

to discover whether a permanent dye was procurable in the intrinment; and, luckily for my little beauty, there was none. I obtained a complete oriental suit by borrowing each article from separate natives, and, tying them in a bundle, took them home. I remained quite composed till six o'clock in the evening, when, as was customary with me, I kissed the family and left, pretending that I was for duty at the mines, and that I might be detained till late in the morning. I carried my bundle to a small room in the slaughter-yard, and was there dressed by that good, steady young man, Mr. F. Quieros, whom I enjoined to keep it a secret for the present. I was amused at my own ugliness, as I carefully surveyed each feature in the glass to see that the coloring was well spread. I did not think that the shade of black was quite natural, and I felt somewhat uneasy about it, till we talked over the chances of detection, and came to the conclusion that the darkness of the night was favorable to me. Kunoujee Lal now joined us, and seemed to chuckle at the ridiculous appearance of the metamorphosed sahib, as we walked over together to the quarters of Sir James Outram.

Natives are not permitted to go into the house of a European with shoes on, or to take a seat uninvited. In order to draw particular attention to myself, I did both, and the eyes of the officers, who sat at the general's table, were at once turned angrily and inquiringly upon the queer man who did such impudent things. Questions and answers were exchanged without detecting the disguise, although my plain features were known to every one of the outraged officers, who called in the general, and he took some time to recognize me. I regarded this first step in the adventure as presaging success, and was glad to lay hold on any little thing to keep up my confidence. I was daubed once more by the general himself, and, considering where I was going to, there was extraordinary hilarity in the whole proceeding, which was beneficial to my nerves. My turban was readjusted; my habiliments subjected to a close inspection; and my waistband adorned by a loaded double-barrelled pistol—belonging to the gallant and amiable Captain Sitwell, A.D.C.—which was intended for myself, should there be no possibility of escaping death at the hands of the mutineers, who would have done it in their own particular way.

At half-past eight o'clock our gaiety ceased, for that was the time appointed to leave. The kind-hearted and chivalrous Sir James, and my good friend Colonel Napier, pressed my hand, with a few encouraging words; the rest, with many earnest prayers for my success, shook hands; and I started with Kunoujee Lal, in the company of the brave Captain Hardinge, who came down to the picket, on the river Goompy, to pass me out. As I parted from him, he tightly squeezed my hand, as if much affected, and slowly observed that he would give his life to be able to perform what I was doing. His last encouraging and cheering words were feelingly addressed to me: "Noble fellow! you will never be forgotten!"

It would be unfair, out of so small a volume as Mr. Kavanagh's ["How I Won the Victoria Cross." By T. H. Kavanagh, Assistant Commissioner in Oudh], to extract the whole of this most interesting expedition, which, from the moment when he took the first plunge, naked, into the Goompy, to that when he heard the welcome "Who comes there?" of the British sentinel, may vie for 'situation' and peril with any adventure upon record. The successful issue of the undertaking is well known. Mr. Kavanagh

doubtless saved many lives, by expediting the relief of the garrison, as well as much treasure, which further delay would have rendered it dangerous to have removed. For reward, he received two thousand pounds—which he bitterly and not unreasonably contrast with the public liberality displayed towards Mr. Thomas Sayers—and that Victoria Cross which confers upon this little book its taking title. From it, as from Mr Russell's more ambitious work, we derive information not readily afforded by the mere military and official historians of the mutiny. While the abominations and cruelties of the Sepoys are fully admitted, the excesses of our own troops are not passed over in silence. The battle scenes are not delineated as though they were conflicts between armies composed of good and bad angels; nor is a stronghold carried by assault made a theatre for the exhibition of all the sterner virtues. Here is a photograph taken from the storming of the Secunder Bagh: "Highlanders and Sikhs, besmeared with blood, trampled over the dead, through the plants and houses. Screams and groans ascended above the uproar. Here, mutineers manfully received our soldiers on the point of the bayonet: there, threw down their muskets, and fiercely defended themselves with their swords. Some threw away their arms, and pitifully pleaded for mercy to men infuriated by slaughter; others ran to the inner rooms for shelter, and despairingly clutched at the weapons of the fierce soldiers who pressed in after them. Bullets flew in every direction from friend and foe.

The 53rd Regiment, encouraged by the gallant Lieut. French, violently smashed through the iron bars of a window, and, with loud screams of victory, added to the tumult, the confusion, and the slaughter. Hoarse calls for help came from this side; loud and frequent orders to go and bayonet from the other; curses, in the most awful words, mingled with imploring voices. A few ran wild through the combatants, to end their misery by death. Hundreds were deliberately bayoneted, and pitched, writhing in the agonies of death, into a reservoir. The appalling sounds of cutting, hacking and stabbing were heard all round the garden, with the dreadful screams of the combatants. "Cawnpore, boys! Remember our women and children! Mercy! No mercy for you!" Miserable creatures! a day of retribution had come.

The mass of dark men moved here, there, backwards and forwards, trampling down the plants that sent forth their fragrance to nostrils choked with blood; many ran in and out of the rooms, pursued by their fearless and merciless foe. The scene was animated to the utmost degree when the effect was increased by a conflagration, from which the mutineers struggled on to our weapons, and were thrown back upon the raging flames! Some wretches, as a last resource, sought concealment on the roofs and in the towers, where they were remorselessly followed and chucked down to the yard below! The strife was obstinately maintained at one tower. Officers and men courageously threw themselves against the door to burst it, and were killed; and another and another fell in fruitless efforts to enter. Artillery were brought in, and the awful uproar was made more awful by its booming, and by crashing walls, as the balls passed through the room of the desperate defenders.

At last the tumult ceased, and the victors walked triumphantly through the blood of the prostrate foe to count their bodies. Two thousand of the enemy covered the ground, lapped one on the other: they were either dead or dying. At one spot, the

corpses above were moved up and down by the suffocating respirations of the living below! Animate and inanimate nature alike lay bruised on the ground. The eye encountered dreadful scenes of carnage all over the enclosure.

Nor was this fearful spectacle—wherein, as it might well be thought, there was no room for aught but horrors—entirely unmitigated by the humorous element. One must not calculate too much, it seems, even in the moment of victory, upon the grateful enthusiasm of a commander-in-chief.

Sir Colin Campbell, mounted on his gray horse, was outside the Secunder Bagh, surrounded by his staff, when a highland officer, excited, tattered and blood stained, issued through the gate, and approached the group with a red banner.

"I have killed the last four of the enemy with my own hands, and here, sir, are their colors!" exclaimed the bleeding and agitated Highlander.

"Damn the colors, sir! Where is your regiment? Go back to your regiment, sir! I thank you, Colonel Ewart, for your zeal and gallantry; but go back to the regiment!"

THEY GO TO STAY.—"The Roberts Fenians claim to be in a far superior state of efficiency in the matter of arms, munitions, &c., than at this time last year. They express their intention not to move from here until they feel confident of securing a foothold on Canadian soil; they go to stay is their laconic expression.—[New York Herald.

Ye lawless hords!
The veil of Time no mortal hand may raise,
But each keen patriot deems your braggart phrase

Couched in prophetic words.
Come, as ye say;
Come, when the spring breathes softly o'er the land;
Come, with all the strength of your robber-band,

And ye will come to stay;
To stay—but how?
As laurelled victors after battle's toil,
The lords and masters of Canadian soil?
Far otherwise, I trow.
Land ye shall have;
Each one, as guardian of his martial worth,
Shall hold in mortmain a few feet of earth,
His sole estate—a grave.
—Literary Club, Montreal.

A SERMON FOR FENIANS.—A Rev. Mr. Smyth delivered a sermon in New York on Sunday night last on Fenianism, in a Broadway hall hired for the occasion. A large number of Fenians attended, but the preacher told them it was folly to rise in armed rebellion in Ireland, and that the Irish people had no grievances to complain of that could not be remedied by peaceful means. He further said that Fenianism could never be successful while the Protestants of Ireland held aloof and the Crown was vested in a Protestant, and he advised the Fenians to throw off the allegiance of the Pope, a foreign potentate, if they desired the practical sympathy of the world. The enunciation of these views did not, of course, please the congregation, who had attended in order to have their "patriotism fired," and, after indulging in a few hisses, they left in a somewhat angry temper.—[Leader

CAUTION TO VOLUNTEERS.—Mr Jos. Harrison, a member of the Southampton Rifle Company, was tried before the Reeve of that village on the charge of wearing his uniform off duty. The information was laid by the captain commanding the company, and Harrison was fined \$5 for this violation of the Volunteer regulations.