

advanced upon Delhi to commence the siege—if such it can be called, when for nearly three months we were actually besieged on the ridge overlooking the city. Our army numbered about 10,000 men, consisting of English, Sikhs, and Goorkhas under the command of Sir H. Barnard, and we began operations by defeating the mutineers at Badhi-ka-Sarai on the 8th June. We had to act entirely on the defensive at first, having no artillery with which to attack the city. Added to this, our anxiety was increased by the presence of ladies and children, whom after what we had seen we must defend at all hazards. They say circumstances make the man, and surely woman must not be excluded. No one would have supposed that Mrs. Johnston could take so kindly to nursing and cutting up lint for the wounded, but heaven be praised there is good in all of us if there is sufficient to draw it out, and we had one or two unknown Florence Nightingales in our camp before Delhi. I can recall the form of a slight girl of seventeen who, battling with her own trials, set herself bravely to work to soothe and help those in need. I have watched her smiling even in her sadness, as she passed from patient to patient, with a cheerful word for each, and I do not wonder that I loved her. I remember upon one occasion she met me and said with a touch of pride that Stirling had promised her that he would recommend her as a first class hospital nurse, but since the mutiny she has only practised in a private hospital, her chief patient being one whom she has attended all his life, and who can never hope to repay her tender care. Did the man who "fell among thieves" afterwards wish and strive to refund the Samaritan? Let us trust that he was at any rate grateful for the service rendered.

During those weeks we were encamped before Delhi, it is probable Kate and I became more intimately acquainted than we should have done in as many months elsewhere. I believe she was foolish enough to consider me a kind of Barnard, because I had killed a couple of Sepoys in her defence, and her simple trusting nature endowed me with all sorts of virtues, which only existed in her fond imagination.

The mutineers gave us little rest during the so called siege of Delhi, sallying

forth almost daily to attack and harass us, while we had to wait and defend ourselves, holding the enemy in check until the artillery arrived. Here I may remark that the Indian Mutiny was a mutiny pure and simple and not a rebellion as some ignorant people have called it, for had it been the latter there is no human doubt that England with her mere handful of troops, could never at that time have retained possession of India; nay if the non-combatants had simply remained neutral, I believe our army would have been conquered by starvation alone. But the natives brought us supplies on our marches or at our stations, and numerous instances occurred of the devotion on the part of the servants to their masters and mistresses, (Sahibs and Mem-Sahibs as they are designated), amounting to even the sacrifice of their lives in not a few cases. Therefore the mutiny did not in the remotest degree savor of a rebellion, and the bloody Nana Sahib can never go down to posterity as a noble patriot, but only as a vulgar mutineer, whose name will be execrated for many a cruel and cowardly deed, unredeemed by a single manly or generous act. On the 26th June after a gallant resistance to a siege of twenty days, Cawnpore surrendered under treaty to Nana who crowned his conquest with the most hideous massacre ever recorded in history. The news of this reached our camp sometime in July, and I cannot describe the feelings it excited in the breast of every British Soldier within our tents. Even now as I write the words in the calm retreat of a peaceful home, after the lapse of so many years, my blood boils as I recall that cruel slaughter. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, etc." Amen; but there are some things one cannot easily forget or forgive, and I lay down my pen and clench my fist with an angry face, as I think of that day. "My dear what is the matter?" asks the lady opposite, looking up from her knitting. "I was writing about Cawnpore," is my reply. "Has our life been so unhappy that you should harbor revengeful thoughts?" is the gentle rejoinder. "What does your favorite Mr. Pope say?—to err is human, to forgive divine." When my wife talks in that way I am dumb; it is not that she feels less but trusts more. To resume—

Our gloom by the news from Cawnpore

was increased shortly after, for Sir H. Barnard succumbed to an attack of cholera, and he was succeeded by Brigadier Wilson when the siege continued to drag along until the 23rd August, on which day we had a very hot engagement, completely routing the enemy and driving him to the very gates of the city. During the encounter I was struck by a lance on the left leg below the knee, the blow completely smashing my shin bone and very nearly bringing my military career to an end, that catastrophe being only averted by the skill and patience of my friend Jack Stirling.

It was six weeks before I could cross the saddle again, and in that time Delhi had fallen and I had laid siege to and conquered another fortress of which I have held possession ever since.

That other fortress—of course I mean Kate's heart—surrendered at the first onslaught. It was one evening when Mrs. Johnston and Kate had come to visit me, and the former with a foresight (which did her credit shortly left us alone together. There were not many words spoken—a short question, a whispered syllable in reply, and though neither of us have forgotten them, they need not be repeated. Kate Marsden had promised to be my wife.

(To be concluded next week.)



#### THAT SETTLED IT.

Amy.—George, dear, what do you think of my new reformed gown?

Mr. Dolley (surveying it critically).—There's something in it I like.

Amy.—What?

Mr. Dolley.—You.—Exchange.

The poet's and the plumber's ways  
Are quite of different types,  
For, while the former pipes his lays,  
The latter lays his pipes.  
—Exchange.

#### HOW TO TELL.

Mabel—He is such a delightful fellow, but the trouble is, we do not know whether he is married or single.

Her Cousin Tom—Is he attentive?—willing to come or go—anxious to obey your slightest wish?

Mabel—Yes, he is.

Her Cousin Tom—Courageous in telling you how lovely you are, and what an influence such a woman would have over a man's life? Ready, in fact, to prostrate himself at your feet?

Mabel—That just expresses it.

Her Cousin—Then he's married!