

WHEN SHALL THEIR GLORY FADE?

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All the main streets were barricaded, buildings were loopholed and outer works protected, the entrances, but they had neglected the northern side, and Sir Colin, while advancing his main force across the Gumti, sent Outram to make an attack on the north. The Highlanders attacked and carried the Martiniere at the point of the bayonet, and then stormed Bank's house. Then they advanced on the Begum Kothi, strongly held, and their assault, though opposed with a fury and discipline almost equal to that of the assailants, was successful. As Sir Colin Campbell wrote "it was the sternest struggle which occurred during the siege." Six hundred corpses testified to the unerring force of the Highland bayonets. The sappers then worked at the approaches, brought up guns, and the walls of the little Imanbarah were breached, and it was stormed. Much street fighting followed, and defence after defence carried until the irresistible stormers drove the rebels from one court to another, and those who failed to make good their escape, and they formed the majority, died.

STORMING OF FORT ROOYAH

The palaces of the Kings of Oudh were looted and the invaders moved north toward Rohilkhand. Under Sir Hope Grant the Highlanders next moved by forced marches to the Ganges, marching all night and in the morning came upon the rebels trying to cross the Ganges. They killed a lot, and then moved to the attack on the fort of Rooyah, two miles from the Ganges and fifty miles north of Lucknow. Col. Walpole was in command of the attack. It was assailable on the north side, but Walpole, instead of attacking that side, moved against the high walls, and, after losing a number of men, including the gallant Adrian Hope, allowed the enemy to escape by the side he should have attacked.

Major Wilson says: "On the side we moved against the Rooyah fort had walls of from fifteen to twenty feet in height. We had a fine body of men in the Highland Brigade, and we should have been able to capture the place. We ran up toward the walls under a very deadly fire, and wanted to escalate the walls, but Col. Walpole said no. The cavalry went around to the north side and found the place assailable from there. They sent word that they could ride into the city from there. But Col. Walpole said no, and discontentedly the Highlanders held their ground. Adrian Hope and two or three of the officers and many men were killed, and we went back a mile or two. That night the rebels came out and cut up the wounded and hacked the bodies of the dead. In the morning when we moved forward again there was no enemy in the place to attack. The rebels had moved out to the north in the night, and the brigade moved on to Sirsa where the rebels were expelled, and Sir Colin Campbell was rejoined later on the Rohilkhand side of Fathgarh.

BAYONETTING THE GHAZIS

A few days later they entered Shahjahanpore, where the Nana Sahib, whose detestable work at Cawnpore will be remembered, and the Maulavi, a leader of the rebels, were thought to have been found, but they had fled. Four companies of the 82nd Regiment, of which Mr. Brinkley Robinson, of the British Campaigners' Association was one, were left there and the force moved to the attack on Barielly, where the rebels had fallen back. The 42nd Highlanders were well tried there. The Ghazis, men who devoted their lives for their religion, made a desperate onslaught on a village held by the 4th Punjabis, and, with the élan of their rush, swept the surprised Sikhs out of the village, and then dashed against the 42nd Highlanders, who were hastening to their support. Sir Colin happened to be on the spot. He had just time to call out "Stand firm, Forty-Second, bayonet them as they come on," when the Ghazis were upon them. It was a vain rush they made against the Highlanders. They killed some, but not one of the Ghazis escaped. The rebels fled from Barielly on the approach of the attackers.

Meanwhile the Maulavi turned back to surprise the small force left at Shahjahanpore, and would have done so had Col. Hale not been apprised of the rebel approach by a loyal villager, and, giving up the town, the small garrison held the goal for nine days until Col. Jones, and later Sir Colin Campbell, came to the relief, and the rebels were dispersed. The troops then went into Summer quarters, and the balance of the fighting, until the remainder of the mutineers were driven North into Nepal, was of a guerilla nature.

JOURNEYS INTO FORBIDDEN THIBET

Captain Wilson—he had attained his captaincy during the Mutiny—remained in India for ten years, and while there he made three trips into Thibet. With his regiment he had been transferred from garrison to garrison until he reached the Northern frontier, where he took part in one of the frontier campaigns, and, as a vacation, he made a trip into Thibet. It was in 1860 that he made his first journey into the forbidden land, going through the Himalayas by the Nainee-tal Pass, on a shooting expedition, and on this trip he narrowly escaped with his life.

He was in disguise, being attired as a native, and was about twelve marches from the Indian frontier when, one night as he slept, one of the natives noticed the white skin on his arms where his robe had slipped up as he slept. The Thibetans were notified, and when he was at a fair—a wonderful assemblage of Orientals from many parts at Garteek—his camp was taken. When he found his camp in possession of the Thibetans he made his way back over the mountains to his post.

On another occasion, accompanied by Capt. Baird, of the 42nd, he went on a shooting expedition into Thibet. The previous year, when he made a trip into the country forbidden to Europeans, he had been stopped and escorted back to the passes. This time, when the two

officers went over the pass into Thibet, they were met by a troop of Thibetan cavalry, word having been sent forward of their coming by natives, and they were told they could not enter Thibet. They parleyed with the leader of the Thibetans, and started to move forward. The Thibetans then started to throw the loads from their pack bullocks. Capt. Baird and he decided that they must take sharp measures, and when the man threw the load from the bullock he stepped forward and struck him across the back with a stick. The Thibetan leader then started to parley, and said that they did not want to kill him or want him to kill them, and asked if he would wait while a cavalryman was sent back to the nearest official. To this they agreed, and the rider returned with permission for them to spend a month. They enjoyed a month's shooting and returned.

BRINKLEY ROBINSON

Brinkley Robinson, who served with the 82nd Regiment of the line in the Crimea and throughout the Indian Mutiny, has many a stirring tale to tell of those stirring days. He was at the Siege of Sevastopol, and when the war ended with Russia went with his regiment en route to Canton to engage against China, but owing to the mutiny in India the transport was ordered from Singapore to Calcutta, and with the brigade under Sir Colin Campbell, which relieved Lucknow and drove the mutineers north with many fights en route, Mr. Robinson served until peace ruled in Hind. For ten years and 207 days he served with his regiment, and on getting his discharge he went to the United States, where he spent seven years, and then came to Canada. He has lived here for twenty-two years.

From the time he went in the packet boat with the 82nd Regiment to the Crimean Peninsula to assist in the siege of Sevastopol, Mr. Robinson remained constantly in service. When the war with Russia ended, his regiment formed part of the force which Lord Elgin despatched to China, and had reached Singapore when the orders were received sending the regiment, with other troops, to India. Mr. Robinson remembers that voyage well.

He said a gunboat had been sent to stop the transport and give the captain orders to sail for Calcutta, but the captain missed the warship, and on reaching Singapore all hands had to coal ship. He was engaged in this work when the port authorities brought orders to proceed with all speed to India. They burned the bunks and forms, with a lot of other woodwork, to make steam that voyage, and the captain of the steamer put in a bill against the regiment for burning things, but the commander of his force, Mr. Robinson said, put in a counter bill for the labor rendered by the Tommies in coaling ship at Singapore. The captain demurred, but the Colonel asked him if he considered his men soldiers or sailors, and wouldn't pay.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

Some time was spent at Calcutta awaiting the arrival of the other ships, then the brigade under Sir Colin Campbell moved forward. As they went up the Ganges the conditions they saw were horrible. The people had been badly stricken by the troubles and a great deal of destitution prevailed. They reached Cawnpore, several months after the massacre, and from there, after driving away the rebels, Sir Colin Campbell moved to the second relief of Lucknow, Havelock and his force having remained to assist in the defence.

The bravery of Thomas Henry Kavanagh, who won the Victoria Cross by breaking through the rebels besieging the town disguised as a Badmash, or native swashbuckler, a journey hazardous in the extreme and full of adventure, informed the General of the straits of the garrison, and, seizing several forts on the way, Sir Colin advanced with the brigade of which Mr. Robinson's regiment formed part to the relief. The story of that heroic march is history. Mr. Robinson, in his advancing years does not remember much of the incident, but he says—and his eyes sparkle as he recalls this—"we had some good fighting then. His regiment, part of the 5th Brigade, took part in the seizure of Bank's house, and the bungalows nearby, the move which made the retirement from Lucknow possible. Col. Hale, of the 82nd, then succeeded to the command of the brigade, Russel being wounded and Biddulph killed.

THE FIGHT AT CAWNPORE

From Lucknow Mr. Robinson's regiment had a hurried forced march back to Cawnpore, where the Gawlior rebels had defeated the force of 500 men under Col. Windham. The 82nd Regiment in the Fifth Brigade, under Col. Inglis, and, with the Sixth Brigade, the Highland force, they took a long sweep around to the left and charged the rebel right, the rebels having a force of 25,000 men resting with the centre on the town. There was some desperate fighting there, the rebels being driven from mound to mound with the bayonet, and, under a fierce artillery fire concentrated upon them by the rebels, they rushed the bridge across the Ganges Canal, and soon the Gawlior rebels, routed, were in flight, with the infantrymen following them up, and, Mr. Robinson recalls, bayonetting them as they ran.

Next he took part with his regiment in that hard fighting which was part of the storming and capture of Lucknow, and then they moved north, driving the rebels through Oudh. Mr. Robinson recalls one part of that struggle in which he played his part—the defence of Shahjahanpore. Col. Hale, with a small force, had been left there while the main force moved to the attack on Barielly. Four companies of the 82nd had been left at Shahjahanpore, and the rebels, swinging around the invaders, resolved to surprise Hale at Shahjahanpore. Had it not been for the alarm given by a loyal villager the British would have been surprised. Col. Hale gave up the town and took up a defensive position in the goal, where for nine days and nights, without much food, they fought hard.

WHY HIS GROG WAS STOPPED

"We were short of ammunition, having lost our stores and kit," said Mr. Robinson, "and we picked two men of each company to act as sharpshooters. I was a good shot and was one of the two men of my company who took up our positions in an outlying trench. Owing to the shortness of ammunition none but the sharpshooters were allowed to fire. One night there was a rain storm, and I had several misfires, and when I came off after the relief came, I had a bullet in my rifle. I poked the muzzle through a hole in the wall and brought down a man. Just then my captain came along and asked me if I fired the shot. I said I did, and he put me under arrest. I was taken before Col. Hale, who was lying on the ground—he had been wounded in the leg—and he heard the evidence. Then he looked up and asked me if I had killed a man with the shot. I said I had and hoped he was the fellow who wounded the Colonel. 'Well,' he said, 'I'll have to stop your grog for three days.' But I got my grog—the Captain saw to that. It was on May 2 that we went into the goal at Shahjahanpore and on May 11 we were relieved."

Mr. Robinson took part in many an encounter in the guerilla fighting which took place until the mutiny was over, and he considers that his narrowest escape was when his regiment was ordered to bathe in the Ganges. They had stripped and gone in when there was a hurried scramble up the bank, men clambering over each other's shoulders. The buglers were blowing the "retire." "What is it," yelled the first men up the bank—"rebels?" No, crocodiles—and sure there were crocodiles, lots of them. That was one of the quickest retreats the 82nd ever took part in.

SERGT. PETER FERNIE

Sergt. Peter Fernie, now in his 84th year, whose name was given to the prominent Crow's Nest coal city of Fernie, wears the Crimean medal with four clasps—Inkerman, Alma, Balaclava and Sevastopol—and the Turkish medal for that campaign, together with the Indian Mutiny medal. He enlisted in the famous I. Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery—the battery with which Colonel Bull, in years before won such success at Leipsic—at Dover in 1848. In those days the R. H. A. had 12-pounders and 24-pounders of brass, muzzle loaders, with a range of a few hundred yards in comparison with the ranges today. In our day, says Mr. Fernie, we expected to look the gunners of the opposing battery in the face almost before we opened fire, for our old Black Besses were not much good when the range was over one or two hundred yards.

With C Battery of the R. H. A. he went in a sailing ship to the Crimea. First they landed at Constantinople, and later at Kalamita Bay, a short distance north of the point at which the River Alma runs into the sea. Sevastopol lies thirty miles south. With his fellow gunners, Sergt. Fernie crossed the river in the face of the Russian batteries armed with heavy guns on the highest points of the hills or bluffs, of scattered artillery and dense masses of infantry which covered the hills. The river was crossed in the face of desperate Russian resistance, the heights were climbed and the doubt of the Russians carried, the Russians being driven from the field.

BEFORE SEVASTOPOL

In his 84th year Sergt. Fernie recalls less of the struggle up the heights than he does of the way he augmented the poor rations of the day because of his good fortune in having a brother on a mail steamer which called at Sevastopol later. He remembers how they worked their guns to the heights and fired on the retreating Russians. He recalls the unpopularity of the war correspondent, whose beginning he saw in this campaign. Bull Run Russel came in for especial mark of disapproval, and many a gunner of C Battery would have liked to punch him. Had Lord Raglan not been prone to overestimate the Russian strength, Mr. Fernie believes a dash could have then been made on Sevastopol with good results. However, three days after their defeat at the Alma, the Russians sank ships and barred the entrance to the harbor there, and the troops had to fight again at Balaclava, south of the city on the other side of a promontory, with a port that could be utilized, for communication between the warships and the armies.

"MAGNIFICENT, BUT NOT WAR"

Balaclava was fought on October 25. It was mainly a cavalry action, but, says Mr.—ne, Sergt.—Ferne, history doesn't give all the cavalry credit. Everyone knows about the charge of the Light Brigade, that gallant mistake in which 607 riders charged what has been rightly described as "The Russian army in position" and 198 came back "from the valley of death." Tennyson wrote the epitaph of the Light Brigade, or most of it. In spirited verses, and General Bosquet, of the French troops, in a much-quoted phrase: "It was magnificent, but it was not war." Sergt. Fernie was on the hilltop when the charge took place, and from the same hill he saw the Heavy Brigade go to the charge, an event which he ranks equally with that daring affair of the Six Hundred. If your war correspondent had done his duty then, says Mr. Fernie, you would have had poems about the Heavy Brigade.

HOW SURVIVORS INCREASE

"The charge of the Light Brigade was the outcome of a row between Generals Lucan and Cardigan. We all knew that. Lucan sent Cardigan in with his cavalry, and he knew they had no chance. Nolan brought the order to Cardigan, but Nolan didn't live to tell anything about it afterward. He was one of the first killed. We saw them form and ride into the valley. There were guns in front of them and on the hills at both sides, guns wherever they went. They hadn't a chance. There weren't many of them who rode back, with their uniforms torn and delapidated. They were a be-draggled lot as they came past us. If you read the American papers there must have been a good many more of them than

I saw then, for more than 600 veterans of the charge of the Light Brigade must have died in the United States, according to these newspapers."

The Russian attack on Balaclava was repulsed, and next day they moved out of Sevastopol and were again repulsed. On November 5 they made another attack, this time on the plateau at Inkerman. This was a soldier's battle, almost all infantry business. Sergt. Fernie says he stood with his battery that day watching the Russian cavalry. There must have been five or six thousand of them drawn up ready to fall on our fellows if their attack had been driven home; but it wasn't. We watched them all day and fired a few rounds. It was an infantryman's battle, though, and there was little work for gunners or cavalry that day. It was really a series of hand-to-hand fights, and the Russians were driven off.

FORGETS THE HARDSHIPS

Mr. Fernie says he does not remember many hardships—he chooses to forget them. The sickness, bad weather and bad management. The loss of clothing, winter stores, provisions and hospital necessities when the transports were wrecked in the Black Sea storms is a matter of history. Meanwhile the Siege of Sevastopol had dragged along. Mr. Fernie says rations were different in those days, hard tack and salt horse—three days' rations dumped into the palms of your hands at a time. "But," he adds with a laugh, "I had a brother on one of the mail steamers which ran in, and I did better than some of the officers. He remembers best the muddy roads, the dead horses by the wayside, but he is not eloquent regarding any sufferings during that long siege when sickness weakened the armies. He has forgotten anything of that kind, remembering only that he had a brother on the mail steamer who was good to him.

WHIPPED A TURKISH COLONEL

Of the allies he recalls the Sardinians as excellent fighting men with the French, but the Turk did not show up as well. The Turk would fight well if he had good leaders, and sometimes he had not got them. Many an officer was sent home from the Turkish army to be shot after he reached Constantinople. "I saw General Donnevill run into our battery one day and grab a driver's whip with which he whipped a Turkish Colonel. He did make him howl. The Turk was sent back to Constantinople, and I guess that was the last of him."

There was lots of fighting, especially around the Malakoff Tower and Mamelon Battery. We had to get our guns up to 300 or 400 yards. Our old Brown Bess was not good for much distance. We had almost to look into the faces of the Russians when we started to shoot. But we did our share. After the fights at the Malakoff, at the Redan and other redoubts, the Russians withdrew across a bridge of boats and they left Sevastopol in flames for the invaders. This siege, which lasted about a year, ended the war. Only the heroic siege of Kars, which finally had to surrender with famine and the heroes who defended it marched out with all the honors of war, remained.

TOOK PART IN MUTINY SUPPRESSION

Sergt. Fernie went back to England with his battery and was transferred to E Battery of the R. H. A., with which he went to India in the sailing ship Mariborough to take part in the suppression of the mutiny. Many of the gunners had preceded him, and he was left for a time at Calcutta with the guns and ammunition wagons of E and F Batteries, which he afterward went with to Allahabad, where the guns were placed in the forts. The refugees from Lucknow were coming into Allahabad when he arrived there. He was with Sir Hope Grant's division and they had considerable fighting, mostly small affairs with a lot of hand-to-hand fighting, but he had no adventures that he can remember, he says; in fact, they were all adventures, but he didn't think any worth recalling. The histories tell the tale better than I could, he says.

Mr. Fernie comes from a family of soldiers. His grandfather was a sergeant of the Black Watch with Wellington in the Peninsular wars. After the Mutiny he left the service, retiring in 1861. He got his discharge in that year at Woolwich, after serving 12 years and 280 days, and in 1862 he came to Canada, where he engaged in mining and assaying in Cariboo and the Kootenays, where he and his brother discovered coal, and the town of Fernie was named after them in honor of their find.

GEORGE MILLET

One of the men who so valiantly held Lucknow, and kept the old flag flying in those grim days of the Great Mutiny, is George Millett. He was born to the army. His father was serving in the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, and his mother had her residence with him at Shorncliffe Barracks. When Mr. Millett was a boy of twelve, his father and mother both serving then in the Crimea, his father with his regiment and his mother as a nurse under Florence Nightingale, the three children being left to play in the barrack yard, he was claimed by the regiment, and two years later, when the Fusiliers came back with their depleted ranks from the Crimea, was sworn on the strength at Burr, Ireland, and moved with the regiment to Athlone, where it was quartered for seven months, and then in Curragh for a year, from where it was sent to Mauritius. From there the Northumberlands embarked on the troopship Sirhome for China, and while they were on the way the Indian Mutiny broke out. When the ship reached Singapore the regiment was ordered to India, and went straight to Allahabad.

It was on May 10, 1857, that the sepoy of Meerut mutinied, overthrew the British garrison and marched to Delhi. From 80,000 to 90,000 native horse and foot were in revolt, having in many cases murdered their officers,

and sometimes the European families also. They were cantoned over many stations in the provinces, held forts, arsenals and treasuries; were armed with British weapons, and had been organized with British discipline, and possessed much artillery, a great number of cavalry and transport, and vast sums of treasure. In Hindustan, in Oudh, in parts of Malwa, the British throughout the Summer were isolated at certain posts, the camp before Delhi, the cantonment at Meerut, forts at Agra and Allahabad, and the weak fortifications at Lucknow. Elsewhere the European magistracy with their families had been killed, or hunted away—the disaster extending over 100,000 square miles, with a population of forty millions—just one century after Clive had founded British dominion at Plassey.

Before Mr. Millett with his comrades landed, the disasters at Cawnpore and elsewhere in Hindustan had been retrieved by Henry Havelock. A force, largely composed of Europeans—there were 40,000 white troops in the country—had marched against Delhi, and, after a siege of four months, captured the capital by assault. The Punjab remained loyal, and communications were maintained through that state by John Lawrence. The Northumberlands, in which Mr. Millett served, on landing, disarmed the 5th Native Infantry, and made a dash for Lucknow. The forced march of 70 miles occupied five days.

RELIEVING BELEAGUERED LUCKNOW

With the Northumberlands under Havelock were in all about 3,000 men, several guns, and volunteer cavalry of 109 British and 59 native horsemen. With this force, leaving Col. Wilson and 400 men, mostly convalescents, to hold Cawnpore, Havelock crossed the Ganges. Mr. Millett remembers how they drove the rebels from Mangalwar, halted for a mouthful of food at Unae, and pushed on to Bahiratganj, where they bivouacked in the rain, all being wet to the skin. When the baggage came up, and they dried out and got some dinner, they felt better, however, and at daylight they pushed on, marching sixteen miles to the Bridge of Banni, where they expected to meet the rebels. They had not held or destroyed the bridge, though, believing the narrow streets of Lucknow offered greater capabilities for fighting; nor did they man the two half-moon batteries they had constructed on the further side of the river Sal.

The bridge was crossed and they bivouacked on its further bank, firing a salute to warn the defenders they were approaching. After breakfast they moved forward to attack the rebels at Lucknow, and the Northumberlands distinguished themselves in the attack. The rebels had been hampered by the guns brought up, and were holding the Alumbagh fort and two batteries nearby. The Northumberlands, with gallantry, stormed these, scrambling over the wall, bayonet in hand, and, with the Madras Fusiliers and 78th hurrying to their assistance, they cleared out the rebels from these works in ten minutes. The rebels then massed near the Charbagh Bridge, where the relief force waited for food to come up, the rebels meanwhile keeping up a heavy fire. Meanwhile a despatch came that Delhi had been stormed, and the cheers of the Northumberlands must have been heard by the defenders at Lucknow. The sick and the wounded were left at the Alumbagh fort, and, while the other units advanced, the Northumberlands were sent to clear the Charbagh Gardens and bring a flanking fire to bear upon the rebels holding the bridge.

A STIRRING TIME

This bridge was strongly held, there being an earthwork about seven feet high across the end, with an opening through which one man only could pass at a time, and six guns were mounted on the parapet. To the right were several enclosures held by the rebels. The rushing of this bridge, in which young Havelock distinguished himself, won the way to Lucknow gate. The Northumberlands in the gardens were meanwhile fighting desperately, and long after dark they worked their way in the face of heavy musketry fire, first through the Khas Bazaar, crowded with rebels, and then into the streets, finally making their way to the Residency, where the gallant defenders welcomed them with continuous cheering. It was a stirring time.

Having fought their way in, the force of Havelock and Outram, unable to convey the women and children safely away, augmented the defence, and the siege of Lucknow continued for 162 days. Mr. Millett playing his part with his regiment in the defence. The first weeks were more like a blockade than a siege. The attacks came more from the defenders, in the shape of sorties, countermining and extending their borders. To write a history of these would fill a volume; suffice to say they were frequent and successful. It was during one of these sorties that the brave Kavanagh, disguised as a native, worked through the native lines and carried Outram's despatch to Sir Colin Campbell. The story of the hardships, the heroism and pathetic struggle of the garrison until Jessie Brown heard the skirl of the Highland pipes when Sir Colin Campbell came to the relief on November 17, 1857, is well known. Col. Guy, of the Northumberlands, was killed during the siege, and Col. Masters took command of the regiment.

WOUNDED DURING THE SIEGE

The Northumberlands continued to operate in the vicinity of Lucknow for a year, and Mr. Millett was severely wounded in the back of the neck by a splinter from a shell outside Lucknow. The wound made him deaf and paralyzed the left side of his face. This kept him in the hospital for two months. As a bugler of the Northumberlands, Mr. Millett sounded the commence fire when 300 mutineers were shot after being tried by Court Martial. They were shot down by C Battery of the R. H. A., and those who escaped the fire were picked off by the infantry with rifles. In a fight outside Lucknow he was wounded by

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