

dead 'niggers' were to be seen, for the live ones kept pretty well under cover, and potted at us through loopholes, every house in the place being thoroughly loopholed. On our arrival inside the palace, then commenced the game, for we had to fight the brutes through each room as we went along. In the act of doing so, our Colonel Ingram was shot through the head. Just fancy fighting through rooms far superior to any in England, and the tables therein covered with gold and silver ornaments. Had hard fighting all that night and next morning—found my Colt's revolver useful—tumbled over two swell looking Sepoys with it—kept on fighting till the 16th, when they all made their exit. I never slept out of my clothes from the 10th to the 20th, and for six nights at a time had not so much as one wink of sleep; we certainly had hard work for the number of days we were at it."

In announcing his death to his relations his brother officer says of Lieutenant McKay, "He was mentioned in the despatches by our colonel for his conduct at the capture of Lucknow, which was beyond praise."

He remained in garrison at Lucknow until January, 1859, when he was ordered to Banda, in Oude, a march of fourteen or fifteen days from Lucknow, where he was attacked immediately on his arrival by small pox, and carried off after three days' illness, on the 13th February, 1859, in the twenty-third year of his age.

In communicating the sad intelligence to his elder brother, his most intimate friend and associate in the regiment, writes:—"I am sure it will be a great comfort to your mother to know that he was a good Christian, an upright and moral man, a brave, gallant and devoted soldier, and did his duty manfully to his Queen and country, through many a hard days work. A nobler disposition and a better, kinder or truer friend could not be met with. I miss him fearfully, and I cannot even now feel reconciled to His decree 'who doeth all things for the best.'" "It is needless for me to add," he says in another letter, "the great regret we all feel at his loss; with myself it is irreparable, as I can never expect to see his like again on earth. But it will gratify you all to know that a more gallant officer the Queen never had." About a year after receipt of the intelligence of his death, the following letter which explains itself, was received:—

{ "No. 16537.
" 12.

"(Lr. 115).

"WAR OFFICE, London, August, 1860.

"MADAM,—I am directed by the secretary of state for war, to transmit to you herewith, a medal which has been granted for Lieutenant C. McKay's services as an officer of the 97th Regiment of Foot, to be retained in commemoration of his gallant conduct in the campaign in India.