who indeed was the founder of the Factory as far back as three years only after the Mutiny, and to whose strenuous efforts,

For over a quarter of a century, the present flourishing state and firm footing of the Factory is mainly due. Messrs. Cooper Allen have a large boot factory for the purpose of turning out boots for British troops. This is a private firm. Both the above establishments are well worth visiting. Messrs. Foy Brother's Firm is next in importance in this line. They make boots and shoes of all descriptions, saddlery and harness, portmantaus, &c. Native workmen, producing the same articles, are very numerous, but their work is very inferior in quality.

There are four Banks, the Bank of Bengal and the Branches of the Allahabad Bank, "Ld.", and Simla Alliance Bank, "Ld." and the National Bank of India "Ld." There is a Government Flour Mill for the purpose of making flour for European troops in the North-West Provinces.

Cawnpore is also noted for its weaving and spinning Mills. The Elgin Mills were the first of their kind in Cawnpore, then followed, in rapid succession, the Muir Mills, called after Sir William Muir, who was then Lieut. Governor of the N. W. P.; the Cawnpore Cotton Mills "Ld." in Cooper Gunge started in May 1883. The machinery of these Mills is on the newest principle; after them the Woollen Mills, for the manufacture of Woollen goods only. As also the Sri Dwarka Dhees Jute Mills, the only Jute Mills in the N-W. Provinces, and the Victoria Cotton Mills, which, though established years later, can well hold their own against their older compeers, the Elgin, Muir and Cawnpore Cotton Mills. These are all worthy of a visit, for it is very interesting to watch the *Indian* children, with their parents, working in the Mills on *English* principles.

In addition to the Memorial Church there is Christ's Church, a Methodist Episcopal and English Church and a Roman Catholic Chapel.

The principal English shops and places of business are:—Messrs. Byramjee & Co., Jamsetjee & Co., both General and Wine Merchants; Creet & Co., Pratt & Co., Foy Brothers, all three Boot and Shoe Makers, and dealers in all Leather requisites; Messrs. Charles & Co., Chemists and Druggists, who have a Branch in Meerut with a Printing Press attached. Cawnpore has more than one Printing Press, amongst them the Victoria Press, most patronised by the chief Government Officials and for Regimental printing work; Shircore & Co. General Merchants, Printers and Agents; Messrs Dawson & Co., Civil and Military Tailors and Dressmakers, as well as Agents for the sale of Millinery and General Goods belonging to Whiteaway Laidlaw of Calcutta; Mr. C. Cooke, the well known Pianoforte Tuner and Repairer from the great firm of Messrs. C. Marcks & Co., Bombay, and lastly, but by no means least, we have LEE'S RAILWAY HOTEL, the only European Hotel in the Station under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Lee.

At the end of this pamphlet will be found Testimonials I have received from distinguished visitors during the last 20 years, and I trust all who have had the goodness to purchase this Pamphlet will recommend their friends and acquaintances to,

Your Obedient Servant,

J. LEE,

*“ The old Soldier ”*

# The Indian Mutiny,

## EVENTS AT CAWNPORE, JUNE AND JULY, 1857.

*By Mr. Joseph Lee, (now Proprietor of the Railway Hotel at Cawnpore, formerly of the 53rd Regiment of Foot) who was present with General Havelock at Cawnpore, on 15th July, 1857, two hours and ten minutes after the butchers completed their sanguinary work in the House of Massacre.*

At the outbreak of the Mutiny the garrison of Cawnpore, under the command of Sir Hugh Massey Wheeler, consisted of the following European Force :—

ARTILLERY—One Battery, 6 guns and 59 men.

INFANTRY.—60 men H. M.'s 84th Regiment.

„ —74 men, Invalids, H. M.'s 32nd Regiment.

„ —15 men 1st Madras Fusiliers.

The Native Troops consisted of the 2nd Cavalry, the 1st, 53rd and 56th Native Infantry and the Native Gunners attached to the Battery.

The European population, including Civil, Railway, Canal and other Staffs, numbered about 1,150 souls all told.

At the time, residing at Bithoor a village a little further up the Ganges, lived a Hindoo of rank named Doondhoo Punth but commonly called Nana Sahib.

He was an adopted son of Bajee Rao, the last Peishwa or Head of the Mahratta Confederacy, whose houses, landed property, jewels, &c., &c. he inherited.

This man had a grievance which, in the usual unsympathetic way of prosperous masters, the British had wholly failed to appreciate. Adopted in 1832, he had been brought up to consider himself as heir to the Peishwaship, a barren honor no doubt, yet preserving that character of personal distinction so flattering to all barbarians. Five years previous to the Mutiny old Bajee Rao died, and the Government of Lord Dalhousie announced at once that the titular dignity had ceased and that the adopted heir would only inherit the private property, the pension and salute, which had contributed to a sort of child's play of regality in the declining years of the captive potentate, being withdrawn.

For the next four years Doondhoo Punth spared no pains or exertions to induce the Court of Directors to revoke this decision, and his failure gave him great offence. On the morning of the 6th June 1857, the Native Troops mutinied, without however, following the usual custom prevalent at the time, that of murdering their officers. They marched out to Kaliaanpur, the first stage on the Dehli Road, evidently with the intention of joining the main body of the Mutineers, who were trying to strike a blow for some unintelligible cause in the old Mogul Capital. Meanwhile General Wheeler had taken his followers, combatant and non-combatant, into the refuge that he had prepared for them in the Depot Barracks, standing where the new Church is now to be seen. These consisted of two long buildings each one story high and affording accommodation for 200 soldiers (about two companies.) The one was of thatch, the other of masonry, and both were surrounded by flat-roofed verandahs. The inner walls were of brick eighteen inches in thickness. Close by stood the usual out-offices and a well which is still in existence and which bore the marks of round shot till 1887 when it was restored at Lord Dufferin's desire. Around this slender shelter a trench had been dug and the earth thrown up to form a breastwork

about four feet high, places being made for the guns consisting of ten field pieces of various small calibre. The supply of provisions was small and were estimated to last with careful distribution about 30 days. The enemy, on the contrary, being well supplied in every respect.

Mr. Lee, whilst driving from his Hotel to the various sites of the Mutiny and Massacre, tells his story very much in the following manner :—

We are now on the Grand Trunk Road which extends from Calcutta to Peshawar (a distance of over 2,000 miles) Four days after we had relieved Lucknow, General Wyndham marched to Cawnpore, (28th November, 1857) bringing up a convoy of provisions and encamped on the old camping ground, east of Cawnpore. The other camping ground lies to the north-west of the city.

The same night the rebels were encamped about a mile and a half distant on the Gwalior Road.

General Wyndham, (the hero of the Redan in the Crimea) had not taken the precaution to send out scouts to reconnoitre far enough in any direction, relying on his front and rear guards to alarm his camp should the enemy move. He considered himself perfectly secure, the Commander-in-Chief having passed the spot safely only a few days before, and therefore all but the front and rear guards resigned themselves to sleep. The rebels meanwhile were on the alert and discovering how things were decided to rush the camp This they did between 12 and 1 o'clock in the morning.

The alarm being given, unluckily too late, the officers and men hurried out seizing the first weapon to hand, without attempting to dress but, in the confusion noise and smoke, tents falling, horses breaking loose and running about, &c., it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe, and the rebels were soon

masters of the camp. The British consisted of five Regiments of Foot, viz, the 34th and 82nd, 2nd and 3rd Battalions Rifle Brigade and 88th Connaught Rangers, besides Cavalry and Guns and part of the 64th Regiment.

The 88th Connaught Rangers actually fought their way through the rebels with tent poles, and recaptured some of their guns. When the soldiers saw that they were overwhelmed by the rebels, they made for the river, in order to cross by the Bridge of Boats and get to Lucknow, forty-eight miles distant.

On reaching the river they found their plan frustrated, two or three of the centre boats having been removed thus preventing them from crossing. They then spread themselves along the banks of the river finding shelter in ruins and deserted huts. Thus concealed they remained without food for four days until we, Lord Clyde's Division from Lucknow, relieved them.

The convoy, with clothing for the troops at Lucknow who had been for three months in great distress for want of a change, was captured by the rebels, together with some hundreds of canvas bags containing very common country-made biscuits, (the only supplies procurable) also guns and ammunition.

This happened four days after the Commander-in-Chief's Force relieved General Havelock's troops at the Residency Lucknow.

The Bungalow in the distance to the right is Savada House, 70 Officers and men were imprisoned there after capture, whilst flying from the general massacre at Suttee Chowra Ghat, which I shall presently describe. Close by is the spot where the Light Brigade fell in, finally to take Cawnpore on the morning of 6th December 1857, under Lord Clyde. We marched up to the main road, Lieutenant French, V. C. leading the right of the column. The rebels held the town from the 6th of June to the 6th of December.

At that time the road into which we turned was more like a well worn path without any trees lining it. The buildings on the right of it were then unfinished barracks, and during the siege of the entrenchments were held by the rebels, with the exception of two, close to the well, which were held by Captains Thompson and Jenkins respectively. On the left is a bungalow, since transformed into a Regimental Canteen, which the enemy held, and from which they fired upon any one attempting to procure water from the well inside the entrenchment. When the Prince of Wales visited Cawnpore he suggested that some mark should be placed to indicate the position of the entrenchment and in consequence, small stones about five inches cube and 50 yds. apart, till a short time ago, defined the position. Now a hedge defines the spot and along it Boundary Pillars mark B. P. Within this enclosure are pillars showing the position of the Married Quarters, Hospital, Magazine, &c., &c. In the well, which formerly occupied the site of the small enclosure, we now approach, were thrown the bodies of those who died in the entrenchments of cholera, small-pox, heat apoplexy, wounds, etc. Captain Jenkins who held the adjacent Bungalow with 16 men kept up a constant fire to cover the burying parties as every night they brought the bodies, and threw them into the well. This spot is now enclosed as a garden, with a large Memorial Cross over the well and smaller ones at each of the four corners of the walk encircling the garden. This well is known as "Wheeler's Well."

The inscription on the centre cross is as follows :—

"In a well under this cross were laid by the hands of our fellows in suffering, the bodies of men, women and children, who died hard by during the heroic defence of Wheeler's Entrenchment, when beleagured by the rebel Nana, June 6th to 27th A. D. 1857."

On the pedestal of the cross is the following :—

"Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth; but our eyes are unto thee O God the Lord" Psalm CXLII.

On the four crosses are the names of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men, also the names of the regiments they belonged to, whose bodies were thrown into the well. Captain Jenkins and his party were compelled to retire into the entrenchment the rebels being in overwhelming force. Captain Jenkins was wounded and died of his wounds and his body, with many others, was also thrown into the well. The cross, the second on the right, is dedicated to him.

The first cross on the right is dedicated to the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the 2nd Madras Fusiliers formerly commanded by General Neale, nicknamed by the Troops "Butcher Neale," on account of his having commanded the men and even assisted them to drag 272 mutineers through the blood of the massacred Europeans and then blow them from the guns.

The first cross on the left is in memory of Lieutenant Saunders and several others, and the second on the left is in memory of Sir George Parker, Cantonment Magistrate.

The inscription on the cross dedicated to Lieutenant Saunders is—"Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant F. Saunders, Sergeants Melville, Goldie and Gordon, three Corporals and 43 Privates of G Company H. M's 84th Regiment, who while serving in General Wheeler's garrison, fell fighting against the Nana and his followers." Of this company only one man, Private Murphy escaped.

This man escaped the massacre on 27th June with Captain Thomson and Lieutenant Delafosse. Their comrades in the same boat were killed, but these three clung to pieces of the boat and swam until dark, when they got out to rest in a Hindu temple, whereupon some of the rebels put brambles and dried wood at the door and set fire to it, hoping to smother the fugitives.

After a while the rebels went away. The smoke however did not enter in sufficient quantities to smother them and they escaped to Fatehpur, taking advantage of a country boat, a small fishing smack), which the occupants, an old man and a small boy, deserted on seeing the Europeans approach. At Fatehpur a native afforded them shelter, food and clothing and further sent them to the Allahabad Fort for protection. This man was rewarded by Government with a grant of land. Murphy soon after the Mutiny was placed by Government in charge of the Memorial Well and generally to indicate and bound off the spots having reference to the Mutiny at Cawnpore.

A riding school formerly stood within the entrenchment but it no longer exists. Close to this was situated the two bungalows, already alluded to, which after the defence were occupied, the one by the sick and wounded, the other by the women and children.

I will go back to the commencement of the Mutiny at Cawnpore. It began by the burning of bungalows occupied by Europeans, the assembling of crowds in the streets and gathering of mutinous Native soldiers.

When General Wheeler perceived these indications of commencing trouble he desired the European Officers of Native regiments to ascertain, if possible, the cause of disaffection.

These officers, therefore, left their wives and families in their bungalows and remained with their regiments in the cantonments four or five days, and took over the command from the Native officers and received from them the keys of the Bells of arms and ammunition. The Native officers were indignant at the keys being taken from them, as they and their fore-fathers had held them for years. They were informed that it was by order of Government. A few days after the keys were returned for the purpose of distributing arms for a parade ordered by the General. The men took the arms and fell in on parade and after it was over they refused to give them back again and made a deal of noise, but at the time did no actual violence. During the night the officers lying on their charpoys (cots) in the midst of their Regiments, were frequently awakened by guns being fired over them, but could obtain no explanation from their men.

At the same time *chappaties* (thin flat cakes made of flour and water) were being circulated from regiment to regiment. These were supposed to be holy cakes, and having been blessed by Fakirs (native Priests) once the *chappatie* was broken the oaths to Government, or John Company, were considered invalid.

When General Wheeler saw that discipline was at an end he told the European officers of the Native regiments to look to their families and at the same time ordered hundreds of coolies to dig a ditch and throw up the earth, so as to form a low wall around the spot selected for the entrenchment. When it was nearly completed the General issued an order and sent round a notice, requesting the signature of all Europeans in the station stating that should they fail to come within the entrenchment before a certain hour fixed, he would not be responsible for their safety as the Native Troops had mutinied. Up to this time no damage had been done beyond setting fire to the bungalows. Nana was in communication with General Wheeler, whom he assured that the rebels would do no harm, but would fall in and march to Dehli. The Nana however advised the General to assemble Europeans in some safe place.

The General suggested the magazine, but Nana replied that it was too dangerous and he would take care of it. Then the store-house, where the ordnance stores were, was mentioned. The Nana however remarked that if that building was selected he felt it only right to point out that there was a bungalow close by which commanded it and that should the rebels be so minded they could take shelter there and fire upon any exposing themselves. It was then that the General selected the open plain for the entrenchment, where the enemy could have little or no cover afforded them. The entrenchment being nearly completed an order was issued to the European residents of the station, who had signed the memo already mentioned, to

come in at once and bring their families into the entrenchment, which order they obeyed, bringing with them such things as they might require for an eight or ten hour's stay, expecting that by that time the rebels would be on their road to Delhi. These had already marched and were already one days march from Cawnpore, and were about to set out again the following morning, when they received a message from the Nana to the effect that the Europeans were already ensconced within the entrenchments and, recalling them.

Acting on this they at once returned to Cawnpore, and immediately surrounded the little Garrison, at the same time placing three guns to one side of St. John's Church, about 250 yards away, which completely commanded the enclosure.

This done they directed their fire against the bungalows nearly every shot taking effect and causing great damage to the buildings and much suffering to those within them. This bombardment continued for eight days. At the expiration of that period, the enemy finding that the *Feringis* (English) had still the protection of the thatch roof on one of the bungalows to shelter them, the guns not having been able to destroy it, bethought themselves of a fiendish way of demolishing it. They collected a large heap of burning material, set fire to it and therewith heated round shot and other iron missiles which they fired into the thatch with the disastrous result that the following day, four bare walls only were left to shelter the unfortunate occupants of the bungalow, consisting wholly of women and children some of the latter still at the breast. The men then dug holes in the ground to provide the women and children shelter. This, however, brought on smallpox and other complaints and they were ordered to desist. As a last resource the women and children were removed to the ditch, where they were protected by the small earthen rampart and sheltered partly by it, and partly by garments suspended on sticks and ramrods from the sun. General

Wheeler had a tent for himself, but falling ill was removed to the Magazine.

On the evening of the 26th June the Nana sent a woman, a Native Christian, Jacobie by name, with a flag of truce and a letter. She stood near the Redan Battery, which was close to where the Memorial Church now stands, holding up the paper.

This being reported to the General he assembled his staff and those civilians who were acquainted with the Nana, and ordered the woman to be brought in.

The letter, which was indited in native characters, was then opened and read out by a Mrs. Burton (an Eurasian,) the wife of an officer. It proved an offer from the Nana to provide all within the entrenchment with boats to take them by water to Allahabad, on condition of surrender of all arms and ammunition in their possession. General Wheeler remarked, "a very good offer indeed, we had better accept it." Some of the older civilians said "No ! No !" a lady said "No, we will live and die where we are. I and my friend saw the Nana commanding the Cavalry yesterday and the Infantry the day before, to our little walls." The General, however, urged that their losses whilst in the entrenchment were so severe that they were almost devoid of ammunition and provisions, that small-pox and cholera had broken out and that the Garrison was in consequence being daily reduced in number ; was it not therefore, weighing all these things in the balance, advisable they should risk treachery and accept the offer? After some discussion they agreed to do so, the General thereupon signing the treaty. General Wheeler then sent a note to the Nana saying that a Committee of Officers would be appointed to

examine the boats at the river, This committee assembled the same evening and found the boats as agreed upon. In addition to the ordinary country boats on account of the large demand, bugdgeros, (pleasure boats) the property of Residents of the station, were pressed into the service and were set aside for the women and children and sick and wounded. Provisions had not been supplied, but these were promised to be put on board during the night. The officers returned and tendered their report to the General, and that night all was rejoicing ; the past seemed forgotten and happiness reigned supreme. Many enjoyed a bath from the well for the first time after 21 days, it having been a matter of life and death to procure even water for drinking from it until hostilities ceased. Many men, women and children lost their lives for the sake of a bucket of water. But to resume.

General Wheeler in his letter to the Nana demanded and was granted conveyance for the sick and wounded and property belonging to the Garrison to the boats.

He stipulated that it should be paraded outside the walls ready for inspection on the morning of the 27th, when, the inspection proving favorable, he would cause a breach to be made in the walls for the carts to enter. On the morning of the 27th the Transport provided was inspected and found to be, though of a rough type, ample for the purpose required, It consisted of nothing but country-made bullock carts (hackeries) with a palanquin for the General.

He, finding the enemy had fulfilled their part of the contract, on his side kept his promise, and caused a breach to be in the walls and the carts to be brought into the entrenchment. This having been accomplished, numbers of rebel soldier's swarmed in and Subadars, (Native officers), passing their own European officers with drawn swords and without saluting

them. On the Kotwal of the Bazar (a sort of manager of the native establishment of a Regiment) passing a group of officers, the remark was made "There is your old Kotwal doubtless he is made a General because he can speak English, though incorrectly." They asked him "Is the Nana coming to see us off?" upon which he replied "Do you remember that about eighteen months or two years ago, I told you that the Natives of India, would like to have the Europeans make *chapaties* for them" (in other words make servants of the Europeans) "Good morning Sir, the day is come." All this time the men were employed loading up the baggage, and the women in making coarse flour cakes. They found a great difficulty in procuring fuel for fire and the time for cooking was insufficient. The former they obtained by breaking off parts of the charred frame work of the burned bungalow, considerably augmenting thereby the latter difficulty, that of time, the consequence being that (when the order was given to fall in, and the men did so, whilst the women served out what they had been at so much trouble in cooking) the cakes they served out, would have been under any other circumstances uneatable, being only half baked flour and water. Anything, however, in the shape of food was considered a luxury and no complaints were made.

Just before the advance was sounded the Nana sent a *sowar* (a mounted orderly) to General Wheeler apologizing to him for being unable, on account of an insufficiency of boats, to send the baggage with them, but that he would as soon as possible forward it to Allahabad, This caused great discussion amongst the ladies, who remarked that it would not be possible for them to proceed without a change of clothing with them.

As the baggage was loaded up this was not feasible, so the advance was sounded, the command "Quick March" given and the entrenchment was soon left behind, General Wheeler leading

in his palanquin on the way to Sutte Choura Ghat about one mile from the entrenchment.

Before going any further, the tombs erected by the friends and relations and brother officers of those who died or were killed within the entrenchment call for our interest and are as follows :—

In a railed enclosure, to the south-west of the Memorial Church, a stone is erected to the memory of those in Wheeler's Entrenchment who were the first to die.

The inscription thereon runs thus :—

“ This stone marks a spot which lay within Wheeler's Entrenchment. It covers the remains and is Sacred to the Memory of those who were the first to meet their deaths, when beleaguered by the Mutineers and Rebels, in June, 1857.”

This place in 1857 was nothing but a huge pit, dug by those within the entrenchment for the purpose of burying the dead. As the bodies were thrown in, a small quantity of earth was cast upon them. When it had been filled, it was closed up and the well between the barracks, already alluded to, was taken into use as a burial place, and was so used until the evacuation of the entrenchment.

The abovementioned stone is erected over thirty bodies, and the well contains one hundred and twentythree bodies.

East of this tomb, at the south entrance of the Church, is another railed enclosure, in which is an iron slab, erected to the memory of Major Edward Vibart and many other officers, soldiers and their wives who escaped the general massacre of the 27th June, but were afterwards captured and murdered.

The inscription on this tomb runs thus :—

“In three graves within this enclosure, lie the remains of Major Edward Vibart, 2nd Bengal Light Cavalry, about seventy officers and soldiers who, after escaping from the massacre at Cawnpore on the 27th June, 1857, were captured by the rebels at Shewrajpore village and murdered on the 1st July. These remains were originally deposited within the compound of Sevada House and were removed to this place in April 1861. This memorial was erected by the Government of the North Western Provinces, October, 1867.” Around the walls is the following text :—“In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.”

Let us now enter the Church. We will enter by the south door and begin with the tablets on the south side which are as follows :—

### SOUTH SIDE.

*1st Tablet*:—To the memory of John Robert Mackillop of the Bengal Civil Service, who was killed at Cawnpore, on or about the 25th June 1857, in his 31st year. He nobly lost his life when bringing water from the well for the distressed women and children. His death was deeply lamented.

*2nd Tablet*—Sacred to the memory of Colonel Alexander Jack C. B. Brigadier, Commanding at Cawnpore, and of Andrew William Thomas Jack Sons of the late Very Revd William Jack, D. D. Principal of King's College, Aberdeen, who were killed in the Entrenchment of Cawnpore, during the investment of that place by the Mutineers in June 1857.

*3rd Tablet*—To the memory of the Engineers in the service of the East Indian Railway Company, who died and were killed in the Great Insurrection of 1857.

John Hodgson, Locomotive Superintendent, died at Allahabad June 21st.

R. N. Mantell, District Engineer, died at Allahabad June 30th.

A. M. M. Miller, Resident Engineer, killed at Cawnpore June 27th.

A. C. Heberden, Resident Engineer, killed at Cawnpore June 27th.

W. Digges Latouche, Assistant Engineer, killed at Cawnpore June 27th.

Robert Hannah, Assistant Engineer, killed at Cawnpore June 27th.

J. C. Bayne, Assistant Engineer, killed at Cawnpore June 27th.

Thomas Byrne, Assistant Engineer, died at Calcutta, July.

J. W. Allen, Assistant Engineer, died at Mirzapore, August 12th.

John Mackerness, Assistant Engineer, died at Agra, August.

W. Forsyth, Assistant Engineer, killed at Cawnpore, June 27th.

F. Cussen, Junior Engineer, died on board steamer.

C. B. Taylor, Junior Engineer, killed near Dehli, May, 17th.

A. Spencer, Junior Engineer, died at Agra, August.

F. S. Mudge, Resident Engineer, died at Seetapahar, October.

W. F. Thompson, Assistant Engineer, died near Buxar July 19th.

*And to the following Foremen and Inspectors :—*

George Richardson, Foreman, died at Allahabad August 11th.

W.S. Benn, Articled Inspector, killed near Delhi May 17th.

J. Holmes, Articled Inspector, killed at Cawnpore June 27th.

This monument is erected in affectionate remembrance by their brother Engineers in the North Western Provinces, India.

*4th Tablet :—*Sacred to the memory of Major John Palmer Caulfield, IXth Bengal Cavalry (1st Hodson's Horse), who died at Benares, on the 14th day of April 1863, aged 44. Erected by the Officers of his Regiment as a token of deep regard for the memory of a gallant officer and gentleman endeared to them by many good and generous qualities, and whose sudden death they sincerely deplore.

“Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavily laden and I will give your rest. Mat : ch. XI v. 28.

*5th Tablet :—*Sacred to the memory of Lieut. Edward Jordan, killed in action. Ensign Theophilus, G. B. Applegate died of wounds. Ensign London, I. Grier, Color-Sergeant Charles Feddon, Sergeant Patrick Jones, Corporal Jone-stock, Corporal William Clarke, one Drummer and 20 Privates, all of H. M.'s 34th or Cumberland Regiment, who were killed in action or died of wounds received at Cawnpore, on the 28th November 1857.

This Tablet is erected by the officers of the Regiment to mark their esteem and regard for their late youthful and gallant brother officers, and record the sincere sorrow expressed by all ranks at their early deaths ; also as a tribute of respect and admiration to the bravery and devotion of their late

Comrades, the Non-Commissioned Officers, Drummers and Private soldiers, who fell upon the same occasion.

*6th Tablet* :—Sacred to the Memory of E. G. Chalwin, 2nd Light Cavalry, and his wife Louisa, who both perished during the seige of Cawnpore in July 1857.

“These are they which came out of great tribulation”  
Rev 7 C, XVI (14) V.

*7th Tablet* :—Sacred to the Memory of Captain John Gordon, Lieut. Arthur Platt Hensley, H. M.'s 82nd Regiment, who fell in the defence of Cawnpore in November 1857. Also of Ensign William Temple Thonipson, H. M's 82nd Regiment, who was killed at the 2nd relief of Lucknow, on the 18th November 1857. This tablet is erected by their brother officers.

#### WEST.

*8th Tablet* :—This tablet in memory of an excellent son, is erected by his afflicted parents, Admiral and Mrs. Martin, to John Nicholson Martin, Lieut. Bengal Artillery, who whilst gallantly fulfilling his duties was treacherously killed by the mutineers in the boats at Cawnpore, on the 27th of June 1857, in his eighteenth year.

Respected and beloved by all that knew him.

“The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.”

Here is the Baptismal Font a marble pedestal, chased and in bold relief, presented by Her Imperial Majesty Queen Victoria, in 1883 as a token of her deep sympathy.

#### NORTH.

*9th Tablet* :—Sacred to the Memory of Lieutenant Frederick Cortlandt Angelo, 16th Grenadiers, Bengal Native Infantry, Superintendent of the Fourth Division Ganges Canal, who fell in the Mutiny at Cawnpore, on the 27th June 1857, in the 32nd

year of his age. Jesus said I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live. St. John XI 25.

This Tablet is erected by his sorrowing widow.

*10th Tablet* :—In Memory of Lieutenant John Little, Her M.'s XX. Regiment. third son of John Little Esq. of Stewart Stawn Ireland, who died at the Field Hospital, Cawnpore 9th April 1858, aged 22 years.

This Tablet is erected by his parents and family as a Memorial of one deeply lamented.

“The dead shall be raised incorruptible.” 1st Cor. XV. 52.

*11th Tablet* :—Sacred to the Memory of Phillip Hayes Jackson, Lieut., late 67th Native Infantry, who with Jane Amelia his wife and her brother, Mr. Ralph Blythe Cooke, were massacred by the rebels at Cawnpore on the 27th June 1857.

This Tablet has been erected as a tribute of affection to them by their sorrowing relatives. “Vengeance is mine. I will repay saith the Lord.”—Romans 12 Ch. 19 V.

*12th Tablet* :—In Memory of Stuart Beatson, Captain, 1st Regiment, Bengal Light Covalry, who died at Cawnpore on the 19th of July 1857, in the discharge of his duty as Assistant Adjutant General with the force under the late Sir H. Havelock, aged 32 years.

W. WILSON, SUPERINTENDENT, MEERUT.

Connaught Rangers 88.

*13th Tablet* :—In Memory of the undermentioned Officers of the 88th Connaught Rangers :—

Capt. H. H. Day killed in action at Pandoo Nuddee, 26th November 1857, aged 20 years. Ensign F. M. Mitchell, died

at Cawnpore, 7th December 1857, of wounds received in action at Pandoo Nuddee, 26th November, aged 26 years.

Ensign W. King, died at Cawnpore, 24th June, 1858, aged 24 years.

Ensign J. B. Perrin, died at Lucknow, 11th October 1858, aged 23 years.

Lieutenant R. Miller, died at Dehra Ghat, 5th November 1860, aged 23 years.

Quarter Master M. Evans, died at Cawnpore, 20th June 1864, aged 32 years.

Lieutenant F. M. M. Mapleton, died at Cawnpore, 17th August 1865, aged 21 years.

Captain G. S. Watson. died at Galle 12th September 1865, aged 33 years.

Captain L. C. Scott, died at Jullundur, 1st April 1870, aged 31 years.

Erected by their brother Officers.

#### EAST.

*14th Tablet*:—In Memory of the following Officers of the 32nd Cornwall Regiment, Light Infantry, who with four hundred and forty eight Non-Commissioned Officers and Private Soldiers were killed or died in the discharge of their duty during the defence of Lucknow and Cawnpore and the subsequent Campaign against the mutineers, in the year of our Lord 1857:—  
Col. O.A. F. H. Berkely, C. B; Lieutenant Colonel W. Cane, Captains C. Steevens, J. Moore, J. W. Mansfield, W. Power, B. M. Cane, Lieutenant E. De. L. Joly, J. D Thompson, F. Wainwright, P. C. Webb, J. Brackenbury, E. C. Hill, W. H. Studdy, J. W. Charlton. Also in memory of Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Wainwright, Miss. Wainwright, Mrs. Hill, Forty three Soldiers'

wives and 55 children of the same Regiment murdered at Cawnpore in June of the same fatal year.

This monument is erected by friends and comrades in token of affection and of sorrow. "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

*15th Tablet* :—Sacred to the Memory of Whaley Nicol Hardy, Capt. Royal Artillery, who was killed in battle at Lucknow, November 1857, aged 30 years.

*16th Tablet* :—To the glory of God and in Memory of more than a thousand Christian people, who met their deaths hard by between 6th June and 15th July 1857.

These tablets are placed in this the Memorial Church of All Souls, Cawnpore, by the Government N.-W. P.

*Staff.*

Major-General Sir H. Wheeler, K. C. B., Lady Wheeler and daughters.

Lieutenant G. R. Wheeler, 1st N. I. A. D. C.

Lieutenant Colonel E. Wiggins, 53rd N. I. D. J. A. G.  
Mrs. Wiggins.

Major W. Lindsay A. A. G.

Mrs. Lindsay and daughters.

Ensign G. and Mrs. Lindsay.

Brigadier-General Jack, C. B.

Mrs. Jack.

Captain Sir G. Parker, 74th Native Infantry, Cantonment Magistrate.

Captain Williamson 71st Native Infantry, D. A. C. G.

Mrs. Williamson and child.

We now proceed to Sutte Choura Ghat, our course being partly down the ravine along which the fugitives went on that fatal morning. The ravine is now much deeper owing to the overflow of water from the Cantonment drainage (not the main canal) having worn out a deep water course.

General Wheeler in his palanquin led the way and when he came to the Hindoo Temple at the top of the steps, he saw a gap in the wall and alighted from his palanquin. Perceiving that he had been brought to what was formerly a private bathing place for the ladies of the Old Peshwa when he resided at Sevada House, he turned to the officers who had examined the boats the previous evening, and enquired if this was the place where they were examined, and received the reply that it was not but that they had been about 500 yards higher up the river at the Government landing place. The General then seemed to feel that something was wrong. He steadily walked down the steps to the river side, followed by his staff, and took up his position on the east side in the shade, the Nana and his staff with innumerable followers, occupying the opposite side of the steps and the boats.

The rebels were swarming on both sides of the river for miles, prepared to follow the boats as they went down the stream. General Wheeler and his staff, and the Nana and his staff saluted each other, and a boat was called. It came into the opening and was tied to the pillars, and the General commanded that the women and children should get into the boat as fast as possible. Several had got on the first boat when the Nana, and his people seemed as if confused. At last they drew their swords and showed evident signs of hostility. General Wheeler folded his arms and, lifting his eyes to Heaven remained silent.

Those on the steps cried, *treachery, treachery*, and a panic commenced. The Nana's staff consulted as to who of the ladies should go in the boats and who should not. The steps would only hold about 200, and the remaining fugitives were clustered on the bank above and round the small temple at the head of the steps. The steps are about 50 feet broad and 18 inches wide. Nearly at the bottom there is a stone platform flanked by two archways. In one stood General Wheeler and in the other the Nana. Old women and single men were placed in the boats, and this continued until about 28 boats were loaded. As soon as each boat was loaded it was allowed to drift in the current, merely steered by one of the native crew there being ten armed natives in each boat. Then three boats tied together were brought. These were supposed to be for the staff who, however, refused to embark until all the others had left. The three boats were soon filled with people, and the word was given to haul off, but all efforts to do so were fruitless, and it was found that bamboos had been secured to the sides of the boats and rammed into the sand. However by hard pushing the bamboos were dragged through the sand.

When these three boats were afloat, a flag was hoisted on the top of the temple. As soon as this was perceived, the boatmen on all the boats jumped into the water and swam ashore as also did the escort of ten men of each boat. Then from either bank poured volley after volley upon the helpless fugitives, the massacre being aided by a battery of four guns, two above and two below the embarking place, which up to that moment had been masked with branches of trees. The rebels also fired upon the remaining fugitives at the steps, and the Nana, with his followers, rushed upon the General and his staff slaughtering the men and taking the women away. The heavy firing which was kept up on the boats soon sunk one

after the other. Those who could endeavoured to gain the opposite side of the river, but were met by armed rebels and cut down almost as soon as they gained a footing on the bank. The plans for this horrible act of treachery must have been laid some days before.

Some of the fugitives were still at the steps and a party of about 120 officers and men and civilians, with Major Vibart, fled as far as Shewrajpore village, where they were captured by a picket of the rebels and were sent on the morning of the 28th to the Nana. He himself went to see them and ordered them to be imprisoned in the Sevada House and tied elbow to elbow, each man's hands being tied behind his back. At the same time he ordered the women and children to be taken to the Assembly Rooms, two miles distant, and locked up with the ladies and children who had been made prisoners on the night of the massacre. On the 1st July the prisoners in the Sevada House were taken out in the compound, one by one, and their throats were cut. About half past five on the evening of the 27th June, the confidential officer appointed by the Nana to follow the boats along the bank and see that none of the fugitives escaped, returned and reported that all who were on the boats had been killed except a few, who reached the bank, and whom he had brought back prisoners. The Nana ordered these to be imprisoned in the Assembly Rooms for the night and, that in the morning the men should be put in another bungalow. Some of the Nana's staff asked that some of the ladies should be given up to them, and not put into the Assembly Rooms, and they were allowed to take away some under the promise to bring them all back on the morrow.

One of the ladies is reported to have killed the rebel officer who took her, with his own sword, and then to have jumped into a well. On the morrow the surviving Englishmen were

confined in a bungalow, thirty or forty yards distant, and the English women and children were placed in charge of a native woman, who was some distant relative of the Nana's. They were kept prisoners from the night of the 27th June until the 15th July, when General Havelock's force had reached a place called Pandoo Nuddi where there was a bridge across the grand trunk road which the enemy had blown up.

When Nana perceived that in spite of vastly superior forces Havelock's men pushed forwards, he galloped back to Cawnpore and ordered every man, woman and child to be put to death at ten o'clock the following morning, July 15th, by cutting their throats and "To make sure that none survived." His officers thereupon endeavoured to get men to execute the slaughter, but were compelled to return to the Nana and report that they could not get men to hold the Europeans while their throats were cut, as this was against their caste, but they could get men to fire on them or cut them down with swords. The Nana was satisfied with this, and appointed 100 of his followers to kill the men and 100 to kill the women and children, and served out 100 rounds of ammunition to each man. These men were present at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 15th July when the doors were opened, and the Nana told them when the bugle sounded "*Fire*" they were to do so on the prisoners. This they did for several hours, but killed only two. When Nana saw that the execution was not going on as he wished, he withdrew the 200 men and told them to go and fight the English who were coming and locked the prisoners up again. Then he ordered 50 Cavalry soldiers to go into the city and force the butchers to come. They went and brought some 25 or 30 men, who however refused to go in and butcher the women and children. The Nana threatened to order the Cavalry to cut the butchers down unless they obeyed his orders and five of them seized their weapons

(hatchets and knives) and went into the enclosure. The remainder absconded returning to the city. These men belonged to the *Bhowriah* caste, a low Gipsy race. They entered the enclosure at 5 A. M., and cut and slashed until half past ten, when there were very few of the prisoners left alive. Three out of the five *Bhowriah* butchers fell sick from the heat, the blood and the stench. One of the remaining two was afterwards caught by Havelock's men and he declared to General Neil and others, that he came out twice to obtain fresh weapons, that he broke three weapons and completed his work with a cavalry sword. He declared that he was forced to perpetrate this awful deed. He and some other rebels were dragged by the infuriated soldiers of Havelock through the Christian blood they had spilt, and were then blown from the muzzles of cannons. Two or three were however ordered to be released, so that they might spread the report of the manner in which British soldiers took their revenge.

It is doubted, however, whether these men were actually allowed to go. It took Havelock's men several hours of four days and four nights to bury the dead in the Memorial Well. A beautiful statue of marble over the well, designed by Baron Marochetti, was erected in 1863 by the Government of India. The erector of the same was Col. Henry Yule of the Bengal Engineers. The inscription on the pedestal below the marble Statue is as follows:—  
 "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Dundhoo Punth, (but commonly called Nana Sahib of Bithoor) and cast the dying, with dead, into the well below, A.D. 16th day of July 1857, and in graves close by."

The graves are on the ground, formerly the Assembly Rooms Gardens.

Here are seventy two mounds containing bodies and portions of bodies of women and children.

The two bungalows which contained such horrible reminiscences of the massacre were destroyed. On the walls was written in blood and with burnt sticks inscriptions regarding the dreadful sufferings of the victims. The ground was selected, as it was soft ground, and the men had only Pioneer tools. Sometimes three and four bodies were put into one grave. The last evening General Havelock wanted his men to complete the burying by ten P. M. so as to march to Bithoor by midnight to see if any of our people were there, and it is supposed several of the bodies were thrown into the river, as the men were fatigued, hungry and thirsty. At about half past eleven o'clock when the men had about four hours rest, Havelock called out his men "Are you all ready warriors? It is too dark for me to see your hands up." The men responded with a cheer. "I see," he said "You are all Britons, follow me." They marched to Bithoor, having the Gange on the right, and harrassed on the left and in front by the enemy. Havelock had about 932 men with him and the enemy from fifty to sixty thousand. They halted a few miles from Bithoor and sent out scouts, who reported that the rebels were in force at Bithoor. Nevertheless we hastened on and drove the enemy from the place. We remained four days but did not find any Europeans.

Before coming away we blew up the Residency. The rebels let tigers and other wild animals out of their cages, and we had to guard against these as well as against the sepoy.

We fought our way back to Cawnpore, where Havelock gave us eight hours rest, and the General decided to march to Lucknow and relieve the garrison, who with many civilians were defending the Residency in which were several women and children. About 8 P. M. he formed his men up and said "Hands up for Lucknow." Every man held up his hand. "Ah!" said the General "You are, I see, what I thought you were, Britons." We started for Lucknow

crossing the river by the bridge of boats, and fighting our way until 10 the following morning when we had to retire on Cawnpore. Again we made the effort and again were compelled to retire. The third time however we succeeded, but ammunition being insufficient we were compelled to force our way with the bayonet and sword. We arrived at Lucknow just in time to save some Europeans who, failing to reach the Residency, had taken refuge in a long Barrack which the rebels were setting on fire. These people were rescued and taken with us into the Residency. Here Havelock hoped to give his men a few days rest and then leave. We made several attempts to leave. We could have got away ourselves but could not bring our women and children. The rebels were in overwhelming force, and we were compelled to remain in the Residency until the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Clyde, came to relieve us. Meanwhile we lost many a soldier. Men were forced to keep their posts for seven or eight days at a stretch. I, Joe Lee, was fourteen days in one position with two comrades, an Ensign and a Surgeon, firing at a Battery across the river. Four days after we were relieved by the Commander-in-Chief news came that General Wyndham had lost his camp at Cawnpore. The Commander-in-Chief warned the men not to fire a shot after nine that night, but to retire as quickly as possible for Cawnpore at one in the morning, in order to save General Wyndham's column. After a heavy march of forty-eight miles we reached the Ganges, and volunteers were soon found to make Batteries for Captain Peel and the Royal Artillery to fire over the heads of the men and cover the crossing.

The following morning we crossed the bridge of boats to Cawnpore, the Light Brigade in front composed of men of the 53rd, 93rd, 42nd and 4th Punjab Cavalry. After crossing and dispersing the enemy by a charge, General Wyndham's men who had taken refuge along the river banks, rushed out to join us. The

Commander-in-Chief gave an order to drive the enemy to the city side of the canal, which was done that day.

He then issued an order, by the criers, to the citizens, that those who wished to come to his protection should do so, as in four days he would level Cawnpore to the ground. A few came, but most of the inhabitants who had taken part in the massacre of the Europeans previously, and in killing many of General Wyndham's men on the 28th November, thinking that they would make short work with our party from Lucknow, took no heed of the Commander-in-Chief's warning. On the 6th December the Light Brigade fell in, quarter distance column, close to the old cavalry lines, to march up to the Grand Trunk Road, where we got the word "Column, wheel to the right and form line on No. 1 Company, the 53rd." On this ground now stands the East Indian Railway Station. The Commander-in-Chief was informed that the line was correct. He then warned the men to prepare to charge by calling out. "Three cheers, and one more for Her Majesty again to day Boys, *although* you are fighting one against fifty." The charge commenced at 8 A. M. and never ceased until 11-30 P. M. and the troops covered the road from Cawnpore Kalpi, which was fifteen miles distant, and thence to the Jumna into which the rebels were driven.

The Gwalior contingent of the rebel army which was with the Nana had formed a large camp a mile or two outside Cawnpore, on the Kalpee and Gwalior road. On arriving at the Jumna the Commander-in-Chief gave the word for the Royal Horse Artillery to unhook from their guns, and assist the Cavalry in the river, and the route continued for two hours the road being crowded with people and animals. Then the word was given to halt and Lord Clyde ordered a rest for two hours, and then to march back to Cawnpore.

We rested by a large well and enjoyed a drink of cool water. Then we marched back the fifteen miles to the place where the rebel camp had been taken, and where the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers had been left in charge. Much of the baggage and arms taken from General Wyndham were here re-captured. The same morning the Heavy Brigade had taken the city but without destroying it. The citizens who were not taking part in the fighting, were on the river bank hiding their property in the sand. While encamped at Cawnpore we made a journey to Bithoor to search for the treasure which the Nana was supposed to have buried in one of the eleven wells which were in the compound, and were all covered in with wood or stone. We emptied two of the wells, and commenced a third, when an old native was found tied hands and feet in an out-building, and he informed us that one of his sons had assisted to hide the treasure in the well, and he pointed out to us the well, which was not the one we were searching. Thereupon the men of the 53rd, 93rd, and 42nd emptied the water as fast as possible, and cleared out the stones and bricks, whilst an officer and four men of the Engineers dressed in flannels worked by reliefs in the well, and from this well was taken seventeen (17) bullock hackery loads of gold and silver treasure including vessels in English and native style. This was carefully escorted, by an officer to each hackery, to Cawnpore, thence to Allahabad and Calcutta, from where it was shipped to England. There was also some valuable furniture. It was supposed that the Nana fled with a flying column of camels and horses on the day of the capture of the rebel camp at Cawnpore, and that he entered Oudh on the 9th, crossing the Ganges at Serai Ghat, and nothing was heard of him until April 1858, when part of his army was cut off while retreating into Nepaul, some miles beyond Toolsepoore, and not far from the territory of the Rajah of Balrampore. His Prime Minister, Azim-ul-lab, was killed by General Grant's Brigade at a large fortified village in Oudh, called Mohanganj, by a round shot.

## APPENDIX.

The following is a list of all those who fell at Cawnpore between the 9th June and the 15th July 1857, and whose names are inscribed on Tablets in the Memorial Church of All Souls.

Genl. Wheeler, K. C. B.	Colonel Williams.	Lieut. Bay.
Brig. Genl. Jack C. B.	„ Goldie.	„ Jackson.
Major Lindsay.	Major Vibart.	„ Henderson.
Colonel Higgins.	„ Helersdon.	„ Swetenham.
Captain Parker	„ Prout.	„ Moncton.
„ Williamson.	„ Munro.	Ensign Lindsay.
„ Moore.	„ Larkins.	„ Hill.
„ Vibart.	Mr. Jack.	„ Supple.
„ Seppings.	Lieut. Wheeler.	Surgeon Collyer.
„ Jenkins.	„ Dempster.	„ Gardett.
Lieut. Jervis.	„ Ashbournier.	„ Heathcote.
„ Wainright.	„ Martin.	„ Harris.
„ Saunders.	„ St. G. Asha.	„ Bowling.
„ Glanville.	„ Eckford.	Apothecary Hefferman.
„ Quinn, R. E.	„ Southby.	„ Stanley.
„ Quinn, C. W.	„ Burney.	„ Thompson.
„ Harrison.	„ Balfour.	„ Peters.
„ Manderson.	„ Boulton.	Revd. Moncrieff.
„ Wern.	„ Ewart.	„ Rooney.
„ Daniel.	„ Smith.	„ Haycock.
Ensign Damson.	„ Satchel.	„ Coopey.
„ Forman.	„ Redman.	„ Johnson.
„ Byrne.	„ Jellicot.	„ Cornor.
63 Non-com. officers	„ Armstrong.	„ Freare.
and men besides	„ Masher.	„ Fitzgerald.
women and children	„ Bridges.	„ McMullen.
Surgeon McMuley.	„ Prole.	„ Freeman.
„ Bayes.	„ Tomkinson	„ Campbell.

Surgeon Newenham	Lieut. Raikes.	<i>Servants E. I. Railway.</i>
Captain Turner	„ Good.	Mr. Miller.
„ Elms.	„ Chalmers.	„ Anderson.
„ Reynolls	„ Fagan.	„ Baines.
„ Belson	„ Morris.	„ Cooper.
„ Halliday.	„ Warde.	„ Cummins.
„ Kempland	„ Henderson.	„ Forsyth.
„ Turuhall.	„ Stephens.	„ Freeman.
Lt. Col Ewart.	„ Battine.	„ Garret.
Colonel Smith.	„ Angelo.	„ Galway.
Mr. Gumm.	Sergeant Warren.	Miss Goldie.
„ Hanna	Drum Major Murray.	„ Brierly.
„ Johnston.	Pensioner Green.	„ Finlay.
„ La Touch	„ Reid.	„ Frees.
„ Lawrence	„ Price.	„ Kew.
„ Maloney	„ Maloney.	„ Lang.
„ Racketts.	„ Miss Wheeler.	„ Madden.
„ Robinson.	„ „ Lindsay	„ Ray.
„ Robinson	„ Williamson	„ Shepperd.
„ Smith.	„ Campbell.	<i>28 Non-com officers &amp; men</i>
„ Vergen.	„ Brightman.	<i>besides women &amp; children.</i>
„ Viscarde.	„ White.	Mr. Allen.
„ Warden.	„ Glasgow	„ Rilly.
„ Walshe.	„ Bessett.	„ Berril.
Sergt. Major Galdwell.	„ C ippis.	„ Manville.
„ Hilling.	Pensioner Byrne.	„ Hillersdon.
„ McMahon	„ Christie	„ Maxwell.
Sergt. Major Belly.	Mr. Conway.	„ Greenway.
„ Heron.	„ Colgan.	„ Stacey.
Mr. Roach.	„ Frost	„ Cox.
„ Ramsay.	„ Fritten.	„ Cook.
„ Peak.	„ Gileson.	„ Alone.
„ Goodwin.	„ Guthrie.	„ Henderson.
„ Farmer.	„ Hampton	„ Barlow.

Sergeant Tress.	Mr. Holmes.	Mr. Batavia.
„ Andrews.	„ Leath.	„ Brierley.
„ Gordon.	„ Lyall.	„ Brett.
„ Leake.	„ McNamara.	„ Bunney.
„ Gill.	„ Matendell.	„ Baley.
„ Brooke.	„ Mark.	„ Carter.
„ Kelly.	„ O'Conner.	„ Christie.
„ McLauders.	„ Pistoll.	„ Cousins.
„ Whelan.	„ Russel.	„ Cooper.
„ Parker.	„ Stoke.	„ Copeland.
„ Cormedy.	„ Stowell.	„ Davis.
„ Reid.	„ Wallett.	„ Degama.
„ Ryan,	„ Wildepp.	„ Duncan.
„ Swanan.	„ Wixon.	„ DeRussett.
Mr. Dupton.	„ Russell.	„ Maclin.
„ Dundas.	„ Saunders.	„ Macdonald.
„ Fagan.	„ Scott.	„ Madden.
„ Fitzgerald.	„ Scorn.	„ Ray.
„ Freeman.	„ Sherman.	„ O'Hearne.
„ Fulton.	„ Shore.	„ Hayes.
„ Gulpin.	„ Shaw.	„ Hammond.
„ Goodwin.	„ Sheridan.	„ Haines.
„ Hay.	„ Simson.	„ Warsaw.
„ Heberdon.	„ Shepherd.	„ Woolgar.
„ James.	„ Steven.	„ Matlock.
„ Jacob.	„ Smith.	Lady Wheeler.
„ Johnston.	„ Stanley.	Mrs. L.
„ Kirke.	„ Stoke.	„ Wiggans.
„ Kirkpatrick.	„ Stowell.	„ Williamson.
Mr. Leady.	„ Tippetts.	Mr. Daly.
„ Lewis.	„ Thomkins.	„ Davis.
„ L'ile.	„ Told.	„ DeRusset.
„ McMullen.	„ Tresh.	„ Dupton.
„ Murphy.	„ Tutton.	„ Dundas.

Mr.	Mackintosh	Mr.	Vaughan	Mr.	Fagan.
"	Mulling	"	Wells	"	Fanbourne,
"	Nelson	"	West	"	Fenn,
"	Norty	"	Wallett	"	FitzGerald,
"	Norris	"	Willey	"	Frost.
"	O'Brien	"	Winon	"	Gee
"	Palmer	"	Williams	"	Gibson.
"	Peel	"	Yates	"	Gilpin.
"	Peak	"	Rawood	"	Grindsey.
"	Piston	"	Elliot	"	Guthrie.
"	Pogson	"	Finlay	"	Hayden.
"	Purcel	"	Guise	"	Harkness.
"	Probett	"	Innes	"	Haycock.
"	Ramsay	"	Johnson	"	Hay.
"	Reilly	"	Joyce	"	Jacob.
"	Reid	"	Kew	"	Jackford.
"	Ricketts	"	Lang	"	James.
"	Roberts	"	MacLeod	"	Johnston.
Mrs.	Keeller	Mrs.	Sinclair	Mrs.	Newenham
"	Kinleside	"	Simson	"	Hilling.
"	Knight	"	Shephard	"	Andrews.
"	Kirke	"	Tibbett	"	Reynolds.
"	Kirkpatrick	"	Tomkins	"	Belson.
"	Lawrence	"	Tresham	"	Jellicot.
"	Mackinon	"	Vergen	"	McMahon.
"	Morfett	"	Walsh	"	Gordon.
"	Mackintosh	"	Walker	"	Williams.
"	Marshall	"	Well	"	Prout.
"	Norris	"	West	"	Halliday.
"	O'Brien	"	Wilde	"	Kempland
"	O'Connor	"	Willis	"	Bowling.
"	Ogle	"	Wilkinson	"	Leck.
"	Osbourne	"	Wrixon	"	Bell.
"	Palmer	"	Larkins	"	Battine.
"	Palmer junior.	"	Dempster	"	Harris.

Mrs. Peel	Mrs. Eckford	Mrs. Allen.
„ Peak	„ Moore	„ Woolgan.
„ Piston	„ Wainright	„ Catania.
„ Pogson	„ Hill	„ Cawood.
„ Purcell	„ Emmer	„ Shiels.
„ Probett	„ Vibart	„ Tucker.
„ Reid	„ Seppings	„ Innes.
„ Roberts	„ Jenkins	„ Finlay.
„ Russell	„ Chalivan	„ Guise.
„ Saunders	„ Frees	„ O'Hearne
„ Scott	„ Ewart	„ Roach.
„ Shaw	„ Turner	„ Rohan.

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### SERVICE ABROAD.

A Non-Commissioned Officer, Regimental No. 3167, Corpl. J. Lee of the Old 53rd Regiment, (Shropshire) came out to India in 1844 for the Sutlej Campaign, and served throughout the same : also in the Punjab Campaign, and in the valley of Peshawar against the hill tribes, under Sir Colin Campbell, K. C. B., 1851, 1852. He also served throughout the Indian Campaigns against the Mutineers in 1857-58 and 1859, and was present with General Havelock at Cawnpore and the Lucknow Residency, until relieved by Lord Clyde, Commander-in-Chief, on the 24th November 1857.

Relief of Cawnpore, 6th December 1857, after returning from Lucknow, when the Gwalior Contingent under Nana attacked the Camp of General Wyndham, (the Hero of the Redan) 4 days after being relieved from the Residency, on the date that General Havelock died. Present at action of Serai Ghat, December 1857 : also that of Kulee Nuddee, 2nd January 1858, of Sbamshabad, 28th January 1858, the storming and capture of Meangunj 23rd February 1858, siege of Lucknow from 2nd to 19th March 1858. Present at battle of Koorsee, a village

near Lucknow, 24th March 1858. Passage of Gogra, 25th March 1858. Bungaon, 3rd December 1858. Tulsipore, under the Nepal Hills, 23rd December 1858. Medal and two Clasps for the Indian Mutiny, also Medal and Clasps for the Sutlej and Punjab Campaigns.

(Sd.) C. BAGNALL.

*Commanding Company.*

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### WOUNDS.

Wounded at the battle of Sobraon, and again in the Punjab Campaign—both of these were shot wounds—also at Cawnpore by a sabre cut on the left arm.

(Sd.)—COX.

*Commanding Company.*

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### DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF.

Indian Mutiny Medal and two Clasps for the Relief of Lucknow and Relief of Cawnpore.

(Sd.) H. F. HATTON.

*Commanding Company.*

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### DESCRIPTION OF MEDALS.

Three Medals for India. Also Medal presented for extra-good shooting.

# A Narrative

OF

MY TRAVELS

AND OF

MY VISIT

TO

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

IN

1883

AND

OF

the manner I was received by my Relatives

IN

different places,

WITH

*SOME AMUSING LETTERS FROM THEM*

AFTER

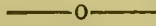
the lapse of 40 years residence in India.

**J. LEE**

A SOLDIER OF LORD GOUGH'S DAYS.



# MY TRAVELS &C.



In beginning the following narrative of my trip to England and America, I must first give you a short account of myself. I was born in the Parish of Manafon, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, on the 8th November 1829. My father was a small farmer, with three houses and land of his own. Our family consisted of 22, brothers and sisters, all of the same father and mother. I was ploughing one fine day with a pair of horses and after unyoking at 2 P. M. I walked all the way to Shrewsbury, a distance of 27 miles, in those days there were no railways) and enlisted in H. M.'s 53rd Regt, of Foot, on the 6th of August 1843, and embarked for India on the 15th of the same month in a sailing vessel—Green's "Camperdown," and landed in Calcutta on the 9th of March 1844, so that I had not seen or heard of my home for over 40 years when I went home in 1883. At Agra I left the Army from H. M.'s 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers on the 1st June 1865, to take up Civil Employment and better myself, and by the help of God *I have done so*. I served the East Indian Railway at Allahabad for 8 years and 2 months, then took 12 months leave on half pay and during my leave period and in extension of it, was altogether employed in the Government Garden at Allahabad, under Sir William Muir Lt.-Governor N. W. P. for a period of 4 years and 8 months, when I was sent to Darjeeling (Terai) as an Inspector of Tea Gardens. Here I resigned for the purpose of leaving India. I came to Allahabad to settle with the Bank for my passage home when I saw, in the "Pioneer" Newspaper, my present Hotel advertised for sale. I came to Cawnpore on the 12th of June and purchased the Hotel where I still reside. I am doing fairly well, my wife and self having to work hard. We never leave the plains for a change as we both enjoy excellent health notwithstanding so many years in the country. For some years I had been making up my mind to see home once again before I died and at last settled to go home in April 1883. I

left my business under the management of my wife and son, and after arranging with Messrs. Thomas Cook & Sons for tickets &c. I was ready to start on the 10th April 1883. I left the East Indian Railway Station, Cawnpore at 10-50 A. M. for Bombay *via*. Ajmere, which was the shortest route for visitors to Europe from the North West Provinces and the Punjab. The Rajputana State Railway, when first opened for traffic did not prove so popular, owing no doubt to slow speed defective arrangements, &c. but after all these obstacles were removed, travelling by this route was made easy and pleasant and this Railway has no doubt taken away a large amount of 1st and 2nd class passenger traffic from the East India and G. I. P. Railways. I broke journey at Ajmere, a picturesque little station, and spent a very pleasant day with a friend. Ajmere is one of the principal towns in Rajputana. It is surrounded by a stone wall in which there are five gateways. It is the Head Quarters of the Rajputana State Railway. Mayo College, a handsome building, in one of the principal objects of interest. I again took train, continued my journey without interruption, reaching Bombay at 9 A. M., on the morning of the 13th April. I remained here till 3 P. M. settling with Cook's Office for tickets &c. I am greatly indebted to this firm for their kindness in affording me every assistance and also in allowing me to place a sum of money in their hands to draw on their offices when required. I found this very convenient as it saves the trouble and anxiety in carrying a large sum of money. To those who intend visiting any part of the globe, I would advise them to avail themselves of the services of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Sons. We sailed from Bombay at 4 P. M. the same day in the P. & O. S. S. "Poonah" and made a pleasant voyage to Aden where we arrived at 4 P. M. and took in coal &c. Some of the passengers went on shore, but as the place did not look very inviting, I remained on deck for a smoke of the pipe while thinking of the home I was now about to visit after the lapse of 40 years. We remained here four or five hours and sailed through the Red Sea finding it

very hot, but arrived all right at Suez without any cause for complaint. We arrived at 4 P. M. when several of the passengers went on shore but I remained in the vessel myself. Next morning at 5 A. M. we started and sailed right through the Canal and arrived at Port Said at 9 A. M. thus making a splendid passage in one day, considered then quite a rare occurrence. A Man-of-War had just arrived and was the first vessel of the sort I had seen for a long time. We remained here till 4 A.M. and took in coal, with provisions &c. From here we made a most enjoyable trip to Malta where we stayed for nine hours for ship purposes. Nearly all the passengers including myself went on shore, and I visited nearly all the principal places of interest.

The Armoury, Batteries, the Great Cathedral &c. I also visited the old Regiment which I enlisted in, H. M.'s old 53rd Regiment, "Shropshire," and was greatly surprised to find one whom I knew as a Lt. Truell, when I left the Regiment in 1860. He returned home with the Regiment as a Lt. and now was Col. Commanding. He was very glad to see me and gave me a most hearty welcome in the Officers' Mess. He talked over old times, especially the Mutiny in 1857, when we fought side by side often hungry and thirsty. We learnt here from the newspapers that two of the crew of the Man-of-War we met at Port Said, had been found dead in the streets. They were, it is supposed to have been, killed by some Egyptians. We observed while going through the Canal whole hordes of Egyptians passing along the Banks of the Canal on Camels and Asses evidently clearing out of Egypt after the War through famine and disease. From Malta we proceeded to Gibraltar, the sea still keeping very calm. We anchored here for a few hours and most of the passengers and I went on shore for the purpose of visiting this Historical place. I visited the different Batteries, General's Quarters, &c. and was just in time to see one of the Woolich Infants, 81 ton guns, being placed in position. I rejoiced at this enviable position which England holds to guard the Mediterranean, We sailed from here to London still

continuing to enjoy calm weather and especially through the Bay of Biscay, a very rare occurrence. We passed the Cliffs of Dover, which I had not seen for many years, and which I now rejoiced to see. They recalled to me I was nearing the land of my birth, and many strange thoughts flashed through my brain, as to who I would find alive and what would surviving members of my family think of me after so many years absence as I intended coming on them unawares. We sailed (the tide being with us) right into the P. & O. docks. Cook & Sons tickets are only guaranteed for Tillbury, except when the tide is favourable to get into the docks.

We arrived there at 3 P. M. and got off board in a very short time and all were well pleased with their voyage. This was on Friday the 11th May, the day previous to the great Fisheries Exhibition of 1883. Myself and a friend went to the same hotel which Cook and Sons had arranged for us. Here we remained for eight days and visited the following interesting places. I mention them as it may serve as a guide to any one who has never had the opportunity of visiting London. (1) St. Paul's Cathedral, (2) Westminster Abbey, (3) Westminster Hall, (4) Tower of London, (5) Houses of Parliament, (6) Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Gardens, Westminster, (7) British Museum, (8) The National Gallery, (9) Royal Academy, (10) Albert Memorial, Kensington Garden, (11) South Kensington Museum, (12) The Monument, Fish Street Hill, (13) Bank of England, (14) The Royal Mint, (15) General Post Office, (16) Guildhall, King Street, Cheapside, (17) The Mansion House, (18) The Royal Exchange, (19) The Custom House, (20) Buckingham Palace, (21) The Crystal Palace, (22) The Alexandria Palace, (23) Chelsea Hospital, (24) Woolwich Arsenal and Dockyard, (25) Greenwich Hospital, (26) Zoological Gardens, (27) Regents Park, (28) The Botanical Gardens, (29) The Horticultural Gardens, South Kensington, (30)

'The Times' Newspaper Office, (33) Christ's Hospital, Newgate Street, (34) Madame Tussaud's Wax Works.

On Saturday with my friend we visited the Fisheries Exhibition, and it is to be hoped the following short account will be interesting. The Exhibition covered about 23 acres of ground. I spent a day in going through this Exhibition with a determination to study the World's Show in all its aspects, and to master the mystery of fish and their culture and their capture in all the lands and suns of the two hemispheres. In the gallery running parallel to the Western Arcade the most attractive exhibit was the lovely display of coloured shells from the Bahamas, and a trophy surmounted by a small Arctic bear holding a Seal was a conspicuous object in this gallery. A machine for making nets also attracted considerable attention as it was in operation. In the quadrants, at the North of the Exhibition grounds, the walls were literally carpeted with cases of stuffed fish. There were, however, some very striking groups in which other creatures besides fish were introduced. A pike seizing a duck, fish-hawks fighting for their prey, a leopard seized by a fish-hawk endeavouring to carry off a fish caught on a line, and a colony of young king-fishers. On the water, in front of the Prince Consort's Memorial, was to be seen a very remarkable sea-going little craft, constructed by a sailor out of a three-dozen brandy box, a few cigar boxes, the bottom of a Sailor's trunk, four yards of canvas and a few canes. There was a full set of spirit-preserved specimens of all the important sea and fresh water fish caught on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, or in the rivers and lakes. The collection of sponges and corals was said to be the finest ever brought together in America. The whaling business was very fully illustrated. A praiseworthy feature in this section is the fashion in which the collection of exhibits to each important fishery is illustrated by the figure of a fisherman, habited and postured in the manner peculiar to the men in the

particular fishery. The different processes of preparing and curing fish, both local and district, were indicated in detail. The latest developments in refrigeration could be followed here. The enterprise of fish propagation found numerous illustrations, and one hatching apparatus was in practical operation. There were also on exhibition several species of Seals, Sea-lion, Porpoises, Black-fish, Cow-fish &c. The exhibits in this section were in themselves an important feature of the Exhibition. The section devoted to India, although small in space, was rich in exhibits. In an important consignment from Bengal, there was included a number of fishing-boats and canoes, somewhat novel in construction. From Chitagong was a curiosity, a boat fitted for night fishing, a remarkable fish-trap. Fish-traps and baskets were numerous. The appliances by which the Indian fisherman cooks his rice and fries his fish were illustrated by a model: there was also a complete model of a fish bazaar of Bengal. Here we got a glimpse of the fish-wives of India at the height of the market. Among the *curios* from Bengal was a pack of playing-cards made of fish-scales. I also dropped across two Otters of Lower Bengal, which live exclusively on fish. When caught young, it is stated they become very docile, being taught to follow their master like a dog. There was also from India a collection of fishing-nets from Bombay, also models of fishermen and fisherwomen, with specimens of their apparel. The chief part of the Madras consignment was a collection of fish of that Presidency, described, together with their habits and methods of their capture, upon large type placards. I came away after a days thorough enjoyment in seeing the World's Wonders connected with fish.

While in London I was asked by Messrs. Thomas Cook & Sons to call at their Office on Tuesday, the 15th May, for the purpose of meeting the undermentioned retired Indian Officers, who had previously enquired at their office about old Indians coming home on their tickets. Here I met General Sir Allen Havelock, General Olpherts Judge Saunders and General

Delafosse, who was one of the three survivors from the Cawnpore Massacre on the 27th June 1857. Here I met with a very warm reception from these officers. They made enquiries about my health and how I was doing and talked much about the Mutiny and other historical events of India. They gave me their cards and asked me to call on them. I visited them on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 16th, 17th and 18th May respectively and had a very jolly time of it in company with these distinguished officers. While in London I could not resist going to visit Blackwell Railway, to see if it was anything like the place as I saw it when a boy of sixteen. It was then worked by a stationary engine with ropes and pulleys, but I found it and in fact everything so completely changed after the lapse of forty years. On the morning of the 19th May I left Euston Station by train for Shrewsbury at 9-15 A. M and arrived there at 2-45 P. M. During the short-trip my thoughts were occupied with the home I was now about to see after the lapse of so many years. During all this time in India I had never received a single letter from any of my brothers and sisters, so I was in utter ignorance as to who were still living. I alighted from the train at Shrewsbury and had my luggage taken out by one of the porters, a very old man. I asked him if he knew any one by the name of Richard Lee of Leith-Hill Farm. He said "Yes, *very-well.*" I then asked him to get a cab and see my luggage on the same and to direct the cab-man to Richard Lee's. The old man replied, "Yes sir, and when I saw your name with INDIA on the luggage I thought you were his brother, as I often heard of his brother being a soldier in India." The porter directed the cab-man to drive me to Leith-Hill Farm, some six miles in the country, but the cab-man happened to drive the wrong way to the house as there were two roads. The house stood on a hill and the cab could not be driven into the yard as the hill was so very steep. The cab man told me he could drive me no further but showed me the house at a short distance. I told him to go

and make sure if it was Richard Lee's place and he returned in a short time accompanied by an old and a young lady, whom I found to be my brother Richard's wife and daughter. When the daughter came up to the cab I attempted to open the door and she kindly offered to open it for me. I thanked her saying, I could do so myself and at the same time asked her who she was and her name. She told me her name was Sarah Lee. I then asked her who the old lady was, coming up with the cab-man at a short distance. "That is my mother, sir." "What is your father's name?" I asked, and she answered, "Richard Lee." "Is he at home," I said, "Yes Sir, in the garden setting potatoes," she replied. I came out of the cab and made to the wicket-gate leading into the garden and passing the house, I saw a man and a boy working in the garden. I made towards them, when the girl came up to me and we walked on together. I stood and she stood in front of me, when she put her two hands together and asked me if I was her Uncle Joseph from India. I said, "Yes I am, my girl," she then turned round to her father and screamed "Father dear, come here, here's Uncle Joseph from India." My brother left the spade stuck in the ground, *where it remained for five days.* We both made towards each other, and I spoke one or two words in Welsh concerning our mother and father, when he fell into my arms and fainted; he was about ten years older than myself. For some time he struggled in my arms and fell insensible with excitement. The mother and daughter and several others gathered around both of us, and they seemed to me they were *all* relations, but really there were only three: however at this time I was not aware who were my relations. We then went into the house and soon became known to each other. His wife and daughter I had never seen before. We remained in the house for some hours enjoying ourselves drinking each other's health. I then asked to go outside alone, and there I sat on a cart listening to the Cuckoo and the Corn-Drake which I had

not heard for forty years. This was about 9 P. M. It was a beautiful twilight evening and the tears came running down my face as I thought of my childhood days. I was called in several times but before I left my seat, not to show my friends that I felt the meeting, I wiped away the tears as I was struggling inwardly against the trials of this world, and felt as I had done before in the field of battle when wounded. The whole of that night there was no thought of sleep, especially myself and brother, for we were in the one room conversing over our boyhood days, also about our father and mother, who I had by this time learnt had died twenty years ago. My father's age was one hundred and eleven years and nine days, and our mother's age was one hundred and three years. My brother spoke of the many times they had sat around the fire-side, expressing a wish to see me, or to know my whereabouts before they died. They wrote to the Horse Guards, but never received a reply, and at last had given up all thought of ever seeing me again. On Saturday morning, market-day Shrewsbury, my brother drove in his cart to meet a sister who always attended market on that day. After arriving in the town, some six miles off, my brother said to me "I don't wish to be at the meeting of our sister Sarah." He had scarcely uttered these words, when a young man rode by on horse back, bidding my brother the time of the day by saying, "Good morning. Uncle," (little he thought at the time I was also his uncle) and soon afterwards at a distance my brother pointed out a cart with two ladies and a gentleman. He said "there's Sister Sarah, the one on the left in front, and her husband driving." They drove into the Inn, where they always put up whenever they came into the town. He said "I'll stay at the gate, and you go in." I did so and rapped at the door of the gentleman's cloak room, when my sister's husband came to the door. I asked him if Mrs. Morgan was in, and he said, "Yes, she is in the ladies cloak room." He then rapped at the door and I stood back several paces, think-

ing of speaking to my sister as a stranger, and when she came to the door I saw my mothers features. She asked me if I wished to speak to her, but I did not reply for some time, but soon afterwards I advanced up to her and caught her round the neck when she screamed to her husband "Who is this man? take him away." I replied—"I am your brother, the lost child for so many years, and I have come from India." These words were spoken by me in Welsh, but she only looked at me and said "No—no—he is not my brother." There was another lady also present and she was surprised at this unexpected scene. I had to speak several words concerning our father and mother, and I said "Mary Lee was your mother as well as mine. Edward Lee was your father, he was also mine." Her husband then said "Sarah, he must be your brother!"; the old lady present also said the same. Her husband said "Mr. Lee come in and have something to drink." I exclaimed "No, not before I go to the same house as I enlisted for a soldier years ago, if that house is in existence as a tavern." He said "Where was that?" and I said "*The Leopard*," on Pride Hill. He said "Come along, we have not far to go." We all walked down the street when I asked my sister to take my arm, and she did so immediately, but shortly afterwards she let go my arm saying "He is not brother, look how straight he walks!" I then asked her to let me carry her hand basket, but she refused to let me do this. We soon got to "*The Leopard*" and her husband said, "This is the house,"—and I said "No, or else it has been altered"; he said "Yes it has." We went in and as we passed into a private room I observed a young lady at the bar, and asked her if she was the landlady. She said "Yes sir." I said, "You were not here when I was here last." She enquired "When was that?" and I said "Over forty years ago." She said "No, sir, I was not in existence then." I then said, "It is good for you that you are here now," and she found it so before I left, as she had plenty of customers, for this house was the only one I visited when going into the town, and before we had been here an hour there

came about fifteen or twenty relations, including nephews and nieces by other brothers and sisters. My brother Richard, who did not wish to be present at our meeting, now came up and drank my health. He and Sarah continually kept their eyes on me while conversing to themselves about me, and I was passing my time away with young nieces and nephews. Before an hour had elapsed, two or three hundred people, chiefly friends of my relations from the town and country, had come to see me. When we left the house there were crowds of old and young at the door and in the street, the police keeping the way clear. I certainly felt I was once again in the land of my birth. I was dressed with *eight* of my War Honours, which chiefly was the cause of attracting the strangers. Soon afterwards I saw my sister and her husband home, and promised to visit them on Tuesday. I remained with my brother from Thursday evening to Tuesday morning when I started by train to Yokleton, 5 miles from Shrewsbury, and was met by them at the latter station. Here I remained with them four or five days, when my eldest sister Kate, came to visit my sister, Sarah, not knowing at the time that I was to be seen. Sarah told me she saw Kate coming up the road, and said. "Where will you go to hide? you must not introduce yourself at once, the surprise will be too much for her she is so many years older than we are." I ran up stairs and sat there listening to their conversation as they met at the door. Sarah asked Kate if she would have a cup of tea, and she said, "Yes Sarah" and during the tea drinking, the former said to the latter, "Would you like to see your brother Joseph?" "Oh yes I would, but there is no chance of that, for I heard years ago, from a soldier who had left his Regiment, that he saw him buried in India." "Oh you don't know, it might not be true" said Sarah, and at the same showing my name on a trunk. "J. W. Lee, Cawnpore. India:" but she would not believe it. Then two of my nieces spoke to her saying "We'll bring him to you." "No"

she said "there's no chance of that." My niece then pretended to look for me outside in the garden and said that I was coming. At last they brought her up stairs, where I had been sitting for about half an hour listening to the conversation about myself. When sister Kate saw me she asked who I was, before I could speak. I replied, "your brother Joe!" and I caught her and sat her on my knee while tears were falling from our eyes. She naturally felt it more than my brother Richard, or sister Sarah. We had a long conversation about our mother and father, brothers and sisters, as well as about her family of her sons and daughters, *thirteen in number*, and all married. She stayed all that day with our sister Sarah, and left that night by train. She resided about nine or ten miles distance in Montgomeryshire in a small farm near Welshpool. Of course I promised to pay herself and family a visit and did so the following Sunday, and found them all present as well as some of their friends. Here I enjoyed myself very much for a week, and during this time I went to see the graves, 19 in all, of my father mother, brothers and sisters. I also visited several of my school friends, and could not help thinking of the days when we were boys and girls together. I stayed with old friends four days, enjoying myself, shooting and fishing on their farms. I now returned to sister Kate's at Burgedin Farm, and in a week's time started for Liverpool, where I remained three days. Whilst here I visited Cook & Sons office in Lime Street, and asked their Agent to get me a second class ticket for New York for my nephew whom I took with me. We sailed for New York making a pleasant voyage, calling at Queenstown, where we took in some passengers and about three hundred emigrants. We then called at Valentia for the purpose of taking on board about seven hundred emigrants. Both these places are on the Irish Coast. We arrived in New York after nine days sail. Here Cook's Agent met his passengers on board, directing them to their hotels and looking after their luggage &c., himself. We arrived at our hotel about 4 P. M. After dinner

I, my nephew, and a few passenger friends visited different parts of the city, and we took a trip on the "Elevated Railway" as it was a novelty to most of us. At the breakfast table next morning (Sunday), I was introduced to Capt. Webb, the famous "Channel swimmer," who was staying in the same hotel. In the evening, in company with my nephew and a few other friends, I took a walk over the Brooklyn Bridge. On our way my nephew's attention was drawn to a notice on the walls, purporting to be a sermon to be given that evening by the Revd Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, who had that day attained his seventieth year!!! My nephew asked me if I would like to go. My wounded leg did not permit of my walking too far, but as the Church was only a short distance off, I consented. We were all glad for having gone to hear Mr. Beecher's sermon, as it was most instructive and interesting. We returned to our hotel at 10 P. M. well pleased. Next morning at the breakfast table we missed Capt. Webb and were told he had gone to the Niagara Falls. I remained two days longer and enjoyed myself thoroughly in visiting the principal places of interest, The Grand Central Depot, Academy, of Designs, Central Park, New Post Office, New York Stock Exchange, Custom House, City Hall, Normal College—in fact every place worth visiting. I must now here give you a description of the Brooklyn Bridge, as it struck me to be the most wonderful structure of its kind in the world.

#### THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

New York proper is situated on the Manhattan Island, formed by the two mouths of the Hudson River and the estuary known as East River, which connects Long Island Sound with New York Bay. Facing New York, on the opposite side of East River, and occupying the West end of Long Island, stands Brooklyn. The two cities had been connected by a number of steam ferries. This arrangement was, for an easy transit between New York and Brooklyn, found utterly inadequate to the growing needs of the population. Transit of passengers was

constantly hindered in having to cross the streams of *traffic* along the river and, at times, through the prevalence of fogs, or the partial freezing of the river, *all* communication was cut off. The difficulty can well be realised in the mention of the fact that in 1872 about 60,000,000 persons crossed by these ferries. It was accordingly resolved to erect a bridge, and this bridge was thirteen years in course of construction!!! The idea of crossing East River by a suspension bridge is due to the noted Engineer, John A. Roebling, who constructed the famous bridges at Niagara and Cincinnati. He planned the bridge in 1867, but in the summer of 1869, while engaged in fixing the location of the Brooklyn tower, a ferry-boat entering the ship thrust the timbers on which he stood in such a manner as to catch and crush his foot. The injury resulted in lockjaw from which he died sixteen days after. A fit successor was found in his son, Washington A. Roebling, who had not only been the accomplished associate of his father in some of his principal works but had aided him most efficiently in the preparation of the designs and plans of the bridge. Of course the terminus of the bridge on each side is at a considerable distance from the shore, and the structure is divided into five parts. The central span from tower to tower, is 1595 feet 6 inches long, the land spans from towers to anchorages, 930 feet long, and then there are the approaches from the terminus to the anchorage on each side. The total length of the bridge is 5,989 feet, truly the most stupendous undertaking of the character ever yet attempted. The iron framing forming the roadway is 85 feet in width, and is suspended from four main cables, each sixteen inches in diameter. These cables are composed of galvanised steel wire, having a strength of 190,000 pounds per square inch of section. The aggregate strength of the main span is 5,000 tons. The bridge is divided into five parallel avenues, the outer two, each nineteen feet wide, being for vehicles, and the centre one, an elevated road, fifteen feet wide, for pedestrians. The other two avenues are for a double service of tram-cars worked by ropes attached to a stationary engine at each end of the bridge. The floor of the bridge in the centre is no less than 135 feet above high water mark, so that of course there will not be the slightest hindrance to navigation. The two towers are of granite. Each of them rests on a cassion, which has

been sunk down to the said rock below the bed of the river. On the Brooklyn side this foundation is 45 feet below the surface of the water. On the New York side it is from 82 feet to 92 feet below. Upon these solid foundations stand the two towers measuring 134 feet by 56 feet at the surface of the water, and gradually worked off to 120 feet by 40 feet at the top. Each of the four huge cables, passing over the towers, slant down to the anchorage, entering the walls at a height of about 80 feet above high-water mark, and then passes through twenty feet of solid masonry to a connection with the anchor chains. Each anchorage contains about 35,000 cubic yards of solid masonry. From the anchorages to the towers, the roadway is above the roofs of the houses. Many of the latter have had to be decreased in height, and special precautions have been taken to secure the bridge against the danger of fire by covering the roofs beneath with incombustible material. The terminus of the New York side is 1336 feet from the anchorage, and on the Brooklyn side 836 feet. These long approaches, which of course add materially to the length of the bridge, are supported by iron girders and tresses resting at short intervals on small piers of masonry, the streets being crossed by iron girders at such an elevation as to cause no obstruction. The total cost of this vast structure amounted to more than five millions sterling. It is open free to foot passengers, a toll charge for vehicles and passengers by the Cars pay five cents each. The suspension bridge was formally opened on May the 24th 1883, with due ceremony in the presence of President Arthur, the Federal and State officials, and the officers of the New York and Brooklyn Municipal Governments. Salutes were fired by the guns of the Navy yard as well as from numerous war-vessels anchored in the East River. There were jubilant rejoicings in both cities, and all the Church bells rang out in honour of the occasion. President Arthur was escorted to the bridge with military pomp, and all that could be thought of was done to make the occasion a memorable one. Only a week after the triumphant opening

a sad catastrophe occurred on the Brooklyn Bridge. On May 30th, which was the public holiday known as Decoration Day, between two and three hundred thousand people crossed the bridge during the day. Beneath the arch of the New York Tower, the central raised avenue is reached by a series of steps. When the crowd was densest a panic occurred here, said to have been brought about by roughs and pick-pockets, and masses of struggling men, women and children were precipitated down the steps. Twelve corpses were taken up when the crowd dispersed, and many of the injured died subsequently. The scene was a frightful one and a survivor who had been in many battles declared that he had never seen such a terrible sight.

Myself, nephew and a friend, now took train on the Central Railway for the Niagara Falls. I could not help being struck with the Pullman cars which make travelling by this Railway a luxury. In these cars you can obtain fruit, ice water, books and papers, &c.—in fact you are as comfortable as you could be in your own dwelling. There is a dining car, a smoking car and a sleeping car. In the cold weather hot pipes run along inside of the cars. On our way we passed several towns and villages. The houses are chiefly made of wood, and unlike India, I noticed all the depots or railway stations, are made of wood. I could not help noticing that a large bell, attached to the front of the engine, kept ringing all the way; I suppose to warn people, close to the line, of the approach of a train. We reached the Niagara Falls on the morning of the 23rd July 1883, and were surprised to find Capt. Webb staying in the same hotel as myself, and it was here, for the first time, that I heard he was going to swim the Rapids. About 10 A. M. I, my nephew, Capt. Webb and his Agent, in company with several others, went to see the beautiful views on the Canadian and American side in connection with the Falls. Capt. Webb after we had seen the different interesting places, asked us to go and

see where he was going to swim the Rapids. We did so and saw where his Agent had already made a place to collect money from spectators for the next day, the 24th July 1883. We also went down the elevator, and had a group taken, I and my nephew, Capt. Webb and his Agent. I have the photograph now in the Railway Hotel. I now give a description of the Falls and the dreadful end of Capt. Webb.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE NIAGARA FALLS.

From the source of the Niagara at Buffalo to Schlosser, a distance of twenty miles, it has a fall of twenty feet, or an average of a foot to the mile. Grand Island, twelve miles long and from two to seven miles wide, lies directly in the centre of the river, the distance from Buffalo to the head of the island, and from the falls to the foot of the island, being the same. The waters thus divided flow on, a grand mighty river on each side, until it becomes again united opposite Gill Creek, from which point it becomes an overwhelming torrent, falling from Schlosserto the brink of the precipice, a distance of about three miles and fifty-three feet, and in its onward course falling over many little declivities, forming several pleasing little cascades, and sweeping forward in fierce and turbulent rapids, as if madly eager to make an awful leap into the seething cauldron below. The river, as *above* by Grand Island, is *here* again divided] by Goat Island. These two divisions cause the formation of the great cataracts, the America and Horseshoe Falls, again uniting at the foot of the island, after the awful plunge of 1,864 feet. It sends up its spray sometimes to the height of a mile, appearing from a distance like the smoke of a conflagration. The Horseshoe Fall, derives its name from the shape that the curve formerly assumed. The gradual wearing away from beneath, and falling down from above of the rocks, has changed the figure from that of a Horseshoe to something of a right angle. The height of this fall is about one hundred and fifty-eight

feet. A fair view of the Rapids is to be had from Goat Island Bridge, which was erected in 1856. The delicate tints of the water are here, especially, very attractive. The waves are constantly breaking into new forms, in each successive change catching the sunlight under new conditions, and throwing it back in some novel transfusion of hues. It was while the old bridge was repairing in 1839, that one of the workmen, a Mr. Chapin, was accidentally thrown from the frame work into the river and carried by the current to the first of the two smallest islands below, since called, from this circumstance, Chapin Island. He was thence rescued by Mr. Joel R. Robinson, a man associated with many a gallant rescue from these waters. The fall of the river's bed, from the head of the rapids to the verge of the precipice is 50 feet. This gradual descent, by confusing the lines of vision as you gaze up the river, gives the farthest crest of the rapids a vague and skyish cast, suggestive of the infinite; so that, turning from this to where the river disappears in its final leap, you seem to have realised in space the similitudes of life.

“—————Standing 'twixt two eternities.”

Crossing the bridge, the first island you reach is Bath Island. Looking up the Rapids, that small sentimental looking island on your left, is called “Loves' Retreat;” the island just beyond that, Brig Island. Goat Island, though not the largest, is by far the most beautiful island in the Niagara. It is now owned by the Porter family, to whom it was ceded by the State of New York in 1818. It derived its name from the circumstance of a Mr. Stedmant having placed some Goats on it to pasture in 1770. The next place of interest is the Central Fall which is cut off by Liana Island. Having now ascended the bank, and rested from fatigue, we passed on a few rods to the Cave of the Winds dressing rooms and Biddle's Stairs. These Stairs take their name from the President of the United States Bank, Nicholas Biddle, Esq. at whose expense they were erected in 1829. They are secured to the solid rock by ponderous iron bolts and are

said to be perfectly safe. In 1829, shortly after the completion of the stairs, the eccentric Sam Patch made his famous leap from a scaffolding 96 feet high, erected in the water at a point between this and the Centre Fall. The next place of interest is the Terrapin Bridge. This Bridge is subject to the action of the spray; a little care should therefore be taken in crossing it. In the winter of 1852 a gentleman from West Troy, N. Y., while crossing the tower fell into the current, and was carried to the verge of the fall where he lodged between two rocks. He was discovered by two of the citizens, who rescued him by throwing out lines which he fastened around his body. He remained speechless for several hours after being taken to his hotel. From this point you get the best view of the shape of the Horseshoe Fall, and the clearest idea of how it has been modified by the action of the water. This action has been especially violent during the last few years. Leaving the Horseshoe Fall and wending our way along the bank of the river to the east, the next point of interest is the Three Sister Islands, connected by three beautiful bridges. These three bridges combine both strength and beauty. They are alike, being slightly oval, that is higher in the middle than at either end, thus adding to their strength. The ends are fastened into the rock. The peculiar construction of the railing adds much to their strength and beauty. Pass over each bridge slowly and carefully view the Rapids and Cascades. Here Joel R. Robinson, previously mentioned, saved a Mr. Allen's life in 1841, and in 1854 he passed with his son over the Rapids. The pleasure of passing over these wild and romantic spots fully repays the visitor for the trip, to say nothing of the many other beautiful resorts that abound at the Niagara, both winter and summer. Following the course of the river from Goat Island Bridge, a short walk brings you to the entrance of Prospect Park. These grounds were purchased by the Prospect Park Company in 1872. A carriage road leading from the entrance runs along the edge of the Rapids to the brink of the Falls. A solid wall of masonry guards this spot, and from the angle can be obtained

a magnificent view of the American Falls and the frowning rocks below, and continues along the bank of the river to the new Suspension Bridge, enabling persons to get a view of the American Falls, Horseshoe Falls, Goat Island, Table Rock, Clifton House, the Ferry and the New Suspension Bridge, without stepping from their carriage. We next visited the Burning Spring. It is reached by one of the most charming and picturesque drives in this vicinity. Starting from Table Rock the road leads across Cedar Island, along the foaming Rapids, over two handsome suspension bridges, connecting at either extremity "Clark Hill Islands" with the mainland. The spring is about one mile above the Falls, near the head of the Rapids, which are second only to the Falls, and here the view is grand. The water moving at the rate of forty miles an hour, together with the wonders of the Spring, makes it an interesting place for the tourist. After being very well pleased with the wonderful sights, we returned to our hotel. In the evening when dark we went to see the Park on the banks of the Falls, lit up with Electric lights. I was to leave for Chicago at 12 o'clock that night but Capt. Webb persuaded me and my nephew to stay to see him attempt his great feat. He said, "You are Shropshire men. Stay another day." We did and accompanied him to the spot.

On the 24th July Capt. Webb made his fatal attempt. He was rowed in a skiff to a point in the river opposite Old Maid of the Mist and was landed by John McClay, one of the ferrymen at the Falls. Webb sprang off the boat at two minute past four P.M. The daring swimmer passed the Big Rapids all right, keeping in the middle of the stream. When he struck the Whirlpool he was rushed to the American side where the waves, it is estimated, are from thirty to forty feet high, and when last seen he was throwing up one arm. His intention had been to pass the Whirlpool on the Canadian side, The river was searched for two miles below the Whirlpool,

but no trace of Webb could be found until the afternoon of the 25th, when his body was picked up. He was supposed to be engulfed in the Whirlpool. Webb was a man of medium size with a magnificent physique and a very broad chest. He wore his white hair clipped close. He was not more than forty years of age. At midnight we took train for Chicago, after some pleasant riding in the Pullman Cars. We remained here three days and visited the following interesting places:—Inter-State Industrial Exposition Building, Mr. Vicker's Theatre Madison Street, Central Musical Hall, New Court House Sherman's House, Board of Trade, New Custom House and Post Office, the Grand Pacific Hotel, (where we put up), Lake Shore and M. S. and G. R. I. and P, Depot, Chicago River from Rush Street Bridge, Union Park, South Park, North Side Water Works and the Union Stock. The last place interested us very much seeing the cattle coming up by train loads, and within an hour from the time of purchase, they were put through a series of operations, so that they were all fit to be despatched by train and packed with ice, all ready for export. We were informed that on an average through the year, a hog is killed every four seconds ready for despatch, and an ox is killed and ready for despatch every four minutes. We also had a ride on the Street Cars, worked by an endless wire rope, and inspected the machinery which worked it. We left here, (after thoroughly enjoying ourselves for three days), for Oskosh, Winnabago, Wisconsin U.S.A. travelling through different parts of the prairies. It was a fine sight to see so many thousand acres of low land, and, lining each side, beautiful groups of chiefly American pine trees. We arrived at Oskosh at 6 A.M. We then made our way immediately to the Post Office to enquire there if they knew of the whereabouts of my brother John Lee. This is the best way to find out any one you require in America, as the post office do not send letters from house to house. Every one sends or calls at the Post Office, keeping his own key, which bears the number of his small letter box. The Post Office people informed

us that my brother was staying about two miles off, telling us we could take the tramway to the door, which we did. We arrived at the house, where we saw three children playing about and enquired from them if this was John Lee's house. The children said "Yes." I then asked them if he was in, and they said "No, but mother is in." At the same time their mother came to the door. I asked her if she was John Lee's wife, John Lee who formerly belonged to Montgomeryshire in Wales, and she said "Yes sir." "May I see him,"? I said "He is out with some men working, but I will send the boy for him," replied my brother's wife. Whilst we werestanding before the door my features aroused some suspicion that I was her husband's brother and she asked me if I was, and I said, "Yes madam." She then asked both of us in, I introduced my nephew and told her that he was a son of our sister, and that he had come with me as a companion. Within a few minutes I saw my brother approaching and his wife told us to hide, and that she would gradually break the news of my arrival. As soon as he came in, she gradually broached the subject, and then both of them came into the room where we were seated, and our meeting was similar to the former meetings I had had with my other brothers and sisters in England. How surprised we were to see each other after so many years. We enjoyed ourselves very much, giving each other the history of our lives since we last saw each other. I had not seen him since he was 11 years of age. He is two years younger than I am, but he certainly looked twenty years older. On the second day, which has Sunday, we accompanied my brother and his family to church. Previous to going my brother informed me there would be at church two very old acquaintances of our family (in Wales), and that they had in the country a farm on which they lived, about two miles from Oskosh. My brother told me to look out in church and see if I could recognise any one. I tried but all in vain. After the service my brother went up to Mr. and Mrs. Owens, and informed them about me, and I was then introduced

to them. We certainly did not know one another, although during the service we sat facing each other, about three seats apart. We paid them a visit in the country, and had a long talk about Wales and America. We had been for some years in the same Welsh school, when we were boys. I and my nephew passed a very pleasant week here. The Owens had left Wales some 39 years, a few years after I left. Here I received a note from General Allen of the American Army, inviting me to visit himself and his son, who is a Lieutenant in the Army. While here my brother and their family went to see the grand review of the Army at a town called Ripon twenty one miles distant. Nine special trains started, ten minutes in succession of each other, for the purpose of conveying the troops and spectators. We had been invited by General Allen to see the manœuvring of the troops as also to attend a ball to be given the next evening. We proceeded together. There were some thousands of troops mustered. The General put the troops through their field exercise, in first rate style, for about two hours in the morning and two hours in the evening. There were seven Bands playing, one after the other, the whole time, for the amusement of the thousands of spectators that had collected. It was a pleasure to see them amusing themselves in dancing, all dressed in different costumes and wearing the "Stars and Stripes," this being the American Day of Independence. We were all at the ball given in the great Armoury that night. The Armoury was beautifully decorated and the ball was a great success. We enjoyed ourselves very much, and started back the next day to Oskosh, where I remained about a fortnight longer, enjoying myself boating and shooting and viewing the town. The town of Oskosh is situated between two lakes.

Whilst in Oskosh I was asked by some of the head Clergymen to give a narrative of the great Indian Massacre of 1857 at Cawnpore, and other deeds in connection with the Mutiny in

India. I did so every night, for a week, in different places. This was for the benefit of their churches, and thousands of people from the country and the towns around came to hear me. The first day they charged 25 cents for adults and 15 for children, but before the end of the week the charge was raised to 50 cents for adults and 30 for children, as the congregation daily increased. A young man, a Native Christian from Calcutta, India, who was brought up by some of the American Clergymen, also took part at these meetings, showing those present the real ways and manners of the natives of Bengal. He showed us all about their mode of living, eating, drinking, washing, dressing, and even as to the building of their houses. His descriptions caused much amusement and laughter. To conclude, two gentlemen exhibited a magic lantern, and showed the principal scenes in India, Nana Sahib, the notorious rebel of Cawnpore, and also scenes in connection with the late famines in India were among those that were shown. This caused much amusement and laughter, principally amongst the juveniles.

On the 2nd August 1883 we left Oskosh for New York, taking the Lake Shore Railway. We broke our journey for a day at Milwaukee for the purpose of seeing the large breweries where they brew the Lager beer. These breweries are chiefly owned by Germans. We took train again for Buffalo, spending a day here also. We were very much amused at the Fair, at the races, and quite enjoyed the different other sports. We attended Cook's Wild Circus that night, and then left for New York, where we remained for two days. I must say that for the short time I visited America, I liked the ways and manners of the people very much, and always found them very kind and hospitable to strangers. They are no doubt a very go-a-head nation. We left New York on the 7th August for Liverpool in the S. S. Arizona, Anchor Line. The commencement of the passage was very fair but we encountered a heavy gale lasting for two days, when about three days of landing. We lost one portion of the

screw at midnight. This accident caused a great panic on board, and made the remainder of the passage very unpleasant. On our arrival at Liverpool we heard that some vessels had put back into harbour. One small vessel, running between Liverpool and the Isle of Man, was just rescued in time to save about 250 passengers. We stayed in Liverpool, enjoying ourselves very much, and went down the Ferry on a steamer to see Blondin, the great rope walker, who was then performing in the Gardens. We left Liverpool for Shrewsbury to see my sister Sarah, once again. We arrived on the 18th of August, and remained four days. I again visited some old school friends in Wales, and went out shooting and fishing on their grounds. We also visited New Town, which is only a few miles from Montgomeryshire, where I was born. I noticed great improvements had been made, since I had last seen the place, especially in respect of the Woollen Factories, where some of the best Welsh flannel is produced. I returned to Welshpool and visited a very old Regimental friend, Capt. Dovston, Pay Master of the Welshpool Militia and formerly in the Band of the 53rd Shropshire Regiment. I also visited a retired officer, Col. Twyford. This gentleman gave me a very hearty reception, taking me out shooting and fishing, and affording me endless other amusements. I left here, after a few days, to see my sister Kate, in Burgedin, about 5 or 6 miles from Welshpool. Remained with her a few days, and then bade her and her family "Good-bye" returning to Yockleton, where I also stayed a few days, and then finally bade, "Good-bye" to Sarah, my brother Richard and their families. They begged of me not to stay away as long again. I left for London on the 9th September, accompanied by two of my nephews; remained in London till the morning of the 12th and then took train for Tillbury. I had the Company's boat from the shore to the P. & O. Steamer. "Malwah." After about an hour I bade "Good-bye" to both of my nephews. The vessel sailed about 3 P. M. for India, making a successful passage right through the Suez Canal, where the passengers for

Bombay, I included, left the "Malwah," and went on board the "Gwalior," which vessel took us safely to Bombay, landing on the 9th October 1883. I remained in Bombay two days, as I had not the opportunity to see this town, when going home. I visited several friends, lunched at Asquith and Lord's, called on Cook & Son's Agent and on several others who had visited my Hotel during the last ten years. Here I got Cook's Agent to change my route to that by the G. I. P. Railway, in place of returning by the Rajputana State Railway, as I considered travelling on the former more pleasant. I arrived at Cawnpore at 5-5 P. M. on the 13th October, and met my wife and family who were all glad to see me back in my old home, and I was equally glad to see their faces, once again, after the undertakings and excitements I had gone through in seeing my relations and old friends after a separation of forty years. The next morning I went round my premises, examined my property and found everything in first rate order, all having been looked after by my wife and son.

**Letters addressed to my wife and relatives while I  
was in England and Wales.**

—:o:—

The following letters written to my wife, during my sojourn in Wales and America, will, it is hoped, prove of some interest to those who have followed the wanderings of the subject of this narrative, because not only of their being specimens of friendly and homely letters from the working classes, but also on account of their corroborating many of the incidents related herein.

FROM ELIZABETH MORGAN,

YOCKLETON

Near Shrewsbury,

25th May 1883.

MY DEAR AUNTIE,

I take the pleasure of, for the first time, writing you a few lines, trusting to God that they wont be the last,

and that they will find you, my cousin Francis William Hardy, his wife, (Marian), and their three little sons, in the enjoyment of good health, of course also also Charlotte Margaret Fanny Butler and also Alfred Earnest Bennett Muir Lee. Uncle Joseph arrived in London on the 10th May at 5 P. M. after a successful and most pleasant voyage on board the P. & O. S. S. "Poonah," which left Bombay on the 13th April 1883, at 5 P. M. He was never in the least sea sick throughout the voyage, and sat every day at the head of the table. At Bombay, Cook's Agent, Mr. House, saw Uncle safe on board, and his money transactions all correct. Mr. House has written to Frank about some maps. Please tell him to send them as soon as possible.

In London Uncle stayed seven days, saw all the principal places, and visited Judge Saunders and General Havelock, the son of the old General who is buried at Lucknow. These gentlemen heard that an old warrior, "Lee" was coming from India, and would be in London about the 10th May, by Cook's, and they sent their addresses to that office, asking "Lee" to call upon them. They both live some distance out of London in country seats. Uncle took the Under Ground Railways to see them, had to go two days, as they live in different directions. You can understand what a welcome he received from each. Out with them for long drives, and also afforded the pleasure of being shown certain sights and places of interest by them, in fact nothing could be too good to make Uncle comfortable.

Uncle saw the principal places of interest, such as the Crystal Palace, Madame Tussaud's Wax Works, several Theatres the Tower, &c and by Gods will, my dear Auntie, he will tell all of you of them, on his arrival at the Railway Hotel, Cawnpore, India.

Uncle started from London by the mail train, on the morning of the 18th May, at 9 A. M., and arrived in Shrewsbury at 1-45 P. M. only four hours and forty five minutes run by railway. He then took a Cab to my uncle Richard's, Leith Hill, which is about five miles from Shrewsbury and in the

country. When he arrived at the house, only my cousin Sarah, the girl whom Uncle Joseph had kissed when she was but a baby in arms, came out. Of course neither recognised the other, nor did Uncle Joseph and my Aunt, who was the next to come up, recognise each other. Uncle Richard was setting potatoes, some distance away, in the garden. As soon as Uncle Joseph made himself known to Auntie and Cousin Sarah, as being Richards brother *i.e.* Sarah's father's brother, Cousin Sarah turned round to her father and screamed, "Father dear, come, here's Uncle Joseph from India." Notwithstanding, Uncle Richard thought it was a neighbour who visits the family but seldom, and at first would not move from the spade, which was stuck in the ground. Then Uncle Joseph advanced and explained to him who he was. You, my dear Auntie, can understand the meeting of the two brothers after so many years absence, how feeling it must have been. Uncle Richard now deserted his spade, and it remained stuck in the ground for 5 days!!! He stayed with Uncle Richard from the evening of the 18th until Tuesday morning the 22nd.

Saturday morning is Market Day in Shrewsbury, weekly, and my mother or myself always attend. This Saturday mother attended and met Uncle Joseph and Richard, the former of course came into town for the purpose of meeting my mother, that is, his sister Sarah. They met, and I dare say, dear Auntie, you would have liked to have been there to witness this meeting, which, too, was after so many years. When Uncle Joseph started, he thought of passing himself off, for a time, as a stranger. After arriving in the town, some six miles off, Uncle Richard said to Uncle Joseph, "I don't wish to be at the meeting of our sister"; he had scarcely uttered these words when a young man rode by on horse-back bidding Uncle Richard the time of the day by saying, "Good morning Uncle." Little he thought, at the time, that he had another Uncle Joseph, then by Uncle Richard's side,

and, soon afterwards, at a distance, Uncle Richard pointed out a cart with two ladies and a gentleman in it, and said to Uncle Joseph "there is our sister Sarah, the one on the left, in front, and her husband is driving." Uncle Richard and Joseph both drove towards the Inn, where they always put up whenever they go into town. Uncle Richard said "I'll stay at the gate, and you go on to see Sarah." Uncle Joseph did so and rapped at the door of the gentlemen's cloak room, when my father came to the door. Uncle Joseph asked him if Mrs. Morgan was in, and father said, "Yes, she is in the ladies cloak room," Father then rapped at the door of the latter, while Uncle Joseph stood back several paces, still thinking of speaking to mother as a stranger. Mother was at the time talking to a lady in one of the rooms of the place in which my father was employed in the town. She made for the door to come out and see the stranger who had asked for her. In doing so she had to pass a window. Uncle Joseph saw her passing, only the *side of her face*, and there *alone* was the image of Mary Lee, their mother. The conversation that Uncle intended having with mother, as a stranger, was instantly forgotten, and he rushed and caught hold of her. Mother, not knowing the seemingly odd gentleman, who had been so rude as to take the liberty of catching hold of and kissing her in the presence of a strange lady, and also in that of my father who did not know what to make of Uncle Joseph, screamed to father, "Who is this man? take him away." Uncle was crying and still persisted in keeping hold of and kissing mother. After some seconds he told her, "I am your brother, Joseph, the lost child from India." Even then, she could not believe him—not until Uncle Joseph said, "Mary Lee was *your* mother—she was also *mine*; Edward Lee was *your* father—as well as *mine*," and not until father added, "Sarah, he must be your brother," and the lady present expressed the same opinion. My mother, father and Uncles Joseph and Richard then came forward. Uncle Joseph desired that no one should take a drop of any thing to drink until they

would show him the public house called "The Leopard," (Pride Hill, Shrewsbury), from which place he enlisted. Arrived at the "Leopard," Uncle Richard, father and mother joined in drinking "the Indian warrior's health," and so did two of Uncle's nephews, my brothers, by the names of Edward and Robert Morgan, who went to the "Leopard" soon afterwards. Uncle took at once to Ned, as he is christened after Uncle's father, my grandfather.

In the evening the party broke up, after seeing Auntie Sarah off by the train for Yockleton, and Uncle Joseph returned to Uncle Richard's, "Leith Hill Farm."

Uncle, father and my two brothers remained together, waiting for Uncle Richard, so that all of them might go home together. This they did, and Uncle Joseph promised mother that he would come to see us after having a short stay with Uncle Richard. He spent from Friday till Tuesday with Uncle Richard, and then came to us, arriving in town on Tuesday morning the 22nd. Father saw him away by train to Yockleton, and mother met him at the Station, bringing him home. He is with us at the present moment, enjoying himself, and we are very happy in his pleasant company. We have country walks, which he says he likes very much.

On Wednesday the 23rd, Auntie Kate. (of course you know she is Uncle's as well as Mother's sister), came here from Ardleen. She had no idea of Uncle Joseph's arrival from India—in fact she was not aware that he was still living, and not even one of us had any knowledge of his having embarked for England for, as you know, dear Auntie, neither he, nor any one of you in India, wrote to any of us, previous to Uncle's starting from Cawupore. Indeed my mother has not received any letters from Uncle Joseph from India for the last 26 years!!! The

last letters\* received from Uncle Joseph were those addressed, as you are aware, to Uncle Richard. Uncle Joseph says he wrote then to mother, Richard, Kate and John in America, all on the same date. Uncle Richard received his letter, so did Kate and John, theirs, but Mother's never came to her.

Uncle Joseph wishes you, by return of post, to send the copies of all (including the above) letters, that you, dear Auntie, and Uncle Joseph ever wrote to my Mother, Sarah Morgan, to Kate Ellis, Richard Lee and John Lee in America. If you will do this, we shall all, dear Auntie, be ever thankful to you. Uncle says you will find them all together in the iron chest, all in one large envelope, also the letters he received from Kate, Richard and John. He says he was surprised receiving none from us, but it is through the neglect of Uncle Richard. Please forward the letters by first post to Robert Morgan,

YOCKLETON,  
NEAR SHREWSBURY,  
*Salop England.*

Uncle Joseph and mother are going, tomorrow, if God spares them, to Ardleen to see Auntie Kate and Uncle Ellis, from there to Welshpool, and then seven miles further to the Upper Glyn, Manafon, to the three houses around which they had played as children, in one of which the brothers and sisters were born, and all three of which had belonged to the family for

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\* These were written in January 1883, when for the first time, after 40 odd years from the time I ran away from home and enlisted, I quite casually and unexpectedly, heard that my brother Richard was alive and at "Leith Hill Farm," 6 miles from Shrewsbury. I then resolved on going home and ascertaining from him how many of my relations and connections were still "in the land of the living."

ages—had sheltered them, and their father and grand-father, before them.

Uncle Joseph will return here and remain with us until the 8th or 9th of June, when he will take train from Shrewsbury to Liverpool, as he has to sail on the 13th June for New York. If God spares him, he will of course go to Uncle John's coming back again here, as he has to leave Gravesend for India on the 11th of September next.

My dear Auntie, I must now conclude about Uncle. I will write again a few days before he leaves for Liverpool, and give you more news and his experiences in Wales. The letter wont be so long as this I expect.

Father and mother are very angry with Uncle Richard, for not forwarding the letters, which I have here written for. Had he done so you would have had many a letter from mother and I am sure from myself. My father and mother were married on October 13th 1855, since which date they have had three sons and three daughters. Edward, the eldest, was 26 years of age on December 6th last. He is a house carpenter, working now in Shrewsbury, and is most anxious to go out to India with Uncle. Robert, the second, age 20, May 21st, is the servant of a gentleman living near Lord Hill's Column; William the third, age 18, June 21st, learning his trade as blacksmith, is living with my sister and mother-in-law in Herefordshire; Sarah Jane, the elder sister, age 24, November 1st, is married to Richard Maund, Blacksmith, in Wellington, Herefordshire, about two hours run by railway from here. They have one little daughter, about six months old. Mary, the second sister age 22, May 10th, is now in London with a lady as servant.

My name, dear Auntie, is Elizabeth, I was 16 years of age last October on the 5th. I am at home, at present, helping brother both in his work and house-keeping.

My father, Robert Morgan, has been serving the one gentleman, an old bachelor, for the last 25 years, as groom and coachman. His master died this Spring. Father had to remain in charge of his property until the day before yesterday. The property was sold by auction, the sale lasting during last Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Now he is at home without a master, for the first time in 37 years. The old gentleman left him a hundred pounds. We are very glad that he is his own master again, especially now Uncle Joseph is here.

My dear Auntie, we have two cows, and a nice little house with land for which we pay a small rent, yearly. Uncle Joseph, too, has joined us, and we are very comfortable and happy together.

My father wants to take a large farm, but Uncle Joseph says "No," as, besides being very comfortable, where we are, father it getting old, 53, last December, and mother 53 last February. Uncle Joseph is two years younger than mother. He was quite surprised to see how hard she works, also to find Auntie Kate, who was 57 on the 3rd of this month, able to walk miles as she does. Uncle Richard looks very old, although the other day when going to Shrewsbury, with Uncle Joseph, he was able to run up to the pony cart and jump on to it, when Uncle Joseph was not. Uncle Joseph had such a laugh to see Uncle Richard driving the pony, and he seemed to be livelier every minute after seeing his brother.

My dear Auntie, Uncle has received two letters, one from Cousin Frank and one from A fie. The first was forwarded from Cook's, London, the second was received on the 28th May. Uncle was glad to receive both, and learn that you were all

quite well, and everything in proper order as helikes it. He is very glad to hear that Judge Power and family stayed so long in the Hotel, and was pleased, as Frank mentions. We were very sorry to learn from Alfie's letter that Frank could not get the money from the Bank to pay up the shares in the Mills. Uncle says it would be advisable for you to speak to Mr. Harwood, the Manager, so that he and Frank might try the Bank, since Uncle Joseph is absent from India. They should take the Bank Book with them. Uncle Joseph really thought that when he got the signatures of two gentlemen for Frank to draw money, he could do so when he liked. When the Manager of the Bank sees this letter he surely will consent to drawals by Frank in the manner arranged.

Uncle says you make no mention of the Racers. He wish s to know if all the Horses and Traps are all right, especially "Bay Bess."

My dear Auntie I will now conclude. Love and kisses from Uncle Joseph, and mother, myself, brothers and from father, to yourself and cousin Frank, to his wife Marian, also to the three little boys (kiss them heartily for us all) to Lottie and Alfie.

We now join in wishing that, by the mercies of God, this will find all of you in perfect health and prosperity.

Good-bye Dear Auntie,  
Your loving niece, Elizabeth Morgan.

P. S.—Mother wishes to thank you, Dear Auntie, for the present you so kindly sent. I have enclosed two Photographs, and am sure I need not tell you of whom they are, as you know his dear old face too well.

YOCKLINGTON,  
NEAR DREWSBURY,  
July 21st 1883.

MY DEAR AUNTIE,

I take the pleasure of dropping you a few lines, trusting that they may find you and all the family in the best of health and spirits.

I am sorry I have neglected writing to you so long. The reason is, I have been awaiting a letter from Uncle Joseph in America, which I received last week. I am glad to say he arrived safely in New York on the 24th June, after a most pleasant voyage in the steamer *Furnessia*, which left Liverpool on the 13th June. Uncle Joseph continued with us at Yockleton for a fortnight after the date of my last letter. In that time, he and my mother, (Sarah Morgan) visited Wales. They went from Yockleton to Welshpool by Railway, and to the Manafon in a trap, to an old neighbour's house, where they received a very hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Morris, of "Dinnant Farm." You may have heard Uncle speak of them. Of course, my dear Auntie, you may imagine how surprised all the old friends were to see "Joseph Lee," one they supposed was so much attached to India, back on a visit to old Wales again.

On the following Monday, the 11th June, Uncle Joseph and my eldest brother, Edward, started for Liverpool, in order to set sail for America on the 13th June. We are expecting a second letter from them, as they promised to write as soon as they reached Oshkosh,—the one we received was written from Chicago. We sincerely hope Uncle Joseph and Edward will find Uncle John and family in health and prosperity, and that they will be

spared to return, safe and sound. All of us miss dear Uncle *so much*: he kept us alive when he was here. Dear Auntie, I will bring these few lines to a close. With fondest love to yourself, my Cousin Frank, his wife and children also to Alfie and Lottie, from father, mother, my brothers and sisters, and from myself.

Believe me ever to remain, your loving niece,

ELIZABETH MORGAN.

P. S.—Two letters and a small roll have arrived here from India for Uncle Joseph. I will let him have them as soon as possible.

Manafon,

MONTGOMERYSHIRE,

*August 30th 1883.*

DEAR AUNT,

Just a few lines to say that we have returned from America. We returned to Shrewsbury on the 17th Aug. and I would have written before this, but my sister promised to write and I did not know until yesterday that she had not written. I hope you received my letter written from America. Uncle has enjoyed his trip very much, except that his leg was bad all the way back. It is much better now. You will see from the heading of my letter, that we are staying in the parish that he was born, and only one mile from his old home. He and a old play-mate of his are out in the woods after the rabbits. We shall be leaving here tomorrow for Auntie Kate's. Uncle will stay there a few days.

leaving for London on the 9th, because his ship leaves Gravesend on September 12th. It is the "Malwa" that he returns in. We found letters from you when we returned from America, also the photos. of your house. Uncle Joseph was very glad to get the latter, and one of them is already almost worn out, showing it to so many different people. He was very glad to hear from your letters that you are all going on so well and is anxiously looking forward to seeing all of you soon.

Uncle Joseph had himself photographed in Shrewsbury last week. He had 12 copies of his photograph taken at Oshkosh, but has given them all away, except one, which he has kept to show you the American style of photography. I am sending one that I had taken there of myself. We had a group taken in Shrewsbury of Uncle Joseph, father and mother, my three sisters and two brothers, one of my sister's little girls, Cousin, and myself. I will not stop to tell you any more this time. You will have all the news when Uncle comes home. He sends his love to you all. Hoping this will find you all well.

Your affectionate Nephew,

EDWARD MORGAN,

YOCKLETON, NEAR SHREWSBURY,

*August 31st 1883.*

MY DEAR AUNTIE,

Just a line in answer to your very kind letter, received two days after I posted one to you, and which I hope found you all quite well.

I am very glad to tell you that Uncle Joseph and my brother, Edward, arrived in England from America, on the 17th of this month. They did not have a very pleasant return voyage. It was rather stormy the last few days.

They came across Uncle John and family, quite well, and ever so many Welsh people, even old neighbours from Manafon. My brother said he never heard so much Welsh in his life before. I dare say, dear Auntie, you will be surprised, when I say that none of my brothers, nor sisters, nor myself can speak a word of Welsb, although my father and mother were both born in Wales.

In America they visited all the principal places, New York, the Niagara Falls, Chicago, Oshkosh, and had loads of "experiences" to tell us. I am not able to mention a quarter of them, but I sincerely hope Uncle Joseph will, by Gods mercy, land safe in India, and relate every one of them to all of you, and tell you of all the scenes of this tour. I have no doubt he will interest you, as he has us, and has made us laugh and cry at the same time, at *some* of his exploits. But many of his descriptions used to bring tears to our eyes. We could never laugh when he gave us the scenes of the Mutiny. It must have been horrible to witness the cruelties perpetrated by the rebels, and just fancy my poor dear Uncle going through it all. Of course it was by doing it he won his Medals. I am sure they were bought very dearly.

Uncle Joseph received the photos of Cousin Frank's two little boys, and also the views of the Hotel, which looks very nice.

You mentioned in your letter that you would like to have some of our photos. I hope when Uncle returns to India, I shall be able to send copies of most (if not of all) of our family. Dear Auntie I must thank you very much for your kind invitation to come out to India. I should indeed like, very much, to do so, but my dear parents will not hear of it, and I cannot come without their consent. I hope, dear Auntie, you will come over to see us next year, as you promised Uncle before he started.

I am so sorry we are going to lose Uncle Joseph a so soon. He leaves here for London on the 10th of September, is the steamer leaves Gravesend on the 12th, for India.

Please thank Alfred for his letter, enclosed in yours, and tell him we dont always find it pleasant "with the nice frost and snew in England," specially when it comes and pinches up is the winter. In all, we have very pleasant weather. It poured with rain this afternoon. I suppose you would think that a treat? I was so sorry to learn from Alfie's letter that it was so very hot. I hope it is cooler now.

I must now end my letter. We are all well, excepting mother, who suffers from bronchitis. All of us send our love to you, dear Auntie, and to Frank, Marian and their three little boys also to Lottie and Alfie. Hoping this will find every one of you in perfect health and in good spirits.

I am,

Your ever affectionate niece,

LIZZIE MORGAN,

*P. S.*—My sister, Mary, encloses a letter for you.

YOCKLETON, NEAR SHREWSBURY,

*18th September 1883.*

My dear Sister Maria,

I now take the pleasure of writing to you for the first time, but hope, dear sister, it wont be the last, trusting to God's mercy that this letter may find you and all your children, in good health, and also my brother Joseph, your husband, safely returned to you. I can imagine how anxiously you must be looking out for him. He left here for London a week on Sunday, the 9th September. My two sons, Edward and Robert, went with him and saw him on board the "Malwa." on Wednesday, the 12th September. We were all so sorry to see him go away, it was so pleasant to have him here, relating all

that transpired since we last met, the many narrow escapes that he has had on the field of battle, &c. &c. His leg was very bad when he returned from America, but before he started for India, the wound had quite healed.

You may guess how delighted I was to see my brother, once again, after so many years absence, for, I have often thought and often told my children that they would never see their Uncle Joseph. Since he has been here he has brought to my mind many remembrances of old times, when we were children around our dear mother's knee, and what has passed since that time, things that we little thought of then. I can see in Joseph's face the very image of my dear father.

A letter has arrived here from India for my son Edward. I have sent it to him as he is at present in London. I received a letter from him to-day. He is quite well, and has commenced work, after having such a long holiday with his Uncle. He enjoyed his outing to America very much. We are having beautiful weather here at present. It is our corn harvest now, and the people are very busy getting the grain in. It is rather hot in the day and very cool at nights. I hope it is not so hot in India as when you wrote last.

We are all very well at present, and I sincerely hope this will find you all enjoying the best of health. Please tell my brother we will get the rest of the photos and send them as soon as possible.

I dont seem to have much news to write about this time. With kind love from my husband, and all my children to yourself, your son Frank and to Marian, Alfred and Lottie, believe me ever to remain.

Your affectionate sister,

SARAH MORGAN.

## TRUE COPIES OF CERTIFICATES.

Very well satisfied with food and accommodation.

(Sd.) A. O. CUNNINGHAM. MAJOR-GENL.

9th December 1876.

I have had great pleasure in meeting such a gallant old non-commissioned officer as Mr. Lee, and have received every attention and more than civility at this Hotel. We had an excellent Xmas dinner, and I am leaving my wife here while I proceed to Calcutta.

10th Feb. 1877.

(Sd. J. SYNDEN BELL, LT.-COL.

Remarkably comfortable hotel. The proprietor, Mr. Lee, is a very obliging man and one who deserves the sympathies of Englishmen. He fought well for his country during the Mutiny of 1857-59. His descriptions of the places of interest around Cawnpore are marvellously good, and after hearing from his mouth what cruelties the natives of India are capable of, one wonders at the lenient policy of present Government officials.

26th December 1877.

(Sd.) DOCTOR ALEX. MUIRHEAD.

As an old Volunteer Adjutant I've had the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Lee for many years, and I can say that he conducts the management of his Hotel with the same precision and smartness as he turns out for parade, when called upon. I consider his Hotel one of the best in India.

(Sd.) MAJOR & MRS. LEMESURIER & FAMILY.

26th Feb. 1879.

LT.-COL. J. H. WILLOUGHBY OSBORNE,  
19th January 1880.

I have known Mr. & Mrs. Lee for some years, and this is the second time I have stayed in their Hotel. Never before have I been so well served or fed, and I can advise any one who wishes for good treatment, &c., to go to this Hotel. Mr. Lee is an old soldier and has earned properly five medals.

CAPTAIN HOPE EDWARD,  
60th Rifles, Meerut.                      7th April 1880,

Very well satisfied. Mr. Lee is well acquainted with the scenes here of the Mutiny, and therefore was a perfect guide in showing me round the place.

The Hon. G. BELLEW,  
Rawul Pindce.                              23rd October 1880.

Mr. Lee showed us all over Cawnpore, was most obliging, and gave us a great deal of interesting information concerning the events that occurred here during the Mutiny.

CAPT. J. G. ELLIOTT,  
GEO. HEARN, Esq.                              26th November 1880.

Very much obliged to Mr. Lee for the great trouble he has taken to show us the sights of Cawnpore and the kind manner in which he has described the scenes of the Mutiny.

Mr. & Mrs. FERGUSON.  
28th November 1880.

Quite satisfied. Table good, servants attentive and charges moderate. The interest of our visit was greatly enhanced by Mr. Lee, who kindly showed us the various objects of interest.

LT.-GENL. Sir FREDERICK MAUDE, &  
LADY MAUDE. 29th November 1880.

Mr. & Mrs. P. G. SPENCE,  
Ceylon. 2nd January 1881.

Mr. & Mrs. FLETCHER, 8th KINGS REGT., IRELAND  
Mr. & Mrs. ROBERTSON, SCOTLAND.  
3rd February 1881.

ARTHUR HALT, ESQ.  
England. 15th February 1881.

Mr. & Mrs. ENSDEN,  
England. 22nd February 1881.

More than pleased and Mr. and Mrs Lee have been  
most kind and attentive. Everything very comfortable.

Extremely satisfied, and very much obliged to  
Mr. Lee for accompanying us through this most in-  
teresting place and describing his personal experien-  
ces of the dreadful Mutiny.

Mr. Lee's Hotel is first rate. He is a splendid old  
soldier, and shows his visitors over the ground he has  
fought on himself. In my opinion there is no better  
Hotel in these parts.

Very much pleased. Never fully realized the  
horrors of the Mutiny until I heard Mr. Lee's sad  
description. If any one wants a lesson in billiards  
let him play with Mr. Lee.

Should visitors wish to have a true account of the  
foul massacre at Cawnpore or any details of the  
Mutiny in 1857, I would strongly recommend them  
to request Mr. Lee, as a favor, to take them round, as  
he can, from personal knowledge explain every detail;  
in fact he enters into every detail so vividly, that you  
actually imagine you were present at all these heart-  
rending incidents.

JOHN LUMSDAINE, Esq.  
Sanitary Commissioner for Bombay.

5th March 1881.

REV. B. D. WILLIAMSON, &  
MISS WILLIAMSON,  
Central Provinces.

26th October 1881.

SURGEON G. F. POYNDES, A. M. D.  
Fatebgarh.

30th October 1881.

E. DYER, Esq.  
Simla.

12th November 1881.

PERCY G. DAVIS, Esq.

27th December 1881.

Not only have I been made comfortable, but Mr. Lee obligingly took me round to all the points of interest and explained scenes in which he was himself an actor.

Quite satisfied. Mr. Lee most attentive in showing us the sights of Cawnpore. He gives thrilling details as an eye witness, such as can be obtained from no book or pamphlet. Every one who wishes to see Cawnpore well should obtain the services of Mr. Lee as chaperon.

Spent a most agreeable day and was most comfortable in every way in the Hotel; and, outside, had all the sights of Cawnpore explained and pointed out under the able conductorship of Mr. Lee, who does his utmost to give satisfaction to all who visit his Hotel.

During my short stay I have found the arrangements of Mr. Lee's Hotel in all respects most satisfactory. Mr. Lee also obligingly accompanied me to the several places of mournful interest connected with the horrible massacre of 1857, and his accurate knowledge of the events and vivid powers of description render him an invaluable guide and well qualified to tell the fearful tale.

Very well pleased with the management and accommodation of the Hotel. The cuisine is good; and for visiting the various interesting parts of Cawnpore, one could have no better guide than Mr. Lee.

D. J. DAVIS, Esq.,  
England.

4th January 1882.

Mr. & Mrs. BOLLARD, Manchester.  
Miss BOLLARD.

12th July 1882.

SIR JAMES BAIN,

2nd March 1882.

J. CRUDEN Esq,

19th June 1882.

R. ROBERTS, Esq,  
London.

3rd December 1882.

Hotel most comfortable.

Very comfortable Hotel. Found Mr. Lee most obliging.

Much pleased with the Hotel and mode in which it is conducted.

No visitor should miss going to Lee's Hotel, as Cawnpore would be nothing without Mr. Lee's graphic description of the Indian Mutiny and his stories of what he himself saw, when told on the spot, add greatly to the melancholy interest which every Englishman must feel in the tale.

Very pleased with the comfort and attention experienced during our short stay. Hope to have the pleasure of recommending friends visiting Cawnpore to Lee's Hotel.

W. F. LATIMER, Esq.

23rd January 1883.

Mr. Lee, the Proprietor, is a remarkable man, not only on account of his experiences of the Mutiny and the graphic force with which he relates them, but also on account of his splendid physique, which has withstood now, including the terrors of the Mutiny, the ravages of forty Indian Summers and ten times as many "Cawnpore Devils." I spent a pleasant morning listening to Mr. Lee's experiences of 1857, described in the vivid, rough-hewn language which makes his narrative so entertaining. Every visitor should carry away with him a copy of Mr. Lee's book describing the events of Cawnpore in 1857 and the share which he himself took in them.

COL. & MRS. TURNER JONES.

25th January 1883.

Found Mr. Lee's Hotel the most comfortable we have ever been to in India. Mr. Lee is a host in himself. Much pleased with the Hotel.

T. K. LAIDLAW, Esq.,  
Glasgow.

25th January 1883.

Arrived after midnight and was met by Mr. Lee. I was entertained at this late hour and regaled with hot tea, &c., which is more than can be had in most Indian Hotels.

L. ZABRESKIE, Esq.,  
THOS. W. STRONG, Esq.,

New York.

25th January 1883.

Saw nothing in Cawnpore that we liked better than Lee's Hotel, except Mr. Lee himself and his descriptions.

A. H. STAKFR, Esq.  
England.

30th January 1883.

One hears a good deal about old soldiers, and if they all would make as genial and obliging landlords as Mr. Lee, I think they would soon make themselves extremely popular, and find a Hotel a very profitable business.

COMMANDER ORME-WEBB, England.

Mrs. ORME-WEBB, "  
W. CARLILE, Esq. "

30th January 1883.

Have had a very interesting visit. Mr. Lee accompanied us in our visit to the many scenes in connection with the Mutiny, which be described most graphically.

Mr. & Mrs. OLIVER JONES, Peru.  
Mr. & Mrs. LINDSAY SISTER, Doncaster.

19th January 1883.

Very much pleased with the Hotel, and highly instructed in the history of the Indian Mutiny, as related by Mr. Lee. Worth in itself a visit to Cawnpore.

C. J. G. LESTER, Esq.  
Bombay.

2nd February 1883.

I have enjoyed myself immensely. Never so comfortable in any Hotel before.

J. W. SPENCER, Esq.,  
London.

1st November 1883.

Very pleased indeed. Mr. Lee's courteous attention considerably enhanced the pleasure of my passing visit.

**Mr & Mrs ARTHUR A. HIGGINS,**

Calcutta Agent to Messrs. Thomas Cook & Sons.  
27th December 1883.

**B. ANDERSON, Esq.**

21st January 1883.

**WILLIAM IRVING, Esq.**  
England.

26th January 1884.

**W. HORDERN, Esq.**

Victoria Australia.

3rd February 1884.

**JAMES LOGGIE, Esq.**

Scotland,

11th February 1884.

**HENRY T POOR, Esq.**

Hawanan Islands

5th March 1884.

We found everything comfortable.

The hotel is an excellent one, and I derived much pleasure from my stay in Cawnpore.

It is seldom you see so many testimonials expressing satisfaction and interest as we have found in the "Visitors Book." of Mr. Lee's Hotel. Persons who have made the round of Cawnpore with Mr. Lee, and listened to his interesting and pathetic story of 1857, cannot fail to be impressed.

Mr. Lee makes a visitor as comfortable and interested in Cawnpore as few could.

Most comfortable. Table "A. 1." Mr. Lee a most obliging host. A drive with him through the scenes of the Mutiny is both instructive and interesting.

"If of Cawnpore you would learn the history

"Ask for the proprietor, Mr. Lee.

"His tippie is good, his yarns are long,

"Stay here a night, and you'll not go wrong.

CHARLES. A. HOPE, Esq.  
J. W. CLARIDGE, Esq.

10th March 1884.

BRIGADE SURGEON RUAD, England,  
Mr. & Miss RUAD,

23rd March 1884.

LENDUM, Esq.  
Ireland.

5th January 1885.

O. E. R. SCHWARTZE,  
London.

27th January 1885.

ALEX. ANDERSON, Esq. Glasgow.  
R. K. MUIR, " "  
R. B. MUIR, " "  
D. G. ANDERSON, " "  
19th December 1885.

H. M. ROSE, Esq.  
21st December 1885.

Have stayed at this Hotel and found everything clean, comfortable and satisfactory, Mr Lee is an excellent guide and I shall always speak highly both of him and his Hotel to all my friends.

Extremely pleased. Hotel very clean and attendance good.

Cawnpore must always be a place of *horrible* interest, and it is made doubly so by the presence of a guide in Mr. Lee, a man who went through nearly every action in and about here and was wounded in several places during the Mutiny.

Very comfortable. The Hotel is a snug one, and every one is very attentive. Let all visitors to Cawnpore stop here and let them not omit to secure Mr. Lee as a guide.

Very well satisfied.

Hotel very clean and comfortable. Not the least interesting of the sights of Cawnpore is Mr. Lee himself, a rare specimen of Havelocks soldiers.

CHARLES WAGNER, Esq.

London,  
25th March 1885.

MAJOR GENL. TREWELL.

Lucknow.  
24th November 1889.

MAJOR & MRS. COPE,

MISS. A. JUDWAY,  
Rifle Brigade,

Jullundur,  
29th February 1890.

CAPTAIN & MRS. HARDWIN,

Nasirabad,  
7th January 1891.

SURGEON PATERSON

Scotland,  
9th January 1891.

Have been here a fortnight and during my stay found Mr. Lee most attentive. On the whole I find this one of the most comfortable as well as homely Hotels in India.

Very well satisfied and glad to meet my old comrade of the 53rd (Shropshire) Regiment as Proprietor of this Hotel.

Being so near the Railway Station this Hotel is very convenient. Found everyone very civil and obliging. Quite satisfied.

Hotel very quiet and comfortable, and everything *beautifully clean*.

Comfortable and clean. Perfectly satisfied.

Mrs. R. J. CARY

Miss CARY

H. BURR Esq.,

F. M. BURK, Esq.,

G. W. PAYLON, Esq.,

G. H. CARLTON, Esq.,

F. M. ZIEGLER, Esq.,

C. N. ZIEGLER, Esq.,

N. K. FLETCHER, Esq.,

H. VINCENT, Esq.,

England.

W. GRIFFITHS Esq.,

England.

COUNT. de. SEIDLITZ.

Russia.

F. ZAREMBA, Esq.,

Russia.

United States,  
America.

Very good indeed. Everyone satisfied.

11th January 1891.

Mrs. STEWART.

England.

6th February 1891.

Very clean and comfortable.

W. R. DEAN, Esq.,  
Worcester.

Miss DEAN,  
Worcester.

L. H. JORDAN, Esq.,  
England.

Mrs. JORDAN,  
England.

W. H. LYON, Esq.,  
Brooklyn, New York.

D. THORPE, Esq.,  
Boston.

7th February 1891.

MR. & MRS. WM FOWLER,  
London.

7th February 1891.

H. GODSAL, Esq.,  
England.

8th May 1891.

Had a real good time ; best meals so far.

Very comfortable Hotel and *clean*, which, in India, is *wonderful*. Mr. Lee has much added to the pleasure of our visit by his kind attention and his description of the place and its terrible story.

Quite a homely Hotel.

H. F. WAGSTAFF, Esq.,  
O. & R. GIBSON, Esq.,  
Australia,  
10th October 1891.

MR. MRS. CHARLES,  
Nalhati, Bengal.  
10th October 1891.

E. J. MORE, Esq.  
12th October 1891.

JOHN HODDER, Esq.,  
New York.  
WM. C. RIGGS, Esq.,  
New York.  
22nd November 1891.

Mr. & Mrs. HENRY TIZARD,  
Royal Munster Fusiliers,  
Shahjahanpore.  
17th November 1891.

Very pleased with accommodation. Food and attendance.

Rooms clean and comfortable. Food and attendance excellent.

Management extremely good and kind. Very satisfied.

Better pleased with this place than any we have seen in India.

The best place we've stopped at yet.

<p>MR. &amp; MRS. J. M. COMBES, Sydney, New South Wales.</p> <p>MISS HUTCHINSON Sydney, New South Wales.</p> <p>MISS M. HUTCHINSON, Sydney, New South Wales.</p> <p>C. H. WICKHAM, Esq. Sydney, New South Wales.</p> <p>3rd December 1891.</p>	<p>Accommodation and attendance good. Very comfortable.</p>
<p>F. BERNARD FRANKS Esq. Tirhoot.</p> <p>7th December 1891.</p>	<p>Best Hotel in Cawnpore.</p>
<p>H. ROBERTS Esq. Howrah,</p> <p>9th December 1891.</p>	<p>Best Hotel in Cawnpore.</p>
<p>FRANCIS ED. YAPP Esq. England.</p> <p>18th December 1891.</p>	<p>Excellent. Mr. Lee's description of Cawnpore as graphic as interesting.</p>
<p>SLADE MURRAY Esq. London,</p> <p>9th December 1891.</p>	<p>Good old pals. Been here twice before and always pleased in every way.</p>

Cannot possibly thank Mr. Lee too much for his kindness in taking the party round and giving them an enlightened and full explanation of the battle ground. Very good Hotel.

WALTER WOODER, Esq.  
MR. & MRS. BAKER.  
MRS. ELDRIGE.  
Thos. Cook and Son's Round the World Party.  
31st December 1891.

Best Hotel here.

W. FREEMANTLE Esq.  
England.  
13th January 1892.

Very well satisfied.

VISCOUNT FINCASTLE.  
Lucknow.  
13th January 1892.

Good Hotel and Billiard table.

E. F. MACNAUGHTEN Esq.  
Lucknow.  
14th January 1892.

Satisfied with meals. Servants clean.

Mr. & Mrs. L. L. WAKEFIELD.  
London.  
Geo. BROWN Esq.  
Dalkeith, Scotland.  
16th January 1892.

SIR St. JOHN HALFORD, Bt. C. B.  
England.  
HON. T. F. FREEMANTLE.  
England.  
16th January 1892.

Satisfied,

SIR SPENCER WILLS, London.  
MISS WILLS "  
MAJOR T. M. WILLS, "  
MR. & MRS. HENRY GIBBON, Kent House, Ealing.  
MISS MARY GIBBON, Kent House, Ealing.  
J. A. N. WRIGHT Esq., Kent House, Ealing.  
18th January 1892.

Mr. Lee acted well as guide, and provided a good dinner.

F. THOMPSON, Esq., New York.  
Y. M. ROGERS, Esq., Chicago.  
16th January 1892.

Best Hotel here.

LOUIS NORDHIEM, Esq.,  
Hamburg.  
19th January 1892.

Very good meals. Extremely satisfied.

M. NORDHIEM Esq.,

Hamburg,  
19th January 1892.

COLONEL HEALY,  
England,

27th February 1892.

T. M. EDWARDS Esq.,

HAROLD & Co.,  
London.  
29th June 1892.

MR JUSTICE PARSONS,  
MISS. PARSONS,

Bombay,  
12th November 1892.

J. KINDLER, Esq.,  
London,

20th December 1892.

J. W. MILLER Esq.

England  
22nd December 1892.

CAPT. & MRS. NOUNE  
Transvaal South Africa.

11th January 1893.

Highly satisfied with dinner and service.

Mr. Lee makes travellers very comfortable, and affords them every assistance and information. His book is a great assistance, enabling one to follow the events of the Mtiny.

As good an Hotel and company as any in India.

Found the Hotel clean and comfortable.

As pleased and satisfied as I was 8 years ago.

Well attended to and made very comfortable.

Mr. Lee is an excellent host, and a most entertaining guide.

<p>MR &amp; MRS CHARLES COMBE, COBHAM PARK, SURREY, 22nd January 1893.</p>	<p>A most interesting stay with the veteran soldier, Mr. Lee, as guide.</p>
<p>MAJOR-GENERAL, Mrs AND MISS MOLYNEUX, England 26th January 1893.</p>	<p>Very comfortable.</p>
<p>Mr, &amp; Mrs FOPE, ADELAIDE South Australia 20th January 1893.</p>	<p>Mr Lee is a capital host and most entertaining guide. We have found the Hotel comfortable.</p>
<p>COLONEL AND Mrs BURN, SCOTLAND, 30th January 1893.</p>	<p>First rate. Will be returning here from Lucknow. shortly,</p>
<p>P. L. WINTER, Esq. ALLAHABAD, 8th February 1893.</p>	<p>Very well satisfied with Hotel and with Mr. Morgan's services.</p>
<p>Mr. &amp; Mrs FORRESTER, England, 9th February 1893.</p>	<p>Good food and comfortable Hotel.</p>
<p>E. HUTTON, Esq. England 10th February 1893.</p>	<p>Like the civility of the management.</p>
<p>R. G. HAYWARD, Esq., England, 10th February 1893.</p>	<p>Very satisfied.</p>
<p>P. O. SALBER Esq., Norway 11th February 1893.</p>	<p>Extremely, satisfied</p>
<p>COLONEL &amp; Mrs BURN, Scotland. 17th February 1893.</p>	<p>Very comfortable.</p>

W. BENNETT, Esq.  
Yokohama, Japan.

18th February 1893.

A. J. BOLTON, Esq.,

Calcutta.

20th February 1893.

H. M. JOHNSTON, Esq.,  
15th Bengal Lancers.

22nd February 1893.

EARL OF DUNMORE,

Scotland,

15th April, 1893.

W. G. CHERRY, Esq.,

England.

14th May 1893

Very satisfied. Mr. Lee an excellent guide.

Mr. Lee is an excellent host, and very attentive.  
I was made comfortable in every respect.

Perfectly satisfied.

Very well satisfied,

Well satisfied with every thing.





