

in and stowed away. Between 200 and 250 cannon were brought in also. The church was filled with grain, the racket-court with forage, and piles of fuel were placed in front of the Residency. This building was converted into a fort, the coolies working at it day and night. European civilians were drilled twice a day. The Muchee Bhowun was a strong fort commanding the bridge. The plan was to occupy the fort and the Residency. While all these preparations were being made, the ordinary business of the Government was carried on. The courts sat, tried cases, and several mutineers were hanged. The heat was terrible, and there was much sickness. The news from without was disheartening: the Cawnpore massacres had been reported; and the only cheering intelligence was that Neill was at Allahabad, and had promised to come to the rescue as soon as he could. Fifty thousand dollars was offered for the body of Nana Sahib, dead or alive.

The mutineers were in strong force on the Fyzabad road, and only 25 miles from Lucknow, towards which they were marching. Sir Henry determined to meet them with a force of four European and six Oude guns and one howitzer for artillery, commanded by Major Simons; for cavalry, 36 Europeans (volunteers) and 80 Sikhs; and for infantry, 300 men of the 32nd Foot and 220 faithful Sepoys. This little force of 666 men and 11 guns met the mutineers at Chinhut. The Sepoys numbered 5,000 infantry, 800 cavalry, and 160 artillery. They at once opened fire, and Sir Henry ordered the cavalry to charge. The European volunteers did so bravely, but the Sikhs bolted, and the Oude gunners followed suit. The mutineers then pushed forward; the 300 Europeans charged, but were forced to retire; and Sir Henry, seeing all was lost, ordered a retreat. A large body of Sepoy cavalry made a dash to cut off the retreat, but the 30 volunteer horsemen, despising the enormous odds, charged furiously and put the hostile cavalry to flight. Another calamity befell the British force—the water carriers went over to the enemy; and this loss was seriously felt in the retreat. Covered by the brave horsemen, the troops, stopping ever and anon to fire a volley at the enemy, and faint with thirst, re-entered Lucknow, having lost 112 Europeans and 88 natives, besides four guns.

To add to this disaster, the military police and the Oude regiments joined the mutineers. Under such circumstances, the Muchee Bhowun fort could not be retained. Between the Residency and the fort a sea of mutineers surged. To get a message to the fort, four officers, amid the incessant firing of the Sepoys, signalled from the roof of the Residency to the men holding the fort that they were to join the main body. This they did that night, and scarcely were they safely within the Residency when 240 barrels of powder and half a million rounds of ammunition exploded. There was no longer a fort at Muchee Bhowun.

Never do misfortunes come as spies; they march in battalions. So writes a great authority; and so it was at Lucknow. A calamity overshadowing all that had preceded it now befell the garrison. On the 2nd of July Sir Henry Lawrence

was wounded, impending, passed a Lawrence surpassed

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