

I bent down, and our lips met in a long, fond kiss.

'You will be my wife, Alice?'

She leaned her pretty head against my arm, and her hand stole into mine again.

'Do you mean that for your answer? Am I to keep the hand, dear Alice, and call it mine?'

'If you will, Francis.'

It was the first time she had ever given me that name. But she never called me by any other again until she ceased to love me: and it sounds sweetly in my memory now, and it will sound sweetly to my dying day.

(To be Continued.)

From Mr. Russell, the Special Correspondent of the London Times.

THE FALL OF LUCKNOW.

HEAD QUARTERS—Camp of the Martiniere, before Lucknow, March 20.

March 17.

This morning the Commander-in-Chief gave permission to Sir James Outram to move, if he thought proper, and feel his way to some large building near the river, on the extreme west of Lucknow. The General was not the man to let such permission remain a dead letter, and he immediately gave orders for the advance of his troops, who proceeded, without interruption or sensible resistance, from street to street, till they reached the buildings and the suburbs adjacent. At the same time Jung Bahadur's troops were advancing from the south somewhat in the direction of Havelock's column, but inclining more to the left. They were stoutly opposed. The enemy with a considerable force of infantry and guns and some horse—probably the same who came out before the Alumbagh yesterday—suddenly came out to attack the Ghoorkas, and after a hard fight took up a strong position in front. Jung Bahadur, however, turned their flank, and put them to flight with great loss, both in the engagement and in the subsequent pursuit, and captured 10 guns, of which one is an 18-pounder. Sir James Outram was thus enabled to open communications half-way across the city; and if it were only to check plunder and outrage by camp followers and others, it is desirable to get every street within our control as speedily as possible.

A deplorable accident, the first serious one of the many which have occurred from explosions of powder, of which the city is full, occurred to-day. By Sir James Outram's orders several thousand pounds of powder, a few packed in tin cases, the rest in skins, were carried to a deep well in carts, for the purpose of being thrown to the bottom. As the first case was thrown down a rush of fire opened from the well; the cases in the first cart blew up, and the explosion, leaping from cart to cart, burnt all the officers and men engaged in the operation. Capt. Eliot Brownlow, B. E., and Captain Clarke, R. E., 14 or 16 European Sappers, and 30 Sikhs, were carried to the hospital tents dreadfully burnt, and several Sikhs were burnt on the spot.

Sir Archdale Wilson, of Delhi, Bart., K. C. B., goes away on medical certificate almost immediately. His mental and physical energies were quite prostrated by incessant labour and fatigue, consequent on his position as Commander-in-Chief before Delhi, and he received a severe fall from his horse on the day we occupied the Martiniere, which shook him so much that it has been found necessary he should resign his command. As the General commanding our army when Delhi fell, Sir Archdale Wilson deserves all the honours he has received, but it would not be fair to others to suppress the fact that Sir Archdale Wilson was opposed to the assault by which the city was won, and that he more than once, as soon as we were inside, expressed a strong opinion that we should evacuate Delhi, lest we should be, as at Lucknow, besieged by the enemy in our turn. The original draught of the plan of assault is now in the possession of an engineer officer, with the expression of Sir Archdale Wilson's disapproval and something more still legible upon it. The officer who planned the assault, under the general superintendence of Col. Baird Smith, was Captain Taylor, Bengal Engineers, who has been severely wounded in the present siege. I have never seen Colonel Baird Smith in my life, nor have I spoken a word to Captain Taylor on this subject, but I have the strongest reasons for believing that this statement is correct.

Brigadier Russell is also about to leave this army under the advice of a medical board. Never, perhaps, in all the chances of war has there been such an escape as his. A cannon ball cut the gold watch-chain at the back of his neck as cleanly as if it had been a pair of nippers, and did him no further injury, except inflicting a shock to his nervous system. He is suffering from dysentery, and is no longer able to remain in the field.

March 18.

The Ghoorka force under Jung Bahadur, under a tremendous fire of musketry, advanced and seized the whole of the suburbs near the Charbagh, after a weak resistance from the enemy. They are still in front of our allies, who from 8 o'clock up to the time at which I left camp, have never ceased a rolling fire, assisted

by field guns, and who are said to be engaged also in plundering the houses which they have occupied. Although they are thus solidly established on our left, they do not by any means close the city to the enemy on the south-west, and there is an interval still left between our troops and the Ghoorkas on the south-east, which is not available, however, for the escape of the enemy. In the attack on the Charbagh and the line of the canal works the Ghoorkas took 16 or 17 guns of all sorts. It was subsequent to this success that Captain McNeil of the Bengal Artillery, attached to the Ghoorkas, and Lieutenant Bogle, of the same force, succeeded in saving Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson, who had been so long in captivity. As these officers were exploring the deserted streets in front of the Ghoorka advanced posts they encountered a native, who said he was one of Sir J. Outram's employes, and implored their protection for his house and property. In the course of his appeal he mentioned incidentally that he knew where the English ladies were confined, and offered to point out the place. Almost immediately after another native appeared, and presented two notes—one from Mrs. Orr, the other from Miss Jackson—imploping immediate succour, as their enemies were making search for them. The officers returned to the nearest Ghoorka post, and called for volunteers; 40 or 50 of these hardy, dirty, and looting Calmucks stepped forth, and with the native at their head as a guide, the party at a rapid rate started off on their errand of deliverance. They proceeded for more than half a mile through the silent, tortuous streets, expecting to receive a volley at every turn, when they came to a house, apparently shut up and abandoned. "This is the house," said the guide. At the noise of their footsteps the owner—Meer Wajed Ali, Daroga of the Court, made his appearance, and began to stipulate for his property, but Captain McNeil demanded the immediate production of the ladies, and, finding that he was resolute, the Daroga led him to an obscure apartment, where were two ladies in Oriental costume in a dark corner. At the sound of the voice. Are you the English ladies and do you wish to leave this place? those whom he addressed were not able to reply to the officers for excessive joy, and for a moment or two they were overwhelmed with thankfulness and emotion. But there was no time to be lost. The Moulvie and his followers were known to be searching for them. The ladies, clad as they were, descended to the street and were about to place on the officers' horses, when a palanquin caught the eye of Captain McNeil in the court of the house. Just as the ladies were getting into it a few budmashes, with drawn swords, sallied out from an adjoining house to attack them, but a shot from a revolver and the bayonets of the Ghoorkas soon disposed of their resistance, and six of the Daroga's retainers being impressed as palanquin bearers the party and a portion of the escort moved back as rapidly as possible to the Ghoorka post, and the poor ladies were placed in safety. At the same time some other Christians, Eurasians and descendants of Europeans, were saved by the guard of Lieutenant Bogle, and were delivered out of the hands of their enemies. It is but just to say, however, that, although the native Christian community was so large as to form a gunj or quarter of its own, containing perhaps 500 persons, there is no reason to believe that the Sepoys persecuted or murdered them. Most of them fearing ill-treatment concealed themselves.

But, if we had reason for rejoicing over the escape of our countrywomen to-day, there was a heavy counterpoise in the terrible death of those gallant officers and soldiers who were burnt in the gunpowder explosion yesterday. Early in the morning an officer came into my tent to say that Eliot Brownlow and Clarke were no more, and that of the 16 European Sappers burnt nine were dead, and three were dying.

There is a cessation of the grosser sort of plunder, but it is by no means gratifying to see the amount of destruction still going on in the palace courts. I fear we are naturally iconoclasts. Such assault and battery on innocent statuary, some good much very bad would fill all the courts of law in Olympus with incessant suits if the injured deities could file their declarations. In this large court, which is or has been a beautiful and extensive pleasure ground, with vine-covered walks, fountains, a sheet of water, crossed by a light arch, kiosks, and splendid buildings around it, there are rows of statues on pedestals along all the walks. Some few of these are Italian, of graceful design and excellent finish—that Venus de Medici well copied; the Apollo Belvedere, nymphs, and bacchantes and styrs—but the majority are utterly hideous and absurd blocks of hewn marble, intended to imitate famous originals. One of the kiosks is still burning, and the fact is all the more exciting inasmuch as in a mosque not two far distant there is stored 60 tons of powder, when our engineers are doing their best to drown. The water in the canal, or basin, in the garden is full of composition, enough to make every boy in London happy for many centuries of Guy Fawkes' days. As I was going through one of the courts a soldier asked me if I should like to buy an emerald,

and with much mystery he produced a green drop of an old-fashioned lustre. However, on the arm of an officer I saw a diamond bracelet, which he had bought for a few rupees, the worth of which must have been several thousand pounds sterling. There are still some desperate men in the city, who seem determined to persist in a hopeless struggle. Passing out by the Chumee Bazaar we skirted the entrenchments of the Residency, leaving the Muchee Bawun, and visited the large Imaumbarrah, still held by the 78th. All along the streets pickets were posted, who compelled the camp followers to deposit the plunder they had collected, and searched them for concealed money or jewels. The heaps of articles thus collected at every station were of the most varied description—scarfs, brass pots, pipes, arms, embroidered saddlecloths, bedcovers, parrots, pigeons and quails in cages, slippers, rolls of cloth and coloured calico, books, Cashmere shawls, pillows, clothing of all kinds. Some privileged Sikhs were still engaged in their old work of alchemy, extracting gold and silver from heaps of rags, tissue, and old lace, and the poor camp followers eyed them jealously askance, and felt in their own way the force of the maxim, "Inter arma silent leges."

We turned down one of the streets leading to the centre of the city from the iron bridge. A picket of the 79th was at the end, and they told us there was an advanced picket of the 20th further on. The street was close and narrow; all the windows of the houses and Venetian blinds closed, the doors and shop fronts forced open and the interior filled with ruin, the jars in which stores are kept, broken and the contents spilled, and the ground covered with papers, accounts and fragments of cloth and cotton. As we advanced there was an occasional shot heard in front, and at last we came to a picket of the 20th, amid whom there was a smoking 9-pounder brass gun which they had captured from some of the enemy a couple of hundred yards in front of us. Just as we arrived, a captain came down the street with a severe bullet wound through the cheek, followed by a man shot through the upper and forearm. Another lay fainting in a litter beside us. Such is even yet our occupation of Lucknow. The men not on duty were busy in the balconies of the houses, selling things by a sort of mock auction to the camp followers, who hoped to smuggle them through at night. In front of our advanced picket on the road, parallel to the river, we could see a picket of the enemy to watch our approach to the Mousabagh, which is now the last position in Lucknow held by the enemy. It will not be theirs very long, for Sir James Outram has been directed to attack it to-morrow morning. It is said that a party of six or seven Sepoys who had been concealed in the Kaiserbagh, made an attempt to escape this morning by bursting open the door of the room in which they were with gunpowder. They failed, and our men, alarmed by the noise, rushed towards the spot. When they entered, all the men were dead or dying. They had shot and stabbed each other. The 84th regiment marched towards the Alumbagh this evening. The Mess-house is ordered to be used as an ordnance magazine.

The force under Sir James Outram was ordered to be ready to march from the large Imaumbarrah at 6.30, and the General and Staff left their quarters in Banks's house soon after daybreak. The Commander-in-Chief and the Headquarters Staff rode out to view the operations. It was believed that the Begum and the Moulvie were there, but it does not appear likely that these potentates should remain in the same place after the declaration of the priest that he is Heaven-appointed King of Oude and Defender of the Faith. Certain it was that the Mousabagh was the last spot at which the enemy had any semblance of cohesion. They were collected there in numbers varying, according to different accounts, from 6,000 to 10,000.

Sir Hope Grant was directed to move along the north bank of the Goomtee with a column, consisting of the Queen's Bays, 2d Regiment Punjab Cavalry, and Remington's troop of Horse Artillery, to a point near the stone bridge, from which he could sweep with his guns the road to be traversed by our advancing columns, and prevent the enemy coming down to attack it while marching through the narrow street.

The troops under General Outram which were to assault the Mousabagh were detailed as follows:—One troop of Royal Horse Artillery Middleton's field battery—two 18-pounders, four 8-inch mortars; Douglas's Brigade, consisting of the 23d Regiment, 79th Regiment Highlanders, 1st Bengal Fusiliers, and Green's Sikhs. As the troops debouched from the gateway across the road in front of the Imaumbarrah the enemy were observed retiring in haste from their advanced posts in the houses in front, and retreating on the Mousabagh, from which, as we pressed on, there soon was visible a similar exodus. They were saved by an accident. In order to enable our troops to get at them it was necessary to break through a strong pukka wall right in our front, and the Sepoys used the time to such purpose that they cleared out before our soldiers had a chance of engaging them. The combination, so well devised, had not been carried out. Campbell's force was not visible. It is believed he must have come across another

body of the enemy, and that he is engaged in the pursuit. Away went the enemy in broken masses, mingled with the townspeople of the lower orders, pursued by the Lancers and by the fire of Middleton's guns, which did the duty of the troop of Horse Artillery. Owing to some mistake the troop of Royal Horse Artillery did not appear in time, nor was the cross fire of Grant's guns available in punishing the fugitives. A few of their Sepoys and matchlockmen kept up a feeble fire, and their guns were open to cover the retreat as far as possible. At first the fire was directed against Grant's force and there was an artillery battle on a small scale at long range. Then the enemy turned their guns against us, and one of their shot plumed into the ground within a few yards of Sir Colin Campbell. They formed upon the left of the Mousabagh, with their left resting on the river, but they rapidly gave way as we advanced, and their musketry fire only wounded a few of our men. As they broke they turned to their right with our infantry in chase, and the Lancers catching up the rear disposed of a few of them; but the country is covered with enclosures and corn fields, and natives on the run soon distance our troops.

In the attack Captain Hutchinson received a wound in the head, which will, it is feared prove fatal; but our casualties were few. And now as the runaways fled, every eye was strained to see if our cavalry were advancing upon them from the Korkoorie road, but the acutest sight could not detect their presence. However, later in the day guns were heard in that direction, and it is very likely indeed that some large body of the enemy endeavouring to escape from the south-west of that city, were suddenly confronted by Campbell's force. That officer received orders to occupy the Mousabagh in the evening with the 5th and 78th, but as he did not obey orders, and nothing has been heard from him, it is to be presumed he is engaged in the grand object of pursuit and utter dissipation of the enemy. A Sikh regiment held the Mousabagh in lieu of Campbell's troops, but the enemy have quite withdrawn from the neighbourhood. Outram's force in their advance, came upon the camp which the enemy had just abandoned, they took some elephants and a silver howdah, supposed to belong to the Moulvie, and 12 guns, some in a very efficient state. Thus the last post held by the enemy came into our hands, and Lucknow fell—never to rise again.

When the Begum's Palace was stormed, the fugitives came into the Kaiserbagh, and terrified the garrison exceedingly by their stories of the courage, strength, and ferocity of the Highlanders to such a degree that the Sepoys said that they were ready to fight men, but that they had no stomach for meeting such infernal antagonists. The men with the big heads covered with feathers, and the naked legs must have been seen by the Sepoys over and over again during this war; and the very fellows who ran away like sheep from the Mousabagh as individuals quietly waited for our troops and fired on them steadily as they closed. While I was standing on the road between the Mousabagh and Ali Naiky Khan's house, talking to some officers, at a time that our men were far in advance, and when a strong force of infantry occupied the houses around us, some budmashes or Sepoys actually crept up among some huts that were close at hand, and fired on us.

Presently in came the officer who was acting as prize agent, and who had gone to examine the Mousabagh, to report that as he was riding there several of the enemy got up out of the fields of corn and fired on him, and in another moment a mounted orderly galloped up to say that he had escaped with his life from the same party. It is thus we lose officers and men continually, and no one can go near a house without running a chance of getting a bullet through his head. This is a state of things which must be terminated, but as yet the measures taken to do so have been rather feeble and indecisive. The natives dodge round our troops, get in on the flanks between one body and another, and do not hesitate to lose their lives for the satisfaction of taking one of their enemy's. The only way to obviate such attacks is to induce the respectable inhabitants to return to the city and occupy the houses, to organise a city police and to render the inhabitants responsible for such outrages, and the perpetrators would soon be hunted out of the place or handed over to us.

The 84th Regiment, which has certainly had its full share of fighting and marching, came in again from the Alumbagh this evening. And here I would remark that although the actual amount of our losses has been small, and the excellent health of our troops would indicate that they have not suffered much of the rude vicissitudes of war, there never were regiments exposed to more continuous labour, than the force now before Lucknow. Day and night they have been in an attitude of expectation, with their arms, as it were, ever in their hands, and with incessant duties to perform. On guard, on the march, on patrol they have never had an idle moment, and there are few regiments indeed here which have not been on duty continually for four or five days and nights without any relief whatever. Under all the circumstances their conduct and its results are