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VOLUME 51. MILTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1911. No. 34

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COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1911

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	1912 Jan.	Mar.
1 Milton	Friday	10.30 a.m.	13	10	12	14	15	10	12	8
2 Oakville	Tuesday	12.30 p.m.	10	7	9	11	12	7	9	5
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	11	8	10	12	13	8	10	6
4 Acton	Thursday	10.15 a.m.	12	9	11	13	14	9	11	7
5 Campbellville	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	14	11	13	15	16	11	13	9
6 Burlington	Monday	11.00 a.m.	9	6	8	10	11	6	8	4

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. Wm. Panton, Milton; 2. Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; 3. Chas. C. Roe, Georgetown; 4. R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. Wm. Frazer, Campbellville; 6. Edward Donkin, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 13th June and 12th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 4th April and 3rd October, and so often at other times as may be required for the despatch of business.

County Court Sittings—formerly Terms—9th January, 3rd April, 3rd July and 2nd October.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 5th January, 4th April, 4th July and 3rd October.

By order W. I. DICK, Milton,
Clerk of the Peace.

Canadian Champion
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WM. PANTON,
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Church Directory.

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Epworth League: Monday, at 8 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
Pastor's Class: Friday, at 7.30 p.m.
W. M. S.: First Monday of the month at 3 p.m
Ladies' Aid: Last Monday of the month at 3 p. m.

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REV. W. M. MCKAY, Minister.
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Sunday School: 2.30 p. m. Judge Gorham's Bible Class in Church at 2.45 p.m.
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Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING EAST.			
7.00 a. m.	10.26 a. m.	2.55 p. m.	5.25 p. m.
8.25 p. m.			

GOING WEST.			
9.03 a.m.	2.55 p.m.	7.06 p.m.	8.25 p.m.
—SUNDAY—			
West 9.03 a.m., 8.30 p.m.		East 7.11 a.m., 8.12p.m	

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
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GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
7.45 a.m.	4.45 p.m.	10.25 a.m.	8.35 p.m

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THE RED YEAR
A Story of the Indian Mutiny
—By—
LOUIS TRACY

The acting Commissioner of Meerut, Mr. Greathed, whose residence was in the centre of the sacked area, took his wife to the flat roof of his house when he found that escape was impossible. A gang of ruffians ransacked every room, and, piling the furniture, set it alight, but a trustworthy servant, named Golab Khan, told them that he would reveal the hiding-place of the sahib and memsahib if they followed quickly. He thus decoyed them away, and the fortunate couple were enabled to reach the British lines under cover of the darkness.

And, while the sky flamed red over a thousand fires, and the blood of unhappy Europeans, either civilian families or the wives and children of military officers, was being spilt like water, where were the two regiments of white troops who, by prompt action, could have saved Meerut and prevented the siege of Delhi?

That obvious question must receive a strange answer. They were bivouacked on their parade-ground, doing nothing. The General in command of the station was a feeble old man, suffering from senile decay. His Brigadier, Archdale Wilson, issued orders that were foolish. He sent the Dragoons to guard the empty gaol! After a long delay in issuing ammunition to the Rifles, he marched them and the gunners to the deserted parade-ground of the native infantry. They found a few belated sowars of the 3rd Cavalry, who took refuge in a wood, and the artillery opened fire at the trees! News came that the rebels were plundering the British quarters, and the infantry went there in hot haste. And then they halted, though the mutineers were crying, "Quick, brother, quick! The white men are coming!" and the scared suggestion went round: "To Delhi! That is our only chance!"

The moon rose on a terrified mob trudging or riding the forty miles of road between Meerut and the Mogul capital. All night long they expected to hear the roar of the pursuing guns, to find the sabers of the Dragoons flashing over their heads. But they were quite safe. Archdale Wilson had ordered his men to bivouac, and they obeyed, though it is within the bounds of probability that had the rank and file known what the morrow's sun would reveal, there might have been another Mutiny in Meerut that night, and a Mutiny of Revenge and Reprisal.

It was not that wise and courageous counsel was lacking. Captain Rosser offered to cut off the flight of the rebels to Delhi if one squadron of the dragoons and a few guns were given to him. Lieutenant Moller of the 11th Native Infantry, appealed to General Hewitt for permission to ride alone to Delhi, and warn the authorities there of the outbreak. Sanction was refused in both cases. The bivouac was evidently deemed a masterpiece of strategy.

That Moller would have saved Delhi cannot be doubted. Next day, finding that the wife of a brother officer had been killed, he sought and obtained evidence of the identity of the poor lady's murderer, traced the man, followed him, arrested him single-handed, and brought him before a drumhead court-martial, by whose orders he was hanged forthwith.

Craigie, Rosser, Moller, and a few other brave spirits showed what could have been done. But negligence and apathy were stronger that night than courage or self-reliance. For good or ill, the torrent of rebellion was suffered to break loose, and it soon engulfed a continent.

Malcolm failed to find Craigie, who had taken his troop in the direction of some heavy firing. Passing a bungalow that was blazing furiously, he saw in the compound the corpses of two women. A little farther on, he discovered the bodies of a man and four children in the centre of the road, and he recognized, in the man, a well-known Scotch trader whose shop was the largest and best in Meerut.

Then, for the first time, he understood what this appalling thing meant. He thought of Winifred, and his blood went cold. She and her uncle were alone in that remote house, far away on the Aligarh Road, and completely cut off from the comparative safe northerly side of the station.

Giving heed to nought save this new horror of his immagination, he wheeled Nejdi and rode at top speed towards Mr. Mayne's bungalow. As he neared it his worst fears were confirmed. One wing was on fire, and the flames had almost burnt themselves out. Charred beams and blackened walls showed stark and gaunt in the glow of a smouldering mass of wreckage. Twice he rode round the ruined house calling he knew not what in his agony, and looking with the eyes of one on the verge of lunacy for some dread token of the fate that had overtaken the inmates.

He came across several bodies. They were all natives. One of two were servants, he fancied, but the rest were marauders from the city. Calming himself, with the coolness of utter despair, he dismounted, and examined the slain. Their injuries had been inflicted with some sharp, heavy instrument. None of them bore gunshot wounds. That was strange. If there was a fight, and Mayne, perhaps even Winifred, had taken part in the defense, they must have used the sporting rifles in the house. And that suggested an examination of the dark interior. He dreaded the task, but it must not be shirked.

The porch was intact, and he hung Nejdi's bridle on the hook where he had placed it little more than an hour ago. The spacious drawing-room had been gutted. The doors (Indian-built bungalows have hardly any windows, each door being half glass) were open front and back. Thank Heaven! He was about to enter and search the remaining apartments which had escaped the fire, when a curiously cracked voice hailed him from the foot of the garden.

"Halt! Who go dare?" it cried, in the queer jargon of the native regiments.

Malcolm saw a man hurrying towards him. He recognized him as a pensioner named Syed Mir Khan, an Afghan. The old man a born firebrand, insisted on speaking English to the sahib-log, unless, by rare chance, he encountered some person acquainted with Pushtu, his native language.

"I come quick, sahib," he shouted. "I know all things. I save sahib and miss-sahib. Yes, by dam, I slewed the cut-heads."

As he came nearer, he brandished a huge tulwar, and the split skulls and severed vertebrae of certain gentry lying in the garden became explicable. Delighted in having a sahib to listen, he went on:

"The mob appearing, I attacked them with great ferocity—yes, like terrible lion, by George. My fighting was immense. I had my actions with the pigs."

At last he quieted down sufficiently to tell Malcolm what had happened. He, with others, thinking the miss-sahib had gone to church, was smoking the hookah of gossip in a neighboring compound. It was an instance of the amazing rapidity with which the rioters spread over the station that a number of them reached the Maynes' bungalow five minutes after the first alarm was given. It should be explained here that Mr. Mayne, being a Commissioner of Oudh, was only visiting Meerut in order to learn the details of a system of revenue collection which it was proposed to adopt on the sequestered estates of the Oudh taluqdars. He had rented one of the best houses in the place, the owner being in Simla, and Syed Mir Khan held a position akin to that of caretaker in a British household. The looters knew how valuable were the contents of such an important residence, and the earliest contingent thought they would have matters entirely their own way.

As soon as Malcolm left, however, Mr. Mayne loaded all his guns, while Winifred made more successful search for the servants. The Afghan was true to his salt, and their own retainers, who had come with them from Lucknow, remained steadfast at this crisis. Hence the mob received a warm reception, but the fighting had taken place outside the bungalow, the defenders lining a wall at the edge of the compound. Indeed, a score of bodies lying there had not been seen by Malcolm during his first frenzied examination of the house.

Then an official of the Salt Department, driving past with his wife and child, shouted to Mr. Mayne that he must not lose an instant if he would save his niece and himself.

"The sepoys have risen," was the horrifying message he brought. "They have surprised and killed all the white troops. They are sacking the whole place. You see the fires there? That is their work. This road is clear, but the Delhi road is blocked."

Some distant yelling caused the man to flog his horse into a fast trot again; and he and his weeping companions vanished into the gloom.

Mayne could not choose but believe, indeed, many days elapsed before a large part of India would credit the fact that the British regiments in Meerut had not been massacred. A carriage and pair were harnessed, so Several servants were mounted on all the available horses and ponies, and Mr. Mayne and Winifred had gone down the Grand Trunk Road towards Bulandshahr and Aligarh.

"Going half an hour," said Syed Mir Khan, volubly. "I stand fast, slaying budmashes. They make rush in thousands, and I retreat with great glory. Then they put blazes in bungalow."

Now, Malcolm also might have accepted the sensational story of the Salt Department inspector, if, at that instant, the boom of a heavy gun had not come from the direction of the sepoy parade-ground. Another followed, and another, in the steady sequence of a trained battery. As he had just ridden from that very spot, which was then almost deserted, he was sure that the British troops had come from their cantonment. The discovery that Winifred was yet living, and in comparative safety, cleared his brain as though he had partaken of some magic elixir. He knew that Meerut itself was now the safest refuge within a hundred miles. Probably the bulk of the mutineers would strive to reach Delhi, and, of course, the dragoons and artillery would cut them off during the night. But he had seen many squads of rebels, mounted and on foot, hastening along the Grand Trunk Road, and it was no secret that detachments of the 9th Native infantry at Bulandshahr and Aligarh were seething with Brahminical hatred of the abhorred cartridges.

Each second he became more convinced that Winifred and her uncle were being carried into a peril far greater than that which they had escaped. Decision and action were the same things where he was concerned.

Bidding the Afghan endeavor to find Captain Craigie, who might be trusted to send a portion of his troop to scour the road for some miles, and assuring the man of a big reward, for his services, Frank mounted and galloped south. He counted on overtaking the fugitives in an hour, and persuading them to return with him. He rode with drawn sword, lest he might be attacked on the way, but it was a remarkable tribute to Moller's wisdom in offering to ride to Delhi that no man molested him, and such sepoys as he passed skulked off into the fields where they saw the glint of his sabre and recognized him as a British officer. They had no difficulty in that respect.

A glorious full moon was flooding the peaceful plain with light. The trunks of the tall trees lining the road barred its white riband with black shadows, but Nejdi, good horse that he was, felt that this was no time for skittishness, and repressed the inclination to jump these impalpable obstacles.

And he made excellent progress. Eight miles from Meerut, in a tiny village of mud hovels which horse and rider had every reason to remember, they suddenly dashed into a large company of mounted men and a motley collection of vehicles. There were voices raised, too, in heated dispute, and a small crowd was gathered near a lumbering carriage, whose tawdry trappings and display of gold work betokened the state equipage of some native dignitary.

Drawn up to its side was a European traveling barouche, empty, but Malcolm's keen eyes soon picked out the figures of Winifred and her uncle standing in the midst of an excited crowd of natives. So great was the hubbub that he was not noticed until he pulled up.

"I have come to bring you back to Meerut, Mr. Mayne," he cried. "The mutiny has been quelled. Our troops are in command of the station and of all the main roads. You can return without the slightest risk, I assure you."

He spoke clearly and slowly, well knowing that some among the natives would understand him. His appearance, no less than his words, created a rare stir. The clamor of tongues was stilled. Men looked at him as though he had fallen from the sky. He could not be certain, but he guessed, that he had arrived at a critical moment. Indeed, the lives of his friends were actually in deadliest jeopardy, and there was no knowing what turn the events of the next minute might have taken. But a glance at Winifred's distraught face told him a good deal. He must be bold, with the careless boldness of the man who has the means of making his will respected.

"Stand aside there!" he said in Hindustani. "And you had better clear the roadway. A troop of cavalry is riding fast behind."

He dismounted, drew Nejdi's bridle over his left arm, and went towards Winifred. The girl looked at him with a wistfulness that was pitiful. Hope was struggling in her soul against the fear of grim death.

"Oh, Frank!" she sighed, holding out both her hands. "Oh, Frank, I am so frightened. We had a dreadful time at the bungalow, and these men look so fierce and cruel! Have you really brought help?"

"Yes," he said confidently. "You need have no further anxiety. Please get into your carriage."

Mr. Mayne said something, but Malcolm never knew what it was, for Winifred fainted, and would have fallen had he not caught her.

"This Feringhi has a loud voice," a man near him growled. "He talks of cavalry. Where are they?"

"The Meerut road is empty," commented another.

"We have the Begum's orders," said the first speaker, more loudly. "Let us obey, or it may be an evil thing for us."

"One of the daughters of Bahadur Shah is here," murmured Mayne rapidly. "She says we are to be taken to Delhi, and slain if we resist. Where are your men? . My poor niece! I think that I should have brought her from England for this!"

Malcolm, still holding Winifred's unconscious form clasped to his breast, laughed loudly.

"Mayne-sahib tells me that you have all gone mad," he shouted in the vernacular. "Have you no ears? Did you not hear the British artillery firing on the rebels a little time since? Ere day breaks the road to Delhi will be held by the white troops. What foolish talk is this of taking Mayne-sahib thither as a prisoner?"

The door of the bedizened traveling-coach was flung open, and the Mohammedan lady who had befriended Frank when he fell into the mob appeared. She alighted, and her aggressive servants drew away somewhat.

"It is my order," she said imperious. "Who are you that you should dispute it?"

"I regret the heat of my words, Princess," he replied, grasping the frail chance that presented itself of wriggling out of a desperate situation. "Nevertheless, it is true that the native regiments at Meerut have been dispersed, and you yourself may have heard the guns as they advanced along the Delhi road. Why should I be here otherwise? I came to escort my friends back to Meerut."

The Princess came nearer. In the brilliant moonlight she had an unearthly beauty—at once weird and Sybilline—but her animated features were chilled with disdain, and she pointed to the girl whose pallid face lay against Frang's shoulder.

"You are lying," she said. "You are not the first man who has lied for a woman's sake. That is why you are here."

"Princess, I have spoken nothing but the truth," he answered. "If you still doubt my word, let some of your men ride back with us. They will soon convince you. Perchance, the information may not be without its value to you also."

The thrust was daring but she parried it adroitly.

"No matter what has happened in Meerut, the destined end is the same," she retorted. Then she fired into sudden passion. "The British Raj is doomed, she muttered, lowering her voice, and bringing her magnificent eyes close to his. "It is gone, like an evil dream. Listen, Malcolm-sahib. You are a young man, and ambitious. They say you are a good soldier. Come with me. I want some one I can trust. Though I am a king's daughter, there are difficulties in my path that call for a sword in the hands of a man not afraid to use it. Come! Let that weakling girl go where she lists—I care not. I offer you life, and wealth, and a career. She will lead you to death. What say you? Choose quickly. I am now going to Delhi, and tomorrow's sun shall see my father a king in reality as well as in name."

Malcolm's first impression was that the Princess had lost her senses. He had yet to learn how completely the supporters of the Mogul dynasty were convinced of the approaching downfall of British supremacy in India. But his active brain fastened on to two considerations of exceeding importance. By temporizing, by misleading this arrogant woman, if necessary, he might not only secure freedom for Winifred and Mayne, but gather most valuable information as to the immediate plans of the rebels.

"Your words are tempting to a soldier of fortune, Princess," he said.

"Malcolm—" broke in Mayne, who, of course, understood all that passed.

"For Heaven's sake do not interfere," said Frank in English. "Suffer my friends to depart, Princess," he went on in Persian. "It is better so. Then I shall await your instructions."

"Ah, you agree, then? That is good hearing. Yet, your white doll can go, and the gray-beard, too. Ere many days have passed there will be no place for them in all India."

A commotion among the ring of soldiers and servants interrupted her. The stout, important-looking man whom Malcolm had seen in the hunting lodge on the occasion of his duck-ing, came towards them with hurried strides. The Princess seemed to be disconcerted by his arrival. Her expressive face betrayed her. Sullen anger, not unmixed with fear, robbed her of her good looks. Her whole aspect changed. She had the cowed appearance of one of her own serving women.

"Remember!" she murmured. "You must obey me, none else. Come when I send for you!"

The man, who now carried on his forehead the insignia of a Brahmin, had no sooner reached the small group between the carriages than Mr. Mayne cried delightedly to Malcolm:

"Why, if this is not Nana Sahib! Here is a piece of good luck! I know him well. If he has any control over this mob, we are perfectly safe."

Nana Sahib acknowledged the Commissioner's greeting with smiling politeness. But first he held a whispered colloquy with the Princess, whom he entreated, or persuaded, to re-enter her gorgeous vehicle. She drove away without another glance at Malcolm. Perhaps she did not dare to show her favor in the newcomer's presence.

Then Nana Sahib turned to the Europeans.

"Let the miss-sahib be placed in her carriage," he said suavely. "She will soon revive in the air, and we will march at once for Aligarh. Will you accept my escort thus far, Mayne-sahib, or farther south, if you wish it? I think you will be safer with me than in taking the Meerut road to-night."

Mayne agreed gladly. The commanding influence of this highly-placed nobleman, who, despite an adverse decision of the Government, was regarded by every Mahratta as Peishwa, the ruler of the vast territory in Western India, seemed to offer more stable support that night than the broken reed of British authority in Meerut. Moreover, the Commissioner wished to reach Lucknow without delay. If the country were in for a period of disturbance, his duty lay there, and he was planning already to send Winifred to Calcutta from Cawnpore, and thence to England until the time of political trouble had passed.

"I am sure I am doing right," he said in answer to Frank's remonstrances. "Don't you understand, a native in Nana Sahib's position must be well informed as to the exact position of affairs . By helping me he is safeguarding himself. I am only too thankful he was able to subdue that fiery harpy, the Begum. She threatened me in the most outrageous manner before you came. Of course, Winifred and I will be everlastingly grateful to you for coming to our assistance. You are alone, I suppose?"

"Yes, though some of our troopers may turn up any minute."

"I fear not," said the older man gravely. "This is a bad business, Malcolm. The Begum said too much. There are worse times in store for us. Do you really believe you can reach Meerut safely?"

"I rode here without hindrance."

"Let me advise you, then, to slip away before we start. That woman meant mischief or she would never have dared to suggest that a British officer should throw in his lot with hers. Waste no time, and don't spare that good horse of yours. Be sure I shall tell Winifred all you have done for us. She is pulling round, I think, and it will be better that she should not see you again. Besides, the Nana's escort are preparing to march."

Frank's latest memory of the girl he loved was a sad one. Her white face looked ethereal in the moonlight, and her bloodless lips were quivering with returning life. It was hard to leave her in such a plight, but it would only unnerve her again if he waited until she was conscious to bid her farewell.

So he rode back to Meerut, a solitary European on the eight miles of road, and no man challenged him till he reached the famous bivouac of the white garrison, the bivouac that made the Mutiny an accomplished fact.

CHAPTER III.

How Bahadur Shah Proclaimed His Empire

On the morning of the 11th, the sun shone brightly on the placid splendor of Delhi. This great city, the Rome of Asia, was also the Metz of Upper India, its old-fashioned though strong defences having been modernized by the genius of a Napier. Resting on the Jumna, it might best be described as of half-moon shape, with the straight edge running north and south along the right bank of the river.

In the centre of the river line stood the imposing red sandstone palace of Bahadur Shah, last of the Moguls. North of this citadel were the magazine, the Church, some European houses, and the cutcherry, or group of minor law courts, while the main thoroughfare leading in that direction from the Kashmir Gate, passed through the European residential suburb known as Darya Gunj (or, as it would be called in England, the "Riverside District") out of which the Delhi Gate gave access to the open country and the road to Humayun's Tomb. Another gate, the Raj Ghat, opened towards the river between the palace and Darya Gunj. Thus, the walls of city and palace ran almost straight for two miles from the Kashmir Gate on the north to the Delhi Gate on the south, while the main road connecting the two passed the fort on the landward side.

The Lahore Gate of the palace, a magnificent structure, commanded the bazaar and its chief street, the superb Chandni Chowk, which extended due west for nearly two miles to the Lahore Gate of the city itself. Near the palace, in a very large garden, stood the spacious premises of the Delhi Bank. A little farther on, but on the opposite side of the Chowk, was the Kotwallee, or police station, and still farther, practically in the centre of the dense bazaar, two stone elephants marked the entrance to the beautiful park now known as the Queen's Gardens.

The remainder of the space within the walls was packed with the houses and shops of well-to-do traders, and the lofty tenements or mud hovels in which dwelt a population of artisans noted not only for their artistic skill but for a spirit of lawlessness, a turbulent fanaticism, that had led to many scenes of violence in the city's earlier history.

The whole of Delhi, as well as the palace—which had its own separate fortifications—was surrounded by a wall seven miles long, twenty-four feet in height, well supplied with bastions, and containing ten huge gates, each a small fort in itself. The wall was protected by a dry fosse, or ditch, twenty-five feet wide and about twenty feet deep; this, in turn, was guarded by a counterscarp and glacis.

On the northwest side of Delhi, and about a mile distant from the river, an irregular rock-strewn spine of land, called the Ridge, rose above the general level of the plain, and afforded a panoramic view of the city and palace. The rising ground began about half a mile from the Mori Gate—which was situated on what may be termed the landward side of the Kashmir Gate. It followed a course parallel with the river for two miles, and at its northerly extremity were situated the principal European bungalows and the military cantonment.

Delhi was the centre of Mohammedan hopes; its palace held the lineal descendant of Aurangzebe, with his children and grandchildren; it was stored to repletion with munitions of war; yet, such was the inconceivable folly of the rulers of India at that time, the nearest British regiments were stationed in Meerut, while the place swarmed with native troops, horse, foot and artillery!

A May morning in the Punjab must not be confused with its prototype in Britain. Undimmed by cloud, unchecked by cooling breeze, the sun scorches the earth from the moment his awaking rays first peep over the horizon. Thus men who value their health and have work to be done rise at an early hour when London's streets are emptiest. Merchants were busy in the bazaar, soldiers were on parade, judges were sitting in the courts of the cutcherry, and the European housewives of the station were making their morning purchases of food for breakfast and dinner, when some of the loungers on the river-side wall saw groups of horsemen raising the dust on the Meerut road beyond the bridge of boats which spanned the Jumna.

The word went round that something unusual had happened. Already the idlers had noted the arrival of a dust-laden royal carriage, which crossed the pontoons at breakneck speed and entered by the Calcutta Gate. That incident, trivial in itself, became important when those hard-riding horsemen came in sight. The political air was charged with electricity. None knew whether it would end in summer lightning or in a tornado, so there was much running to and fro, and gesticulations, and excited whisperings among those watchers on the walls.

Vague murmurs of doubt and surprise reached the ears of two of the British magistrates. They hurriedly adjourned the cases they were trying and sent for their horses. One rode hard to the cantonment and told Brigadier Graves what he had seen and heard; the other, knowing the immense importance of the chief magazine, went there to warn Lieutenant Willoughby, the officer in charge.

Here, then, in Delhi, were men of prompt decision, but the troops on whom they could have depended were forty miles away in Meerut, in that never-to-be-forgotten bivouac. Meanwhile, the vanguard of the Meerut rebels had arrived. Mostly troopers of Malcolm's regiment, with some few sepoys who had stolen ponies on the way, they crossed the Jumna, some going straight to the palace by way of the bridge of boats, while others forded the river to the south and made for the gaol, where, as usual, they released the prisoners. This trick of emptying the penitentiaries was more adroit than it seems at first sight. Not only were the mutineers sure of obtaining hearty assistance in their campaign of robbery and murder, but every gaol-bird headed direct for his native town as soon as he was gorged with plunder. There was no better means of disseminating the belief that the British power had crumbled to atoms. The convicts boasted that they had been set free by the rebels; they paraded their ill-gotten gains and incited ignorant villagers to emulate the example of the towns. Thus a skilful and damaging blow was struck at British prestige. Neither Mohammedan moullah nor Hindu fakir carried such conviction to ill-informed minds as the appearance of some known malefactor decked out in the jewels and trinkets of murdered Englishwomen.

The foremost of the mutineers reined in their weary horses beneath a balcony on which Bahadur Shah, a decrepit old man of eighty, awaited them.

By his side stood his youngest daughter, the Roshinara Begum. Her eyes were blazing with triumph, yet her lips curved with contempt at the attitude of her trembling father.

"You see!" she cried. "Have I not spoken truly? These are the men who sacked Meerut. Scarce a Feringhi lives there save those whom I have saved to good purpose. Admit your troops! Proclaim yourself their ruler. A moment's firmness will win back your empire."

The aged monarch now that the hour was at hand that astrologers had predicted and his courtiers had promised for many a year faltered his dread lest they were not all committing a great mistake.

"This is no woman's work" he protested. "Where are my sons? Where is the Shahzada, Mirza Mogul?"

She knew. The heir apparent and his brothers were cowering in fear, afraid to strike, yet hoping that others would strike for them. She almost dragged her father to the front of the balcony. The troopers recognized him with a fierce shout. A hundred sabers were waved frantically.

"Help us, O King!" they cried. "We pray your help in our fight for the faith!"

Captain Douglas, commandant of the palace guards hearing the uproar, ran to the King. He did not notice the girl Roshinara, who stood there like a caged tigress.

"How dare you intrude on the King's privacy?" he cried, striving to overawe the rebels by his cool demeanor. "You must lay down your arms if you wish his Majesty's clemency. He is here in person and that is his command."

A yell of defiance greeted his words. The Begum made a signal with her hand which was promptly understood. Away clattered the troopers towards the Raj Ghat Gate. There they were admitted without parley. The city held hounds sprang to meet them and the slaughter of inoffensive Europeans began in Darya Gunj.

It was soon in full swing. The vile deeds of the night at Meerut were enacted in the vivid sunlight at Delhi. Leaving their willing allies to carry sword and torch through the small community in that quarter the sowars rode to the Lahore Gate of the palace, and was thrown open by the King's guards and dependents. Captain Douglas, and the Commissioner, Mr. Fraser, made vain appeals to men whose knees would have trembled at their frown a few minutes earlier. Thinking to escape and summon assistance from the cantonment, Douglas mounted the wall and leaped into the moat. He broke one, if not both, of his legs. Some scared coolies lifted him and carried him back to the interior of the palace. Fraser tried to protect him while he was being taken to his apartments over the Lahore Gate, but a jeweler from the bazaar stabbed the Commissioner and he was killed by the guards. Then the mob rushed up stairs and massacred the collector, the chaplain, the chaplain's daughter, a lady who was their guest and the injured Douglas.

Another dreadful scene was enacted in the Delhi Bank. The manager and his brave wife, assisted by a few friends who happened to be in the building at the moment, made a stubborn resistance, but they were all cut down. The masters in the Government colleges were surprised and murdered in their class-rooms. The missionaries, whether European or native, were slaughtered in their houses and schools. The editorial staff and compositors of the Delhi Gazette having just produced a special edition of the paper announcing the crisis, were all stabbed or bludgeoned to death. In the telegraph office a young signaler was sending a thrilling message to Umballa, Lahore and the north.

"The sepoys have come in from Meerut," he announced with the slow tick of the earliest form of apparatus. "They are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up."

That was his requiem. The startled operators at Umballa could obtain no further intelligence and the boy was slain at his post.

The magistrate who galloped to the cantonment found no laggards there. Brigadier Graves sent Colonel Ripley with part of the 54th Native infantry to occupy the Kashmir Gate. The remainder of the 54th escorted two guns under Captain de Tessier.

To be continued.

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