

and then called out, as he pointed to the mutineers, "One more charge like that and the day is ours!" The Highlanders and the 94th charged, drove off the enemy and captured a howitzer.

And now, all the different parts of the British force reunited, Havelock spoke cheering words of commendation to his men. Then he ordered an advance. Another victorious charge was the result. The mutineers retreated; but Nana Sahib was there, upbraiding, threatening, promising. They made another stand; three canon supporting them. The horses and oxen dragging the British artillery were played out; they could scarcely move. Havelock's men were lying down; his horse had been killed under him. He was mounted on a creature of the Rosinante breed. He alone was in danger from the enemy's fire. The long Sepoy line looked ugly; the more his men contemplated that line the less inclined would they be to charge it. Nine hundred eager men were waiting for the order they loved to hear. It came: "The line will advance; forward!" Well was the command obeyed. Silently, bravely they marched, their track marked with the dead and the wounded who had dropped out of their ranks. When within a few yards of the Sepoys, there was a ringing cheer followed by a furious charge. The mutineers turned and fled. Four guns coming up threw their ranks into still greater disorder; the victory was complete. And the victors were in sight of Cawnpore. The night had set in, and the weary men needed repose. Moreover they had to wait for baggage and supplies. They slept, looking forward perchance in their dreams to the joy of releasing their countrywomen on the morrow. Sleep on, brave men; bitter is the disappointment in store for you!

A neat little anecdote is told of Havelock's bugler. In this battle, as soon as the mutineers fired their first gun, Havelock pulled out his watch, handed it to the bugler, and bade him mark the time. The bugler did so, and then placed the time-piece in his pocket. When the last British gun was fired, the bugler pulled out the watch, looked at it, and, touching his cap, reported, "Two hours and forty minutes, sir!" Side by side, on the bare ground, lay the general and his bugler. Havelock's right arm was passed through his horse's bridle, which stood ready caparisoned by his side. Like Hafed, Havelock slept "with head upon that sword his fevered hand must grasp in waking."

