

THE LOST LEGION.

(THE STORY OF A RAID IN INDIA.)

BY RUDYARD KIPPLING.

When the Indian mutiny broke out a little time before the siege of Delhi, a regiment of native irregular horse was stationed at Peshawar, on the frontier of India. That regiment caught what John Lawrence called at the time "the prevalent mania," and would have thrown in its lot with the mutineers had it been allowed to do so. The chance never came, for as the regiment swept off down south it was headed off by a remnant of an English corps into the hills of Afghanistan, and there the newly-conquered tribesmen turned against it as wolves turn against buck. It was hunted for the sake of its arms and accoutrements from hill to hill, from ravine to ravine, up and down the dried beds of rivers, and round the shoulders of bluffs, till it disappeared as water sinks in the sand—this officerless rebel regiment. The only trace left of its existence to-day is a nominal roll drawn up in neat round hand and countersigned by an officer who called himself "Adjutant, late—Irregular Cavalry." The paper is yellow with years and dirt, but on the back you can still read a brief note by John Lawrence to this effect: "See that the two native officers who remained loyal are not deprived of their estates. J. L." Of 650 sabres only two stood the strain, and John Lawrence, in the midst of all the agony of the first months of the mutiny, found time to think about their merits.

That was more than thirty years ago, and the tribesmen across the Afghan border who helped to annihilate the regiment are now old men. Sometimes a graybeard speaks of his share in the massacre. "They came," he will say, "across the border very cool, calling upon us to rise and kill the English and go down to the sack of Delhi. But we, who had just been conquered by the same English, knew that they were overbold, and that the Government would account easily for those down-country dogs. This Hindustani regiment, therefore, we treated with fair words, and kept standing in one place till the redcoats came after them very hot and angry. Then this regiment ran forward a little more into our hills to avoid the wrath of the English, and we lay upon their flanks watching from the sides of the hills till we saw that their path was lost behind them. Then we came down, for we desired their clothes, and their bridles, and their rifles, and their boots—more especially their boots. That was a great killing—done slowly." Here the old man will rub his nose, and shake his long snaky locks, and lick his bearded lips, and grin till the yellow tooth stumps show. "Yes, we killed them because we needed their gear, and we knew that their lives had been forfeited to God on account of their sin—the sin of treachery to the salt which they had eaten. They rode up and down the valleys, stumbling and rocking in their saddles and howling for mercy. We drove them slowly like cattle till they were all assembled in one place, the saddle, the gun, the Government rifles and despise smooth barrels. Yes, beyond doubt we wiped that regiment from off the face of the earth, and even the memory of the deed is now dying. But men say—"

At this point the tale would stop abruptly and it was impossible to find out what men said across the border. The Afghans were always a secret race, and a vastly preferred doing something wicked to saying anything at all. They would be quiet and well-behaved for months, till one night, without word or warning, they would rush a police post, cut the throats of a constable or two, dash through a village, carry away three or four women, and withdraw in the red glare of burning thatch, driving the cattle and goats before them, to the own desolate hills. The Indian Government would become almost fearful on these occasions. First it would say, "Please be good and we'll forgive you." The tribes concerned in the latest depredations would collectively put its thumb to its nose and answer rudely. Then the Government would say, "Observe, if you really persist in your conduct you will be hurt." If the tribes knew exactly what was going on in India it would apologize or be rude, according as it learned whether the Government was busy with other things or able to devote its full attention to their performances. Some of the tribes knew to one corpse how far to go. Others became excited, lost their heads, and told the Government to come on. With sorrow and tears, and one eye on the British taxpayer at home, who insisted on regarding these exercises as brutal wars of annexation, the Government would prepare an expensive little brigade and some guns, and send all up into the hills to chase the tribes out of the valleys, where the corn grew, into the hilltops, where there was nothing to eat. The tribes would turn out in full strength and enjoy the campaign, for they knew that their women would never be touched, that their wounded would be nursed, not mutilated, and that as soon as each man's bag of corn was spent they could surrender and palaver with the English General as though they had been a real enemy. Afterward, years afterward, they would pay the blood money, dribbled by drillet to the Government, and tell their children how they had slain the redcoats by thousands. The only drawback to this kind of picnic was the weakness of the redcoats for solemnly blowing up with powder their fortified towers and keeps. This the tribes always considered mean.

Chief among the leaders of the smaller tribes—the little clans, who knew to a penny the expense of moving white troops against them—was a priest-handi-chief, whom we will call the Gulla Kutta Mullah. His enthusiasm for border murder as an art was almost dignified. He would cut down a mail runner from pure wantonness, or bombard a mud fort with rifle fire when he knew that our men would sleep. In his leisure moments he would go on circuit among his neighbors and try to incite other tribes to fevility. Also, he kept a kind of hotel for fellow outlaws in his own villages, which lay in a valley called Bersund. Any respectable murderer on that section of the frontier was sure to lie up at Bersund, for it was reckoned an exceedingly safe place. The sole entry to it ran through a narrow gorge, which could be converted into a death trap

in five minutes. It was surrounded by high hills, reckoned inaccessible to all save born mountaineers, and here the Gulla Kutta Mullah lived in great state, the head of a colony of mud and stone huts, and in each hut but hung some portion of a red uniform and the plunder of dead men. The Government particularly wished for his capture, and once invited him formally to come out and be hanged on account of seventeen murders in which he had taken a direct part. He replied: "I am only twenty miles, as the crow flies, from your border. Come and fetch me."

"Some day we will come," said the Government, "and happen so will be." The Gulla Kutta Mullah let the matter drop from his mind. He knew that the patience of the Government was as long as a summer day; but he did not realize that its arm was as long as a winter night. Months afterward, when there was peace on the border and all India was quiet the Indian Government turned in its sleep and remembered the Gulla Kutta Mullah at Bersund, with his thirteen outlaws. The movement against him on one single regiment—which the telegrams would have translated as war—would have been highly impolitic. This was a time for silence and speed, and above all, absence of bloodshed.

You must know that all along the north-west frontier of India there is spread a force of some thirty thousand foot and horse, whose duty it is to quietly and unostentatiously to shepherd the tribes in front of them. They move up and down and down and up, from one desolate little post to another; they are ready to take the field at ten minutes' notice; they are always half in and half out of a difficulty somewhere along the monotonous line; their lives are as hard as their own muscles, and the papers never say anything about them. It was from this force that the Government picked its men. One night, at a station where the mounted night patrol fire, which they challenge, and the wheat rolls in great blue-green waves under our old northern moon, the officers were playing billiards in the mud-walled club house, when orders came that they were to go on parade at once for a night drill. They grumbled, went to turn out their men—a hundred English troops, let us say, two hundred Gorkhas, and about a hundred of the finest native cavalry in the world.

When they were on the parade ground it was explained to them in whispers that they must start off at once across the hills to Bersund. The English troops were to post themselves round the hills at the side of the valley; the Gorkhas would command the gorge and the death trap, and the cavalry would fetch a long march round and get to the back of the circle of hills, whence, if there was any difficulty, they could charge down on the Mullah's men. But orders were very strict that there should be no fighting and no noise. They were to return in the morning with every round of ammunition intact, and the Mullah and his thirteen outlaws bound among them. If they were successful no one would know or care anything about their work; but failure meant probably a small border war, in which the Gulla Kutta Mullah would pose as a popular leader against a big, bullying power, instead of a common border murderer.

Then there was silence, broken only by the clicking of the compass needles and snapping of watch cases, as the heads of columns compared bearings and made appointments for the rendezvous. Five minutes later the parade ground was empty; the green coats of the Gorkhas and the overcoats of the English troops had faded into the darkness, and the cavalry were cantering away in the face of a blinding drizzle.

What the Gorkhas and the English did will be seen later on. The heavy work lay with the horses, for they had to go far and tick their way clear of habitations. Many of the troopers were natives of that part of the world, ready and anxious to fight against their kin, and some of the officers had made private and unofficial excursions into those hills before. They crossed the border, found a dried river bed, cantered up that, walked through a stony gorge, then crossing a low hill under cover of the darkness, skirted another hill, leaving their foot marks deep in some ploughed ground, felt their way along another water-course, ran over the neck of a spur prying that no one would hear their horses grunting, and so worked on in the rain and the darkness till they had left Bersund and its crater of hills a little behind them and to the left, and it was time to swing round. The sergeant commanding the back of Bersund was steep, and they halted to draw breath in a valley below the height. That is to say, the men reined up, but the horses, blown by the rain, were refused to halt. There was unchristian language, the worse for being delivered in a whisper, and you heard the saddle squeaking in the darkness as the horses plunged.

The subaltern—at the rear of one troop turned in his saddle and said, very softly: "Carter, what the blessed heavens are you doing at the rear? Bring your men up."

There was no answer, till a trooper replied: "Carter Sahib is forward—not there. There is nothing behind us."

"There is," said the subaltern. The squadron's walking on its own tail."

"The Major in command moved down to the rear, swearing softly, and asking for the blood of Lieut. Halley, the subaltern who had just spoken."

"Look after your rear guard," said the Major. "Some of your infernal thieves have got lost. They're at the head of the squadron, and you're a several kinds of idiot."

"Shall I tell off my men, sir?" said the subaltern, sulkily, for he was feeling wet and cold.

"Tell 'em off," said the Major. "Whip 'em off, by gad! You're squandering them all over the place. There's a troop behind you now."

"So I was thinking," said the subaltern, calmly. "I have all my men here, sir. Better speak to Carter."

"Carter Sahib seeds salaam and wants to know why the regiment is stopping," said a trooper to Lieut. Halley.

"Where under heaven is Carter?" said the Major.

"Forward with his troop," was the answer.

"Are we walking in a ring, then, or are we the centre of a brigade?" said the Major. By this time there was silence all along the column. The horses were still, but through the fine rain, men could hear the feet of many horses moving over stony ground.

"We're being stalked," said Lieut. Halley.

"They've no horses here. Besides they'd have fired before this," said the Major. "It's—it's the villagers' ponies."

"Well, it's a bad start," said the subaltern, shaking the wet from his overcoat. "What shall we do, sir?"

"Get on," said the Major; "we shall catch it to-night."

The column moved forward very gingerly for a few paces. Then there was a crash, a shower of blue sparks, as shot horses crashed on small stones, and a man rolled over with a jangle of accoutrements that would have waked the dead.

"Now we've gone and done it said Lieut. Halley. "All the hillside awake, and all the hillside to climb in the face of a musketry fire. This comes of trying to do night-work work."

The trembling trooper picked himself up and tried to explain that his horse had fallen over one of the little cairns that are built of loose-stones on the spot where a man had been murdered. There was no need to explain. The Major's big Australian charger blundered, and the column came to a halt in what seemed to be a very graveyard of little cairns, all about two feet high. The manoeuvres of the squadron are not reported. Men said that it felt like mounted quadrilles without training and without the music; but at last the horses, breaking rank and choosing their own way, walked clear of the cairns, till every man of the squadron reformed and drew rein a few yards up the slope of the hill. Then, according to Lieut. Halley, there was another scene very like the one which has been described. The Major and Carter insisted that all the men had not joined rank, and that there were more of them in the rear clicking and blundering among the dead men's cairns. Lieut. Halley told off his own troopers again and resigned himself to wait. Later on he told me:

"I didn't much know and I didn't much care what was going on. The row of the troop falling ought to have scared half the country, and I would take my oath that we were being stalked by a full regiment and they were making row enough to rouse all Afghanistan. I sat tight, but nothing happened."

The mysterious part of the night's work was the silence on the hillside. Everybody knew that the Gulla Kutta Mullah had his outpost huts on the reverse side of the hill, and everybody expected by the time that the major had sworn himself into a state of mind that the watchmen there would open fire. When nothing occurred, they said that the gusts of the rain had deadened the sound of the horses and thanked Providence. At last the major satisfied himself that he had left no one behind among the cairns, and that he was not being taken in the rear by a powerful body of cavalry. The men's tempers were thoroughly spoiled, the horses were listless and unquiet, and one and all prayed for the daylight.

They set themselves to climb up the hill, each man leading his mount carefully. Before they had covered the lower slopes or the breast plates had begun to tighten a thunder-storm came up behind, rolling across the low hills and drowning any noise that was a cannon. The first flash of lightning showed the bare ribs of the ascent, the hill crest standing steeply blue against the black sky, the little fallings lines of the rain, and a few yards to their left flank, an Afghan watch tower, two-storied, built of stone, and entered by a ladder from the upper story. The ladder was up, and a rifle was leaning from the window.

The darkness and the thunder rolled down in an instant, and when the hill followed, a voice from the watch tower cried: "Who goes there?"

The cavalry were very quiet, but each man gripped his carbine and stood beside his horse. Again the voice called: "Who goes there?" and in a louder key, "O, brothers, give the alarm!" Now, every man in the cavalry would have died in his long boots sooner than have had to answer that; but it is a fact that the answer to the second call was a long wail of "Marf karo! Marf karo!" which means, "Have mercy! Have mercy!" It came from the climbing regiment.

The cavalry stood dumfounded, till the big troopers had time to whisper one to another: "Mir Khan, was that thy voice? Abdullah, didst thou call?" Lieut. Halley and his charger and waited. So long as no firing was going on he was content. Another flash of lightning showed the horses with heaving flanks and nodding heads. The men, white eyeballed, glaring beside them, and the stone watch tower to the left. This time there was no head at the window, and the rude iron-clamped shutter that could turn a rifle bullet was closed.

"Go on men," said the Major. "Get up to the top at any rate." The squadron toiled forward, the horses wagging their tails and the men pulling at the bridles, the stones rolling down the hillside and the sparks flying. Lieut. Halley declares that he never heard a squadron make so much noise in his life. They scrambled up, he said, as though each horse had eight legs and a spare horse to follow him, and then there was no sound from the watch tower, and the men stopped on the ridge that overlooked the pit of darkness in which the village of Bersund lay. Girths were loosed, curbchains shifted, and saddles adjusted, and the men dropped down among the stones. Whatever night happen now they had the upper ground of any attack.

The thunder ceased and with it the rain, and the soft, thick darkness of a winter night before the dawn covered them all. Except for the sound of falling water among the ravines below, everything was still. They heard the shutter of the watch tower below them thrown back with a clang and the voice of the watcher calling: "Oh Hafiz Ullah!"

The echoes took up the call, "La-la-la!" And an answer came from a watch tower hidden around the curve of the hill: "What is it, Shahbaz Khan?"

Shahbaz Khan replied in the high pitched voice of the mountaineer: "Hast thou seen?"

The answer came back: "Yes, God deliver us from all evil spirits!"

There was a pause, and then: "Hafiz Ullah, I am alone! Come to me!"

"Shahbaz Khan, I am alone also; but I don't leave my post!"

"That is a lie; thou art afraid." "I am afraid. Be silent! They are below us still. Pray to God and sleep!"

The troopers listened and wondered, for they could not understand what save earth and stone could lie below the watch towers. Shahbaz Khan began to call again: "They are below us. Conspire them. For the love of God come over to me. Hafiz Ullah! My father slew ten of them. Come over!"

Hafiz Ullah answered in a very loud voice: "Mine was guiltless. Hear, ye Men of the Night, neither my father nor my blood had any part in that sin. Bear thou thy own punishment, Shahbaz Khan."

"Oh, some one ought to stop those two black crows away like corks there," said Lieut. Halley, shivering under his rock.

He had hardly turned round to expose a new side to the rain before a bearded, long-locked, evil-smelling Afghan rushed up the

hill and tumbled into his arms. Halley sat upon him and thrust as much of a sword-hilt as could be spared down the man's gullet. "If you cry out, I will kill you," he said, cheerfully.

The man was beyond any expression of terror. He lay and quaked, gasping. When Halley took the sword-hilt from between his teeth, he was still inarticulate, but clung to Halley's arm, feeling it from elbow to wrist.

"The Rissala! the dead Rissala!" he gasped at last. "It is down there!"

"No; the Rissala, the very much alive Rissala. It is up here," said Halley, unshipping his water bottle and fastening the man's hands. "Why were you in the towers so foolish as to let us pass?"

"The valley is full of the dead," said the Afghan. "It is better to fall into the hands of the English than the hands of the dead. They march to and fro below there. I saw them in the lightning."

He recovered his composure after a little, and whispering, because Halley's pistol was at his stomach, said: "What is this? There is no war between us now, and Mullah will kill me for not seeing you pass!"

"Rest easy," said Halley. "We are coming to kill the Mullah, if God please. His teeth have grown too long. No harm will come to thee unless the daylight shows thee as a face which is desired by the gawlogs for crime done. But what of the Dead Regiment?"

"I only kill within my own border," said the man, immensely relieved. "The Dead Regiment is below. The men must have passed through it on their journey—400 dead on horses, tumbling among their own graves, among the little heaps—dead men all, whom we slew."

"Whow!" said Halley. "That accounts for my cursing Carter and the Major cursing me. Four hundred sabres, eh? No wonder we thought there were a few extra men in the troop. Kurruk Shah," he whispered to a grizzled native officer that lay within a few feet of him, "hear thou heard anything of a dead Rissala in these hills?"

"Assuredly," said Kurruk Shah, with a grim chuckle. "Otherwise, why did I, who have served the Queen for seven and twenty years and killed many hill dogs, shout aloud for quarter when the lightning revealed us to the watch towers? When I was a young man I saw the killing in the valley of Sheor-Kot there at our feet, and I know the tale that grew up therefrom. But how can the ghosts of unbelievers prevail against us who are of the faith? Strap that dog's hands a little tighter, sahib. An Afghan is like an eel."

"But a dead Rissala," said Halley, jerking his captive's wrist. "That is foolish talk, Kurruk Shah. The dead are dead. Hold still, Sahib." The Afghan sniggered.

"The dead are dead and for that reason they walk at night. What need to talk? We be men, we have our eyes and ears. Thou canst both see and hear them, down the hillside," said Kurruk Shah, composedly.

Halley stared and listened long and intently. The valley was full of stifled noises, as every valley must be at night; but whether he saw or heard more than was natural Halley alone knows, and he does not choose to speak on the subject.

At last, just before the dawn, a green rocket shot up from the far side of the Valley of Bersund, at the head of the gorge, to show that the Gorkhas were in position. A red light from the infantry at left and right answered it, and the cavalry burned a white flare. Afghans in winter are late sleepers and it was not till full day that Gulla Kutta Mullah's men began to straggle from their huts, rubbing their eyes. They saw men in green and red and brown uniforms leaning upon their arms, neatly arranged all round the crater of the valley of Bersund in a long cordon that not even a wolf could have broken. They rubbed their eyes the more when a pink-faced young man, who was not even in the army, but represented the political department, tripped down the hillside with two orderlies, rapped at the door of the Gulla Kutta Mullah's house, and told him quietly to step out and be tied up for safe transport. That same young man had been on through the huts, tapping here one cat and there another lightly with his hose; and as each was pointed out, so he was tied up, staring hopelessly at the crowned heights around where the English soldiers looked down with incurious eyes. Only the Mullah tried to carry it off with curses and high words, till a soldier who was tying his hands said:

"None of your lip! Why didn't you come out when you were ordered, instead of keepin' us awake all night? You're no better than my own barrack sweeper, you white-headed old polyanthus! Kim up!"

Half an hour later the troops had gone away with the Mullah and his thirteen friends. The dazed villagers were looking ruefully at a pile of broken muskets and snapped swords, and wondering how in the world they had come so to miscalculate the forbearance of the Indian Government.

It was a very neat little affair, neatly carried out, and the men concerned were unofficially thanked for their services.

"Ereoli," interposed the gentle girl with tears of compassion in her eyes, "I should consider myself the most heartless of women if I could look unmoved upon your suffering when a word from me can banish them. If you are troubled with insomnia, Harold, you will find instant and certain relief by using Heavyside's celebrated Nerve Squealer, fifty cents a bottle, for sale by all druggists, saving the postage."

Money handed, testimonial application, delays are dangerous, life is precious, for what is life without sleep, send for sample; if used according to directions will cure in twenty-four hours, mention this paper."

Blood travels from the heart through the arteries ordinarily at the rate of about 12 inches per second; its speed through the capillaries is at the rate of three one-hundredths of an inch per second.

The Canadian Pacific is trying to make an arrangement with connecting lines to run fast train between Boston and Halifax in twenty-three hours.

Deep Spanish fringes in black silk cord, having a lattice-work pattern, are seen on light silks, over which black lace is used.

THE BATTLE OF RIDGEWAY.

The Story of the Engagement told by a Fenian.

We print the following, not because of its veracity, but because to the student of history, and to an intelligent reader, it is always interesting to know what the other side has to say. The correspondent who has furnished the following is T. F. Rowland, at present of Denver, Col.

In the spring of 1866 Fenianism was in the ascendant and yet in its infancy. The society had been organized by Stephens, O'Mahoney, Doherty and other refugees of the Young Ireland party. Stephens, as head center, had worked and planned in the United Kingdom with all the energy and sagacity of a revolutionist, and the government of Great Britain quickly awoke to the startling fact that it rested on a volcano. Then did its mailed hand become stronger. Vigilance, increasing vigilance, it nursed. Its mercenaries mingled with the people. Talbot, one of its most infamous hirelings, was shot down in the streets of Dublin. Under the ban of suspicion thousands were incarcerated. Its press thundered maledictions. But despite all this, Fenianism did not stop. It only grew more secretive and withal bolder. Not a week passed that did not chronicle its midnight raid for arms. Government arsenals were depleted of their stores, and even the landlords awoke and bewailed their missing guns.

As the national poet, T. V. Sullivan, then sang:

"The queen's proud towers,
Can't bank their powers,
Of go the weapons by sea and shore,
To where the cork men
And bold New York men
Are daily piling their precious store."

Pikes were forged and hidden, and this parody crept into the press:

"We buried them darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our cleavers turning.
By our blackened dudon's flickering light,
And the mold in our wide wakes burning,
No useless incense inclosed our 'pats,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we bound 'em,
But in their gentry in scores and tens,
With some nice, clean straw around 'em."

So acted the men in Ireland—but what were their brothers in America doing? We shall see. The close of our civil war infused such a spirit into the Irish cause as to lift it to the highest pinnacle of prominence. The great heart of the Irish soldier, flushed with the renown of southern battle fields, was actively turned to his far away land. His lips became stern, pride of his nativity and hatred of wrong strengthened the hand that yet held the sword—and if at this critical period a heaven sent leader had arisen the story of Ireland might have been the brightest page of history. But petty jealousies sundered and wrecked a grand party—one, the party who looked to Ireland as the battle field, the other with the dream of Canadian conquest bring its brain.

That both had the welfare of Ireland at heart is undeniable. But the conquest of Canada was utopian, and savored of piracy. With recognition it might have been feasible. But from whence would this come? In their enthusiasm they fully expected their adopted country would be their ally. What height of folly! What imagining! A committee of both parties met to amalgamate the whole. Their counselling only widened the gap, and the men in Ireland receiving no encouragement fell back in silent silence drinking eagerly all American news.

The Canadian party went to work in grim earnest. Organizers were sent over the country, forming "Fenian circles." Every circle was a military company. It drilled three times a week. Each member bought his own rifle and uniform and was under oath to go, when ordered, as one of the invading army. The winter of 1866 saw 60,000 men enrolled. William R. Barker of New York was present, and James Gibbons of Pennsylvania vice president. Gen. Sweeney, lately deceased, was the military leader. Finerty, now of the Chicago Citizen, Judge Dunne of Illinois and Judge Fitzgerald of Nebraska were prominent. Gen. Sweeney, the one-armed hero, had fought valiantly all through the Mexican war as second lieutenant of the Scott, and when the civil war broke out he went to the front as captain. Under Fremont he was adjutant general, and later, under Grant, he had command of the Fifty-second Illinois volunteers at Fort Donaldson. In 1863 he was a major of the Sixteenth infantry of the regular army, and had command in the Atlanta campaign of the Sixteenth corps of the army of Tennessee. The citizens of New York presented him with a medal, and the city of Brooklyn a sword. For gallantry at Shiloh, Grant and Sherman personally complimented him. No wonder the Irish soldier's heart swelled when knowing the mettle of the hero who was to lead him. It has been stated that Gen. Sweeney was at the fight at Ridgeway. There is not a particle of truth in the statement. He never left the American side.

The authorities at Washington did not interfere, but sold thousands of arms to the leaders. It may have been that the leading of England towards the confederacy made them indifferent, and this indifference strengthened the invaders, and they planned not in secret council but openly, as if assured of belligerent rights, and perfected their organization to such a standard as to cause a feeling of alarm over the border. Protests poured into Washington from England. They were ignored. Canada, doubtful if all these preparations were not the veriest vaporing of demagogues, for a while looked tranquilly on, and at last became alert. Her citizens were sworn into service, and the excitement over the border rivaled the frenzy on this side. Thousands of her citizens crowded into the states.

It may be asked here what was the policy outlined in this threatened invasion? Had the leaders mapped this out? They had! At a certain point they would mass their men—cross when favorable, and gain a foothold, trench themselves and await reinforcements—not only from the states, but even from Canada. Though the government turned against them they were confident that enough of their men would get into Canada to make defeat impossible. Then once masters of some sea-port town they would build an equip privateers, and pray on the commerce of England—land an armed force in Ireland and trust to the God of battle, ere this recognition they dreamed was assured. No hand writing on the wall came to their vision. No shadow fell between them and the bright ray of national sunlight. Great gallant exiles of the old land what castles ye built! What songs ye sang! and oh, how proudly your eyes flashed! and bow cheerily ye spoke under the kindling sunlight of those days!—and if ye erred your patriotism is fullest atonement!

The spring crept on, and wonderment grew. Would all this enthusiasm end in naught. Expectation was rife. The men in Ireland listened with bated breath. Even they doubted the boldness. But of the morning of June 2 the wires sped the delirious news that the consummation had come. The Fenians had crossed the Niagara river, under the leadership of Col.

John O'Neill, and later rang over the land the account of the fight at Linxone Ridge—or more properly Ridgeway.

The village of Ridgeway is located near Buffalo. It is small and scattering. Vineyards abound. It is picturesque. Its byways are shady. Its homesteads speak of thrift. It was here O'Neill formed the 200 old men that constituted his army. They were armed with the old muzzle-loading rifle, and out from Toronto marched the Queen's Own (Canada's crack corps) to measure swords with those stern exiles.

O'Neill's loud voice hoarse with joy as halting his commands. Again we quote the poet of that time: Such fury filled each loyal mind,
No valour would stay behind;
They flung their red flags to the wind—
"Hurrah, my boys," said Booker.

Col. Booker led them. The Enfield rifle was the arm of the Queen's Own, and armed, but they should have beaten O'Neill. They outnumbered him, too. The muzzle loader is clumsy and antique. One of the leaders told the writer that after tearing off the top of the cartridge they had to pare the ball, it being too large, and that many of them held their knives between their teeth in readiness for reloading. Crowds rode forth at the heels of the Queen's Own to witness the capture or destruction of the peerless few, and when their defenders faced about in their maddened flight up the dusty road, the sight was pandemonium. The fight was fought partly in one of the many orchards, and partly on the road and can be called nothing else than a skirmish.

After a couple of volleys Booker formed his men in a square. It proved his defeat. O'Neill perceived his advantage and raked them with a well directed volley. They broke in confusion—scattered, and Ridgeway belonged to the Fenians!

The union Jack on one of the public buildings was torn down and trampled in the dust, and men went wild with patriotic joy. Not since Emancipator or Olanst Hill had Irish eyes beheld the sight. Had they been thousands instead of hundreds would Toronto have fallen? It is better that it was not so, for in the end defeat was inevitable. President Johnson awoke to the crisis. The border was strongly guarded. Thousands of armed men came crowding every train. They were turned back. It was stated then that 40,000 men, all armed, were faced homeward.

The news came to O'Neill at Bertie station, close to Ridgeway. He counselled with his men and they sullenly retired, and receded to Buffalo as prisoners of the federal government. But they were tenacious. In 1869 they gathered again on the border, but the "raid" proved abortive.

In 1873 the Methodists of Ridgeway erected a memorial church in memory of the soldiers of the Queen's Own, who fell—or later died of wounds received in defending their country. It stands close to the pulpit. For the information of any who think no one was killed at Ridgeway we give the inscription accurately:

Sacred to the Memory of the Ridgeway Martyrs Who fell defending their country in the attempted Fenian invasion of June, 1866. Malcolm McEnaney, sergeant, Queen's Own, killed; Hugh Matheson, sergeant, Queen's Own, killed; William Smith, Queen's Own, killed; Christopher Anderson, Queen's Own, killed; J. W. Mewburn, Queen's Own, killed; Francis Lakey, corporal, Queen's Own, killed; Mark Deines, Queen's Own, killed; William Fairbanks, Tempest, Queen's Own, killed; Malcolm McKenlie, Queen's Own, killed.

Go strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword, or will, has served mankind.
And is he dead whose glorious will lifts time on high
To live in hearts we left behind is not to die.

Erected by the citizens of the vicinity of the battle ground, September, 1873. No man shall find fault with this! Not even he whose courage have the wound. How many of O'Neill's men were killed is uncertain. One or two who straggled off were captured and confined for a year or so.

Col. Booker became so unpopular in Ontario that in '67 he retired, and settled in Montreal, where he turned auctioneer, and this good story is told at his expense. The little Irish boys would jeer and laugh when he would be saying, "Going, going—gone!" and shout in at the door, "Run, run, the Fenians are coming!"

One summer morning, years after, in company with one who fired his muzzle-loader against the opposing ranks that day, we strolled over the ground. The air was warm, the sky was perfect; bird song shrilled from the green robed tree and hidden nook; the orchard and the clover field where the bullets had made such music lay calm and blossoming. My companion pointed out every spot of interest. There was the farmhouse whose former tenant had first told the news of the invasion. There the rail fence that formed a breast-work; yonder the dusty serpentine road down whose windings had fled the Queen's Own, and we came away, a pride in our heart for the Spartan few who had so nobly atested such love for the fatherland.

Gallant Ambassador.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister at Washington, has quite covered himself with glory by the gallant manner in which, regardless of personal peril, a few days since, he went to the rescue of Lieutenant and Mrs. R. M. G. Brown's baby daughter, who, seated in her carriage, rolled down the flight of brownstone steps over the terrace and on the pavement.

Fortunately no injury beyond a few bruises and a general soreness was sustained by the baby, but her peril was truly alarming to those who witnessed the incident, which was caused by the nurse slipping on the top step.

Sir Julian at the time was playing tennis in the court back of the Legation and witnessing the accident, on the spur of the moment, vaulted over the high iron railing with the agility of a boy and rushed to the rescue in spite of the fact that rumor has had him so crippled with the gut that he necessitate a trip to Carlsbad this Summer. —Washington Post.

The Sabbath Chime.

Come in life's gray morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have withered,
And sorrow ends thy day.
Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow;
Come, ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

"Remember thy Creator,"
Now in thy youth and prime,
And He will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.
"Remember thy Creator,"
He calls in tones of love,
And offers endless pleasure
In brighter worlds above.

And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart;
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

Linon collars turned over all round, with cuffs to match are again worn with wool dresse