

For the Colours

A Boys' Book of the Army

By

HERBERT HAYENS

Author of "Ye Mariners of England," "Red, White, and Green,"
"A Captain of Irregulars," "A Vanished Nation,"
"In the Grip of the Spaniard,"
Etc., Etc.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

"They learn from you the lesson plain,
That Life may go, so Honour stay,—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!"

LANG.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS
London, Edinburgh, and New York

1902



Our troops were diminishing in number; the Russians were arriving in fresh swarms; the result could not be doubtful.

Failing to induce his men to charge, Wyndham went to obtain support; but in his absence the Russian columns, by sheer physical weight, pushed our handful of men out of the works, thrust them bleeding and exhausted into the ditch, and coming out of the embrasure, plied them with shot and shell.

The attack on the Redan had again failed, but as that fortress was commanded by the Malakoff, the Russians retreated during the night, abandoned the south side of Sebastopol, crossed the river to the north side, and destroyed the bridge.

Although the war still lingered for months, the siege had really ended, and no further operations of extreme importance took place.

Nearly half a century has passed since the days of the Crimean War, but the names of Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, are still fresh in our memory, are graven indelibly on the national heart.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SEPOY MUTINY.—I.

"East and west and north, wherever the battle grew,
As men to a feast we fared, the work of the will to do."
HENLEY.

NEVER, perhaps, have soldiers been so tested, never have they emerged successfully from so terrible an ordeal as when, in 1857, the Sepoys in India, proving disloyal to their allegiance, tried to free themselves from the shackles of British rule.

For nearly a hundred years, native troops, trained and led by British officers, had fought for us stoutly and with touching devotion. Shoulder to shoulder with British comrades they had faced bullet and cannon-ball, had charged with gleaming bayonet in many a desperate fray, had helped to wrest victory from defeat on many a stubborn field.

Apparently they had earned, and assuredly they had received, the most implicit confidence of their officers, though from time to time had arisen ominous warnings of a gathering storm.

At length it burst, deluging the unhappy land with torrents of blood.

Numerous causes had contributed to the sapping of the Sepoys' loyalty.

Influential natives saw with anxiety the introduction of fresh customs and the abolition of old ones, tending to the curtailment of their own authority.

Suttee—the burning of widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands—was abolished; many lower-caste natives had become Christians; and sweeping alterations were made in the disposal of landed property.

In Bengal the idea of reviving the ancient rule under the King of Delhi took root, grew up, and flourished.

Everything, however, depended on the Sepoys, among whom the substitution of the new Enfield rifle for the old Brown Bess unhappily afforded the plotters a splendid opportunity for working mischief.

The native regiments were chiefly composed of Mohamedans and high-class Hindoos. To the former the pig is an abomination; to the latter the cow is an object of worship.

Very cleverly the disaffected leaders circulated the story that the cartridges for the new rifle were purposely greased with the fat of cows and pigs, so that both Mohamedans and Hindoos might be forced to do violence to their religion. In this way the conspirators insinuated that the British intended compelling all their troops to embrace Christianity.

The idea, once spread, remained ineradicable; no amount of explanation could shake for a moment the Sepoys' belief in its truth.

Even the removal of the objectionable cartridges could not undo the mischief. The danger became graver; the soldiers, acting in concert, obstinately refused to use even ungreased cartridges; and finally a regiment at Barrackpore was disbanded.

One disloyal Sepoy, hanged for shooting at his officer, was named Mungal Pandey, from which circumstance our troops habitually referred to the rebels as Pandies.

The outbreak at Barrackpore, which occurred in March, was followed by a far more serious one at Meerut in May.

From that moment British power in India was shaken to its foundations. The Sepoys, fighting, metaphorically, with halters round their necks, evinced the utmost desperation. Excessive fear, perhaps, tended to increase their cruelty. They had but one object—the death of every British man, woman, and child in the country.

Awful scenes were enacted at every station. Blood flowed in streams; property was destroyed; men, whether civilians or soldiers, were mercilessly shot down, women and children brutally murdered.

The sole dependence of the British lay in the disciplined daring, the unflinching loyalty, the splendid devotion of our soldiers, assisted by the hardy Ghoorkas, by the Sikhs who had fought against us so strenuously, and by a few loyal Sepoy regiments.

At home the ghastly tidings were received with universal consternation. Utter ruin and the complete loss of our Indian possessions seemed the sole possible outcome.

The feeling of ~~despair~~ endured but a short while. The public imagination was fired by lucid pictures of the awful devastation. Never before or since has the British nation lashed itself into such a terrible rage. A not wave of frenzy passed through the people; a bitter, passionate cry for vengeance—swift, sharp, startling—burst from the throats of those who listened to the fearful stories of cruelty.

The proud confidence, momentarily engulfed, rose again at a bound. No one questioned whether our supremacy could be restored. It must be—it should be—even if the operation used up our last man and our last shilling.

Such was the imperious will of the people.

Strong reinforcements were hurried out, and Sir Colin Campbell, a veteran soldier, was placed in supreme command.

Meanwhile gallant men in India were doing their duty nobly.

In this supreme crisis Britain had need of every man who could wield a sword or fire a musket.

How they toiled and suffered, marching under a burning sun; how they struggled on in spite of fever and disease; how they fought—units against hundreds—and bled and died, cannot be told here in detail: the story would require a volume.

What a host of brilliant names spring up in our memory! The heroic Havelock, and Outram, "the Bayard of India," hastening back from their successful Persian campaign; John Lawrence of the Punjab; his brother Henry of the

not wave
frenzy

Lucknow Residency; Nicholson, the hero of Delhi; the stern, unflinching Neill; and a dozen others, whose names are equally engraved on the tablet of fame.

And of the men in lesser positions, what shall be said of them? The highest praise would fall short of flattery.

Soldiers, civilians, even delicately-nurtured ladies, stood forth, worthy representatives of the British race.

As, turning to the old records, we read the story of their superb heroism, steady endurance, unflinching courage, fearlessness of death, the blood rushes hot through our veins, and we proudly claim them as of our race, our nation.

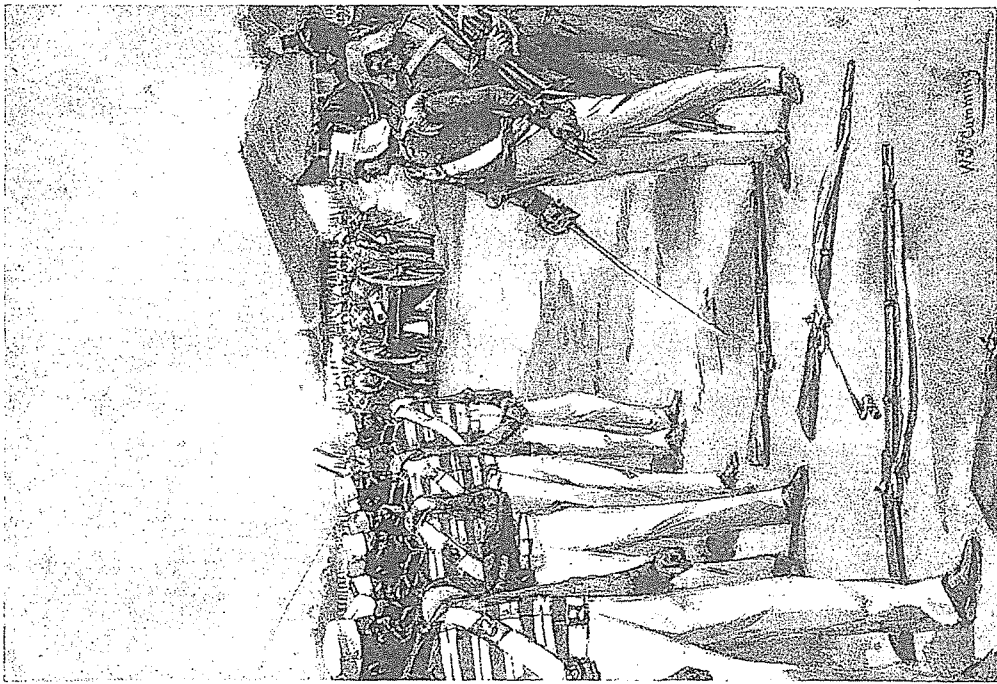
We have not space here to describe the numerous fights against fearful odds, the deeds of individual daring, the battlings of scattered groups amidst innumerable enemies, the fierce sorties or dogged defence of isolated garrisons.

Throughout Oudh and Bengal the firebrand of revolt flamed; but the main interest centres around the "Fight for Delhi," the "Massacre of Cawnpore," and the "Relief of Lucknow."

To the first of these incidents we shall now turn our attention.

At Meerut, eighty-five cavalymen, tried by court-martial for refusing to use their cartridges, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, were marched off in chains to the jail.

The next evening—Sunday—the native regiments fired on their officers, rushed to the prison, released their comrades and a thousand convicts, burned the jail, and cut to



"A regiment at Barrackpore was disbanded."

pieces every European whom they caught, women and children among the number.

In cantonments three miles off, the British troops were preparing for church parade; but through their leader's feebleness, the revolted Sepoys were permitted to escape, and though the Carbineers slew many of them, the majority reached Delhi.

This city, surrounded by strong fortifications, and containing much treasure, was unprotected by European troops, and the arrival of the mutineers was the signal for fearful excesses.

The native regiments stationed near the town immediately shot their officers, and rushing into Delhi, slew all the Europeans to be found.

Some escaped; others, believing the rebels' assurances, gave themselves up, and were butchered.

A brave exploit relieved even this gloom. The chief magazine was in charge of a few brave men commanded by Lieutenant Willoughby.

The rebels demanded possession in the name of the King of Delhi, and receiving no answer, placed scaling ladders against the walls. The Sepoys inside joined their comrades; the Englishmen maintained a brisk fire, till not a shot remained.

Meanwhile trains of powder were laid to the magazine, and as the Sepoys swarmed in, Gunner Scully, firing the mine, caused a terrific explosion which did incalculable damage. Willoughby died from his wounds, but the fame of the exploit spreading far and wide showed the

rebels what manner of men they had pitted themselves against.

Delhi now became the focus of the rebellion. The puppet king, restored to his throne, was placed at the head of the movement. Revolted soldiers swarmed to the rallying-place.

To crush the rebellion it was necessary to recapture Delhi, and the British troops set about their work with grim determination.

General Anson, the Commander-in-chief, collecting what forces he could, marched toward the revolted city, but dying on the way, was succeeded by Sir Henry Barnard.

Having concentrated his troops at Allipore, Barnard dispersed a rebel force, captured twenty-six guns, and encamped on the ridge overlooking Delhi.

The issue now was plain and simple. Either Delhi must be captured or the British troops be destroyed, for no man could go back.

The fortifications were formidable in the extreme. A lofty stone wall, five and a half miles long, enclosed it on three sides; the fourth was covered by the river Jumna.

Massive forts, towers, bastions, parapets, loop-holed walls, bristled with 114 heavy guns; ammunition almost unlimited was stored in the magazines; 40,000 Sepoys, armed and taught how to fight by our own officers, were stationed behind the walls; sixty pieces of field-artillery were in the hands of skilled gunners.

"Take Delhi!" cried the men not on the spot. "Take Delhi!"—with 4,000 troops and twenty-two field-guns!

recapturing
Delhi.

It was manifestly impossible. But the handful of daring men clung grimly to the ridge, pouring shot and shell into the city, beating back time and again the wild sorties of the maddened Sepoys, enduring pitiless rain and deadly, scorching heat, sinking beneath the fell attacks of cholera, dying of wounds, but never murmuring, never blenching, never admitting for a single moment the possibility of ultimate defeat.

Conspicuous among the numerous fights was that of June 23, when the Sepoys made a supreme effort to verify the prophecy that the anniversary of Plassey should witness the final downfall of British rule in India. Pouring out in overwhelming numbers, they flung themselves with fanatical courage in successive waves against our batteries, testing severely the steadiness of our troops, till nightfall, when they retired beaten.

Meanwhile reinforcements from the Punjab had increased our strength to 6,600 men, while two great soldiers, Neville Chamberlain, and Baird Smith, the engineer, also arrived to take part in the life-and-death struggle.

Through long, dreary weeks the siege continued. Battered, succumbing to cholera, was succeeded by General Reed, who, shattered in health, made over the command to Archdale Wilson.

On August 14 there marched into camp, at the head of a strong column of men, John Nicholson, one of the most splendid soldiers whom the Mutiny brought into prominence.

Happily, another great man, Sir John Lawrence, ruled over the Punjab. Eight years previously the fighting-men of the Punjab had met us in conflict on the field of Chillianwalla with a daring determination and indomitable courage.

Since that time Lawrence's kindly sympathy, moral rectitude, and downright honesty of purpose had apparently converted our erstwhile stubborn foes into loyal friends.

Believing the Sikhs could be trusted, he stripped the province of British troops to help in the conquest of Delhi. His confidence was not betrayed. The Sikhs stood by him, maintained order in the Punjab, and furnished contingents of veterans, who fought side by side with our men throughout the terrible struggle.

Thus it came about that John Nicholson was able to leave the Punjab, and, gaining two decisive victories on his march, joined the devoted band still clinging to the Delhi ridge.

A brilliant feat was performed shortly after his arrival. General Wilson had sent to Meerut for heavy artillery, and the enemy, issuing from Delhi in great strength, had gone to intercept it.

To Nicholson was entrusted the task of dispersing them. For twelve hours his column toiled through swamps and marshes, coming up with the rebels at sunset. Their position was strong, protected by guns, and covered by deep water, fordable only at one spot.

Nicholson lost not a moment. His artillery opened

Jallianwallah

Sikhs
loyalty

Stoicism

fire, the men waded through the water, formed up, charged impetuously, drove the Sepoys out, chased them to the bridge crossing the canal, slew 800 of them, captured thirteen guns, blew up the bridge, and returned the next day to camp.

Ten days later, the siege-train arriving, besides reinforcements, which brought our numbers to more than 8,000 men, it was determined to take the city by storm.

New batteries were erected; the gunners opened a terrific cannonade, and two breaches were made in the walls.

At three o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth of September the troops assembled in five columns.

Here only the barest account of the storming can be given, though the story teems with incidents of daring bravery, of unbounded courage, of grand devotion to duty, and of large-hearted loyalty to the old land. To name all the heroes of Delhi would require an official list of those who took part in its capture.

Exposed to a tremendous fire, the first and second columns, headed by their stormers, carried the breaches and gained a footing inside the town.

Brigadier Jones with the second column swept the ramparts as far as the Lahore Gate, on which in a short time fluttered the British flag.

Meanwhile Nicholson led on the first column. A long, narrow lane, flanked by houses filled with sharpshooters, formed part of the line of route; two brass guns defended the farther end; a projecting bastion commanded the space

near them. Prudence dictated a halt at the Cabul Gate, but Nicholson, ever daring, ever jealous of his country's honour, led the way into the death trap.

With a magnificent rush the men swept up the lane, captured the first gun, and dashed on to the second.

Then opened an awful fire of grape, round-shot, and musketry. Huddled up below, and unable to advance, the stormers fell back, but only to gather strength for another spring.

~~With splendid heroism not often surpassed they dashed~~ into the storm of iron missiles sweeping the narrow way.

Again they captured, and this time spiked, the first gun; again they bounded toward the second. Yet no amount of heroism could carry them beyond the fatal spot. As they reached it, so they fell dead or wounded. Eight officers were hit in succession. The men, seeing the impossible nature of the task, wavered and again retired.

Then, above all the din, was heard the voice of the lion-hearted Nicholson, calling on his soldiers to follow their general; but before they could respond a bullet stretched him mortally wounded at their feet.

Mournfully they raised the stricken hero, and returning to the Cabul Gate, placed themselves under the orders of Brigadier Jones.

Meanwhile the entrance of the third and fifth columns through the Cashmere Gate had been preceded by an act as daring as any chronicled in the annals of war.

A forlorn hope, composed of Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, Corporal Bur-

gess, Bugler Hawthorne, and eight Sikhs, advanced in the face of a hot fire to blow open the Cashmere Gate.

Carrying bags each containing twenty-five pounds of gunpowder, they went at the double straight into the jaws of death. Crossing the ditch on the beams of the ruined causeway they laid their burdens against the gate.

In the act of lighting the fusee Salkeld was shot through the arm and leg; Burgess, taking the port-fire, was shot dead. Undismayed, Carmichael seized the port-fire, lit the fusee, and fell mortally wounded; then Smith, thinking his comrade had failed, ran forward in his turn.

Luckily he saw the fusee burning, and had just time to spring into the ditch, when, with a tremendous crash and roar, the massive gate blew up.

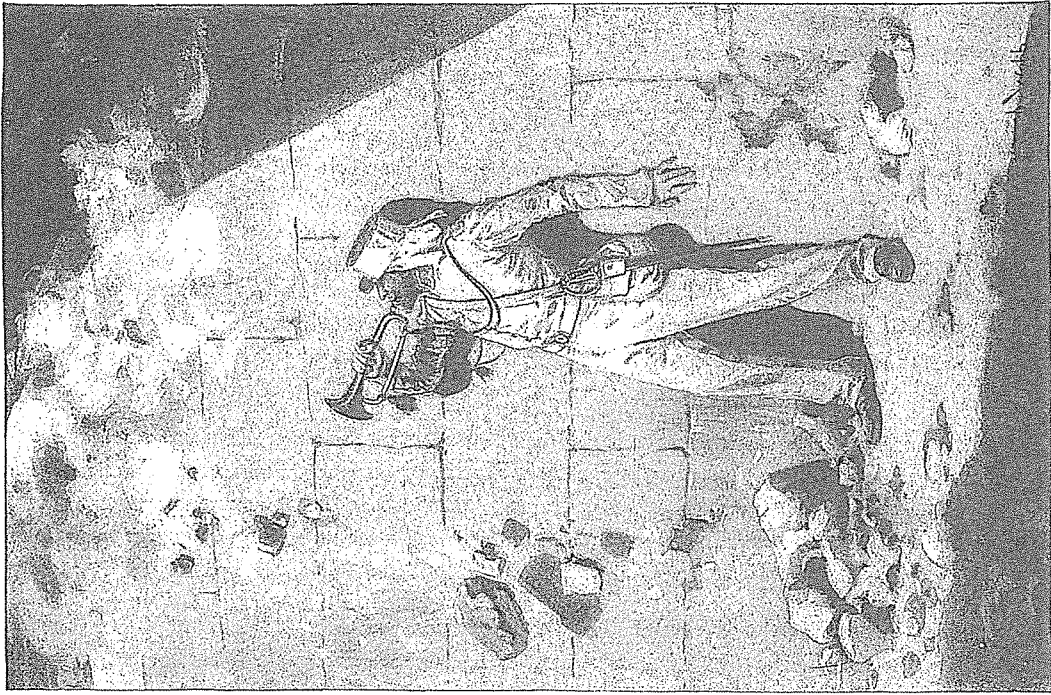
Then Hawthorne the bugler, in the midst of death and destruction, coolly sounded the advance; the column pressed on, and after a fierce struggle, secured lodgment in a large enclosure known as the Begam Bagh.

The fourth column failed, chiefly through the want of guns, and retired on the batteries behind Hindu Rao's house.

This repulse was extremely unfortunate, since it not only weakened the victorious columns, but exposed our position outside the city to a direct attack.

The general sent two troops of horse-artillery and a cavalry brigade to check the rebels' advance, and they were successful.

For two hours the brave cavalymen, Sikhs and lancers, steady as on parade, sat their horses in face of a hot fire from the walls.



"Hawthorne the bugler coolly sounded the advance."

The excitement of the fiery charge was denied them, their share in the fight being to act as human targets.

Knowing their presence kept the rebels from rushing our battery, and also drew the attention of the artillery-men from our troops inside the city, they steadfastly kept their places till the stormers had succeeded in establishing a safe position. No man recked aught of his own life in those days of desperate daring.

Nearly 1,200 men had thus far fallen in the assault, and we had only gained an insecure footing. The city swarmed with thousands of maddened rebels; every building was a fortress, every street an entrenched battlefield. Every route was guarded by artillery served by skilled gunners; through every available opening gteamed the muzzle of a musket.

If a wave of despondency came to any high in command, strong men like Chamberlain and Baird Smith rolled it back by the emphatic assertions that we must keep what we had taken, must go forward, must, for the honour and safety of the empire, conquer every inch of the revolted city. And it was done.

Day after day the redcoats pushed on doggedly, and the British found worthy comrades in the intrepid Sikhs, Ghoorkas, and Beloochees who fought by their side.

At length the cowed Sepoys slunk away in terror; the aged king was captured; two of the princes were slain by Hodson, of Hodson's Horse; Delhi, the vaunted stronghold of the rebels, was restored to British rule; the back of the rebellion was broken.

mutineers to return to Cawnpore, attacked the weak and unfinished defences.

Inside were 210 British soldiers, 200 civilians, 330 women and children, and a handful of loyal natives. The heat was great, the rebels fired incessantly, and the slaughter was excessive.

The barracks were soon riddled with shot; no place was safe; men, women, and children were struck down, and at night their bodies were buried in a well outside the lines.

One well inside alone furnished a supply of water. The rebels, knowing its position, fired at the spot unceasingly. Here Mackillop, a civilian, earned undying fame. Confronting himself "captain of the well," he remained at his fearful post, calmly, heroically, till a grape-shot killed him. Even in death he retained his self-possession, begging a bystander to carry the water to the lady for whom he had drawn it.

But as with the stormers of Delhi, so here—every man was a hero. Never was a finer illustration of the jackals baiting a wounded lion.

Time and again the rebels advanced in overwhelming numbers to the assault, but against those resolute Britons they never dared charge home.

Their guns, however, worked mischief. The hospital barrack was set on fire, forty of the inmates were burned to death, and the medicines destroyed.

In addition, famine raised its pale head, while of relief there was not the faintest sign.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SEPOY MUTINY.—II.

"Banner of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!
Never with mightier glory than when we had reared thee on high,
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow;
Shot through the staff or the halcyard, but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew."
TENNYSON.

MOURNFULLY pre-eminent among the horrors of the Mutiny stands the massacre of Cawnpore.

Cawnpore, a large city in the North-West Provinces, is situated on the right bank of the Ganges.

Foreseeing the storm, General Wheeler fortified as well as he could two barracks in the midst of a plain, and there stored his provisions.

On the night of June 4 the Sepoys rose, burned the bungalows, looted the treasury, secured the magazine, and started toward Delhi.

Now at Bithoor, ten miles west of Cawnpore, Nana Sahib, the adopted son of a late Indian prince, lived in a fortified house. Though nursing a private grievance, this man had hitherto professed great friendship for the British. Now he threw off the mask, and prevailing on the

At this juncture Nana Sahib offered the garrison a free passage to Allahabad.

The minds of the soldiers instinctively revolted against a capitulation; yet necessity held them as in a vice.

For themselves they would have preferred dying sword in hand, but they could not refuse the chance—one in a thousand though it was—of saving the lives of the helpless women and children.

On that ground alone they accepted the offer, and sealed the doom of their loved ones.

The dismal procession started next morning, the women, children, and sick in carts, the soldiers marching at their sides, all surrounded by the rebel army.

At the river-side they embarked in forty boats; two or three pushed off, when from the platform of a Hindoo temple issued a solitary bugle note.

It was the signal for a scene of butchery.

Grape and musketry decimated the hapless crowd. Four men only escaped the massacre; the others were all shot. The women and children were dragged on shore and lodged in a brick building.

By the blackest of treachery had Nana Sahib secured a momentary triumph.

Down the river to Calcuttia floated vague rumours of the awful crime, stirring up a fierce, quenchless desire for vengeance.

Soldiers started on their errand in mere dribblets, defying armed rebels, drenching storms, and scorching heat alike. Cholera struck them down, fever seized them with deadly

grip; but they struggled on, passion supplying them with superhuman power. Colonel Neill, a stern soldier, was at their head.

Having swept Benares clear of enemies, he reached Allahabad, recovered it, organized his forces, dispatched a strong detachment toward Cawnpore, and prepared to follow with his scanty force.

Meanwhile Henry Havelock, a gifted soldier and a truly noble man, on whose spotless purity no stain ever rested, was hurrying from Calcuttia to assume the command.

Leaving Neill with instructions to follow as soon as reinforcements arrived, he joined the advance party, dispersed a rebel army at Futtehpore, drove them from Aong, and again from a strong position covered by a swollen stream known as Pandoo Nuddee.

By this time the soldiers knew Cawnpore had fallen; but the chance of rescuing their unhappy country-women filled them with feverish impatience.

The heat was fearful; but nothing could check the progress of those dauntless fellows.

Nana Sahib made a despairing effort: he might as well have tried to keep back the angry waves of a raging ocean.

Outside Cawnpore a branch road forks from the Grand Trunk Road. These roads the Sepoys made impassable; and here, with a strong force of artillery in commanding positions, they waited to hurl back the avengers.

Sending a detachment forward to deceive the enemy,

Havelock marched the main body to the left, screened by several mango groves.

Directly he reappeared in the open, the Sepoys, understanding the manœuvre, swung round their heavy guns and dashed a storm of grape at the soldiers.

Then Havelock let loose his Highlanders—the 78th. In stern and wrathful silence they leaped at the batteries, slaying every man who had the temerity to oppose them. A second rush, headed by the general in person, smashed the hostile centre.

Meanwhile, on the right, the rebels, repulsed by the 64th, 84th, the Sikhs, and a handful of volunteers, had entrenched themselves in a strongly-fortified village a mile in the rear.

“Who is to take that village?” cried Havelock—“the Highlanders or the 64th?”

The question banished all remembrance of fatigue, prevented any idea of danger.

Like one man the two regiments swept forward, and bursting through every obstacle, carried the position without a halt.

Still the battle remained to be won.

Climbing the slope which covers the entrance to Cawnpore, the exhausted soldiery saw before them a strong body of infantry protected by heavy guns.

They themselves had marched twenty miles, were without food, and utterly worn out; their guns were a mile in the rear. Could they charge those masses?

Havelock knew they could and would.

Disdainful of the cannon-shot, he rode along the line, saying cheerfully, “The longer you look at it, men, the less you will like it. Rise up! The brigade will advance, left battalion leading.”

Round-shot bowled them over at first, grape mowed them down later, but the 64th went on steadily, unfalteringly, and with a rush carried the heaviest gun. Losing heart, the Sepoys fled; while four field-pieces, arriving just in time, completed their discomfiture.

The next morning the victors marched into Cawnpore to find they were too late. With fiendish cruelty, that afterwards provoked stern vengeance, Nana Sahib had slain his helpless captives, and cast their mutilated bodies into a well.

That barbarous act steeled the hearts of the most humane and sealed the fate of the perpetrators.

The destruction of the Nana's palace and magazine at Bithoor left Havelock free to commence his next piece of work.

Across the Ganges lay the territory of Oudh. But recently annexed to British rule, inhabited by a fierce and warlike race, the district was a hotbed of rebellion.

One spot alone, the Residency of Lucknow, flew the British flag. Here the chivalrous Sir Henry Lawrence commanded, and here, until the end of September, a handful of loyal men held out against thousands of rebels, well armed and thirsting for blood.

The position was formed of a number of detached

houses, now united by mud walls and trenches, all contained in a single enclosure. The largest building was the Residency proper.

From the first, by day and night, the rebels poured a concentrated fire into the place from every building affording cover.

For the garrison the siege was a mixture of work, disease, and death.

Sir Henry was killed by a bursting shell; many soldiers and civilians were slain; but at Lucknow, as elsewhere, the dominant note was that of ultimate triumph.

~~In vain the Sepoys battered the houses with round-shot;~~ ^{Rocked}
 in vain their bravest troops hurled themselves in countless numbers against the weak defences. British pluck and British valour prevailed over the most desperate odds, and the glorious old flag continued to wave over its lion-hearted defenders.

To save these heroes Havelock crossed the Ganges, leaving a handful of troops at Cawnpore.

His force was ridiculously small. Including sixty cavalymen, he had 1,500 soldiers, ten small guns, and an insufficient amount of ammunition.

A continued forward movement was obviously impossible; yet for a time no one dreamed of drawing back.

"Forward!" was the cry, and forward those intrepid fellows went, winning victory after victory, breaking the rebels whenever they stood, yet losing many lives, using up their scanty ammunition, increasing their long train of sick and wounded. At length, forced by a stern necessity,

Havelock returned to Cawnpore, won another battle at Bithoor, and waited impatiently for reinforcements.

When they came, Outram accompanied them in supreme command. His first act fittingly illustrated the generous nobility of his character. Feeling that Havelock had the best right to crown the exploit so gallantly begun, Outram waived his rank in his comrade's favour, and joined the expedition as a volunteer.

Through a ceaseless, drenching rain the newly-organized force of 3,000 men set out, determined to reach the Residency, or die in the attempt.

The rebels retreated, intending to concentrate all their efforts on a stern defence of the city.

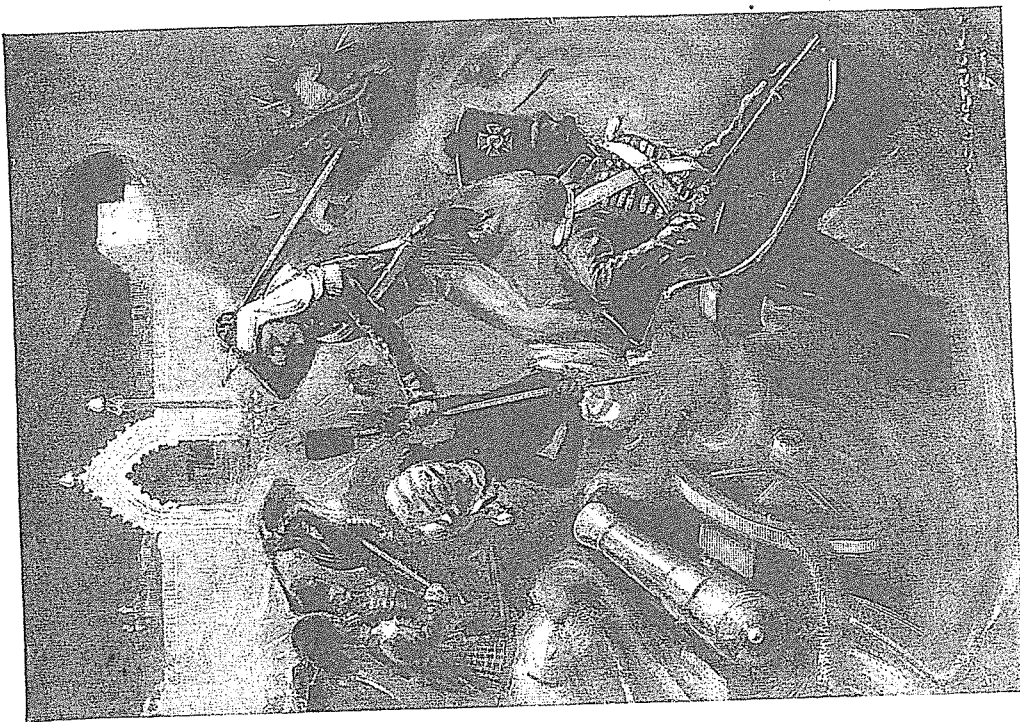
The first important stand was made at the Alumbagh, a walled garden and building some two miles from the Residency. The Sepoys fought savagely; but the blood of our men was hot—the women had not died in vain at Cawnpore—and nothing could withstand the fury of their onset.

And as Outram returned from pursuit of the fugitives he was told a glorious piece of news—news which drew from the assembled troops a ringing cheer, the like of which probably India had never before heard.

Delhi had fallen.

It gave them heart for their own hazardous enterprise, to be attempted after a day's rest.

The first obstacle was the Charbagh Bridge, defended on its farther side by an earthen rampart, having an opening in the centre large enough to admit the passage of one man. Six guns bristled on the parapet.



"The life and death struggle continued till not one of the 2,000 remained alive."

Page 280.

The famous artillery officer, Maude, had two guns and no cover. His gunners were shot down as fast as they appeared. It was plain he could make no impression.

Young Havelock, the general's son, wished to charge the bridge; but Neill, waiting for Outram, who was clearing the adjacent gardens, did not care to assume the responsibility.

Then the ardent young soldier obtained his desire by a ruse.

Riding off a short distance, he returned at a gallop, saluted, and said, as if delivering an order from his father, "You are to carry the bridge, sir!"

Neill obeyed. Lieutenant Arnold, with twenty-five men, dashed ahead; Havelock and Tytler followed.

Swiftly there burst upon them a tornado of shot and shell.

Havelock and Private Jakes alone remained unwounded—one, mounted, waving his sword; the other, ~~af~~foot, firing rapidly but coolly at the hostile masses.

The two heroes did not stay long alone. With a stirring cheer the Madras Fusiliers rushed at the bridge, swept over it, and won the entrance to Lucknow!

The work of the rescuers, however, was but beginning.

Every inch of the route was stoutly defended. From every tree, house, and bit of available cover shot forth flame.

Losing heavily, but still undaunted, the men advanced, till, on the approach of darkness, they had gained the shelter of some deserted buildings.

Here Outram proposed to stay till morning; but Havelock was resolute to proceed: into the Residency he would penetrate that night.

Accordingly the 78th and the Sikhs, headed by Outram, Havelock, and Neill, issued forth. Deep trenches and barricades obstructed their progress; the houses on either side sent forth a pitiless storm of bullets; batteries searched the street with grape; the troops marched through an avenue of flame.

Neill fell from his horse dead; Outram was wounded; the route was marked by a long line of fallen bodies.

Havelock, unhurt, walked his horse through the stream of fire without a trace of discomposure, while no man of his brigade faltered.

At length the remnant emerged into the open, and then a thunder of cheering rent the air.

The beleaguered garrison, carried away by pride and gratitude, raised their voices in a long, exultant shout; the sick and wounded crawled from the hospitals to add their feeble strains.

The barricades were removed, the soldiers rushed in with joyous cries, and the pale moon looked down on such a scene of excitement as has rarely been paralleled.

The Highlanders, lifting the children in their arms, wept as they kissed them, for they had snatched them from such a ghastly tragedy as had been enacted at Cawnpore.

Yet, after all, the rescue was no more than a relief.

Even Outram, who had now assumed command, recog-

nized the impossibility of cutting a passage through those swarms of fanatics, encumbered as he would be by the wounded, the sick, the women and children.

Thus compelled by circumstances to remain in Lucknow, he distributed the fresh troops in the palaces along the river, left Major McIntyre to hold the Alumbagh, and with the original garrison worked hard to repair the shattered defences of the Residency.

Meanwhile the capture of Delhi had enabled Wilson to dispatch a column under Greated, who won a series of brilliant victories, especially one at Agra, which cleared the way for Sir Colin Campbell, now arrived in India.

Coming up swiftly, the resolute Scotsman massed his troops near the Alumbagh, where he stored his *impedimenta*, and drew up his plans for the capture of the city.

In this he was materially aided by the heroism of Thomas Henry Kavanagh, a civil servant who had gone through the siege of the Residency.

Outram wished to send a trusty messenger to Campbell with plans of the city, and advice as to the best means of taking it. Kavanagh, a man of great courage and iron will, volunteered his services.

Staining his hair and skin with lamp black, and putting on a native dress, he crept out, accompanied by a faithful spy. The danger was fearful, but, thanks to his stout heart and perfect knowledge of the native *patois*, Kavanagh reached the Alumbagh safely, and delivered his instructions.

It was a gallant deed, daringly done, and suitably rewarded by the bestowal of the coveted Victoria Cross.

The first heavy fighting occurred when the troops reached the road to the Secunderabad. Here they met with a leaping flame of fire which seemed to envelop them.

From the enclosures and from the palace itself there streamed a continuous leaden hail.

Blunt, an artillery officer, with the utter carelessness of self so characteristic of the service, relieved by an act of daring the pressure on the infantry.

On the farther side of the road, surrounded by banks, apparently inaccessible, was a wide plateau.

With the dash and vigour of Jehu, Blunt drove his horses at the bank, galloped up heiter-skelter, reached the open space, unlimbered, and crash! his guns had opened on the Secunderabad.

Meanwhile Hope's Brigade had cleared the enclosures, some heavier guns had arrived, and a breach was made in the walls of the building.

At once ensued a tremendous rivalry between the Sikhs and the 93rd.

Who should be the first to enter?

Through the leaden storm they raced, sturdy Highlanders and their more limber rivals.

A Sikh reached the hole and jumped; he was shot dead.

Then Cooper of the 93rd took a flying leap. A dozen others, Sikhs and Highlanders, followed, to find themselves in an enclosure one hundred and fifty yards square, strongly fortified, and held by 2,000 fanatics.

According to all the rules of common sense the stormers should have been slain instantly; but Nana

Sahib had nerved their arms, the well of Cawnpore had given them the strength of giants. So, rushing forward with sword and bayonet, they fought like tigers; and their comrades, breaking down the front gate, joined the fray. Then, on more level terms, the life-and-death struggle continued, till not one of the 2,000 remained alive either to thrust or parry.

On again, this time to the Shah Najaf, a massive mosque surrounded by loop-holed walls.

Here the heroic march was stayed. So strong was the mosque, so stoutly defended, such a heavy fire struck the troops, that progress became impossible.

Bullets and grape, shot and shell, crashed through their ranks, struck them in front, on the side, made criss-cross lanes of dead and wounded.

And nothing could be done!

Bravely the gunners stood to their pieces, but could make no impression; and though Highlanders and Sikhs excelled themselves in daring, they could not force a way through unbreached walls.

Evening came, and still the grim fortress frowned down on them defiantly.

To Sergeant Paton was the final triumph originally due. His keen sight had discovered a weak spot in the wall, and he pointed it out to Adrian Hope, who with fifty men stole cautiously through the jungle to the place.

Unseen by the garrison, the daring fellows pushed one of their number to the top by means of a slight crack in the wall. He helped the next man, others followed, reinforce-

ments were sent for, the first-comers moved forward, the cowed garrison retreated, the victors threw open the main gate, and the Shah Najaf was in our possession.

Next morning the troops advanced. In the teeth of a heavy fire Captain Hopkins with the 53rd carried the mess-house by a swift rush; other buildings were taken, and finally the victorious troops stormed the Moti Mahall.

In these daring enterprises two young officers amongst many others distinguished themselves. They were Roberts and Wolseley, who since then have performed many splendid services for their country.

Although the fighting continued, and many more lives were lost, the real work was done—the women and children were safely withdrawn to Cawnpore.

The great triumph was dimmed in the eyes of all by the death of Havelock, who, worn out by fatigue and disease, passed away, leaving behind the name not only of a great soldier, but of a pure-living Christian man.

While Sir Colin returned to Cawnpore, Outram with his scanty force held the Alumbagh against all comers, till, in March 1858, his veteran chief, after severe fighting elsewhere, arrived once more, this time to deal the rebellious city its deathblow.

How the Mutiny was finally stamped out I cannot pretend to describe, but the men in whom Great Britain had put her trust did not fail her.

As in the beginning so at the end our soldiers exhibited that sterling valour, that wonderful endurance, that marvellous pluck which we have learned to regard as natural

Death
of Havelock

attributes of the men who have carried our flag to victory through the ages.

Fatigue could not check nor disease daunt them; they marched and fought, they sacrificed their lives freely for the cause, they flung themselves against batteries and stormed the most strongly fortified buildings.

It is hardly too much to say that in all the chronicles of war there is no brilliant feat recorded which does not find its parallel in the actions of these brave men.

And should there ever again come upon our country such days of dark distress, when the life of the nation depends on the sturdy courage of her children, they will gather heart from the constancy and loyal devotion of the heroes who saved India.

