

to storm the battery. With a ringing cheer the 75th started on their mission. The marshy ground they had to traverse forced them to move slowly; the enemy's fire was well directed; more than a hundred British soldiers fell disabled. The 1st Bengal Fusiliers were near; together the two regiments stormed the serai and, in spite of a stubborn resistance, carried it. The rest of the British force coming up, the mutineers, who had resolved on making another effort to retrieve their laurels, felt disheartened and retreated behind the walls of Delhi. And now Delhi lay before the small British army; the Delhi that on the 10th May would have been captured by the European troops had a Nicholson or a Hodson commanded at Meerut in the room of a Hewitt. The incapacity of Hewitt caused torrents of British blood to flow. The Delhi siege, begun with a victory, lasted three months.

On the morning of the 9th of June a strange scene was enacted in the British camp; so strange and perplexing to on-lookers that an alarm was about to be sounded. A solitary officer was riding quietly along when suddenly he was surrounded by a crowd of men, some mounted, some on foot. This dusky crew shouted, yelled, and leapt about like men demented. They seized the officer, nearly tore him from his saddle, and fairly shrieked—not in rage, but in joy. Hodson was the officer, and the men surrounding him were soldiers—the Guides whom he had formerly commanded. These men kissed Hodson's hands and his feet, and hailed him as the "One Great in Battle!" A blundering Government had deprived Hodson some months before of the command of men who idolized him. For three weeks had these faithful fellows marched to join the army before Delhi, and this is how they greeted their former beloved commander. Three hours later these same fellows were fiercely charging the Sepoys; and so keenly contested was the fight that every officer in the Guides was wounded, one being killed.

It has been said that the British Government was cursed with Red-Tape; that the British army was a martyr to Pipeclay. A stiff, suffocating uniform that impeded the free use of the limbs; a thick leather cravat that nearly choked the wearer, the British soldier, buttoned and belted, was a pitiful object to contemplate. Such a dress, even in the milder climate of Europe, was bad enough, but to compel men to wear it under the blazing sun of India was murderous madness. Sir Henry Lawrence saw the folly of it, and, bidding defiance to the decrees of Red Tape and Pipeclay, he organized the Guides. The protective turban of many folds, the loose pijama, and the easy-fitting native blouse, replaced the hideous, stifling uniform. And, in lieu of high-caste Sepoys, he chose for soldiers the best men he could find, giving preference, perhaps, to *Shikarees*. And the accoutrements were as few and as light as was compatible with the requirements of the service. The present native army is more or less built on these lines.

On May 17th, Brigadier Johnstone assumed command of the forces at Jullun-

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