# BEGUMBAGH: A TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY, AND OTHER STORIES

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Begumbagh: A Tale of the Indian Mutiny, and Other Stories by George Manville Fenn

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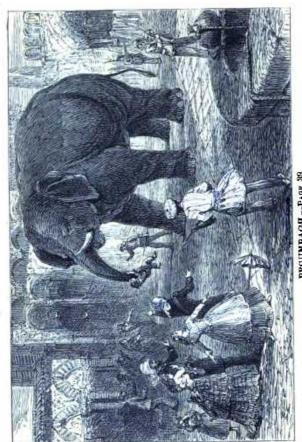
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### GEORGE MANVILLE FENN

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BEGUMBAGH.--PAGE 39.



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A TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY

AND OTHER STORIES



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### BEGUMBAGH,

A TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

#### INTRODUCTION.

'VE waited all these years, expecting some one or another would give a full and true account of it all;

but little thinking it would ever come to be my task. For it's not in my way; but seeing how much has been said about other parts and other people's sufferings, while ours never so much as came in for a line of newspaper, I can't think it's fair; and as fairness is what I always did like, I set to, very much against my will; while, on account of my empty sleeve, the paper keeps slipping and sliding about, so that I can only hold it quiet by putting the lead inkstand on one corner, and my tobacco-jar on the other. You see, I'm not much at home at this sort of thing; and though, if you put a pipe and a glass of something before me, I could tell you all about it, taking my time, like, it seems that won't do. I said: 'Why don't you write it down as I tell it, so as other people could read all about it?' But 'No,' he says; 'I could do it in my fashion, but I want it to be in

your simple unadorned style; so set to and do it.'

I daresay a good many of you know me—seen me often in Bond Street, at Facet's door—Facet's, you know, the great jeweller, where I stand and open carriages, or take messages, or small parcels with no end of valuables in them, for I'm trusted. Smith, my name is, Isaac Smith; and I'm that tallish, grisly fellow with the seam down one side of my face, my left sleeve looped up to my button, and not a speck to be seen on that 'commissionaire's' uniform, upon whose breast I've got three medals.

I was standing one day, waiting patiently for something to do, when a tallish gentleman came up, nodded as if he know me well, and I saluted.

'Lose that limb in the Crimea, my man ?' he said.

'No, sir. Mutiny,' I said, standing as stiff as use had made nature with me.

And then he asked me a lot more questions, and I answered him; and the end of it was that one evening I went to his house, and he had me in, and did what was wanted to set me off. I'd had a little bit of an itching to try something of the kind, I must own, for long enough, but his words started me; and in consequence I got a quire of the best foolscap paper, and a pen'orth of pens, and here's my story.

#### CHAPTER L

Dun-dub-dub-dub-dub, Just one light beat given by the boys in front—the light sharp tap upon their drums, to give the time for the march; and in heavy order there we were, her Majesty's 156th Regiment of Light Infantry, making our way over the dusty roads with the hot morning sun beating down upon our heads. We were marching very loosely, though, for the men were tired, and we were longing for the halt to be called, so that we might rest during the