

even now as I think of it. I have admitted England's blunder with regard to the cartridges, but surely a twentyfold such error, could never excuse the blood-thirsty atrocities, perpetrated by the cowards, who sheathed their swords in the trembling bodies of innocent infants—atrocities, some of which can scarcely be named, and culminating in the diabolical massacre of Cawnpore.

As I paused, sickened by the sights which met my gaze, I perceived at a short distance three Sepoys forcing forward a young girl of my own color, struggling violently so that her white muslin dress was being torn to shreds. Her face for a moment turned towards me, full of terror and supplication,—ah my dear I can see it before me as I write these words five and thirty years afterwards—and in another instant I had cut one of the ruffians down, as dead as Queen Anne. The other two released their captive to attack me, and clasping the terrified girl with my left arm, I sent my sword clean through one of the Sepoys, but before I could recover my weapon, my remaining enemy dealt me a blow on my left brow which sent me unconscious to the earth. When I came to myself I was lying propped up against a palmyra tree, with my head bandaged by strips of Miss Marsden's muslin dress, while she herself was kneeling at my side, safe and unhurt thank God, for as I fell my regiment came up at the charge and the mutineers, having previously released their imprisoned comrades from the gaol, were in full retreat towards Delhi.

As I opened my eyes they rested on a sweet face, half girlish, half womanly, and a small hand was raised to enjoin silence, but I said with a laugh that I was none the worse, hardly recollecting what had occurred. My wound was not serious although I still bear its mark, and I staggered to my feet—pulling myself together—remembering then what had passed. I was surprised to find everything so quiet and the camp deserted, but on my companion's explaining hurriedly how matters stood. I asked her to follow me, and taking care to go round by the back of Colonel Marsden's bungalow, to avoid the sight of what you will readily guess, we returned across the parade ground to the officers quarters of my regiment. I made my way to our Major's bungalow, which



BOUGHT AND SOLD.

SCENE—BAR ROOM IN THE TOWNSHIP.

SPORTSMAN.—(Having asked for Walker's Club), "Look here; this isn't 'Club' you have given us?"

BAR TENDER.—"Me! I always keep de straight bar, but my littl girl he's mix de liquor on de cellar."

I found shut up, but rightly concluding that this was merely a measure of safety, I soon gained admittance and consigned Kate to the care of Mrs. Johnston, the Major's wife.

"You did perfectly right Captain Clevedale to bring Miss Marsden here," remarked Mrs. Johnston, "and I will take the greatest care of her. I trust however the worst is over."

In a sense the worst certainly was over, as far as Kate was concerned, but she was an orphan in a strange land, and the mutiny had only just begun. Mrs. Johnston begged that I also would stay until the regiment returned, but I excused myself on the plea of having to make some arrangements, in fact I de-

sired to secure the remains of Colonel and Mrs. Marsden for burial the next morning, after which, feeling somewhat faint from my wound, I retired to my own bungalow.

CHAPTER III.

I will pass over the next fortnight in a few words. Important events quickly followed each other; we quelled the mutiny at Meerut, but the mutineers had seized Delhi and the gallant Willoughby had fired the magazine in that city, rather than surrender it to the enemy, nobly meeting his death along with five other brave fellows. Those are matters which history records, and I think it was on the 27th May when we left Meerut and