

# In the Days of the Mutiny.

---

## CHAPTER I.

It would be difficult to find a fairer scene. Throughout the gardens, lanterns of many shapes and devices threw their light down upon the paths, which were marked out by lines of little lamps suspended on wires a foot above the ground. In a treble row they encircled a large tank or pond and studded a little island in its centre. Along the terraces were festoons and arches of innumerable lamps, while behind was the Palace or Castle—for it was called either—the Oriental doors and windows and the tracery of its walls lit up below by the soft light, while the outline of the upper part could scarce be made out. Eastern as the scene was, the actors were for the most part English. Although the crowd that promenaded the terrace was composed principally of men, of whom the majority were in uniform of one sort or another, the rest being in evening dress, there were many ladies among them.

At the end of one of the terraces a band of the 103d Bengal Infantry was playing, and when they ceased a band of native musicians, at the opposite end of the terrace, took up the strains. Within, the palace was brilliantly lighted, and at the tables in one of the large apartments a few couples were still seated at supper. Among his guests moved the Rajah, chatting in fluent English, laughing with the men, paying compliments to the ladies—a thoroughly good fellow all round, as his guests agreed. The affair had been a great success. There had first been a banquet to the officers and civil-