

only entrance was on the south side, so well protected that admission was impossible. So Sir Colin determined to knock a hole in the wall at the south-east corner. It was a desperate job, exposing the artillery to a raking fire from the Sikandarbagh; but in less than half an hour an opening three feet from the ground, and about three feet square, had been made by our guns, and as time was precious, with only this little hole for an entrance, Sir Colin ordered the attack to begin.

"The infantry, lying down to get as much cover as possible, sprang up at the order with a shout of joy, and swept forward like men racing for a runner's coveted prize. And that is precisely how the troops viewed that race. Not only British soldiers, but Sikhs, Punjabi, Mahomedans, Dogras, and Pathans, all ran forward in tremendous rivalry to see who could win a race whose prize was certain death. I shall never forget the spectacle of those splendid fellows rushing through the storm of bullets, with all their energies set upon getting through that pitifully small hole in the wall. It was a magnificent sight.

"A Highlander outdistanced the other runners, and was the first to leap at that tiny entry and roll through on the other side where invisible death crouched to spring upon him. I saw a Native soldier scramble through after him, then two officers of the Highlanders, and after that there was a confused jam of British and Native troops who arrived at the entry in a sweeping