

THE STORY OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

BY E. W. L.

XV.

Yet even amid all these unspeakable horrors something grimly humorous occurred. Seventeen men were holding some unfinished buildings a little out of the camp. This little post was connected with the intrenchment by what, for want of a better word, may be called a covered way, constructed of carts and waggons. The little garrison being duly instructed what to do, Captain Moore and Lieut. Delafosse strode from out their shelter, the former crying out with a loud voice, "No. 1 to the front; CHARGE!" A number of Sepoys in hiding, completely duped by the trick, jumped to their feet and ran for their lives. The garrison immediately fired a murderous volley and more than a dozen mutineers lay at the dust.

On June 10th a lady and four children, *en route* to Calcutta, stopped innocently at Cawnpore. They were taken before the Nana and shot. The next day another lady was travelling past; she was seized, decapitated, and her head offered as a *nuzer* [a gift in token of homage] to the Nana. On the 12th the Nana captured 136 fugitives, chiefly females. They were ordered to be shot. The lady boldly upbraided the Nana for his cruelties, and threatened him with the terrible punishment which the government would sooner or later inflict upon him for his many crimes. The hands of this lady were placed in bags of powder, and two slow matches applied. After the explosion the 136 fugitives were shot. A private and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. White) were walking and talking together, protected as they thought by the wall. Mrs. White held in her arms twin babies. A bullet passed through her husband's heart, killing him, and broke both arms of the wife. One of the twins was seriously wounded also. An ayah, carrying a baby, had both her legs shot off. The collector, talking to his wife, was cut in twain by a cannon-ball. Lieut. Wheeler, Sir Hugh's son and aide-de-camp, was wounded. He was lying on a sofa; one sister fanning him; another sister was talking to her parents. They were all in one room. A cannon ball, passing through the door, carried off young Wheeler's head, leaving on the sofa the bleeding trunk; a ghastly spectacle for his parents and his two sisters to gaze upon. The story could be lengthened indefinitely by detailing all the horrors of those terrible three weeks.

Something ought to be said of the brave deeds performed by these beleaguered heroes; and yet it seems invidious to pick out solitary instances of valor where there were valorous men, women, and even children. Let one suffice. Captain Thomson relates the story: