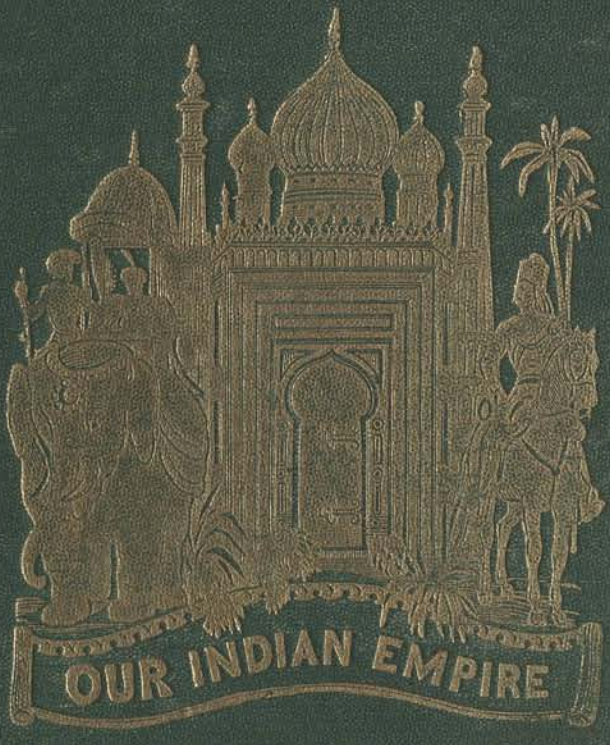
OUR INDIAN EMPIRE


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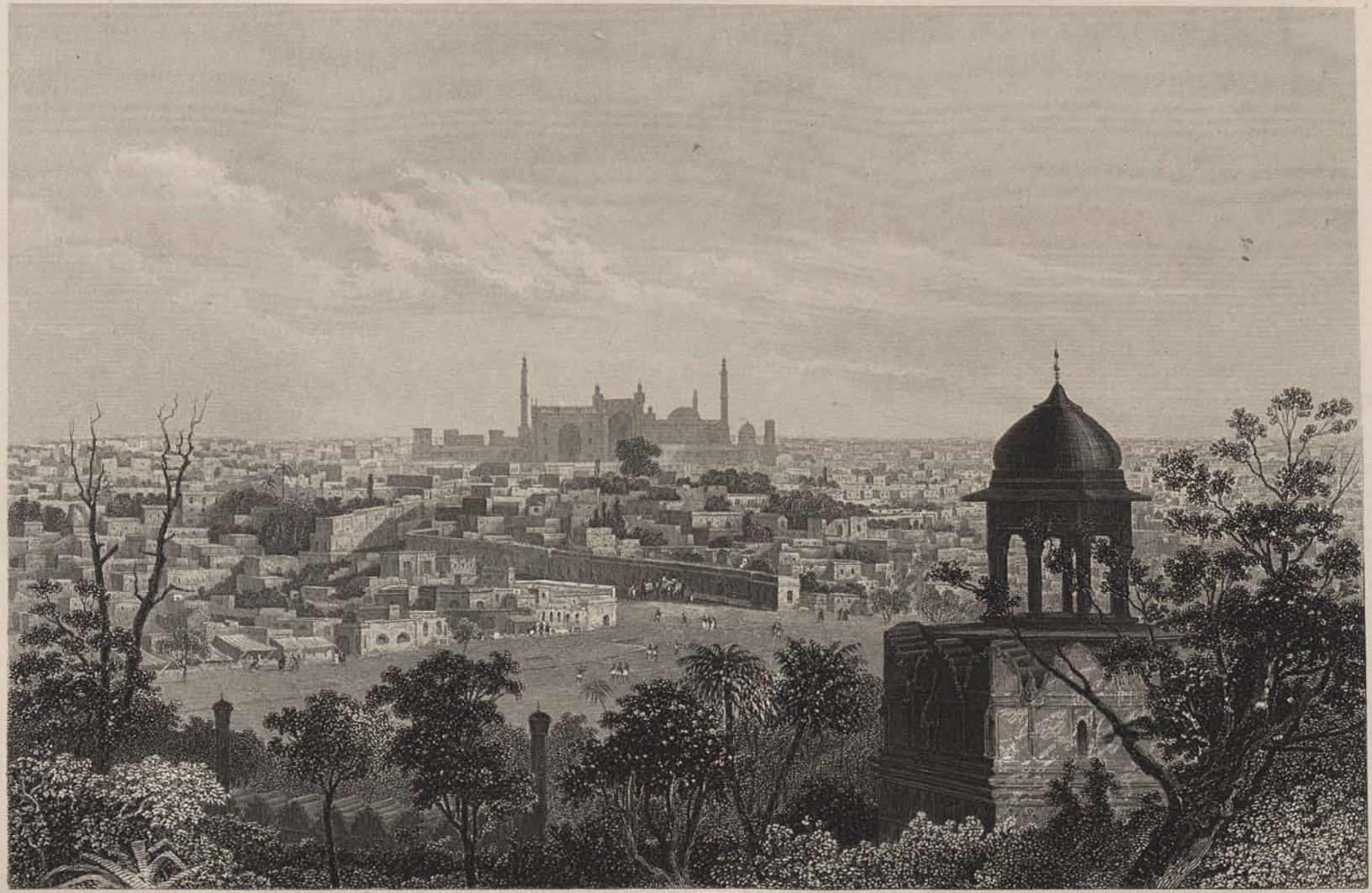
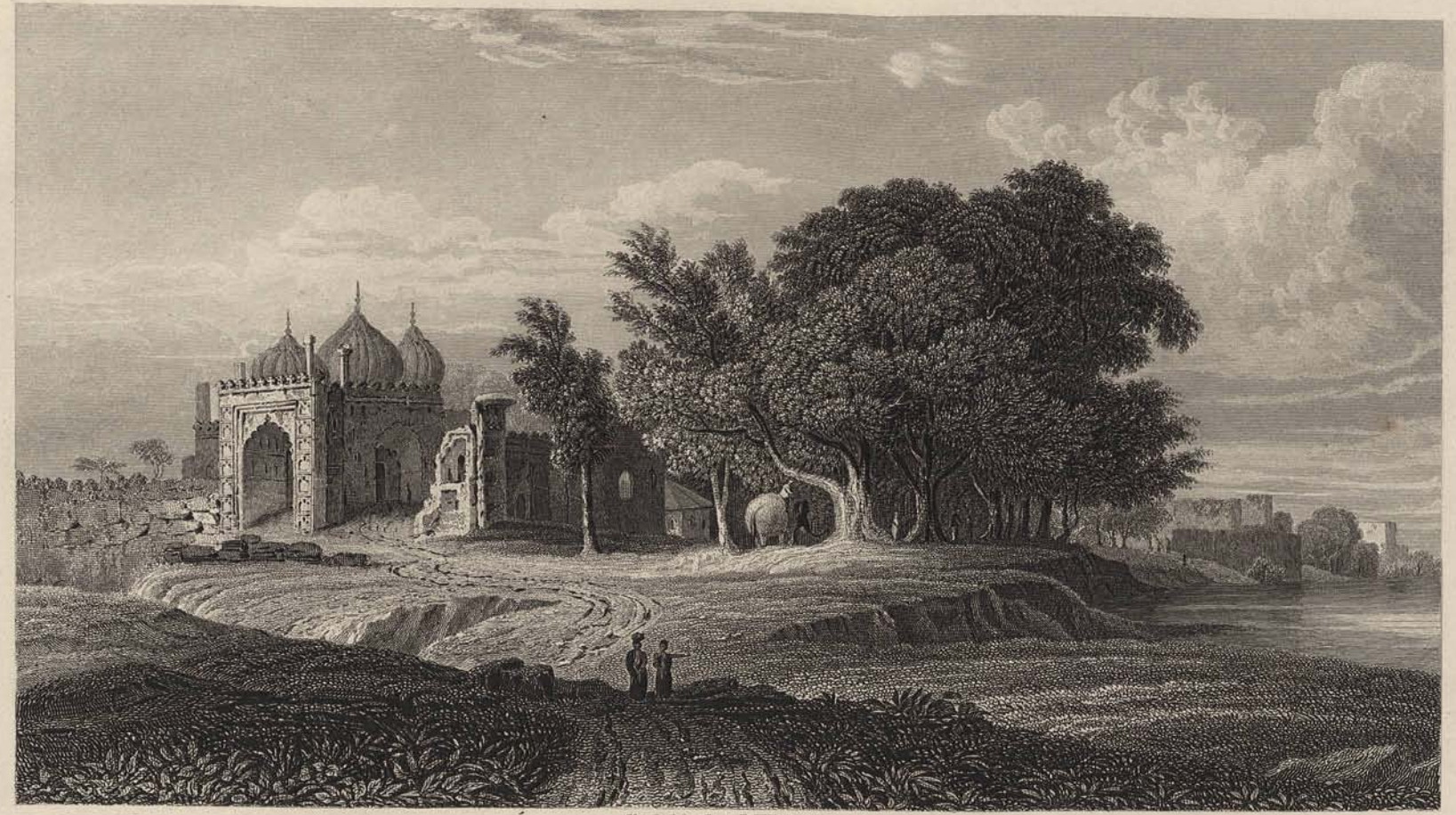
VIEW OF ALLAHABAD, SHOWING THE FORT.

Drawn by S. Prout.

HURDWAR, A PLACE OF HINDOO PILGRIMAGE.

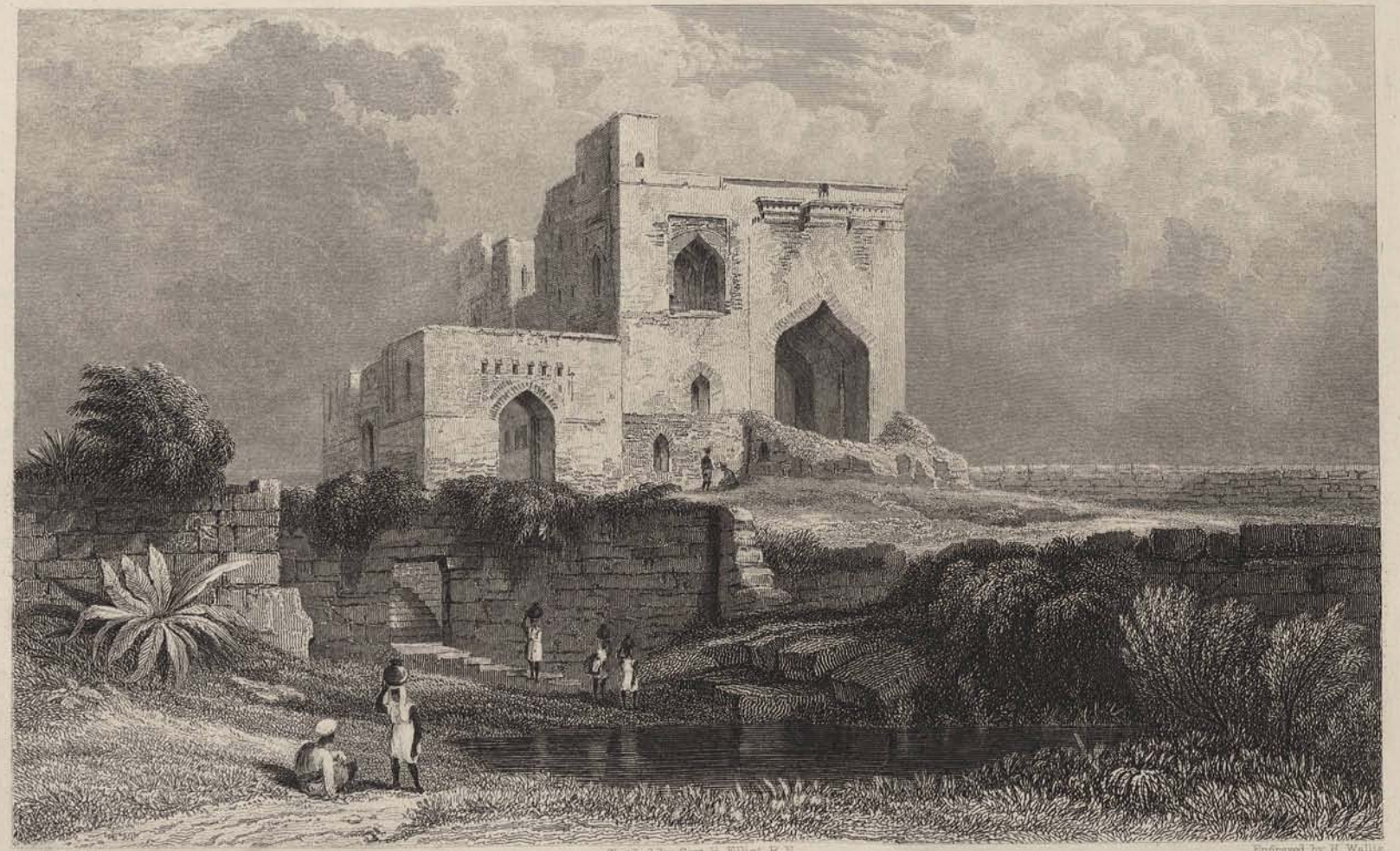


VIEW OF DELHI, FROM THE PALACE GATE.



Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R. N.

A RUIN ON THE BANKS OF THE JUMNA, ABOVE THE CITY OF DELHI.



Drawn by H. Cox. Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R.N. Engraved by H. Wallis.

SINGHAM MAHAL, TORWAY.—BEJAPORE.

Drawn by D. Cox. Engraved by T. Higham.

JERDAIR.—A HILL VILLAGE.—GURWALL.

Drawn by W. Purser.

Engraved by J. Rolph.

AKBAR'S TOMB — SECUNDRA.

Secundra is a village about seven miles from Agra, and at one time was included in the bounds of that city

THE ABBEY AND HILLS FROM NEAR MUSSOORIE, ON THE JUMNA.

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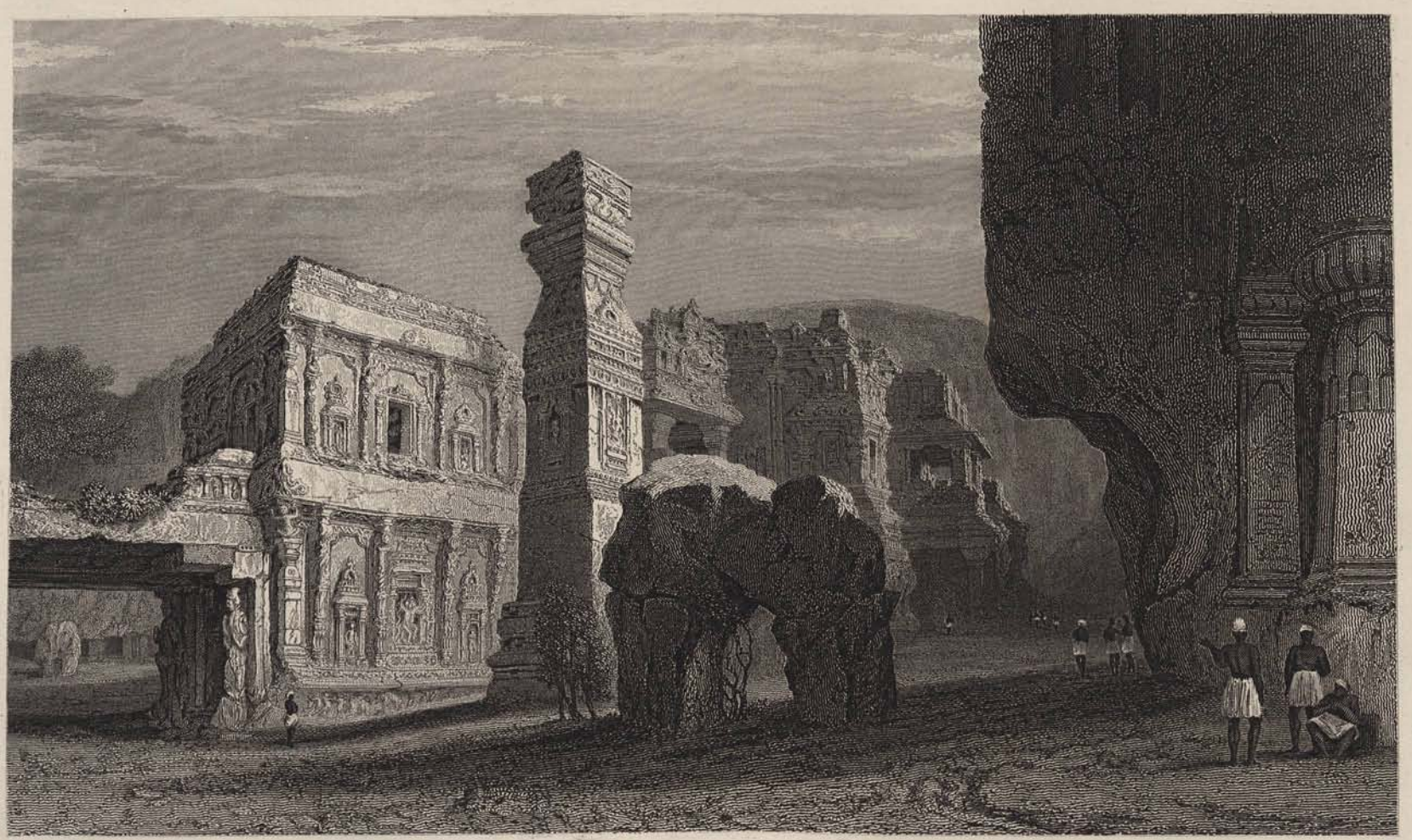
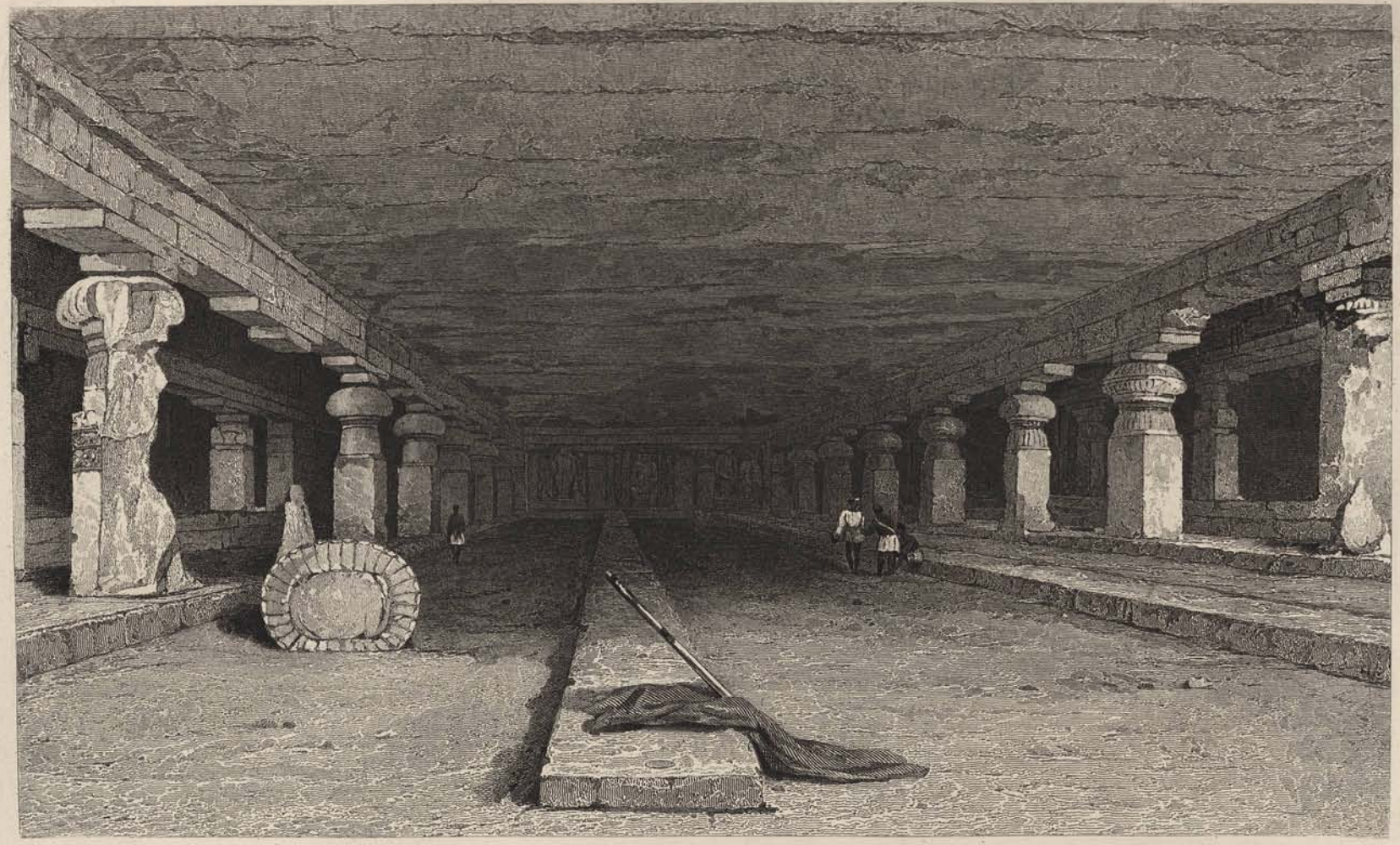
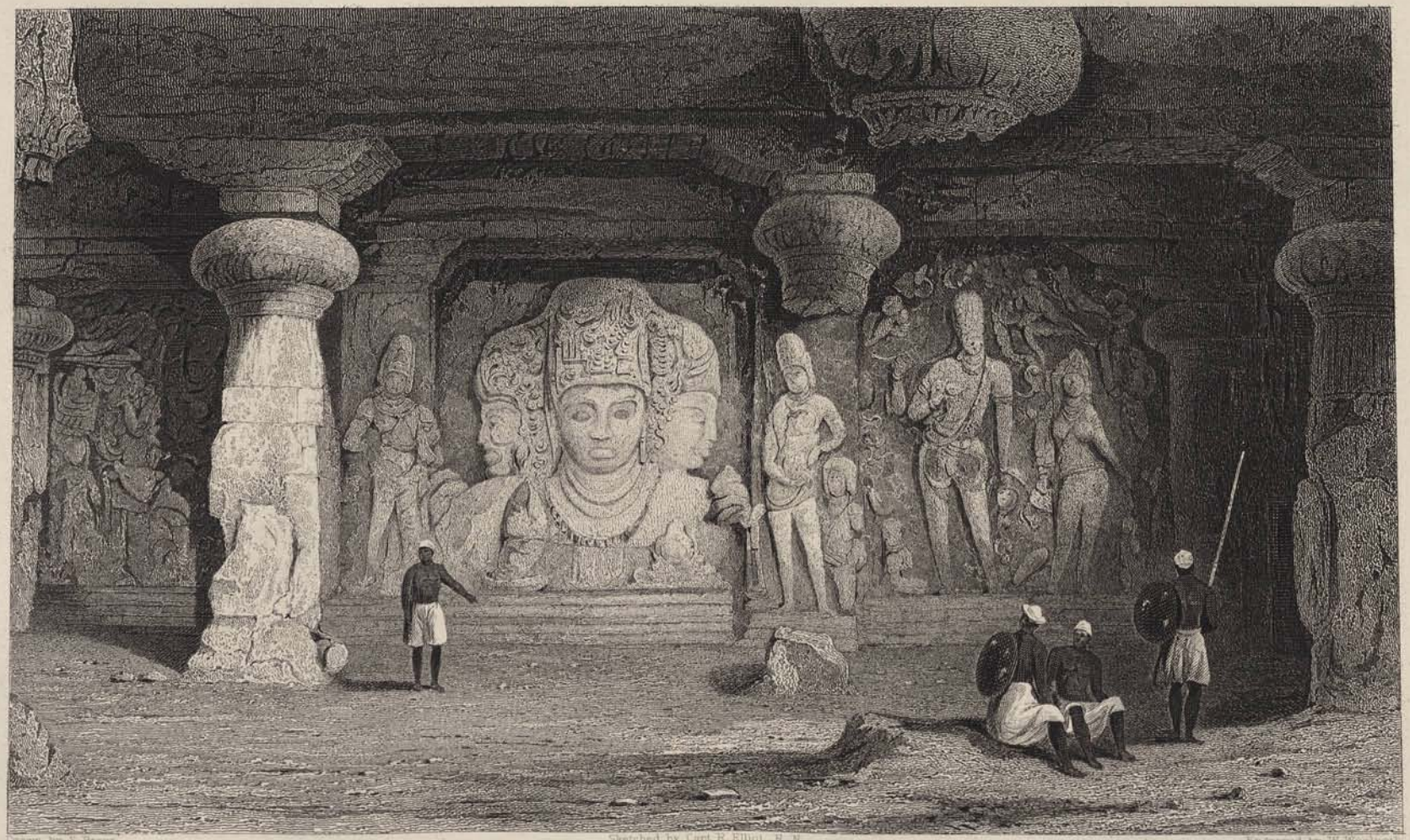


EXCAVATED TEMPLE OF KYLAS,-CAVES OF ELLORA.

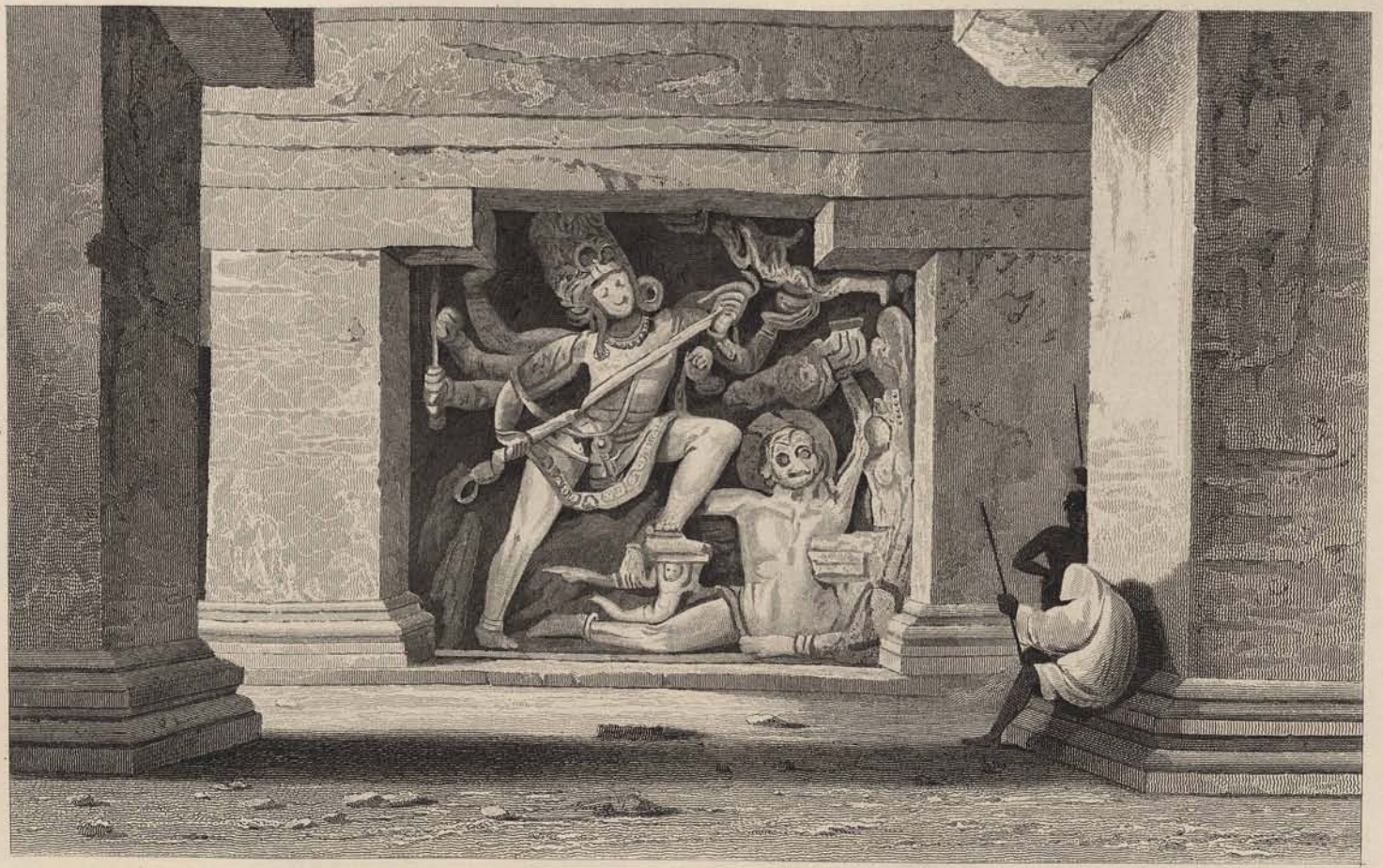


INTERIOR OF DHER WARRA, CAVES OF ELLORA.



Drawn by S. Prout. Sketched by Capt R. Elliot, R. N. Engraved by W. Woolnoth.

TRIAD FIGURE, INTERIOR OF ELEPHANTA.



DUS AWTAR, CAVES OF ELLORA.

CHARGE OF THE HIGHLANDERS BEFORE CAWNPORE, UNDER GENERAL HAVELOCK.

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CONFLICT WITH THE GHAZEES BEFORE BAREILLY.

MAY 6TH 1858.

"Some of the Ghazees came on bravely; and with a determination worthy of a better cause, used their kookrees even when upon the bayonets of the Highlanders."

THE LONDON PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED.

ATTACK ON THE SEALKOTE MUTINEERS BY GENERAL NICHOLSON'S IRREGULAR CAVALRY.

Dr. GRAHAM SHOT IN HIS BUGGY BY THE SEALKOTE MUTINEERS.

THE LONDON PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

MAHOMED SURAJ-OO-DEEN SHAH GAZEE.

TITULAR KING OF DELHI.

BORN 1773 — PROCLAIMED REBEL KING OF DELHI, MAY 11TH 1857.
DETHRONED AND CAPTURED, SEPTEMBER 20TH 1857.

From a Miniature painted on Ivory by the portrait painter to the King of Delhi. A beautiful specimen of native art.

THE LONDON PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

begum. Notwithstanding his foreign extraction, Jan Sahib was a popular governor. "Easy and affable in manner, deeply versed in the knowledge of drugs and disease, he commanded the respect of all around him as a man of wonderful attainments. He exhibited with honest pride his medicine chest, which contained phials of calomel, jalap, essence of cinnamon, and oil of lemon-grass, with which he successfully ministered to the wants of thousands."* Dr. Wilson adds, that every member of the little band would "long cherish in grateful recollection the worthy governor of Echawur." Perhaps some of them learned a lesson in the art of ruling, which they might hope to profit by in happier times.

Alighur.—The 1st cavalry of the Gwalior contingent joined the mutiny, as if impelled by some irresistible fascination. At midday on the 3rd of July, the Native officers waited on their commander, Captain William Alexander, and, with tears and lamentations, told him that the regiment must be broken up; for they had received an order from the King of Delhi, and letters threatening the most terrible vengeance on their families in the event of their not abandoning the service of the British; therefore Captain Alexander and his countrymen must start at once for Agra. Resistance was futile; Captain Alexander, Lieutenant Cockburn, and Dr. Christison, mounted their horses; while the whole of the men crowded round them, and insisted on shaking hands. The regimental banker had disappeared, and the servants of the officers were in distress for money, as the bunneahs (traders) would not let them follow their masters without first paying their bazaar debts; whereupon a Native officer brought out a bag of rupees, and gave some to all the servants. A non-commissioned officer, and twenty sowars, assisted in lading the baggage; and the Europeans started, attended by a regular escort, and "accompanied for some distance by Native officers and men, all clinging to them, and crying bitterly." They reached Agra, with their baggage, on the following day.†

* The *Bombay Times* gives this narrative at length. The *Friend of India*, in commenting thereon, remarks, "that it is eminently instructive; and will go far to disprove the assertion, that the revolt in Hindoostan was caused solely by a discontented soldiery."—August 27th, 1857; p. 817.

† Manuscript account by Captain W. Alexander.

CHAPTER XVII.

TERRITORIES OF THE NIZAM, AURUNGABAD, AND HYDERABAD.—MAY TO AUGUST. AGRA.—JUNE TO SEPTEMBER. SAUGOR: THE PUNJAB, JULLUNDUR, JHELUM, PHILLOUR, UMRITSIR, AND SEALKOTE.—JUNE AND JULY, 1857.

The recent history of Hyderabad formed an important feature in the introductory chapter, regarding the causes of the mutiny. Had the proud prince, from whom the three finest districts in his territory were wrested in 1853, for the maintenance of a British contingent, lived to see the mutiny of 1857, he might have been sorely tempted to listen to the passionate entreaties of his fanatical and disaffected subjects, to hoist the green flag of Mohammed, and write in blood and flame a refutation of one of the most inexcusable insults ever offered by a British governor-general in council to an old and faithful ally—"Remember you are but as the dust under my feet."‡ But the Nizam slept with his fathers when the sword on which the E. I. Company relied was turned against them, as it were, by an unseen hand, and the despised native princes, after being trodden under foot, were appealed to with eager respect as honourable and powerful allies. Happily for all parties, two excellent advisers were beside the young Nizam when the crisis came; and he had the good sense to listen to their counsels, and turn a deaf ear to the popular clamour. One of these was the venerable Shums-ool-Omrah;§ the other the dewan, Salar Jung.

The troops stationed at Aurungabad were

‡ The actual words of the despatch sent to Hyderabad; which were suppressed in the Blue-Book version prepared for parliament. See Introductory Chapter, p. 55; and Mr. Bright's speech in the House of Commons, June 24th, 1858.

§ See Introductory Chapter, p. 55.

the 1st regiment of irregular cavalry of the Nizam's contingent, and the 2nd infantry, which corps had only recently arrived there. The officer in command of the cavalry, Captain Abbott, had seen no symptom of disaffection; but, on subsequent inquiry, it appeared that rumours were abroad of the intention of government to send the regiment to join a column which was to be composed almost exclusively of Europeans. Captain Abbott, in ignorance of these reports, intimated, early on the morning of the 12th of June, his intention of coming to the lines in the afternoon to look at the horses. The men concluded the intended examination to be preparatory to a march; and, at mid-day, while Captain Abbott was presiding over a court of inquiry at the mess-house, a non-commissioned officer and his brother (Seiks) came and informed him that the men were in a state of mutiny; that they declared they had been enlisted for service in the Deccan, and would not march beyond it; and that many, both Mussulmans and Hindoos, had taken an oath not to fight against their padshah, or emperor, meaning the son of the old King of Delhi, who had been set up by the mutineers. It was further intimated, that if Captain Abbott, Lieutenant Dowker, and the senior risaldar, proceeded to the lines that afternoon for the purpose of giving marching orders, they would be shot. The three officers went on parade, and assured the cavalry that they were not aware of any intention on the part of government such as they suspected.*

The resident at Hyderabad (Davidson), when informed of these proceedings, approved of them, as at present no succour could be sent to Aurungabad; and desired Captain Abbott to assemble the 1st cavalry, and assure the men from him,—

"Both in his capacity as British resident, and as their old friend and brother-officer, that he is satisfied that their present conduct arises from the pernicious counsels of bad and designing men.

"That the government have no intention to call for their services to act against the King of Delhi, who is himself a supplicant for the protection of the British government; but, wherever their services are required, it will be necessary for the regiment to obey.

"The resident trusts that by the early return of the corps to fidelity, he will be able to induce government to overlook their present proceedings; but, at the same time, to point out the ruin and disgrace that a persistence in their present conduct must inevitably have.

"You will be pleased to mention that the resident had hoped to be able proudly to point out to government, that every corps in the contingent was stanch and loyal. The 3rd cavalry are now in the field against the mutineers; the 2nd are in charge of the Residency; and the whole corps have volunteered to march to suppress the revolt of Delhi."†

Of this strangely-worded and compromising message to the mutineers, the governor-general in council approved, excepting the intimation that, in the event of future good conduct, their past proceedings would be overlooked:‡ but this was, in fact, the only portion which was likely to make any impression on the sepoys; for although the King of Delhi might be, and actually was, a supplicant, yet he was publicly spoken of as a rebel and a leader of rebels; not as an old man in his dotage, who had fallen on evil times, and become the puppet of a revolutionary army.

The resident's assertion regarding the loyalty of the rest of the Hyderabad contingent, was likely to provoke discussion; for one of the reports, mentioned by Captain Abbott as circulated and credited by his men, was, that the 3rd cavalry had been entrapped into the service on which they had been sent, and intended to desert: moreover, that one of their most influential Native officers had already done so.§ The men of the 2nd infantry showed no sympathy with the cavalry, but remained perfectly quiet.

On the 13th of June, a report was spread by a syce that the infantry and guns had been ordered out against the cavalry; and so much excitement was thereby caused, that, on the Sunday afternoon, the ladies and children were sent off to Ahmednuggur,‖ sixty-eight miles to the north-east, under the charge of Captain Mayne; and a

* Captain Abbott's Report, dated "Aurungabad, June 13th, 1857."—Further Parl. Papers, 1857 (not numbered), pp. 83—85.

† Despatch of Major Briggs, secretary to resident; June 16th, 1857.—*Ibid.*, pp. 85, 86.

‡ Despatch of secretary to government (Colonel Birch), June 29th, 1857.—*Ibid.*, p. 86.

§ Captain Abbott's Report.—*Ibid.*, p. 86.

‖ Some of them had already started. One of these, the wife of an officer of the 2nd infantry, gave a very interesting account of her flight, which was published in the leading London journals. On the night of the 12th June, it was reported that the cavalry were arming, and intended to murder the officers of the 2nd infantry. The lady in question, with her children, was entrusted by her husband to the care of Booran Bucksh (a trooper of the 3rd Hyderabad cavalry), in whose zeal and integrity of character they had perfect confidence. He pitied the distress of the European officer, and

request was made to the commander-in-chief of the Bombay army, to march the movable column assembling at Malligaum for the reinforcement of Indore, upon Aurungabad. In the course of the same evening another explanation took place between the European officers and the troopers, which induced Captain Abbott to believe that the regiment would now, as a body, become quiet and orderly: he therefore wrote to countermand the assistance he had requested from Ahmednuggur, as the 1st cavalry did not need coercion. But the resident had, with equal rapidity, changed his view of the case; and declared himself, on the 19th of June, "determined to admit of no compromise with these men,"* who were, however, to be temporised with till the arrival of the British force. The question of how the European officers were to maintain tranquillity in the interim, and keep their own heads on their shoulders, without making concessions which should tie their hands afterwards, was passed over in silence.

After the usual amount of ordering and counter-ordering, the column, under General Woodburn, marched for Aurungabad. A civilian who accompanied the force, "because none of the officers knew the road," describes the line of march:—14th dragoons first, then the general and his staff; then the 28th N.I., and a battery under Captain Woolcombe; the rear brought up by a pontoon train, and some twenty elephants and the baggage—the whole extending about two miles in length.

The cavalcade entered Aurungabad on the morning of the 24th of June. Captain Abbott and the officers came out to meet the troops, said that affairs were in a very unsatisfactory state, and urged that the general should march at once on the cavalry intrenchments, and surprise them. The civilian before quoted, who was an eye-witness to these proceedings, says—"The general consented to do so at last." On reaching the cavalry lines the bugles were sounded, and the men ordered to fall-in on foot. The guns were loaded with canister, and drawn up within thirty yards of the troopers. General Woodburn, with his aide-de-camp, Macdonald; the deputy-adjutant-general, Coley; Captain Mayne, of the Hyderabad contingent; Captain Abbott and the civilian, rode up to the ranks; and Abbott began to harangue the men on their conduct, and its coming punishment, when a jemadar exclaimed—"It is not good; it is all false!" Abbott drew his pistol, and would have shot the speaker; but the general turning round, quietly desired him not to fire upon his own men, whereupon the officer put up his pistol and continued his address. The jemadar again interrupted him—"It is not true; it is all false. Brothers, prime and fire!" Pistols were drawn forth by several of the men in front of the ranks, and, had they been fired, the six Europeans, standing not five yards from the troopers, must have fallen. But the event showed the propriety of General Woodburn's prohibition to Abbott. The foremost troopers, without firing a shot, rushed to their horses, and proceeded to saddle them; while the Europeans rode back behind the guns. Captain Woolcombe had dismounted, and was pointing a gun at the panic-stricken multitude; the portfire was lighted; and "one word only," it is said, "was wanted to blow every soul of them to the four winds." Woolcombe asked impatiently, "May I fire, sir?" and the civilian, who reports the scene, blames the general for not giving the instant assent,† which would have been a sentence of extermination against the very men who had spared the Europeans not two minutes before. An officer present, in describing the same circumstance, remarks, that "the general could not give the order to fire, as he feared to knock over the good men with the bad;" and Captain Abbott, in his report, states, that "every endeavour was made to stop

bade him be under no apprehension for the safety of his family, or for that of his guest (the wife of an absent European, to whom Booran Bucksh was greatly attached), for every provision was made for their retreat. And so it proved. When the alarm, happily a false one, was given on the night of the 12th of June, and the officer proceeded to his dangerous post between the infantry and cavalry lines, the faithful trooper placed the ladies and children in a country cart, and covering the open front and back with sheets, in the manner practised by the natives, armed himself and rode by their side for several days, till they reached Ahmednuggur, striving, "by the most vigilant attention and kindness, to lessen the discomforts of the road." The ladies entreated him to take some money, if only in repayment of the expenses of the journey; but he persisted in refusing, on the ground that it would disgrace him to accept money under the circumstances; and that he only desired that his name might be good among the English. After his return his dwelling was burned to the ground by some of his countrymen, in revenge for his devotion to the Feringhee.

* Further Parl. Papers, 1857; p. 82.

† Letter in the *Times*, August 22nd, 1857.

the men, and induce them to remain and hear what was to be said to them. With great difficulty a large portion of the men were separated, and ordered to fall back in the rear of the force. The rest dispersed among the lines, refusing to return, though frequently called upon to do so. They mounted their horses, upon which General Woodburn ordered the guns to open on them. They all then immediately fled, and were pursued by the dragoons. The whole of the bad men were among them."* The officer whose testimony (published anonymously in the *Times*) has been given as showing the reason why the general prevented the wholesale butchery of a mass of men, who, mutinous or not mutinous, had been diplomatised with, in a manner not much in accordance with British straightforwardness, up to the very moment when the guns of the column could be brought to bear on them—thus describes the proceedings which followed the flight and pursuit of the mutineers:—

"Two of our companies afterwards went all through the lines, and we fully expected a slight struggle there; but they were not game; and such as did not run away gave themselves up quickly. We took their standards. These mutineers are, without exception, the finest body of men I have seen in India—immense fellows, of sixteen or seventeen stone each, and scarcely one of them under five feet ten inches. We have already disposed of a goodly number of the ninety-four prisoners we took in the first haul of the net. One has been hung, four shot, one blown from a gun—a frightful sight indeed! his head ascended about twenty yards into the air, and his arms were thrown about eighty yards in either direction. I was astonished to see how coolly they received intelligence that they were to suffer death. The man who was blown away only said, 'that witnesses against him would have to answer for this in the next world;' and begged of them not to tie him to the guns, as he would not flinch at all. The fellow who was hung said, that 'having washed his hands of life, he had washed away all his sins, and the sooner he went to paradise the better.' We have yet plenty of this work before us."

Of the prisoners taken in this affair, two were blown from guns; seven shot by the dragoons; four cut down in the charge; several hung; between thirty and forty transported; one hundred disbanded and turned out of the station; and some fifty or sixty others flogged and otherwise punished.

Hyderabad.—While the events just recorded were taking place at Aurungabad, affairs at Hyderabad were in a most critical state. The Moolvees, or Mohammedan priests, scarcely disguised their exultation at hearing the news from Meerut and Delhi (which happily did not reach the city for nearly a month after the perpetration of the massacres); and the fakirs, or religious mendicants, went among the lower orders of the people, using the most inflammatory language. The fidelity of the resident's escort, consisting of two companies of Native infantry, 200 troopers, and five guns, was strongly suspected, as also that of the troops in the Secunderabad cantonments; but happily the Arab guards stood firm on the side of order. A member of the European community at Hyderabad, who has given a well-digested account of the able and fearless manner in which the native government breasted the storm—remarks, that the fidelity of the Arabs might be partly accounted for by the regular payment they received from Salar Jung; and further, by their being, as a class, wealthy and avaricious, acting as the soucars or bankers of the city, and therefore naturally disinclined to take part in a struggle in which, win who might, they were sure to lose. At an early period, the Arab jemadars assured the resident of their resolve to stand by the government; and they had repeated opportunities of proving their sincerity. There were, however, disorderly bands of Deccanees, Rohillas, and Afghans in the city, whose voice was ever for war; and it was impossible to foresee how long even the watchful and resolute sway of Salar Jung would suffice to keep down disaffection. On Friday, the 12th of June, an attempt was made in one of the chief mosques to raise the cry for a Jehad, or holy war. The Moolvee (Akbar Ali) was interrupted by a voice demanding the extermination of the infidels: a second speaker took the same tone; and but for the timely arrival of the Arabs sent by the minister, an immediate outbreak would probably have occurred. The preachers of sedition escaped, for it was impossible to detect them amid an assemblage of 5,000 persons. Placards were thenceforth daily stuck up in the mosques, and Salar Jung became the object of popular hatred and virulent abuse. Unmoved, he tore down the placards; placed Arab guards at all the gates and mosques; warned unruly characters; watched suspected men; summoned Seiks and others, whom he could trust, to the city; and broke up all tumultuous assemblies. The British functionaries zealously co-operated

* Captain Abbott's Report, June 24th, 1857.—Further Parl. Papers, 1857 (not numbered), p. 87.

with the native minister. General Cotton, and the indefatigable police magistrate, Captain Webb, were incessantly on the alert; the post-office was watched, fakirs were deported, suspicious characters imprisoned, newsmakers flogged, and every means taken to prevent mischief entering the cantonments from without. But there were counteracting influences at work—the Wahabees were busily inciting the sepoys to revolt; and rumours gained ground in the city, that they would not stand the strain much longer. On the 20th of June, the intelligence of the disturbances at Aurungabad arrived, and caused great excitement in the city and cantonments. Five days later, the false but generally believed report that Delhi had fallen, gave rise to a different feeling. The writer already quoted, whose statements supply the deficiency of official records, observes—

"The effect upon the masses of the people was very marked. We then saw that Delhi was everything; it was a name, a cause, a locality, a something tangible to fight for. Many, even of the better classes, scarcely knew Cawnpoor, Lahore, Allahabad, &c., by name; but all knew Delhi. Our defeats and successes elsewhere were moonshine; at Delhi they were of overwhelming importance: with Delhi we held India; without it we were conquered. In a few days the real truth was known—Delhi had not fallen, and every native raised his head again higher than ever. Rumours of further mutinies and massacres, of further misfortunes, created intense satisfaction here, and evidently the heaving was beginning to look uncomfortable once more."*

On the 12th of July, thirteen of the Aurungabad mutineers were apprehended and handed over to the resident. On the 17th (Friday), a band of Rohillas, headed by a jemadar, named Toora Baz Khan, and a Moolvee, burst into the Begum bazaar, and proceeded to attack the Residency, calling out for the release of the Aurungabad prisoners, and the looting of the treasury. The Residency and bazaar are divided from the city by the Moossi river. The former, planned and executed by Major Oliphant in 1831, is a superb pile of building, built of squared granite stone, and far better calculated to stand a siege than that at Lucknow. Its occupants were not taken by surprise: guns were posted in readiness; and when the turbulent mob commenced breaking down the garden gates, the horse artillery opened at 300 yards' distance with double charges of canister. When the smoke dispersed, the assailants were found to have disappeared likewise. The greater part had fled out of reach; the rest had broken into a neighbouring house for shelter. The night came on, and "watch was set to hinder their escape, but in vain: they dug through a wall, and fled." Toora Baz Khan was eventually captured through the exertions of Salar Jung; but the Moolvee remained at large, and was supposed to be concealed by some influential city noble. The failure of the attempted *émeute* was very serviceable to the British cause. The Aurungabad mutineers were tried, transported, and sent off with all speed to Masulipatam. There were still difficulties to be met by the Hyderabad government, caused by the progress of the rebellion in Central India; the long interval which elapsed before the capture of Delhi; and especially the celebration of the Mohurrum (ending on the 31st of August), at which time Mohammedan bigotry attains its highest pitch. But the preparations made to meet the danger, sufficed to avert it: no disturbance took place; the native authorities were stanch in this trying, tempting hour, as they ever had been; and in opposition to the clamorous popular voice, the court of Hyderabad continued, throughout the mutiny, the most valuable ally of the Calcutta government. The peril is past now (at least people think so); and many Indian, and some few English, voices are asking—What is to be done for the Nizam? Are the "temporarily assumed" districts to be restored to him? And by what honours and rewards is the Crown of England to show its gratitude to the venerable Shums-ool-Omrah, and the able and unflinching Salar Jung? English infirmity and incapacity are shelved with a retiring pension from Indian revenues: Indian annuities and British honours are showered abundantly on men who have not seldom made the mischief they have the credit of mending: but is there no provision in our system, our new system of national government and national responsibility, for fitly rewarding native statesmen, who have served us ably, heartily, successfully, in the severest trial we have ever had in India? If not, our present, and ostensibly reformed, plan must needs have for its main-spring the same short-sighted selfishness which was the radical defect in the policy of the old E. I. Company; a policy that has borne the fruit of

* Letter dated "Hyderabad, Deccan, October 12th, 1857."—*Times*, December 3rd, 1857.

bankruptcy and disgrace, an empty treasury, and a heavy national debt tied round the necks of a people whose consent was never asked for its imposition; incurred, too, not in improving the country, but in making war, and supporting enormous bands of mercenaries, whose revolt has brought the sway of "their honourable masters" to a speedy conclusion, and deluged India with English and native blood. These are the results of governing on the principle of India for the E.I. Company. It remains to be proved whether the British parliament is aware of the necessity of a change in practice as well as in theory—in performance as well as in promise—in things as well as in names.

Agra.—The mutinies detailed in preceding pages, rendered our tenure of the capital of the North-West Provinces very precarious. The men of the two regiments (44th and 67th N.I.) disarmed at the close of May, had, happily for all parties, quietly availed themselves of permission to return to their homes; but the Neemuch mutineers took up a position on the high-road to Agra, and threatened to attack the city.

At first sight, few places would have appeared better capable of resisting a siege than the stately fort, rebuilt by Akber in 1570, and long considered impregnable. It stands on the right bank of the river Jumna; and the high, red sandstone walls, deep ditch, and drawbridge, form, in their massive strength, a counterpart of the magnificence within the fort, which contains the palace, with its gilded cupolas, and rich tracery of gold and blue enamel—on which Akber lavished millions; the Motee Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, of pure white marble; the arsenal, and other public buildings. The acting commander-in-chief, Sir Patrick Grant, as late as the 25th of July, took the popular view of the strength of the fort of Agra, and appears to have imperfectly appreciated the danger to be apprehended in the event of a siege by the Gwalior contingent. "We may lose," he writes from Calcutta, "perhaps have lost, the country round Agra; but it would be hard to convince me, that any number of mutineers and insurgents that can possibly be congregated before the place, can ever succeed in capturing the fort of Agra—a strong and regular fortification, thoroughly armed with heavy guns of siege-calibre; manned by a European garrison of at least 1,000 men, including the volunteers; and with a principal arsenal, thoroughly supplied with every munition of war, within the walls. If the authorities have neglected to collect and store provisions, the garrison may be starved into submission, of course; but otherwise, the fort of Agra is perfectly safe."*

The lieutenant-governor did not take so sanguine a view of affairs. The fort he described as an old native one, with some weak points about it. The European battery was not well manned; it was deficient both in officers and men, but possessed an excellent commander in Captain d'Oyly. Provisions for six months had been secured, through the intervention of a famous commissariat contractor, Lala Jotee Persaud. The British commissariat officer—being, it is said, very inefficiently supported, if not absolutely contravened, by the Agra magistrate, in his efforts to purchase stores of grain from the disaffected dealers—was in despair; when recourse was had to the Lala, whose previous most important services in the Sutlej campaign had been requited by an action for embezzlement. Happily for us, he had been acquitted, and the money due to him repaid at last. Perhaps, as a writer in the *Quarterly Review* suggests, "he forgot our ingratitude in our justice."† The fact of his being an extensive proprietor of government paper, doubtless tended to make him desirous of the maintenance, or rather restoration, of British rule: but it is certain that he stood almost alone, loyal and friendly, in the midst of a disaffected population; never wavered even when our fortunes and exchequer were at the lowest, and continued to inform the authorities of the intelligence he received by means of the regular communication kept up by him, on his private account, with Delhi and Gwalior,‡ at a time when Agra was the one remaining stronghold of the North-West Provinces, and stood "surrounded, as it were, by a perfect sea of mutiny."§

The lieutenant-governor resisted its encroachments to the uttermost, while himself dying by slow degrees, from the effects of unremitting anxiety and fatigue. His position was as cruel a one as that which

* Memorandum by Sir Patrick Grant, the acting commander-in-chief.—Further Parl. Papers, 1857 (No. 4), p. 18.

† *Quarterly Review*, October, 1858.

‡ Letter of one of the Agra garrison.—*Times*, April 4th, 1857.

§ See communication already quoted, made by Umballah correspondent to the *Times*, Oct. 26th, 1857.

Sir Henry Lawrence then held at Lucknow. The cry of help arose on all sides from subordinate stations, and he had none to give. Very different was the situation of Sir John Lawrence in the Punjab. When the cartridge mutiny commenced, he found himself with twelve European regiments, and an untainted local army, in the midst of a population of 13,000,000, quite indifferent to nice questions of caste; while Mr. Colvin had three European regiments wherewith to meet the revolt of a trained and numerous army, and the passive, and often active, hostility of 40,000,000 of people, who had, for years, been complaining of the oppressive nature of our taxation, and "disliked, for very sufficient reason, our system of civil procedure."* The faults of which Mr. Colvin was accused, were those of "overgoverning" and undue clemency. The former might have been forgiven; but the latter was the most unpardonable sin a European could commit in the sight of his countrymen during their first paroxysms of rage and terror.

Raikes writes—"The fine frame of Mr. Colvin was sinking under the ravages of disease, yet he persisted in attending to every detail of business. While he acknowledged to me, that the load of responsibility, the agony caused by the suffering and dangers of his officers at every station in Upper India, was too much for human endurance, he resolutely watched every detail of public business. Even now, if I wanted a sword or a pistol from the magazine, Mr. Colvin's counter-signature was necessary."† It is possible, that the reason of this may have been the lieutenant-governor's desire to exercise some check on the village-burning expeditions; the impolicy, as well as cruelty of which he must have appreciated; and likewise of the means adopted at this period for the obtainment of revenue. Mr. Colvin never confounded ferocity with vigour. He saw clearly that we were "not in a position to refuse to receive submission from, and accord pardon to, the large section of sepoys who had but followed their leaders;" and he knew that "the confident European cry, that Delhi should be taken forthwith, and not one of them should escape, was, in fact, but ignorance and folly. A division among the mutineers, and the partial submission of the least guilty, was, of all things, most to be desired."‡ But he was in a very small minority; and he could do little to counteract the system of indiscriminate vengeance pursued by the Europeans, wherever they were in sufficient numbers to attempt it, notwithstanding its evident tendency to diminish the chances of escape for the European fugitives. Yet he never ceased to feel, and to avow his sense of, the responsibility incurred by the government towards the people, over whom it had assumed the rights of sovereignty. "He could not bear to give up station after station to anarchy, neither could he quietly see his trusted friends and officers butchered like sheep. The struggle consumed him. 'The wrath of God is upon us,' he exclaimed, 'if we retire into the fort.'" During the night of the 23rd of June, the gaol guard, which formed the protecting force of the large central prison, deserted with their arms. A guard from the 3rd European regiment supplied their place. On the 25th, a fire occurred within the gaol, by which some workshops were destroyed, and the large ranges of separate cells endangered. The prisoners confined in them were removed, during the conflagration, to a distant part of the precincts, and the flames were subdued. After this, arrangements were made for the release of minor offenders; but there still remained 3,500 convicts to be guarded; and, to increase the danger, the gaol was in the immediate vicinity of the civil lines, where the higher functionaries, with their wives and children, held their ground up to the end of June, being unwilling to exchange their spacious and sumptuously furnished houses for the close quarters within the fort. Day after day fugitives came pouring in, reporting the mutiny of regiments or detachments previously considered sound. The gradual defection of the Gwalior contingent was especially alarming. On the morning of the 3rd of July, the officers of the 2nd cavalry, Gwalior contingent—Captain Burlton, Adjutant Salmond, and the regimental surgeon, rode in from Sansee, a station some forty miles distant, where the sepoys had quietly told the Europeans they must go, but that no insult or injury would be offered them.§ The Neemuch mutineers had been for some time approaching Agra; and as they drew nearer, the Europeans, in expectation of

* Raikes' *Revolt in the N. W. Provinces.* † *Ibid.*
‡ Letter from Umballah.—*Times*, Oct. 26th, 1857.

§ Letter of Lieutenant Salmond.—*Times*, September 1st, 1857.

an attack, for the most part retired within the walls. Colonel Fraser, the second in command (Brigadier Polwhele being the first), declared the Candaharee Bagh—a palace in the civil lines, where the volunteers kept watch—no longer tenable; and took up his position in a small house, under the walls of the fort. Mr. Raikes, and several other civilians, persevered in sleeping at the Candaharee Bagh as late as the night of the 3rd of July. Raikes, being himself restless from fever, watched the sleepers around.

"There lay the member for Agra (Harington), of the legislative council of India—half dressed, a sword by his bedside, a gun in the corner, and a revolver under his pillow. Those gaunt, unshaven, weary-looking men by his side, are the judges of the Sudder Court. For six weeks they have been watching the rising flood of revolt, which had now risen more than breast-high. Will they ever sleep under a roof of their own again?"

The Kotah contingent—700 men in all; cavalry, infantry, and a battery of six guns—showed no signs of mutiny up to the 4th of July. The men had, for the previous month, been employed "in collecting revenue for us, burning disaffected villages, and hanging mutineers and rebels;"* and their co-operation was relied on against the rebel force, posted twenty-two miles off, and believed to consist of the 72nd N.I., 7th infantry, Gwalior contingent, three troops of 1st Bengal light cavalry, the cavalry of the united Malwa contingent (who had mutinied at Mahidpoor), and a battery of Native horse artillery. It was expected that the enemy, being so strong in cavalry, would send their troopers to plunder and burn the cantonments; and notwithstanding the result of a similar attempt at Lucknow, the military authorities resolved on marching forth that evening to attack the mutineers. The main body of the Kotah contingent was ordered to take its station half-way between government house in the city, and the European barracks. The cavalry no sooner reached their encampment, than they fired on their officers, and killed their sergeant-major; the infantry and artillery fled in confusion, to join the Neemuch mutineers; all but two faithful Native gunners, who spiked the guns they could not defend. A detachment of forty men, under a subahdar, on guard at the government house, remained at their post, and rescued the political agent attached to the Kotah contingent, who describes himself as having fallen into the hands of some Kerowlee natives, previously employed by one of the subordinate European officials in raising revenue and "plundering villages;" but who were now as ready to kill a Feringhee as a Hindoo, and to pillage British bungalows as native habitations.†

The 3rd Europeans were ordered to bring back the guns of the Kotah contingent. They went out for the purpose; and returned safely, with six guns, having been absent about two hours, exposed to drenching rain. It was then nine o'clock, and the intended night march was abandoned; but on the following morning (Sunday, July 5th), a force, consisting of 650 of the 3rd Europeans, a battery commanded by Captain d'Oyly, and 200 militia volunteers (composed of officers of mutinied regiments, civilians, merchants, and writers), set forth, under the command of Brigadier Polwhele and Colonel Riddell. There seems to be no second opinion regarding this expedition. It ought never to have been attempted, inasmuch as the hazard of losing the fort of Agra, was a much greater evil than the chance of dispersing the Neemuch mutineers could counterbalance: yet the peril was incurred, and grievous loss sustained; and, after all, the dearly bought victory was turned into an ignominious retreat, because the military authorities neglected the ordinary precaution of providing the force with spare ammunition.

The troops marched from cantonments to meet an enemy estimated as being ten times their number, leaving three companies of the 3rd Europeans in the fort for its only garrison. After passing through the village of Shahgunge, just outside the civil lines, they advanced on the road to Futtehpoor Sikree, until, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, they reached a

* Letter of an officer of the 3rd Europeans.—*Times*, September 2nd, 1857.

† The Bengal civilian, who describes himself as having "joined the Kotah contingent, as political agent, in the districts of Muttra, Agra and Alighur," states, that at the beginning of June, a Mohammedan, named Sefula Khan, "brought into the Agra district a lot of wild-looking men from Kerowlee, as he said, to help D—— [Daniells, assistant under-commissioner of revenue for the Agra division?] to get in his revenue—about 500 men in all, regular cowards, but good fellows to plunder villages, &c."—*Times*, October 9th, 1857. It is to be regretted that the &c. is not explained. After the revelations of the torture commission, it is important to know what means of obtaining revenue, besides plundering villages, are sanctioned by European magistrates in cases of difficulty.

village named Sussia, immediately in the rear of which, the mutineers were strongly posted. The British force formed into line, with three guns on each flank—the 3rd Europeans in the middle, the mounted militia in the rear. The infantry were ordered to lie down while the artillery opened on the village, at about 600 yards' distance. The mutineers fought irregularly, but with unusual determination; and a rifle company of the 72nd N.I. inflicted severe loss on the British, who had two tumbrils blown up, and a gun dismounted. An attempt was made by the rebel cavalry to surround the British, and seize the baggage and ammunition; but the volunteer horse beat them off. The village was then stormed in two columns, and carried at the point of the bayonet. Some resistance was made; and the women of the village were seen loading the muskets, and handing them to the men to fire.*

Lieutenant Salmond, who was acting as aide-de-camp to Colonel Riddell, seeing the enemy retreating in confusion, galloped back from the village to the brigadier, to carry him the welcome intelligence, and was ordered instantly to bring up the guns. The lieutenant obeyed; "but, alas! not a round of ammunition remained." The information sounded like the death-warrant of the Europeans. "I certainly thought," writes Lieutenant Salmond, "that not a man would reach Agra alive."† Another officer writes—"One thing is certain; if their cavalry had had one grain of pluck, they might have cut us up almost to a man."‡ But it happened that the rebels themselves laboured under a disadvantage in regard to shot, and actually fired pice (farthings) at the close of the action, which lasted less than two hours. The Europeans burned the village, formed in line, and retreated, with some of their best officers severely or mortally wounded, and their ammunition exhausted. One vigorous charge from the rebel cavalry would have carried the day; the Europeans would have been crushed by the sheer force of overwhelming numbers; and then, even supposing the rebels not to have at once besieged Agra, how long, after such a disaster, would Sindia and Dinkur Rao have been able to restrain the Gwalior contingent from bringing against the fort the siege-train which, humanly speaking, seemed alone needful to secure its downfall? Happily no charge was made: the enemy had no leaders, and fought in the old desultory Mahratta fashion, hanging on the flanks and rear of the retreating force, but neglecting every opportunity of striking a decisive blow. The Europeans were chased into Agra by the rebels, with a 6-pounder gun (probably the only one left that the mutineers could move about, or had ammunition for), and harassed by cavalry. The British loss was terrible. The casualties amounted to 141; more than one man in six: and of these, forty-nine were killed or mortally wounded. Captain d'Oyly was among the latter, and his death was a calamity to the garrison. His horse was shot under him at the commencement of the action; but he was himself unhurt till some time later, when, while stooping down to assist in extricating the wheel of a gun, he was struck by a grape-shot in the side. Supporting himself on a tumbril, he continued to give orders till he sank, exhausted by pain and weakness, exclaiming as he fell, "Ah! they have done for me now: put a stone over my grave, and say I died fighting my guns." He was, however, carried back to the fort, and lingered until the following evening. Lieutenant Lambe, another artillery officer, languished a whole month, and then died of his wounds.

The loss of the enemy was estimated as exceeding 500; but had it been many times greater, the effect of this ill-judged expedition could not have been otherwise than injurious to the British cause. On the 4th of July, an attack of illness had deprived the Europeans of the lieutenant-governor's supervision;§ and, after the battle, panic prevailed in Agra, both within and without the fort. A party of the residents had watched, from the Flagstaff—an elevated position at one of the gates of the fort—the retreat of their countrymen, pursued by the rebels. The alarm was given; and the Europeans not already within the walls, rushed in. The retreating troops hurried through the city; the men on guard at the gaol, fled with them into the fort; the gates were closed in all haste; and, on every side, the cry was heard in Agra—"The rule of the

* The testimony of an eye-witness, a young officer of the 3rd Europeans.—*Times*, Sept. 2nd, 1857.

† Letter.—*Times*, September 1st, 1857.

‡ *Times*, September 2nd, 1857.

§ "Mr. Colvin has been, for the last two days, totally unfit [ted] for any public duty, by an attack of his head."—Official report of Civil Commissioner Muir, Agra, July 6th.

Feringhee is over!" The budmashes rose to fraternise with the rebels; the prisoners were set free; and the frantic mob began to pillage and burn the cantonments, and hunt all Christians to the death. It does not appear that the persecution was on account of religion, as such, but because the interests of the native Christians were viewed as identified with their instructors. The Agra authorities, acting for Mr. Colvin, had refused them admission into the fort; and at "the last hour, when the wounded and the troops were returning from the field of battle, and entering the fort, the poor Christian families were standing before the gates, imploring the guards to let them in; but in vain." However, Mr. French and Mr. Schneider took advantage of the entrance of the troops to bring in the women and children, to the number of about 240. The men were afterwards also suffered to come in, on the understanding that they should make themselves useful as servants, gunners, and in any way which might be required. They were so harshly treated, that one of the missionaries "thought, that should they turn rebels, it would be no very great wonder."* Another declares, that "the policy of the Europeans was, for a time, such as to force them to become rebels, if they could have been forced. But they could not. They were stanch men and true. They were more—they showed their fellow-Christians, bearing the name of Englishmen or Scotchmen, that they were men of principle. They showed them how they could endure persecution."†

The native Christians proved of great assistance to the Europeans: the men did a good work on their entrance, by saving medical stores from a house nearly a mile from the fort; by carrying sick and wounded, and taking service wherever they found it; for, in the hasty closing of the gates, the mass of the native servants had been left outside; and though many of them would willingly have cast in their lot with their masters,‡ they dared not approach, because "the soldiers shot at every black face that came in sight."§ No escort was sent out to scour the city and rescue Europeans, Eurasians, or natives actually in the service of government. The list of persons killed is suggestive of either selfishness or incapacity on the part of the authorities; for the victims did not perish in a general massacre by mutineers, but were killed in one's, two's, or three's in the city, on the 5th and 6th of July, by the revolted city guard, the budmashes, and released convicts; and although the murders were committed within sight and hearing of a stronghold garrisoned by an entire European regiment, not a shot was fired—not a blow struck in defence of these thirty British subjects.

The names are thus given in the *London Gazette*:—

Christie Leveret.
Alexander Derridon, from Alighur, with his wife and three children.
B. A. Piaggio, clerk in the civil auditor's office.
J. Hawkins.
Louis Maxwell, a government pensioner.
Zacharias Parsick, clerk in the secretariat, and his mother.
John Anthony, clerk in the secretariat.
J. Lamborne, and his daughter.
H. Hare, and his son, government clerks
J. Danselme, junior.
Mrs. Nowlan.
Mrs. Mathias, burnt to death.
C. R. Thorton, assistant patrol.
Major John Jacob, late of Sindia's service.
F. C. Hubbard, professor at the Agra college, and brother to the clergyman killed at Delhi.
T. Delisle, drummer, 9th N.I.
G. Turvy, bandmaster.
J. Allen, pensioner.
Mr. Gray's mother-in-law.
R. Dennis, compositor, *Mofussilite* press.
Mrs. Dennis.
Peter, a catechist, and two other native Christians, living at the Kuttra church.

The day following the battle was one of great excitement, it being generally expected that the mutineers would take up their position in Agra; instead of which, they marched off, on the very night of the battle, to Muttra, from whence they sent a deputation to Gwalior, conjuring the contingent to join them in attacking the fort. But the policy of Dinkur Rao prevented the proposed co-operation; and, on the 18th of July, the Neemuch rebels started for Delhi. It was known that they had little or no ammunition, and scarcely any

* Rev. J. L. Scott, of the American Board of Missions.—Sherring's *Indian Church*, p. 95.

† Rev. J. Parsons, Baptist missionary.—*Ibid.*, p. 88.

‡ Mr. Raikes says the servants generally were well-conducted. "One of my own old favourites behaved ill amongst about fifty:" the rest were devoted and faithful.—*Revolt in the N.W. Provinces*, p. 64.

§ Letter of civilian attached to Kotah contingent.—*Times*, October 9th, 1857. Mrs. Coopland says, the soldiers fired at every black face that showed itself within range, and even threw two shells into the city.—*Escape from Gwalior*, p. 183.

money. Their departure was a great relief to the motley crowd assembled within the fort. A body of troops was sent out to make a demonstration in the city; rows of gibbets were erected, and many natives hanged.

The relatives or friends of the sufferers were at first allowed to take away the bodies: the permission was rescinded because they were carried round the walls, decked with garlands of flowers, and reverenced as the relics of martyrs.

Apprehensions were expressed by many persons regarding the consequences of the compression of so large and heterogeneous a multitude within the fort, at the worst season of the year; but the excellent arrangements made by Mr. Colvin,* prevented much of the suffering which must otherwise have arisen. The want of bread was severely felt at Lucknow: women and children, the sick and the wounded, grew to loathe the sight of chupatties. But at Agra, after the battle, the first objects seen "entering the gates, when the panic-stricken authorities ventured to open them wide enough to admit a mouse, were carts of bread, that the Lala [Jotee Persaud] had baked at his own house in the city, for the troops and people who were shut up."†

The death, by cholera, of Captain Burlton, of the Gwalior contingent, on the 12th of July, excited considerable alarm; but there were not many fatal cases or much disease; and for the next four months, the life of the Europeans in Agra, though strange and startling at first, became wearisome from its monotony. Mr. Raikes writes—

"Whatever remained unscathed, from Meerut to Allahabad, either of Englishmen or of their works, was conglomerated here. Here were the remnants of the record of survey and revenue settlement—that great work on which heaps of money, and the best energies of our best men, had been lavished for a quarter of a century. Here were the only munitions of war, the only instruments of art or materials of science, which remained to us. In huts hastily prepared, among the galleries and gateways of the old palace of the emperors, a motley crowd assembled. Matted screens were set up along the marble corridors which, in Akber's time, were hung with the silks of Persia and the brocades of Benares.‡ Under this shade, not only was every part of our British isles represented, but we had also unwilling delegates from many parts of Europe and America. Nuns from the banks of the Garonne and the Loire, priests from Sicily and Rome, missionaries from Ohio and Basle, mixed with rope-dancers from Paris and pedlars from Armenia. Besides these, we had Calcutta Baboos and Parsee merchants. Although all the Christians alike were driven by the mutinous legions into the fort, the circumstances of the multitude were as various as their races. There were men who had endured more than all the afflictions of Job, who had lost like him not only their sons, daughters, and everything they possessed, but who also mourned over the fate of wife, mother, and sister! Reserved, silent, solitary among the crowd, they longed either to live alone with their grief, or to quench the fire within by some hurried act of vengeance or despair. Some few there were, on the other hand, who secretly rejoiced in the troubles of the Christian race, who fattened on their spoil, and waited only to betray them if opportunity should offer. The mass had lost their property: the householder his houses, the merchant his money, the shopkeeper his stores. Part, however, was saved: you could buy millinery or perfumery, but not cheese, beer, wine, nor tobacco. In short, we had to rough it at Agra, to bear discomfort and privation; but as the bazaars soon opened, and generally remained open, we had no real hardships to undergo. If our army retired from before the walls of Delhi, or if the Gwalior contingent, with their artillery and siege-train, made up their minds to attack us, as was constantly threatened, then we might be subjected to a siege."

The advance of the Gwalior contingent was, of course, the one great danger that menaced Agra. Major Macpherson maintained, as has been stated, an incessant correspondence with the Gwalior durbar; his sister, Mrs. Innes, acting as his secretary, and striving to keep down, by ministering to the comfort of those around her (especially the Gwalior fugitives), her

* Mr. E. A. Reade, the senior member of the Sudder Board of Revenue, assisted Mr. Colvin in many ways, especially in framing measures for the relief of the local government from its financial embarrassments. At the request of Mr. Colvin, Mr. Reade commenced negotiations for a loan of five lacs of rupees with the principal merchants and bankers of Agra, purposely excepting from the number Jotee Persaud, who was pouring provisions into the fort, and had agreed to take a large amount of the cost in supply-bills. Unhappily, Mr. Colvin was induced to alter his plans, and orders were given to levy a compulsory loan of twenty lacs. Mr. Reade's protest was disregarded; the merchants were summoned, and made to sign an engagement to the desired effect. Several of them left the city in disgust, and not a rupee was realised by the proceeding. The opposition offered to it by Mr. Reade, subsequently induced the citizens of Agra to listen to him, and enter into transactions which enabled the authorities to meet the expenditure of the subsequent months.

† Letter from "one of the late garrison at Agra."—*Times*, April 4th, 1858.

‡ As if to heighten the contrast between Oriental barbarism and European civilisation, the unwilling tenants of Akber's marble halls, decorated the narrow limits allotted them according to their peculiar ideas. Dr. Christison, for instance (a surgeon attached to the 1st cavalry), "having a taste for pictures," adorned the apartment of his sick wife with a portrait of Madeleine Smith, cut out of the *Illustrated News* (Mrs. Coopland; p. 210), as a refreshing and edifying subject of contemplation.

cruel anxiety regarding the position of her husband, Lieutenant Innes, at Lucknow. Mrs. Blake, and other widowed ladies, forgetting their private griefs, devoted themselves to nursing the sick and wounded.

The report of the battle of July 5th, furnished to the Supreme government, was probably much less detailed and explicit than that given here by the aid of private letters; but its immediate consequence was the supersession of Brigadier Polwhele by Lieutenant-colonel Cotton of the 69th N.I., passing over the head of a senior officer (Lieutenant-colonel Fraser, of the engineers).* Mr. Drummond was removed from the magistracy to a judgeship, and Mr. Phillips made magistrate in his stead. The new brigadier, as his *sobriquet* of "Gun-cotton" denoted, was a man of considerable energy, and a sense of duty sufficiently strong to lead him to incur responsibility and unpopularity, in controlling, by stringent measures (including flogging), the excesses of the militiamen and volunteers. It is no wonder that these auxiliaries should have been disorderly: the only marvel is, that the regular troops did not become utterly disorganised by the species of warfare in which they were employed. The official records throw little light on this subject; and again it becomes necessary to seek elsewhere the missing links in the narrative. Mrs. Coopland relates the manner in which she and other ladies sat on the towers of Agra, "watching the sun set, and the flames rising from the villages round Agra, which our troops burnt. One village which they destroyed in this way was not gained without a sharp fight with the villagers, who offered resistance: sixty villagers were slain, amongst whom were two women, accidentally killed, who were loading guns, and otherwise assisting their party."

In the extensive destruction of villages which took place at this time, it cannot of course be expected that the women could escape uninjured. There is no reason to believe they did so, even before the fate of the Cawnpoor and Futtehghur fugitives was known: after that, the vengeance of the soldiers spared neither sex nor age. One of the garrison, writing from Agra on the 22nd of August, says—

"A force was dispatched, some days ago, against an insurgent Jhat village across the Jumna, and about twenty miles from this. It consisted of eighty men of the 3rd Europeans, two guns, and thirty mounted militia (Europeans and East Indians), under Captain Pond. They stormed the village, and killed at least 400 men: 313 dead bodies were counted in the streets, besides those killed by the guns in front of the village, and sabred by the cavalry in the field when trying to escape. It is significant that none of the enemy were merely wounded, and not a prisoner was taken. Our men fought like savages, and spared none; but crying out, "Remember our women at Cawnpoor!" they shot and bayoneted without mercy. After they had slain every man they could find, I lament to say they did what infuriated soldiers too frequently do when they take cities by assault—they ravished the women. The officers were unable to control their men; and till the village was set on fire, these scenes were repeated.†

Perhaps if Mrs. Coopland and her friends could have seen all this somewhat closer, instead of having only a bird's-eye view of the flames, they would have preferred remaining in their dull quarters, where they "forgot the days, except when the Baptists held their meetings every Wednesdays and Fridays in a place in our square." The gaieties which are described as taking place in other parts of the fort—the balls and musical parties, the gay weddings, brides in veils and lace dresses, officers in full regimentals, and the ladies in gay attire, scarcely, however, afforded a stronger contrast to the sufferings of the villagers, than to the precarious position of the merry-makers themselves, who must have felt very much as if they were dancing beside a yawning grave; the officers having arranged, that in the event of a siege and an unsuccessful defence, they would all blow themselves up in the powder-magazine.‡ This witness, however, gives only one side of the picture, or rather a highly coloured view of one of its many sides. Her knowledge could be but very superficial regarding the proceedings of the 4,289 persons§ who, on the 25th of August, 1857, occupied the fort. There were men there—Major Macpherson, Mr. Raikes, and Mr. Reade, among others—capable of looking beyond the provocations of the moment, and incapable of viewing, without anxiety and grief, the increasing alienation fast ripening into

* Despatch of Lieutenant-governor Colvin, August 5th, 1857.—Further Parl. Papers, 1857 (No. 4), p. 142.

† *Morning Star*, October 29th, 1857.

‡ Mrs. Coopland's *Escape from Gwalior*, p. 215.

§ Of these, including the European regiment and the artillery, 1,065 were male adult Europeans, 443 Eurasians, 267 native Christians, and the remaining 2,514, women and non-adults of the aforesaid classes.

hatred between the two races. None felt this more painfully than the lieutenant-governor. The last letter sent by him to England affords a melancholy insight into his position and feelings. "My authority," he writes, "is now confined to a few miles near this fort. The city is quiet, and gives supplies. Collection of revenue quite suspended. The bankers will give small sums at very high rates in loan. I send my affectionate regards to all my old friends. I cannot shut my eyes to what is probably before me. If I have erred in any step, hard has been my position; and you will all bear lightly on my memory, and help my family* as far as you can. Let Trevelyan see this."

These are the words of a broken-hearted, disappointed man. And such John Colvin was. Worn and weary, he sank into the grave on the 9th of September, at the age of fifty. The Supreme government lamented the loss it sustained in his "ripe experience, high ability, and untiring energy;"† and the personal friend he valued most, Sir Charles Trevelyan, the present governor of Madras, responded to his last touching message, by laying before the European public a sketch of his life and labours, drawn up in the very spirit of tenderness and discrimination.‡ But, after all, the system of government established in the North-West Provinces, was far too radically wrong to work well, even under so upright and industrious a man as John Colvin: and evidence is wanting to show how far he struggled against the evils he must have daily witnessed; or that he was willing, like Henry Lawrence in the Punjab, to be set aside, sooner than be instrumental in perpetrating injustice or oppression.

Saugor,—the chief place of an extensive tract, known as the Saugor and Nerbudda territories, was held in May, 1857, by the 31st and 42nd N.I., the 3rd irregular cavalry, and a company of artillery. The officer in command, Brigadier Sage, considering all the Native troops disaffected, removed from cantonments on the 29th of June, with the European officers, into the fort—a ruinous old building, the walls of which would, it was expected, "fall from concussion of guns,"§ in the event of attack. The garrison, after this decisive move, is thus stated by the brigadier:—"Sixty-eight artillerymen, fifteen conductors and sergeants, the officers of the 31st and 42nd, and civilians, drummers, sergeants, &c.; seventy-six in all: including sick, 131." Besides these, there were 159 women and children: giving a total of 290 persons.|| When the Native troops were left to themselves, the 41st, and all but sixty of the 3rd cavalry, hoisted the green flag, and began to loot the cantonments, and burn the bungalows and bazaar. The 31st opposed them, and sent to the brigadier for assistance, which he refused. The conduct of the brigadier was considered to require explanation, and the commander-in-chief called for a "full detail of all the circumstances connected with his quitting cantonments, and of the subsequent proceedings at Saugor."¶ The order was obeyed in a report, which is naturally a vindication against censure, rather than an unbiassed narrative of events. The gist of the matter is given in the following quotation from the account written on the spur of the moment by the brigadier, for the information of his friends in England.

"The 31st sent to me for guns, but it suited not my policy to give them. I sent them sixty troopers to assist them, and then they were rather overmatched, as the 42nd had drilled the spike out of an old 12-pounder the artillery officer left behind, and this they fired ten or eleven times with balls made by blacksmiths. Night [July 7th] closed the combat, with a message I sent them that victory would come with the morning! With the morning the battle recommenced, and the 42nd and mutinous cavalry were beaten out of the cantonments by one-half their numbers, expecting the Europeans would be upon them. They left their colours, magazine, and baggage, and are now flying over the country. All the public cattle they had stolen has been recaptured; they are without tents or shelter, and the rain has been pouring down a deluge all day."

The official report ends with the brigadier's declaration of "having saved all his officers, and made the good men drive out the mutineers." He does not, however, mention that the appeal of the 31st for help was not

* Mrs. Colvin was at Geneva, with her younger children. An elder son, Elliott, attended his father's death-bed.

† Government notification; Fort William, September 19th, 1857.

‡ See *Times*, December 25th, 1857. The well-known signature of "Indophilus" is affixed to the article.

§ Telegram from Colonel Neil, Allahabad, 11th July, 1857.

|| Quoted from a diary extending from June 28th to July 16th, 1857, dated "Saugor," and evidently written by Brigadier Sage.—*Times*, Sept. 2nd, 1857.

¶ Further Parl. Papers, 1857 (not numbered), p. 114.

wholly in vain; for the deputy commissioner (Captain Pinckney), Lieutenant Hamilton, Mr. Bell, collector of customs, three patrols, and a large body of police, went to their assistance. The telegram from the Benares commissioner, which conveyed this additional intelligence to Calcutta, added —"The mutineers were completely routed; many killed and wounded, and several taken prisoners. The 31st N.I. retook the large signal gun, and six commissariat elephants, and gave them up to the authorities. Next day the mutineers were chased, and there is not a man of them left in Saugor. Well done 31st! This is worth all the volunteering in the world."*

The 31st was, after all, a fortunate regiment in not being dispersed at the cannon's mouth, through the misconduct of a mutinous minority, or driven into revolt by the cry, "The Europeans are on us!" Forty-six men joined the rebels; while above 800 continued "to behave in an exemplary manner." The mutineers marched into the Dooab, *en route* for Delhi: and thus ended the Saugor outbreak.

The Punjab.—While the events just narrated were occurring in Northern and Central India, several portions of the Bengal army, stationed in the Punjab, broke into mutiny.

Jullundur, and the neighbouring station of *Phillour*,† were held, in the beginning of June, by H.M. 8th regiment, with some artillery and a strong native brigade, composed of the 6th light cavalry, and the 36th N.I. and 61st N.I. Incendiary fires had given warning of disaffection, and the Brigadier (General Johnstone) was urged by the civilians to take advantage of the presence of a European regiment, and disarm the natives. His own officers, on the contrary, interceded on behalf of the men: and the brigadier, who is described as a most amiable, zealous, and brave, but vacillating man, hesitated; took the treasure from the native guard; restored it again; declined to comply with the wishes of government that it should be placed under the Europeans; settled to disarm the sepoys on the 7th, and then postponed the execution of the painful measure until the following morning. During the intervening night the cavalry galloped into the lines of the infantry, crying that the Europeans and artillery were upon them. The two infantry regiments rose, burnt several bungalows, wounded some officers, made a feeble attempt on the guns, and went off to Phillour. The only European killed was Lieutenant Bagshaw, the adjutant of the 36th, who, while apparently (as he said before he died) almost successful in restoring order, was mortally wounded by a 6th cavalry trooper.‡ The mutineers made for the Sutlej river, a distance of thirty miles; and reached Phillour on the morning of the 9th of June. The 3rd N.I. were stationed there. A company had gone on duty to Delhi, and 150 were absent on furlough. The fort was garrisoned by 100 men of H.M. 8th Foot. The officer in command, Lieutenant-colonel Butler, had entered the service of the E. I. Company in 1820, and had never been out of India from that time. The telegraph wires were cut, and no information was received of the approach of the mutineers until they were close at hand. The ladies and children were hurried from the cantonments into the fort, and the colonel, and other officers of the 3rd, endeavoured to induce the sepoys to rally round them: but in vain. So soon as a few men were got together here and there, the rest went back to the lines; and the Europeans, seeing the case to be hopeless, joined their families in the fort, retiring slowly and on foot. Colonel Butler writes—"Our men had always said, 'Happen what would, not one of us should be hurt while they lived.' This is all I can say for my men: they kept their word; for had they liked, they could have murdered every man, woman, and child, before I got them out of the cantonments." About eighty Hindoostanees of the 3rd remained in their lines, as did also seventy-five Seiks: the remainder of the regiment joined the mutineers, and marched off to endeavour to cross the river higher up. Their passage was opposed by Mr. G. H. Ricketts, the civil officer of Loodiana; who, on receiving intelligence of what had occurred (not direct from Jullundur, but by telegraph from Umballah), cut down the bridge over the Sutlej, and went to intercept the rebels with three companies of the 4th Seik regiment, and a small force (two guns, a hundred foot, and fifty troopers) furnished by the Nabha rajah, a neighbouring chief. Mr. Ricketts acted in direct opposition to the proverb,

* H. C. Tucker, Esq., to the governor-general.—Further Parl. Papers, 1857 (not numbered), p. 115.

† See *ante*, p. 200.

‡ Cooper's *Crisis in the Punjab*, p. 84.

which recommends a bridge of gold to be made for a flying enemy: but he considered it certain that the mutineers would be hotly pursued by a force from Jullundur, and thought to catch the rebels between two fires, and ensure their complete destruction. The pursuit, however, was not commenced until about seven o'clock on the morning of the 8th: and when the brigadier reached the Sutlej, he found that the mutineers had beaten the force opposed to them, spent thirty hours in crossing the river in three boats, raised some tumults in the outskirts of Loodiana, released the inmates of the gaol, and marched on. The pursuit was recommenced, but without effect, for natives can always outstrip Europeans. A well-informed writer remarks —"It is singular that, instead of doing all the damage they might have done, or approaching the great cantonment of Umballah (then held by a small party in the church), they did not even plunder or offer violence to any man; but, making tremendous marches, they quietly travelled by the most unfrequented cross-country route to Delhi, where they have since especially distinguished themselves. In defence they were much too strong for any force that could have intercepted them; and, indeed, they went so swiftly and quietly that their route was hardly noticed. Thus were four regiments added to the Delhi force."*

Brigadier Johnstone was fiercely censured, by the Anglo-Indian press, for tardiness in pursuing the mutineers. He asked for an inquiry into his conduct; and the result, as stated by Lord Hardinge, in answer to the question of Lord Panmure in the House of Lords, was, that the brigadier was "fully and honourably acquitted of all the accusations brought against him."†

Jhelum.—The 14th N.I. were quartered alone at Jhelum, at the commencement of July. No overt act of mutiny had been committed; and Colonel Gerrard, and the other European officers, had confidence in their men: but the chief commissioner, Major Browne, was convinced of the advisability of disarming the regiment; and, in accordance with his requisition, a detachment of 250 of H.M. 24th, under Colonel Ellice, three horse artillery guns, and some irregular Mooltan horse, marched from Rawul Pindee. It is alleged that the true object of the expedition had been withheld from Colonel Ellice, his only orders being —"When you get to Jhelum, half-way to Lahore, telegraph your arrival."‡

The Jhelum authorities hoped that Europeans would arrive before daybreak on the 7th of July, and take the 14th N.I. by surprise; instead of which, the sun was up, and the regiment, fully armed, on parade, when the British column was seen approaching. A shout of rage and terror rose from the ranks; the men fired wildly on their officers, but without effect, and then fled to their barracks; a strong party taking possession of the quarter-guard, round the roof of which was a loopholed parapet, which commanded the entire line. According to Mr. Cooper, the sepoys had been informed of the arrangements of the authorities, and had resolved on resistance. Hence it was that "every inch of way had to be fought by the Europeans; and the mutineers, fully armed, had to be bayoneted (like rabbits from their burrows) out of their huts, from which they were firing with telling effect on the men in the open space, through loopholes obviously of long preparation."§

Another authority, an officer of the 24th, who, though not actually present, had from his position equal, if not superior, opportunities of obtaining authentic information, makes no mention of any evidence of hostile preparation on the part of the sepoys. Whatever their previous intentions may have been, they evidently broke up in panic, and rushed pell-mell to any cover from the European guns. The work of clearing the lines involved a desperate and protracted struggle. The Mooltan cavalry showed much determination; the Seiks‖ in the 14th likewise fought on the side of the Europeans, in conjunction with the police, under Lieutenants Battye and Macdonald. Colonel Ellice himself led a charge on the quarter-guard, and carried the place, though with considerable loss:¶ he was twice severely wounded, and had his horse shot under him.

* Letter from Umballah, August, 1857.—*Times*, 26th October, 1857.

† Mr. Cooper, in his *Crisis in the Punjab*, gives a letter written by Brigadier Johnstone to the editor of the *Lahore Chronicle*, explaining why the pursuit of the mutineers could not have been undertaken earlier, or carried on with greater speed.—pp. 94 to 97.

‡ Letter dated "Murree, July 13th."—*Times*, September 3rd, 1857.

§ Cooper's *Crisis in the Punjab*, p. 126.

‖ Mr. Cooper says, that during the early part of the engagement, the Seiks were "eliminated" from the 14th N.I.

¶ Captain Spring, of the 14th N.I., was among those who were mortally wounded at Jhelum.

Driven from the cantonments, the mutineers took refuge in an adjacent walled village. The outworks were soon taken; but the sepoys defended themselves with desperation. Three guns were brought against them; yet they are described as fighting "like fiends, disputing every inch of ground"—"with halters round their necks"*—"like stags at bay."†

At length the Europeans desisted from attempting to clear the village. The sepoys, at the commencement of the action, were 702 in number: the three companies of the 84th comprised only 247 men; of the latter, seventy-six were killed or wounded: the others were exhausted with twelve hours' fighting, twelve hours' marching, twenty hours under arms, and thirteen of these without food. Captain Macpherson (the senior officer, not wounded) determined on bivouacking on the bare ground for the night, under the impression that the mutineers would disperse quietly in the darkness; which they did. The next morning 150 dead bodies were counted on the field, and thirty were brought in the day after. The police dispatched numbers on islands; and 116 were executed by shooting, hanging, and blowing from guns.‡ The officer of the 24th Europeans (before quoted), speaks of "the satisfaction" afforded by shooting forty-eight sepoys one evening, and blowing twenty-five away from the cannon's mouth next morning. The government offered a reward of thirty rupees (about £3) for every fugitive sepoy.§

Rawul Pindee.—The remaining companies of the 24th Europeans, stationed at Rawul Pindee, were ordered to disarm the 58th N.I. on the 7th of July. The Europeans took up their position on either side of the horse artillery, and the sepoys were directed to surrender their arms. They heard the order—paused for a moment, looked at the guns, and turned to fly. An officer of the 24th says—"Our men were with the greatest difficulty prevented by the officers from firing, as also the artillery. Had we fired, we should have done so right into a body of staff officers, who were between us." Happily their violence was restrained, and the sepoys were induced to give up their weapons quietly.‖

Sealkote,—a town bordering on Cashmere, and situated on the left bank of the Chenab river, sixty-three miles from Lahore—was one of the places where detachments from different native regiments were sent to practise firing with the Enfield rifle and the greased cartridge.

At the time of the Meerut outbreak, Sealkote was one of the largest military stations in the Punjab; but on the formation of the moveable column, H.M. 52nd light infantry, the European artillery, the 35th N.I., and a wing of the 9th irregular cavalry, were detached; leaving only the 46th N.I. and a portion of the 9th irregular cavalry. The brigadier (Brind) in command of the station was an experienced officer, and had seen much service as a sepoy leader. He remonstrated strongly against the total removal of the European troops, and urged that at least 250 should be left behind. In reply, he was requested to disarm the Native troops. This he refused to do, alleging that they would not mutiny unless driven to it; and, in concert with his officers, the brigadier maintained an attitude of confidence towards the sepoys. The authorities evinced similar reliance by the withdrawal of the European force, notwithstanding the vicinity of Maharajah Goolab Sing of Cashmere, and the fact that that powerful chief had been recently severely censured by the Lahore government for his conduct towards his nephew, Rajah Jawahir Sing: and the result justified the trust reposed in these native allies; for both uncle and nephew proved active and faithful auxiliaries. With regard to the sepoys, a decided advantage was gained in point of time; but it was purchased with valuable lives.

The Sealkote residents were far from sharing the feeling of the officers towards the sepoys. Many Europeans sought refuge at Lahore: the remainder wore "a hopefully hypocritical aspect,"¶ which but thinly veiled aversion and distrust. Although "the band played as usual, and society partook of its evening recreation," undisturbed by insolence or incendiarism; the tacit truce was but the result of a temporising policy, while each party watched the movements of the other. As early as May, a vague fear was known to have possessed the minds of the sepoys regarding

* Letter by an officer of the 24th Europeans.—*Times*, Sept. 19th, 1857.

† Cooper's *Crisis in the Punjab*, p. 127.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 127.

§ *Times*, September 19th, 1857.

‖ Letter dated "Camp, Gujerat, July 15th."—*Times*, September 19th, 1857.

¶ Cooper's *Crisis in the Punjab*, p. 136.

certain orders, alleged to have been issued from London, to ruin their caste. A proposition had been actually entertained to massacre a large party assembled at the house of the brigadier; but the discussion was postponed, until it should be shown whether government really intended to enforce the biting of the filthy cartridges.* Up to the date of the Jhelum mutiny, no overt act of disaffection had been committed; and on the evening of the 8th of July, Dr. James Graham, the superintending surgeon, begged a friend with whom he was dining, who had expressed himself doubtfully regarding the sepoys, "not to let his fears get the better of his senses." The desperate resistance offered at Jhelum, on the 7th of July, by the 14th N.I., was not then generally known at Sealkote; for although the distance between the stations was only seventy miles, the communication was interrupted, in consequence of the authorities having broken down the bridges across two intervening rivers, the Jhelum and the Chenab, and seized all the ferry-boats.† Still some of the leading Europeans knew what had occurred. Mr. Monckton and family, and the joint assistant-commissioners, Mr. Jones and Lieutenant M'Mahon, who were living together in Mr. Monckton's house, in the civil lines, situated between the fort and the cantonments—"fearing what was coming, sent for the chaplain of the station (Mr. Boyle), and made him stay the night." Mr. Jones, in his account of the outbreak, adverts to the expected effect of the Jhelum news, as his chief cause for immediate alarm; but does not state the channel through which the intelligence reached him.

Mr. Boyle describes himself as having accepted an ordinary invitation to breakfast and dinner, and says that he was not informed of the special reason until eight o'clock in the evening, when he rose to depart, and was told that he must not return to cantonments. He asked, "Why?" The reply was, "The brigadier has bound us to secrecy." He was, however, told of the news from Jhelum, upon which he broke into fierce invectives against "those brutal devils!" (the sepoys), and against the brigadier, for having "miraculously maintained confidence" in them; adding, "I now assert, and if he and I live, shall repeat it, that he alone will be responsible for all the blood that, in my opinion, will be shed to-morrow." The brigadier had no opportunity of vindicating himself from this charge; for he was in his grave (and Mr. Boyle probably read the service over him) before these words were penned. Mr. Boyle states, that after "thinking and cooling down as became his clerical character," he asked (with an adjuration which it is more reverent to omit), "Are the women and children to be butchered? Are the valuable lives of God's creatures to be lost—lost without one word of caution? Must no hint be given? Cannot they be brought away in the night to the fort?" Notwithstanding this vehement expression of sympathy, Mr. Boyle neither gave the "one word of caution" he thought so important, nor returned to share the peril of "the women and children;" but spent the night a mile and a-half from cantonments, in a house guarded by thirty-five men of the new Seik levies, and thirty of the mounted police.‡ In the meantime, meetings were being held in the lines, probably to discuss the Jhelum affair, and certainly to canvass the grievances of the 33rd and 35th N.I., which regiments had been disarmed by General Nicholson. One or two of the 9th cavalry troopers, who had obtained leave of absence from the moveable column at Umritsir, brought reports from thence, which are said to have been the proximate cause of the Sealkote mutiny.§

Captain John H. Balmain, of the 9th cavalry, a thoroughly brave and self-possessed officer, learned, before daybreak, the prevailing excitement. He rode down instantly to his troop, and was warned by the Hindoos to return to his house, and remain there, or he would certainly be killed. The Mussulmans were then saddling their horses; and a party of them mounted and galloped off to the infantry lines, where they shouted "Deen!" cursed the "Feringhee Kaffirs!" flashed off their pistols, and "intentionally committing themselves, committed the best-intentioned others."‖ Balmain galloped to the

* Cooper's *Crisis in the Punjab*, p. 134.

† Letter of Mr. Jones, Sealkote, July 13th.—*Times*, Sept. 2nd, 1857.

‡ Letter not signed, but evidently written by the Rev. Mr. Boyle, dated from the fort, Sealkote, July 14th; and letter from Mr. Jones.—*Times*, September 2nd, 1857.

§ Cooper's *Crisis in the Punjab*, p. 137.

‖ "Their powers of locomotion alone achieved more than the most elaborate persuasion."—*Ibid.*, p. 138.

compound of the brigadier, and found him with Mr. Chambers (the magistrate) and Adjutant Montgomery, who were endeavouring to induce him to fly with them to the fort. At length he reluctantly assented, and the Europeans rode off, pursued by a party of cavalry. The gallant old brigadier could not be induced to retreat with undignified haste; and had nearly fallen into the hands of the mutineers, when Balmain, who, with Montgomery, was far in front, called out to his companion, "Stop, and make a stand, or the brigadier is lost!" They both turned, and waited for him; but it was too late; he was already mortally wounded. They succeeded, however, in bringing him safely to the fort, where he died on the 10th; and they themselves escaped without injury. The cavalry were, throughout the affair, far more murderous than the infantry: the latter must have fired intentionally over the heads of most of the officers who rode into their lines, or none of them could have escaped. Besides the brigadier, six Europeans were killed by the sowars, and several natives. Captain Bishop, of the 46th N.I., left cantonments in his curricle, with his wife and children, and had actually reached the walls of the fort, when the carriage was surrounded by a party of troopers, who fired into it. Seeing himself the object of attack, he jumped out, and was shot. The horses started off at full speed, and upset the carriage; but the mutineers did not attempt to injure the poor lady or her children, and they were taken into the fort. Dr. John Colin Graham, medical storekeeper, perished in a similar manner: he was deliberately shot in his own carriage, in the presence of his wife and another lady (Mrs. Gray) and her children. The ladies begged for mercy; and the troopers told them they had no intention of hurting them, but only the sahib logue (gentlemen). Mrs. Graham drove back to cantonments in the hope of obtaining surgical aid; but her devotion was in vain: the doctor expired at the medical depôt in about an hour.

The case of the Hunter family was a peculiar one. On the night of the 7th, Mrs. Hunter had a dream of murder, which, though easily accounted for at an isolated station in the Punjab in the autumn of 1857, so impressed her, that she persuaded her husband, a missionary of the church of Scotland, to seek safety in flight. A warning received in the course of the following day,* confirmed their resolve, and they left their own house, with their child, and passed the night with the Rev. Mr. Hill, at his bungalow in the Vizierabad road. When the mutiny broke out, instead of starting along that road, they adhered to their original plan of proceeding to Lahore, and for this purpose had to pass through Sealkote. On arriving in front of the gaol, they found a party of forty troopers engaged in releasing the prisoners. The carriage was immediately surrounded; a trooper shot at Mr. Hunter, and he and his wife were hit by the same ball; and they were both, with their child, dragged out and massacred by the cutcherry and gaol chuprassies.†

Mrs. Hunter was the only female killed at Sealkote. A Patan, named Hoonunt Khan, attached to the magistrate's office, was the principal instigator of her murder; and a reward of 1,000 rupees was vainly offered for his apprehension. It is supposed that the poor lady "had offended the fanatical Mohammedans by establishing a small female school—a crime, in their eyes, deserving death."‡

Dr. James Graham had scarcely quitted cantonments, with his daughter, in his buggy, before he was shot in the head by a sowar, and fell dead in the arms of the poor girl. She was taken to the cavalry guard, and there found Colonel and Mrs. Lorne Campbell, surrounded by a few faithful troopers, by whom the three Europeans were safely escorted to the fort. There were some remarkable escapes. Lieutenant Prinsep, 9th cavalry, a brave lad of seventeen, galloped down to the lines, and supported his superior officer (probably Balmain) in trying to keep their troop faithful. But it was in vain: their own men entreated them to quit, as they could not protect them. Both officers escaped; but the younger was hotly pursued by six troopers, whom he found drawn up on either side of the road, half-way between the fort and cantonments. He was fired at, hit on

* The French sisters of charity, established at Sealkote, are said to have been warned by the natives to fly on the evening before the mutiny. They did not, however, quit their position until the outbreak, and then escaped to the fort with their pupils unharmed, after having protected them at every hazard.—*Courrier de Lyons.* Quoted in *Times*, September 23rd, 1857.

† *London Gazette*, May 6th, 1858; p. 2245.

‡ Sherring's *Indian Church*, p. 326.

the sword-arm, and nearly overpowered; but he contrived to escape, and eluded further ambush by striking across country and making his way to Vizierabad, which he reached at 11 A.M., having started from Sealkote at half-past four, and ridden thirty miles.*

Captain Saunders, Dr. Butler of the 9th cavalry, and Mr. Garrad, the veterinary surgeon of the regiment, with the wives and children of the two former gentlemen, and two native nurses, spent thirteen hours crouched in an out-building. The whole house was pillaged in their hearing, fired at, and riddled with shot. A faithful chokedar, or watchman, brought them food, and contrived to mislead the party of 46th sepoys, who, at the instigation of a cavalry trooper, had come to search for concealed officers. One plunderer looked in at the grating of their hiding-place. Dr. Butler shot him through the head. He fell with a single groan, but never spoke, or the male Europeans would have been massacred. The danger was so imminent, that Mrs. Butler's infant in arms was sent away with its nurse, in hopes that, if the rest perished, the little one might be carried to the fort. Mrs. Saunders took her baby in her lap, and disposed her other three children behind her in a row, so that haply one bullet might kill all at once. At length, at seven o'clock in the evening, the faithful chokedar told them they might proceed to the fort, which they reached in safety.

Three officers of the 46th N.I. came in about the same time, whose fate had also occasioned much anxiety. Captain Caulfield had been out on picket duty the night preceding the rise; and, on returning in the morning, he observed a body of troopers riding down to the infantry lines. His own men became uncontrollable, and, instead of following him on parade, rushed after the sowars. Captain Caulfield galloped to his bungalow, roused his wife, placed her in a buggy, in charge of a sepoy (Maharaj Missur), and bade him take her to the fort. Then, despite her arguments and solicitations, the officer rode to the lines, where the grenadier company seized and forced him into a hut, declaring that he would be killed by some of the sepoys if seen during the first excitement. Soon after this, Colonel Farquharson (in command of the regiment) and the sergeant-major were brought in. The men were respectful and attentive. Nearly the whole corps gathered round the officers, said that the raj of the Feringhee was over, and proffered the colonel and captain, respectively, 2,000 and 1,000 rupees a-month if they would retain their positions, promising that their health should be cared for, and they should go to the hills in the hot weather.† Although these propositions were rejected, the officers were not the less carefully protected.

The party at Mr. Monckton's, guarded by a Seik escort, reached the fort unmolested. The danger, however, did not end here; for the crowded, miserable building was ill-fitted to resist the force which the mutineers could bring to bear against it; for a signal-gun, left in the station, had fallen into their hands. They mounted it on a carriage drawn by sixteen bullocks, and fired it at noon as if nothing had occurred.

The Europeans meanwhile were not idle. There was a terrible preponderance of women and children; but some of the foot police corps, and 300 new Seik levies, were stanch. Without staying to break their fast, the garrison laboured, under a burning sun, to throw up an earthwork on the approach to the gate, to prevent its being blown open; served out muskets and ammunition, and manned the bastions. Then, mounting the ramparts, they watched the movements of the enemy. Detachments of infantry and cavalry were seen round the gaol, engaged in releasing 350 ruffians, who immediately set to work plundering and murdering; commencing their work by destroying the Cutcherry, with all the documents stored therein. The sepoys plundered the treasury of 14,000 rupees, and divided among themselves 35,000 more, which had been left in their charge. The market-place and town were then burned down; two large magazines blown up (far more completely than the gallant Lieutenant Willoughby had done at Delhi); after which the plunder of the houses commenced. About four in the afternoon, the mutineers, to the inexpressible relief of the Europeans, got together all the horses, buggies, and carriages they could find—laded them with plunder, and, with bugles sounding and banners flying, moved leisurely off for Delhi, marching about nine miles that night, towards the Ravee river.

* Letter of Lieutenant Prinsep, dated "Goorjanwalla, July 14th, 1857."—*Times*, Sept. 1st, 1857.

† Letter of Mrs. Caulfield.—*Times*, October 24th, 1857. Letter of civilian.—*Times*, Sept. 22nd, 1857.

Their triumph was brief. The command of the moveable column at Umritsir was in the hands of an officer young in years, but old in experience. John Nicholson* was one of three Irish brothers sent to India by their uncle, Sir James Weir Hogg. He served as an ensign in the Afghan war, and was with Colonel Palmer at Ghuznee, at the time of the discreditable capitulation of the fortress; on which occasion he surrendered his sword with bitter tears.

In the Sutlej and Punjab campaigns he served with distinction; and afterwards exerted himself so successfully in the settlement, or rather administrative subjugation, of the country, that Lord Dalhousie called him "a tower of strength." The Seiks applied to him the name formerly given to Runjeet Sing—"the lion of the Punjab:" but except in their mutual ability for war, no similarity existed between the little shrivelled old Seik (pitted by small-pox, and blind in one eye, the other gleaming like a basilisk) and the young Irishman, whose stature and bearing have been described as "fit for an army or a people to behold;" but who in private life was gentle and most kind, "unselfish, earnest, plain, and true."† The high praise has been claimed for him of being a favourite pupil of Sir Henry Lawrence, and worthy of his master: yet in tracing his later career, there is evidence of the prompt and pitiless policy of Sir John; but little, if any, of the horror of indiscriminate slaughter which characterised Sir Henry.

In the crisis of 1857, such a leader as Nicholson was invaluable; and none questioned the benefit to be derived by the government from his rapid promotion, when he became a brigadier-general and a C.B. at five-and-thirty. His influence with the Seiks was almost unbounded. In the Bengal army he had no confidence, and carried the disarming policy to the uttermost. On the 8th of July, the exemplary 59th N.I. were disarmed by him, as a precautionary measure, but with deep regret. On hearing of the Sealkote mutiny, he disarmed the wing of the 9th light cavalry; and mounting such riders as he could on the vacant horses, he marched off with H.M. 52nd light infantry, a troop of horse artillery, three guns, some Punjab infantry, a company of a police battalion, and two newly raised risallahs, to intercept the Sealkote mutineers. The station of Goordaspoor is forty-one miles from Umritsir: the distance was accomplished in a forced march of twenty hours,‡ though not without considerable loss from exhaustion, apoplexy, and sun-stroke. On reaching Goordaspoor the column halted, and obtained, by means of reconnoitring parties, intelligence of the movement of the rebels, who were suffered to approach the Ravee, and commence crossing at the Trimmoo ferry. The river, never before known to have been fordable at this time of the year, was rapidly swelling, and proved a powerful auxiliary to the British, who came upon the mutineers at mid-day on the 12th. After a very brief attempt at resistance, they broke and fled in confusion, throwing away arms, uniform, accoutrements, booty—everything which could impede their escape. The enemy left 120 corpses on the ground; and as many more were swept away by the river. The want of cavalry, the depth of the water in the ford, and the fatigue of the Europeans, checked the pursuit; and about 300 of the rebels took post on an island in the middle of the river, where they remained hemmed in by the rising flood (in what manner subsisting does not appear) until the 16th, when Nicholson, having procured boats, advanced against them. The mutineers had retained the 12-pounder gun taken by them from Sealkote, and it was now turned against the English by the khansamah (house-steward) of the late Brigadier Brind; who appears to have been the only man among them capable of managing it. A few resolute mutineers "died manfully at the gun;" the rest gave up all thoughts of resistance, and flung themselves into the water, where they were drowned, or shot "like mud-larks, on sand-banks and small islands."§ The few immediately taken were put to death. Scarcely any would have escaped but for the want of cavalry on the part of the British: as it was, the neighbouring

* One of the three brothers perished at the Khyber Pass; the third is still in the Indian army.

† Epitaph on his grave in India.

‡ Nicholson's despatch; Goordaspoor, July 19th, 1857.—Further Parl. Papers, 1858 (No. 6), p. 53.

§ Letter from a civilian of rank, who accompanied the expedition.—*Star*, September, 17th 1857. Probably Mr. Roberts, the commissioner at Lahore; for in a letter from that place, dated July 17th, written by a lady residing with Mr. Montgomery, the judical commissioner, mention is made of a description given of the expedition by Mr. Roberts, who "liked the excitement of his first and brief campaign, better than listening to appeals."—*Morning Advertiser*, Sept. 2nd, 1857. Mr. Roberts' presence and assistance is noted by Nicholson.

villages were burned, and numbers hunted to death. A large proportion of the plundered property was recovered; and fines were levied on the natives on account of the remainder.

About 600 sepoys were seized in Cashmere; and detachments of the new levies were sent there to take them from the native government. In one day seventy-eight of these were received and shot,* the Native officers being reserved for execution at Sealkote, whither two commissioners were sent from Lahore, to investigate the circumstances of the mutiny. The commanders of the foot and horse police were convicted of having betrayed their trust. They were Seiks; and grave apprehensions were entertained regarding the effect of their trial, conviction, and execution, on the minds of their countrymen. The European officers looked on the faces of the Seik levies assembled round the gallows, with an anxiety which increased when the ropes broke, and an order had to be given to the guard to shoot the half lifeless bodies. It was, however, obeyed; and the brief excitement having passed over, the Europeans and Seiks returned to the ordinary work of hanging, shooting, and flogging Hindoostanees with entire unanimity.

A civilian, writing from Sealkote, July 23rd, stated—"Lots of servants who went away with the mutineers, have been punished. In one day we had to flog 125 men; forty lashes each. We have some to hang every day, from one to six in number. I shall be very glad when all this shooting and hanging is over; it sets people's minds more or less against us, and keeps us all in a state of excitement." In fact, there were various evidences of disaffection, each of which was watched with fear and trembling, as the possible precursor of a general rising among the Seiks. At Sealkote, as throughout the Punjab, affairs were in a most critical state; and the event desired by every European in India, as indispensable to the establishment of tranquillity—namely, the capture of Delhi—seemed further off in July than it had done in May.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALLAHABAD; SUCCESSFUL ADVANCE OF HAVELOCK'S COLUMN; MASSACRE OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN AT CAWNPOOR; FLIGHT OF THE NANA, AND REOCCUPATION OF CAWNPOOR.

On the 2nd of July, a message from Sir Henry Lawrence to Brigadier Havelock reached Allahabad, to the effect, that there was every reason to believe, that on the 28th of June, at 10 P.M., the Cawnpoor force had been entirely destroyed by treachery. Sir Henry added—"You must not now move with less than 1,000 Europeans. The Nana will probably join the rebels at Lucknow; but we can stand them all for months. Civil or other officers, of tact and temper, ought to join each regiment."†

Havelock and Neil expressed their decided disbelief of the fall of Cawnpoor; and the latter declared himself confident that "Wheeler still held out," and that Renaud's force‡ was "strong enough for anything that could be brought against it;" and even if Cawnpoor were in the hands of the rebels, ought to move on steadily to Futtehpoor, to be there overtaken by the general.

Sir Patrick Grant, the acting commander-in-chief, sent a telegram from Calcutta, roundly asserting, that "the report about the fall of Cawnpoor is a fabrication, and therefore to push on thither."§ Thus the information and counsels of Sir Henry Lawrence, when Cawnpoor had fallen, were as little regarded as his solicitations for speedy help had been before the capitulation. The fact of its fall was confirmed by Cossids, employed in carrying letters from Lucknow to Allahabad; who witnessed the evacuation. From the tone of Brigadier-general Havelock's telegram to Calcutta,‖ it is

* *Times*, September 22nd, 1857.
† Further Parl. Papers, 1857; p. 97.
‡ See previous page, 303.
§ *Journal* of Major North, 60th Rifles; p. 38.
‖ Dated July 3rd, 1857.—Further Parl. Papers (not numbered), 1857; p. 98.

evident that he gave to the Cossids the credence which he had refused to Sir Henry Lawrence; but it is surprising that the incompleteness of the massacre was not ascertained from the alleged eye-witnesses, and that overtures were not made for the rescue of the women.

Colonel Neil, previous to his abrupt supersession in the command by Brigadier Havelock, had made arrangements for the departure of the column on the 4th of July, and for the immediate dispatch of a small vessel up the Ganges, with provisions and stores. The steamer *Berhampootra* left on the 3rd, with Lieutenant Spurgin and a hundred of the 1st Fusiliers on board, two guns, and twelve artillerymen. The first proceedings of the party were not satisfactory. They had no coals, and were compelled to forage for fuel every day. It appears the lieutenant viewed Oude as altogether an enemy's country; and, on this presumption, opened fire on the village of a loyal zemindar, who had protected and entertained fugitive Europeans.* The zemindar's people armed and followed the steamer, firing upon it from the banks, but without effect, except that of bringing on themselves a more telling volley. Apologies were afterwards made to the zemindar from Allahabad.

Some differences regarding the guns and artillerymen to be left behind for the security of Allahabad, arose between Neil and Havelock,† and appear to have delayed the departure of the main force, which took place at 4 P.M. on Tuesday, the 7th of July. It consisted of about 1,100 men, of whom 800 were English, 150 Seiks, and 80 of the 13th irregular horse, with six guns. The rains had set in some time before, and had been incessant during the two days preceding the march, so that the tents and baggage were completely soaked, and the draught bullocks were greatly overladen. On the morning of the 4th the weather had cleared a little, but darkened as the day advanced, and the rain fell heavily as the force moved off; few in its number of fighting-men, but long and straggling, even on the present occasion, from the followers and baggage inseparable from an Indian army. The first two miles of the march lay through the densely populated city of Allahabad. The inhabitants lined the streets, and looked down from the house-tops in gloomy, silent crowds; and it was remarked by a European who has written a graphic narrative of the expedition, that the Hindoos appeared to be either indifferent or apprehensive; but wherever a Mohammedan was seen, there was a scowl on his brow.‡

That night the troops camped in a snipe swamp, with the rain still pouring down on them. For the three following days, they proceeded by regular marches through a desolated country; the charred remains of villages, and dead bodies hanging by fours and fives on the trees by the road-side, giving evidence of the zeal of the precursors of the avenging column. General Havelock, not foreseeing how long and costly an operation the subjugation of the revolted provinces would prove, declared that Major Renaud had "everywhere pacificated the country by punishing the ringleaders in mutiny and rebellion, wherever they had fallen into his hands." Unfortunately, the insurrection in Oude was but commencing. The ringleaders of the mutiny were little likely to be caught at this stage of proceedings by an English force in defenceless villages; and the peasants executed by Major Renaud were chiefly accused of having helped, or not hindered, the destruction of the telegraphic communication in their vicinity, or been found guilty of possessing (through the exertions of the booty-hunting Seiks) some article of English apparel, or a coin or two, of more value than it was supposed they could have honestly obtained.

On the 10th of July, General Havelock learned that the rebels had dispatched a formidable force, said to consist of 1,500 infantry and artillery, 500 cavalry, 1,500 armed insurgents (in all, 3,500 men), and twelve iron and brass guns, to the vicinity of Futtehpoor, within five miles of which place Major Renaud expected to arrive on the morning of the 12th. The Grand Trunk road offered facilities for rapid progress. The wet weather had given place to intense heat. The general advanced by forced marches, until, by moonlight on the night of the 11th, he overtook Major Renaud, and the united forces marched on together to a fine open plain, about four miles from Futtehpoor. The main body had marched twenty-four miles; Renaud's men nineteen; and the hope was for breakfast rather than a fight. "Men and officers," writes a member of the force,

* *Journal* of Major North, p. 30.

† Further Parl. Papers, 1857; p. 108.

‡ Letter dated "Oude side of the Ganges, July 26th."—*Saturday Review*, Sept., 1857.

"had lighted their pipes; and a cluster of us were assisting at the manufacture of a brew of tea; when one, who had been employing himself with his field-glass, drew the attention of his neighbours to our small party of volunteer horse [sent on under Quartermaster-general Tytler, to reconnoitre in advance], who were returning before their time." A moment afterwards, a large body of cavalry, in white, emerged from the distant trees on the edge of the plain, in pursuit of the Europeans, followed by infantry and artillery. The British ranks fell in; and the enemy perceived, with dismay, that the junction of the forces had been accomplished, and that, instead of surprising a detachment, they had burst upon a prepared army, comprising 1,400 British bayonets and eight guns, besides 600 native auxiliaries.*

"In ten minutes the affair was decided;† for in that short time our Enfield rifles and cannon had taken all conceit of fight out of the mutineers." The Enfield rifles were thoroughly effective at more than 300 yards' distance; while the smooth-bored musket, with which alone the rebels were armed, was comparatively useless.‡ Resistance was futile; they broke and fled, and the British artillery and skirmishers pushed on in pursuit, leaving the reserve columns far in the rear, owing to the impediments of the ground. On reaching Futtehpoor, the entrance of the main street was blocked up by a barricade of carts and baggage, which was so firmly and advantageously placed, that it was at first supposed to be a defence purposely raised by the foe, and artillery was brought to bear on it; but it was soon discovered to be a mass of baggage, which had been jammed up between the houses in a hasty attempt to carry it away. The only casualty among the Europeans occurred at this juncture. A wounded bullock broke loose, and, rushing wildly forwards, flung Major North into the air, and afterwards tossed a Highlander, who rushed to the assistance of the officer. In the midst of the heap were found two new 6-pounders, with limbers and ammunition complete, besides large stores of gun and musket ammunition; and a little beyond, two tumbrils of treasure, "one of which fell into the hands of those astute plunderers the Seiks, and was no more seen."§ The "loot" realised by both Europeans and natives, was various and considerable. Of the hostile force the cavalry alone fought well. They were regular troopers, mounted on regular horses, but armed and equipped after the native fashion; and, in consequence of this alteration, they moved about the field with a rapidity of which they would have been incapable had they been weighed down by the weapons and accoutrements required by the Bengal system. It appears that they hoped to induce the Native cavalry to join them, and kept hanging about the flanks of the British force. At one time, a party of them having approached closely, General Havelock exclaimed, "I should like to see the irregulars draw blood;" upon which Lieutenant Palliser, calling to the 13th to follow him, dashed forward to the charge, accompanied by three of the volunteer cavalry. About a dozen sowars (chiefly officers) galloped after their leader; the rest followed him slowly. One of the volunteers (a civilian) says that, for the moment, he fully expected that the irregulars would join the rebel party, consisting of about thirty of the 2nd cavalry, and abandon him and his three companions to their fate. Just then Palliser was unseated by his horse swerving suddenly. The mutineers tried to get at him; but "his Native officers closed round to save him," and "fought like good men and true." The main body of rebel cavalry advanced to support the detachment, and the Europeans and irregulars retreated at full speed. Nujeeb Khan, a risaldar, who had been chiefly instrumental in saving Palliser, was left dead on the field, with six other sowars.‖ The irregular cavalry were disbanded some days

* 1st Madras Fusiliers, 376; H.M. 64th, 435; 78th Highlanders, 284; H.M. 84th, 190; Royal Artillery, from Ceylon, 76; Bengal Artillery, 22; Volunteer Cavalry, 20.—Despatch of Havelock, July 12th.—*London Gazette*, October 9th, 1857.

† General Havelock to his wife, July 15th, 1857. It was in writing to his wife, on the 12th of July, that Havelock used the expression already referred to (see previous page, 276). "One of the prayers oft repeated throughout my life, since my school-days, has been answered, and I have lived to command in a successful action." In the same letter he states, that he addressed the troops thus:—"There's some of you have beheld me fighting; now try upon yourselves what you have seen in me."—Brock's *Havelock*, pp. 162, 163.

‡ *Vide* Nicholson's despatch.—Parl. Papers (No. 6), p. 54. His style of narrating an easy triumph contrasts forcibly with that of Havelock.

§ Article in *Saturday Review*, Sept., 1857.

‖ Letter of civilian, dated "Camp, Kullianpoor, July 15th."—*Times*, Sept. 29th, 1857.

later. Two other natives were killed in the course of the action, and three or four wounded. Twelve British soldiers died from sun-stroke. No prisoners were taken. The loss of the rebels was estimated at about 150 in killed and wounded.* It was probably greater; for, in the words of General Havelock, "the enemy's fire scarcely reached us; ours, for four hours, allowed him no repose."†

The rebels, on evacuating Futtehpoor, left behind them twelve guns, which the victors gladly appropriated, and then gave way to exhaustion. Men and officers threw themselves down wherever a morsel of shade was to be found from the fierce rays of the mid-day sun, and went off into a deep sleep. After a short rest, grog and biscuit were served out. Then "the town was sacked by the Europeans, Sykeses (as the soldiers call the Seiks), and camp-followers; some of the principal houses were blown up, and thatched houses burnt."‡

The following order was issued:—

"G. O.—July 13th.—General Havelock thanks his soldiers for their arduous exertions of yesterday, which produced, in four hours, the strange result of a real army being driven from a strong position, eleven guns captured, and their whole force scattered to the winds, without the loss of a British soldier. To what is this astonishing effect to be attributed? To the fire of British artillery, exceeding in rapidity and precision all that the brigadier-general has ever witnessed in his not short career, or to the power of the Enfield rifle in British hands, and to British pluck—that good quality which has survived the revolution of the hour, and gained in intensity from the crisis; and to the blessing of Almighty God, and to the most righteous cause of humanity, truth, and good government in India."§

On the 14th, the force marched fourteen miles to Kullianpoor. On the 15th they started afresh; and after proceeding about five miles, found the rebels in position at a village named Aong, with two guns. Here, also, an easy victory was obtained by the British artillery and riflemen, aided by the handful of volunteer horse. The want of cavalry was again severely felt. The rebel troopers made an attack on the baggage, and would have cut it up, but for the gallantry of the hospital sergeant of the 78th, who, collecting all the invalids and stragglers in the rear, formed a small rallying square of about a hundred men, and received the mutineers with such a fire of musketry, that they rode off discomfited, leaving many dead behind them. After capturing the guns and driving off the foe, the force halted to breathe and drink water, and then marched on three miles further, to the Pandoo Nuddee, a river spanned by a masonry bridge of three arches, which was said to be mined. The enemy had formed a second intrenchment on the further side of the river; and as soon as the foremost of the British column emerged from among the mango groves, through which their road had lain, a couple of 24-pounder shot, accurately thrown, fell in their midst, wounding men and gun-bullocks. The British artillery advanced with all speed; the guns rapidly unlimbered and opened fire. The effect was instantaneous. The first discharge of shrapnel bullets smashed the sponge-staffs of the enemy, so that they could no longer fire their guns; and they turned and fled, leaving the bridge and the guns in the hands of the British. It was generally remarked that the mutineers fought more closely and fiercely than at Futtehpoor, and that a competent leader would have rendered them formidable. Two Europeans (a Highlander and a bombadier) were killed, and twenty-five wounded, Major Renaud mortally. (He sank rapidly after the amputation of the left leg above the knee, but was brave and cheerful to the last). It was fortunate that the British had passed on so rapidly; for the enemy had attempted to destroy the bridge, and had failed for want of time. The explosion of their mine had thrown down the parapet walls, but left the arches uninjured.

Five guns had been taken during the day. The tired troops bivouacked on the spot from which they had last fired. That night a rumour spread through the camp, that the Nana himself, with the whole of the Cawnpoor mutineers, estimated at 4,000 infantry and 500 horse, had formed an intrenchment at the village of Aherwa, at the fork of the Grand Trunk road, about four miles from Cawnpoor, where one branch runs on to cantonments, and the main line continues to Delhi. The intelligence was true; and the general, finding that the mutineers were stationed, with heavy guns, so as to command the road and sweep it with a flanking fire, resolved to make a *détour*, and attack them from an unguarded point. For this purpose a most trying march was undertaken. The distance to be

* Further Parl. Papers (No. 4), p. 24.

† Despatch of General Havelock, Futtehpoor, July 12th.—Further Parl. Papers, p. 137.

‡ Letter of volunteer.—*Times*, Sept. 29th, 1857.

§ Further Parl. Papers, 1857; p. 132.

accomplished was about twenty-two miles. Fourteen were traversed in the morning of the 16th of July; then the troops halted, took food and rest. At 2 P.M. the march was recommenced. The men were fully armed and accoutred, each one carrying sixty rounds of ball ammunition. Just before starting a supply of porter was issued, "and the pernicious effects of this heavy drink were too speedily manifested."* The scorching glare of the mid-day sun was intolerable: at every step a man reeled out of the ranks, and threw himself fainting by the side of the road; the calls for water were incessant along the line. At length the point for the flank movement was reached; the column turned off into the fields; and the overworked, ill-fed cattle toiled heavily over the freshly ploughed ground for about half a mile, when the British came in sight of the enemy, and were greeted by a fierce fire from their guns, the range of which was happily too high, or heavy loss must have been suffered by the infantry, as yet unsupported by their own batteries. The 1,400 British bayonets, on which Havelock had relied at Futtehpoor, were greatly diminished; besides many deaths, there were "cartloads" disabled by sore feet and sun-strokes.†

The Seik regiment had not yet come up, so that it was estimated that there could not be more than 900 men of all sorts brought to bear against above five times that number.‡ There was no opportunity for the guns and artillery to carry everything before them as on previous occasions; and after a few rounds, at different ranges, fired by our cannon, it was found that those of the enemy were so well sheltered by the walls and houses of the series of small villages in which they were posted, that there was little chance of stopping, by this means, their continuous discharge. The British infantry lay prostrate to avoid the unceasing volleys poured upon them by the rebels, whose bands were playing, as if in derision, the favourite British airs; and the soldiers ground their teeth with rage, as "Cheer boys, cheer!" was heard in the intervals of the firing.

The clear, peculiar-toned voice of Havelock gave the order to the 78th to take the foremost village. "The Highlanders, led by Colonel Hamilton [an eye-witness writes], rose, fired one rolling volley as they advanced, and then moved forward with sloped arms and measured tread, like a wall; the rear rank locked up as if on parade, until within a hundred yards or so of the village, when the word was given to charge." The pipes sounded the pibroch, and the men burst forward "like an eager pack of hounds racing in to the kill, and in an instant they were over the mound and into the village. There was not a shot fired or a shout uttered, for the men were very fierce, and the slaughter was proportionate. 'I've just got three of 'em out of one house, sir,' said a 78th man, with a grin, to me, as I met him at a turn of the village."§

The enemy's skirmishers, driven from the village, were hunted out of the plantation by the Madras Fusiliers; but notwithstanding these advantages, the event of the battle was still far from being decided. The want of cavalry disabled the British from protecting their rear; and the enemy, strong in this arm, and skilful in its use, enveloped our flanks in the form of a crescent, showing such unusual resolve, that the best narrator of the contest declares, "if there had only been a head to guide them, we must have fought hard for our bare lives."‖ Wanting this, they were driven from one position after another: still their fire, though diminished, was not silenced; and, in the lengthening shadows of evening, their line seemed to grow more dense, while their drums and trumpets sounded the advance in quick repetition. A feeling of depression and uncertainty gained ground among the British; they were again exposed to the fire of the enemy, and those in front lay down to avoid it. Deceived by the waning light, Major Stephenson was leading on the Madras Fusiliers, in close column, to a point where a round shot, or discharge of grape, would have involved the noble regiment in destruction, when Major North, who was prostrate on a narrow ridge of earth with the Highlanders, sprang to his feet, and, rushing across the plain, gave a hurried warning to Major Stephenson, who deployed his regiment into line, and lay down beside the 78th.

At this moment Havelock appeared riding a hack, his own horse having just been shot under him, and gave the order for the line

* Major North's *Journal*, p. 60.

† Letter from one of the volunteer cavalry.—*Times*, Sept. 29th 1857.

‡ Major North's *Journal*, p. 67.

§ Article in *Saturday Review*, Sept., 1857.

‖ *Ibid.*

to advance. When the word "forward" was given, the space between the hostile lines was so inconsiderable that a general *mêlée* seemed inevitable. The exploit which turned the scale in favour of the British, was performed by the 64th. The enemy had only one battery left, but they were using it with effect.

A civilian, one of the gallant score of volunteer cavalry, was with the infantry when Havelock addressed them thus:—"Get up, my lads, and take those ——— guns." "Up we got with a cheer; it was more like a howl; and charged up, giving them a volley at eighty yards, and ran in."* The enemy fled across the plain, carrying off two horse artillery guns. The British collected their wounded, and, as night set in, formed up and bivouacked on the plain, just beyond the grand parade-ground of Cawnpoor. The total casualties, including natives, were 108. Those of the enemy were estimated at 250. Among the Europeans, the 64th were the chief sufferers, having three officers, one sergeant, one corporal, and thirty privates wounded. One officer (Captain Currie, of the 84th), five soldiers, and a sepoy, were killed or mortally wounded. "Hungry, thirsty, and cold, the troops had nothing but dirty ditch-water to drink; but it was like nectar."† Their fast was of twenty-one hours' duration: from noon on the 16th of July, till 9 A.M. on the following morning, not a man of the force had any refreshment.‡ No wonder that disease overtook them speedily. Cholera and dysentery attacked the column. One of the ablest officers, Captain Beatson, bore up, by sheer "pluck," through the Cawnpoor engagements, and bivouacked with the troops at night, sinking only when the place was reoccupied. But surely a sadder reoccupation was never effected. Frightful as had been the fatigues borne by the troops on the march from Allahabad, their efforts had been too late to redeem the expedition from the censure of "insufficient, and too late." On the road, the column had learned that the majority of the women and children of the Cawnpoor and Futtehghur garrisons were yet alive; and "the thought of releasing them from their cruel bondage, had been a matter of happy speculation throughout the camp." But they never strove to ransom, and were too late to rescue, these innocent victims, or even to avenge their deaths on the Nana Sahib and his fiend-like counsellor, Azim Oollah. These great criminals fled, proclaiming their departure by an act of policy and defiance. At daybreak, while the troops were craving food of any description, and waiting for the baggage to come up, preparatory to encamping; as they "lay idly looking towards the belt of trees and houses across the parade-ground," a huge pillar of smoke rose slowly in the air, followed by a loud report. The Nana had blown up the grand magazine and arsenal at Cawnpoor, before retreating to his own palace-fort of Bithoor, only nine miles distant. Next came the tidings of the final massacre. In the course of the morning the troops marched into cantonments, and looked with amazement on the mud wall so wonderfully defended, and, with grief and horror unspeakable, on the evidences of the closing scene of the most terrible tragedy of modern times. One account, and only one, out of the multitude written on the subject, affords an adequate idea of the depth and variety of wretchedness endured by the Englishwomen; and that is Mowbray Thomson's *Story of Cawnpoor*.§ It was sad enough to think of the innocent victims, as they were depicted in the graceful "In Memoriam," which attracted so many gazers, in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1858: but had the picture truly represented the persons and surrounding circumstances of the 200 women and children at the moment of the slaughter, it would have been turned from with horror and loathing. Except, perhaps, under the hatches of a slave-stealing clipper, during the "middle passage," human nature has rarely borne up against such intense, accumulated, and protracted suffering as was endured by the English at Cawnpoor. Let it be remembered, that when the garrison and resident population, including 750 Europeans, were blockaded in the intrenchment, very few had secured a single change of raiment; some were only partially dressed; and, in the beginning of the defence, "all were like a band of seafarers who had taken to a raft to escape from a burning ship."

The thermometer ranged from 120° to 130° Fahrenheit; and once or twice muskets went off untouched, either from the sun exploding the caps, or from the fiery

* *Times*, Sept. 29th, 1857.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Major North's *Journal*, p. 88.

§ Published since the issue of the account of the siege, given at pages 247—263.

heat of the metal. "Across the plain, the mirage, which only makes its appearance in extremely hot seasons, painted its fantastic scenes:" sometimes forest trees, sometimes a wide expanse of water, mocked the sufferers huddled together in that place of torment. "Not even a pint of water for washing was to be had from the commencement to the close of the siege." It was at the cost of many lives that a little was obtained to appease the maddening cravings of thirst, or to prepare the half-pint of split peas and flour*—the daily rations† that afforded the porridge on which strong men and delicate women supported existence; varied, indeed, at rare intervals, by horse or dog broth, the animals being obtained in some of the sallies of the garrison, or having strayed within reach.‡

The destruction of the thatched bungalow, besides the other suffering it occasioned, drove 200 women and children into the trenches for shelter, where they passed twelve days and nights on the bare ground. Idiotcy and madness were not wanting to increase the horrors of the scene—"the old babbling with confirmed imbecility; the young raving, in not a few cases, with wild mania:"§ the heart-sickness of hope deferred producing the first form of insanity, as surely as physical suffering the latter. "At all times of the day and night," eager ears were listening for the sound of the hourly expected relieving force from Calcutta; and even to the last, each one would remind his neighbour, that "the governor-general had promised to send reinforcements promptly." When the intrenchment was evacuated, some of the women had gowns, some had not; few had shoes, and fewer stockings: for the guns had been injured by the enemy's shot, and the canister could not be driven home: "consequently," Mowbray Thomson writes, "the women gave us their stockings, and we charged these with the contents of the shot-cases." Scarcely any of the men had shirts; these had all gone to bandage the wounded, or, it may be, to afford swaddling-clothes for the three or four children born during the siege.‖ Yet if, in its details, Cawnpoor forms the darkest page in the mutiny of 1857, there is a sense in which it is the brightest of our triumphs. The survivor who has so touchingly depicted the scenes he witnessed, declares that, "in looking back upon the horrible straits to which the women were driven, the maintenance of modesty and delicate feeling by them to the last, is one of the greatest marvels of the heartrending memories of those twenty-one days." Never was the spirit of Englishmen, women,¶ and children, more terribly tested; never did it shine forth in purer brightness. With a few inconsiderable exceptions, the garrison** evinced a patient fortitude, which could hardly have been derived from any meaner source of

* The drawing of water from the single well within the intrenchment (the other just beyond it, but under cover of the guns, being dry, and used as a burying-place), was, it will be remembered, a service of imminent danger; for the creaking of the tackle immediately drew down a shower of grape on the spot, even in the dead of night. The gallant John M'Killop, of the civil service, styled himself the Captain of the Well; and the piteous cries of the children for water never met his ear in vain. After many hair-breadth escapes, he was killed by a grape-shot wound in the groin. His last words were an earnest entreaty that somebody would go and draw water for a lady to whom he had promised it.—*Story of Cawnpoor*, p. 87.

† As long as provisions lasted, "the youngest recruit had the same rations as the old general; no distinctions were made between civilians and military men; and there was not a solitary instance in which an individual had lost sight of the common necessity, and sacrificed it to self-interest, by hoarding supplies."—*Ibid.*, p. 32.

‡ "Captain Halliday, who had come from the pucka barrack to the main-guard, to visit Captain Jenkins, was shot dead while returning, carrying back soup made of horse-flesh, for his wife."—*Ibid.*, p. 85.

§ The Rev. Mr. Haycock (sent out by the Propagation of the Gospel Society) used to bring his aged mother, every evening, into the verandah, for a short relief from the fetid atmosphere within the barrack walls. She was shot; and the sight of her agony so affected her son, that he died a raving maniac.—*Ibid.*, p. 105.

‖ Mrs. Darby, the wife of a surgeon who died at Lucknow, was one of those wretched mothers. She perished at the time of the embarkation.

¶ Among many heroines, Thomson distinguishes Mrs. Fraser, the wife of an officer of the 27th N.I., who escaped from Delhi to Cawnpoor by travelling dâk. The native driver, who had taken her up in the precincts of the city, brought her faithfully to the end of her hazardous journey of 266 miles. "During the horrors of the siege, she won the admiration of all by her indefatigable attentions to the wounded. Neither danger nor fatigue seemed to have suspended her ministry of mercy. Even on the fatal morning of embarkation, although she had escaped to the boats with scarcely any clothing upon her, in the thickest of the deadly volleys poured on us from the banks, she appeared alike indifferent to danger and her own scanty covering, while with perfect equanimity and unperturbed fortitude, she was entirely occupied in the attempt to soothe and relieve the agonised sufferers around her. She was recaptured in the boats, and is said to have died of fever."—*Story of Cawnpoor*, p. 28.

** Eurasians and natives all behaved gallantly.

strength and comfort, than the assured hope of another and a better life. There is no record of fierce invective against natives, or even sepoys; no project of suicide, to detract from the uncompromising, undoubting tone of Christian confidence. Nothing in the world could have given peace under such circumstances, and nothing in the world could take it away: not the certain misery of the present, not the looming horrors of the future, not the cruelty of fiend-like foes, not the broken promises of dilatory friends, who, after General Wheeler's agonising cry for "help! help! help!" left the garrison to sicken with hope deferred. They did not die in despair, as they must have done had their trust been on an arm of flesh. Prolonged life on earth, amid scenes of blood and vengeance, with mutilated frames or shattered nerves, and the memory of the fearful past —its bereavements and its complicated miseries—would have been a doubtful boon to the majority of the scantily clad, half-starved crowd, who, at the time of the capitulation, begrimed with powder, and covered with dirt, dragged their emaciated limbs, or waded with their yet feebler companions through the water to boats, where already charcoal was hidden in the hatches for their destruction.

Thus far (to the commencement of the first massacre) the account of Mowbray Thomson supplies authentic details regarding his fellow-sufferers. After his escape, he joined the force under General Havelock, and made inquiries regarding the fate of the women and children. Official investigation was also instituted into the circumstances connected with the mutiny, and into the proceedings of the Nana. The witnesses were about fifty in number, including natives of various positions, connected with Cawnpoor; and from their testimony, carefully compared and sifted, important evidence was obtained.

No trace of any conspiracy was detected before the 22nd of May, 1857; and then Bala Sahib, the brother of the Nana, and Azim Oollah, used the sensual, indolent, apathetic Nana as their instrument. Various proclamations were issued, some of which show that Azim Oollah had learned, during his residence in London, to distinguish between the Crown and people of England, and the East India Company. During the siege, a document was read in the bazaars, and distributed among the people, informing them that a traveller, just arrived in Cawnpoor from Calcutta, had stated, that a council had been held there for the purpose of considering the best means of abolishing the Mussulman and Hindoo systems of religion. That the enforcement of polluted cartridges upon the army was resolved on; it being considered that it would be easy to Christianise the people afterwards. A petition was sent to Queen Victoria, requesting that many thousands of English soldiers might be dispatched to India, to put down the resistance which it was foreseen would be made to the cartridges; and it was estimated that 50,000 natives would have to be destroyed before India could be Christianised. The petition was granted; and the authorities at Calcutta, pending the arrival of reinforcements, began to issue the cartridges. The secret of the materials used in their preparation was divulged through the natives employed in the manufacture; and of these men, one was killed, and the rest imprisoned. Then followed an account of the manner in which the vakeel of the Sultan of Roum (Constantinople) had sent news from the court of England to his master, and of a firman issued by the sultan to the King of Egypt; the result of which was, that when the army of London arrived at Alexandria, the ships were fired on, sunk, and destroyed, and not a soldier escaped.* All this, which to English ears sounds like the veriest rigmarole, was cleverly concocted for its lying purpose. After the fall of Cawnpoor, the Nana informed the people, that as by the Divine blessing and the good fortune of the emperor, the "yellow-faced and narrow-minded English had been sent to the infernal regions," it was incumbent on both ryots and landed proprietors to render cheerful obedience to the new government. A few days later (July 1st), another proclamation was issued, and read in every street and lane of the city, to the effect, that regiments of cavalry, infantry, and batteries, had been dispatched to Futtehpoor, to resist the advance of a European force.

The tidings of the second defeat of the rebels, struck terror into the camp at Cawnpoor; the more so, as Bala Sahib had been severely wounded in the right shoulder. Azim Oollah persuaded the Nana that the British forces were advancing for the sake of rescuing the women and

* Parl. Papers, 1857 (No. 4), p. 60.

children; and that if these were killed, the expedition would be abandoned* (as had been the case at Jhansi). A hurried council was held by a numerous assemblage, including a large number of persons who, by loans of money and otherwise, had committed themselves to the rebel cause, which they intended to desert. These persons considered that all hope of escaping punishment would be lost if any victims were allowed to escape and give evidence regarding the blood already shed. Mrs. Greenway, and other old residents, were especially obnoxious on this account; and the fears of the compromised persons were quickened by the discovery of an attempt made by one of the unfortunate ladies to communicate with the approaching force. Their complete destruction was at length decreed.

The number of the wretched company of women and children about to be sacrificed, has not been exactly ascertained. Mowbray Thomson estimates it at 210, of whom 163 were survivors from the Cawnpoor garrison, and forty-seven from that of Futtehghur; but according to one of the most trustworthy witnesses (Myoor Tewarree),† only 122 were saved on the 27th of June; and other authorities place the number much lower.

A native of influence in Cawnpoor, who is also a government official, has related a strange circumstance regarding the first massacre. He states, that during its perpetration at the ghaut, a sowar of the 2nd cavalry reported to the Nana, then at the Sevada Kothee, that his enemies, their wives and children, were exterminated. Some one present remarked, that the statement was true; for an infant of a year old had been seen floating down the stream. On hearing this, the Nana replied that there was no necessity for the destruction of women and children; and directed the sowar to return and stay their slaughter. He was obeyed; and the poor creatures were parted from their husbands and made prisoners. The fact of the indiscriminate massacre having been stayed by an order from the Nana, is confirmed by several witnesses.

When the Futtehghur fugitives arrived, the men were at once separated and shot, except four, who were reserved for some inexplicable reason; these were Mr. Thornhill, magistrate and collector of Futtehghur; Colonel Smith, 10th N.I.; and Brigadier Goldie. The fourth person was not identified. They were sent, with the women and children, to the Sevada Kothee (sometimes called Salvador House), which was an enclosed residence, with a courtyard in the centre. It had been originally built for, and used as, a zenana, though afterwards occupied by a native clerk, and comprised two principal rooms, each twenty feet long. The captives were cruelly neglected as regarded food and clothing; and a list of them, found in the house of a native doctor after the reoccupation of the place, shows that a number died from their wounds, and from cholera, which broke out in their midst. At half-past four on the afternoon of the 15th of July, a message was brought to the four Englishmen, that a Native officer of the mutineers desired to see them at a certain place. They proceeded quietly along the road towards the spot indicated, were followed, attacked, and cut down near the Assembly-rooms. Azim Oollah‡ found it more difficult to procure the murder of the women and children. The cavalry refused to incur the defilement; the infantry shrank from the task: and at length, the 6th N.I., sepoys on guard at the Sevada Kothee, were compelled, by the threat of being exterminated by artillery, to enter the house and fire on the helpless crowd within. Immediately before the entrance of the sepoys, at about 6 P.M.,§ the Christian drummers of the 6th N.I., who had been confined with the Europeans, were removed to a shed or stable, fifteen paces off; and from whence they could see something, and hear much, of the tragedy enacted in the Sevada Kothee. The sepoys fired‖ once wildly at the ceiling, and then rushed out, refusing to have anything more to do with such devilish work. The order to the guard for the massacre of the prisoners, is said to have been conveyed to them by a slave-girl, called the Begum, who had been sent to attend on the prisoners. Her mistress,

* Thomson's *Story of Cawnpoor*, p. 213.

† See p. 262, *ante*.

‡ "All accounts agree in the statement, that the fêted, honoured guest of the London season of 1854, was the prime instigator in the most foul and bloody massacre of 1857."—Thomson's *Story of Cawnpoor*, p. 213.

§ The wives of drummers, and native children from three to ten years of age, were spared by the mutineers throughout the siege and massacre.

‖ One of the sepoys, named Diddie, being reproached by the drummers for firing on the Englishwomen, said, "his own family had been killed; he did not care."

Adla, a professed courtesan, had lived with the Nana from 1850, and is reported to have obtained from him the jewels belonging to the Peishwa's widows, valued at £50,000. Whether the slave-girl had any cause of enmity against the poor ladies, does not appear; but, in the native evidence, her name frequently recurs as instrumental in their destruction. When the sepoys of the 6th N.I. refused to obey the order, she fetched five men armed with swords. The witnesses did not agree regarding these murderers. Some said that they belonged to the Nana's guard, and that the Begum's lover, one Sirdar Khan, was among the number; but Fitchett,* whose account is the most consistent of any, declared that, of the five men, two were butchers, and two villagers. One of the butchers he described as a tall, stout, dark man, much pockmarked, with a small beard; and he noticed the short, stout figure, and hairy hands of the fifth man (a belaitee). From his position he could see the murderers enter the Sevada Kothee at sunset, and the lady nearest the doorway cut down. He saw nothing more of what was passing within; but heard "fearful shrieks;" and soon the belaitee came out with his bloody sword broken; went into the compound of the hotel in which the Nana was then residing, for another sword; came back with it; broke that also, and fetched a third. In about half-an-hour, the executioners quitted a scene the remembrance of which might well make life and death terrible to them. The work was not completed. Incessant groans were heard by the drummers during the night, and the butchery had to be consummated on the following morning; the avenging (alas! not the rescuing) force being then within twenty miles of Cawnpoor. The end of this great crime is thus told by Fitchett:—

"At about eight o'clock the next morning, the sweepers living in the compound (I think there were three or four), were ordered to throw the bodies into a dry well near the house. The bodies were dragged out, most of them by the hair of their head; those whose clothes were worth taking were stripped. Some of the women were alive; I cannot say how many; but three could speak. They prayed that, for the sake of God, an end might be put to their sufferings. I remarked one very stout woman, a half-caste, who was severely wounded in both arms, who entreated to be killed. She and two or three others were placed against the bank of the cut by which bullocks go down in drawing water from the well; the dead bodies were first thrown down. Application was made to the Nana about those who were alive; three children were alive. I do not know what orders came, but I saw one of the children thrown in alive. I believe the other children and women who were alive, were then thrown in. I know that I am on my oath; but I swear that I saw all this. I was about 110 paces from the well; there was a great crowd looking on; they were standing along the walls of the compound—principally city people and villagers, but there were also sepoys there. The children that were still alive were fair, apparently Europeans; the eldest I think must have been six or seven. It was the youngest thrown in by one of the sweepers. The children were running round the well: where else could they go to? and there was none to save them."†

The only ray of comfort which, humanly speaking, breaks the gloom of this black deed, is, that searching investigation has proved that the women suffered no violation, the children no torture, at the hands of their unrelenting foes. On these points, the testimony of many witnesses, subjected to sharp cross-examination, is conclusive.

Mowbray Thomson accounts for the immunity of the women from the most indefensible of the outrages perpetrated by victorious troops even in nominally Christian countries, by a suggestion which happily is not applicable to the other Indian stations, in which no attempt was made by either sepoys or villagers on the honour of defenceless Englishwomen. "Fidelity," he writes, "requires that I should allege what appears to me the only reason of their being thus spared. When the siege had terminated, such was the loathsome condition into which, from long destitution and exposure, the fairest and youngest of our women had sunk, that not a sepoy would have polluted himself with their touch."‡ Some of the officers, and many of the soldiers, visited the Sevada Kothee on the morning of the 17th of July. Major North was one of the number. The floor of the inner room was ankle-deep in blood,§ and the plaster on the walls was scored with sword-cuts—"not high up, as if men had fought; but low down, and about the corners, where the poor crouching creatures had been cut to pieces."‖ Long tresses of hair, fragments of women's apparel, children's little shoes and toys, were lying about in terrible confusion. Two scraps of paper, written on with a pencil, were found. One,

* See p. 262, *ante*. † Evidence, taken Oct. 10, 1858.
‡ *Story of Cawnpoor*, p. 213.
§ Major North's *Journal*, p. 76.
‖ *Saturday Review*, September, 1857.

by Miss Caroline Lindsay, contained a record of the date of the deaths of the writer's mother (Mrs. G. Lindsay), brother, sister, uncle and aunt (Major and Mrs. Lindsay). The other bore no signature, and named no individual, but briefly noted the progress of the siege and surrender.

A Bible, which bore on the fly-leaf the inscription, "For darling mamma—from her affectionate daughter, Isabella Blair;"* and a Prayer-book, sprinkled with blood at the Litany, terminate the list of the few books and papers with writing found in the slaughter-house; and in none of these was there one cry for vengeance, or reproach for neglect. There was no inscription of any kind on the walls at the first entrance of the Europeans; but soon, "Avenge us!" and other sentences were scribbled about on the Sevada Kothee and the barrack within the intrenchments, most of which were vulgar, slandering forgeries, wrong in their dates,† and utterly at variance with the feelings of the sufferers, as described by one of the two surviving officers of the garrison.

The moral of Cawnpoor, as deduced by him, was this—"If nearly two hundred millions are to be held in subjection by a few thousand Englishmen, the day is past when it could be done by mere physical force."‡

Major North, too, coming fresh from the gory chamber and the choked-up well, where the mangled limbs of his countrywomen protruded in ghastly disorder, declared—"The blood of those innocents cries out from the earth, in reprobation of a system which, from its slothfulness, led to this catastrophe."§ An apocryphal anecdote went the round of the English and Anglo-Indian papers—of the Highlanders finding the head of one of General Wheeler's daughters; dividing the hair among them, and swearing that, for every hair they held between their fingers, a mutineer should die.‖

A much nobler tribute to the memory of the dead, was really paid by twenty men of H.M. 32nd, who, marching through Cawnpoor in the subsequent November, raised a stone tablet to the slaughtered women of the regiment, in the form of a Maltese cross within a circle of stone. In the quadrants of the circle are inscribed, in red letters, and in the old English character—"I believe in the Resurrection of the Dead."

The Nana, it was thought, intended to defend himself in his palace-fortress at Bithoor (nine miles from Cawnpoor). He was alleged to have forty-five guns and 5,000 armed followers at his command. Havelock did not march against Bithoor till the 19th, and then found (as might have been expected) the place evacuated. The Nana and his counsellors were hardly likely to brave a siege when they could escape unmolested. The soldiery, unable to wreak their vengeance on the great criminals, gave vent to their passions in the sack of Cawnpoor. With fiend-like cunning, Azim Oollah had left spirits, wine, and beer in

* Mrs. Blair, daughter of the late General Kennedy, resided at Cawnpoor. Her husband, a cavalry officer, was believed to have perished at the Khyber Pass; but as no precise account of his death had ever been received, she persisted in hoping he might yet be alive in captivity among the Afghans. Her sister (Dr. Newnham's wife) died in the trenches; her elder daughter, Isabella, by fever; and the younger and herself are supposed to have been brought back to endure the second captivity and its sad close.—Thomson's *Story of Cawnpoor*, p. 120.

† For instance, on the wall of one of the barracks, was written—"Countrymen and women, remember the 15th of July, 1857! Your wives and families are here, misary! and at the disposal of savages, who have ravished both young and old. Oh! my child! my child! Countrymen, revenge!"—*Times* (Russell), March 29th, 1858.

‡ Thomson's *Story of Cawnpoor*, p. 124.

§ Major North's *Journal*, p. 92.

‖ The *Bombay Telegraph* and *Courier* published this tale among many similar ones. Had it been founded on fact, Major North, who was serving with the Highlanders, would hardly have omitted to mention so striking an incident. The well was covered over, undisturbed. It would have been a fresh desecration to have dragged forth to light the stripped and mangled bodies. A Miss Wheeler was probably fixed on as the heroine of the tale, because of the popular name she bore. Mowbray Thomson has touchingly described the sudden misery which overwhelmed this family. Just before the mutiny, he saw the old general on the parade-ground. He was small, spare, and very grey, with a quick intelligent eye, and a military bearing; and, at seventy-four years of age, still a first-rate equestrian: his son and daughter rode beside him, and were surrounded by Scotch deerhounds, for the party were going jackal hunting. A few weeks later, and the scene had changed to the close pestilential barrack. Young Wheeler was sitting upon a sofa, fainting from a wound he had received in the trenches; his sister was fanning him, when a round shot entered the doorway, and left him a headless trunk; while one sister at his feet, the father, mother, and another sister in different parts of the same room, were witnesses of the appalling spectacle. Thomson saw the general, his lady and daughters, walk down to the boats; but of their fate there is no authentic information, except that already mentioned regarding the daughter, alleged to have been rescued by a trooper. (See p. 263, *ante*).

abundance in all directions: the soldiers, half-starved, but too excited to care for food, drank eagerly; and then—the scenes which followed may well be passed over in silence. The provocation was terrible. The English and Anglo-Indian journals, for the most part, refrained from giving any estimate of the numbers slain at Cawnpoor by the avenging force; but some of them talked loosely of 10,000 of the inhabitants* having been massacred; and the continental journals† took up the statement of that number of men, women, and children having perished, as if it had been authenticated, overlooking the fact that the population were panic-struck by the approach of the British; on being assured of which, "every man that had a hand in the rebellion took to his heels." From noon till midnight, nothing but immense mobs were seen rushing away as fast as possible towards the west. Some went to Lucknow; others to Delhi; while many hid themselves in the neighbouring villages.‡ The booty captured was very considerable, especially at Bithoor. A large portion of the Nana's plate was found in the wells around the palace: gold dishes, some of them as much as two feet in diameter; silver jugs, spittoons of both gold and silver, were fished up, and proved glorious prizes for somebody. The Seiks had the credit of carrying off Bajee Rao's state sword, which, in consequence of its magnificent setting with jewels, was valued at £30,000. "One ruby, of great size and brilliancy, cut with sharp edges, is said to have been carried by the Nana about his person, intending to use it for suicide, as its acute points would, if swallowed, cut through the vitals. After his flight he sold it for 10,000 rupees."§

To stop the intoxication among the troops, Havelock followed the example of Neil at Allahabad, and ordered "all the beer, wine, spirits, and every drinkable thing, to be purchased by the commissariat: it will then," he remarks, "be guarded by a few men. If it remained at Cawnpoor, it would require half my force to keep it from being drunk up by the other half. I should not have a soldier in camp. While I was winning a victory on the 16th, some of my men were pillaging the commissariat on the line of march."‖

The easy and repeated triumphs obtained over the Nana's forces, induced Havelock to form an inadequate idea of the difficulties yet to be encountered. In a general order, dated July 20th, he informed the troops, that Lucknow was in peril, Agra besieged (which was happily not the case), and Delhi still the focus of mutiny and rebellion: then he added—"Three cities have to be saved, two strong places to be disblockaded. Your general is confident that he can effect all these things, and restore this part of India to tranquillity, if you only second him with your efforts, and if your discipline is equal to your valour."

Havelock appears to have anticipated being permanently entrusted with the management of the Oude campaign, in consequence of the death of Sir Henry Lawrence. Before that calamity became known in Calcutta, an order had been dispatched, constituting Sir Henry a major-general,¶ and desiring that the command should be placed in his hands so soon as the relief of Lucknow should set him at liberty. His death left the command indefinitely with Havelock, who wrote a most pressing requisition to General Neil to send 300 Europeans to occupy Cawnpoor, and thereby place the column at liberty to advance on Lucknow. Neil (just made a brigadier-general) received the request on the 15th of July, and forthwith dispatched above 200 of H.M. 84th, with orders to march twenty-five miles a-night, and reach Cawnpoor in five days. On the following day he started himself, overtook the men, and, with them, joined Havelock on the morning of the 20th.

A man of strong feelings, yet a stern disciplinarian, Neil was scarcely more infuriated by the sight of the loathsome evidences of the tragedy of the 16th, than by the excesses of the troops, which could not but have a moral and physical reaction. General Havelock crossed the Ganges on the 24th of July. On the following day, Neil writes to Calcutta regarding the measures he had taken to stop plundering and restore tranquillity; and suggests, among other means of supplying the want of cavalry, that all horses, private property of deceased officers, be taken by government at a

* For instance, *Scinde Kosseid*, Aug. 18th, 1857.
† For instance, *Milan Gazette*, November, 1857.
‡ Shepherd's *Narrative:* Parl.Papers (No.4), p.184.
§ Thomson's *Story of Cawnpoor*, pp. 49, 50.

‖ Despatch, Cawnpoor, July 18th.—Further Parl. Papers (not numbered), 1857; p. 143.
¶ Telegram from governor-general, July 12th, 1857.—*Ibid.*, p. 115.

fair valuation, for mounting dragoons and horsing batteries. "A stringent government order should be issued on this head to all forces, particularly to General Havelock, where there is that disposition to plunder; also a government order, stringent against plundering also."* In a private letter of the same period, he writes—

"Since I arrived here I have been hard at work to get order re-established. I have now put a stop to the plundering I found going on, by reorganising a police. I am also collecting all the property of the deceased, and trying to trace if any have survived; but as yet have not succeeded in finding one. I find the officers' servants behaved shamefully, and were in the plot—all but the lowest caste ones. They deserted their masters, and plundered them. Whenever a rebel is caught he is immediately tried, and unless he can prove a defence, he is sentenced to be hanged at once; but the chief rebels or ringleaders I make first clean up a certain portion of the pool of blood, still two inches deep, in the shed where the fearful murder and mutilation of women and children took place. To touch blood is most abhorrent to the high-caste natives; they think, by doing so, they doom their souls to perdition. Let them think so. My object is to inflict a fearful punishment for a revolting, cowardly, barbarous deed, and to strike terror into these rebels. The first I caught was a subahdar, or Native officer, a high-caste Brahmin, who tried to resist my order to clean up the very blood he had helped to shed; but I made the provost-martial do his duty, and a few lashes soon made the miscreant accomplish his task. When done, he was taken out and immediately hanged, and, after death, buried in a ditch at the road-side. No one who has witnessed the scenes of murder, mutilation, and massacre, can ever listen to the word 'mercy,' as applied to these fiends. The well of mutilated bodies—alas! containing upwards of 200 women and children—I have had decently covered in, and built up as one large grave."†

It does not appear on what authority the assertion regarding the native servants was based. Neil was not then sure that any European had escaped, and could not have received any direct information. Afterwards, one of the survivors declared, that "a large number of the natives shared with us our sharp and bitter troubles." Some were killed in the intrenchment; several outlived the siege, and died at the time of embarkation; two or three escaped at the time of the capitulation; and a few faithful ayahs‡ remained with the ladies and children, and are believed to have been flung with them into the well, which, however, from its size, could not have held nearly 200 bodies.

The brigadier's proceeding with regard to the "pool of blood," occasioned some discussion. Could he have compelled the Nana, Azim Oollah, or any well-known and proved instigator or perpetrator of the crime, to perform this loathsome act, it might have altered the case. As it was, the perdition of the soul, supposed to have been occasioned thereby according to the creed of the Hindoos, did not touch the equally, if not more, guilty Mohammedans. But it is well known that modern Brahminism attaches importance to the violation of caste, rather as involving excommunication in this world, than perdition in the next; and the manner in which many even of the mutineers declared that the Nana Sahib had brought a curse on the cause by the Cawnpoor atrocity, proves that they could appreciate, as well as a European, between the punishment due to those who shed innocent blood, and the entirely external and compulsory act of cleansing the polluted earth. Again—since the rallying-cry for rebellion had been the preservation of caste, was it wise to do anything which should lend weight to that plea?

CHAPTER XIX.

OPERATIONS, IN OUDE, OF MOVEABLE COLUMN UNDER GENERAL HAVELOCK; LUCKNOW AND CAWNPOOR.—JULY AND AUGUST, 1857.

The Ganges was crossed by the moveable column, unopposed by any foe. The operation is described as difficult and tedious; and it would have been still more so, but for the ability of Colonel Fraser Tytler (assistant quartermaster-general), and the foresight of Neil, in providing a small steamer to keep open the river communica-

* Further Parl. Papers (No. 4), p. 18.

† *Ayr Observer*, September, 1857.

‡ The ayahs are mentioned in a list of the Cawnpoor and Futtehghur captives, found, after the reoccupation of Cawnpoor, in the house of a native doctor, who had attended them in the Sevada Kothee.

tion. Still Havelock was sanguine of success—brilliant, rapid, and uninterrupted success, in Oude, Agra, and Delhi. Sir Patrick Grant, on the 25th of July, acquainted the governor-general with the contents of a telegraphic message he had just received, in which General Havelock expressed a confident hope that Lucknow would soon be in his hands; and requested early orders whether he should remain in Oude, and thoroughly reconquer and pacificate the province, or recross the Ganges, march on Agra, join the force there, and "assist in the reduction of Delhi."

On the same day the Lucknow garrison received a letter from Colonel Tytler, to the effect that the general's force was sufficient to defeat the enemy; that the troops were then crossing the river, and hoped to be in Lucknow in five or six days, the distance between Cawnpoor and Lucknow being somewhat above fifty miles. The letter was conveyed by Ungud, a pensioned sepoy, who stole in through the besieging force at midnight, and poured forth tidings of the outer world to the eager ears of the Europeans. Mr. Gubbins describes the entrance of Ungud into the low room on the ground-floor, with a single light carefully screened on the further side, lest it should attract the bullets of the enemy; the anxious faces of the men; the indistinct forms of women in their night attire, listening in breathless silence to the promise of speedy rescue for themselves, followed by tidings of the final Cawnpoor massacre. Ungud also told them that the risaldar of Fisher's Horse, the first rebel commander of the force besieging Lucknow, had been killed by a rifle-ball while reconnoitring from a loophole; that an infantry subahdar, named Ghumunda Sing, was their present leader; that a boy of eleven or twelve years of age, a member of the Oude royal family, had been proclaimed king; his mother, the Begum, being regent; while some authority was still exercised by the Moulvee, who had accompanied the mutineers from Fyzabad. After a day's rest, Ungud again set forth on his perilous enterprise, bearing despatches and plans of Lucknow, and of the roads leading to it, from Brigadier Inglis, for General Havelock, to whom the garrison now looked for speedy rescue.

The tidings of the Cawnpoor massacre, terrible as they were, relieved the minds of the garrison from that worst fear, which the false or grossly exaggerated accounts of the Meerut and Delhi mutinies had inspired. The men ceased to discuss the propriety of killing the women and children, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy—a practice which, in the case of Hindoos and Mohammedans, had been denounced by the British as barbarous and heathenish in the extreme. Nevertheless, Mr. Gubbins relates, that an officer who resided in his house during the siege, offered, in the event of the enemy taking Lucknow by storm, to shoot Mrs. Gubbins; and required a similar pledge on behalf of his own wife. Mr. Gubbins replied, that "the necessity had not arisen; and there was, therefore, then no need to provide for it." He adds, in the manly, honest tone that characterises his narrative—"and besides, I could not do it."*

Mr. Polehampton asserts that Colonel Inglis asked him, whether Mrs. Inglis would be justified in killing her own children, rather than let them be murdered by the mutineers? He replied, "No; for the children could but be killed." Major Banks asked him, "as a clergyman," for advice what to do, if it were certain that the women would be captured, and treated as they were alleged to have been at Delhi and Meerut. The answer was, that in that case, he (Mr. Polehampton) would shoot his wife.†

Neither the chaplain nor the commissioner lived to see the issue of the siege. The former was wounded while attending the sick in the hospital (which he had done zealously and kindly), and eventually died of cholera. The latter received a bullet through the temples, while reconnoitring the enemy from a loophole of Mr. Gubbins' house, on the 21st of July. Mr. Ommaney, the judicial commissioner, had been previously killed by a cannon-ball, which hit him as he sat in his chair, after passing over the body of Sergeant-major Watson, who was lying down, and who, though not touched by the ball, died at the same moment.‡

The first sally made by the garrison was against Johannes' house, so called from having been the property of a merchant of that name. From a loopholed turret near the roof, the double-barrelled rifle of an African eunuch, formerly in the service of the King of Oude, commanded the Cawnpoor battery; and the bullets swept down the main street, frequently entering the

* Gubbins' *Mutinies in Oudh*, p. 349.
† Memoir of the Rev. H. S. Polehampton; p. 271.
‡ Rees' *Lucknow*, p. 128.

windows of the hospital. The eunuch's aim was so sure, that the soldiers called him Bob the Nailer. A sally was made on the 7th of July, and the house was entered by blasting open a little doorway. A number of the enemy were found asleep, and bayoneted. The rifleman himself, seated at his elevated post, and engaged in returning the fire specially directed by the garrison to divert his attention, was unconscious of the approach of the British up to the moment in which he was surrounded and slain.

Through inadvertence the house was left standing, and was speedily reoccupied by sharpshooters. Six weeks later it was undermined by Captain Fulton, and seventy or eighty rebels were killed by the explosion; after which the captain sallied forth, and drove the insurgents from several of the adjacent buildings, which were then destroyed.

The besiegers, although for the most part cowardly and unskilful, proved themselves able and persevering in the construction of mines; and had not the Lucknow garrison contained engineers remarkable for skill and courage, the repeated attempts of the enemy could hardly have been ineffectual. Captain Fulton was a host in himself. He organised a small body of miners, comprising a few Cornishmen (the 32nd was raised in Cornwall) and some Seiks. One of the officers has sketched with his pencil, and another with his pen,* the gallant Fulton, in the perilous position and cramped attitude in which he passed whole hours, lying at the end of a narrow subterranean passage, during the stifling heat of an Indian July, listening to the enemy's miner coming nearer and nearer, until his pickaxe actually pierced the gallery, and exposed the disconcerted workman to the view and ready pistol of the solitary sentinel.

The first, and most serious general attack, was made by the rebels on the 20th of July. They sprang a mine, intending to destroy a battery constructed by Captain Fulton, called the Redan, which commanded the whole of the river side, and the buildings on the opposite bank. The enemy had miscalculated the distance, but the smoke hindered their seeing their failure; and, on hearing the loud explosion, they concluded that a breach had been effected, and, with fixed bayonets, advanced to the attack. Hundreds were shot down; but still, after discovering their mistake, they were unwilling to retreat; and one of their officers, waving his sword, on the point of which he had placed his cap, shouted—"Come on, my braves!" Again they advanced; but their leader being killed, and terrible gaps made in their ranks, they retreated in confusion, under a deadly fire from the British guns and muskets. Similar assaults were made on various points; but happily the weakest were avoided, because supposed to be undermined. Two lesser posts, almost entirely defended by non-military men, were fiercely assaulted by a body of sepoys and matchlockmen, led by a fanatic dressed in green, carrying the Moslem flag in his hands, and shouting "Deen! deen!" He was shot, and fell into the ditch: fifty or sixty of his followers were likewise killed; and, after some hours' hard fighting, the survivors retired, carrying off their flag, and nearly all their dead.

The affair commenced at nine o'clock in the morning, and the firing did not cease till four o'clock in the evening. The rebels then sent a flag of truce, and begged leave to remove the slain and wounded, whom they had not been able to bear away. This permission was readily granted. The loss of the enemy was estimated to exceed 1,000 men. The Europeans had four killed and twelve wounded, and about ten natives killed and wounded. The sanitary arrangements at this time are said to have been much neglected. Mr. Rees refers to causes of effluvia to which it is not pleasant to advert, but which must have fearfully aggravated the sufferings of the besieged, and contributed to produce that plague of flies, which was generally complained of as

* Lieutenant Mecham and Mr. Couper. *Vide Sketches of Lucknow*, already quoted. "It was not a very easy matter," Mr. Couper writes, "for an unpractised hand to reach the end of a mine in a dark night. The shaft itself was generally not less than twelve feet deep, and the usual means of descent was a rope. On reaching the bottom, the neophyte crawled on his hands and knees till the narrowing of the passage compelled him to abandon that mode of progression, and wriggle on, worm fashion, as best he could. Then, having arrived at the end, he composed himself to listen, and would probably hear some noise, such as a cock scratching the earth or the chopping of wood, which to his inexperienced and bewildered ear would sound suspicious; then he would hastily wriggle out of the mine to report his observations, much to the disgust of a more practised hand, who of course was immediately sent down, to return with the information that there was nothing going on."

far exceeding the sufferings inflicted by the mosquitoes at night, or anything which could be conceived as arising from apparently so minor an evil. "They swarmed in millions," Rees declares. "Our beef," he adds, "of which we get a tolerably small quantity every other day, is usually studded with them; and while I eat my miserable dall and roti (boiled lentil soup and unleavened bread), a number of scamps fly into my mouth, or tumble into the plate."

The want of bread was severely felt. The flour, kneaded with water, made into thin cakes by clapping between the hands of the native servants, and then baked on iron plates over the fire, proved unwholesome, and the sick and children grew to loathe the sight of the chupatties. The native bakers had all fled at the commencement of the siege; but Mr. Gubbins confesses himself unable to explain why, when yeast, and printed instructions for bread-making were procurable, no woman of the 220 within the intrenchment could be found capable of acquiring the knowledge of so rudimentary an operation in cookery. Ignorance was not, however, the sole cause of the deficiency; for it is added, that "the men were too much engaged in sterner duties; and to have baked for the whole inmates of each garrison, would have been too severe a labour for the ladies." Or the ladies'-maids either, it would appear; for Mr. Gubbins speaks of "our English maid, Chivers, presiding at the tea-table,"* when she might have saved some valuable lives by presiding at the flour-tub, and teaching herself first, and then the soldiers' wives and native servants, how to prepare digestible bread. If Cobbett had lived to hear of the bread-want in Agra, what a homily he would have preached on the defective training, and consequent domestic incapacity, of Englishwomen, especially of soldiers' wives.

By the end of July, the strength of the garrison had materially diminished. In the 32nd regiment alone, the loss was 170, by death or wounds. One great deliverance had marked this month, the danger itself being overlooked till it was past. A quantity of "bhoosa" (chopped straw for bullocks' fodder) had been left in an open space of ground before the hospital battery. A few yards distant there was a large underground powder-magazine. The enemy succeeded in setting the fodder on fire unobserved; and the flames must have heated the ground, ignited the gunpowder, and blown up the garrison, but for a heavy shower of rain (July 7th), which fell in time to prevent a conflagration. The fire smouldered for a whole week. Had it once blazed forth, the British could scarcely have extinguished it; as, from its exposed position, every person who had approached the spot would have been killed by the rebel sharpshooters.†

August arrived. On the 5th the firing of cannon was heard in the city. The besieged believing that the British troops were come, shook hands with one another in extreme delight, and rushed to the tops of the houses, heedless of danger, to catch the first glimpse of their deliverers. The short-lived joy gave place to bitter disappointment. The rebels perceived the mistake; and either from Johannes' house, or at the Baillie guard, where they had taken up a position so near the intrenchment as to be easily heard, taunted the Europeans, telling them the cannonade was a grand salute, fired at various points, in honour of the Oude prince whom they had proclaimed king.

On the 15th, Ungud returned with a note from Colonel Tytler to Mr. Gubbins, dated "Mungulwar, August 4th." It ran thus:—

"We march to-morrow morning for Lucknow, having been reinforced. We shall push on as speedily as possible. We hope to reach you in four days at furthest. You must aid us in every way, even to cutting your way out, if we can't force our way in. We are only a small force."

Brigadier Inglis, and the leading authorities, were scarcely less disconcerted by the misappreciation of their position, which the communication revealed, than by the information given by Ungud, that subsequent to its date the force had advanced towards Lucknow, won two easy victories at Oonao and Busserut Gunj, and then retired for some unknown reason. A letter was sent by the brigadier to General Havelock, of which the following is an extract:—

"It is quite impossible, with my weak and shattered force, that I can leave my defences. You must bear in mind how I am hampered; that I have upwards of 120 sick and wounded, and at least 220 women, and about 230 children, and no carriage of any description; besides sacrificing twenty-three lacs of treasure, and about thirty guns of sorts. * * * If you hope to save this force, no time must be lost in pushing forward. We are

* Gubbins' *Mutinies in Oudh*, pp. 205, 206.

† Rees' *Siege of Lucknow*, p. 129.

daily being attacked by the enemy, who are within a few yards of our defences. Their mines have already weakened our post. * * * My strength now in Europeans is 350, and about 300 natives, and the men are dreadfully harassed; and owing to part of the Residency having been brought down by round shot, many are without shelter. Our native force having been assured, on Colonel Tytler's authority, of your near approach some twenty-five days ago, are naturally losing confidence; and if they leave us, I don't see how the defences are to be manned."

Ungud's information was correct in the main, although the victories at Oonao and Busserut Gunj were not so easily gained, at least not so cheaply purchased, as he represented. The facts were these. General Havelock, on crossing the Ganges, encamped at the fortified village of Mungulwar, six miles from Cawnpoor; and on the 29th of July he marched thence for Lucknow. Nothing could have been less promising than the starting of men already struggling under the collapse consequent on fierce excitement, amid torrents of rain, to wade knee-deep through swampy plains, without tents, scantily fed, fever-struck by the sun by day, smitten with deadly sickness by the moon at night, yet expected to force their way through mud-walled villages inhabited by a warlike population, whose hostility there was reason to anticipate.* General Havelock set forth in ignorance (whether culpable or otherwise is a distinct question) of the dangers and difficulties to be encountered. The talookdars of Oude had as yet, for the most part, remained neutral; many of them had sheltered and protected European fugitives; but causes of hostility were not wanting: the forcible deposition of Wajid Ali without the concurrence, asked or given, of his subjects, was an ostensible ground of disaffection: our law, revenue, and governmental proceedings; our exactions and our omissions, especially our unfulfilled promises, had given many influential chiefs deep personal offence; while the peasants, alarmed by the village-burning system, were quite ready to defend their hearths and homes, as they had been accustomed to do when banded together to resist excessive taxation under native rule. It would have been politic, and moreover just, in a general entering a country under such circumstances, to have issued a manifesto to the people at large, stating the object of the expedition, asking their co-operation, and promising protection to families, and fair remuneration for any service they might be able to render. Instead of this, General Havelock started as if entering an enemy's country, and met the opposition he had taken no pains to deprecate.

The troops had not advanced above three or four miles from Mungulwar, when they came upon a fortified village called Oonao. Here a small force, chiefly villagers, defended themselves with desperation, after their three guns were captured. The Europeans were engaged in firing a particular enclosure, as the only way of dislodging its defenders, when the field-engineer of the force, who had ridden round to the front to reconnoitre, galloped back, with the information that a very large force of infantry, cavalry, and guns, was rapidly advancing, from the other side, upon Oonao; whereupon the work in the village was left half done, for the Seiks to finish; while the column regained the main road, and beheld 6,000 men, with their guns in advance, at a distance of about 1,500 yards. An artillery officer describes himself as looking forward at the vast masses of infantry and cavalry with which the plain swarmed in front, and then backward at the small, thin line of men, struggling on knee-deep in swamp: yet in that line none quailed for fear; only a groan ran along it—"Oh, that we had cavalry to cut the dogs up!"†

The English artillerymen had happily the sun at their backs, and they opened on the rebel infantry with effect; while the Enfield rifles rapidly emptied the saddles of the cavalry. The enemy wavered, then turned, and fled pell-mell to a village across the plain, leaving the English masters of the field. It was past 2 P.M., and the victors stopped three hours to cook and eat. After this, they marched eight miles to Busserut Gunj, a large walled village, surrounded by swamps, where three guns had been placed in position. These were soon silenced by the fire of the British

* A non-commissioned officer of the 84th writes, that "during the passage of the river it rained almost incessantly; and my party, which was the last, had no shelter; for on a march like ours, no tents are brought, so some of the men had to wander about all night in the rain without a roof to shelter them; the consequence was, that a good many took the cramps and died."—*Times*, September 29th, 1857.

† Letter published in *Saturday Review*, November, 1857. Evidently written by the same pen that ably described the march from Allahabad to Cawnpoor—previously quoted.

artillery; and the sepoys, after a feeble defence, were driven out of the village; the Nana Sahib, it was afterwards said, being with them, and the first to fly: but the matchlockmen fought desperately, and house after house had to be separately stormed before Busserut Gunj was evacuated. One villager occupied a little mud fort (which was almost the first post carried), and he contrived to hide himself, and thus escape the fate of his comrades, who had been all bayoneted. When the main body had passed on, the villager, instead of continuing to lie concealed, emerged from his lurking-place, and plied his solitary matchlock with effect against the guns, the baggage, the elephants, or anything that came within range. The rear-guard, struck with his contempt of death, desired to spare him, and called to him to desist; but he would not; and then a party of Seiks lit a fire round the fort, and shot him through the head, as he leant over the parapet to take a last aim at his foes.*

The English troops lost twelve killed and seventy-six wounded during the day. The loss of the enemy was calculated to have been 500 at Oonao alone. Twenty-one guns were captured, including two complete 9-pounders, quite new from the Cossipoor foundry. An important victory had been gained; and the officers and soldiers, notwithstanding the discomfort which surrounded them as they encamped that night on the causeway beyond the village, congratulated themselves on being within a forced march and a-half of Lucknow. The next morning an order for a retrograde movement was issued. General Havelock gave no explanation of the grounds of a measure at once unpopular, and totally at variance with the sanguine hopes he had so lately expressed. The occupation of nearly all the available carriage for the wounded and the sick, and the question of how to provide for casualties in the event of another action, was supposed to be a main cause of the retreat. Neither officers nor men appear to have recognised the necessity for this humiliating step; on the contrary, one of the general's aides-de-camp notes in his journal, that the very idea of a retrograde movement filled the force with consternation, and the order drew forth the first murmurs he had heard; adding, the "almost universal feeling in our little band, is one of indignation at not being led forward."† Another officer (an anonymous but able writer, and a keen observer), after balancing the difficulties on both sides, thinks the advance should have been persisted in. He argues, that by following close upon the heels of the beaten foe, the English might have calculated on meeting with but slight opposition at the only dangerous place on the road—the Bunnee bridge, twelve miles from Busserut Gunj; and from thence to Lucknow the road was clear. At the city itself there would probably have been a sharp fight; but it was known that the guns of the advancing force could be placed in such a position as would enable them, in conjunction with the guns of the Residency, to shell the city. The troops were most anxious to make the attempt. "If," it was argued, "the force be now considered too small to effect its object, why was not that considered and decided on the other side of the river?" Having once crossed the Ganges, caution was out of place; and Danton's motto, "*L'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace,*" was the best rule of action in so desperate an undertaking.‡

Certainly our power in India was, as it ever had been, based on opinion; and the retreat at this crisis being viewed by the rebels as a sign of weakness, more than counterbalanced the effect of the previous victories. On returning to Mungulwar, the general began to strengthen that position, so as to make it an intrenched camp; and there the troops remained, waiting for reinforcements. At this unpropitious moment, a manifesto was issued, explaining why the British had entered the country in arms, and deprecating hostility on the part of the Oude population. It was too late; the protestations were not believed, and only tended to confirm the waverers in the idea that the English were now striving to gain by diplomacy, what they had failed in obtaining by force. The rebel ranks were strengthened by many chiefs of note immediately after the first retreat of Havelock.

It may be imagined that the "fiery Neil" chafed at the news; but when Havelock applied to him for reinforcements, requiring a battery, two 24-pounders, and 1,000 European infantry, he sent him half a battery and the two guns fully equipped, with about 150 infantry, leaving himself

* *Saturday Review*, November, 1857.
† Major North's *Journal*, p. 112.
‡ *Saturday Review*, November, 1857.

with 250 available men to hold Cawnpoor, and take care of about as many sick sent back from Mungulwar. Writing to England, in evident disapproval of the retreat of Havelock, and his requirement of another full regiment, Neil remarks—

"If he waits for that, he must wait reinforcements from Calcutta, and a long delay, during which time Lucknow may share the fate which befel Cawnpoor. The rebels, flushed with victory, will return on this, reoccupy Cawnpoor, and I have no troops to keep them out. I must be starved out. The influence, too, on Agra may be most disastrous; but I hope General Havelock, who has been so successful, will now advance again and relieve Lucknow."*

The general made a second attempt. Starting afresh on the 4th of August, he found Oonao unoccupied, and bivouacked there that night. Next morning the troops marched on Busserut Gunj, with the intention of proceeding from thence to Nawab Gunj, a place five miles further on the road to Lucknow, said to be held in great force by the enemy. But Busserut Gunj proved to be reoccupied by guns and matchlockmen; and although the village was cleared, and the rebels driven from an adjacent plain (where large tents, especially a pretentious one, striped red and white, bespoke the presence of recognised leaders), the state of affairs was so unpromising, that a consultation was held on the propriety of retreating; and, this time, the force almost unanimously acknowledged its necessity.

On the 6th of August, the British lost two killed and twenty-three wounded; the enemy had 300 casualties. Still, Colonel Tytler, whose despatches are succinct and explicit, writes to the commander-in-chief—

"The whole transaction was most unsatisfactory, only two small iron guns (formerly captured by us, and destroyed, in our ideas) being taken. It became painfully evident to all that we could never reach Lucknow: we had three strong positions to force, defended by fifty guns and 30,000 men. One night and a day had cost us, in sick and wounded, 104 Europeans, and a fourth of our gun ammunition: this does not include our killed and dead†—some ten men. We had 1,010 effective Europeans, and could, consequently, parade 900 or so; the men are cowed by the numbers opposed to them, and the endless fighting. Every village is held against us, the zemindars having risen to oppose us; all the men killed yesterday were zemindars."

The artillery officer recently quoted, expresses similar opinions; only that, writing in the freedom of private correspondence, he explains circumstances to which the quartermaster-general could not allude. After showing the difference between the present and former expedition, and the manner in which the people now openly espoused the cause of the mutineers, he described the troops as being disheartened by sickness, exposure, and unremitting fatigue, and also "by a late order, containing an insinuation against the courage of an unnamed portion of the force," which had, "as a matter of course, been taken to itself by each individual regiment, and created a feeling of universal dissatisfaction."‡

So the troops marched back to Mungulwar, and remained for three or four days inactive. A letter written by General Havelock on the 9th of August, shows how completely his sanguine anticipations had fallen to the ground. "Things are in a most perilous state," he tells his wife. "If we succeed in restoring anything, it will be by God's especial and extraordinary mercy." "I must now write as one whom you may see no more, for the chances of war are heavy at this crisis." "Thank God for my hope in the Saviour. We shall meet in heaven."§

At length it was resolved to recross the Ganges. A place was chosen for the embarkation of the force, where the river was much narrower than opposite Cawnpoor; but, to reach this spot, a succession of swamps and creeks had to be crossed. Causeways were thrown across the swamps, and bridges of boats over the creeks, with all speed, the engineers working manfully. On the 11th, the necessary preparations being completed, and the commissariat stores sent over in advance, the troops hoped to enjoy, that night, "the shelter of a tent, or the comfort of a bed," luxuries from which they had parted on entering Oude.

But a further delay arose. At 3 P.M. the bugle sounded, and orders were given for a third advance. The reason was, that the general had received false information that the enemy had come to Oonao with the intention of attacking the Europeans while crossing the river. About 200 men were left to guard the bridge; the remainder, which could not have greatly exceeded 800, started "with their arms in their hands, and their clothes on their backs; not another thing." On reaching

* *Ayr Observer*, September, 1857.
† Thus in Parl. Paper.
‡ *Saturday Review*, November, 1857.
§ Brock's *Havelock*, p. 189.

Oonao, there was not a soul to be seen; but correct intelligence came in, to the effect that the enemy, under the impression that the general had crossed the Ganges two days before, had encamped, with 4,000 infantry and 500 cavalry, one horse battery, and some native guns, in front of Busserut Gunj. That night the tired and hungry men bivouacked on the swampy plain; and the next morning they arose at dawn, wet with a heavy shower that had fallen in the night, to attack the foe a third time at nearly the same place, but more strongly posted than on previous occasions. The hostile artillery was well manned. "In five minutes after we came into action," says an artillery officer, "every man at the gun I was laying, was wounded with grape, except the sergeant and myself; and four of our gun cattle were knocked over by round shot."* Owing to the deep and wide morasses which defended the front of the enemy, there was difficulty and delay in bringing the British guns to bear on the opposing batteries. Eventually one of these was taken in flank, and both were silenced, partly by some "lucky shrapnel," but mainly by one of the magnificent charges of the Highlanders, who rushed on the guns, captured two, and turned them against the flying foe. The others were carried off by the enemy. The exhausted victors were quite incapable of pursuit. They had lost five killed, and thirty wounded. The casualties on the other side were estimated at 300.

After halting to take breath, the Europeans returned to Oonao, "where they cooked food;" and thence, in the cool of the evening, back to Mungulwar. On the following day the Ganges was crossed, and Havelock rejoined Neil, with the remnants of his shattered forces. The "victories" he had gained, read well in his despatches: but what were the facts? He had thrice driven the enemy from the same ground; had captured the same cannon over and over again: but he had retreated three times; and, being finally defeated in the sole object of the campaign, had returned to Cawnpoor with the loss of a fourth of his men. The estimate of native casualties was very uncertain: but even if these were reckoned by thousands, the rebel ranks were being constantly recruited. There was scarcely a second opinion on the subject throughout India. The operations in Oude were declared, even by an authority† strongly favourable to General Havelock, to have been "complete failures," and very costly ones; for the troops had been exposed, from the 20th of July to the 13th of August, without tents, and had made a three weeks' campaign of what was expected to have been but an advance of a few days. Major North declares, that what was endured in marching from Allahabad to Cawnpoor, was light in comparison to the sufferings encountered in the advances and retreats in Oude.‡

On returning to Cawnpoor, a great difference was observable in the place, through the exertions of Neil. He had felt the necessity of conciliating the shopkeepers; and every morning, at daybreak, he went among them, and endeavoured to reassure them regarding the expected advance of the mutineers, whose appearance, in overwhelming numbers, was daily expected. Another measure of his has been much discussed. Captain Bruce, the superintendent of police, in searching the house of a nawab said to be engaged in besieging Lucknow, found that his female relatives had been left behind, and immediately seized them; giving them at the same time to understand, that they would alone be protected so long as any English women or children who might fall into the hands of the Oude rebels should be uninjured.§ In extenuation of this and other harsh measures, it must be remembered that Neil was in a most arduous and critical position. The departure of the moveable column had encouraged the mutineers to reassemble at Bithoor. With his small force, aided by the little steamer *Berhampootra*, Neil repeatedly dispersed them; but it was to no purpose: they returned again immediately; for their numbers and their desperate case left them no alternative but armed rebellion.

The motley horde at the town of Bithoor, consisted of some of the 2nd and 4th cavalry, portions of Nana Sahib's followers, and of the rebel infantry from Saugor; numbering, in all, 4,000 men with two guns. Havelock marched against them on the 16th of August, took the guns, and drove them off; but could not attempt pursuit,

* *Saturday Review*, November, 1857.

† *Friend of India*—the proprietor of the journal (Mr. Marshman) being the general's brother-in-law.

‡ Major North's *Journal*, p. 120.

§ *Friend of India*, Sept. 10th, 1857.

not only from the want of cavalry, but also from the exhausted condition of his own troops. The loss of the enemy was estimated at 250 killed and wounded; the British had eight rank and file killed, and forty-one wounded:* twelve died from sun-stroke,† and many others from cholera and the effects of exposure and fatigue.

On this occasion, the ill effect of marching Englishmen in India by day instead of by night, was particularly manifest. The men came into action so fagged with the heavy road and hot sun, that even the excitement of fighting scarcely sustained them. Strangely enough, the sepoys were equally exhausted; for a Hindoo fast, which had fallen on the previous day, had been strictly kept by them, and scores were bayoneted as they lay fainting on the ground; while others, having fled beyond the reach of the guns, flung themselves down, incapable of further movement.

The Europeans were surrounded by depressing circumstances. It was about forty days since they quitted Allahabad in high health and spirits: during that time they had been engaged with the enemy, on an average, every fourth day. Changed in appearance, no less than diminished in numbers, were they now. "It was really pitiable," the anonymous chronicler of the proceedings writes, "to see the regiments marching back from Bithoor. The 78th left Allahabad over 300 strong; it is now reduced to less than 100 fighting-men. The 64th, that started a few months ago for Persia 1,000 strong, is now reduced to the size of two companies, and the rest in proportion."‡

The troops with which General Havelock had, on the 23rd of July, talked of "relieving Lucknow, and reconquering and pacificating Oude," were, on the 15th of August, described by him as in process of "absorption by disease;" and by Neil, as "much used up; imperative they should be rested and not exposed; not equal to a few miles' march:" "total, seventeen officers and 466 men, non-effective." On the 23rd of August, Havelock telegraphed to Calcutta, that unless immediate reinforcements could be sent, he must abandon Cawnpoor, and fall back on Allahabad.§ There is no record in the public papers of this date, to show in what manner Havelock fulfilled those duties regarding the food, shelter, and appointments of the troops, the details of which fill so many hundreds of pages in the "Wellington Despatches," and explain why Colonel Wellesley conducted the guerilla warfare which succeeded the capture of Seringapatam with such complete success, amid the jungles and fortified villages of Malabar, and the trackless forests of Wynaad. Havelock commanded men admirably in the field; but what were his commissariat arrangements? Did he, or did he not, habitually overrate his resources and his victories, and expose the men to fatigues and hardships which, by greater vigilance and judgment, might have been avoided or mitigated? The *Life*, published by his brother-in-law, Mr. Marshman, explained how far Havelock struggled against the force of circumstances; and what his reasons were for acts which at the time were inexplicable, especially that strongly commented on by the Indian press, of changing the quarters of the troops after the Bithoor affair of the 16th, from the comparatively dry and comfortable houses in cantonments, to tents pitched upon a swampy flat. The first night of the alteration the rain fell in torrents; and though the tents were good and did not leak, the absence of drainage covered the ground with a carpet of mud. "During the day, the soldiers were allowed to go to the stables for some protection; but at night they were compelled to sleep on the wet ground: and what with wet feet and wet clothes, the consequences may be imagined." They were subsequently "permitted to remain in the stables;" but these were built on a dead flat, with swamps of mud between each range, so that the men made paths of bricks, in order to reach their quarters dryshod. The *Friend of India*, after stating these and other circumstances, adds, "but General Havelock is a most energetic officer."‖ No one will deny this; yet, if the other assertions of the editor be correct, the general lacked qualifications indispensable in the person entrusted with the care of such costly and perishable articles as European troops. Under the circumstances, it is not sur-

* Brigadier-general Havelock's despatch, August 17th, 1857.—*London Gazette*, Nov. 24th, 1857.

† Neil's telegram to commander-in-chief.—Parl. Papers (No. 4), p. 102.

‡ Artillery officer.—*Saturday Review*, November, 1857.

§ Further Parl. Papers, 1857 (No. 4), p. 113.

‖ *Friend of India*, September 10th, 1857.

prising that, on the 20th of August, he should have been compelled to inform the commander-in-chief, that the troops "had been assailed in the most awful way by cholera, and were reduced to 700 in the field." Two officers died that day of cholera.*

In another respect, the conduct of Havelock was injudicious. His tendency to favouritism gave rise to much angry discussion in the force. He praised the Highlanders in general orders, despatches, and telegrams, in the most glowing terms; and well he might: but the services of other portions of the column, of the Fusiliers, and especially of the 64th, were acknowledged in a much less gratifying manner. After adverting to the conquest of Cawnpoor by Lord Lake, in 1803, and making the extraordinary assertion that the Nana was the nephew of a man whose "life was, by a too indulgent government, spared in 1817;" the general order complimented the Highlanders on a charge equal to that by which Assaye was won; and concluded with the following paragraph:—

"Sixty-fourth! you have put to silence the jibes of your enemies throughout India. Your fire was reserved until you saw the colour of your enemy's mustachios—this gave us the victory."

Probably the gallant 64th would rather have dispensed with the praise, richly as they had earned it, than have been humiliated by the suggestion that their recent bravery had been necessary to silence jibes, which, to notice, was to envenom.

The allusion to Lord Lake was unfortunate, for it drew attention to the contrast between the rare and slight notice taken in that general's despatches, of the services rendered by his beloved son and aide-de-camp, Major Lake; and the persistence with which General Havelock "begged specially to commend his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Havelock, 10th Foot, to the protection and favour of his excellency the commander-in-chief."

The death of Captain Beatson enabled Havelock to gratify his parental affection by nominating his son to the post of assistant adjutant-general, the talents evinced in the action of the 16th of July being mentioned in justification of the appointment,† and reiterated in a subsequent despatch,‡ as the ground for a recommendation for the Victoria medal. On the latter occasion, the brigadier-general described his son as having led the 64th to the capture of the last hostile gun, the commanding officer being in front, dismounted. When this despatch returned to India, in the columns of the *London Gazette*, both Havelock and Stirling were dead; the latter having fallen at the head of his men, in the act of spiking a hostile gun. Lieutenant-colonel Bingham, who had succeeded to the command of the 64th, addressed the commander-in-chief (Sir Colin Campbell) on the subject, declaring, that "the despatch was so worded, as to make it appear that the late Major Stirling, who afterwards became a lieutenant-colonel, was not properly leading his regiment;" whereas the officers maintained, that he had acted, "as he did on all such occasions, most nobly and gallantly, and that he was on foot at the time, because, in consequence of a shell bursting, his horse had become unrideable. In short, it was very painful to the regiment, that the memory and reputation of their late gallant commanding officer should have been so unfairly tampered with."§ Sir Colin Campbell recognised the importance of the case as a dangerous precedent; and, after drawing the attention of the Duke of Cambridge to the foregoing circumstances, he added—

"I confess to have a strong feeling of sympathy with the officers of the 64th regiment; and it would be a matter of great satisfaction to me, if you would have the goodness to move his royal highness to give a gracious expression towards the memory of the late Lieutenant-colonel Stirling, for the benefit of the 64th regiment. This instance is one of many in which, since the institution of the Victoria Cross, advantage has been taken by young aides-de-camp and other staff officers to place themselves in prominent situations for the purpose of attracting attention. To them life is of little value, as compared with the gain of public honour; but they do not reflect, and the generals to whom they belong also do not reflect, on the cruel injustice thus done to gallant officers, who, besides the excitement of the moment of action, have all the responsibility attendant on this situation. We know that the private soldier expects to be led by his regimental officers, whom he knows and recognises as the leaders to whom he is bound to look in the moments of the greatest trial and danger, and that he is utterly regardless of the accidental presence of an aide-de-camp or other staff officer, who is an absolute stranger to him. There is another point, also, having a great importance. By such despatches as the one above alluded to, it is made to appear to

* Further Parl. Papers (No. 4), p. 107.

† Brigadier-general Havelock, July 20th, 1857.—Parl. Papers (No. 4), p. 14.

‡ August 18th, 1857.—*Ibid.*, p. 103.

§ Sir Colin Campbell to the Duke of Cambridge, March 30th, 1858.—Parl. Papers, June 8th, 1858.

the world, that a regiment would have proved wanting in courage, except for an accidental circumstance. Such a reflection is most galling to a regiment of British soldiers—indeed almost intolerable; and the fact is remembered against it by all the other corps in her majesty's service. Soldiers feel such things most keenly. I would, therefore, again beg leave to dwell on the injustice sometimes done by general officers when they give a public preference to those attached to them over old officers, who are charged with the most difficult and responsible duties.—I have, &c.

"C. CAMPBELL, Commander-in-chief.

"The Adjutant-general, Horse-Guards, London."

The Duke of Cambridge responded to Sir Colin's appeal, by declaring that—

"H.R.H. enters fully into the feelings of Lieutenant-colonel Bingham, who has, in vindication of the character of his late commanding officer and of the 64th regiment, so honourably appealed to your sense of justice; and he has much gratification in now recording his entire satisfaction with the whole conduct of Lieutenant-colonel Stirling, and of the excellent regiment which he commanded with so much credit to himself and advantage to the service."*

In this painful affair, no blame could of course attach to young Havelock, who was popular with the troops, and is mentioned in the private correspondence of the period, as a brave soldier of the Charles O'Malley stamp. He would have made a first-rate commander of irregular corps; and that is no light praise.

That the officers of the 64th were justified in considering the despatch in question calculated to mislead the public regarding the services of Major Stirling, is evident from the manner in which the passage was quoted by the chancellor of the exchequer, when proposing to extend the annuity of £1,000 a-year settled upon the general with his baronetcy, to his next heir, Lieutenant Havelock. The chancellor spoke of the lieutenant as taking the lead on account of the death of Major Stirling; whereas the major was unhurt on that occasion, but fell at Cawnpoor four weary months later.

CHAPTER XX.

CALCUTTA; ARRIVAL OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL FROM ENGLAND, AND REINFORCEMENTS FROM THE COLONIES; REVOLT IN BEHAR, PATNA, AND DINAPOOR; RELIEF OF ARRAH; THE VENGEANCE-CRY; GOVERNMENT INSTRUCTIONS REGARDING MUTINEERS; KOLAPOOR AND SATTARA; BERHAMPOOR, ROHNEE, AND BHAUGULPOOR.—JULY TO OCTOBER, 1857.

THE incident just narrated, has brought Sir Colin Campbell somewhat abruptly before the reader, or rather brought him back again;‡ for Sir Colin was a veteran Indian as well as Peninsular campaigner. Decisive intelligence of the character of the sepoy mutiny reached England on the 27th of June, and created extraordinary excitement, among all classes throughout the United Kingdom. Hundreds of voices trembled as they uttered, "Who can tell what horrors are being enacted even now?" And these fears were realised; for that baneful 27th of June witnessed the first Cawnpoor massacre. Troops could not be dispatched at a day's notice, nor (for the most part) officers either; but twenty-four hours sufficed for the preparations of the hardy Scot, to whom the government and the nation appealed with one accord in the emergency. It is singular how many distinguished men have returned from India in disgrace or in disgust, and gone out again amid the most enthusiastic admiration of qualities which had been previously ignored. Sir Colin was one of these. He had held the command on the Punjab frontier after its conquest, and had differed on material points from Sir John Lawrence, regarding the military operations to be conducted there. "A guerilla war, carried on by civilians," was his especial aversion; and when Lord Dalhousie, on being referred to regarding some point in dispute, decided in favour of the Punjab authorities, and expressed himself in "sufficiently cutting terms" with respect to Sir Colin, the latter resigned his position, and returned to England. His sword had no time to rust in its sheath. In the Crimea he did good service; but it was as a general

* Dated "Horse-Guards, May 17th, 1858."

† Indian debate.—*Times*, February 8th, 1858.

‡ See Introductory Chapter, p. 104.

of division only.* He was passed over, in a marked manner, until the Indian storm burst forth; and then, because the government needed a good man for the office of commander-in-chief, even more than a good office for a "Dowb," and knew of no one who united warlike and oligarchical qualifications, the latter were dispensed with, and Colin Campbell returned to India, to cope with the greatest perils that ever menaced British India. Had the character of the new commander-in-chief been thoroughly appreciated by the public in 1857, it is possible that his popularity would have been for the time much diminished. He was not rabid against sepoys; he knew them well; had never thought them free from the vices and defects common to a host of mercenaries; and did not now view them as demons. His character as a commander was misunderstood; for being, in all that concerned himself, hardy and energetic, brave to excess where his own life was concerned—it was said in England, that he was "too rash to be entrusted with the command of an army."† In India, the very opposite was asserted: it was feared that he would be too chary of the health and life of the troops; and that (in the words attributed to Lord Dalhousie) he would "carry caution to the verge of something else."‡

A glance at the person of the weather-beaten soldier, was calculated to moderate these extreme views of his character. The organ of caution might be strongly developed underneath the gray curls; but no evidence of indecision, or want of self-reliance, could be found there, nor any weakness traced in the spare and compact figure, in the broad and vigorous forehead, seamed with many a furrow; in the kindly but keen blue eye, glancing from beneath the shaggy eyebrow; or the well-cut mouth, screened by a short moustache, the only hair suffered to remain on his face, even under an Indian sun.§

Sir Colin landed at Calcutta on the 13th of August, 1857, when things were at their very worst. Oude in arms; Rohilcund revolted; the Doab in the hands of the enemy; Central India in confusion; one great magazine captured; the gun manufactory lost at Futtehghur; communication with the Punjab cut off; the force at Delhi (the last accounts of which were dated the 18th of July, and had come by Bombay) "struggling to hold a position of observation, not siege," before Delhi; Lucknow blockaded; Agra threatened by the Gwalior contingent; Cawnpoor again in danger from foes without and pestilence within. Yet all this seems to have failed to rouse the Calcutta authorities to energetic action. A writer who had ample means of knowing the facts of the case, asserts, that when the new commander-in-chief arrived in Calcutta, everything was deficient, and had to be provided. "The first arrivals from England would, ere long, be coming in, and for their equipment nothing was in readiness; means of transport there were hardly any; horses for cavalry or artillery there were none; Enfield rifle ammunition was deficient; flour even was running out; guns, gun-carriages, and harness, for the field batteries, were either unfit for active service, or did not exist. Great and immediate were the efforts now made to supply these various wants. Horses were purchased at an immense price (£80 for each trooper, on an average); those of the 8th Madras light cavalry who had refused to embark for service in Bengal, were taken from them and sent up to Calcutta; rifle-balls were manufactured at Calcutta, at Madras, and sent for overland from England; flour was ordered to be procured, with the least possible delay, from the Cape; field guns were cast at the foundry at Cossipoor; gun-carriages and harness made up with all possible haste; the commissariat departments stimulated to a degree of activity hitherto not even dreamt of. * * * The whole military machine was set agoing with a high steam pressure."‖

The great error of the Calcutta authorities, and the one which was most inexcusable, inasmuch as they had refused to listen to the suggestions and entreaties of Sir H. Lawrence on the subject, regarded the transit of troops. Sir Patrick Grant had initiated certain arrangements; Sir Colin developed a system by which 200 men

* See an able, though not unprejudiced, summary of *Sir Colin Campbell's Campaign*, by "A disabled Officer;" dated "Dublin, July 15th, 1858."—*Times*, August 5th, 1858.

† Speech of Lieutenant-colonel Alison.—*Times*, May 28th, 1858.

‡ *Times*, August 5th, 1857.

§ Russell.—*Times*, June 4th, 1858.

‖ *Lord Clyde's Campaign in India.* Understood to be written by Lieutenant-colonel Alison, the elder of the two brothers (the only sons of Sir Archibald Alison) who went out, the one as military secretary, the other as aide-de-camp, to Sir Colin.—Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*, October, 1858.

a-day were regularly forwarded along the Great Trunk road to Allahabad (500 miles distant), in covered carts drawn by bullocks, which were relieved at regular stages; the men, on arriving at each halting-place, finding their meals prepared for them, as if they had been travelling on an English railway; while the road was kept clear of the rebels by small columns of infantry and artillery moving along it at irregular intervals. Until the end of October, the commander-in-chief remained at Calcutta, ceaselessly employed in the preparations on which his subsequent successes were based.

The first succour came, as has been already shown, from the colonies. The wide-spread power of England, and the ready response given in each province within reach to the cry for help, materially contributed to save the mother-country her Indian empire. The colonial governors behaved with admirable decision. Sir Henry Ward instantly forwarded to Calcutta almost every British soldier in Ceylon; and the reinforcement was most opportune, although it consisted only of a few companies of H.M. 37th, with a small proportion of artillery. Lord Elphinstone (whose energetic and successful administration of the Bombay government has received the imperfect appreciation which commonly attends the policy of those who study to prevent, rather than to quell revolt), upon his own responsibility, sent vessels to the Mauritius and the Cape for troops. Sir James Higginson unhesitatingly surrendered the garrison of his island, consisting of the 5th Fusiliers, the 4th and 33rd regiments; and Sir George Grey answered the appeal by forwarding four seasoned regiments to India. In fact, every horse and man available at the moment were dispatched from the Cape to the transports which were waiting for them. The colonists seconded the governor with hearty zeal. In order that every soldier might be spared for India, the inhabitants of Cape Town and its vicinity cheerfully took upon themselves all the duties of the garrison; and as the demand for horses was especially urgent, the studs of private stables (including that of the governor himself) were freely yielded for the service of the expedition, without any such enhancement of price as the occasion would naturally bring about.*

The diversion of the Chinese expedition from Hong Kong to China, was the fruit of Lord Elgin's clear view of the manner in which one duty might be overbalanced by another, and of his moral courage in risking the success of his own mission, for the sake of affording efficient co-operation to the Indian government.

The unexpected arrival of 1,700 troops was a joyful surprise for the people of Calcutta; and the society of Lord Elgin for a month, must have been welcome to the harassed governor-general; for they had been friends from boyhood.

The *Shannon*, moreover, brought, in the person of its captain, a first-rate artillery officer. The commander of the naval brigade in the Crimea, was sadly wanted in a country whose abundant rivers could not boast a single gun-boat. William Peel was the very man for the emergency. At three-and-thirty he had attained a reputation which would have gladdened the father whose career of statesmanship had been so suddenly closed, and which had been as a spring of new life to his widowed mother. Circumstances had developed his peculiar gifts, especially the "mechanical aptitude"† indispensable to a sailor. He had also the unflagging energy, the dogged persistence needful in that most onerous position—the command of marines.

Scarcely had his vessel cast anchor in the Ganges, before he commenced organising a naval brigade; and on the 18th of August, the government were able to announce that Captain Peel, with 400 seamen and ten 68-pounders, had left Calcutta for Allahabad.

The timely close of the Persian expedition has been already noticed. It was in many points important, but especially as it placed at the disposal of government the services of an able commander, thoroughly acquainted with Indian affairs. This was Sir James Outram, who, it will be remembered, had taken a prominent part in the annexation of Oude as chief commissioner. In 1857 he had returned to England, "bowed down by sickness and continual pain, which almost deprived him of sleep;" but, at the outbreak of the Persian war, he accepted the command of the expedition, and, at its successful close, returned to India, where he arrived on the 1st of August, and was nominated to the united command of the troops in the Dinapoor and Cawnpoor divisions, and reappointed chief commissioner in Oude. It was intended

* *Times*, October 20th, 1857.

† Russell.—*Times*, December 31st, 1858.

that he should at once proceed to Cawnpoor with reinforcements, and march thence to the relief of Lucknow; but a fresh delay arose, in consequence of the outbreak of mutiny and insurrection in the province of Behar.

Patna, the chief city, contains upwards of 300,000 inhabitants, a large proportion of whom are Mussulmans. It is situated on the Ganges, which river separates the Patna district from those of Sarun, Tirhoot, and Monghyr. The small civil stations of *Gya*, fifty miles to the south, *Chupra*, forty miles to the north, and *Arrah*, thirty-five miles to the west, of Patna, were, in June, 1857, under the control of the commissioner, Mr. William Tayler, whose conduct, as a commissioner of revenue, had led his colleagues to intimate, that unless it were changed, they could not continue to work with him. He was still more unpopular with the natives, having, in the matter of raising funds for an industrial institution at Patna, "excited much dissatisfaction and scandal in his division." His proceedings were being inquired into at the time of the mutiny. At such a crisis, the lieutenant-governor naturally desired to avoid a change in the head executive office of the district, and trusted that the intelligence, energy, and local knowledge of the commissioner, might, under the close supervision practicable by means of the electric telegraph, be made useful to the public. The military station of *Dinapoor*, ten miles to the westward of Patna, was garrisoned by H.M. 10th Foot, the 7th, 8th, and 40th N.I., one company of European, and one of Native artillery. Major-general Lloyd, the officer in command of the station, has been already mentioned. He had seen fifty-three years' service; and though of course an old man, had been chosen, as lately as 1854, for the suppression of the Sonthal insurrection; and his conduct on that occasion had given entire satisfaction to Lord Dalhousie. He was liable to attacks of gout, which at times unfitted him for field service. Still, it will be seen, when the subject is reviewed with the calmness which is rarely evinced in discussing recent events, whether the major-general, notwithstanding his seventy years and his "gouty feet," does not deserve credit for the policy with which he so long kept back the Native regiments under his command from open mutiny, and for the arrangements which were (as he avers) rendered unsuccessful by the incapacity and selfish terror of those who should have carried them out.

Unfortunately, the military and civil authorities acted on different plans. Conciliation was the motto of the major-general; "unlimited hanging," of the commissioner. The latter found a zealous coadjutor in Major Holmes, who commanded the 12th irregular cavalry at Segowlie, about a hundred miles distant. A detachment of the 12th had been located at Patna, and constant intercourse was maintained between that city and Segowlie. Marked contempt was evinced by the commissioner and the major for superior authority. Major Holmes took upon himself, in the middle of June, to declare a large tract of country under martial law, and wrote to the magistrates of the various districts, acquainting them with his determination, and desiring to proclaim a reward of fifty rupees for the capture of every rebel sepoy, or for information which might lead to the conviction of any persons guilty of speaking seditious words against the government. All petty rajahs were to be informed, that for concealing any sedition or any rebels, they would be punished as principals. The style of this communication was as extraordinary as the matter. The letter to Mr. McDonnel, of Sarun, dated "Segowlie, June 19th," began as follows:—"As a single clear head is better than a dozen confused ones in these times, and as military law is better than civil in a turbulent country, I have assumed absolute military control from Goruckpoor to Patna, and have placed under absolute military rule all that country including the districts of Sarun, Chumparun, and Tirhoot."

The magistrates appealed to Mr. Halliday, the lieutenant-governor of Bengal, for instructions how to act with regard to Major Holmes; and were informed, in reply, that his proceeding was to be repudiated as wholly illegal and unauthorised, nothing whatever having occurred in Behar to justify the proclamation of martial law. An explanation was required from Mr. Tayler, as to his reasons for not informing the lieutenant-governor of what had occurred; to which he answered, that although he knew Major Holmes had acted illegally, he had intentionally avoided noticing it; feeling that, "however the formalities of civilised society might be violated, the

essentials of all society, life, property, and order, were most effectually preserved by the military despotism thus established, and that the end fully justified the means."*

Mr. Tayler was following out, at Patna, a course of policy identical with that attempted by Major Holmes on the Segowlie frontier; and, by "constant arrests, and an unceasing use of hemp," was gaining great credit "from the planters and mercantile community—even from the fettered press of India."† But while private correspondence and public journals furnished full accounts of these vigorous steps, the orders and inquiries of the lieutenant-governor were utterly disregarded. At length he learned, from private sources, that, on the 21st of June, Mr. Tayler had caused the four leading members of the Wahabee sect of Mohammedans in Patna to be arrested, and had taken steps to disarm the city. When compelled to account for his conduct, the commissioner admitted, that the only evidence against the prisoners "was that of an untrustworthy informer, who produced letters to substantiate his charge, of which one only was genuine; and that his statements regarding the distribution of money, the entertainment of fighting-men, and other preparations of revolt, proved incorrect from subsequent discoveries." He had, however, deemed it "politic to detain the principal Wahabee gentlemen, as hostages for the good behaviour of the sect, which is said to be numerous, and peculiarly formidable from its organisation, and to be ready to merge all its differences with other Mohammedans, to join in a crusade against the Christians."‡

In consequence of the order for disarming, a large amount of weapons was produced; but, in the search subsequently instituted, "few, if any, were found," and none in the houses of the Wahabees. A reign of terror had commenced for the natives; a scaffold was erected on the parade; "all inhabitants were warned to remain at home after nine at night;" and many loyal subjects were arrested in their own homes at midnight, on the accusation of some revengeful servant or treacherous relative. Mr. Tayler brushed aside all forms of law as if they had been so many cobwebs, and used the despotic powers he had assumed, in such a manner as to irritate the whole of the native population, and engender a dangerous feeling of insecurity among the respectable portion of the inhabitants.§ At length, on the 3rd of July, an *émeute* took place. At about eight o'clock in the evening, 200 men, with flags, music, and guns, broke into the premises of the Roman Catholic Mission, and destroyed some property, but stole nothing, and injured no one. Dr. Lyell, assistant to the opium agent, with nine Seiks, proceeded to the spot: he was on horseback; and, having distanced his support, rode alone to the mob, and was shot. Captain Rattray, with a detachment of Seiks, soon arrived, and the rabble dispersed. Thirty men, said to be concerned in the outbreak, were arrested and tried by the commissioner and the magistrate, Mr. Lowis (who was subsequently removed from office by Mr. Tayler, for not seconding with sufficient energy his anti-native proceedings). Fourteen of the prisoners, including Peer Ali, a Mussulman bookseller‖ (who is said to have shot Dr. Lyell), were condemned to death, and executed the same day; the remaining sixteen were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. The mode in which convictions were obtained may be understood from the following circumstance:—A police jemadar, named Waris Ali, had been arrested on suspicion during the night of the 23rd of June. He begged earnestly for life, and asked if he could do anything to obtain it. The reply and commentary made by Mr. Tayler, were as follows:—"I told him—'I will make a bargain with you; give me three lives, and I will give you yours.' He then told me all the names that I already knew; but could disclose nothing further, at least with any proof in support. He was evidently not sufficiently clever to be Ali Kurreem's confederate."¶ And, on the 6th of July,

* Government Narrative of Events.—Further Parl. Papers, 1857 (No. 5), p. 20.

† *Mutiny of the Bengal Army:* by One who has served under Sir Charles Napier; p. 177.

‡ Further Parl. Papers (No. 5), p. 3.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 24.

‖ Among the letters found in the house of Peer Ali, was one written by him, in which he says, "I require the assistance of your prayers to obtain my end; if not, I value not life." On the same sheet of paper, another hand had written—"The state of affairs at Patna is as follows. Some respectable parties of the city are in prison, and the subjects are all weary and disgusted with the tyranny and oppression exercised by government, whom they all curse. May God hear the prayers of the oppressed very soon."—Appendix to Parl. Papers (No. 5), p. 21. The house of Peer Ali was razed to the ground, by the commissioner's order.

¶ Further Parl. Papers (No. 5), p. 16.

Waris Ali was hanged. Mr. Tayler was not to be thus foiled. He had made up his mind that some wealthy person must have been concerned in the conspiracy, and that an example was required from the influential classes. The destined victim was Lootf Ali Khan, the richest banker in Patna, who chanced to be at the time at law with his nephew, Velayut Ali Khan. The nephew appears to have played into the hands of Mr. Tayler, and Lootf Ali was arrested by the order of the commissioner, and committed for trial on the ground of having knowingly harboured a deserter named Mohabet Ali, who was the nephew of one of his servants. The case was tried by the sessions judge, Mr. R. N. Farquharson, and the prisoner was acquitted; but the conduct of Mr. Tayler was so extraordinary, that Mr. Farquharson laid the entire case before the lieutenant-governor, and, at the same time, "transmitted several private letters, sent him by the commissioner; in which, with a very indecent disregard of ordinary propriety, Mr. Tayler had continued, during the trial, to endeavour to influence the mind of the judge, and almost to urge him to condemn the prisoner." Mr. Farquharson further mentioned—

"Reports being current that some of the men, punished as being concerned in the city outbreak, were convicted by the commission presided over by Mr. Tayler, on evidence less reliable than that which he had rejected in Lootf Ali's case. The judge was not in the least cognizant of what the evidence was, but considered it his duty to report the common opinion on the subject, for the government to take such steps as might be thought fit to test the truth of statements damaging to the civil service, and to the European character at large."*

Of course, a functionary whose "constant, indelicate, and illegal interference"† with the course of justice was always on the side of severity, would be sure to alienate the minds of the zemindars from the government. Mr. Tayler was not the person to confirm the wavering allegiance of Rajpoot nobles. Among those who had suffered deeply from our revenue proceedings, was Kooer Sing—a chief whose "honourable and straightforward character"‡ stood high even among Europeans; but who, although between eighty and ninety years of age, was an object of suspicion on account of the influence he exercised as the head of an ancient family; from his personal ability; and from "his peculiar position as the ruined owner of vast estates, who would become supreme in the district on the occurrence of disorder, but who, as long as law and order prevailed, could barely find the means to pay the interest of his debts."

Therefore, Alonzo Money, the Behar magistrate, suggested the adoption of a conciliatory policy with regard to Kooer Sing, and, indeed, to the people generally. "One or two executions" might, he writes, "strike terror and do good;" but "the daily repetition of such scenes (where the people are against us) only hardens and aggravates;" and he added, that if "one of the influential zemindars, like Kooer Sing, be suspected and pushed hard, he may very probably prefer rebellion to hanging; and his example would be contagious."§

Mr. Tayler could not appreciate this reasoning; and though he repeatedly mentions the aged chief in terms of respect, most unusual with him, he nevertheless sent a Mussulman agent to the palace of Kooer Sing, at Jugdespoor, near Arrah, to intimate the suspicions entertained of his loyalty, and to bid him repair in person to Patna, to give an account of himself. "The native agent was at the same time directed to scrutinise everything connected with and about Kooer Sing, and to submit a confidential report regarding it to the commissioner." An ordinary proprietor, in the midst of his tenantry, might have been successfully treated in this manner; but the present zemindar chanced to be a Rajpoot, in the heart of his clan; and the government agent came back as wise as he went. Kooer Sing received him lying on a bed, and pleaded age and infirmity in reply to the commissioner's summons, but pledged himself to repair to Patna as soon as his health would permit, and the Brahmins could find a propitious day for the journey. From other sources the government were told, that he had declared he would not go to Patna, and would resist if sent for. The secret inquiry made on his estate did not elicit information as to any preparations having been made for revolt; "nor did there appear to be reason to suppose that his people were particularly disaffected. It was well known that they would follow him as their feudal chieftain, in the event of his raising the standard of

* Further Parl. Papers, 1857 (No. 5), p. 18.
† *Ibid.*, p. 24.
‡ Mr. Tayler. Letter dated July 23rd, 1857.—Appendix to Parl. Papers (No. 5), p. 142.
§ Mr. Wake expressed a similar opinion.

rebellion; but beyond this nothing was ascertained."*

Leaving the Patna commissioner and Major Holmes to pursue their course of "hanging right and left,"† by reason of the powers of life and death extended to them and twelve other persons in Behar, or its immediate vicinity, between the 17th of June and the 10th of July;‡ it is necessary to turn to Dinapoor, where Major-general Lloyd was maintaining order by the opposite system of confidence and conciliation. For many weeks he was successful. The ill-conducted disarming at Benares, the news of which caused instant revolt at Allahabad and Fyzabad, created great excitement at Dinapoor on the 7th of June; and Major-general Lloyd asserts, that had it not been for the influence and exertions of their European officers, the three native regiments would have deserted with their arms that night. His conviction was, that the sepoys, being on the watch for the slightest evidence of an attempt to disarm them, would have fled with their weapons on the approach of the guns and Europeans; and their dispersion, armed or unarmed, was deprecated by him, on the ground that it would be followed by the disorganisation of the surrounding country, and would necessitate the detention of troops whose presence was needful to save the garrisons of Lucknow and Cawnpoor. Still, viewing an outbreak as a probable contingency, he made arrangements to meet it with the officers of the station and functionaries of the surrounding districts, and the boats on the Soane river were ordered to be collected on the further bank, in readiness to be destroyed or sunk in the event of mutiny, so as to hinder the crossing of the rebels.

The course taken certainly gained time. The native regiments, especially the 40th, behaved well throughout the remainder of the trying month of June, and up to the 25th of July. The question of disarming them was publicly canvassed; for the mercantile community of Calcutta were largely interested in the indigo-producing district of Tirhoot, of which Patna and Dinapoor were the two chief stations; and a revolt at this period, while the plant was still uncut, would have ruined many capitalists. With the government, also, the tranquillity of Behar was a financial question; for at Patna alone (a city of eight miles in extent), the opium godowns were valued at £3,000,000; and at Ghazipoor there was nearly £2,000,000 of the same property, besides one of the largest government studs in India. The 5th Fusiliers, 800 strong, arrived at Calcutta, from the Mauritius, on the 5th of July, and were dispatched by a steamer, on the 12th, up the Ganges. It was calculated that they would be off Dinapoor about the 22nd; and the European planters, interested in the indigo trade, petitioned Lord Canning to order the Fusiliers to disembark and disarm the native regiments, in conjunction with H.M. 10th Foot. Lord Canning refused, and persisted in leaving General Lloyd free to disarm the sepoys, or not, as he thought fit. General Lloyd, encompassed by difficulties; with nothing left him but a choice of evils; harassed by the railing of the Europeans, yet unwilling to see the troops whom he had so long commanded, pass through the now hackneyed phases of panic, revolt, and dispersion or extermination—resolved, in an evil moment, on a half measure, which excited the fear of the sepoys without allaying that of the Europeans. This was to suffer the sepoys to retain their muskets, but to render them useless by taking away the percussion-caps from the native magazine, leaving fifteen caps per man. Accordingly, on the morning of the 25th of July, two bullock-carts were sent for the caps, and were loaded without opposition; but while passing the native lines, on the way to the European portion of the cantonment, the 7th and 8th regiments caught sight of the carts, and rushed forward to seize them. The officers went among the men, and the carts were suffered to proceed. "The 40th N.I. made a decided demonstration towards the cause of order and discipline, being ready to oppose any attempt to rescue the caps."§

The withdrawal of the remaining caps was immediately resolved on. The Native officers were ordered to collect them, it being considered that the men would feel it quite madness to attempt resistance. But panic is a form of madness; and the example of scores of regiments should have shown that resistance might be expected under certain circumstances, although even temporary success might be hopeless. The 7th and 8th N.I., when asked for their caps, rose in open mutiny: "the 40th did

* Further Parl. Papers (No. 5), p. 38.
† *Times*, August 19th, 1857.
‡ Further Parl. Papers (No. 5), p. 10.
§ General Lloyd's Letter.—*Daily News*, October 30th, 1857.

not at first join; but being fired on by men of the 10th, from the roof of the European hospital, they went off and joined the mutineers."* General Lloyd was suffering from an attack of gout. He had no horse at hand. He had previously given full instructions for the attack and pursuit of the sepoys by the guns and H.M. 10th, and had received from the colonel of that regiment a promise not to "be caught napping." Therefore, believing that he could do nothing further regarding the land operations, the general went on board a steamer which had arrived at Dinapoor that morning, and proceeded in it along the rear of the native lines; for the river being only some 200 yards distant from the right of the advancing column of guns and Europeans, General Lloyd "expected to get some shots at the sepoys on shore, or escaping by the river."

The guns, notwithstanding the arrangement that the bullocks were to be kept ready for harnessing, were tardy in approaching the native lines. At length they opened at a long range on a body of mutineers assembled near the N.I. magazines. H.M. 10th and 37th fired, "also, at impossible distances; and the whole of the three regiments fled *en masse:* even the sick in the hospitals went."† Several boats, laden with fugitives, were run down and sunk by the steamer; but the majority of the rebels escaped; for they fled across the swampy fields, behind the magazines, across a full nullah; beyond which the Europeans, under Colonels Fenwick and Huyshe, found pursuit impracticable. The troops "burnt down some villages and the native bazaar,"‡ did some work in the shape of "loot," and then returned to their quarters. General Lloyd, believing he saw some sepoys further up the shore, pursued them in the steamer, but found only unarmed villagers, on whom, he adds, "of course I did not fire." This last sentence is important, for it accounts for the general's unpopularity with the anti-native faction. To understand the difficulties of the case, it must be noticed, that the narrow strip of land on which the Dinapoor cantonment stands, bounded on the north side by the Ganges, and on the south by a deep muddy nullah and bay, was at this time a perfect swamp, by reason of the heavy rains of the preceding month. The main body of the sepoys having crossed the swamp and nullah, took up their position on the road from Patna, *viâ* Phoolwaree, towards Arrah, with the road to Gya open in their rear. Fearing that Patna might be attacked, the general sent off a detachment thither, retaining only 500 men and four guns at Dinapoor. Cavalry he had none. The road between Dinapoor and Arrah was hardly practicable for European soldiers, and impassable for guns; only a small party could have been spared that evening for the reinforcement of Arrah; and it was hoped, that even should the mutineers resolve on attacking that place, the boats on the Soane would be destroyed by the person entrusted with that duty (a Mr. Pahlen, of the railway works), in time to hinder their crossing the river. But, by a seeming fatality, every arrangement at Dinapoor was contravened by the incapacity of individuals, or the force of circumstances. The age and physical infirmities of the general have been harshly dwelt on; but his manly and succinct account of the whole affair is his best vindication from the blame heaped upon him, the chief part of which he shows would have been more justly bestowed on his apathetic or incapable coadjutors and subordinates. When the time came for action, Pahlen thought only of his own safety, and fled, leaving the mutineers the means of crossing to the Arrah side of the river. The day after the mutiny (Sunday, the 26th), a detachment of riflemen were sent off in a troop-boat attached to a steamer, up the Soane, to be landed at a point nine miles from Arrah; but the water was not deep enough, and the steamer returned in the evening without having effected anything. The next day a second attempt was made; but the *Horungotta*, after three hours' steaming, grounded on a sand-bank, and could not be got off. There was no other steamer available till the following evening, when the *Bombay* arrived; and the general determined on sending her and the flat attached, with 250 men, to the headquarters of the 10th Foot, to go and pick up the stranded flat (which had 250 men on board), and tow both to the appointed spot. The expedition was to start on the next morning, commanded by Colonel Fenwick. When the time came, the commander of the steamer had changed his mind, and said he could not tow two flats; consequently the party had to be reduced by

* Gen. Lloyd's Letter.—*Daily News*, Oct. 30, 1857.

† *Ibid.* See also the general's despatches, in Further Parl. Papers, 1857 (No. 4.)

‡ Letter of Lieutenant Robertson, 7th N.I.—*Times*, September 22nd, 1857.

a hundred men of the 10th Foot. Colonel Fenwick refused to accompany the diminished force, which now consisted of 410 men, of whom seventy were Seiks; and sent Captain Dunbar in his stead—an officer, General Lloyd writes, "of whose unfitness for such a command I suspect Colonel Fenwick may have been unaware." The party landed at 7 P.M., without "getting their dinners, or even a drop of grog," although they had three days' provisions on board. A few harmless shots were fired by some sepoys guarding the boats at the ghaut, and then the Europeans marched on unmolested to a bridge about a mile and a-half from Arrah. Here they halted for half-an-hour; and the second in command (Captain Harrison), and some volunteers who had accompanied the expedition, urged Captain Dunbar to remain there for the night, as their movements were being watched by native horsemen; and, in the dim light of a setting moon, nothing was more probable than an ambuscade. But Captain Dunbar, having heard from the magistrate (Wake) that it was improbable any opposition would be offered, thought it preferable to move on—the want of food for the men being probably a reason against delay. A volunteer who accompanied the expedition (Macdonell, magistrate of Chupra), states that, up to this time, the troops had thrown out Seik skirmishers as they advanced: but now they marched on in a body; Dunbar, Macdonell, Lieutenant Ingilby, 7th N.I., who had volunteered, and was in command of the Seiks, with about twenty of the latter, being some 200 yards in advance of the column. After proceeding to within half a mile of Arrah, they entered a tope, or thick grove of trees, and were nearly through it, when a volley of musketry flashed like lightning along the line; and another and another, in quick succession, showed the troops that they were surrounded. Captain Dunbar was among the first to fall; then there was much desultory firing from among the trees—as many of the Europeans being killed by one another as by the enemy. At length, with great difficulty, the officers succeeded in reforming the men in a field some 400 yards from the tope; and here they remained till morning, the rebels firing into them, and the men, in defiance of orders, returning the fire, by which means they revealed their exact position, and wasted shot which could be ill spared.

Next morning the panic still prevailed: the men were only half a mile from Arrah; yet, instead of proceeding thither, they started back for the steamer, a distance (by the road they took) of twelve miles.* The mutineers, emboldened by the manifest exhaustion and insubordination of the Europeans, followed them with a sharp running fire, taking advantage of every tree and inequality of ground, and inflicting severe loss, which would have been still heavier had not the rebels been short of ammunition. There were no dhoolies for the wounded, who trailed along their injured limbs, or were left to perish; for the only doctor who accompanied the party was himself hit, and incapacitated for his duties; but the Seiks obtained a bed in a village, and carried some officers on it. On reaching the ghaut, the Europeans became perfectly uncontrollable. In defiance of commands and entreaties, they rushed into the boats, threw arms and accoutrements into the water, and exposed themselves as a mark to the rebels, who sunk two boats, and set fire to a third. Officers and privates stripped to the skin, and sprang into the water. Three officers and sixty-three men, all wounded, were among those who reached the steamer: seven officers and 184 men were left for dead. A French volunteer (apparently connected with the railway), who had remonstrated against the retreat, gave valuable assistance at the time of embarkation, though himself hit and lamed; managing, "through his good manners towards the people [that is, the villagers]," to obtain a boat, and get sixty of the wounded safely on board; after which, writes one of the party, "our Frenchman remained behind, forgetting himself to save more lives. He was the last of all who swam across the river, and happily he saved his life. As soon as he came on board, he washed our wounds and our faces all round, and procured us a most welcome drop of rum."†

When the steamer regained Dinapoor, she anchored opposite the hospital, and the spectators learned at once the extent of the disaster. No blame could in justice attach

* Captain Harrison's Report; Dinapoor, July 31st. —*London Gazette*, November 24th, 1857.

† See a simple and intelligible narrative of the expedition, by a private soldier: published in the *Star* (December 2nd, 1857); a journal remarkable for the variety and accuracy of its Indian intelligence.

to General Lloyd; but popular clamour fixed on him as a scapegoat; and the Calcutta *Phœnix* inserted the following statement, without explanation or comment:—

"A scene of a most painful character took place at Dinapoor, on the arrival there of the remnant of the forces sent against Arrah. As soon as the news of the repulse and consequent loss spread among the women of the 10th regiment, they rushed in a body to the bungalow of General Lloyd, and would have literally torn him to pieces, had he not succeeded in barricading his bungalow."

Meanwhile, the Arrah residents held their ground manfully; resistance having been rendered possible by the foresight and energy of Mr. Boyle, the district engineer of the railway company, who, some weeks before the Dinapoor mutiny, had fortified a small detached two-story house, with a flat roof, previously used for billiard playing, which stood in the compound with his main dwelling-house, and provisioned it with meal, corn, biscuit, water, wine, and beer. On the evening of the 25th of July, an express from Dinapoor announced that a disturbance was apprehended. Subsequent messengers were sent, but intercepted by the Dinapoor mutineers, who crossed the Soane the next day at a point eight miles from Arrah, and, on the Monday morning, marched into that place and released 400 prisoners. They were joined by a large number* of Kooer Sing's people; and the combined force took possession of the government treasury, containing 85,000 rupees; after which they charged the bungalow, where Mr. Boyle, Mr. Wake (the magistrate), and his assistant, Mr. Colvin, Mr. Littledale, the judge, and some subofficials and railway men, including a Mohammedan and several Eurasians (sixteen in all), with fifty Seiks, had taken up their position. There were no women or children to be considered, and the besieged were resolved to defend themselves to the last. Most of the Europeans, besides revolvers and hog-spears, had two double-barrelled guns, or a gun and a rifle, with abundance of ammunition; and, providentially, a large surplus, from which, when the Seiks' supplies began to run short, they made some thousand cartridges. The mutineers, astonished at the vigour with which their assault was repelled, changed their tactics; and, from the trees with which the compound was filled, from the out-buildings, and from Mr. Boyle's dwelling-house, they opened a galling fire on the bungalow-fort. Two small cannon were brought to bear on it, and shifted daily, according to what seemed the weakest points; being fired as frequently as shot could be prepared, with which the mutineers were at first unprovided. Every endeavour was made to induce the Seiks to abandon the Europeans; but to the nightly treacherous harangues, the answer agreed on was invariably given by a volley of bullets, directed, at the first pause, towards the speaker's hiding-place. The Seiks never wavered for an instant in loyalty or in discipline, and their untiring labour met and prevented every threatened disaster. Water began to run short; a well of eighteen feet by four was dug in less than twelve hours. The rebels raised a barricade on the top of Mr. Boyle's house; that of the bungalow-fort grew in the same proportion. A shot shook a weak place in the defences; it was made twice as strong as before. The rebels were found to be mining; a countermine was quickly executed. The besieged began to feel the want of animal food; and making a sally at night, brought in four sheep. In fact, they accomplished things which, had they not succeeded, it would have been deemed madness to attempt, and which could not have succeeded but for the ignorance and disunion of the enemy, whose plans, if only one of them had been energetically carried out, must have overpowered the little fort. They tried to smoke out the Europeans by burning large quantities of chillies (red pepper) to windward;† they drove the horses of the besieged, including Mr. Boyle's Arab, up to the building, and left the carcasses, together with the dead bodies of several sepoys, to putrefy within fifty yards of it. The worst trial the garrison endured during the seven days' siege, was on Thursday, the 30th, when they heard the sudden and heavy volleys fired at Dunbar's force; and as the sound grew fainter, guessed that their countrymen had fallen into an ambush, and that they themselves had lost their best and almost only hope of succour. But help came from an unlooked-for quarter. Major Vincent Eyre, an artillery officer of repute, on his way to Allahabad, landed at Ghazipoor (where the 65th N.I. had been

* Mr. Boyle says there were 3,000 mutineers, and as many dependents of Kooer Sing; but this seems scarcely possible. Letter dated "Dinapoor, August 15th."—*Times*, October 6th, 1857.

† Letter of Indophilus.—*Times*, October 24th, 1857.

quietly disarmed on the 10th of July) on the 28th of July, and there learned the state of affairs at Arrah. Taking it for granted that a relieving force would be sent from Dinapoor, he prevailed upon the authorities to allow him to make an attempt at co-operation from Buxar, for which place he started with only sixty men; but, on arriving there on the 30th of July, he found a steamer and flat, with 150 of the 5th Fusiliers on board. Major Eyre wrote from thence to inform General Lloyd of his intention to march on Arrah; but the Dinapoor detachment had started on the previous day; co-operation was therefore impossible, and ought to have been needless.

On the evening of the 1st of August, Eyre marched from Buxar with little more than 200 men, two guns, and a 24-pounder howitzer. On reaching Shahpoor, a village eighteen miles from Buxar, he learned the news of Dunbar's disaster. He pushed on determinedly, yet with all caution, under cover of skirmishers armed with the dreaded Enfield rifle, until, on arriving at a place called Beebee Gunj, the rebels attempted to obstruct his passage, but were dispersed by a general charge of the European infantry, leaving the road to Arrah clear. The siege was raised forthwith, and the station abandoned by the enemy. On examination, a hostile mine was discovered to have been just completed, and the gunpowder lay ready for the explosion; but it was a clumsy attempt, and would hardly have succeeded, for the powder was bad, and another stroke of the pick would have broken into the counter-mine. Only one of the besieged (a Seik) had been badly hurt: of Major Eyre's force, two men had been killed, and sixteen wounded. The part acted by Kooer Sing is not clear. Probably he was carried away by the torrent, and feeling himself compromised, preferred (in Mr. Money's words) "rebellion to hanging;" death in open fight, rather than by the rope. Terms were offered to the garrison, not in his name, but in that of the rebel leader, a subahdar of the 8th N.I. It is stated by Major Eyre, that Kooer Sing fled with the defeated mutineers, to save his family,* which makes it probable that the chief's revolt was unpremeditated, otherwise he would have taken a previous opportunity of placing his women in safety, according to the invariable rules of Rajpoot honour. It is remarkable how little we know of the other side of the Indian mutiny: the blinding effect of our ignorance of the native language and character, is apparent in every page of the despatches, especially in the way in which rebel leaders of note are spoken of. "Put a price on their heads—confiscate their estates"—was the sentence indiscriminately pronounced on all real and many alleged rebels. The first direction was useless, even in the case of such a creature as the Nana; the second, while it gave little relief to a government which never yet gained increase of territorial revenue without more than proportionate increase of governmental expenditure, created a swarm of enemies; for our system of confiscation, unlike that of the Hindoos and Mohammedans—not content with levelling an ancient family with the dust, in punishment for the offences of its chief—extinguishes the mortgages with the estates, and ruins the tenants as well as the landholder.

Thus the government, in munificently rewarding Mr. Boyle, by conferring on him a jaghire of £1,000 a-year, and settling £500 a-year on his heirs for ever, destroyed the merit of the act by carving this imperial gift out of the property, not of Kooer Sing, but of his creditors.†

Kooer Sing's palace at Jugdespoor was said to be held by 3,000 men, of whom half were sepoys. Major Eyre, reinforced by 200 of the 10th from Dinapoor, marched from Arrah on the 11th of August; drove the enemy from an intrenched position at the village of Dulloor, back through the dense jungle extending from thence to Jugdespoor, and entered the palace almost unopposed. Six men wounded formed the total loss of the British; the enemy's casualties were estimated at 300. On this occasion, the 10th were as ungovernable from fury as their comrades had before been from panic. Major Eyre had previously adopted the village-burning system; nor did he neglect the present opportunity of following out the same incendiary policy on a larger scale. He states, apparently without any fear of censure, that after pillaging the palace, where "much promiscuous property fell into our hands," he destroyed the town, and blew up the

* Parl. Papers, 1857 (No. 4), p. 76.

† A donation of 1,000 rupees was also given by government to a railway *employé*, named Victor, for his conduct at Arrah. Probably this was the Frenchman whose good offices are so gratefully noticed in the account of a private soldier, quoted at p. 403.

palace and principal buildings around it, including a new Hindoo temple, on which Kooer Sing had recently lavished large sums; the reason for the latter act being, that the Brahmins had instigated the chief to rebel. At the time this destruction was committed, Kooer Sing had fled, the sepoys had dispersed, and the surrounding country was quite quiet. Kooer Sing had another palace at Jutowrah, some little distance from Jugdespoor; which was destroyed by a detachment sent by Eyre for the purpose; as were also the residences of Oomar Sing and Dhyal Sing, the two brothers of the old chief.*

The above facts are stated in the accounts published in the *London Gazette:* there were probably other and fuller ones; for a letter dated "Dinapoor, August 18th," speaks of an official despatch, which declared that "the behaviour of the men of the 10th was beyond all praise, and that they fought like demons." The writer adds—

"Our men served the sepoys after their fashion towards our unfortunate men at Arrah, for they hung up the wounded and the bodies of the killed upon trees along the road, a mile and a-half, and then proceeded on towards the palace of the rajah, where they found about fifty more of the scoundrels concealed, the whole of whom were shot down by the 10th men, who hung the bodies of the sepoys with their own blue shirts over the walls, and left them to wither in the sun. In this palace (if it could be called one), two boxes of rupees were found, each containing about 4,000. The whole were divided among the men, who afterwards burnt the palace to the ground, as well as all the villages in its vicinity, and killed a number of the people belonging to Kooer Sing."†

Whether private as well as public accounts reached head-quarters, is matter for conjecture; but the commander-in-chief, after praising the judgment evinced in the military movements of the major, expressed, in a short but significant paragraph, his regret at having "to disapprove of the destruction of the Hindoo temple at Jugdespoor by Major Eyre, under a mistaken view of the duties of a commander at this present crisis."

Lord Canning and his council were already alarmed at the thirst for vengeance manifested by individual officers, the soldiers of a few regiments, and especially by certain civilians and planters. Some of the latter, like Venables of Azimghur (the "terrific severity"‡ of whose policy was admitted by his warmest admirers), could yet plead that their presence preserved a whole district from disorganisation; and that the new ropes to hang rebels, so largely indented for, were used at the bidding of men who were imperilling their own necks by remaining at their posts, and upholding the authority of their government, when officials of weaker nerve had mounted their horses and ridden off for dear life, abandoning public and private property, and leaving the peaceably disposed at the mercy of the insurgents. A mistake was at first made in accepting the lavish shedding of native blood as a guarantee for vigorous and decisive action. Mr. Tayler, the Patna commissioner, had a reputation of this kind, which he might have retained, had he been less publicly and severely tested. On the 23rd of July, his special coadjutor (Major Holmes) was murdered at Segowlie. The major and his wife (the brave Lady Sale's daughter) were driving out in the evening. About two miles from the lines, six 12th Irregulars seized the reins of the horses, and beheaded both the major and Mrs. Holmes: then, proceeding to the house of the assistant-surgeon, they killed him, with his wife and one of their children; and Mr. Bennet, the postmaster. The regiment then rose, and after the usual course of plundering and burning, quitted the station.

Mr. Tayler is further stated to have been influenced by the tidings from Hazareebagh,§ where two companies of the 8th N.I. mutinied (July 29th), robbed the treasury of cash, government paper, and bank notes, to the amount of 74,000 rupees; and released all the prisoners, both in the penitentiary and district gaol, to the number of 800. The Europeans fled uninjured in one direction, and the sepoys in another.‖

Notwithstanding these outbreaks, the majority of the stations in the Patna division were tranquil; and it was with surprise that the officials at Chupra, Mozufferpoor, and Chumparun, received from the commissioner an order to abandon their respective posts, leaving treasury, gaol, and district to their fate; Mr. Tayler's object being to concentrate the strength of the province at Dinapoor and Patna. The order was unconditional; and when, under

* Major Eyre, August 14th.—*London Gazette*, December 4th, 1857.

† *Times*, October 7th, 1857.

‡ See *Times*, October 16th, 1857.

§ *Mutiny of the Bengal Army:* p. 177.

‖ Further Parl. Papers (No. 4), p. 32.

a sense of the humiliation involved in obedience to it, the judge of Behar remonstrated, it was reiterated in a still more positive form. The magistrate of Mozufferpoor (near which station "a large number of available English settlers" resided) likewise tried to convince Mr. Tayler of its impropriety; but failing, returned at once to his station, in direct disobedience of the order, and was rewarded by finding the government treasure (£90,000) still safe, the Native guards having defended it against sixteen of Major Holmes' Irregulars, who had been beaten off from the gaol, treasury, and town, by the guards and inhabitants.

Chupra was threatened by a strong party of the 12th Irregulars. There were, however, "forty-five European soldiers and a hundred Seiks, with Shergotty and its little garrison close at hand;" and but for the commissioner's peremptory order, the officers would hardly have fled as they did, with a precipitation "apparently injudicious and pusillanimous." The ill effects of their flight were averted by the loyalty and spirit of a Mohammedan gentleman, whose good-will was previously doubted, named Cazi Ramzan Ali. He assumed the command on the departure of the English; kept everything tranquil, and held cutcherry in the accustomed manner; and when, their recall being repudiated, the civilians returned with all speed to their post, he delivered over to them the station, courts of justice, prisons, prisoners and all, in perfect order.

At the civil station of *Gya*, the troops consisted of forty of H.M. 84th, and 116 Seiks. The residents, in obedience to Mr. Tayler's order, quitted the station on the morning of the 31st of July, abandoning their houses, property, the government stores, and money, to the amount of £70,000. They had proceeded about three miles on the road to Patna, when Mr. Alonzo Money,* the collector, and Mr. Hollings, an opium agent, having had some conversation on the subject, resolved on returning to Gya. No one chose to accompany them; but they found all quiet—the native police doing duty at the gaol and treasury as when they left, and the respectable inhabitants ready to welcome their return. The reported advance of Kooer Sing, and the position of Gya, on the direct route from Hazareebagh to the north-west, induced Mr. Money again to quit the station (August 5th), bearing with him the treasure, which was safely forwarded to Calcutta by the aid of a detachment of the 64th Foot.

The commissioner was pronounced to have issued an order, under the influence of a panic, as discreditable as it had proved disastrous. He was instantly removed, and Mr. Farquharson, the judge, directed to fill his place until Mr. Samuells could arrive to take the duties of officiating commissioner.

At this time matters were very gloomy in Behar. Mr. Tayler's "ill-judged and faint-hearted order"† had spread alarm in every direction. The relief of Arrah was not known at the time of his supersession; and, in fact, he had counselled Major Eyre "to retire, and abandon the gallant garrison to their fate."‡

In the city of Patna great uneasiness existed; but the removal of the commissioner was viewed with satisfaction by nearly every respectable and well-disposed resident in that city.§ The restrictive and coercive measures enforced by him were abandoned by Mr. Farquharson, from a conviction of their impolicy and inutility; the parade was freed from the ugly gallows; and the political prisoners were released, "because there was literally nothing against them." Still, so much intrigue and party spirit had been engendered among the natives of Patna and its neighbourhood, including the principal Native officers, that the lieutenant-governor, not satisfied with securing in Mr. Samuells "the best man available to restore order and confidence among the people," felt it important that he should have a respectable and

* In the course of an Indian debate (see *Times*, February 9th, 1857)—for which both Lords and Commons had "crammed" somewhat hurriedly, studying newspapers and Red pamphlets, rather than Blue Books—the Earl of Derby lauded "the splendid act of insubordination" performed by Alonzo Money, in maintaining Gya in opposition to "the orders of his superiors." His lordship, in the same speech, mentions "Commissioner Tayler, of Arrah," with praise, for having taken "a more enlarged view of affairs than the government itself." The opinion thus pronounced rests upon a palpable misconception of the point at issue. Mr. Tayler was commissioner, not of Arrah, but of Patna, of which Arrah is but a district; and he was the authority disobeyed by Mr. Money, and other subordinate officials, whose conduct was praised and rewarded by Lieutenant-governor Halliday, and the Supreme government.

† See Indophilus' (Sir C. Trevelyan) able comments on Mr. Tayler's order and its consequences.—*Times*, October 24th, 1857.

‡ "Narrative of Events," by government of Bengal.—Further Parl. Papers, 1857; p. 77.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 78.

trustworthy native subordinate, unconnected with the local disputes, to assist him in the crisis. The appointment of Mr. Samuells himself was only temporary, for he was an officiating judge in the Sudder Court; and he recommended that government should take advantage of the services of Moonshee Ameer Ali, a member of a highly respectable family in the Patna district; a vakeel of the Sudder Court, in large and lucrative practice; and for many years confidentially employed by the government as their vakeel in resumption suits before the special commissioner.

Accordingly, Ameer Ali was, on the 5th of August, appointed special assistant to the commissioner of Patna. The salary of 700 rupees per mensem, which was the highest that the lieutenant-governor had power to assign him, was avowedly a very imperfect compensation for the loss of practice he would undergo during his temporary absence from the Sudder Court; but he was gratified by the title of Khan Bahadoor, and was also, in order to give him a position and consideration in the division, appointed a deputy magistrate in all the districts of the Patna division.

"The nomination was received with a shout of indignation from those who are called the Calcutta public:"* nevertheless, it answered all the desired objects; and through the Moonshee's influence and exertions, the Mohurrum (a festival which always dangerously stimulates the bigotry and belligerence of the Mussulmans) passed off more quietly than it had ever been known to do in Patna, and that without any coercion of the people, or display of military force. Much apprehension was entertained regarding "the chance of a collision between the European soldiery and the townspeople; but every means were taken to prevent it by closing all spirit-shops within reach, and by constantly ascertaining the presence of the men by roll-call."†

Another good result of the Moonshee's brief but avowedly successful tenure of office was, that it mitigated the alarm excited in the minds of the Mohammedan community by the violent tone adopted towards them by the majority of Anglo-Indian journals. At all the stations passed by Mr. Samuells on his way up the river, from Calcutta to Patna, he found the Mohammedans "in dread, lest the government should issue an edict of proscription such as the Calcutta papers advocated;" for the natives "not unfairly argued, that under the present licensing system, when the government allows writings of this kind, which are manifestly in violation of the conditions of the license, to continue unchecked, it must be supposed to view them without displeasure."

The remarks of the commissioner were corroborated by the lieutenant-governor. The latter, in adverting to the violent censure heaped by the press on the appointment of a native and a Mohammedan to a post for which those very circumstances helped to qualify him, observed—

"To persons of any sense and knowledge of affairs it cannot be needful to offer any refutation of objections so founded. They come from a class of persons who have made themselves ridiculous in the present day by supposing and suggesting, that both in regard to civil and military operations, we can, and ought to, act in future by European agency alone, without reposing any trust or confidence on native aid—a thing impossible, even if it were desirable; and who are ignorant or forgetful, that even in the midst of all the infamous treachery, cowardice, and cruelty by which so many of our Indian fellow-subjects have disgraced their name and nation, there have been not a few signal instances of courage, fidelity, and humanity, on the part of both Mohammedans and Hindoos; and that on more than one occasion, natives of both religions have remained to face danger in defending stations and positions unoccupied or abandoned by Europeans, and have evinced a loyalty and constancy in the service of the British government, which it would be as impolitic as ungrateful to overlook or to undervalue."‡

Mr. Samuells, after remarking that the English papers had, for many years past, formed the source to which the native newswriters looked for intelligence, adduced, from his personal knowledge, evidence in support of his assertion, that "since the revolt commenced, the greatest anxiety had been manifested to learn what the English papers said; and every one fortunate enough to get hold of an English paper, is called upon to translate it for the edification of large circles of listeners, who again retailed the news and comments of the journals in their villages."§

Let any reader turn over a file of the *Times*, during the first few months of the

* Duke of Argyll.—Indian debate, February 10th, 1858.

† "Narrative of Events," by government of Bengal.—Further Parl. Papers (No. 5), p. 50.

‡ "Narrative of Events."—Further Parl. Papers (No. 5), p. 25.

§ Despatch of Mr. Samuells.—Further Parl. Papers, 1858 (No. 7), p. 101.

mutiny, and judge the effect its Indian articles were likely to produce, serving, as they did, as texts for the leaders of the *Friend of India*, a journal which abated little of its personal hostility to the leading officials after the departure of Mr. Mead, and increased, rather than diminished, in violence against the natives.

"There are no measures," it asserted, "which the government of India can adopt, provided they be of the extremest severity, which will not be cordially supported at home." And in support of this doctrine, the *Friend* especially dwelt on the cry for vengeance uttered in England, "at a time when the Cawnpoor massacre was still disbelieved." "The humanitarians" had, it declared, disappeared:* and "the only man in England who ventured to object to vengeance, was stoned off the platform."

The latter assertion needs no refutation to English readers: the former was one of those perverted truths which do more mischief than direct falsehoods. Certain intelligence regarding Cawnpoor had not been received; but such circumstantial accounts were current, of fiend-like crimes perpetrated by natives on the persons of English women and children, that the story of Cawnpoor, when truly told, was less painful, and incomparably less disgusting.

The credulity displayed in England almost rivalled that of the Calcutta community; but it was more excusable, inasmuch as certain high authorities in England, being misled themselves, gave the sanction of popular name and high social rank, to reports which, without this support, would have neutralised their own venom by their inconsistency and want of corroboration.

No one contributed more to inflame the passions of the masses, and drown the remonstrances of better-regulated minds, than a nobleman, whose zeal for religion, and active sympathies for the wretched of his own land, gave him wide-spread influence. Lord Shaftesbury took the very gloomiest view of the native character; and when the first excitement was over, and most persons began to feel that even a sepoy might be painted too black; the earl stated, at a public meeting in October, 1857, that *he had himself seen* a letter from the highest lady in India, describing how, "day by day, ladies were coming into Calcutta, their ears and their noses cut off, and their eyes put out;" and "that children of the tenderest years have been reserved to be put to death, under circumstances of the most exquisite torture, &c., &c."†

For a long time no one ventured to doubt that Lord Shaftesbury had actually seen this most appalling statement in the handwriting of Lady Canning. At length, when crowds of widows and orphans returned to England unmutilated, and for the most part without the slightest wound or bruise from a native hand; and when Englishwomen were suffered to go out to India, as many as forty-three in one ship,‡ and some of them as brides—people began to question how far their credulity had been imposed upon.

The weathercock on the top of Printing-house Square, veered round from the vengeance point about Christmas, 1857; and early in February, letters found place in the columns of the *Times*, from "Lovers of Truth," and "Lovers of Accuracy," questioning the assertions made at various public meetings, and calling upon Lord Shaftesbury to reiterate or retract that volunteered by him three months previously. His lordship gave a prompt and manly reply. He owned to having been wholly in error regarding the alleged letter; said that, in the heat of speaking, he might have used the words, "I *saw*," instead of "I *heard of*;" and that when the speech was brought to him for correction, before being issued in a separate form, he corrected it hastily, to "I heard," instead of "I heard of."§ What is this but a version of the story of the Three Black Crows?—only, unhappily, the blunder, fabrication, or hoax, whichever it may have been, was not a harmless jest. The explanation came too late to blunt the edge of the swords it had sharpened; too late to prevent England from disgracing herself in the eyes of continental Europe, by the excess of her rage.

Some few statesmen, like Sir John Pakington, strove to allay the popular ferment, by suggesting, that even if the sepoys had committed the crimes attributed to them, "our hands were not clean." India had not been well governed: and he spoke with fearless rectitude of the existence—

"Of official proof, that in collecting the revenue of India, there had been practised, in the name of England—he would not say by the authority, but he feared not without the knowledge of Englishmen—

* *Friend of India*, October 15th, 1857.
† *Times*, November 2nd, 1857.
‡ *Daily News*, November 5th, 1857.
§ *Times*, October 2nd and 4th, 1857.

there had been practised tortures little less horrible than those which we now deplored. This must be borne in mind in the day of reckoning."*

But such reasoning was little heeded; for the war-whoop uttered by the *Times* had found so loud an echo, that Mr. Disraeli declared, he had heard and read things of late, which made him suppose that the religious opinions of the people of England had undergone some sudden change, and that they were about to forsake the worship of Him whose name they bear, for that of Moloch. He protested against "meeting atrocity with atrocity," and taking Nana Sahib as a model for the conduct of the British soldier.†

This language hardly seems too strong, when such stanzas as the *Liberavimus Animam* of *Punch* were copied at full length in the London journals, declared by the *Friend of India* to be "worth five battalions," and published in the columns of that journal, at the Mission Press at Serampoor, with every trick of type, capital letters, and italics, to attract attention. The rhythm would be lost in the translation; but the spirit is too terribly earnest not to affect a native auditory. The threat of "A vengeance—aye, darker than war ever knew," for instance, is sufficiently intelligible; so is the sentiment of the following verses:—

"Who pules about mercy? That word may be said
When steel, red and sated, perforce must retire,
And for every soft hair of each dearly loved head,
A cord has dispatched a foul fiend to hell-fire.
* * * * * * *
"But woe to the hell-hounds! Their enemies know
Who hath said to the soldiers that fight in His name,
'Thy foot shall be dipped in the blood of the foe,
And the tongue of thy dogs shall be dipped in the same.'"

The poet (for no ordinary rhymer wrote these fierce lines) also spoke of "a world" which would—

"Behold with acclaim,
That hecatomb slain in the face of the sun."

But this idea was soon negatived by the indignation expressed by the leading continental journals, at "the spirit of revenge which they assume to be rampant in British hearts." These are the words of the *Times*, which, as early as October, 1857, began to modify its language, and offer a clumsy vindication of its vengeance-cry; asserting, that the British, whose opinions it was supposed to represent, "are not a cruel people; and, "as conquerors and colonists, we are not jealous of our imperial rights:" in proof of which, it cited "associations organised for the express purpose of maintaining the claims of aborigines against British settlers;" which associations had never before been adverted to in the journal, except in the language of censure or contempt.

The fabrication of the Highlanders dividing Miss Wheeler's hair,‡ is alluded to in the first of these verses. The concluding scriptural quotation is taken from a Psalm, which contains a prophecy concerning "the people who delight in war," which the *Times*, or *Friend of India*, would not care to quote. As to puling about mercy, the tendency of the moment was in an opposite direction; not "maudlin humanity"§ or sympathy (at least, not for native suffering) was in fashion, but rather maudlin ferocity. The *Friend* gave its readers Indian and English, some verses quoted from the *Daily News*; remarking, that the "Martin F. Tupper who would cover India with 'groves of gibbets,' is the man who, as the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, sees his writings on every lady's work-table;" adding, that "the almost feminine weakness which renders those writings unreadable by men, does but intensify his present expression of opinion." The opinion, heralded in a manner so uncomplimentary to the author and his lady admirers, was to

"Hang every Pariah hound,
And hunt them down to death in all the hills and cities round."

The "Hamans of high caste" were to have lofty gibbets; the Baal priests to be bound with "fetters hard and fast;" and as to Delhi—that imperial city, whose miserable inhabitants an apathetic government had suffered to fall into the hands of a horde of rebellious mercenaries—its fate, if Mr. Tupper had had the ordering of affairs, would have been as follows:—

"But—Delhi?—Yes, terrific be its utter sack and rout:
Our vengeance is indelible—when Delhi is wiped out,
And only so; one stone upon another shall not stand,
For England swears to set her mark upon that traitor land!
Her mark, the hand of justice, the Cross—a cross of flame, &c."‖

* Right Hon. Sir J. S. Pakington's speech at Worcester, October, 1857.

† Mr. Disraeli.—*Times*, October 1st, 1857.

‡ See page 383.]

§ *Times*, August 8th, 1857

‖ *Friend of India*, October 22nd, 1857. *Daily News*, Sept. 2nd, 1857.

The *Friend of India* agreed with Mr. M. F. Tupper, that Delhi should be "wiped out," not simply for the sake of vengeance, but as a proclamation to the whole of the East, that England "will not tolerate the existence even of a city which can advance an ancestral or traditionary claim, to be the seat of any other dynasty."* With regard to the general conduct of the war, the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* quoted the following sentences from the *Friend*, as being "understood to represent the universal idea of the course to be followed:"—

"1. That in districts under martial law, and during actual warfare, the loss of life and property should be regulated by military necessities alone.

"2. That every mutineer who has taken up arms, or quitted his ranks, should die.

"3. That every rebel who has taken up arms should die.

"4. That in every village where a European has been murdered, a telegraph cut, or a dâk stolen, a swift tribunal should exercise summary justice.

"5. That every village in which a European fugitive has been insulted or refused aid, should be heavily fined."

The writer added—"It is believed the government measure will fall short of this as regards the villagers, but not as regards the mutineers."†

The early government measures had sanctioned greater severities than these, in the hanging commissions, freely granted to any and every European. The *Times* eventually admitted this; declaring that, "by its two acts on the subject, the Indian legislature made every indigo-planter in the country virtually a military officer;" and the governor-general soon found reason to regret the abuse of the "enormous powers" confided to many unfit persons, of punishing real or alleged rebels "by death, transportation, or imprisonment, and by forfeiture of all property and effects."‡

Before the close of July, the government became convinced—

"That the powers above referred to had been, in some cases, unjustly and recklessly used; that the indiscriminate hanging, not only of persons of all shades of guilt, but of those whose guilt was at the least very doubtful, and the general burning and plunder of villages, whereby the innocent as well as the guilty, *without regard to age or sex*, were indiscriminately punished, and, in some instances, sacrificed, had deeply exasperated large communities not otherwise hostile to the government; that the cessation of agriculture, and consequent famine, were impending; that there were sepoys passing through the country, some on leave, others who had gone to their homes after the breaking up of their regiments, having taken no part in the mutiny, but having done their utmost to prevent it; others who had risked their lives in saving their European officers from the sanguinary fury of their comrades; and that all of these men, in the temper that at that time generally prevailed among the English officers and residents throughout the country, and still unhappily prevails in some quarters, were liable to be involved in one common penalty; and, lastly, that the proceedings of the officers of government, had given colour to the rumour, which was industriously spread, and credulously received, in all parts of the country, that the government meditated a general bloody prosecution of Mohammedans and Hindoos, in revenge for the crimes of the sepoys, and only waited for the arrival of European troops to put this design into execution."§

Allahabad and its vicinity was the locality where the greatest excesses were committed; and, in July, there appeared many indications of the outbreak of a servile war. Mr. Moore, magistrate of Mirzapoor, had been "particularly active in burning down what he considered disaffected villages;" and "he had been warned, that if he persisted in such extreme measures against the natives, they would at last turn in self-defence."‖

He did persist¶—caused zemindars to be hung before their own doors, and went on shedding blood like water, until, on the 4th of July, a zemindar, named Jorye Sing, with several of his followers, surprised Mr. Moore and two planters, named Jones and Kemp, while bathing at Parlay indigo factory, and put them to death. They cut off Moore's head, and carried it away. That evening Lieutenant-colonel Pott, with fifty faithful 47th N.I. sepoys, "scoured the country, and burnt some villages,"** but failed to capture Jorye Sing or his associates. An officer who accompanied the expedition, has described the conduct of the civilian who accompanied it as the acting magistrate.

"When villagers were brought in as prisoners, in order that they might be questioned, he would commence conversation by walking up to them as they squatted on the ground, and kicking their naked bodies with his heavy riding-boots. At another time he would, with his fist, strike the unresisting wretches in the face; and these gentle persuasives failing, he would have them tied up to a tree, and whipped with a stick or piece of rope,

* *Friend of India*, October 8th, 1857.
† *Times*, November 30th, 1857.
‡ Governor-general in council, Dec. 11th, 1857.
§ *Ibid.*, Dec. 24th.—Parl. Papers, Feb., 1858.

‖ Letter from European officer, dated "Allahabad, July 16th, 1857."—*Star*, September 3rd, 1857.
¶ See p. 302.
** Further Parl. Papers, 1857; p. 129.

until they would give the information he required. This appeared to me very like the old mode of putting people to torture to extract evidence."*

On the 11th of July, application was made from Allahabad, for rockets of all sizes, to clear villages with.† Whether the request was granted or refused, does not appear; but the government found it imperative to take speedy measures to "impress civil officers invested with power under the penal acts of 1857, with a more just sense of their duties and responsibilities; to save innocent men from shameful death, and innocent families from the destruction of home and property; to prevent the fields from remaining untilled, and the crops unsown; and to assure the people generally that, notwithstanding all that has passed, justice—and not vengeance—is the policy of the British government." With this view, detailed instructions were drawn up by the governor-general in council, on the 31st of July, forbidding civilians from punishing any unarmed man as a mere deserter, and prohibiting the indiscriminate burning of villages. Several commissions were withdrawn, including those held by Messrs. Irvine, Palmer, and Sandys, at Allahabad.‡ As a further check on the vindictive spirit displayed in that city, Mr. Grant was sent thither, on the 28th of August, as lieutenant-governor of the Central Provinces. A loud outcry was raised against these proceedings; and "clemency" Canning, and "anti-hangman" Grant, were very unpopular. The latter was compelled to defend himself, officially, against a wholly unfounded charge of having released 150 Cawnpoor rebels imprisoned by General Neil.§

Before long, even the *Times* admitted, that "the indiscriminate slaughter of the sepoys might perhaps have led to the revolt of the Bombay and Madras armies."‖

Indeed, circumstances occurred in the Bombay presidency, on the very day on which the "clemency" instructions were dated, calculated to create great doubt as to the soundness of the Bombay army.

Kolapoor is a native state, bounded on the north and north-east by Sattara; on the east and south by the British collectorate of Belgaum; and on the west by Sawunt Warree and the British collectorate of Rutnagherry. In 1844, the management of this state was forcibly assumed by the British government, the queen-mother set aside on the plea of misgovernment, and affairs carried on in the name of the young rajah, "whose authority (Mr. Thornton writes in the last edition of his *Gazetteer*) remains in abeyance." The family of the rajah, whose rights were thus summarily dealt with, trace their descent from Sevajee, the founder of the Mahratta empire: the inhabitants of the state are chiefly Mahrattas and Ramoosees, the class in which Sevajee found his best and stanchest adherents.

On the 31st of July, the 27th Bombay N.I. (a regiment mainly raised in the turbulent native state of Sawunt Warree, in 1844) was quartered at Kolapoor. The mutiny commenced as many others had done. At night, just as the officers were separating after mess—some to play billiards, some going quietly home to bed—the Native officers rushed in a body to their commander, Major Rolland, to tell him there was a partial mutiny in the regiment. The Kolapoor irregular infantry, and a portion of the 27th N.I., remained faithful; but when the officers tried to form them into line to oppose the mutineers, each man looked at his fellow with distrust; and in the darkness, the heavy rain, noise and confusion, the Europeans carried off the ladies and children to the Residency, about two miles from the native lines, and left the rebels to loot the native bazaar, rob the quarter-guard of 50,000 rupees, and pillage the store-room of all the available ammunition. The next morning 140 men were found to have absconded. Three young officers, the eldest of whom (Lieutenant Norris) was only twenty-four, were also missing. It appears that they had fled to the jungle, thinking the whole regiment had risen; and were overtaken and killed by the mutineers on the 2nd of August. In the course of the first day after the mutiny, seventy-four rebels were captured, but could not be brought to trial, on account of the critical state of the regiment, until the arrival of European troops. News of the rising had been telegraphed to Sattara; and Lieutenant Kerr, the adjutant of the South Mahratta Horse, instantly started for

* Letter of officer.—*Star*, September 23rd, 1857.

† Further Parl. Papers, 1857; p. 114.

‡ *Friend of India*, August 27th, 1857.

§ The *Times*' leader (Oct. 29th, 1857) which contains this and other unfounded charges against Mr. Grant, is followed by an article on the "extreme facility" of lying, as a contrivance for creating facts—or what are as good as facts for the time—without the smallest difficulty.

‖ *Times*, February 6th, 1858.

Kolapoor with fifty troopers, reaching his destination on the morning of the 3rd, having ridden seventy-six miles in twenty-four hours, and not lost a single man or horse by the way, although they had swam three deep and rapid rivers, usually deemed impracticable in the rains.* Kolapoor was saved. European reinforcements were sent from Bombay and Poonah. The regiment was disarmed, and courts-martial held; the result of which was, that sixty-three sepoys were executed, sixty-six transported for life, eighteen sentenced to imprisonment, four reprieved and admitted as evidence, and fourteen acquitted.†

The Kolapoor mutiny caused great excitement at Sattara. The annexation of that state has been already narrated. Perhaps no Indian prince was ever worse treated by the East India Company, than the good and able ruler deposed by them in 1839.‡ The people felt his wrongs deeply, and the lapse of years had failed to reconcile them to British rule. The testimony of Lord Elphinstone is decisive on this point:—

"The annexation of Sattara was far from being popular among the people of that province. The upper classes, especially, regarded the introduction of British rule with dislike; and all classes of Mahrattas looked with regret upon the extinction of the line of the great freebooter, who delivered them from the Mohammedan yoke, and laid the foundation of that wide-spread confederacy which has been called the Mahratta Empire."§

In the course of the mutiny, the British had been repeatedly taunted with their ill-treatment of the rajah of Sattara; and fears were entertained that an attempt might be made to restore the state to independence, under a representative of the House of Sevajee. The widows of the last two rajahs, with their adopted sons, had been permitted to occupy the royal palaces, and to keep up as much state as their limited means would allow. Mr. Rose, the chief civil officer in Sattara, saw reason to believe that a plot was being formed "for the restoration to the gadi of the adopted son of the elder branch;"‖ and, as the speediest mode of counteraction, he caused the two Ranees and their sons to be seized by night, removed them to Butcher's Island,¶ and resolved on their detention as state prisoners (although there was no accusation of connivance on their part) until tranquillity should be restored. The fragmentary information furnished in the official or other gazettes and journals, does not afford the means of framing a connected account of proceedings at Sattara; but it is certain that a number of lives were taken at various times, as the penalty for conspiring to restore the native raj. A singular circumstance was connected with one of these executions. On the 8th of September eighteen men were brought out to die, of whom five were to suffer death by hanging, seven to be shot, and six to be blown away from guns. One of the guns, to which a native was fastened, could not be fired, although primed and loaded twice: therefore, after some delay, the wretched man was unbound, and shot by a file of the 3rd Europeans.** Throughout the mutiny, Lord Elphinstone was warmly supported by the governor-general of Portuguese India—the Viscount de Torres Novas. In permitting the British troops to land at Goa, in the monsoon of 1857, he acted in opposition to his council, and in violation of the Portuguese laws. His conduct was, however, approved in Portugal, and a bill of indemnity passed, absolving him from any penalties he had thereby incurred.††

After the mutiny at Kolapoor, symptoms of disaffection were noticed in several portions of the Bombay army; and on the 13th of September, the men of the 21st N.I. were disarmed at Kurrachee.

The mode of dealing with the disarmed sepoys was fiercely discussed in the closing months of the year 1857. It was a difficult question; for several regiments (like the governor-general's body-guard at Calcutta, after the Dinapoor affair) had been deprived of their arms, under the most positive assurances that the measure was purely a temporary precaution. The ultra-vengeance party showed special rancour against these men, and recommended, that "every disarmed sepoy should be put in irons, and made to work on the roads."‡‡ Another suggestion was, to send them to Saugor Island (a

* Letter from officer of 27th N.I.—*Daily News*, November 3rd, 1857.

† Parl. Papers regarding regiments which have mutinied; p. 70.

‡ See vol. i., p. 432.

§ Minute by Lord Elphinstone, August 18th, 1859.—*London Gazette*, October 7th, 1859.

‖ Minute by Lord Elphinstone, August 18th, 1859.—*London Gazette*, October 7th, 1859.

¶ An islet in the Bombay Harbour.

** *Friend of India*, October 1st, 1857.

†† Minute by Lord Elphinstone.

‡‡ *Englishman*. Quoted in *Friend of India*, October 1st, 1857.

barren island at the mouth of the Hooghly), and let them shoot tigers with greased cartridges, until they volunteered to serve in China; and several regiments were eventually sent thither, although foreign service was expressly excluded by the terms of enlistment. The wild and exaggerated expressions used by newspaper correspondents, would probably have produced little effect on educated Europeans, who incline, more or less, to Mr. Russell's view of those "curious exponents of diseased ideas, called newspapers;" but the sepoys looked to them for information of the intentions of the Feringhee: and the otherwise inexplicable mutiny of disarmed regiments, is accounted for by their belief that, as their ruin was resolved on, they had better die at once in open revolt. Except for the sake of those dependent on him (and they are always numerous, for celibacy is scarcely known in India; and our government makes no provision for the aged, the destitute, or the incurably sick), the sepoy, whether Hindoo or Mussulman, has little fear of death: the creeds of both teach them too much, and too little, to leave room for the mystery which shrouds the Dark Valley in the mind of civilised infidels (if such there be), or the fears which make it terrible even to Christians. The only point on which the mutineers were sensitive, was as to the mode of execution. The sepoys had a half aristocratic, half superstitious shrinking from the halter, or the barbarous and disgusting process of blowing from guns. The *Times* exulted over this weakness, and declared that there were "few persons who would not think a simple extermination of the sepoys on the field of battle rather a tame conclusion of the affair." In the same leading article, an assertion was made (which needs no other contradiction than the public speeches reported in its own columns), that "ladies and gentlemen, preachers of all persuasions, and speakers of all platforms—every tongue, every pen, demands the destruction of 70,000 sepoys;" condemning "all who are ever so remotely compromised in these crimes, as fallen below the level of humanity—degraded to a low class of brutes, fit only to be knocked on the head, or crushed under the foot."*

The journalist out-Tuppered Tupper; for the latter made an exception in favour of the "Abdiels of our guard," the faithful few who had resisted "the will of the army," and, amid general defection, stood firmly by their officers. The *Times* made no such exceptions, but defended, as "wild justice,"† an onslaught on them by British soldiers, which had been publicly denounced by the highest military authority as "cold-blooded murder."

The outrage in question was committed at Dinapoor, after General Lloyd had been removed from the divisional command, and threatened with a trial by court-martial, "for his conduct connected with the mutiny of the troops."‡ His disgrace deprived the natives (whether citizens or sepoys) of a friend; and the 10th became daily more drunken and insubordinate. About a hundred of the unfortunate 40th N.I. had remained stanch, and refused to accompany their mutinous companions. The men of the 10th, on their return from the Jugdespoor expedition (which, with its slaughter, burnings, and plunder, was not calculated to improve their discipline), went to the place where the faithful sepoys were encamped, dragged them into the barrack yard, and commenced slaughtering them with bullets and bayonets. At the sound of the firing, the whole station turned out in alarm: the authorities hastened to the spot, and beheld a scene which one of the witnesses describes as not easily to be forgotten. "Wounded sepoys, dead and dying; one sepoy had five bayonet thrusts; one shot just in the centre of the forehead; another's mouth shattered by shot: all groaning pitifully in their agonies."§ Before the massacre could be stayed, five victims had been killed and twelve wounded, including a woman. The affair would probably have been hushed up, had not Sir James Outram arrived at Dinapoor (August 17th) while the court of inquest was sitting.‖ He issued a general order, expressing "the utmost horror and indignation" at the conduct of the men of the 10th, and left a hundred men of the 5th Fusiliers "to perform the town duties, which could not safely be entrusted to the 10th regiment, under the

* *Times*, October 21st, 1857.
† *Ibid.*, October 24th, 1857.
‡ Further Parl. Papers (No. 4), p. 39.
§ *Daily News*, October 16th, 1857.
‖ The Europeans tried for murder were eventually acquitted, in default of legal evidence. Sir Colin Campbell approved the finding of the court, but blamed the "haste and carelessness" with which it had been drawn up.—*Times*, December 2nd, 1857.

lax discipline and exasperated feelings it displays towards natives of all classes."* Neither was General Outram satisfied with the conduct of the Dinapoor functionaries, who, influenced by causeless alarm, had recalled the 90th regiment, which had passed up the river four days before, on its way to Cawnpoor. The panic was occasioned by the defection of the 5th irregular cavalry at Bhaugulpoor; and that defection had itself originated, or been hastened, by a similar cause. The steamer and flat, with General Outram on board, anchored off Bhaugulpoor on the 15th of August; and a report was spread by two mutinous sowars, that the 5th cavalry would be surprised and disarmed in the night. Therefore the men mounted and fled, leaving all their property, except the horses, which were their own, behind them. Half of the Native officers remained stanch. The head-quarters of the regiment had been recently changed from Rohnee to Bhaugulpoor, in consequence of an event which occurred at the former place on the 12th of June.

There were then no troops except the 5th irregular cavalry at Rohnee, and no suspicion was entertained of their disloyalty. The three European officers, Major Macdonald, Sir Norman Leslie (the adjutant), and Dr. Grant, were taking tea in the verandah of the major's bungalow, when a rush of feet was heard, and three men, with drawn swords, sprang upon the Europeans. Macdonald, starting from his chair, seized it by the arms, and after receiving three sword-cuts on the head in quick succession, and finding himself as "neatly scalped as any Red Indian could do it,"† he contrived to give "an ugly poke" to his opponent, "which appeared to disconcert him, and he at once bolted, followed by the others." The doctor was severely wounded; but the adjutant was covered with gashes. The first thrust, which he received sitting in his chair, "cut clean through his back into his chest, so that he breathed through the wound in the lungs." But he was quite sensible; and when his companions, with their own wounds scarcely stanched, bent over him, he exclaimed, "It is very hard to die in this manner. My poor wife and children! what will become of them!" He then "applied himself to make his peace with God, and breathed his last in about half-an-hour."‡ The struggle was brief and silent. The major did not call for help, believing that the assassins were men of his own regiment, and would be seconded by other mutineers. But he failed in recognising them; and the doctor thought that they were not troopers. The Native officers concurred in endeavouring to trace the criminals, and three 5th men were seized, two of whom "were found with bloody clothes;" and the third "confessed that he had done for Leslie;" and this was evidence enough. The major had them ironed, held a drum-head court-martial, and sentenced them to be hanged the next morning. It is strange that neither the major nor the doctor could verify the convicts. One of them was "of very high caste and influence," and a low-caste man was chosen to hang him. The other two were recruits. The regiment was drawn out, and the major stood by with his loaded pistol in his hand, while an elephant was brought up. One of the doomed men mounted this novel scaffold, and the noose was slipped over his throat. The animal was then driven off. Three times the process was repeated; after which the corpses were left dangling, and the men retired quietly to their lines, leaving the major scarcely able to believe that his head was still on his shoulders.§

Altogether, this affair forms one of the strangest episodes in the whole mutiny. It seems doubtful whether the men who were executed for the crime were the actual perpetrators. The surrender of the criminals was demanded, as needful for the honour, probably for the existence, of the corps; and the character of both Hindoos and Mohammedans, renders it easy to believe that three men might be chosen by lot, or tempted by the pledge of provision for their families, to die, for the sake of preserving their comrades. "It was boasted at the time, that one of the assassins was hung by his own father, in order to show the loyalty of the regiment."‖

The writer (an American missionary from Allahabad) who mentions this unnatural proceeding, adds, that it was "only a blind," and that the regiment was biding its time. But this supposition does not account for the neglect of a tempting opportunity of

* Further Parl. Papers (No. 4), p. 153.

† Letter by Major Macdonald.—Further Parl. Papers (not numbered), 1857; p. 23.

‡ *Ibid.*—*Daily News*, August 5th, 1857.

§ Extract of a letter written by Major Macdonald.—*Times*, September 10th, 1857.

‖ Statement of Rev. Mr. Hay.—*Times*, September, 1857.

revolt; and it is more probable that the eventual defection of the 5th cavalry was (as Major Macdonald asserted) occasioned by sheer panic. Not that it was to be expected that this or any other corps could be safely employed in hostile operations against their own countrymen and co-religionists, at the bidding of a foreign master. They might, in an extreme case, have stood on the defensive; but that they should take an offensive part in such a struggle, was opposed to all natural feeling, all conventional usage. That fathers should hang their own sons, and brothers fight against brothers, was rather more than the sternest military code could exact.

Certainly the 5th I.C. had no desire to imbrue their hands in the blood of their officers; for, instead of taking the lives of the wounded and defenceless Europeans, they sat up all night after the assault, watching round them, and were, for the two subsequent months, obedient and loyal. The major had perfect confidence in them; and, notwithstanding the pain he suffered from the injury he had received in the head, and the danger of fever he would not delegate his duties to other hands, declaring he would stay and die, rather than trust any strange officer with the men.* At his suggestion, the head-quarters were removed from Rohnee, which was an isolated position, surrounded by nullahs, to Bhaugulpoor. After the mutiny at that place, the detachments at Rohnee and Doomkee absconded also; and thus another efficient cavalry regiment was added to the hostile ranks. It is quite possible that the 5th Irregulars were alarmed by the treatment of other regiments, and especially by the seizure of the horses of the 11th Irregulars at Berhampoor.

Berhampoor had been, it will be remembered, the scene of the first mutiny.† At the end of July it was held by the 11th cavalry and the 63rd N.I. These troops could hardly be expected to resist the example of mutiny, after it had come so near to them at Dinapoor. Therefore Colonel Campbell, C.B., the officer in command of H.M. 90th, being sent with his regiment up the Ganges, was directed to disembark at Berhampoor quietly and expeditiously, and to disarm the Native troops, including some artillery. He landed, under heavy rain, on the 1st of August, and had paraded and disarmed the infantry before the cavalry reached the ground. They came from a distance of five miles, and expected to meet only a detachment of H.M. 35th. Colonel Campbell, who had been but a few days in India, looked with admiration at the troopers, and afterwards declared that, as regarded riders, horses, and equipments, he had never seen their equal. They were splendid men, but savage beyond expression, and with swords like razors.‡ They might well be savage at being compelled to surrender their valuable horses and arms, which, being irregular troops, were their own property; and this without any compensation, simply on the ground that they might not be tempted to revolt. Colonel Campbell says—"They had no idea that their fine horses would be taken from them; if they had thought so they would have gone off in a body." Some of them put their feet in their stirrups to remount; but the colonel seeing this, advanced a line of skirmishers, and cut off their retreat.§ "They told the sepoys afterwards," he writes, "that they were cowards to give up their arms, and that if they had waited until they came up, they would have fought us; but that my men were so placed, they could not escape. When ordered to disarm, they obeyed; but some broke their swords; others threw their pouches into the air; and when their horses were led from the field, they pulled off their long jack-boots and spurs, and pitched them away."‖ Colonel Campbell accomplished his painful task with much tact; made allowance for the excitement of the troopers; and, "of course, treated them as a regiment having committed no crime."

The 90th left Berhampoor on the 3rd of August, and arrived off Dinapoor on the 12th. They passed on up the river; but the Dinapoor authorities, on hearing of the defection of the 5th Irregulars, had recalled them in the fit of panic already mentioned. They also detained the 5th Fusiliers. General Outram learned this on his own

* Further Parl. Papers (not numbered), 1857; p. 23.

† See page 129.

‡ Colonel Campbell's Letter.—*Times*, October 15th, 1857.

§ Letter by "Instructor of Musketry;" present with the 90th at Berhampoor.—*Daily News*, October 24th, 1857.

‖ Colonel Campbell's Letter.—*Times*, October 15th, 1857.

upward journey, and, anxious to avoid any delay in relieving Lucknow, and to prevent the disease which he foresaw would be engendered by needlessly detaining the troops on board crowded boats during intensely hot weather, he sent his private secretary and aide-de-camp (Messrs. Money and Sitwell) on foot, at ten o'clock at night, from where the steamer had anchored, to the city of Patna, a distance of seven or eight miles, to dispatch an express to forbid the detention of the reinforcements. But it was too late; the 90th had received their recall, and the consequences foreseen by General Outram took place. Owing to mismanagement at Calcutta, the troops had already had "a perfectly miserable voyage; black biscuit, and stinking meat" for food; no place to lie on but the bare deck, exposed to the weather night and day, and almost eaten up with sandflies and mosquitoes. They had left Dinapoor five days, and had reached Buxar, a distance of about 120 miles, when they were suddenly recalled. The troops could not understand the reason of this vacillation,* which was much censured by the press, and ascribed to the very man who had striven to prevent it. Before the 90th revisited Dinapoor, cholera and fever had broken out; a doctor and three men were dead; and it was needful to land the men, cleanse the vessels, and add some comforts for the sick before the voyage could be resumed. They started again in four days, and reached Allahabad on the 4th of September, after losing nearly thirty men coming up the Ganges. "The voyage," writes one of the party, "would have been very delightful if we had had proper accommodation."

CHAPTER XXI.

REINFORCEMENT OF LUCKNOW BY OUTRAM AND HAVELOCK.—SEPTEMBER, 1857.

The original plan of General Outram was to collect a force of about 1,000 infantry and eight guns at Benares, and march from thence, by the direct route, to Lucknow, a distance of about 150 miles; thereby turning, or taking in the rear, the numerous nullahs between Lucknow and Cawnpoor. The force under General Havelock was to cross the Ganges at Futtehpoor, and the river Saye at Bareilly, and join General Outram (with his assistance) beyond the latter place. This arrangement was rendered impracticable by the reduced numbers and miserable condition of the troops under General Havelock, who, so far from being able to advance alone even part of the way towards Lucknow, was anticipating (August 21st) the necessity of abandoning Cawnpoor, and falling back on Allahabad. Therefore General Outram had no resource but to hasten on with all speed to Cawnpoor.

As Neil, when about to start from Allahabad, had been unexpectedly superseded by Havelock, so now Havelock would have been superseded by Outram, but that "the modern Bayard" thought it would be, in his own soldier-like phrase, "unfair to assume the command" under the circumstances. He therefore telegraphed to General Havelock, that he intended to accompany the expedition in his civil capacity, as chief commissioner of Oude, and offered his military services as a volunteer; adding—"To you shall be left the glory of relieving Lucknow, for which you have already so nobly struggled." Havelock, it is said, "was not a demonstrative man; and, in his reply to that communication, he did not allude in the least to the generous act which left him so much glory."† However, in announcing to the troops his continuance in the command, he of course mentioned the reason in grateful terms; and the whole Anglo-Indian army, with Sir Colin Campbell for their spokesman, were enthusiastic in their admiration of an act of self-sacrifice and generosity, "on a point, of all others, dear to a real soldier."‡

* "Instructor of Musketry."—*Daily News*, October 24th.

† Russell.—*Times*, June 7th, 1858.

‡ General Orders of Commander-in-chief; Calcutta, September 28th, 1857.

General Outram might abnegate the honour of leading the relieving force, but the merit was none the less his. There was, in effect, no other man in India so fitted for the task: he was thoroughly acquainted with Lucknow and the whole surrounding country; and the troops knew well that such knowledge, possessed by such a leader, was in itself a guarantee against their being exposed to needless or fruitless danger. An artillery officer has drawn a life-like sketch of the noble soldier, who "served when he might have commanded;" as "a short, strongly-built man; black-haired, with a keen twinkling eye, and a cheerful bright smile, and a kind word for all; dressed in a blue frock-coat, and everlastingly puffing away at a cheroot; quiet in manner; cool, unwavering, determined—one whom neither the hottest and most deadly fire, the gravest responsibility, or the most perilous and critical juncture, can excite or flurry."*

It was quite true that Sir James Outram had a kind word for all, especially those who needed it most; and in September, 1857, a more wretched and friendless class than the sepoys could hardly be found under the sun. For them he raised his powerful voice, recommending government to institute tribunals for the trial of such as might surrender, and had not been guilty of murder. He said, in a letter to Mr. J. P. Grant—"It is high time to show we do not propose to wage war to the knife and to extermination against all Hindoos, or against all sepoys because they are sepoys."†

The reinforcements under Sir James Outram, comprising about 1,400 bayonets, marched from Allahabad to Cawnpoor without obstruction; but Sir James Outram learning, while on the road, that a party of insurgents from Oude, with four guns, had crossed the Ganges into the Doab, dispatched Major Eyre to clear the country, at the head of a well-chosen "party, consisting of 100 of H.M. Fusiliers, 50 of H.M. 64th regiment, mounted on elephants, with two guns, and completely equipped with tents, two days' cooked provisions, and supplies for three more."‡ This was the way to organise victory. The troops, including forty of the 12th irregular cavalry, under Captain Johnson, came upon the enemy, not fasting and footsore, shivering with ague, or parched with fever, as Havelock's force had done repeatedly; but fresh and strong. They marched by moonlight; and, at daybreak on the 11th of September, overtook the insurgents, who fled precipitately to their boats, flung their guns into the river, and strove to escape; but were nearly all killed by the fire of the guns and musketry poured into the crowded vessels from the bank above. The rebels blew up one boat on its being boarded, and thereby killed one, and wounded five, Europeans, and as many natives. No other casualties occurred.

Sir James Outram reached Cawnpoor on the 15th of September. The head-quarters, and the greater part of H.M. 64th, were left, under Lieutenant-colonel Wilson, at Cawnpoor, to garrison the strong intrenchment which had been thrown up upon the bank of the river; and, on the 19th of September, the rest of the army crossed the Ganges by the bridge of boats, constructed by Major Crommelin, of the engineers. The force was as follows:—

European Infantry, 2,388; European Volunteer Cavalry, 109; European Artillery, 282; Seik Infantry, 341; Native Irregular Cavalry, 59. Total *Europeans*, 2,779; *Natives*, 400. In all, 3,179.

These were divided into two brigades—the one under General Neil; the other under Colonel Hamilton, of the 78th. Sir James Outram took, or rather shared, the command of the volunteer cavalry with Captain Barrow.

The passage of the river was accomplished almost unopposed; but the troops, on reaching Mungulwar on the 21st of September, found the rebels in position, with six guns. They were speedily driven thence by the infantry and Major Olphert's battery, and fled, hotly pursued by Outram and the volunteer cavalry, through Oonao, to a spot between that village and Busserut Gunj. Here two guns were abandoned by the large retreating force to a hundred horsemen. With these guns, and a third before taken, a standard of the 1st N.I., and some camel-loads of ammunition, the volunteers rejoined the main body. The rapid movements of the Europeans prevented the foe from defending or destroying the three-arched bridge which crosses the river Saye at the village of Bunnee, the very point the dread of

* Lt. Majendie's *Up among the Pandies*, p. 159.
† Russell.—*Times*, June 7th, 1858.
‡ General Outram's despatch, September 11th, 1857.—Further Parl. Papers (No. 4), p. 229.

which had led to Havelock's first ill-omened retreat. The force reached the bridge on the 22nd, at the close of a fifteen miles' march under torrents of rain, and halted on the Lucknow side. On the 23rd, after advancing ten miles, they found the rebels strongly posted in one of the spacious country residences of the ex-king of Oude.

The *Alumbagh*, or World's Garden (a summer residence of the late queen-mother), consisted of a very fine strong mansion, a mosque close by, an Imaumbarrah for the celebration of the Mohurrum, and various other buildings, situated in the midst of pleasure-grounds, walled in with stone bastions at the angles. The masses of rebel infantry and cavalry were supported by six guns, two of which opened on the British volunteer cavalry and Olphert's horse battery; but were speedily silenced; and, after an attempt at a stand in the inner enclosed garden, were driven out in confusion, and pursued by a portion of the force, with Outram at their head, as far as the Charbagh (four gardens) bridge, across the canal, which forms the southern boundary of Lucknow. But guns from the city were sent out to support the enemy, and the victors were glad to fall back on the Alumbagh, pitch tents, and obtain a day's rest.

On the 25th, at 8 A.M., the troops marched for Lucknow, leaving the sick and wounded with the baggage and tents at the Alumbagh, under a guard of 250 infantry and guns.

The Charbagh bridge, injured, though not cut through, defended by a battery of four guns, with the houses close behind it loopholed and full of riflemen and musketeers, was carried with heavy loss. From this point, the direct road to the European fortifications traversed a densely populated portion of the city, the distance being rather less than two miles. It was believed that this road had been cut through and strongly barricaded in several places. Instead, therefore, of attempting to force an entrance thereby, General Outram, who had at this time taken the command of the first brigade, led the troops, by a circuitous by-road, towards the Residency, leaving the 78th Highlanders to hold the entrance of the main street while the baggage passed. The main body pressed on, and encountered little opposition till they reached the gate of the Kaiserbagh (King's Garden) palace, from whence four guns opened fire, and volleys of musketry were poured forth from an adjacent building—the mess-house of the 32nd. Two heavy guns, directed by Major Eyre against the Kaiserbagh battery, twice temporarily silenced it during a brief halt made there, in consequence of a message from the 78th Highlanders, reporting that they were hard pressed; for, being impeded by the litters and baggage, they had become entangled in the narrow streets, and were in danger of being cut off in detail.

Darkness was coming on; and Outram suggested to Havelock to halt within the courts of the palace of Fureed Buksh for the night, so as to afford the rear-guard and the wounded the opportunity of closing up.* But, unhappily, Outram had delegated his authority to Havelock until the reinforcement should be effected; and "that gallant officer was of opinion that he ought to hasten to the Residency, and that he would be exposed to severer loss if he halted."†

Major North also states, that "the opportunity to rest, though at first acceptable to the wearied soldiers, soon became irksome, so great was their eagerness to reach our desired goal, the Baillie guard." The men murmured at being exposed to the enemy's fire; and "young Havelock, nephew to the general, unable to resist the excitement of the moment, suddenly exclaimed, 'For God's sake, let us go on, sir!'"‡ whereupon the order was given to resume the advance. Outram had been previously wounded by a musket-ball, but he tied a handkerchief round his arm to stay the bleeding; and when entreated to dismount and have the hurt properly dressed, replied, "Not till we reach the Residency." On hearing the decision given in opposition to his counsel, at the prompting of an impetuous youth,§ Outram placed himself at the head of the column, and was the first man to enter the intrenchments. The consequences of Havelock's ill-advised resolve are thus described by a writer recently quoted:—"The advance was pressed with such haste, that the enemy became emboldened by the appearance of precipitation. They returned to the houses overlooking the streets, and to the Kaiserbagh. When our rear-guard appeared they were met by a heavy fire; our baggage-guard was charged

* Havelock's despatch, Sept. 30th, 1857.—*London Gazette.*

† Russell.—*Times*, June 7th, 1858.

‡ Major North's *Journal*, p. 199.

§ *Ibid.*

by cavalry from the open ground; our dhoolies were burnt; the wounded and sick were massacred—*sauve qui peut*—a panic—a rush to the Residency took place. We lost a 9-pounder gun, hackeries, and baggage; seventy-seven wounded and sick met a cruel death, and sixty-one men of the rear-guard were killed; making a total of 138 casualties."*

The actual entrance to the Baillie guard is well told by a "civilian," who had volunteered to accompany the force. After describing the manner in which the troops hurried pell-mell through the illuminated streets, with "sheets of fire shooting out from the houses;" and passed under the walls of the Kaiserbagh while the natives hurled down stones and bricks, and even spat on the heads of the Europeans; he proceeds—

"Suddenly we found ourselves opposite to a large gateway, with folding doors, completely riddled with round shot and musket-balls, the entrance to a large enclosure. At the side of this was a small doorway, half-blocked up by a small mud wall, and the Europeans and Seiks were struggling to get through while the bullets were whistling about them. I could not think what was up, and why we should be going in there; but after forcing my way up to the door, and getting my head and shoulders over the wall, I found myself being pulled over by a great unwashed, hairy creature, who set me on my legs, and patted me on my back; and to my astonishment I found myself in the long-looked-for Baillie guard. What an entry compared with the one we had promised ourselves! We expected to march in with colours flying and bands playing, and to be met by a starving garrison, crying with joy; ladies waving handkerchiefs on all sides, and every expression of happiness; but instead of that, we entered as a disorganised army, like so many sheep, finding the whole of the garrison at their posts, as they always remained, and a few stray officers and men only at the gate to meet us."†

The great unwashed, hairy creature, who helped to pull the "civilian" in, and then patted him on the back, was probably "burly Jack Aitken," who with a band of sepoys of the 13th N.I., held the Baillie guard during the entire siege. A sad mistake was made here by the 78th, who seeing the sepoys, and not knowing that they were within the precincts of the garrison, bayoneted three of the 13th N.I. The poor fellows made no resistance. "One of them waved his hand, and crying '*Kooch purwani* (never mind); it is all for the good cause; welcome friends!' fell and expired."‡

These men were fit comrades for Henry Lawrence. God grant them to be fellow-workers with him in the life beyond the grave! It was the day of days for an heroic death. Many a man, during the eleven hours which elapsed between the departure of the column from the Alumbagh to the entrance of the main body in the Residency, cheerfully gave up his life for his friends. The reinforcement of Lucknow stands out in strong relief, as one of the most interesting features in the history of the mutiny; not because it cost more lives than all Havelock's other engagements put together; but on account of the noble spirit which impelled the troops to spend their blood freely for a worthy end. They sought neither vengeance, glory, nor loot; but to rescue a crowd of women and children from the hands of cruel foes. Husbands, fathers, brothers, uncles were among the breathless, eager host that swept through the fire-lit streets. The archway leading into the Khas Bazaar is now called "Neil's gate," for he fell there; but his lifeless body was carried into the Residency. Major North, whose horse had just been struck by a bullet, was trying to push forward the dhoolie of a friend (Captain Johnson, 5th Fusiliers) who was wounded to the death; when General Neil, turning round on his horse, said, "I shall see the rear of my brigade forward; it is getting dark."§ He passed on under the arch, and was shot through the head. His men fired a volley against the wall from which the fatal bullet issued, hoping that some of their shots might enter the loopholes and avenge them for the loss of their leader; and then pressed forward, their numbers diminishing beneath the iron hail, and their progress impeded by the bodies of the dying and the dead. At length they reached the

* Russell.—*Times*, June 7th, 1857.

† Letter of "civilian."—*Times*, Feb. 1st, 1858.

‡ Rees' *Lucknow*, p. 243. The *Quarterly Review* (Murray's) also states this fact:—"It is but too true that several faithful soldiers were bayoneted at their guns, in the Baillie guard battery, by the infuriated soldiers of the 78th, who confounded them with other natives."—April, 1858.

§ *Journal*, p. 200. Major North does not further state the manner of Neil's death. The statement in the text is the one given in the private correspondence of the time, and also in the *Memoir of Havelock*, by the Rev. William Brock, who had access to that general's private letters. Nevertheless, Rees affirms, that General Neil had "actually arrived within our intrenchments, when he heard that some of our heavy guns were in jeopardy. He galloped out again; but scarcely had he done so, when a bullet struck him on the head, and he fell. Our guns were, however, saved by the intrepidity of our Madras regiment and Highlanders."—*Siege of Lucknow*, p. 238.

Residency, and were received with a burst of eager, grateful welcome, which for a time banished every feeling but that of uncontrollable delight.

Most musical were the notes of the bagpipe to every European ear in Lucknow; most gladdening the loud hurrah which echoed and re-echoed from the various distinct garrisons within the defences. "From every pit, trench, and battery—from behind the sand-bags piled on shattered houses—from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer—even from the hospital."* Officers and men, friends and strangers, shook hands indiscriminately; but when the soldiers saw their countrywomen pouring forth to meet them with their babes in their arms, and looked upon the fair young faces flushed with excitement, yet attenuated by the perils and privation of an eighty-eight days' siege; the big, rough-bearded men, who had never quailed before the foe, sobbed with emotion as they seized and kissed the children, and passed them from one to another to be caressed in turn, exclaiming, "Thank God, this is better than Cawnpoor!" "God bless you!" "We thought to have found only your bones."† Afterwards, the first burst of enthusiasm being over, they mournfully turned aside to speak among themselves of the heavy loss they had suffered, and to inquire the names of the numerous comrades who had fallen by the way.

A large number of the wounded, with the rear-guard of H.M. 90th, under Colonel Campbell, had been left in dhoolies in the walled passage in front of the Motee Munzil palace. Nothing could be done to rescue them on the night of the 25th, although General Havelock's son was among the number, having been badly wounded in the arm. There was a path through the palaces skirting the river, screened, in all but two places, from the enemy's fire; and on the morning of the 26th, Mr. J. B. Thornhill, a young civilian whose wife was cousin to Lieutenant Havelock, volunteered to guide the escort sent out by Sir James Outram, who had now assumed the command. Unhappily, Thornhill became confused, and, in returning to the Residency, missed his way, and led the dhoolie-bearers and their escort through the very gate where General Neil had fallen, into the streets of the city. Many bearers were killed; but a few of the litters were carried safely through the fire, including that of Lieutenant Havelock. Thornhill reached the Residency mortally injured. The majority of the wounded officers and men were massacred in the fatal spot now known as "Dhoolie Square."‡

The memory of a gallant exploit relieves the gloom of this painful transaction. Nine unwounded men of the escort, including Dr. A. C. Home, of the 90th regiment, together with five wounded officers and men, being cut off from advance or retreat by the enemy, took refuge in a small building which formed one side of Neil's gateway, and there defended themselves during the whole day of the 26th and the succeeding night, though surrounded by large bodies of the enemy, and almost hopeless of relief. Private McManus (5th Fusiliers) killed numbers of the foe; and the dead bodies outside the doorway, formed in themselves an impediment to the enemy's making a rush on the little garrison. Private Ryan, of the Madras Fusiliers, could not be prevented from attempting to rescue his officer, Captain Arnold, who was lying wounded in a dhoolie at some distance. McManus, though hurt in the foot, joined Ryan; their companions removed the barricade; and the two heroes rushed forth, dashed into the square under a heavy musketry fire, dragged Captain Arnold out of his litter, and carried him into the house. They escaped unhurt; but Arnold was shot through the thigh while in their arms. Another sally was made, and a disabled soldier brought in. He also was mortally wounded, while his bearers remained uninjured. Private Hollowell, of the 78th, was an efficient member of the brave band. The assailants showed themselves only at intervals, when they would come forward as if resolved to storm the place; but Hollowell repeatedly killed the foremost man, and the rest fell back. At length he had an opportunity of taking aim at their leader, an old man dressed in white, with a red cummerbund (or waistband), who died on the spot; after which the insurgents went away, and left the Europeans an interval of quiet. They looked forth on the deserted street, and seeing several of the headless trunks of their countrymen, were strengthened in their resolve

* *Diary of a Staff Officer.* Quoted in Gubbins' *Mutinies in Oudh*, p. 300.

† *Diary of Mrs. Harris*, p. 120. Gubbins' *Oudh*, p. 161. Rees' *Siege of Lucknow*, p. 224.

‡ Gubbins' *Mutinies in Oudh*, p. 323.

of holding out to the last gasp. Soon the enemy reappeared, and, advancing under cover of a screen on wheels, scrambled on the roof of the building in which the Europeans had taken refuge, and attempted to set it on fire with lighted straw. The besieged, seizing the three most helpless of their wounded, rushed into the square, and took refuge in a shed on the opposite side, filled with dead and dying sepoys. The enemy dug holes in the roof, and fired down on the Europeans, who, snatching up two pots of water, broke through a mud wall, and fled across a courtyard back into the building they had originally occupied. "At this time," says Dr. Home, "hope was gone." Including himself, six men remained capable of using arms, and three more of standing sentry. Of the wounded, some were delirious; while others were on the eve of becoming so from the horrors of their position. The dead bodies of sepoys, and of a horse killed that morning, hemmed them in: above their heads, on the roof, they heard the footsteps of the foe pacing backwards and forwards; and, worse than all, the moans of their unhappy countrymen, perishing in the half-burnt dhoolies, were distinctly audible. The night closed in, and the enemy ceased firing. The Europeans had now only seven rounds left for six men. Death stared them in the face. Were they to perish by fire, by the sword, or by starvation? Almost worn out, the nine men capable of keeping watch were told-off in three reliefs, and the others fell asleep—starting up at every noise, from terrible dreams to a more terrible reality. At 2 A.M. they heard the sound of heavy firing; and, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, such as shipwrecked men on a raft feel at sight of a vessel, they roused themselves and shouted, "Europeans! Europeans!" But the volleys ceased; the hopes of the listeners expired also; and the few still strong to suffer, resigned themselves to their fate; for they could not carry away the wounded, and would not leave them. Time passed on. Shortly after daybreak, distant firing was again heard. But it made no impression on the heart-sick party till the approaching sound grew so distinct, that a quick ear caught the sharp "ping" of the Enfield rifle; and Ryan sprang up, shouting, "Oh, boys! them's our own chaps." Then all joined in a loud cheer, and began to take aim at the loopholes from which the enemy were firing on the advancing deliverers. In three minutes, Captain Moorsom and his party (who had come to rescue the guns left at the Motee Munzil) were in sight; and by his good management, the besieged, with their wounded and their dead, reached the Residency. Mr. Gubbins states that McManus, Ryan, and Hollowell were presented with the Victoria medal by General Outram; but he does not mention their receiving any more substantial reward. The services of Dr. Home were eventually acknowledged by the home government in a similar manner.* It is not often that medical officers receive this kind of decoration. Yet no class of men are more useful in their vocation. None do harder duty and bear greater privations, with fewer prizes to stimulate and more blanks to depress their energies, than our army and navy surgeons. Theirs is a noble calling, and needs a brave heart, a clear head, and a skilful hand. The soldier has indeed his trials in the perils of the battle-field, the exhausting marches, the dreary night-watches. But the life of the army surgeon is spent among the sick and the dying, fighting inch by inch a battle in which he is perpetually worsted; constantly seeing the black side of war, while others look on its pageants and its prizes; braving death, not in a whirl of excitement, with flags flying and trumpets sounding, but following in the rear with the muffled drum and the dead-cart—striving to rescue a yet living though mutilated form from human or carrion foes, or to save a few victims prostrated by pestilence—snatching them like brands from the fire, at the risk of perishing unheeded in the effort.

The unflinching courage with which Dr. Home stood by the wounded during the day and night of the 26th of September, forms one of the noblest records in the history of the Indian mutiny. Yet probably he, and many others of his fraternity, could tell of days and nights spent in a crowded hospital, amidst sights and sounds as horrible; or in the streets of a fever-stricken city; or in those worst dens, where vice and disease combine to make a hell on earth. Who would not rather meet the noisy terrors of cannon and the sword, than inhale, for days and weeks together, the poisonous vapours of a pest-house? Certainly, war medals and prize-money are not fit rewards for men whose lives are devoted to the alleviation of human suffering; and their virtue (as far as the British

* *London Gazette*, June 18th, 1858.

government is concerned) is left pretty much to be its own reward.

General Outram, once established in Lucknow, was in a position to estimate the condition and resources of the garrison. The original defenders numbered 1,692 persons; of whom 927 were Europeans, and 765 Natives. Before the 25th of September, 350 Europeans had been killed, and the number of natives was diminished by 363 deaths and desertions. There remained, including sick and wounded, 577 Europeans, and 402 Natives. The reinforcement had been effected at a cost to the relieving force, of 119 killed, 339 wounded, and 77 missing: in all, 535, including Colonel Bazely (Bengal artillery), killed at his guns; Colonel Campbell,* of H.M. 90th, mortally, and Lieutenant-colonel Tytler severely, wounded. This loss, together with the detention of 250 effective men at the Alumbagh, took away all reasonable prospect of carrying off the women and children, the sick and wounded, from Lucknow; for the total number of these was no less than 1,500. Want of carriage alone rendered the transport through five miles of disputed suburb an impossibility. There were two alternatives—the one to strengthen the exhausted garrison with 300 men, and retire with the remainder of the infantry on the Alumbagh; the other (on which Outram resolved), to stay at Lucknow, and institute a vigorous defence.† Costly as the reinforcement had been, it had saved the garrison, though not in the sense of entire rescue or raising the siege. Since the failure of Havelock's attempts to reach them in August, the position of the besieged had become far more critical. They had lost defenders whose skill, general character, or tact, had exercised a peculiar influence on the community. Major Bruère, a very popular officer of the 13th N.I., had fallen, and been carried to his grave by his faithful sepoys—a rare honour for a commander of Native troops at this epoch. Captain Radcliffe, the leader of the volunteer cavalry at Chinhut, lay mortally wounded; and Lieutenant Graham (4th light cavalry) had committed suicide. Deprat, a French merchant, who had served as a Chasseur d'Afrique in Algeria, was shot in the face by a musket-ball. The enemy specially hated him; for Azim Oollah, on the part of the Nana, had made the Frenchman offers which he had indignantly rejected. But all these losses were light in comparison with one which took place on the 14th of September, and is described as an irreparable calamity, the news of which "was received by all classes of the community with a degree of grief second only to that caused by the death of Sir Henry Lawrence."‡ Captain George Fulton, while visiting Mr. Gubbins' battery to examine the enemy's movements, was killed by a cannon-ball, which, entering by an embrasure, carried away the back part of his head. He had a painless death and an honoured grave; but he left a widow and a large family. After his loss, the mining of the enemy was prosecuted with better chance of success; and Sir James Outram, on obtaining access to the exterior of the intrenchments, found that six mines had been completed in the most artistic manner (one of them from a distance of 200 feet, under the principal defensive works of the garrison), which were ready for loading, and the firing of which would have placed the garrison entirely at their mercy. The delay of another day, therefore, might have sealed their fate.§

The chief drawback from the value of the reinforcement, was the fact that the newcomers had brought no provisions or stores with them; no clothes of any kind but those they wore; no grain; but gun-bullocks only. The number of patients in hospital

* Colonel Campbell suffered amputation, and lingered until the 12th of November, when he died. Mrs. Case relates an anecdote, simple in itself, but interesting as illustrating the straitened circumstances and self-denial of the brigadier and his good wife. "A white fowl had been brought to Mrs. Inglis for sale; but she thought the price, five rupees (ten shillings), was much too high. However, Colonel Inglis bought it: its legs were secured, and it constantly hopped about before our door. Mrs. Inglis thought it was too bad that it should be eating our rice, and was just going to order it to be killed and cooked for dinner, when little Johnny (Inglis) comes running into the room—'Mamma, Mamma, the white fowl has laid an egg!' This saved its life. Colonel Campbell was very fond of an egg; it was the only thing he could take well. The white fowl, from this notable day, laid an egg daily till Colonel Campbell died; after which it never laid another. We have brought the fowl away, and maybe it will some day be in England." —*Day by Day at Lucknow*, p. 73.

† Outram's despatch; Lucknow, September 30th, 1857.—*London Gazette*, February 17th, 1858.

‡ Gubbins; p. 289. Rees; p. 211. The "covenanted civilian" and the "interloper" are quite agreed on this point: and on other matters, their valuable books, while often differing as regards opinions, concur in almost all material facts.

§ Outram's despatch, September 30th, 1857.

was raised from 130 to 627; and the supply of bedding and medical stores was insufficient to meet the unexpected demand. No servants, except the cooks of the regiment, had been allowed to accompany the force; and the discomfort of the first few days was excessive. The auctions of deceased officers' property were most exciting affairs; and a brush and comb, or a piece of soap, were objects of active competition. Flannel shirts were especially coveted. A very old one of poor Captain Fulton's, which had seen service in all the mines about the place, and was covered with mud and dirt, sold for £4 10*s*. Brandy fetched £2 10*s*. a bottle before the end of the blockade. A handsome new uniform went for twelve rupees. Beer and sherry were alike purchased at £7 per dozen. Tobacco was almost unattainable. Cigars were worth 5*s*. a-piece: but both men and officers smoked the dried leaves of the Neem tree and of several shrubs. Opium, and occasionally other articles, the Seiks obtained through Native deserters from the garrison, with whom they maintained a stealthy intercourse. A month before the arrival of the reinforcements, the original troops had been put on half meat rations; namely, twelve ounces for each man, and six ounces for each woman. The rum was soon exhausted, and no spirits or malt liquors were served out. When the stores of tea and coffee failed, roasted grain was used as a substitute. It must not, however, be supposed that all in Lucknow endured equal hardships. "It was known," says Mr. Gubbins, "that there were some families where bottled beer and porter were daily enjoyed, as well as some other rare comforts."* The *table d'hôte* in his own establishment was certainly not on a starvation scale. The bottled beer was reserved for the sick and the "nursing ladies," of whom there were four among Mr. Gubbins' guests. The general allowance was a glass of Sauterne at luncheon; and, at dinner, "one glass of sherry, and two of champagne or of claret, were served to the gentlemen, and less to the ladies." The meat-rations were stewed with spices and vegetables, being rarely eatable as plain boiled or roast; and two rice puddings, made with milk and eggs, were daily placed on table. Tea, with sugar and milk, was distributed thrice a day. This bill of fare was varied occasionally by preserved salmon, and sometimes by a plum or jam pudding, the appearance of which "always caused great excitement at the dinner-table;" and such was the demand for these delicacies, that there was "often none left for the lady of the house, who helped them."† Happy were the individuals who found refuge in Gubbins' house, whether nursing mothers or wounded officers, like Major Vincent Eyre: happy even those from other garrisons invited to share the Sauterne, salmon, rolly-polly puddings, and tea with milk and sugar in it. Their good fortune contrasted strongly with the utter wretchedness endured in other posts, where ladies "had to gather their own sticks, light their own fire, knead and make their own chupatties, and cook with their own hands any other food which formed their meal."‡

"We often leave off dinner as hungry as when we began," writes Mrs. Harris, the wife of the excellent chaplain, who was in the house of Dr. Fayrer, where Sir James Outram and his staff had taken up their abode. "Nothing for breakfast this morning," she notes in her journal, "but chupatties and boiled peas:" and, on the following day, there is the entry—"Our store of wine and beer is come to an end."§

The establishment of the commander of the garrison (Brigadier Inglis) had few luxuries. One of his guests (the widow of Colonel Case) remarks in her diary, on the 3rd of August—"Mrs. Inglis weighs out everything for our daily consumption with her own hands; and so good is her management, that she is always able to give a little arrowroot or sugar to a sick child, and has, two or three times, succeeded in making little puddings for invalids, with but a very limited quantity of sugar." Moreover, the brigadier's wife never went empty-handed to the soldiers' wives. Her own table was scantily furnished; and "a fruit pie for dinner," is noted, on the 15th of November, as "a thing we have not had for four months; and the poor children enjoyed it greatly." The sugar was reserved for the children; but Mrs. Case being unable to drink her tea without it, took one cup at breakfast, and "got a bit of sugar for it," until the 28th of September, when the poor lady sorrowfully writes—"I gave up taking sugar to-day; and we are using our last piece

* Gubbins' *Mutinies in Oudh*, p. 261.
† *Ibid.*, p. 205.
‡ Gubbins' *Mutinies in Oudh*, p. 206.
§ Mrs. Harris's *Diary*, p. 134.

of soap."* At a very early period of the siege, both officers and men had given up using white shirts, jackets, or caps, and dyed their linen, not exactly the famous Isabella colour, but a peculiar reddish-slate, formed by a mixture of black and red ink. Some surprise was at one time expressed as to how a sufficiency had been obtained, until it was discovered that the public offices had been robbed of almost all their stores.

The soldiers of the relieving force suffered more than others from hunger. The cold night-work, and the absence of the accustomed stimulants, quickened their appetites; and, not satisfied with their rations, they would constantly run into the kitchens when baking was in progress, seize a chupatty, and leave a rupee in its place.†

Sir James Outram's first act was to extend the position—a measure which was needful for the accommodation of the increased garrison, and also to keep the enemy at greater distance. The so-called defences (which deserved that name only in comparison with the Cawnpoor mud-bank) were little more than a number of buildings of various kinds, scattered over a large garden; but, unhappily, so far were they from being encircled by a stout brick wall, that there were numerous points where a dozen men abreast might have entered with less effort than would be needed to cross an ordinary fence in England. The only thing which kept out the mutineers, was the belief that these places were mined. Therefore, in their repeated attacks, they chose spots where ladders were necessary.‡

There was much advantage attendant on the location of the British troops in the palaces of Tehree Kothee, Chuttur Munzil, and Fureed Buksh, which extend along the river, from the Residency nearly to the Kaiserbagh. Two of the palaces had been evacuated by the enemy; the third, the Tehree Kothee, or *House of the Stars*, although the nearest to the European intrenchment, was occupied, till the 27th of September, by some sepoys and other armed men, who were then bayoneted or shot by the British. Between this building and the Fureed Buksh was the General's House, so called from being the residence of the King of Oude's brother, absent with the queen-mother in England. This was forcibly taken possession of, and a large number of ladies and female servants were made prisoners, with two sons of the general. The women of inferior rank were set at liberty; the others were domiciled with the family of Mr. Gubbins' native butler. Considerable plunder was obtained in the palaces; but it was chiefly in the shape of jewels and native arms, rare china and embroidered clothes; though some few prizes of tea, grain, and tobacco were carried off in triumph by the soldiers.

At this juncture the conduct of Maun Sing was a serious cause of uneasiness. He was still playing the game of fast-and-loose already described, waiting evidently to see which side was the stronger; but, on the whole, inclining to the British, and willing to throw in his lot with theirs, provided he should receive a heavy and specific consideration for his services.

Sir Henry Lawrence, aware of the power of this chief and his family, had commenced negotiations which would probably have insured his early and cordial co-operation; but at Sir Henry's death (July 4th), those negotiations§ fell to the ground; and it was not until the 12th of September that Lord Canning, in a strangely indited message, empowered General Outram to assure Maun Sing, that if he continued to give effective proof of his fidelity and good-will, his position in Oude should be at least as good as it was before the annexation; while the proprietors in Oude, who had deserted the British government, would lose their possessions. Here is a plain announcement of the policy the Calcutta government intended to pursue towards the talookdars of Oude. This was published in the Indian Blue Books for 1857;‖ but could hardly have been read by either Lords or Commons, otherwise so much surprise would not have been expressed at Lord Canning's confiscating proclamation in 1858. But the Oude barons

* *Day by Day at Lucknow*, pp. 130, 213.

† Mrs. Inglis's *Journal*, p. 24. Mrs. Case, p. 268.

‡ Gubbins' *Mutinies in Oudh*, p. 348.

§ Maun Sing was offered "a perpetual jaghire, secured on land, of £25,000 per annum," if he remained faithful and rendered active aid. A like offer was made to Rajah Nawab Ali, of Mohumabad, and to Rajah Goorbux Sing, of Ramnugger Dhumeyree; with many others. "Their replies were generally evasive, promising generally well, but complaining that they now neither possessed followers nor guns with which they could assist us."—Gubbins' *Mutinies in Oudh*, p. 169.

‖ Further Parl. Papers (No. 4), p. 232.

may be inclined to exclaim, "All's well that ends well;" since the announcement of the governor-general's matured scheme of wholesale confiscation, has served them better than any clement half-measure on his part could have done. If King John had been less despotic, Magna Charta might not have been signed at Runnymede. If Lord Canning had not laid the axe at the root of all proprietary rights, the barons of Oude would hardly have heard from the lips of the Indian viceroy, an admission, even "under conditions," of their previously unrecognised claims.

To return to the narrative. The promise to Maun Sing was as vague as the denunciation against the mass of the great proprietary body of Oude for "deserting"—not actively opposing, but deserting—the government, was clear and definite. It is impossible to judge to what extent this letter may have affected Mehndi Hossein, of Goruckpoor, and other chiefs, who, though politically compromised, had yet a claim on the British government, as the protectors of fugitive Europeans. The blockade of the Lucknow Residency was resolutely carried on, notwithstanding the strengthened and extended position of its defenders; and it is a significant fact, that the ranks of the besiegers were frequently augmented during nearly three months after the arrival of Outram and Havelock.

Maun Sing was supposed to have some 10,000 men under his orders. None of these were known to aid the other insurgents, but appeared to maintain an armed neutrality. When subsequently called to account for his proceedings, their leader said that he never intended to have gone to Lucknow had not the widow of his late uncle, Buktawur Sing, fallen into the hands of the rebels. He found an opportunity of rescuing her in the confusion of the reinforcement of the British garrison, and had made arrangements to move back with his troops forty miles, when he suddenly learned that the British had attacked the palace, and were about to disgrace the seraglio of the King of Oude. He at once marched to protect the ladies, for he had eaten the king's salt. In reply, Maun Sing was informed that the British never injured helpless women and children; and was desired at once to withdraw his adherents from Lucknow, and communicate with General Outram; but no reward was offered in the event of obedience. The result may be easily guessed. After long hesitation, Maun Sing, from a doubtful friend, became a secret foe, and was believed to have assumed a place among the rebel leaders.

CHAPTER XXII.

AFFAIRS IN THE PUNJAB; BATTLE OF NUJUFGHUR; CAPTURE OF DELHI; SURRENDER OF THE KING.

On the 28th of September, 1857, the following intelligence was published by the Foreign Office, London, regarding the capital of the Punjab:—

"The 26th N.I. mutinied at Lahore on the 30th of July, and murdered the commanding officer, Major Spencer; but the mutineers were totally destroyed."

There was nothing remarkable in the announcement. "Cut up," "accounted for," and "totally destroyed," were understood to be convertible terms, and expressed the ordinary mode of dealing with mutinous regiments before the Calcutta instructions of the 31st of July came into force; and after that period, where, from distance or interrupted communication, the governor-general's authority was practically in abeyance. The instructions themselves affected only the dealings of civilians in the matter of runaway sepoys and village-burning. The Calcutta government did not attempt to interfere with the military authorities in these matters.

The exterminator of the 26th N.I. was Mr. Frederick Cooper, the deputy-commissioner of Umritsir. His proceedings, fully and frankly told, were entirely approved by the governor-general, Sir John Lawrence,

Mr. (now Sir R.) Montgomery, and the Anglo-Indian press. Mr. Cooper evidently considered that he had acted in an exemplary manner, and that his conduct deserved the praise it met with, as prompt, spirited, and thorough. Impressed with this conviction, he wrote a book, which is invaluable as affording an insight into the state of feeling, or, to speak more charitably, frenzy, which characterised this terrible epoch. The following details, so far as they regard Mr. Cooper, are given on his own authority, and, as nearly as possible, in his own words: certainly no others could be found more graphic and explicit. Mr. Montgomery, indeed, praises Mr. Cooper's actions, but blames his description of them. The general public will probably reverse this censure, and think the utter absence of what in polite language is termed "diplomatic reserve," the redeeming feature of the narrative.

It will be remembered, that on the 13th of May, all the Native troops at Lahore, amounting to about 3,800, had been disarmed as a precautionary measure. Five months elapsed, during which the Seik levies, and about 400 Europeans, kept watch night and day over the sepoys, who exhibited "great sullenness."* Whether they had formed any scheme for a general attempt to escape from their unpleasant position, is not known:† but on the 30th of July, some commotion was observed in the ranks of the 26th N.I., stationed, under surveillance, at Meean Meer; which British officers affirm to have been the result of a mere panic—the immediate cause being a dust-storm:‡ and this is not improbable, because the natives of India are affected by the accidents of climate to an extent few Europeans can conceive.§ There is no circumstantial account of the assassination of the commanding officer (Major Spencer), the sergeant-major, and the native havildar. Mr. Cooper writes—"It is feared that the ardour of the Seik levies, in firing when the first outbreak occurred, precipitated the murders, and frightened all [the 26th N.I.] —good, bad, or indifferently disposed—to flight." It is, he adds, "concurrently admitted, that a fanatic, named Prakash Sing, rushed out of his hut, brandishing a sword, and bawling out to his comrades to rise and kill the Feringhees, and selected as his own victim the kind-hearted major."‖ Sir R. Montgomery states that the Seiks had not reached the lines of the regiment when the murders were committed,¶ in which he considers the whole body concerned: but he admits, that "subsequent inquiries seemed to point to a particular man, as having dealt a fatal blow to Major Spencer."** On witnessing the fall of the major, the 26th took to flight, under cover of the dust-storm, which was still raging. A few stragglers remained, and perished in the lines when these were furiously cannonaded by the Seiks and Europeans, to the alarm of the residents in the station. No one at Meean Meer knew what road the mutineers had taken, and they were pursued in a wrong direction. But news reached Umritsir the next day, that they were trying to skirt the left bank of the Ravee, and had met with unexpected opposition from the Tehsildar, with a body of police, at a ghaut twenty-six miles distant. Mr. Cooper, with about eighty or ninety horsemen, at once started from Umritsir in pursuit. An abstract of his proceedings is given in small type, to economise space.

"So cool was the day, that no horses were knocked up, and the troopers reached their destination without accident. The villagers were assembled on the bank, flushed with their easy triumph over the mutineers, of whom some 150 had been shot, mobbed backwards into the river, and drowned inevitably; too weakened and famished as they must have been after their forty miles' flight, to battle with the flood. The main body had fled upwards, and swam over on pieces of wood, or floated to an island about a mile off from the shore, where they might be descried crouching like a brood of wild fowl." Two boats were dispatched laden with troopers, the Hindoostanees being carefully excluded, lest their presence should lead to *accidental* escapes among the mutineers. The boats reached the island in about twenty minutes. "The sun was setting in golden splendour; and as the doomed men, with joined palms, crowded down to the shore on the approach of the boats, one side of which bristled with about sixty muskets, besides sundry revolvers and pistols—their long shadows were flung far

* Letter in vindication of Mr. Cooper; by Sir R. Montgomery: written on learning "that the punishment inflicted on the 26th N.I., has been seriously impugned in the House of Commons:" dated "Lahore, 29th April, 1859."—Parl. Paper, 29th July, 1859. In reading this letter, it must be remembered that the writer was himself gravely compromised.

† Cooper, p. 152. ‡ *Star*, March 11th, 1859.

§ At Lucknow, an eclipse of the sun afforded the Europeans a respite from the fire of the besiegers. While it lasted, no native would shoulder a musket. They viewed the phenomena with consternation, and considered that it foreboded famine.

‖ Cooper's *Crisis in the Punjab*, p. 153.

¶ Montgomery's *Letter*; p. 2. ** *Ibid.*

athwart the gleaming waters. In utter despair, forty or fifty dashed into the stream; and the sowars being on the point of taking pot-shots at the heads of the swimmers, orders were given not to fire." The mutineers, taking this for an indication of humane intentions on the part of Mr. Cooper, at once surrendered themselves. "They evidently were possessed of a sudden and insane idea that they were going to be tried by court-martial, after some luxurious refreshment. In consequence of which, thirty-six stalwart sepoys submitted to be bound by a single man, and stocked like slaves into a hold into one of the two boats emptied for the purpose." By midnight, 282 sepoys of all ranks were safely lodged in the police-station. There were, also, "numbers of camp-followers, who were left to be taken care of by the villagers." A drizzling rain came on, and it was found necessary to delay the execution until morning. A reinforcement of Seiks, with a large supply of rope, arrived, and enabled the commissioner to dismiss the portion of his force which he feared might prove refractory. "The 1st of August was the anniversary of the great Mohammedan sacrificial festival of the Bukra Eed. A capital excuse was thus afforded to permit the Hindoostanee Mussulman horsemen to return to celebrate it at Umritsir; while the single Christian, unembarrassed by their presence, and aided by the faithful Seiks, might perform a ceremonial sacrifice of a different nature." Trees were scarce, and the numbers of the prisoners too great for hanging: they were therefore pinioned, tied together, and brought out ten at a time to be shot. On learning their fate, they were filled with astonishment and rage. "One of the executioners swooned away," and interrupted the "ceremonial sacrifice," presided over by "the single Christian:" but the proceedings were soon resumed; and after 237 sepoys had been put to death, a native official announced to the "solitary Anglo-Saxon magistrate," that the remainder refused to come out of the bastion. Mr. Cooper proceeded thither. "The doors were opened, and, behold! they were nearly all dead! Unconsciously, the tragedy of Holwell's Black Hole had been re-enacted. * * * Forty-five bodies, dead from fright, exhaustion, fatigue, heat, and partial suffocation, were dragged into light." The whole of the corpses were flung by the village sweepers into a deep dry well, within 100 yards of the police-station; and Mr. Cooper triumphantly remarks, "There is a well at Cawnpoor; but there is also one at Ujnalla!" And he appends the demi-official letters of Sir John Lawrence and Mr. Montgomery, in proof of their cordial approbation of the whole transaction. The former of these was merely a general congratulation on a successful enterprise; the latter is at greater length, and contains the following paragraphs:—

"MY DEAR COOPER, Sunday: 9 A.M.

"All honour to you for what you have done; and right well you did it. There was no hesitation, or delay, or drawing back. It will be a feather in your cap as long as you live. * * * * *

"The other three regiments here [at Lahore] were very shaky yesterday; but I hardly think they will now go. I wish they would, as they are a nuisance; and not a man would escape if they do."*

It is startling to know that one of the leading advocates for the propagation of Christianity in India, should regard the above transaction as a feather in a man's cap. Still more, that the revolt and extermination of three other regiments, should have been anticipated by him as a desirable mode of getting rid of "a nuisance," and winning, perhaps, a blood-red feather for another cap. Mr. Cooper has compared the Black Hole of Calcutta and the Well of Cawnpoor with the Bastion and the Well of Ujnalla: and the comparison is so far correct, that the leading characteristic of the three massacres (Surajah Dowlah's, Nana Sahib's, and the Anglo-Saxon magistrate's) was an utter recklessness of human suffering. The wretched captives of the Nana were preserved as long as was consistent with the safety of their gaolers. When it was seen that they were not sufficiently valuable, as hostages, to be worth the risk and trouble of preserving, they were put out of the way in haste—cruelly, clumsily. The sole extenuation for such deeds, is their being perpetrated by persons whose own lives are at stake.

But the severest censure passed upon Surajah Dowlah, was for the cold-blooded indifference he displayed towards the survivors of the Calcutta prison. It seems, from Mr. Cooper's account, that there were survivors in the Ujnalla bastion tragedy; but of their fate no special mention is made. A severely wounded sepoy was reprieved for Queen's evidence. Every other prisoner was put to death: and it is said, that "within forty-eight hours of the date of the crime, there fell by the law nearly 500 men." What crime? what law? the reader may ask, demanded the extermination of a helpless multitude, described by the very best authority as unarmed and panic-stricken, famishing with hunger, and exhausted with fatigue? Mr. Cooper answers —"The crime was mutiny; and had there even been no murders to darken the memory of these men, the law was exact. The punishment was death."† Concerning the reprieved sepoy, Mr. Montgomery wrote—

"Get out of the wounded man all you can, and send him to Lahore, that he may himself proclaim what has been done. The people will not otherwise believe it." He adds—"There will be some stragglers: have them all picked up; and any you get, send us now. You have had slaughter enough. We want a few for the troops here, and also for evidence."

The request was complied with. The sepoy, when sufficiently recovered, was sent,

* *Crisis in the Punjab*, p. 168. † *Ibid.*, p. 164.

with forty-one others subsequently captured, to Lahore, where they all suffered death by being blown away from the cannon's mouth. Thus, in the emphatic words of Mr. Cooper, "the 26th were both accounted for and disposed of."

The terror inspired by the mode in which disarmed regiments were dealt with, and the "confiscation" by government of horses which were the private property of troopers dismounted as a matter of precaution, caused so much excitement as to precipitate other corps into revolt, and thus gave the desired plea for getting rid of "the nuisance" of their existence. Mr. Montgomery, on his own showing, contemplated the extermination of the 3,000 remaining sepoys at Lahore as a desirable event; and there is no reason to suppose the feeling was not general in the Punjab.

Ferozpoor.—On the 19th of August, a portion of the disarmed and dismounted 10th light cavalry broke into revolt. Mr. Cooper considers it just possible that the news had reached them that their horses were to be taken away.* They rushed forth at the dinner-hour of the European troops, jumped on all available horses bare-backed, and seized the guns, overpowering the gallant resistance of the artillery guard. Private Molony was mortally wounded—in fact, nearly hacked to pieces by the mutineers, who had managed to procure and secrete swords, pistols, and spears. A party of the 61st and of the artillery came up, and recaptured the guns before the mutineers could fire. An interval of great confusion ensued. The Europeans were hurrying to the fort; while the rebels "were bent more on flight than aught else;"† and their escape was favoured by the mismanagement of "a gun, placed originally to command a bridge leading from the barracks to the Native infantry. It was fired into the rows of cavalry horses; and while it hardly disturbed the mutineers, it killed and wounded thirty-two horses."‡ Veterinary Surgeon Nelson was killed while endeavouring to escape to the fort. Mr. Cooper does not mention the number of the 10th cavalry who mutinied; but the revolt is officially stated to have been confined to a portion of the regiment.§

* Cooper's *Crisis in the Punjab*, p. 172.
† *Ibid.*, p. 174. ‡ *Ibid*, p. 173.
§ Parl. Return regarding regiments which have mutinied; p. 8.

Peshawur.—A fanatic of high family, named Seyed Ameer, who had recently returned from Mecca, was known to have been striving to excite the Afghans of the Khyber Pass to a "holy war." The wise and steady rule of Dost Mohammed, although the chief was old and ill, sufficed to maintain the tranquillity of this dangerous frontier. Seyed Ameer failed with the native tribes; but his letters and messages to the Peshawur troops caused so much excitement, that on the 28th of August, General Cotton deemed it necessary to institute a fresh search for weapons in the lines of the disarmed regiments.

A considerable amount of arms was discovered; and the 51st N.I., exasperated "by the taunts of the newly-raised Afreedee regiments, who were carrying out the search, rushed upon the piled arms of the 18th Punjab infantry," and, in their madness, attempted resistance. The three European officers were overpowered by numbers, and driven into a tank, but not injured. General Cotton (gun Cotton) was in readiness for the emergency. The indiscriminate flight of the mutineers had scarcely begun before there opened on the unarmed masses a "fusilade, which commenced on the parade-ground at Peshawur, and ended at Jumrood. * * * Every civil officer turned out with his '*posse comitatus*' of levies or police; and in a quarter of an hour the whole country was covered with the chase;"‖ which Mr. Cooper describes as having been "long, keen, and close. Standing crops were beat up, ravines probed as if for pheasants and hares; and with great success."¶ On the following day, 700 of the 51st N.I. "lay dead in three deep trenches."**

The pursuit commenced at noon, and Colonel Cooper, of the 51st N.I., died from the heat. A large proportion of the fugitives were taken prisoners, and tried by drumhead court-martial. Neither extreme youth, nor peculiar sufferings, nor any other extenuating circumstance, was held to offer grounds for the non-infliction of capital punishment. Truly enough has it been said, that "severity and distrust have been the rule in the Punjab."

Cooper mentions the following incident

‖ Colonel Edwardes' Report.—Parl. Papers on the mutiny in the Punjab; published April, 1859; p. 77.
¶ Cooper's *Crisis in the Punjab*, p. 177.
** Colonel Edwardes' Report, p. 78.

connected with this sanguinary transaction:—

"One sepoy literally died two deaths, and the first time was buried. When the fatal volley was discharged, he fell with the others, and feigned death; his body was flung rather high up in the chasm, and covered over with lime. He managed to crawl out at dark and escape to the hills; but was caught and brought in. He pleaded previous demise, but ineffectually; and this time he moulders with the forms of his mutinous comrades."—(page 178).

In August, 1857, Sir John Lawrence was, to all intents and purposes, a dictator in Northern India. His policy was, from first to last, daring, desperate, determined. The speedy capture of Delhi was his watchword: to relinquish the attempt, would be to sacrifice the life of every European in Northern India. While his right hand laboured efficiently for the extinction of the portion of the Bengal army within his reach, his left was employed in raising another Native force, as costly, and possibly more dangerous. In the month of August, a growing sense of the precarious character of Seik and Goorka loyalty prevailed; and though the public despatches maintained the confident tone which appeared expedient, even high functionaries, civil and military, could not always conceal their distrust of the new auxiliaries, who dealt death so relentlessly for the lust of gold and revenge, but whose weapons might be turned—who could say how soon?—against the Europeans. "The capture of Delhi had become the turning-point of our fate," Mr. Cooper writes. "Every day had become fraught with danger: even our *prestige* was waning. Seiks had come back to the Punjab, and declared they were fighting our battles. One old Seik had thought it just as likely they might be fighting against us in a year hence! Peshawur was waxing more feverish every day. Six per cent. government paper was twenty-five per cent. discount. Lahore and Umritsir were equally excited."* The blood lavishly poured forth in the Punjab had produced a deep pause of terror and suspense. But the probability of a strong and terrible reaction was too evident to be overlooked; and in the meantime, the army of observation, stationed before Delhi, was dwindling away, and being reinforced from the Punjab, until the very last troops that could be scraped together were sent off under the command of Brigadier-general Nicholson, an officer whose age and rank forbade his taking the lead, although the troops would have joyfully hailed him as their chief.

* Cooper's *Crisis in the Punjab*, p. 190.

Delhi.—The proceedings of the force before Delhi have been detailed up to nearly the close of June.† On the 1st and 2nd of July, the Rohilcund mutineers arrived at Delhi, marching across the bridge of boats, within full view of the spectators from the British camp posted on the ridge. The Jhansi rebels, the Neemuch brigade, the Kotah contingent, and other smaller reinforcements poured into the city, until, by the middle of August, the enemy were believed to number at least 30,000 men. Their free access to the left side of the Jumna was ensured by the aforesaid bridge of boats, which was under the close fire of their ordnance in the Selimghur, or Selim's fort, and fully 2,500 yards from the nearest British gun. So that while the British were near enough to see the flags flying, and cart-loads of treasure carried into Delhi, and to hear the rebel bands play "Rule Britannia," our artillery could not check the triumph of the foe by so much as a single effective volley.

On the 5th of July, Sir Henry Barnard was attacked by cholera, and died in the course of the day. His want of experience in Indian warfare had told against him as a commander; and his brief tenure of power hardly gave opportunity for a fair judgment to be formed of his military capacity; but his character as a high-minded, true-hearted gentleman, was beyond all question. "Tell them at home," he said, "that I die happy." Then his mind wandered: and his last words were, "Strengthen the right!"—evidently thinking the British position attacked. The gun-carriage which served for his hearse was followed by many gallant officers, who sympathised with the bitter grief with which Captain Barnard declared, as he stood by the open grave—"I have lost the very best of parents, and the most intimate and endearing of friends." General Reid assumed the command; but resigned it from ill-health on the 17th of July, and retired to Umballah, accompanied by Colonels Congreve and Curzon.

General Archdale Wilson was his successor. He had been thirty-eight years in the service of the E. I. Company; and it is a curious fact, that most of the guns employed on either side, both in attacking

† See page 211.

and defending Delhi, had been cast by him when holding the appointment of superintendent of the Calcutta foundry. He was one of the twelve sons of a clergyman. When he took command of the Delhi field force, he was fifty-five years of age; and is described as "a tall soldierly-looking man, with a small brow, quick eye, and large feeble mouth."* His antecedents as the brigadier commanding the Meerut station on the 11th of May, were unfavourable. He was distinguished neither for brilliant ability nor fertility of resource: not a general whose name, like Nicholson's, would, under any circumstances, have struck terror into the rebel camp, and inspired confidence in his own; not a strategist, like Campbell; not a *preux Chevalier*, like Outram; not an enthusiast, brave and true (though vacillating and egotistical), like Havelock; not a disciplinarian like Neil; not a leader such as Sir Hugh Rose afterwards proved to be; but just a slow, cautious, pains-taking artillery officer, whose leading characteristic was an exaggerated estimate of the importance of his own arm of the service.

It was afterwards said of him, that he was born to take Delhi. It would have been more honourable, though less advantageous to him in other points, had it been written in his horoscope, that he should save the imperial city by forestalling "the thirty troopers who revolutionised India."† But as no account of his proceedings in the Meerut crisis has yet been laid before the public, it is not easy to determine the extent to which he is responsible for "the cardinal errors and fatal incapacities which pre-eminently marked the conduct of the authorities in command of the Meerut division, at a period when errors and incapacity were by no means unfrequently conspicuous."‡ Little information has, even after the lapse of two years, transpired regarding that fatal night, when tyrannical incapacity on one side, and fear and rage on the other, with panic (*i.e.*, temporary insanity) on both, opened the flood-gates for the ocean of blood and tears which has since desolated India. The latest writer on the subject, who visited Meerut, and made all possible inquiries on the spot, remarks, that "every one talks of the incapacity of the aged veteran, on whom the whole affair produced the effect of a hideous night-mare;" and he adds, "what was Sir Archdale Wilson, of Delhi, doing?"§

In the freedom of the mess-table, officers are alleged to assert, that General Hewitt requested the then Colonel Wilson to act for the best; and that he (not from any want of personal bravery, but from sheer bewilderment) did nothing, and would sanction nothing; but shared the surprise which was the prevalent feeling among the Meerut Europeans on the morning of the 12th of May, at finding their heads remained on their shoulders—that is, in a literal sense; for, in a figurative one, they had certainly either lost them, or had none to lose.

It is difficult to conceive why Wilson was trusted to head the Delhi force; but, besides the little choice left by the conventionalities of our military system, it is possible that Sir John Lawrence (who, directly or indirectly, must at such a moment have had a voice in the matter), knowing the jealous and impetuous spirit which pervaded the camp, was decided by similar considerations to those which induce both branches of the church militant, Romish and Protestant, to choose safe second-rate men for popes and archbishops. So far as is known, there was only one first-rate general, both safe and brilliant, in Northern India—namely, Nicholson; and he could not then be spared from the Punjab.

The first view taken by the new commander was not a cheerful one. The personal honours and advantages consequent on the capture of Delhi, dazzling as they were in perspective, did not blind him to the perils and difficulties massed together in the foreground.

Three days before General Reid's resignation, the mutineers had sallied forth in great force, and attacked the batteries on the Hindoo Rao ridge. They were driven back with a loss estimated at 1,000 men. The British had fifteen killed and nearly 200 wounded. Brigadier Chamberlain received a wound, which it was said would keep him "on his back for six weeks at least." The want of his services was not so sensibly felt as might have been expected from his reputation. His youth and energy, which had conduced to his

* Russell's *Diary*, vol. i., p. 192.

† Strangely enough, there is a saying of Mustapha Khan's, current in India, that "if forty sabres should come to agree together, they might bestow a kingdom."—*Siyar ul Mutakherin*, vol. ii., p. 418.

‡ Russell's *Diary*, vol. ii., p. 256. § *Ibid.*, p. 257.

success as a *sabreur* and leader of irregulars, led him to act with an impetuosity which was not suited to the present phase of the siege. It is asserted by a keen observer, that "in two or three actions after his arrival, we lost, by pushing too far, more men than formerly, and many more than we could spare, and by leading an advance party under the walls of Delhi, where they were mowed down by the enemy's grape."* Hodson, who had so joyously hailed the brigadier's arrival in camp,† admits that he erred in "too great hardihood and exposure in the field, and a sometimes too injudicious indifference to his own life or that of his men." Thus, on the 14th, "seeing a hesitation among the troops he led, who did not like the look of a wall lined with Pandies, and stopped short, instead of going up to it; he leaped his horse clean over the wall into the midst of them, and dared the men to follow, which they did; but he got a ball in his shoulder."‡

A great oversight is stated to have occurred on this occasion.§ The enemy brought out, and abandoned, six guns, which the English neglected to seize, and suffered the rebels to recover.‖ Altogether, the results of the engagement were far from satisfactory, and assisted in producing the depression manifest in Brigadier Wilson's letter to Sir John Lawrence, of the 18th of July, which was written in French for more security. Colonel Baird Smith, chief officer of engineers (styled, in the letter, "*l'officier de Génie en chef*"), the brigadier says, "agreed with him that an assault would be dangerous and disastrous." There were before Delhi, 2,200 English, and 1,500 Punjabees, constantly besieged and daily attacked by a "numberless" foe; and Sir John Lawrence was urged to send forthwith to Delhi a complete English regiment, and two of Seiks and Punjabees. The request was supported by the declaration—"If I am not very quickly reinforced, I shall be compelled to retire to Kurnaul."¶

This was the turning-point in the war. Then it was that Sir John Lawrence put forth all his strength. His powerful intellect comprehended the whole danger: his moral courage was equal to the occasion. The men about him were for the most part of his own school—the John Lawrence, as distinguished from the Henry Lawrence school; the main-spring of the one system being fear; of the other, love. Sir Henry's exercise of authority had been always patriarchal, paternal. He could not, and he would not, bend to conventional notions of government. His public, like his private life, was ever grand, simple, and consistent. The word "Christian" is too hackneyed to be applied to such a man. In all humility, it may be said that he was Christ-like—specially so in "the love of the people of the country, with which he inspired" his coadjutors and subordinates.** After all, the tender reverence in which his memory is uniformly held by Anglo-Indians,†† speaks

* Letter from Umballah.—*Times*, October 26th, 1857.

† See page 211.

‡ Hodson's *Twelve Years in India*, p. 335.

§ Another engagement took place on the 19th of July, in which, according to Hodson, great loss had nearly been incurred through the incapacity of the officer in command—"a fine old gentleman, who might sit for a portrait of Falstaff, so fat and jolly is he; Colonel Jones, of the 60th Rifles." Hodson's vanity, which, notwithstanding his disclaimers, was a conspicuous feature in his character, renders him a doubtful authority, as he is apt to praise himself at the expense of other people; but he distinctly asserts, that Colonel Jones, having driven the enemy back into Delhi, found himself in turn pursued, and gave an order to retreat "in a heap:" but when Hodson remonstrated on the cruel loss which would thereby be incurred, he received, in reply, *carte blanche* to act as he saw best, and succeeded in drawing off the men in order, under the protection of the guns. (*Twelve Years in India*, p. 238). The conduct of Colonel Jones on the day of the storming of Delhi, tends to invalidate this disparaging testimony.

‖ Rotton's *Siege of Delhi*, p. 183.

¶ Further Parl. Papers on Mutiny, 1857; p. 63.

** Raikes' *Revolt in the North-West Provinces*, p. 33.

†† Any one who has had occasion to examine the piles of books, pamphlets, and newspapers, filled with Indian intelligence, published in the eventful years 1857 and 1858, must have been struck not simply with the frequent recurrence of the name of Henry Lawrence, but with the halo which surrounds it. No one seems to have known without loving him; and none name without praising him. Men who differ in every other point under the sun of India, and whose anti-native feelings would alone appear sufficient to incapacitate them from in any degree appreciating Henry Lawrence, speak of him with a reverent tenderness as honourable to them as to him. For instance, Frederick Cooper, in a few graceful, touching lines, dedicates his book on the Punjab (of all books in the world!), not to the living Sir John, but to the memory of Sir Henry, though he knew nothing more of him "than was patent to the world—the example he set." The dedication of Hodson's *Letters* is another stone added to the same cairn. But perhaps the most striking testimony is that borne by Mr. Russell, who, after hearing the varied opinions of men who had known Sir Henry long and intimately, and many of whom must have been frequently opposed to him, was "led to think

strongly for the sound judgment and right feeling which lie at the bottom of English hearts, even when placed in the trying position of a "superior race"—even when lashed to fury by a terrible, unexpected, and most painful check—the more humiliating, because none but the ignorant, the apathetic, or the blindly prejudiced could consider it wholly undeserved. The deliberate persuasion of Henry Lawrence, expressed to Robert Montgomery as the result of long and varied experience, was, that, "on the whole, the people were happier under native government than under our own."* The writer who records this memorable speech, excuses himself from entering upon the causes of the revolt; but this brief sentence comprehends them all. Our civilisation and our Christianity have failed; and why? Because the civilisation, real, to a certain extent, in England, has been but as a varnish in India: and as to our Christianity—that, to be effective, must begin at home. When English clergymen and laymen in India concur in showing forth, in their daily lives, a desire to follow in the footsteps of their Divine Master, and become, like him, "holy, harmless, undefiled," they may reasonably expect the attention of the heathen to be drawn to the means which have wrought so miraculous a change. Until then, our so-called enlightenment must fail to make us the "lights of the world" we aspire to be; and our skin-deep civilisation can serve but to disguise the true character of the material beneath the glaze. Besides, if our standing as individual Christians were ever so high, it is the beneficence of our government which must be the test of our merits as rulers with the mass of the people. It is a mockery to teach the Bible in our schools, unless, as rulers, we harmonise our example with our precepts; and, not in cant or in enthusiasm, but in sober reliance on the Divine blessing, endeavour for the future "to do justice, to love mercy, and walk humbly with our God." It would be infidelity to doubt that an administration conducted on these principles must succeed, even in the lowest and most worldly point of view.

Sir Henry Lawrence did great things in the Punjab as a peace-maker; but his rare powers were always cramped by his subordinate position. The clever, resolute, and unscrupulous policy of Lord Dalhousie was in perpetual opposition to Sir Henry's principles of action; and he had no resource but to quit the Punjab. Sir John remained. Supported by a heavy expenditure of money, and backed by European troops assembled together from all parts of India, he subjugated the turbulent chiefs. A rough-and-ready administrative system, widely different from that under which the North-West Provinces writhed, was initiated; and Sir John Lawrence, himself a picked man, surrounded by picked men, succeeded in establishing a despotism, which will probably last so long as the present men, or others equally efficient, are found to man the life-boat which alone has a chance of living in such a stormy sea.

In one sense it is quite true, that in the Punjab John Lawrence found the means of regaining Delhi. But it is no less true, that Lucknow, Allahabad, Benares, Cawnpoor, and Dinapoor, had been almost denuded of European troops, for the sake of concentration in the new province, from whence they could not be spared even when needed for the accomplishment of a newer annexation—that of Oude. Lord Dalhousie was always hampered by a deficiency of the troops necessary to the success of his aggressive policy; and this paucity has pressed with double force on his successor. Bitter experience has proved the value of the friendship of the sovereigns of Oude in all our former wars; of the subsidies with which they replenished our treasuries; the men whom they sent to fill our ranks—never false to us till we were false to Oude; for false, and nothing less, were the whole of those "suppressed treaty" proceedings which led to the downfall of Wajid Ali. His misgovernment, his incapacity, have nothing to do with the question. He was a faithful ally; and bad as his rule was, the people preferred it to ours. We took no pains to reconcile them to the change, and no precautions to overawe the disaffection our revenue proceedings excited.†

Could Sir John Lawrence have been spared from the Punjab, and sent at once to Oude with a band of the sternest and

that no such exemplar of a truly good man can be found in the ranks of the servants of any Christian state in the latter ages of the world." These grave and thoughtful words have peculiar force as coming from the brilliant pen of the *Times'* special correspondent.—*Diary*, vol. ii., p. 139.

* Russell's *Diary in India*, vol. ii., p. 414.

† See Introductory Chapter, p. 88.

shrewdest men in both services, and a strong military force, he would probably (had Providence been pleased to permit it) have accomplished a successful usurpation. Sir Henry Lawrence, with a body of his picked men, without any troops at all, and the smallest possible amount of red-tapists, might have carried through a bloodless annexation, by conciliating, as he only could, the good-will of chiefs and people. But the opportunity was lost, either through the wilful blindness or the procrastination which are the besetting sins of the present Indian administration. The annexation or usurpation of Oude (the terms are synonymous) has proved a clumsy failure; while the conquest of the Punjab has been a success, though costly, and it may be, temporary: but the abilities of both the Lawrences—the fear inspired by the one, and the love by the other—had been brought to bear in the latter case. Sir John has proved himself to possess the strong nerve, the indomitable energy, the master-policy needful to constitute a subjugator. The sharpest sword ever fashioned in Damascus is not more superior to the weapons which our officers irreverently term "regulation spits," than it is inferior in power to the iron sceptre wielded by his strong right hand. Of his conduct at this crisis but few particulars are known. Some of his letters, or half-a-dozen pages indited by a worshipping Boswell (not an ordinary biographer who sees through spectacles or writes with reservations), would be invaluable. But at present there is nothing of the kind available. The reports on the administration of the Punjab are valuable in their way; but besides the inevitable drawback, that the writers naturally put their own acts in the most favourable light, and that all facts are, to a great extent, at the mercy of the describer—it happens that the official records pass over, without attempting to explain, several of the most important features of the epoch. In one much canvassed question regarding the Delhi royal family, uncertainty still prevails. It appears that, during the brief tenure of command by General Reid, the miserable king, in his anxiety to escape from the tyranny of the sepoys who pretended to be fighting for his throne, proposed, through native agency, to open one of the gates of his palace (which led through the town wall, and thence into the palace) to our troops, on the sole condition that the British general should guarantee his life and his pension. Brigadier Chamberlain suggested that the king should make the offer in person, and that his power to perform it should be clearly established; and General Reid requested the opinion of Sir John Lawrence on the proposition. The reply was sent by telegraph; and it was to the effect that, if the king could prove he had no share in the murder of any European, his life and pension might be guaranteed, on condition of his placing the British in possession of the city; in which, however, he could not be suffered to remain. Sir John Lawrence concluded by stating—"I have no idea what orders government has given; but those are my views." He then addressed Lord Canning on the subject, urging that the speedy occupation of Delhi, with the smallest possible loss, was sufficiently important to render the proposed arrangement with the king desirable, provided he really possessed the means of executing his part of the contract. This power he did not possess, being literally a helpless puppet in the hands of the sepoys, just as his immediate ancestors had been in the grasp of the Mahrattas, Rohillas, and other successful adventurers or ruling factions. Consequently, the repeated overtures made by the king, by his favourite queen, Zeenat Mahal (whom Mr. Greathed speaks of as "a great political personage"), by the princes, and chief persons in the city, were rejected* or temporised with by Hodson's spies.† The interrupted

* Greathed's *Letters*, pp. 205—217.

† Hodson, as head of the intelligence department, appears to have encouraged the leading men in the city in making these applications, for the sake of compromising them with their party. His *Memoirs* contain only general laudation of the extent of the information he obtained; but not how he obtained it. Mr. Cooper, however, is more explicit, and gives a full description of the manner in which Moonshee Rujub Ali "diplomatised, under the guidance of the accomplished Hodson." A Hakeem, or Mohammedan of eminence, was selected for the experiment; and a letter was written, couched in terms which, if it fell into the hands of the sepoys, would "infallibly lead them to infer the treachery of the Hakeem; but if it reached the Hakeem, might induce him to betray his companions." This letter specially invited the friends of the king to negotiate on his behalf, and "not to suffer the lamp of Hindoostan [*i.e.*, the King of Delhi] to be extinguished, but to communicate in person, or by writing, with the British camp." This letter was received by the Hakeem; and the suspicions of the sepoys being roused against him by the destruction

communication between Calcutta and North-Western India, combined probably with the dilatoriness and procrastination which characterised the Supreme government, prevented Sir John Lawrence from receiving any instructions regarding the policy to be pursued towards the King of Delhi until the 6th of September. In the meanwhile, Sir John had steadily urged that the siege must be maintained at all costs, and that the troops must "hang on to their noses" before Delhi. It is asserted that he "was urging the assault with the utmost importunity on the reluctant General Wilson," when he received a telegram from Calcutta, addressed to Madras, Bombay, Agra, and Mr. Greathed at Delhi; which ran as follows:—

"*Calcutta, August 20th*, 2.10 P.M.

"Rumours have more than once reached this government, that overtures have been made by the King of Delhi to the officer commanding the troops there, and that these overtures may be possibly renewed upon the basis of the restoration of the king to the position which he held before the mutiny of Meerut and Delhi. The governor-general wishes it to be understood that any concession to the king, of which the king's restoration to his former position should be the basis, is one to which the government, as at present advised, cannot for a moment give its consent. Should any negotiation of this sort be contemplated, a full report of all the circumstances must be submitted to the governor-general in council before the government is committed to anything."*

The instructions bore the Calcutta postmark before referred to—*insufficient and too late*. They were nothing more than the expressions of a general policy on the part of a government "as at present advised;" in other words, having no specific knowledge of the actual state of affairs. Yet on them Lord Granville subsequently founded an eulogium on the governor-general, at the expense of the chief commissioner of the Punjab, by stating that "even Sir John Lawrence was willing to make terms with the king; but Lord Canning, a civilian, had the courage to take upon himself the responsibility of absolutely refusing these propositions."† The dates prove that Lord Canning had no more to do with the "absolute refusal" given to the king in July, than Lord Granville himself; and had little better information regarding the exigencies of affairs at Delhi than Mr. Vernon Smith. If the viceroy had had an opportunity of regaining Delhi through the efforts of the old king, without bloodshed, as early as the 5th of July, and had rejected it; then, indeed, the life and money needlessly wasted in consequence of that refusal, would have been a serious charge against him. It is possible he might have refused to sanction any such negotiations, or at least delayed and doubted to a degree which would have been equivalent to a refusal; for the Delhi force constantly complained that their labours and position were not understood at Calcutta. The commissioner (H. H. Greathed) speaks very plainly on the subject; remarking, that the difficulty in taking Delhi must be a sore point with Lord Canning, for by it would be measured the extent of the mistake of leaving Delhi and its magazine in the hands of Native troops, when a spirit of mutiny was known to be abroad. Mr. Greathed received the message of the 20th of August on the 5th of September, and evidently thought it unimportant. He remarks, that "it had been telegraphed to Cawnpoor, then by cossid through Agra. It was only to warn me against receiving any advances from the palace people."‡

The months of July and August, as spent by the force before Delhi, were marked by few events. The engineers were employed in improving and extending the position of the troops, especially by clearing away the old buildings, walls, and gardens in the Subzee Mundee suburb; and the attacks of the mutineers grew feebler. They were evidently much disheartened, and fought with gradually decaying energy.§

Of the state of affairs in "Pandemonium" (as Delhi was called in camp), information was obtained through various persons. One of the Native officers of the Guides entered the city in disguise; and after remaining there four days, returned to camp. The mutineers and tradespeople were at open strife. "The 9th N.I. had already decamped, and thousands would follow if they dared."‖

The following account of a durbar, held

of a powder-magazine, with which he was accused of being connected, they searched his house, found Rujub Ali's letter, became furious against the Hakeem, and burnt his house to the ground. He fled to the palace, and was supported by the king. "Great divisions," Mr. Cooper adds, "were the result of this adroit piece of tactics."—*Crisis in the Punjab*, p. 207.

* Parl. Papers, 1857 (No. 4), p. 106.

† *Times*, October 5th, 1858.

‡ Greathed's *Letters*, p. 250.

§ *Twelve Years in India*, p. 242. ‖ *Ibid.*, p. 219.

on the 7th of July, is given by Mr. Greathed, on the authority of an eye-witness:—

"Each speaker adduced some story of the ferocity and cruelty of the English. One said a council of war had been held to discuss the propriety of putting every Hindoostanee soldier in the camp to death; another, that our misdeeds were drawing down the displeasure of Providence, as many of our chief people in Calcutta and London are dying of disease, and two commanders-in-chief had been driven to commit suicide; a third, from Loodiana, said the Hakeem (chief authority) at Loodiana (Ricketts) had gained the appellation of Kikkus (vernacular for demon), on account of his cruelty. At last the king gave a great sigh, and said, 'Whatever happens, happens by the will of God:' and the durbar broke up."*

Mr. Cooper also gives accounts, furnished by spies, regarding the internal condition of Delhi; and quotes their letters, expressing their hope that actual rebels, and all who had shed blood or been plundering, would be severely punished; but that the government would compassionate the king, the nobles, and the citizens of Delhi, who were innocent and helpless.†

An officer serving before Delhi, writes, that the mutineers "have not attempted to capitulate, because they know that nothing but death will satisfy English soldiers:" and he adds—"Nought else shall they have at our hands."‡

Another officer, serving in the Punjab, states—"Part of my old regiment that mutinied and went to Delhi the other day, left it again, and gave themselves up. This is the only regiment that has done so. I don't know what has been done with them. For my part, I would destroy them all."§

A third officer, writing from Meerut, applauds the justice of the Highlanders and others, who, in passing through Cawnpoor, had killed every native they could find.‖ A fourth, writing from the Delhi camp, has "every reason to believe, that when our troops enter Delhi, a fearful massacre of the inhabitants will take place. The officers, as a body, will do nothing to check it."¶

The exasperation manifested by the Europeans against the natives generally, materially increased the fatigues and perils of the force before Delhi. Sir John Lawrence declared that the Europeans were perishing for the want of natives to assist them in the day-work; that is, minor duties performed in the sun.** It was absolutely necessary to check the excesses of the soldiery, especially as regarded their conduct towards the camp-followers; and Brigadier Wilson published a general order on the subject, which the *Friend of India* holds up to admiration, as a marked contrast to that issued by Sir James Outram upon a similar subject. "It had come to the knowledge of Brigadier Wilson, that numbers of camp-followers had been bayoneted and shot by European soldiers. He pointed out that a continuance of such reckless conduct would cause the army to degenerate into an undisciplined rabble;"†† and dwelt on the great inconvenience which would result from the desertion of the camp by the natives, some of whom, alarmed by the fate of their companions, had "thought it prudent to decamp."‡‡ Certainly, Sir James Outram would have held different language, and would have found many voices to echo his sentiments; for even at this period, occurrences were not wanting to show the nobler side of the native character, or the appreciation it received. For instance: among many Englishwomen and children, brought to the Delhi camp as helpless fugitives, was a Mrs. Nunn, the wife of a European in the customs' department. When the mutiny broke out at Goorgaon, her husband was absent; but the people of the neighbouring village carried her off with her children, and fed, clothed, and concealed the helpless family for three months, regardless of the threats of the mutineers, or the offered bribe of a hundred rupees for her surrender; until, at the expiration of that time, an opportunity occurred for bringing her safely into camp. The officer at whose picket the party appeared, said that "the woman spoke most gratefully of their kindness and devotion; and her little boy seemed to have the greatest affection for the grey-headed old man on whose shoulder he was perched."§§

* Greathed's *Letters*, p. 102. † *Crisis, &c.*, p. 211.
‡ *Times*, October 24th, 1857. § *Ibid.*
‖ *Ibid.* A Captain (McMullin?) in the 23rd N.I., writing from Mhow, after describing the village-burning, and the "fiendish delight" with which, in his magisterial capacity, he had officiated as "hangman;" adds, that if matters were left in his hands, "every Mohammedan should be strung up for his faith."—*Daily News*, Sept. 11th, 1857.

¶ Letter from Delhi camp, August 11th, 1857.—*Times*, October 1st, 1857.
** Telegram from Sir John Lawrence during the crisis of the siege. Quoted by *Times'* Lahore correspondent.—*Times*, June 19th, 1858.
†† *Friend of India*, September 10th, 1857.
‡‡ Rotton's *Siege of Delhi*, p. 171.
§§ Letter of Officer; Delhi, August 9th, 1857.—*Times*, October 3rd, 1857.

Another incident which created some sensation in the camp, was the capture of a female leader, a Mohammedan, who led a sortie out of Delhi. Mr. Greathed compares her to "Joan of Arc." Hodson says she sallied forth on horseback, and "fought against us like a fiend;" and by his advice, General Wilson, who had at first released her, caused her to be recaptured and sent to Umballah.* As the month of August advanced, both officers and men began to exhibit signs of extreme weariness at "the waiting race"† in which they had been so long engaged. The monotonous and fatiguing character of their duties was increasingly felt, and told in the hospital lists; yet so little injury was inflicted by the constant firing of shot and shell by the rebel garrison, that the meanest follower in the British camp did not turn from his work at hearing the balls rattling along the protecting ridge, well knowing the enemy could not pass it.‡ "We are," Mr. Greathed writes, "as secure against assaults as if we were in Delhi, and the mutineers outside." There were pony-races, cricket, and quoits in the lines; and the officers kept up their spirits by "genial, jolly mess dinners," where mirth was promoted by "very good Moselle," but regulated by the presence of a clergyman; which, Mr. Greathed states, was working a reform, inasmuch as "Colonel ———, whenever he forgot himself and used the word 'damnable,' corrected it with that of 'devilish;' the effect being to give two *jurons* instead of one."§ The state of affairs was unsatisfactory to the bolder spirits in camp. If "the prince of free lances" may be accepted as their spokesman, General Wilson was losing the confidence of the force as regarded his judgment, and had become nervous and alarmed, and over-anxious even about trifles. In fact, after Wilson had exercised the chief command for above a month, his young subordinate writes of him as "an old gentleman who meant well,‖ but would probably break down like others of his class, who, though personally brave as lions, had not big hearts or heads enough for circumstances of serious responsibility."¶ After all (he adds, in allusion to the retreat of Havelock, which was keenly felt at Delhi), "Nicholson is the general after my heart."**

On the 8th of August, Brigadier-general Nicholson reached the camp, as the precursor of 4,000 troops sent to Delhi by Sir John Lawrence. The hilarity of the mess-table was considerably diminished by the stern and taciturn bearing of the newcomer;†† but the tone of the army was raised: and to the Seiks especially, the presence of "Nikkul Seyn" was at once a check to insubordination, and a stimulus to zeal.

The first considerable success obtained over the enemy, was achieved by him at Nujufghur: but shortly before this event, Hodson had given them a smart check by one of his daring expeditions.

The great advantage enjoyed by the British force, was its uninterrupted communication with the Punjab. This the mutineers never tried to cut off (although they had abundance of men and ammunition wherewith to make the attempt without endangering their hold on Delhi) until the 14th of August, on which day a body of troops, chiefly cavalry, left the city by the Nujufghur road, with the object, it was presumed, of interrupting our communications with Umballah and the Punjab, or of attacking Jheend, the rajah of which principality was a stanch and zealous British ally. Lieutenant Hodson was sent to watch them, and, as far as possible, to frustrate their intentions. His party consisted of 233 of his own newly raised corps, called Hodson's Horse, and nicknamed "the Flamingoes," on account of the scarlet turbans and sashes tied over the right shoulder, which enlivened their khakee (dust-coloured) tunics; 103 of the Guide cavalry, twenty-five Jheend horse, and six European officers. This little force had several skirmishes with scattered bands of the enemy, and came off victorious. Notwithstanding the flooded state of the country, they proceeded to Rohtuck, and, after procuring its evacuation, returned to camp on the 22nd of August.

* Neither public nor private records (so far as the author is aware) afford any statement of the fate of this dauntless woman.

† Hodson's *Twelve Years in India*, p. 259.

‡ Greathed's *Letters*, p. 50. § *Ibid.*, p. 176.

‖ Hodson's *Twelve Years in India*, p. 270.

¶ *Ibid.*, p. 254.

** Hodson's *Twelve Years in India*, p. 275.

†† "General Nicholson was at dinner: he is a fine, imposing-looking man, who never speaks if he can help it, which is a great gift for a public man. But if we had all been as solemn and taciturn during the last two months, I do not think we should have survived."—Greathed's *Letters*, p. 179.

On the 24th, a large force of the enemy, with eighteen guns, left Delhi with the avowed intention of intercepting a siege-train known to be in progress from Ferozpoor, with a very slender escort. At daybreak on the following morning, Brigadier-general Nicholson started in pursuit, with a brigade composed of 1,000 European and 2,000 Native troops, and sixteen horse artillery guns, under the command of Major Tombs, one of the bravest and most skilful officers in the army. After marching from daybreak till 5 o'clock P.M., a distance of eighteen miles, crossing "two difficult swamps,"* and an extensive sheet of water three feet deep, the general came upon the enemy, in a position stretching from the bridge over the Nujufghur canal, to the town of Nujufghur itself, an extent of a mile and three-quarters, or two miles. A very brief *reconnaissance* was all that the waning light permitted; but a plan of attack, hastily formed and executed, was completely successful, and the rebels were soon in full retreat over the bridge. The victory was thought to be wholly accomplished, with scarcely any numerical loss to the British: the whole of the enemy's guns (thirteen) had been captured, and the town of Nujufghur cleared by Lieutenant Lumsden and the 1st Punjab infantry, when it was discovered that a few men had concealed themselves in the little village of Nuglee, a few hundred yards in rear of the British line. Lieutenant Lumsden was sent to drive them out; but the sepoys, finding themselves surrounded, resolved to sell their lives dearly, and killed the lieutenant and several of the Punjabees; so that Nicholson was obliged to send H.M. 61st to overpower this handful of desperate men; which, after all, the 61st failed to effect. The place "was not taken, but was evacuated by its defenders during the night."† The British casualties, chiefly incurred in the ineffectual attacks on Nuglee, comprised nearly a hundred killed and wounded. The baggage had been left on the road; and the troops were obliged, after fourteen hours' marching and fighting, to bivouac on the field without food or covering of any kind.‡ They bore these hardships with cheerfulness, encouraged by the presence of an able leader, and also by the acquisition of "loot" in the shape of rupees, of which one man was said to have obtained 900 (£90).§ The bridge was mined and blown up; such of the captured waggons and tumbrils as could not be carried away were destroyed, and, soon after sunrise, the troops set forth on their return to the camp, which they reached the same evening. The object of the expedition was accomplished: the defeated mutineers returned to Delhi, and abandoned the idea of intercepting the communication or harassing the rear of the British force. During the absence of General Nicholson, the insurgents came out of the city in great force; but after suffering severely from the British artillery, they retired without making any serious attack. The total British casualties were only eight killed and thirteen wounded.

By the 6th of September, all reinforcements that could possibly be expected, together with the siege-train, had arrived. The number of effective rank and file, of all arms—artillery, sappers, cavalry, and infantry—was 8,748; and there were 2,977 in hospital. The strength of the British troops was—artillery, 580; cavalry, 443; infantry, 2,294.

The European corps were mere skeletons, the strongest only having 409 effective rank and file; while the 52nd light infantry, which, three weeks before, had arrived with fully 600 rank and file, had now only 242 men out of hospital.‖ The necessity for a speedy assault had become indisputable.

The Cashmere contingent of 2,200 men and four guns (assembled by Gholab Sing, but sent on, after his death on the 2nd of August, by his successor, Rungbeer Sing); had also reached Delhi; and several hundred men of the Jheend rajah's contingent, which had previously been most effectively employed in maintaining our communication with Kurnaul, were called in, under the command of the rajah in person, at his particular request, to take part in the storm of Delhi.

To understand the nature of the operations now commenced, it is necessary to bear in mind the peculiar character of the place to be stormed, and the numbers and position of the attacking force. In the case of Delhi, all the ordinary conditions of a

* The words are those of Nicholson's despatch; and he is chary in the use of adjectives.—*London Gazette*, Nov. 24th, 1857.

† Norman's *Campaign of the Delhi Army*, p. 32.

‡ Nicholson's despatch, Aug. 28th.—*London Gazette*, November 24th, 1857.

§ Account published in *Times*, Nov. 7th, 1857.

‖ Norman's *Campaign of the Delhi Army*, p. 33.

siege were reversed. The garrison greatly outnumbered their assailants—could receive reinforcements and supplies—could come and go at pleasure. The defences were seven miles in circumference, and extended over an area of three square miles. They were modernised forms of those which existed when the city fell before Lord Lake's army in 1803, and were more formidable to an unprofessional eye than to that of a scientific engineer. The proportion of besieged to besiegers, the magnitude of the arsenal inside, and the impossibility of complete investment, constituted the real strength of the place.* Its weakness lay in the want of unanimity in its defenders, and in the absence of an able and recognised commander—in the angry feeling with which the unfortunate inhabitants regarded the mutinous rabble, whose presence inflicted on them so many miseries, and ruined the trade in gold and silver tissues and brocades, in jewellery, miniature-painting, and the engraving of gems, for which the ancient capital of the Moguls enjoyed a European celebrity up to the black-letter day, the 11th of May, 1857. It has been said that the attack on Delhi resembles that on Sebastopol, rather than those on Seringapatam and Bhurtpoor; but there is little ground for comparison in any of these instances. There were no Europeans in Delhi, skilled in military tactics, and backed by the resources of a powerful empire, as at Sebastopol—no Tippoo Sultan defending his fortress in person to the death, supported by loyal veterans trained under Hyder Ali,† as at Seringapatam—no daring, resolute leader like the Jat rajah, who, in 1804, successfully defended his castle of Bhurtpoor against the British, and four times repulsed them from the battlements, in which the besieged chieftain declared his every hope was bound up.‡ The old King of Delhi, who had inherited the scholarly, but not the warlike, tendencies of his race, and had a heavy burden of years and sickness to bear in addition to the anxieties of his position, was incapable of feeling or inspiring this kind of resolve; and if any of his harem-bred sons and grandsons had evinced capacity for wielding either the sword or the sceptre, it would have been most marvellous. There are conditions under which the vigorous development of mind and body is next to impossible: the palace-prison of Delhi combined all these.

The unremitting communications made by the king to the British, confirm his assertion, that his connexion with the mutineers was, on his part, always hateful and involuntary. Hodson's spies described the last of the Moguls as appearing before the durbar tearing his beard, snatching the turban from his hoary head, and invoking vengeance on the authors of his wretchedness.§ One of the princes, Mirza Mogul, was tried by court-martial in September, for favouring the British;‖ another, Mirza Hadjee, had drawn upon himself much angry suspicion by concealing Christians. The queen, Zeenat Mahal, had always been unpopular for her efforts to save European life.¶

The disorganisation and disunion of the rebels more than counterbalanced their numbers; and the back-door of retreat open to them, probably served the British cause better than the power of complete investment could have done. Had the mass of sepoys in Delhi been once impressed with the conviction that their death was inevitable, they would probably have turned and fought with desperation, as the handful of mutineers did at Nujufghur. As it was, the bridge of boats was left intact by our batteries; but whether from accident or policy, does not appear.

The leading features of the defences, and of the ground occupied by the force, are thus succinctly described by Colonel Baird Smith, the chief engineer of the Delhi field force:—

"The eastern face of the city rests on the Jumna; and during the season of the year when our operations were carried on, the stream may be described as washing the base of the walls. All access to a besieger on the river-front is, therefore, impracticable. The defences here consist of an irregular wall, with occasional bastions and towers; and about one-half of the length of the river-face is occupied by the palace of the King of Delhi, and its outwork—the old Mogul fort of Selimghur.

"The river may be described as the chord of a rough arc, formed by the remaining defences of the place. These consist of a succession of bastioned fronts, the connecting curtain being very long, and the outworks limited to one crownwork at the Ajmeer gate and Martello towers, mounting a single gun at such points as require some additional flanking fire to that given by the bastions themselves. The bastions are small, mounting generally three

* Parl. Papers on Mutiny, 1858 (No. 6), p. 220.
† See vol. i., p. 380.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 401.
§ Cooper's *Crisis in the Punjab*, p. 213.
‖ Further Parl. Papers, 1857 (No. 4), p. 197.
¶ See Sherer's *Indian Church during the Great Rebellion* (p. 51), for further information regarding the unfortunate prince, Mirza Hadjee.

guns in each face, two in each flank, and one in embrasure at the salient. They are provided with masonry parapets, about 12 feet in thickness, and have a relief of about 16 feet above the plane of site. The curtain consists of a simple masonry wall or rampart, 16 feet in height, 11 feet thick at top, and 14 or 15 at bottom. This main wall carries a parapet loopholed for musketry, 8 feet in height, and 3 feet in thickness. The whole of the land front is covered by a berm of variable width, ranging from 16 to 30 feet, and having a scarp wall 8 feet high; exterior to this is a dry ditch of about 25 feet in height, and from 16 to 20 feet in depth. The counterscarp is simply an earthern slope, easy to descend. The glacis is a very short one, extending only 50 or 60 yards from the counterscarp: using general terms, it covers from the besieger's view from half to one-third of the height of the walls of the place. * * * *

"The ground occupied by the besieging force exercised a most important influence on the plan and progress of the works of attack. On the western side of Delhi, there appear the last outlying spurs of the Aravelli Mountains, represented here by a low ridge, which disappears at its intersection with the Jumna, about two miles above the place. The drainage from the eastern slope of the ridge finds its way to the river along the northern and north-western falls of the city, and has formed there a succession of parallel or connected ravines of considerable depth. By taking advantage of these hollow ways, admirable cover was obtained for the troops, and the labour of the siege most materially reduced. The whole of the exterior of the place presents an extraordinary mass of old buildings of all kinds, of thick brushwood, and occasional clumps of forest trees, giving great facilities for cover, which, during the siege operations at least, proved to be, on the whole, more favourable to us than to the enemy."*

The plan of attack formed by Colonel Baird Smith, provided for a concentrated, rapid, and vigorous assault on the front of the place, included between the Water, or Moree, and Cashmere bastions; arrangements being made, at the same time, for silencing all important flanking fire, whether of artillery or musketry, that could be brought to bear on the lines of advance to be taken by the assaulting columns. The exposed right flank of the trenches was shielded from sorties. The left was secured by being rested on the river, and by the occupation of the Koodsee Bagh—a beautiful garden, full of orange and lemon trees; surrounded on three sides with a high wall, and ending with a terrace beside the river. This strong post, only 250 yards from the city wall, was taken possession of by the British without opposition; as was also Ludlow Castle (formerly the residence of the unfortunate commissioner, Mr. Fraser).

* Lieut.-colonel Baird Smith's report; September 17th, 1857.—*London Gazette*, Dec. 15th, 1857.

† Hodson's *Twelve Years in India*, pp. 284, 287.

The best information procurable, indicated that, on the front of attack, the fire of from twenty-five to thirty pieces might have to be subdued. To effect this, fifty-four siege guns were available, and were formed into various batteries, one of which commanded the only route open to the sorties of the enemy, and prevented any material injury being sustained from this source.

The mutineers beheld the operations carried on against them with astonishment and alarm. Hodson writes—"The sepoys in Delhi are in hourly expectation of our attack; the cavalry keep their horses saddled night and day, ready to bolt at a moment's notice—so say the news-letters. I suspect that the moment we make an attack in earnest, the rebel force will disappear. * * * There is, at present, nothing to lead one to suppose that the enemy have any intention of fighting it out in the city after we have entered the breach. All, I fancy, who can, will be off as soon as we are within the walls." On the 13th of September, he speaks of the rebels as "fast evacuating Delhi."†

The time for a decisive struggle at length arrived. On the night of the 13th, Captain Taylor, the second engineer officer (on whom, in consequence of the wound from which Baird Smith was suffering, much extra duty devolved), with Lieutenants Medley and Lang, Greathed and Home, stole down and examined the two breaches near the Cashmere and Water bastions; and both being reported practicable, orders were at once issued for the assault to be made at daybreak on the following morning.

The order issued by Major-general Wilson for the regulation of the conduct of the troops during the assault, if not vigorous, was at least pitiless. "British pluck and determination" would, the major-general felt assured, carry everything before them; and the bloodthirsty and murderous mutineers would be driven headlong out of their stronghold, or be exterminated. He considered it hardly needful to remind the force (and, in truth, it was worse than needless) of "the cruel murders committed on their officers and comrades, as well as their wives and children;" but he called upon them, notwithstanding this, to spare all women and children that might come in their way.

This peculiar phrase requires some explanation, which is given by Mr. Cooper,

who has the knack of telling just what the general public want to know, and officials, civil and military, carefully withhold. He states that, early in September, "the awful miseries of warfare, and the ghastly destitution of anarchy, were fully felt by the population, shopkeepers, and retail tradesmen of Delhi;" and they sought, at the hands of the British army, protection for their wives and children. No less than "2,500 women and children tried to leave, and about 600 carts blocked up the main streets; but all egress was prevented."* From this it would appear that the townspeople were anxious to separate from the sepoy rabble, and not compromise themselves by flying in the same direction. General Wilson had, however, no idea of dealing with the unarmed population as defenceless British subjects. His qualified compassion for the wretched women and children who, having been prevented from leaving the city, *might come in the way* of the soldiers, did not extend to their equally unfortunate husbands and fathers. Not one suggestion of mercy was made for age or youth. The license for slaughter was as large as could well be desired: the amount of life destroyed would proportionably increase the glory of the triumph; but the "loot" was another question altogether, and could by no means be left to the discretion of the soldiery. The subjoined paragraph is important, because it was naturally construed by the troops as affording a guarantee that the booty taken in Delhi would be divided among them; and much dissatisfaction was expressed at the non-performance of a promise which, directly or indirectly, ought never to have been made.

"It is to be explained to every regiment that indiscriminate plunder will not be allowed; that prize-agents have been appointed, by whom all captured property will be collected and sold, to be divided, according to the rules and regulations on this head, fairly among all men engaged; and that any man found guilty of having concealed captured property will be made to restore it, and will forfeit all claims to the general prize; he will also be likely to be made over to the provost-marshal, to be summarily dealt with."

In the course of the order, a prohibition against "straggling" during the assault was thrice repeated; and, like most reiterations, appears to have produced very little effect. Happily, the actual conduct of the assault was placed by Wilson in the hands of "that most brilliant officer, Brigadier-general Nicholson,"† whose excellent arrangements "elicited the admiration of all."‡ The troops were divided into five columns: the first four, destined to attack as many different points, were respectively commanded by Nicholson, Brigadier Jones, Colonel Campbell, and Major Reid; the fifth—a column of reserve—by Brigadier Longfield. There were 1,000 men in the first column; 850 in the second; 950 in the third; 860 in the fourth (besides the Cashmere contingent, strength not known); and 1,300 in the reserve.

In the dark but clear dawn of morning the columns assembled, marching with quiet measured tramp, the scaling-ladders in front, and the batteries firing with redoubled fury to cover the advance; while the answering shells, rockets, and round shot, as they burst, or hissed, or rushed over the heads of the troops, lit up the atmosphere with lurid flashes.§ The men watched in breathless silence for the signal for the general rush. It was to be given by Nicholson; and many an anxious eye was turned on him. The Europeans felt confidence in the leadership of a man of first-rate ability and proved success in Indian warfare—one, too, who was known to be singularly just and discriminating in officially recognising the merits of his subordinates. The natives equally admired his prowess and his luck (nujeeb); and the Seiks, who considered him peculiarly their own, were as proud of him as the Greeks of Achilles. His commanding presence has been already mentioned: even in ordinary society, the physical and mental vigour evidenced in every feature of his face, in every limb of his

* *Crisis in the Punjab*, p. 212. Mr. Cooper had the best means of obtaining both official and private information; and although the philanthropist may condemn the tone of his book, the historian must gratefully acknowledge the clear and comprehensive manner in which he states facts, according to his view of them, without arranging and garbling them to suit the public eye, or to shield himself from the displeasure of his superiors. There are two other books regarding the Delhi campaign (frequently quoted in preceding pages), which possess worth and interest of the same kind; but the merit in these cases rests with the editors rather than the authors; for had either Commissioner Greathed or Captain Hodson survived, their "Letters" would probably not have been published.

† Brigadier-general Wilson's despatch, 22nd Sept., 1857.—*London Gazette*, Dec. 15th, 1857.

‡ Parl. Papers on Mutiny, 1858 (No. 6), p. 219.

§ Medley's *Year's Campaigning in India*, p. 105.

body, attracted more attention than his unusually massive but harmonious proportions.* He was scarcely five-and-thirty years of age, but he looked older; and though his large beard still retained its glossy blackness, his curls had turned grey. Such was the man who led the troops against Delhi on the 14th of September. He rode forth in the strength and prime of manhood: a few hours later he was brought back in a litter, his whole frame quivering in mortal agony.

It was not, however, until the fortune of the day was decided, that Nicholson fell: the critical opening of the storm was conducted by him. He gave the word, "Forward!" and the Rifles dashed to the front with a cheer, skirmishing through the low jungle in front of the breach, so as to cover the advance of the first and second columns. Both officers and men fell fast under the bullets of the enemy while the ladders were being let down into the ditch to mount the escarp; but when this was accomplished the breaches were carried with ease, for the mutineers fled in confusion before the British bayonet.

Meanwhile, the third column effected an entrance by the Cashmere gate. At the head marched an explosion party, composed of Lieutenants Salkeld and Home, Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, Corporal Burgess, and Bugler Hawthorne, with fourteen Native sappers and miners of the old Bengal army, and ten Punjabees. Covered by the fire of the Rifles, the advanced party safely reached the outer barrier-gate, which they found open and unguarded. Home, Smith, Carmichael, Havildar Madhoo, and another Native sapper, passed over the partially destroyed drawbridge, and succeeded in placing powder-bags at the foot of the double gate. The enemy, on recovering their first astonishment at the audacity of the procedure, poured forth volley after volley through the open wicket. Carmichael was killed, and Madhoo wounded; but the powder was laid, and the four survivors sprang into the ditch; while the firing party, under Lieutenant Salkeld, proceeded to perform its perilous duty. Salkeld was mortally wounded while endeavouring to fire the charge, and fell, handing the slow-match to Burgess, who succeeded in setting the train on fire, but was shot dead immediately afterwards. Havildar Tiluk Sing was wounded; and another Hindoo, whose name is given in the report as Ram Heth, was killed. Thus the most popular exploit of the day was performed by Europeans, Seiks, and Bengal sepoys, fighting, suffering, and dying side by side. Colonel Baird Smith names no less than six natives, as having shown the most determined bravery and coolness throughout the whole operation; and praises "the remarkable courage shown by the Native officers and men in assisting their wounded European comrades." While the train was being lit, Bugler Hawthorne, under a heavy fire, had carried the wounded Salkeld from the bridge into the ditch, and bound up his wounds: he then sounded the regimental call of the 52nd three times.† The troops scrambled across the fallen gates and over the bodies of a score of mutineers killed in the explosion, and gained the ramparts in time to echo the cheers of the two columns which had stormed the breaches in the Cashmere and Water bastions.

Unhappily, the fourth column had failed in performing its allotted task of clearing the Kishen Gunj suburb and carrying the Lahore gate. The Jummoo contingent commenced the attack; suffered heavily, and were driven back before the artillery arrived. Major Reid moved down with the Goorkas to renew the attack, but fell wounded in the head by the heavy fire opened by the enemy from the bridge over the canal, from walls and loopholed buildings. Captain McBarnet was killed. Lieutenant Shebbeare, with a few Guides and some Europeans, took possession of a mosque, and strove to re-form the troops and charge the enemy's position. Lieutenant Murray, of the Guides, was killed while gallantly seconding Lieutenant Shebbeare, who was himself struck by two balls; and Sergeant Dunleary, of the Fusiliers, was likewise slain while exhibiting conspicuous gallantry.‡ Major Reid and the senior engineer, both severely wounded, were the only officers well acquainted with the localities of the place.§ Between the want of a

* Brigadier-general Nicholson was six feet two inches in height.

† The Victoria medal was bestowed by General Wilson on Home, Salkeld, Smith, and Hawthorne. Salkeld died in the course of a few days; Home was killed on the 1st of October, by the accidental explosion of a mine at Malaghur.

‡ Captain Muter's Report, Sept. 17th, 1857.—*London Gazette*, Dec. 15th, 1857.

§ Medley's *Year's Campaigning in India*, p. 110.

competent leader and the panic of the troops, the result was, that after losing a great number of men and four guns, they were "completely defeated, and fell back to camp."*

This failure impeded the advance, and embarrassed the proceedings of the other columns, by leaving the enemy in triumphant possession of the Lahore gate. General Nicholson proceeded thither, clearing the ramparts as he advanced. The road lay through a narrow lane, down which the rebels poured volleys of grape and musketry. The Europeans recoiled before the deadly fire; and Nicholson, in endeavouring to cheer them on, and induce them, by his example, to renew the advance, offered a too easy mark to the foe. He fell, shot through the body, the ball entering his right side, and coming out under the left armpit. He was carried off with some difficulty; and his favourite orderly, an Afghan, named Khajah Khan, who had stormed the breach with him, writes—"The general then desired to be laid in the shade; and said, 'I will remain here till Delhi is taken.'" But there were several anxious days to be spent before the capture was accomplished. The troops who hung back from Nicholson, would not follow any one else; and Captain Brookes, who succeeded to the command, relinquished the attempt to force them forward, and fell back on the Cabool gate, where he was joined by the column under Brigadier Jones. Meanwhile, the third column endeavoured, by Nicholson's orders, to advance upon and occupy the Jumma Musjid, that "chastest, grandest, and noblest temple ever erected by those great architects the Mohammedans;"† but, on examination, the gate was found to be too strong to be blown open without powder-bags or artillery. Colonel Campbell had neither, in consequence of the fall of Salkeld and the impracticability of bringing guns over the broken bridge at the Cashmere gate. The colonel, himself wounded, retired to the Cabool gate. The church and other structures were taken possession of by the troops; when General Wilson rode into Delhi, map in hand, and established his head-quarters in a strong building, called Secander's, or Skinner's House, from the famous Eurasian leader of irregular cavalry, by whom it was erected. When the first tumult had subsided, much unsatisfactory information was obtained regarding the number of casualties, the condition of the remaining force, and the strength of the enemy's positions.

The portion of Delhi on which the assault was commenced, contained large quantities of wine and spirits (the produce of a long line of road on which those articles are the main staple of European commerce). The temptation to intoxication, to which the troops readily succumbed, was thought to be the result of deep strategy on the part of the mutineers; but of this there is no proof. The straggling and looting deprecated by General Wilson was extensively carried on: "men of different columns and regiments got mixed up together, shops and houses were broken open and completely gutted, and stores of beer, champagne, and brandy were found, and quickly appropriated."‡ Another eye-witness says, that "the army became disorganised to a degree which was highly dangerous when the battle was half won."§ And he further remarks, that it seems "as if the only common bond which unites the various races fighting under our standard, is the common love of liquor." The newly arrived Cashmere auxiliaries were not wanting in this essential part of good fellowship and bad discipline. "In their drinking and plundering propensities, and somewhat impaired discipline, they hardly differ from the Europeans, whom they allege to be their models in these particulars." Mr. Greathed, the Delhi commissioner, declared that the Seiks had "no points of resemblance with Pandies, but took their lots of rum like true Christians."‖ Certainly, if the love of strong drink is a proof of orthodox belief, Europeans, Seiks, Goorkas, Afghans, and Cashmerians, evidenced theirs in strong contrast to the heathenish sobriety of the Hindoo mutineers. Usually, the fire-water of civilisation has been its most efficient weapon for the destruction of nations. On this occasion the two-edged weapon wounded the hand that wielded it. The disorganisation produced by drunkenness rendered our loss heavy and our progress slow, and augmented, if it did not originate, the

* Norman's *Campaign of the Delhi Army*, p. 44.

† Russell.—*Times*, Sept. 3rd, 1858.

‡ Medley's *Year's Campaigning in India*, p. 113.

§ See an able account of the capture of Delhi, by a civilian (evidently not Greathed, Saunders, or Metcalfe); dated "Delhi, Sept. 26th, 1857."—*Times*, December, 1857.

‖ Greathed's *Letters*, p. 176.

unexpected determination with which the mutineers, and especially some parties of armed fanatics, defended houses in the streets, after suffering the breaches to be made and won with but feeble opposition. Hodson asserts, that the troops were "utterly demoralised by hard work and hard drink." "For the first time in my life," he adds, "I have had to see English soldiers refuse repeatedly to follow their officers. Greville,* Jacob,† Nicholson,‡ and Speke were all sacrificed to this."§

A fourth eye-witness described the English army, on Tuesday, the 15th, as still "drowned in pleasure;" and remarks—"With all my love for the army, I must confess, the conduct of professed Christians, on this occasion, was one of the most humiliating facts connected with the siege. How the enemy must have gloried at that moment in our shame!"‖ Had the tactician, Tantia Topee, or that clever fiend, Azim Oollah; the gallant octogenarian, Kooer Sing, or the resolute Ranee of Jhansi, been in Delhi, to take advantage of the suicidal excesses of the army, the whole field force might have been overwhelmed by the sheer weight of numbers. As it was, above a fourth part of the assailants had fallen in obtaining a fourth part of the city.

The total casualties, European and Native, of the 14th, were 1,145.¶ The list included the best known and most popular men in camp. Nicholson and his younger brother (a lieutenant in the 2nd Punjab cavalry) lay side by side in the hospital; Major Reid had been struck down at the head of the Goorkas; Major Tombs, of the horse artillery, had been hit, with twenty-four out of the fifty men he was leading at the time. Captain Rosser, of the Carabineers, the gallant officer who begged to be allowed to pursue the fugitive mutineers from Meerut on the 11th of May, was mortally wounded. The engineers, European and Native, had behaved nobly, and suffered heavily. Brigadier-general Chamberlain, though not sufficiently recovered to take part in the storm, had, on learning the repulse of the fourth column, and the prostrate condition of its brave leader, hastened to the Hindoo Rao ridge, and performed essential service in restoring the troops to order, and superintending the reoccupation of the position.

All things considered, it is not surprising that General Wilson should have felt himself in a very precarious position on the morning following the storming of the breaches. A day-by-day chronicler of the siege declares, that the general "talked of withdrawing from the walls of Delhi to the camp again, until he should be reinforced;" but was overruled by the advice of men whose responsibility was less, and their hopes stronger than his.** The chief adviser referred to was undoubtedly Nicholson. The report circulated among the officers was, that on hearing of the proposed evacuation of Delhi, Nicholson declared he hoped to have strength enough to blow out the general's brains if he gave such an order. Happily the contingency did not arise; and General Wilson took an important step for the restoration of discipline, by the destruction of all the wine and beer found in the merchants' godowns, not leaving any (the chaplain to the force asserts) even for the use of the sick and wounded.††

While the main body of the troops were being reorganised, the artillery were slowly but surely gaining ground; though less by the actual havoc they committed on the admirably built structures in which the enemy made a last stand (for it is said that our mortar batteries were neither strong enough, nor sufficiently numerous to do effectually such extensive work),‡‡ than by the terror they inspired. A shrewd observer writes, on the 26th of September—"I do not think that the enemy were actually forced out by our shells. I was surprised to find how little damage was done by them. The walls of the palace are almost intact; so are by far the greater portion of the buildings inside; and it is quite clear that the chances were yet very much in favour of such as chose quietly to sit in them."§§

* Captain S. Greville, 1st Fusiliers.

† Major G. O. Jacob, 1st Fusiliers.

‡ Lieutenant E. Speke, 65th N.I., attached to 1st Fusiliers.

§ Hodson's *Twelve Years in India*, p. 296.

‖ Rotton's *Siege of Delhi*, p. 303.

¶ The casualties were—*Europeans* killed, 8 officers and 162 rank and file; wounded, 52 officers, 510 rank and file. *Natives* killed, 103; wounded, 310. Missing, 10 Europeans. Lieutenant Gambier, who escaped with Colonel Knyvett from Delhi, joined the force a few days before the storm, and was mortally wounded in the struggle.—*Campaign of the Delhi Army*, p. 40.

** Rotton's *Siege of Delhi*, p. 303.

†† *Ibid.*, p. 304.

‡‡ Article on the capture of Delhi—*Times*, December 2nd, 1857.

§§ *Ibid.*

The courage "to sit still" was the last quality the sepoys were likely to evince while a prospect of unmolested retreat remained open to them. The suburb of Kishen Gunj, so resolutely held on the 14th, was voluntarily abandoned the very next day, seven guns being left in position. The mutineers fled in disorderly crowds, the cavalry being the first to disappear. As the enemy retreated, the British advanced, but with a tardiness which was officially attributed to "the usual license which invariably accompanies an assault of a large city."*

The Lahore gate was taken possession of on the 20th; and, about the same time, the camp of a large body of mutineers outside the Delhi gate was also occupied. Captain Hodson and some cavalry entered the camp, and secured quantities of clothing, ammunition, and plunder of various descriptions; the late proprietors having evidently fled with precipitation. A number of wounded and sick sepoys had been left behind, and were all killed by Hodson's Horse.†

It was now suspected that the king and his family had fled; and Colonel John Jones, with a body of troops (including some of the 60th Rifles and Engineers), marched against the palace, which appeared deserted, save that occasionally a musket-shot was fired from over the gateway at the British troops stationed at the head of the Chandnee Chouk, or chief street. The gate was blown in (Lieutenant Home being the person to light the fusee), and the sole defenders were found to be two or three men, who are called, in the official report, fanatics; but who were more probably devoted adherents of the king, who sacrificed their lives in concealing his retreat. They were immediately bayoneted, as were also a number of wounded sepoys found lying on beds in the marble balcony of the Public Hall of Audience. An officer of engineers (not Home), in a letter published in the *Times*, writes—"I saw one man (sepoy) have both hands cut off with a tulwar; shot in the body; two bayonet wounds in the chest; and he still lived till a rifleman blew his brains out. I did not feel the least disgusted, or ashamed of directing, or seeing such things done, when I reflected on what those very wretches perhaps had done." This work being accomplished, Colonel Jones (Hodson's Falstaff) seated himself on the throne, and drank the health of Queen Victoria, to which toast the troops responded with rounds of cheers.‡

Repeated attempts at negotiation were made on behalf of the king, who separated himself from the sepoys and adult princes; and, with Zeenat Mahal, her son (a lad of fifteen), and a body of his immediate retainers, betook himself to the mausoleum of his ancestor, the good Emperor Humayun. The walls of this structure are of red stone, inlaid with marble; the large dome is entirely of marble. In the interior is a large circular apartment, in the middle of which stands a white marble sarcophagus, containing the remains of Humayun; and around are smaller chambers, occupied by the bodies of his relatives and favourite nobles. Like most structures raised by a race of men "who built like giants, and finished their work like jewellers," the tomb was capable of being used for purposes of defence. The mausoleum itself rises from the centre of a platform 200 feet square, supported on every side by arcades, and ascended by four great flights of stone steps.

The queen induced the king to take up this isolated position as a preliminary step to surrender, in reliance on a distinct pledge of personal safety, which Hodson states he sent, to withdraw the king from the rebels, and from the stronghold (the Kootub Minar) which he had reached. The account of the circumstances connected with the surrender of the king, rests on the same authority; and that must be received with caution, inasmuch as it conveys grave implications on General Wilson; with whom the dashing leader of irregulars had about this time a misunderstanding on a point affecting his honour.§

The "backbiting," of which Captain

* Despatch of Adjutant-general Chamberlain, Sept. 18th, 1857.—*London Gazette.*

† Norman's *Campaign of the Delhi Army*, p. 45.

‡ Rotton's *Siege of Delhi*, p. 316.

§ In a letter dated October 23rd, Hodson authorises some person, whose name is left in blank, to "contradict the story about the rupees;" which, he says, "was born in Delhi, and was partly the cause of General Wilson's bad behaviour to me." The money in question, amounting to £60,000, was brought to Hodson by his men, the night before he was starting on some minor service which detained him three or four days, and he locked up the money in the regimental chest for safety. On his return, he found that "a story had been circulated by the native who had disgorged the coin, that I had kept the money for myself! Of course, the very day I returned, it was, with heaps of other

Hodson complains as impeding the performance of his duties, whether real or imaginary, would inevitably bias his judgment of the actions of the persons viewed as enemies. Of these, General Wilson was the head: the other names are left blank.

According to Hodson's account, it would seem that he, and he only, in all the camp, saw the importance of securing the persons of the king, queen, and prince. He dwells on the incentive to combination the warlike men of the north-west would have had "in the person of the sacred and 'heaven-born' monarch, dethroned, wandering, and homeless."* This is quite true: the history of India teems with evidence of the devotion of Rajpoot chieftains to unfortunate Mogul princes. Moreover, in consequence of the intermarriage (not concubinage) of the imperial house with those of the leading princes of Rajpootana, the best blood of those ancient families flowed in the veins of the "wandering and homeless" Mohammed Bahadur Shah. "General Wilson," Hodson asserts, "refused to send troops in pursuit of him [the king]: and to avoid greater calamities, I then, and not till then, asked and obtained permission to offer him his wretched life, on the ground, and solely on the ground, that there was no other way of getting him into our possession. The people were gathering round him. His name would have been a tocsin which would have raised the whole of Hindoostan."† It was expedient "to secure ourselves from further mischief, at the simple cost of sparing the life of an old man of ninety." General Wilson "at last gave orders to Captain Hodson to promise the king's life, and freedom from personal indignity, and make what other terms he could:"‡ and thereupon Hodson rode to the tomb with fifty sowars, accompanied by the one-eyed Rujub Ali, and another Mohammedan. These two entered the building; and after two hours' discussion with Zeenat Mahal (who insisted on the life of her father being included in the government guarantee; which was done), the king, queen, and prince came out of the tomb, and surrendered themselves. The reader may probably expect that the British officer who received them (a man of some note, and, moreover, the son of one minister of the gospel, and the brother of another, who presents him to the public as a specimen of a sixth-form Rugbeian, and "a Christian soldier of our own day")§ would have been moved with compassion for the miserable family. The noble-hearted Arnold, or sturdy Tom Brown and his schoolfellows, would have had some reverence even for a great name, and much pity for "the very old and infirm"‖ man whose misfortune it was to bear it: but Hodson had no weakness of this kind. A very different feeling acted as a drawback on his satisfaction: he dared not enjoy the triumph of slaying the last of the Moguls, and was obliged to encounter "the obloquy"¶ of having spared his life. He intimates, that his plighted word, as the representative of General Wilson, would not have sufficed to insure the safety of the royal prisoner. "The orders I received were such, that I did not dare to act on

things, made over to the agents."—*Twelve Years in India*, p. 340. The name of the native who "disgorged" the coin is not given; neither are the circumstances told under which such an immense sum was obtained from a single individual. But the subject of "loot" was an unpleasant one to Hodson. He complains of a report, at Simla, of his having sent some "magnificent diamonds" to his wife; whereas, the only ones he had obtained were set in a brooch he had bought from a trooper, a month before Delhi was taken (p. 336). One way or other, he had, however, been making money with a rapidity which deserved "the character given of him, as the most wide-awake man in the army" (p. 342). An anecdote recorded by his brother, in support of this assertion, also corroborates his comparison of the "captain of free lances" to a border chieftain; for it brings to mind the inseparable accompaniments of border warfare, freebooting, or cattle-lifting, which men who live by the sword, gain wealth by, at the expense, direct or indirect, of utter destitution to the wretched peasantry who live by the plough or by their herds and flocks. The story is as follows:—In an expedition undertaken in October, Brigadier Showers had captured, at various places, much property in coin, and great quantities of cattle. On one occasion upwards of 1,700 head of cattle had been taken. The brigadier was going to leave them behind, when Hodson offered to buy them at two rupees a-head. He did so; sent them under an escort of his own troopers to Delhi, "where they arrived safely, and were of course sold at a large profit." Shortly afterwards he invested part of the proceeds in a house at Umballah, which happened to be then put up for a forced sale at a great depreciation (p. 342). A great many "cow-houses" in England, Ireland, and Scotland, have sprung up since the old Indian pagoda-tree has been forced into bearing by the torrents of blood spilt in 1857; but the owners are not Henry Lawrences, or Colin Campbells, or Outrams.

* Hodson's *Twelve Years in India*, p. 304.
† *Ibid.*, p. 315. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 305.
§ See Preface to *Twelve Years in India*.
‖ *Ibid.*, p. 316. ¶ *Ibid.*, p. 324.

the dictates of my own judgment, to the extent of killing him, when he had given himself up; but had he attempted either a flight or a rescue, I should have shot him down like a dog."* The king was utterly exhausted: flight was out of the question. On being brought out in his palkee, Hodson demanded his arms; and when the king hesitated, he was told, "very emphatically, that if any attempt were made at a rescue, he would be shot down like a dog."† As the conditions of surrender included no mention of such a contingency, the latter threat of Hodson's cannot be justified, though it may be excused on the plea of "expediency." It was a breach of faith; and, indeed, Hodson's whole behaviour was inconsistent with the pledge of protection against personal indignity given to the king. He might at least have left General Wilson to receive the costly weapons which the wearer had never used, and which were, in fact, state ornaments—a part of the regalia. But Hodson (to quote his own words) considered, that "I and my party [the fifty sowars] had a right to all we found on the king and princes:"‡ and desiring "to wear a sword taken from the last of the House of Timur, which had been girt round the waists of the greatest of his predecessors,"§ he made sure of the coveted property, by standing by the palkees with a drawn sword in his hand, until his mandate to "stand and deliver" had been obeyed, first by the king and then by the young prince, Jumma Bukht. When this was over, and other valuable property secured, the captives were carried to Delhi, and delivered up to the civil officer, Mr. Saunders, who swore, "by Jove!" that Hodson ought to be made commander-in-chief forthwith.‖ General Wilson would not sanction Hodson's wholesale appropriation of the spoil, but requested him "to select for himself, from the royal arms, what he chose." He took two magnificent swords—one bearing the name of Nadir Shah; the other with the seal of the Emperor Jehangeer engraved upon it: the latter he intended to present to the Queen.

The truthfulness which is the recognised characteristic of our Royal Lady, would have made such a present most distasteful, had she known the circumstances connected with its attainment. Hodson, however, expected to get the Victoria medal in return.¶ Other honours he looked forward to from government. In fact, he plainly stated, that his services "entitled him to have anything"** the authorities could give him.

Three other princes—namely, Mirza Moghul (the person said to have been tried by a sepoy court-martial), and his son Aboo Bukker, a youth of about twenty years of age,†† with a brother of Mirza Moghul's, whose name is variously given—on hearing of the king's surrender, followed his example, by proceeding to the tomb of Humayun, hoping to make terms for their lives. On hearing this, Hodson "set to work to get hold of them."‡‡ He states—

> "It was with the greatest difficulty that the general was persuaded to allow them to be interfered with, till even poor Nicholson roused himself to urge that the pursuit should be attempted. The general at length yielded a reluctant consent; adding, 'But don't let me be bothered with them.' I assured him that it was nothing but his own order which 'bothered' him with the king, as I would much rather have brought him dead than living."

Having obtained the necessary sanction, Captain§§ Hodson and Lieutenant Macdowell,‖‖‖ with 100 picked men, rode to the tomb, and sent in Rujub Ali and a cousin of the princes ("purchased for the purpose, by the promise of his life"),¶¶ to "say that the princes must give themselves up unconditionally, or take the consequences."*** There were about 3,000 Mussulman followers in the tomb, and as many more in the adjacent suburb, all armed. Two hours were passed in discussion before the princes were induced to throw themselves on the mercy of the British. This determination was taken in opposition to the entreaties of the majority of their adherents, who rent the air with shouts, and begged to be led against the two Europeans and the party of Seik cavalry, whom they detested with an hereditary and fanatical bitterness. At length the three princes came out, in a covered vehicle called a "Ruth," drawn by bullocks; used by Indian

* *Twelve Years in India*, p. 324.
† *Ibid.*, p. 306.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 327.
§ *Ibid.*, p. 329.
‖ *Ibid.*, p. 307.
¶ *Ibid.*, p. 329.
** *Ibid.*, p. 322.
†† Letter of engineer officer.—*Times*, November 19th, 1857.
‡‡ *Twelve Years*, &c., p. 300.
§§ He became captain by the death of Major Jacob, mortally wounded on the 14th of September.
‖‖‖ Mortally wounded at Shumsabad, January 31st, 1858.
¶¶ *Twelve Years in India*, p. 310.
*** *Ibid.*, p. 301.

ladies in travelling. The princes evinced no trepidation; but, bowing to Hodson, remarked that, of course, their conduct would be investigated in the proper court.* He returned their salute, and directed the driver to proceed to Delhi. The people prepared to follow the princes, but were prevented, and induced to surrender their arms quietly. This measure occupied some time: when it was accomplished, Hodson followed his captives, and overtook them about a mile from Delhi, or five miles from the tomb.

A mob had collected round the vehicle, and seemed disposed to turn on the guard. Hodson galloped among them, saying that the prisoners "were the butchers who had murdered and brutally used women and children." The fierce shouts of the hundred Seik troopers, armed to the teeth, effectually seconded this denunciation, and the crowd moved off slowly and sullenly. Hodson then surrounded the ruth with his troopers; desired the princes to get out; seized their arms; made them "strip and get into the cart: he then shot them with his own hand."†

After gathering up the weapons, ornaments, and garments of the princes, Hodson rode into the city, and caused the dead bodies to be exposed in front of the police-court (until, "for sanitary reasons, they were removed"),‡ on the very spot where the head of the famous Seik Gooroo, Teg Bahadoor, had been placed, by order of Aurungzebe, 200 years before. The Seiks gloried in the coincidence. Hodson gloried, also, in having made "the last of the House of Timur eat dirt."§ Certainly, in that dirt the bitterness of death was mingled; whereas that which the captor swallowed with such zest, was gilt with what looked like glory, and sweetened with loot. Months afterwards, when the newspapers from England and the continent reached India —when one of his countrymen spoke of the worse mark than a bar sinister, which heralds rivet to the shield of the knight who slays his prisoner;‖ and when the French, speaking of him in the language applicable to an executioner who looked sharply after his perquisites, asserted that he stripped the princes "*pour ne pas gâter le butin*"¶—he changed his tone, and instead of confidently anticipating all conceivable honours, declared himself quite indifferent to clamour,** having made up his mind at the time to be abused. The same disappointment which befel him in regard to the king's property, recurred in the case of the princes. The general would not allow him to appropriate the spoil:†† and he states that he gave up (to the general stock of prize property) "all except some of the personal arms of the princes, which were both intrinsically and historically valuable. It is not, however, correct that he surrendered all; for his letters to his wife repeatedly advert to "the turquoise armlet and signet-rings of the rascally princes whom I shot;" which he sent to her by the hands of Colonel Seaton, in September.‡‡

There can be no doubt that, by preventing the king and queen from remaining at large, Hodson did good service; but he greatly exaggerated his own merit, by passing over the fact, that the king and queen were anxious to place themselves under British protection, on a bare pledge of security for life, and exemption from personal indignity. The three princes also rejected opportunities of escape, and voluntarily surrendered themselves, in the expectation (which Hodson at least, by a bow, encouraged them in entertaining) that their conduct would be fully and fairly investigated. What direct or indirect assurances were made to them by their cousin and the Moolvee, is not told; but it is not commonly reasonable to suppose that, except on some clear understanding, they would have been so infatuated as to separate willingly from 6,000 armed and zealous adherents, and give themselves up to two Englishmen, backed only by a hundred of their notorious enemies. General Wilson, in his despatches, mentions the surrender of certain members of the royal family, and the escape of others, with the utmost brevity.

It appears that a large number of royal

* Medley's *Year's Campaigning*, p. 141.
† Macdowell's account. *Twelve Years, &c.*, p. 315.
‡ *Twelve Years in India*, p. 302.
§ *Ibid.*, p. 279.
‖ *Star*, November 27th, 1857.
¶ See Colonel Seaton's Letter. *Twelve Years in India*, p. 317.
** *Twelve Years in India*, p. 316.
†† Captain Hodson's biographer gives no account of the booty, but it must have been considerable. The correspondence of the period mentions elephants, horses, camels, carriages filled with royal property, and "lots of stores," as taken possession of by Hodson and his "Horse."
‡‡ *Twelve Years in India*, p. 323. Colonel Seaton was at first appointed prize-agent, but resigned the office in consequence of differences with General Wilson.

prisoners were captured by, or surrendered to, a column under Brigadier Showers, at Humayun's tomb, on the 28th of September. Hodson remarks, that seven sons and grandsons of the king were made over to the "young civilian [query, Metcalfe], sent to carry on political duties, and take charge of the different members and hangers-on of the royal family." They all escaped in less than two hours. Some were retaken, brought to Delhi, summarily tried, hung, and flung into the Jumna; others made good their flight, including Prince Feroze Shah, who has since proved so troublesome an enemy.

What Sir John Lawrence thought of the management of affairs did not appear; but he was spoken of as "no friendly judge" of Captain Hodson, who, however, received the following note from Mr. Montgomery; which resembles, in its general tone, that in which the same authority (then chief commissioner in Oude) congratulated Mr. Cooper on the proceedings connected with the Ujnalla Bastion and Well:—

"My dear Hodson,

"All honour to you (and to your 'Horse') for catching the king and slaying his sons. I hope you will bag many more!—In haste, ever yours,

"R. Montgomery."

The peculiar terms used in the Punjab, grated harshly on English ears. Mr. Russell, who rarely quoted any words without providing for their correct interpretation by the uninitiated, explains, that to "make a good bag," meant to kill a great many natives; and says, that "potting a Pandy," or slaying a mutineer, "described one of the purest enjoyments of which Christians are or ought to be capable."* In this enjoyment the Delhi force were stinted, not by any fault on the part of their commander, but by the perversity of the "Pandies," who would not stop to be killed, but fled, it was supposed, to Muttra, intending to cross the Jumna at that point. On this head, the general's information was, he admitted, "very defective;" but their destination (if they had yet recovered from their panic sufficiently to have decided the point) was the less important, because the state of the conquering force forbade any idea of immediate pursuit. The sepoys left behind were chiefly wounded or panic-stricken wretches, hiding about in holes and corners;† who, when found, entreated the "Sahib-logue" to shoot them at once, and not cut them up with cold steel.‡ Still Delhi was rich in materials for "making a good bag." To carry on Mr. Montgomery's simile, there were plenty of battues, only not of the favourite description of game—not pheasants, but barn-door fowls, which, however, had the advantage of having cost the sportsmen nothing in rearing, and were better worth plucking.§ Women and children were to be spared. A *gentleman*, whose letters, published in the *Bombay Telegraph*, afterwards went the round of the Indian and English papers—remarks, that "the general's hookum regarding the women and children, was a mistake," as they were "not human beings, but fiends, or, at best, wild beasts, deserving only the death of dogs." He then describes the state of affairs on the 21st of September:—

"The city is completely deserted by all the mutineers; and, in fact, there are few natives of any sort to be found, excepting those of our army. All the city people found within the walls when our troops entered were bayoneted on the spot; and the number was considerable, as you may suppose, when I tell you that in some houses forty and fifty persons were hiding. These were not mutineers, but residents of the city, who trusted to our well-known mild rule for pardon. I am glad to say they were disappointed."

Another writer remarks—"For two days the city was given up to the soldiery; and who shall tell in how many obscure corners the injured husband, son, or brother, took his blood for blood!"‖ The allusion here is probably intended to apply solely to injured Europeans; but those who hold

* *Times*, November 15th, 1858.

† See a Letter in the *Times* (Nov. 27th, 1857), announced as the production of "an officer in the 61st, who commanded the [storming] party which took the palace, and afterwards had the custody of the old king;" with orders "to shoot him" rather than suffer him to be carried off. This witness says—"We daily find hidden in the houses, sepoys who are unable to escape, from sickness or wounds: these are all put to death on the spot. On the 24th, I caught a fine tall sowar, or trooper, of some light cavalry regiment; dragged him out into the street, and shot him dead. * * * We have plundered all the shops, and all the valuables are being collected and sold for prize. Our vengeance cannot be appeased."

‡ *Daily News*, November 16th, 1857.

§ The plunder appropriated, in addition to that made over to the prize-agent, must have been very large. One witness remarks—"It is supposed the Rifles will go to England with upwards of £1,000 each, though General Wilson has issued an order that the prizes shall be all put together and divided. Most of our men [6th Carabineers] are worth upwards of a hundred rupees."—*Times*, November 21st, 1857.

‖ *Mutiny of Bengal Army:* by One who has served under Sir Charles Napier; p. 214.

that "every medal has two sides," and wish to see both, will remember how unaccountably heavy our loss was on the first day of the assault, and how greatly it exceeded the first calculations officially rendered; the excess being from the number of Europeans slain in houses and sheds, which they entered in direct disobedience to the general's significant prohibition against "straggling." The number of men of the 61st regiment found "in holes and corners," is said to have been appalling.*

The total European loss in killed, wounded, and missing, from May 30th to September 20th, is thus officially stated by Major Norman:—

	Europeans.	Natives.	Total.
Killed	572	440	1,012
Wounded	1,566	1,229	2,795
Missing	13	17	30
Total	2,151	1,686	3,837

Of the total number, 2,163 were killed, wounded, and missing, prior to the 8th of September; 327 between that date and the morning of the storm; 1,170 on the 14th; and 177 from that day to the 20th.†

Of the number of men who died from disease, or retired on sick leave, no account was given at the time, nor was any detail published of the expenses incurred before Delhi. The means of meeting them were found by Sir John Lawrence, "who supplied the military chest of the army before Delhi with £200,000; and contrived to borrow, from native chiefs and capitalists, a sum of £410,000 more."‡

It is not likely that the number of natives, whether sepoys or city people, who were slaughtered at Delhi, will ever be even approximately estimated. The Indians are not good accountants, and will probably be very inaccurate in this point of their record. But the capture of the city will, in all probability, find its historian, as the previous ones have done; and then some light will be thrown on the sufferings of the 69,738 men, and the 68,239 women, who inhabited Delhi before the siege. Meanwhile, we may rest assured, that "no such scene has been witnessed in the city of Shah Jehan since the day that Nadir Shah, seated in the little mosque in the Chandnee Chouk, directed and superintended the massacre of its inhabitants."§

If an answer could be obtained to the question of how many women and children died of sheer destitution in consequence of the siege, or escaped starvation or dishonour by jumping into wells, rivers, or some other mode of suicide—where is the Englishman who would make the inquiry? That the European soldiers, maddened as they were with the thirst for vengeance, and utterly insubordinate through drunkenness, really refrained from molesting the women, is what many may hope; but few who have had any experience of military life, in the barrack or the camp, will credit. But granting that the Europeans separated the worship of Moloch from that of Chemos; is it conceivable that the Seiks, Goorkas, and Afghans concurred in exhibiting equal self-control in this single respect? If so, the taking of Delhi has a distinct characteristic; for never before, in the annals of war, did the inquirer fail to find "lust hard by hate." The truth is, that the history of the capture of Delhi has found no chronicler except as regards the exclusively military proceedings, which Colonel Baird Smith and Captain Norman have given with a fulness and precision not often found in official documents. It is not very likely that a completely satisfactory narrative will be given. Those who know the facts, must needs be, for the most part, men whose position compels them to write in the tomb-stone style, and describe things "not as they were, but as they should have been;" or else to be altogether silent. The "Letters" of the commissioner, Mr. Greathed, afford information of unquestionable authenticity; but, unfortunately, stop short at the crisis.‖

Writing on one occasion, he remarks, with truth, that the gradual occupation of the town would contribute much more to its effectual ruin than if it had been taken

* *Star*, November 21st, 1857.

† *Campaign of the Delhi Army*, pp. 52, 53.

‡ Editorial article on services of Sir J. Lawrence.—*Times*, April 26th, 1857.

§ Bombay correspondent.—*Times*, November 16th, 1857. The writer is not borne out by facts in the contrast he draws between the "righteous vengeance of the British general" and "the sanguinary caprice of the Persian tyrant." Nadir Shah, under circumstances of extraordinary provocation, withdrew the protection he at first extended to the citizens; but renewed it, and stopped the slaughter, at the intercession of the Emperor Mohammed.—(See vol. i. of this work, p. 165).

‖ Mr. Rotton's *Narrative of the Siege of Delhi* is a useful book; and would have been still more so, had the writer habitually stated his authority for facts which he could only know by report. The test of "Who told you?"—so frequently applied in conversation—ought never to be forgotten by those who take upon themselves the labours of an annalist.

possession of at one blow. The whole population were being driven out, and had little chance of seeing their property again. He describes himself and his elder brother, Colonel Edward Greathed, in a European shop at the Cabool gate, which the troops were diligently looting. The commissioner took a wine-glass, to replace one which he had broken shortly before (belonging to an officer), and saw some chandeliers, to which he thought he had some right; but being "a poor plunderer," he let them alone. The instincts of a gentleman were too strong in the Delhi commissioner to permit him to share the general eagerness for "loot:" this, at least, is the construction most readers will put upon the above sentence, which occurs in a confidential letter to his wife. Two days later, he writes—

"If the king wishes to have the lives of his family and his own spared, he had better surrender the palace, and I should be glad to save that slaughter. Great numbers of women have thrown themselves on our mercy, and have been safely passed on. One meets mournful processions of these unfortunates, many of them evidently quite unaccustomed to walk, with children, and sometimes old men."*

The very day after these kindly and compassionate words were written, the hand that penned them lay cold in death. The whole army was appalled at hearing that the strongest and healthiest man in camp had been struck down by cholera. He was in the prime of life (just forty); active in his habits, moderate in his opinions, and on good terms with all parties. Had he lived, the treatment of the royal family would probably have been less distressing to them, and more honourable to us; and as he had no personal cause for bitter feeling against the people of Delhi, the powers of life and death might have been more safely deposited in his hands than in those of Sir T. Metcalfe, the young subordinate on whom they devolved, and who, though popular with the Europeans as a dashing free-lance, was the very last person who ought to have been thus trusted. The more so, since his inexperience, or want of judgment, had been manifested before the mutiny.† Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that a high-spirited young man who had been three days hiding about the city, and had endured the misery and humiliation of a perilous and wearisome escape, should, on re-entering Delhi, empowered to exact "vengeance" for public wrongs, have acted under the evident incentive of personal and private grievances.

It was right to resort to Sir T. Metcalfe as a witness, but not also as a judge. It is contrary to English ideas of justice, that a man should be suffered to carry out his notions of retribution by hanging as many victims as he pleases on the beams and angles of his ruined mansion.

The fierce anger entertained by the Europeans in general against the natives, was warrant for severity; and the terrible office to be performed at Delhi, ought never to have been entrusted to an official of whom it could even be reported as possible, that he had said, that whenever he grew weary of his task, he went to look at his house to be invigorated. His energy never appeared to flag; and the natives soon learned to fear his name almost as much as their fathers had loved that of his uncle, the good and great Sir Charles Metcalfe.

Sir John Lawrence, notwithstanding the Draconian severity of his code, is stated, on good authority, to have been from the first "the opponent of blind, indiscriminate vengeance, and the strong advocate of an amnesty, to include all except the murderers in cold blood of our countrymen and countrywomen." And when, "after the capture of Delhi, he was placed in charge of the districts of Delhi and Meerut, his first act was to put a stop to civilians hanging from their own will and pleasure, and establish a judicial commission to try all offenders."‡

The fact, however, remains. Lord Ellenborough, the ex-governor-general of India, who has never been accused of an exaggerated horror of bloodshedding, and who deems our position in India analogous to that of the Normans in Saxon England—declared in parliament, on the 16th of February, 1858, "that, with the exception of a few days, since the capture of Delhi, there have been five or six executions every day. It is quite impossible to hope to re-establish civil government in that country, if the ordinary proceeding of law is to be the infliction of death."§

But so it was; and day after day, week after week, month after month, the hanging went on; and the two large gallows in the middle of the Chandnee Chouk (the Regent-

* Greathed's *Letters*, p. 285.

† See Introductory Chapter, p. 117.

‡ Speech of Captain Eastwick, deputy-chairman of the East India Company; August 25th, 1858.

§ *Times*, February 6th, 1858.

street, or rather Boulevards, of Delhi), with their ghastly burdens, contrasted strangely with the life and gaiety around them; with the English soldiers in their scarlet uniform or khakee undress; the Seik and Afghan irregular cavalry, on their prancing, well-groomed, gaily-saddled horses—the riders wearing small red turbans spangled with gold, their dark-blue tunics turned up with red; red cummerbunds, light-yellow trowsers, large top-boots,* and arms sharp for use, bright for ornament; Goorkas "dressed up to the ugliness of demons," in black worsted head-gear (described as a frightful compromise between a Glengarry cap and a turban)† and woollen coats;‡ English ladies and children on elephants, and Englishmen on camels, horses, and ponies. A visitor—one of the many who poured into Delhi after the capture—notices as a characteristic feature of the scene, a prize-agent in a very pretty carriage, with servants in handsome livery, and his children after them, mounted on an elephant.§ The same witness adds—"I saw Sir Theophilus Metcalfe the other day; he is held in great dread here by the natives, and is every day trying and hanging all he can catch."

Mrs. Coopland, the widow of the clergyman killed at Gwalior in June, relates the following anecdote in illustration of "this wholesome dread." She was the guest of the Mrs. Garstin referred to, and therefore had means of knowing the fact.

"One day a native jeweller came to offer his wares for sale to Mrs. Garstin, who, thinking he charged too much, said, 'I will send you to Metcalfe Sahib;' on which the man bolted in such a hurry that he left his treasures behind, and never again showed his face.

The account given by this lively lady, of what she saw and did in Delhi, throws light on several points which the authorities would have preferred leaving in darkness. The most popular amusements in the city were looting, and going to look at the old king and his family—much as country people in England used to go to the Tower of London, fifty years ago, to look at the lions. But the Delhi lion was extremely old; had neither teeth nor claws; was ill fed, and kept in a dirty cage—circumstances not very honourable to the humanity of his keepers.

The leading Europeans occupied the different portions of the palace, and their wives soon flocked to Delhi to join them. The royal apartments, the royal wardrobe, even to articles of daily use, were appropriated by the conquerors; while the king, queen, and prince were thrust into the upper part of a half-ruined gateway, with a British sentinel at the door, prepared to defeat any attempt at rescue which this treatment might provoke, by shooting the aged captive.

The reverend chronicler of the siege gives no account of the treatment of the royal family; but he calls upon his readers to admire "the piety of General Wilson, in suggesting that our successes should be celebrated on Sunday, September 27th, in a public manner, by a general thanksgiving." Mr. Rotton and his colleague, having no "episcopal functions," made some slight alterations in the morning service, and indited certain additions, as unlike those which the venerable Bishop of Calcutta¶ would have framed, as could well be conceived; in the course of which, certain (alleged) special providences were enumerated with a presumption which must have been painful to many present, notwithstanding that, in every other respect, "the rubrics and calendars were religiously observed."** Had the sun stood

* Mrs. Coopland's *Escape from Gwalior*, p. 65.

† Russell.

‡ Letter from Delhi officer.—*Times*, October 1st, 1857.

§ Letter from Delhi.—*Times*, January, 1858.

‖ Mrs. Coopland's *Escape from Gwalior*, p. 273.

¶ A day of humiliation had been observed in India (as also in England) on account of the mutiny. The prayer framed by Bishop Wilson was characterised by humility; so also were those he wrote for the use of families; in which he deprecated the Divine wrath—acknowledging that it was due both for the sins of the present masters of India, and also of those who had gone before them in the land. He died at Calcutta, February 2nd, 1858; and although an octogenarian, remained to the last as active as if he had numbered but fifty years. In tone he is described as having been decidedly evangelical. Though deeply respected, he is said not to have been popular; but popularity was little courted by a man who "stood up in the pulpit in Burmah, and roundly taxed the Europeans with their concubinage; and never hesitated one moment to reprehend any one, whatever his official or social rank."—See Letter of Calcutta correspondent: *Times*, February 15th, 1858. In pecuniary matters he was liberal to the last degree. The "blameless purity" of his life, his great learning and fearless character, probably gave rise to the complaint, that his keen intellect was "sometimes a little sardonic," and drew criticism on minor eccentricities which would else have passed unnoticed. Generous in death as in life, he left his splendid library, by will, to the Calcutta public.

** Rotton's *Siege of Delhi*, p. 325.

still in its course for General Wilson as for Joshua, a more specific acknowledgment could hardly have been offered, than that in which a body of protestants (professedly fallible, whether clergy or laity) presumed to recognise, in the unusually healthy season, a miraculous interposition on their behalf, and to thank the Most High "for the regulation of that season in such extraordinary manner as to favour Thy servants composing the army, which stood for so many months before Delhi;" also "for every triumph upon every occasion, and in every engagement, against the mutineers since we took the field."*

Apart from these extraordinary interpolations, there must have been something decidedly novel and exciting, something to talk about afterwards, in hearing the Church of England service performed on a Sunday morning in the king's private council-chamber—the far-famed "Dewani Khas"—and looking round on the numerous inscriptions, inlaid in jewels, including the Persian couplet, translated and adopted by Moore—

> "And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
> It is this, it is this."

The train of thought likely to be excited might border upon profanity; but then what a lesson on the precarious tenure of human greatness might not the congregation receive from their afternoon's drive through the desolate streets, especially if they improved the occasion by looking in upon the late master of the Dewani Khas.

Several visitors have placed their observations on record: those of Mrs. Hodson (the captain's wife) were published in the *Times* and other papers.† She describes herself as being accompanied by Mr. Saunders (the civil commissioner) and his lady; and as passing through a small low door, guarded by a British sentry, into a room divided in two by a grass matting; in one half of which a woman was "cooking some atrocious compound; in the other, on a native bedstead (that is, a frame of bamboo on four legs, with grass ropes strung across it)," lay the King of Delhi. The writer proceeds to state—

> "No other article of furniture whatever was in the room. I am almost ashamed to say that a feeling of pity mingled with my disgust, at seeing a man, recently lord of an imperial city almost unparalleled for riches and magnificence, confined in a low, close, dirty room, which the lowest slave in his household would scarcely have occupied, in the very palace where he had reigned supreme, with power of life and death, untrammelled by any law, within the precincts of a royal residence as large as a considerable-sized town; streets, galleries, towers, mosques, forts, and gardens; a private and a public hall of justice, and innumerable courts, passages, and staircases."

The name of his visitor being announced, "the old man raised his head, looked at her, and muttered something she could not understand; which, perhaps, was as well; since the unheard sentence was more likely to have been a curse than a blessing. Mrs. Hodson might surely have gratified her curiosity without intruding herself on the king as the wife of the man who had slain his unarmed sons, and threatened to shoot him like a dog in the event of an attempted rescue. After leaving him, the party entered "a smaller, darker, dirtier room than the first," inhabited by some eight or ten women, who crowded round a common charpoy, on which sat Zeenat Mahal. It seems probable that the fallen queen, who was known to be an able and courageous woman, thought her visitor a far more important personage than she really was, and suppressed her feelings for the sake of her only child; but she held a high tone nevertheless, and said, that if the life of the king and of her son had not been promised by the government, the king was preparing a great army which would have annihilated the British. Then she motioned to Mrs. Hodson to sit down upon her bed (there being no other resting-place). But this courtesy, Mrs. Hodson states, she "declined, as it looked so dirty;" and she adds—"Mr. Saunders was much amused at my refusal, and told me it would have been more than my life was worth, six months before, to have done so."

Probably, had the high-born wife of the governor-general, or Lady Outram (the noble mate of the Bayard of India), or the true, tender-hearted partner of the toils and perils of Brigadier Inglis at Lucknow, or hundreds of other Englishwomen, been asked by an imprisoned lady to sit beside her on her wretched pallet, they would instantly have complied; and, moreover, would have taken care to provide (if need were, out of their private purse) a clean coverlet

* Rotton's *Siege of Delhi*, p. 325.

† This account, sent to the *Times* by the Rev. S. H. Hodson, is not given in the memoir of his brother, which he subsequently published. The reason is evident; the object of the biographer being, to vindicate his brother's conduct towards the king and princes, and to refrain from giving details likely to excite sympathy for their sufferings.

for the future. If Zeenat Mahal felt the mortification attributed to her, she had not long to wait before "the whirligig of time brought in its revenges." Widowhood is an overwhelming calamity in Oriental life; and the fallen queen must have started when she learnt (as she was sure to do, circumstantially, by native report) that Captain Hodson, while searching about for sepoys, or, in his own words, trying to "make a good bag,"* had been shot in a dark room full of fugitives, and had died in consequence, after many hours of intense agony.† When he prophesied on the 12th of March, 1858, regarding the King of Delhi, that "the old rascal will not trouble us long," he little thought that his own course was within a month of its termination; while the king had still years of life to endure.

To return to Delhi. Zeenat Mahal was not fortunate in the sight-seers who came to gaze on her misery; and being deprived of any other protection, she used her woman's weapon—the tongue—to rid herself of at least one of them. This one was Mrs. Coopland; who, after going about Delhi looking for loot, and having had very little success, pronounced it disgraceful to England that the old king had not been shot, and the city razed to the ground. Her interview with the king and prince (who, she says, looked about fourteen years of age), and with the queen (who was "dressed in a black cotton gown"), is told with unusual brevity; but it appears that the latter glanced at the mourning garb of her visitor, and asked what had become of her "sahib" (husband) in so contemptuous a manner, that Mrs. Coopland bade her be silent, and abruptly quitted the room, leaving Zeenat Mahal mistress of the field.‡

The following extract from a letter, dated "Delhi Palace, November 16th," supplies some deficiencies in the descriptions of Mrs. Hodson and Mrs. Coopland; and is written by a less prejudiced observer:—

"Desolate Delhi! It has only as yet a handful of inhabitants in its great street, the Chandnee Chouk, who are all Hindoos, I believe. Many miserable wretches prowl through the camps outside the city, begging for admission at the various gates, but none are admitted whose respectability cannot be vouched for. * * * We have seen the captive king and royal family; they are in ruinous little rooms in one of the gates of the palace. The old king looks very frail, and has a blank, fixed eye, as of one on whom life is fast closing. He certainly is too old to be responsible for anything that has been done. * * * The youngest son we saw, looking like fifteen (they say eighteen); bold and coarse to look at. He is the only child of the queen. With her some of our ladies have had a long interview: they found her seated on a common charpoy (bedstead), dressed in white cotton clothes, with few and very trifling ornaments; all her grand things having been taken from her. She is described as short and stout, above thirty years of age, with a round, animated face, not at all pretty, but having very pretty little plump hands; she was cutting betel-nut to eat with her pawn. She professes the utmost horror of the 3rd cavalry, to whom she traces all her misfortunes. She says the king was helpless to control them; and that when their arrival had placed Delhi in rebellion against us, they were as ready to rob her as anyone else. She says the mutineers did rob the palace, and that all her jewels were only saved by being buried. Some of the women told them [the English ladies] they had had English women and children in the palace after the massacre, in hope of preserving them, but that the mutineers demanded them, and could not be resisted. Heaven knows if the royal family be clean in heart and hand or not. * * * If they are, as they say, innocent of any share in the rebellion, they are victims indeed. I trust all examinations may be judiciously and fairly conducted."§

There is no reason to suppose that the Calcutta government were aware of the petty degradations to which the Delhi family were subjected. On the contrary, the orders of the governor-general explicitly directed an opposite course of procedure. Provided no promise of life had been given to the king, he was to be brought to trial; and if found guilty, the sentence was to be carried out without reference to Calcutta. But in the event of his life having been guaranteed, one or two officers were to be appointed specially to take charge of him; and he was "to be exposed to no indignity or needless hardship."‖

In fact, the impression entertained at Calcutta and in England was, that the royal family were treated with undue consideration; and this view of the case was fostered by certain journals. The *Friend of India* called "the attention of the government of India to the state of things existing in the city of Delhi;" and declared that the prince, Jumma Bukht, was in the habit of riding through the city "on an elephant, with two British officers behind him, to do him honour." With an evident misgiving as to the credit likely to attach to an assertion issuing from such a prejudiced authority, the editor adds—"The statement appears so incredible, that it may be set

* Hodson's *Twelve Years in India*, p. 330.
† *Ibid.*, p. 370.
‡ Mrs. Coopland's *Escape from Gwalior*, p. 277.
§ *Times*, December, 1858.
‖ Secretary of government to General Wilson; Calcutta, October 10th, 1857.

aside as a mere newspaper report; but we entreat the government to believe that it is one which we would not publish without such information as produces absolute certainty."

The *Lahore Chronicle* went a little farther: described the king as surrounded with the insignia of royalty; attended upon by a large retinue; and stated, that he coolly insulted the British officers who visited him;—all of which would probably have passed unnoticed, had not the editor thought fit to point out Mr. O—— and Colonel H—— as delinquents, on whose heads to pour forth the "universal feeling of indignation and disgust" which had been "created in all Christian classes in the country."

Mr. Ommaney was one of the civil functionaries in Delhi. Colonel Hogge, the other gentleman denounced by the initial letter of his name, was a remarkably skilful and popular officer, whose services during the siege and storm, as director of the artillery depôt, had been warmly commended in official despatches and private correspondence.* He at once addressed the editor of the *Lahore Chronicle*, and, in few and plain words, explained the circumstances which had led to the charge of "lackeying the king's son about the streets of Delhi." Colonel Hogge stated that he visited the king with the commissioner and several officers of rank; that Jumma Bukht, apparently a youth of fifteen or sixteen years of age, had asked "if he might be permitted to go out occasionally for an airing, along with any gentleman who would take him;" and as Colonel Hogge was in the habit of going out every evening on an elephant, the commissioner inquired if he would mind occasionally calling for the prince. An officer was present, who held high official rank in the army; but neither he nor any of the others could see any objection to the performance of an act of ordinary humanity; and the colonel twice took the lad, for a change from the close stifling atmosphere of his prison-chamber, into the air. The first time, having nothing but a pad on the elephant, the colonel put his companion in front, to prevent him from slipping off and trying to escape: the second time he placed him behind; without, however, considering the point of any importance.

The letter concluded with the following remarks regarding Jumma Bukht:—"I found him a very intelligent lad. He gave me a good deal of information about the mutineers, their leaders, and their plans; and had I remained longer at Delhi, I should probably have taken him out oftener; but having returned to Meerut on the 26th of October, I had no further opportunity."†

People in England were greatly puzzled by the conflicting accounts received from India, especially from Delhi, regarding the condition of the royal family, and the cases of mutilation and torture alleged against the sepoys; not one of which had been proved, notwithstanding the efforts to identify and provide for any such victims, made by the committee entrusted with the enormous sums raised throughout the British empire, and liberally augmented by contributions from the four quarters of the globe, on behalf of the European sufferers by the Indian mutiny.

Mr. Layard, M.P. for Aylesbury, whose Eastern experience had rendered him incredulous of newspaper horrors, resolved to judge for himself. He visited Delhi; and on his return to England, gave, at a public meeting in May, 1858, the following description of his interview with the king:—

"I saw that broken-down old man—not in a room, but in a miserable hole of his palace—lying on a bedstead, with nothing to cover him but a miserable tattered coverlet. As I beheld him, some remembrance of his former greatness seemed to arise in his mind. He rose with difficulty from his couch; showed me his arms, which were eaten into by disease and by flies—partly from want of water; and he said, in a lamentable voice, that he had not enough to eat! Is that a way in which, as Christians, we ought to treat a king? I saw his women too, all huddled up in a corner with their children; and I was told that all that was allowed for their support was 16*s.* a-day! Is not that punishment enough for one that has occupied a throne?"

Of course, a torrent of invective was poured upon Mr. Layard by the anti-native party, both in England and in India; and every possible motive alleged for his conduct except the dictates of conscience and humanity. Moreover, he stated that, while

* Brigadier-general Wilson bears strong testimony to the voluntary service rendered by "that excellent officer, Lieutenant-colonel Hogge" (despatch, September 22nd, 1857). And Greathed, in writing to his wife, speaks of the formidable appearance of the ordnance park, and dwells on the exertions and precautions taken to ensure efficiency; adding, that Colonel Hogge was the life of his department: every one worked cheerfully under him.—*Letters*, p. 251.

† *Times*, December 29th, 1857. The *Lahore Chronicle* is quoted at length in the *Star*, December 29th, 1857.

in India, he had tried to find a case of mutilation, but without the slightest success; and he believed the horrible and revolting cruelties ascribed to the natives to be utterly untrue; and asserted, that they "had never, even in a solitary instance, been authenticated."*

Mr. Russell, the special correspondent of the *Times*, who followed Mr. Layard to India (leaving London at the close of December, 1857), confirmed his statements, to a considerable extent,† as regarded the unfounded assertions made with regard to native atrocities, and likewise with respect to the king, who, in June, 1858, was still shut up in the same dreary prison, and clothed in "garments scanty and foul." Mr. Russell's interview with the old king took place while the latter was suffering, or rather just rallying, after a violent attack of vomiting. The privacy which would be allowed a condemned murderer in England, would have been deemed "maudlin sentimentality" in the present case; but the commissioner (Mr. Saunders) and his companions waited in an open court outside, till the sickness of the king abated. Then, while he yet gasped for breath, they entered the dingy, dark passage, which contained no article of furniture "but a charpoy, such as those used by the poorest Indians. The old man cowered on the floor on his crossed legs, with his back against a mat, which was suspended from doorway to doorway, so as to form a passage about twelve feet wide by twenty-four in length." Mr. Russell's picture of the king takes it character, in no small degree, from the surrounding circumstances of dirt and degradation. He probably did not see quite as clearly as Mr. Layard had done, the disgrace reflected on his custodians by the abject misery to which the aged king was subjected. The reason is obvious. Mr. Russell went in company with his host the commissioner, and other leading authorities, all of whom were anxious to secure the good word of the man who had the ear of Europe turned to him, and the *Times* for a speaking-trumpet. Nor is it wonderful that the frank hospitality of "the ruddy, comely English gentleman"—"the excellent commissioner," Mr. Saunders, and the ready courtesy of "the fair Englishwoman," his wife, should have thrown a little dust even in the keen-sighted, honest eyes of the correspondent. The portrait of the king is, however, a veritable Russell; but painfully, not pleasantly, life-like—

"The forehead is very broad indeed, and comes out sharply over the brows; but it recedes at once into an ignoble Thersites-like skull; in the eyes were only visible the weakness of extreme old age —the dim, hazy, filmy light which seems about to guide to the great darkness; the nose, a noble Judaic aquiline, was deprived of dignity and power by the loose-lipped, nerveless, quivering and gasping mouth, filled with a flacid tongue; but from chin and upper lip, there streamed a venerable, long, wavy, intermingling moustache and beard of white, which again all but retrieved his aspect. His hands and feet were delicate and fine, his garments scanty and foul. Recalling youth to that decrepit frame, restoring its freshness to that sunken cheek, one might see the king glowing with all the beauty of the warrior David; but as he sat before us, I was only reminded of the poorest form of the Israelitish type, as exhibited in decay and penurious greed in its poorest haunts among us."‡

In one respect, at least, the king retained and exhibited the characteristic of his race. "The Great Moguls were their own laureates;" and Shah Alum, the blind emperor, uttered, from the depths of his misery and humiliation, sentiments second only in pathos to those of David, when he, too, lay humbled in the dust. "The tempest of misfortune," Shah Alum declared, "has risen and overwhelmed me. It has scattered my glory to the winds, and dispersed my throne in the air." But, he added, "while I am sunk in an abyss of darkness, let me be comforted with the assurance, that out of this affliction I shall yet arise, purified by misfortune, and illuminated by the mercy of the Almighty." The descendant of Shah Alum (the present Mohammed Bahadur Shah) solaced himself in a similar manner; and notwithstanding his physical and mental decrepitude, had, only a day or two before Mr. Russell's visit, "composed some neat lines on the wall of his prison, by the aid of a burnt stick." The pride of race still lingered in "the dim, wandering-eyed, dreamy old man;" and "when Brigadier Stisted asked him how it was he had not saved the lives of our women, he made an

* Speech at St. James's Hall, May 11th, 1858.

† Mr. Russell, after referring to Mr. Layard's speeches and lectures, which "have been received with a shower of dirty dish-clouts from the well-furnished Billingsgate *répertoire* of the convict Cleon of Calcutta"—states, "there are many of his 'facts' [apparently alluding to cruelties committed by Europeans upon natives] which we know to be true: as the colonel [a Bengal officer, whose name is withheld] said, 'I know far worse than anything he has said.'"—*Diary in India*, vol. ii., p. 124.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 61.

impatient gesture with his hand, as if commanding silence; and said, 'I know nothing of it. I had nothing to say to it.'" Jumma Bukht betrayed the same feeling. He rose from the charpoy at the sound of European voices, and salaamed respectfully; but the commissioner, hearing that he was ill, bade him lie down again; and, with another salaam, he threw himself on his back with a sigh, and drew the coverlet of the bed over his face, as if to relieve himself from an unwelcome gaze.

Mr. Russell was not a servant of the E. I. Company; and although he studiously refrained from censuring individuals, he spoke freely of the meanness and injustice with which the king had been treated before the mutiny. In fact, no unprejudiced person could look back on the rise and progress of British power in India, without seeing that our recent charges against the King of Delhi could not, by the law of nations, entitle us to set aside the counter-charges of him who never once abandoned his claim as emperor of India, and lord paramount of every other power, the Company included. In the first instance, the Merchant Adventurers kotooed and salaamed to his ancestors for permission to build a warehouse or two; and then they repeated the process for leave to fortify their factories, and defend their goods from the marauding incursions of the Mahrattas—those disturbers of the peaceful subjects of the Great Mogul. That a body of humble traders, so very humble as their protestations, carefully preserved in Leadenhall-street, show them to have been, should covet sovereign power even for the sake of its accompaniment of territorial revenue, was quite out of the question; and this attitude of deprecation grew so fixed, that despite the pride of individual governors-general, the Company maintained to the last a most anomalous position with regard to native sovereigns, and especially towards the King of Delhi. In England this was not understood, simply because India was never viewed as a national question, or thought of at all by the British government, except in connexion with the Company's dividends and patronage; and it was only when some new financial crisis arose, that a vague misgiving was entertained as to the probable mismanagement of the sovereign power, as the cause of the unsatisfactory state of the revenue. Mr. Russell truly asserts, that—

"There were probably not five thousand people, unconnected with India, in the country from which India was governed, who, two years ago, had ever heard of the King of Delhi as a living man; or who knew that even then, in the extreme of his decrepitude, and in utter prostration of his race, the descendant of Akhbar had fenced himself round with such remnants of dignities, that the governor-general of India could not approach him as an equal, and that the British officers at Delhi were obliged to observe, in their intercourse with him, all the outward marks of respect which a sovereign had a right to demand from his servants. * * * Our representative, with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness'—aye, with bare feet and bowed head, came into the presence of our puppet king. More than that—the English captain of the palace guard, if summoned to the presence of the king, as he frequently was, had not only to uncover his feet, but was not permitted to have an umbrella carried over his head, or to bear one in his own hand, while proceeding through the courtyards—a privilege permitted to every officer of the royal staff. This was the case in the time of the last resident, up to the moment of the revolt, and in the time of the last captain of the guard, up to the time of his assassination!"*

Facts like these, once published in England, altered the tone of public feeling; but, long before they became generally known, the fate of the King of Delhi had been decided, and he was spoken of as having reaped the reward of disloyalty and ingratitude. In the earlier sections of this work, abundant historical evidence will be found, to show that no member of the House of Timur ever owed the E. I. Company either fealty as sovereigns, or gratitude as benefactors. These obligations were on the side of the Merchant Adventurers, who never did more than pay back to the Moguls, with a grudging hand, a very small and constantly diminishing proportion of the revenues of certain districts, the whole of which had been originally assigned by Lord Wellesley for the support of the House of Timur; which the Company affected to hold, purely by right of an imperial decree. A summary of our dealings with the Delhi

* Russell's Letter.—*Times*, August 20th, 1858. In a *History of the Indian Mutiny*, by Mr. Charles Ball, which comprises a valuable collection of the chief official and private documents published during the crisis, the quotation from Mr. Russell, given in the text, is thus commented on:—"Surely if we contrast this abject submission within the walls of the palace, with the haughty and irritating assumption of superiority that pervaded European society without those walls, proclaiming hourly a living lie to the astute people of India, we have little cause to feel surprise at the consequences of our own conduct, characterised as it had been by duplicity and arrogance."—(Vol. ii., p. 379).

family, drawn up by Mr. Russell, is too important to be omitted here; for, besides the strong facts and the nervous style, there is additional weight attached to it, as being written in Delhi by the special correspondent of the *Times*, in 1858.

"To talk of ingratitude on the part of one who saw that all the dominions of his ancestors had gradually been taken from him, by force or otherwise, till he was left with an empty title, a more empty exchequer, and a palace full of penniless princesses and princes of his own blood, is perfectly preposterous. Was he to be grateful to the Company for the condition in which he found himself? Was he to bless them for ever, because Polyphemus, in the shape of the British government, snatched poor blind Shah Alum from the hands of the Mahrattas, and then devoured him piecemeal? * * * The position of the king was one of the most intolerable misery long ere the revolt broke out. His palace was in reality a house of bondage; he knew that the few wretched prerogatives which were left him, as if in mockery of the departed power they represented, would be taken away from his successors; that they would be deprived even of the right to live in their own palace, and would be exiled to some place outside the walls. We denied permission to his royal relatives to enter our service; we condemned them to a degrading existence, in poverty and debt, inside the purlieus of their palace, and then we reproached them with their laziness and sensuality. We shut the gates of military preferment upon them; we closed upon them the paths of every pursuit; we took from them every object of honourable ambition: and then our papers and our mess-rooms teemed with invectives against the lazy, slothful, and sensuous princes of his house. Better die a hundred deaths than drag on such a contemptible, degrading existence."*

"Within the walls of this palace there was a population of more than 5,000 souls, of which no less than 3,000 were of the blood-royal, and descendants of Timour-lung. * * * The king seldom stirred out of late years, or went beyond the palace walls; but inside their precincts he was subjected to constant annoyance from his numerous relatives: the Great Mogul Olivers were always 'asking for more.' * * * They were in a state of such poverty, that some of these royal families were in want of their meals; and their numbers had increased far beyond the provision made for them."†

Every word of the fresh, glowing summary of Mr. Russell will be valuable in the sight of those who have the honesty and the courage to face the truth. The responsibility for righteous dealing with the still-existing princes of India, and the vast population in general, still rests on the British nation. If the strong, warm, public heart be permanently interested in behalf of India, great benefit may arise from the connexion; but, if not—if India sink into a purely financial or party question, the patronage in the hands of an oligarchy will be far more dangerous to the constitution of the governing country, than it ever could have been in that of a middle-class mercantile body; and the consequences to the governed will be worse, inasmuch as the wilful ignorance, the neglect and procrastination which were the conspicuous failings of the Company's administration, are the very ones of which the colonial department of the state has been most generally accused. The men of the bureau, and the men of the ledger, have much the same temptations to guard against, only that the thirst for power predominates in one case, and for pelf in the other. Patronage combines both. The danger is great that the ministers of the Crown still follow the well-worn track of the old directors, who wrote excellent despatches—calm, moderate, and didactic—with one hand, while with the other—

"Half ignorant, they turn'd an easy wheel,
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel."‡

This was literally true in some parts of India, as was proved by the revelations of the torture committee, and figuratively so in the proceedings connected with the extinction of several native states, of which Mr. Russell's account of the dealings of the E. I. Company with the Mogul dynasty, may serve as an illustration:—

"When Lord Lake received the emperor after the battle of Delhi, he could not be less generous than the Mahrattas; and accordingly, all the territories and revenues which had been assigned by them for his support, were continued by the British to Shah Alum. His stipend of 60,000 rupees per mensem, and presents of 70,000 rupees per annum, making altogether less than £80,000 per annum, were in 1806, in compliance with promises made in 1805 by the East India Company, raised to £102,960 a-year; and, in 1809, to a lac a-month, or £120,000 a-year. But Akhbar Shah complained of the smallness of this allowance for himself, his family, and his state and dependents; and, in 1830, he sent an agent to England to lay his case before the authorities, whereupon the Court of Directors offered an addition of £30,000 per annum, on condition that the Mogul 'abandoned every claim, of every description, he might be at any time supposed to possess against them.' The control of this £30,000 extra was to be taken out of the king's hands. He refused to accept the augmentation on such terms, alleging that he had a right, according to treaty, to expect a decent maintenance for himself and his family; and the money was never given, the grant being annulled in 1840 by the directors, in consequence of his refusing to comply with the conditions annexed to its acceptance. The present ex-king adopted the objections of his father; and thus, since

* Russell's *Diary*, vol. ii., p. 51.
† Russell's Letter.—*Times*, August 20th, 1858.
‡ Keats' *Isabella*.

1830, when the East India Company offered to buy up some visionary claims for £30,000 per annum, admitting that the sum then given to the king was too small—the state of Delhi, a mere pageantry, has been carried on with increasing debt and poverty and difficulty. But more than this. While they were weak and grateful, the Hon. East India Company presented nuzzurs, or offerings, to the king, the queen, and the heir, as is the custom of feudatories in India. In 1822 they began to take slices off this little lump of pudding. In 1822 the commander-in-chief's nuzzur was stopped. In 1827, the resident's offering, on the part of the British government, was suspended. In 1836, the nuzzurs usual on the part of British officers were curtailed; next the queen's nuzzurs were cut off; and, in lieu of those acknowledgments of a degrading nature, the king, although claiming the same sovereign rights, and asserting his pretensions as lord *in capite* of the lands which once formed his dominions, received the sum of £1,000 per annum. The king was not permitted to go beyond the environs of Delhi; the princes were refused salutes, or were not allowed to quit Delhi unless they abstained from travelling as members of the royal family, and were content to give up all marks of distinction. And yet these rules were laid down at a time when the royal or imperial family were our good friends, and when we were actually keeping up absurd and ridiculous forms, which rendered our contempt and neglect of others more galling and more apparent. We did all this, and yet suffered the occupant of the powerless throne to believe that he was lord of the world, master of the universe, and of the Hon. East India Company, king of India and of the infidels, the superior of the governor-general, and proprietor of the soil from sea to sea."*

The statements of a succession of witnesses, regarding the petty personal indignities to which the King of Delhi was subjected for many months, have occasioned the mention of circumstances not properly belonging to this chapter, which was intended to end with the complete occupation of the city.

The capture of Delhi was a splendid achievement: the mass of the army, officers and men, were not responsible for the causes which produced the fearful struggle; and there is no drawback on the admiration due to the dauntless resolve with which they held their ground during so many weary months. The triumph was great: but even the shouts of victory had a melancholy sound to those who looked on wrecks of regiments (the gallant 60th Rifles,† for instance), and thought of the strong healthy frames, the genial, hopeful hearts that never would return to gladden English homes. In looking back over the despatches and letters written from Delhi during the first days of its reoccupation, it seems as if public and private grief for the fallen, found a focus in the person of Nicholson, who, struck down in the heat of battle, continued for several days, in the intervals of agony, to direct the conduct of military operations.

General Wilson bore cordial testimony to the extraordinary services and popularity of his comparatively youthful subordinate; and in communicating to government the success of the assault, he stated, that "during the advance, Brigadier-general Nicholson, to the grief of myself and the whole army, was dangerously wounded." It was the simple truth: the whole army felt like one man for him "who was confessedly, according to the testimony of every Indian tongue, the first soldier in India."‡ After all, there was a better tie than the love of liquor or of loot between the Europeans and Seiks—their mutual appreciation of a great leader: and assuredly it was a humanising feeling, that made knit brows relax, and proud lips quiver, according as the answer to the oft-repeated inquiry—"Is Nicholson better?"—was cheering or the reverse. On the 23rd, hope was extinguished: "and with a grief unfeigned and deep, and stern, and worthy of the man, the news was whispered—'Nicholson is dead.'"§ His faithful Seik orderly says, that the general expressed himself "greatly delighted" at having survived to witness the complete occupation of Delhi. He further adds, that when the spirit of the Sahib had taken its flight from this transitory world, General Chamberlain, and some English gentlemen, came and cut each a lock of hair from his head. "At sunrise, several of the horse artillery came and took the general's coffin, and placed it on a bier behind the horses, and carried it once more towards the Cashmere gate. They made him a grave by the two roads by which the

* Russell's Letter.—*Times*, August 20th, 1858.

† The corps most prominently engaged before Delhi, were the 60th Rifles, Sirmoor battalion, and Guides. The Rifles commenced with 440 of all ranks; a few days before the storm they received a reinforcement of nearly 200 men; their total casualties were 389. The Sirmoor battalion commenced 450 strong, and once was joined by a draft of 90 men. Its total casualties amounted to 319. The Guides (cavalry and infantry) commenced with about 550, and the casualties were 303. The artillery had 365 casualties; the engineers, 293: two-thirds of the engineer officers were among the killed and wounded.—Norman's *Campaign*, p. 47.

‡ Russell.—*Times*, August 20th, 1858.

§ Report from Lieutenant-colonel H. B. Edwardes, March 23rd, 1858.—Parl. Papers on the Punjab April 14th, 1859.

assault was made. Brigadier Chamberlain, and some other distinguished officers, and also Mr. Saunders, the commissioner, came and did reverence to the body, and, having taken up the coffin, placed it in the grave."

It is easy to understand the admiration with which Nicholson was regarded by the Europeans as a master in the art of war, and by the natives for his personal prowess. The warlike Seiks were especially devoted to him; and one of them, standing at the grave, bewailed the loss of a leader, "the tramp of whose war-horse was heard a mile off." There is less apparent cause for the strong affection with which this stern, silent man unconsciously inspired his seniors in age and rank, his equals and rivals, and, most of all, his inferiors and subordinates. His despatches exhibit him as a man of few words; hearty and discriminating in his praise; moderate, but equally discriminating, in his censure: in all cases unselfish, unpretending, and "thorough." But of his private life, his opinions and feelings, little is known. Unlike the chief civilian connected with the Delhi force, the chief warrior died unmarried. No widow remained to gather up, with loving hand, his letters and other memorials; but he has left brothers and friends: and one of the latter, Herbert Edwardes, could not better employ his graceful, ready pen, than by giving to England a memoir of the man whom he has always delighted to honour. Meantime the body of John Nicholson rests surrounded by a host of his companions-in-arms, and near that of Greathed, who, it will be remembered, perished in the fierce grip of cholera, while the bullet did its slow work on the iron frame of the warrior.

At this time, also, heaps upon heaps of nameless native dead had to be disposed of; and the first permission given to the wretched inhabitants to return to the city, was conditional on their performing this most needful service. Again, Delhi seemed destined to become one vast burying-place. The interment of the fallen Europeans was conducted with all honour; their wives and children were sure of protection and maintenance; while the bodies of the vanquished natives were huddled out of sight, and their families left to starve. Some proud Indians, in their despair, followed the Rajpoot custom; and sooner than suffer their wives or daughters to fall into the hands of the fierce soldiery, killed them with their own hands. What a strange thrill must have passed through the stout heart of Brigadier Inglis, and others at Lucknow, who had contemplated a similar proceeding, when they learned, that but a few days before that joyful 25th of September (when a shout of welcome hailed Outram and Havelock's arrival in the Residency, and when, in the words of Mrs. Inglis' touching letter to her mother, "darling John kissed me, and said, I thank God for his mercies"), many husbands and fathers in Delhi had, in their wretchedness, slain their wives, and fled with them "anywhere—anywhere out of the world!" An engineer officer, writing from Delhi on the 23rd of September, gives a terrible instance of this procedure. He is not in the least a humanitarian; but, on the contrary, one of those who rejoiced in the increased severity of the conquerors, which he illustrates in the following manner:—"Two of our Native sappers were murdered in the city; so we went out, and hunted up about fifty or sixty men—thorough rascals; and our men have been shooting them ever since. I saw twenty-four knocked over, all tied together against the walls." This witness does not mention what the sappers were doing when they were killed; but his silence is significant, when viewed in connection with the following observation:—

"I have given up walking about the back streets of Delhi, as yesterday an officer and myself had taken a party of twenty men out patrolling, and we found fourteen women with their throats cut from ear to ear by their own husbands, and laid out in their shawls. We caught a man there who said he saw them killed, for fear they should fall into our hands; and showed us their husbands, who had done the best thing they could afterwards, and killed themselves."*

It matters nothing now to the thousands who perished at Delhi, whether their bodies are decaying in coffins or in pits, burnt by fire, and scattered to the four winds of heaven, or dissolving in the sacred waters of the Ganges. They have passed into a world in which, according to Divine revelation, there is no such thing as caste; and must all appear before a judge who is no respecter of persons—at a tribunal where the mighty and the mean, generals and covenanted civilians, "Pandies" and "niggers," will have to account for the deeds done in the flesh. For them, as for ourselves, we can but pray that all may find the mercy which all will need.

* *Times*, November 19th, 1857.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RELIEF OF AGRA; RESCUE OF LUCKNOW GARRISON; EVACUATION OF LUCKNOW; WINDHAM BESIEGED AT CAWNPOOR, AND RELIEVED BY SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.—SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1857.

THE public mind in England and in India fastened on three points of absorbing interest in the Mutiny, to which all others were regarded as incomparably inferior—namely, Delhi, for its political importance; Cawnpoor; and Lucknow, for the sake of the European communities imprisoned there. The consequence of this concentration has been, that the details of the events connected with these three sieges, have been poured forth with the freedom which the certainty of a large and eager audience was calculated to produce: and the information afforded on these heads has been so discussed and sifted, that the harvest of knowledge, but yesterday cut down by the sickle of the journalist, is to-day fit for the storehouse of the historian. This is the case, also, in regard to the outbreaks at the various stations. The actors have, for the most part, furnished accounts of what they did and suffered in their own persons: and, after making due allowance for prejudice and inadvertence, there remains a most valuable mass of evidence; the arrangement and condensation of which, in the foregoing pages, have involved an expenditure of time and labour which only those who have attempted a similar piece of literary mosaic can appreciate. But while our information as regards the Mutiny is thus abundant, that respecting the Insurrection generally, and especially the tedious, harassing war in Oude, is far more scanty. The voluminous records of the commissioners of various districts (now at the India House), must, at least to some extent, be made public, and many *Despatches* and *Memoirs* be rendered available, before anything like a satisfactory or comprehensive account can be written, without the strongest probability, that the assertions of to-day will be contradicted by the revelations of to-morrow.

The author of this work has, therefore, deemed it best to devote the chief part of his limited space to the History of the Mutiny, noting briefly the leading facts connected with the Insurrection.

Relief of Agra.—Shortly after the capture of Delhi, the health of General Wilson broke down, and he resigned the command of the force, and went to the hills. Before his departure, he dispatched 2,650 troops, under Colonel Greathed (including 750 Europeans), in pursuit of a body of rebels, stated at 5,000 strong, who had proceeded to Muttra. They crossed the Jumna, and then marched right across the Doab towards Oude, which they succeeded in reaching; the attempt to intercept them proving unsuccessful. The British force quitted Delhi on the 24th of September, but made little progress for many days, being occupied in burning neighbouring villages (the inhabitants of which were accused of harbouring sepoys), and in seizing suspected chiefs. A stand was made on the 28th of September at Bolundshuhur, by a body of the 12th N.I., 14th irregular cavalry, and a rabble of burkandauzes and chupprassies, with some insurgent Mohammedans. They were dispersed, with the loss, it was said, of 300 men: the British casualties were, six (rank and file) killed, and forty-five wounded (including camp-followers). The fort of Malaghur (seven miles from Bolundshuhur) was precipitately abandoned by its owner, Wullydad Khan, on the approach of the British; and a halt was made there, because the number of sick and wounded already exceeded the means of carriage, which was sent for to Meerut, whither the patients were conveyed. The defences of Malaghur were destroyed on the 2nd of October, and the column moved off to Alighur, of which city they took possession without losing a life; as also of a village called Akrabad, fourteen miles further, where the cavalry (of whom about 500 were comprised in the column) surprised, and slew, two Rajpoot chiefs of some note—twin-brothers, named Mungul and Mytaub Sing—with about a hundred of their adherents. After destroying the village, Colonel Greathed resumed his march, in compliance with urgent requisitions from Agra to hasten to the protection of that city, which was

threatened by the Mhow and Indore mutineers, who, after vainly endeavouring to induce Sindia to become their leader, had quitted Gwalior in disgust; and would have attacked Agra some time before the capture of Delhi, but for the difficulties thrown in their way by the Maharajah and Dinkur Rao. The chief part of the contingent still lingered at Gwalior, under the impression that Sindia would be compelled, or induced, to raise the standard of rebellion: his own household troops were scarcely less clamorous against the British; and the influence of the Mhow and Indore mutineers was so powerful, that the Maharajah, dreading that they would return, and either seize on him or oblige him to flee to Agra, took the bold measure of sweeping the boats, in a single night, from both banks of the Chumbul, and thus cut off the communication between the declared rebels and the waverers. The fall of Delhi rendered the former desperate; and the Mhow and Indore mutineers, reinforced by several bodies of fugitives from Delhi, seized seven guns from our faithful ally, the Rana of Dholpoor, and prepared to attack Agra.

On the morning of the 9th of October, a vidette of militia cavalry, which had been sent out to reconnoitre, was driven in by the enemy's horse, and pursued to within two or three miles of cantonments. This occurrence, proving the proximity of the enemy, was at once communicated to Colonel Greathed, and the column hurried on to Agra, and entered the city (after a forced march of forty-four miles in twenty-eight hours) early in the morning of the 10th of October, crossing the bridge of boats, and passing under the fort, from whence the entire European community issued forth to witness the welcome spectacle. Mr. Raikes was standing at the Delhi gate, watching the troops as they slowly and wearily marched past, when a lady by his side, pointing to a body of "worn, sun-dried skeletons," dressed in the khakee, or dust-coloured Seik irregular uniform—exclaimed —"Those dreadful-looking men must be Afghans!" Although the soldiers whose appearance elicited this uncomplimentary remark, were within three yards of him, Raikes did not discover that they were Englishmen until he noticed a short clay pipe in the mouth of nearly the last man.* Such was the unrecognisable condition of the survivors of H.M. 8th Foot.

It was eight o'clock when the tired troops encamped on the parade-ground. The mutineers, it was said, had threatened to cross the Kharee, a small river ten miles distant; but had failed in doing so, and were "making off on hearing of the approach of the column."† Notwithstanding what had occurred on the previous day, no vidette was sent out to see if the road was clear; and without taking the slightest precaution against surprise, the greater portion of the officers dispersed to see their friends in the fort, while the men bivouacked on the cantonment parade-ground, awaiting the gradual arrival of their tents and baggage.

At half-past ten o'clock, while breakfast was in every man's mouth, a big gun was heard—and another, and another, and many more. People started. Surely it must be a salute; though rather irregular." The fact was, that the enemy had quietly marched in, cannon and all; and the call to arms in the British camp was given after the first hostile discharge of artillery had knocked over several men and guns. Here, an officer was hit while in the act of washing himself; there, a soldier as he lay asleep. An eye-witness describes "the scene of wild confusion which ensued;" declaring, "that there was no command, and no anything; and camp-followers and horses fled in all directions."

The despatches of Colonels Cotton and Greathed confirm this assertion. The former states, that when he hastened to the camp and took command, he "found that the enemy, completely hidden by the high standing crops, had opened a heavy fire from a strong battery in the centre, supported by several guns on each flank, and were sweeping our position with a powerful cross-fire." Colonel Cotton remarks, that Colonel Greathed was apparently not aware of his being on the field.‡ In fact, the only point of which the rival commanding officers were mutually aware, was the presence of an enemy. Happily, the British troops, both European and Native, exhibited remarkable readiness in preparing to repel the unexpected attack, without waiting for absent officers. Colonel Greathed states,

* Raikes' *Revolt in the N.W. Provinces*, p. 70.

† Letter from civilian, dated October 16th, 1857.—*Times*, December 2nd, 1857.

‡ Lieutenant-colonel H. Cotton's despatch; Agra, October 13th, 1857.—*London Gazette*, December 15th, 1857.

that when, on hearing the hostile guns, he galloped to the front, which he reached three minutes after the assembly had sounded—he found the artillery already in action; the 9th Lancers in their saddles (in every variety of undress; some in jackets, but more in shirt-sleeves), formed up into squadrons; and the whole of the troops, without exception, drawn up on their respective alarm-posts, as if for parade.*

Had the enemy pushed in without giving the British troops time to form, the advantage on their side would have been great; but, native like, they waited to see the effect of their big guns. The delay was fatal to them. It was not until our artillery was at work, that the rebel cavalry charged right into the parade. They took a detached and disabled gun for a moment, and were so completely intermingled with the British, that the gunners could not fire on them. "But," writes a civilian who had galloped to the scene of action, "the tired Seiks, sitting on the ground, formed square with the utmost coolness, and fired well into them. The Lancers were ready, and charged at them as the Lancers can charge. They [the rebels] were broken and defeated; yet some of them did actually sweep right round the camp and cantonments, and created such a panic among the general population as scarce was seen—every one riding over every one else in the most indiscriminate manner: in fact, there never was, and never will be, so complete a surprise. But by this time commanding officers had come on the field, and every arm was in action. Our artillery fought nobly—in fact, all did; and though it was some time before we could find exactly where we were, and where the enemy was (and they attacked on three sides at once), eventually they were repulsed, and began to retreat."† The rebels at first retired in some order: but before they had proceeded far they abandoned three guns, and their retreat became a flight. Led by "Gun Cotton," the tired column continued the pursuit until the rebel camp, which was within five miles of the city, was reached, the guns (thirteen in all) and baggage seized, and the Mhow and Indore brigades completely dispersed, excepting the fugitive cavalry. After a ten miles' chase, the victorious troops returned to Agra, having exhibited an amount of readiness, nerve, and persistence, unsurpassed in any of the brilliant episodes of the Indian Mutiny.

It is said that the surprise was on both sides, the mutineers having made the attack in ignorance of the arrival of the moveable column; but it is highly improbable that the native population round Agra, aggrieved as they had been by the village-burning system, would have allowed the insurgents to remain in ignorance of this event. The fact that, "for the first time in the history of beleaguered Agra, all the newsmongers were of one accord," is itself an indication of some latent motive. At all events, the peasantry were cruelly punished for their alleged disloyalty; for the troops are officially stated to have fired all the villages "which had allowed the rebels to pass without sending word to Agra."‡

The total casualties on our side, were eleven killed, fifty-six wounded, and two missing; the loss of horses was very severe, amounting to sixty-nine killed and wounded. No less than 2,000 natives were stated to have perished.§ That evening, the Motee Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, the most graceful building in India, received the sick and wounded. Mrs. Raikes and other ladies divided themselves into watches, attending night and day, at stated intervals, for several weeks; and never, during the whole time, was a word uttered by a soldier which could shock the ears of their gentle nurses.‖

All immediate cause of anxiety regarding Agra being now removed, the column quitted that city on the 15th of October. On the 18th, Brigadier Hope Grant, C.B., of H.M. 9th Lancers, joined the force, and assumed the command. A halt was made at Mynpoorie; the abandoned fort blown up; the

* Lieutenant-colonel Greathed's despatch; Agra, Oct. 13th, 1857.—*London Gazette*, Dec. 15th, 1857.

† *Times*, December 2nd, 1857.

‡ Norman's *Campaign of the Delhi Army*, p. 63.

§ Letter from Agra.—*Daily News*, Nov. 30, 1857.

‖ Raikes' *Revolt in the N.W. Provinces*, p. 72. The efforts of several ladies at various stations, especially of Miss Tucker at Benares, appear to have contributed to the spiritual, no less than the physical, well-being of the patients. Several interesting narratives are given in a little book, entitled *The British Soldier in India* (Dalton, 28, Cockspur-street, 1860); especially one regarding Campbell, a private of the 93rd Highlanders, whose attachment to the Coolie who nursed him with unwearying care, is touchingly told. The first thing he did on rising from his sick bed, was to go to the bazaar, purchase materials for a suit of clothes (including a very smart turban) for his friend, and have them made by a native tailor, under his own inspection. Then he purchased a pair of white kid gloves, as a Christmas gift for Miss Tucker.

rajah's property seized; and £25,000, left in the government treasury when the outbreak took place, were recovered and carried away. On the 26th, the troops reached Cawnpoor, and there halted, awaiting the orders of the commander-in-chief.

Meanwhile Sir Colin Campbell had completed his onerous labours at Calcutta. The difficulties he had to contend with there, were of a nature peculiarly trying to a person of his active, resolute habit of mind. His first trial arose from the dilatoriness of the authorities in Leadenhall-street; through which, at the very height of the crisis, while the British public spoke of the commander-in-chief as having been sent out "under circumstances which made him very nearly a dictator," he was actually excluded from the Calcutta council for a fortnight, waiting the reception of the necessary forms; and when these arrived, and he was at length sworn in, he found himself only one of a council by no means inclined to espouse his views; but, on the contrary, opposed to many of them, and specially to the rapidity and vigour of his military arrangements, and to his conviction of the necessity of concentrating the troops in large bodies upon the most important points, even though such concentration might involve great immediate local sacrifices. There was another difficulty, the existence of which is clearly traceable in Sir Colin's despatches and general orders—namely, the relaxation of discipline among the European officers, which had arisen from the practical dissolution of anything like a central authority; the natural result being, that the commanders of garrisons and detached forts, became accustomed to reason upon, instead of to obey, an order; and disobeyed it altogether, if, in their opinion, and looking to the state of affairs around them, its execution was inexpedient. The loose reins were, however, gathered up by the new commander-in-chief with quiet determination; and at length, the most wearisome portion of his task being accomplished, he quitted Calcutta on the 27th of October, and travelled, day and night, by horse dâk to the seat of war. Between the Soane river and Benares, he narrowly escaped falling into the hands of a body of the mutinous 32nd N.I., who were crossing the road at the very moment he came up. On the 1st of November he reached Allahabad; and, on the 2nd, he arrived at Futtehpoor (half-way to Cawnpoor), just as a body of British troops, consisting of H.M. 53rd Foot, 93rd Foot, the Naval Brigade, under Captain Peel, and a company of Royal Engineers, had defeated at Kudjwa, twenty miles distant, a considerable force, composed of the Dinapoor mutineers. The action had been severe, and the victory for some time doubtful.*

The mutineers had retreated to Calpee, on the Jumna, to join a body of the Nana's adherents, commanded by Tantia Topee, whose name then, for the first time, took a prominent position in the accounts of our spies. Azim Oollah had been paramount while treachery and massacre were viewed as the means of elevating the Nana to a throne; but now that military ability was needful, the authority devolved on Tantia Topee, a Brahmin, born at Ahmednuggur, who had been from boyhood in the immediate service of the Nana. To the moment of his death he persisted in denying having borne any part in the Cawnpoor massacre; and the probability is, that he spoke the truth; for his fearless, unyielding disposition rendered him indifferent to pleasing or displeasing the Europeans. As a Brahmin, the slaughter of women and children must have been utterly repugnant to his principles; and his study of the old predatory system of Mahratta warfare, would show him that such crimes were denounced by the greatest men of his nation. The zeal and fidelity which he evinced in the service of his hateful master, were extraordinary.

Tantia Topee was nearly fifty years of age; five feet six inches in height; stout, and well made, with an intelligent face and a large head, of great breadth from ear to ear. His piercing black eyes were surmounted by sharply-arched, grey eyebrows; and the hair, with which his head was abundantly covered—as well as that of his beard, moustache, and whiskers, was of the same colour. His look and bearing gave promise of prompt action, and dogged fixity of purpose. The mutineers rallied round him with a confidence they never evinced in any other leader; and it was under his banner that the Gwalior contingent placed themselves when, on the 13th of October, they broke away from Sindia, and, after destroying and defacing their late cantonments, quitted Gwalior, burning and wasting the country

* *Lord Clyde's Campaign*; by Lieutenant-colonel Alison.—Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*, October, 1858.

as they went, to revenge themselves on the Maharajah, whom they denounced as the great enemy and betrayer of their cause. They did not reach Calpee until nearly the end of November: but the prospect of their earlier arrival greatly increased the difficulties of the commander-in-chief, whose whole force, of all arms, did not exceed 4,200 men; and who had to choose between the rescue of the Lucknow garrison from the grasp of a strongly posted rebel army, numbering at least 60,000, and the safety of the intrenched camp at Cawnpoor, which covered the boat-bridge across the Ganges, and commanded the line of communication with Allahabad. At the same time, the reports from the Punjab were not satisfactory; an uneasy feeling was officially spoken of, which was privately explained as meaning, that the wild tribes round Mooltan had risen and interrupted, if not cut off, our communication with Lahore.

The position of Sindia, from being difficult, was fast becoming one of personal peril; the example of the Gwalior contingent going off in defiance, with a siege-train and abundant munitions of war, being almost irresistible to his household troops. Outram wrote from Lucknow (October 28th), expressing his anxiety "to prevent the force being hurried from Cawnpoor to the Alumbagh;" declaring, that it was obviously to the advantage of the state that the Gwalior rebels, then said to be preparing to cross into the Doab, should be first effectually destroyed, and that the relief of Lucknow should be a secondary consideration. The post at the Alumbagh had been strengthened and supplied with food; but of the Lucknow garrison, Outram could only say—"We can manage to screw on, if absolutely necessary, till near the end of November, on further reduced rations. Only the longer we remain, the less physical strength we shall have to aid our friends with when they do advance, and the fewer guns shall we be able to move out in co-operation." This letter was unfortunate in its effect on Sir Colin Campbell; for he, knowing of old the cheerful and unselfish spirit of Outram, concluded the relief of Lucknow a matter of more pressing necessity than was actually the case; for, as Outram afterwards avowed, he was much deceived as to the quantity of grain in store (which greatly exceeded the estimated amount). He added, however—"There was no doubt the few remaining gun-bullocks would not suffice; and I was fully prepared to eke out the time by eating up our starving horses."* Sir Colin could not entertain the idea of exposing the brave garrison to this extremity: their speedy rescue was clearly a paramount duty. On the 9th of November he quitted Cawnpoor, and, by a forced march of forty miles, joined the troops then assembling near the Bunnee bridge. On the 11th, he reviewed his small force in the centre of a vast plain, surrounded by woods. There were H.M. 8th, 53rd, 75th, and 93rd regiments; the Highlanders (93rd) being 800 strong—veterans, experienced, but not wasted, by the Crimean campaign, and enthusiastically attached to their Scottish leader. There were the 2nd and 4th Punjab infantry, a small party of Native sappers and miners, H.M. 9th Lancers, detachments of Seik cavalry, and a squadron of Hodson's Horse, under the command of Lieutenant Gough. Captain Peel and his "blue-jackets" were an invaluable addition to the artillery. By great exertions, a small siege-train, principally manned by the sailors of Peel's Naval Brigade, had been prepared, and commissariat arrangements made, to overcome the difficulties under which Havelock had succumbed.

On the following morning the force started, and that same evening encamped at the Alumbagh; not, however, without some opposition on the part of the enemy, who came forth from the neighbouring fort of Jellahabad, and attacked, with horse, foot, and guns, the head of the column as it approached the British post. The assailants were quickly driven back, with the loss of two field-pieces, taken in a brilliant charge by Gough's squadron. On the 13th, Sir Colin destroyed the fort of Jellahabad, and communicated with Outram by means of a semaphore telegraph, erected at the Residency and the Alumbagh; while the natives watched the working of the long arms of the machine in Lucknow, and vainly fired volleys of musketry against its many-coloured flags.

It is said that Sir Colin originally proposed to cross the Goomtee, move up its left bank, opposite the Residency, and, under cover of his heavy guns, throw up a bridge, and withdraw the garrison. But Outram pointed out so many local difficulties in this route, that Sir Colin abandoned it, and adopted, instead, that suggested by

* Letter, 27th July, 1858.—Russell's *Diary*, vol. ii., p. 416.

Outram; which was, to make a flank march across country, and advance by the Dilkoosha, Martinière, and the line of palaces, upon the Residency.

A brave and able European guide, perfectly acquainted with the locality, and the relative position of besieged and besiegers, had joined the camp at Bunnee; and the information obtained from him was very important at this crisis.

A faithful Hindoo, named Canoujee Lal, was the destined bearer of the despatches from the Residency, as well as of plans of the city, and various directions calculated to facilitate the advance; when an uncovenanted civilian, named Kavanagh, who had been acting as assistant field-engineer, volunteered to accompany the native messenger. Colonel R. Napier, chief of Sir James Outram's staff, communicated the offer to the general. He hesitated to sanction so perilous an attempt; but at last yielded his consent. Kavanagh went home to his wife and children, and parted from them at seven o'clock in the evening of the 9th of November, leaving his wife under the impression that he was going on duty for the night to the mines. Half-an-hour later he presented himself to Sir James and his staff, disguised as a budmash—that is, one of the ordinary mutineers of the city, with sword and shield, native-made shoes, tight trowsers, a yellow silk koortah (or jacket) over a tight-fitting white muslin shirt, a yellow-coloured chintz sheet thrown round his shoulders, a cream-coloured turban, and a white waistband. His face, throat, and hands were coloured with lamp-black dipped in oil, no better material being obtainable. This, the most important part of the disguise, was the least satisfactory; but Kavanagh trusted for success to the darkness of the night, to his conversance with the native language, and, most of all, to the courage and tact of Canoujee Lal, to shield him from notice; and the event justified his confidence in his companion. The two men passed through the principal street of the city, and found it dark, dreary, and deserted by the best part of its inhabitants. They had to ford the Goomtee, and to wade through one of the large jheels or swamps common in Oude; and, in so doing, the colour was nearly washed off the hands of Kavanagh. The enemy were strongly posted round the Alumbagh; therefore Canoujee induced his companion to proceed to the camp at Bunnee; and Kavanagh, although his feet were sore and bleeding with the hard, tight native shoes, consented to do so. About four o'clock in the morning of the 10th of November they reached a British outpost, and were speedily ushered into the presence of the commander-in-chief.

Sir Colin fully appreciated the worth of a service at once brilliant and useful: and there is something characteristic in the cordial praise with which he mentions, in consecutive paragraphs of a despatch to Calcutta, the gallantry of the uncovenanted civilian, and that of a young nobleman (Lord Seymour), also a volunteer, who accompanied the force during the operations for the relief of Lucknow. Mr. Kavanagh received from government a present of £2,000 in money, and admission into the regular civil service of India.

The march from the Alumbagh commenced at nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th, the men having three days' food in their havresacks. An expected reinforcement of 600 or 700 men (including portions of H.M. 23rd and 82nd regiments) joined the rear-guard after the advance had begun; raising the total force to about 4,000 men, including 700 cavalry. The route taken surprised the enemy; and no opposition was made until the British advanced guard approached the wall of the Dilkoosha park, when a smart fire of matchlocks was opened, and a considerable body of skirmishers fired, under cover of a grove of old trees inside the park; their white dresses, and the bright flash of their musketry, being conspicuous as they glided from trunk to trunk. After a running fight of about two hours, in which our loss was very inconsiderable, the enemy was driven down the hill to the Martinière college, across the garden and park of the Martinière, and far beyond the canal. The Dilkoosha and the Martinière were occupied by the British troops; a bridge over the canal was seized, and a lodgment effected in a part of the suburb on the other side. The troops bivouacked for the night without tents, with their arms by their sides. The advance was to have been resumed on the following day; but the necessity of waiting for provisions and small-arm ammunition from the Alumbagh, which, by a misapprehension of orders, had not arrived in time, caused twenty-four hours' delay; and it was not till early on the 16th that the army was again in motion. The Martinière and Dilkoosha

were still to be held; and the consequent deduction of troops, left Sir Colin only 3,000 bayonets wherewith to cut his way through the 60,000 besiegers of the Residency. The first point of attack was the Secunderbagh—an extensive building, situated in a garden of 120 yards square, surrounded by a high wall of solid masonry, loopholed all round, and strongly garrisoned; while opposite to it was a village, at a distance of about 100 yards, also loopholed and filled with men The British force approached the Secunderbagh by a lane, or narrow defile, through a wood; and the enemy was evidently again taken by surprise. So hazardous did the movement appear, that "a staff officer remarked to his right-hand comrade—'If these fellows allow one of us to get out of this *cul-de-sac* alive, they deserve every one of them to be hanged.'"* But the natives did not recognise their opportunity until too late. The guns were pushed rapidly forward, and the troops passed at a gallop, through a cross-fire, between the village and the Secunderbagh. With great labour and peril, Captains Blount and Travers brought their artillery to bear on the inclosure; and, at the end of about an hour and a-half, the building was carried by storm, by portions of the 53rd, 93rd, the 4th Punjab infantry, and a battalion of detachments under Major Barnston. The garrison had no means of escape; the only gate being held by the conquerors. Many sepoys fought to the last; but some begged for mercy. None was shown:† not a man escaped, and five or six women are said to have been killed.‡ The slaughter was terrific: it was carried on by the officers with revolvers, by the Seiks and Highlanders with muskets and swords, until sunset, when more than 2,000 native corpses lay, in weltering heaps, in that vast charnel-house.§

When an entrance to the Secunderbagh had been effected, Captain Peel went to the front with his naval siege-train, and advanced towards the Shah Nujeef—a domed mosque, with a parapet at the top, inclosed in a loopholed wall, with an entrance covered by a regular work in masonry. A heavy cannonade was commenced, and maintained by the British for three hours; but at the end of that time, it was manifest that we were losing, not gaining ground. "The men," Colonel Alison writes, "were falling fast; even Peel's usually bright face became grave and anxious. Sir Colin sat on his white horse, exposed to the whole storm of shot; looking intently on the Shah Nujeef, which was wreathed in columns of smoke from the burning buildings in its front, but sparkled all over with the bright flash of small arms."

The heavy artillery proved insufficient to the task: the place, if carried at all, must, it was evident, be won by the aid of the bayonet. The attempt could no longer be delayed: the troops could advance no further—could not even hold their present position much longer, unless the fire of the Shah Nujeef were subdued; and retreat through the narrow lane could only be effected with great difficulty, at a risk of fearful loss, little short of extermination.

There was no alternative, and the assault was made. Sir Colin, not contented with directing the movement, himself took the lead—a fact which he passes over in his despatch; giving the merit of the victory eventually gained, exclusively to others. In this reserve he showed much judgment; for his habit of taking himself and his staff into the thickest of the fight, was, in principle, his weak point as a commander-in-chief; yet, in practice, it became an element of success.

The seeming contradiction between his extreme economy of the lives of others, and readiness to imperil his own, was very conspicuous in the early operations in Oude. While young officers wrote home to their parents to be of good cheer, for Sir Colin "never expended a man where a bullet would serve his turn;" the more experienced watched, with unceasing anxiety, the manner in which, when men and not bullets were needed to do the work, the life which was incomparably of most value was instantly placed in jeopardy. For glory or loot the old Highlander cared little, if at all: he was free from any love of killing for its own sake;‖ but he had no ordinary amount of that daring which "turns danger to

* Colonel Alison.—Blackwood, October, 1858.

† Gubbins, p. 397.

‡ *Times*, April 13th, 1857.

§ Sir Colin Campbell himself states, in his despatch (Nov. 18th, 1857), that above 2,000 of the enemy were carried out dead.

‖ In 1839, when Sir Colin Campbell was sent to Hull to assist in quelling the disturbances among the colliers, Sir Charles Napier remarked, that he was precisely the character needed: "a hardy soldier, but gentle and just;" adding—"I want not bullies to join the civilians' cry for murdering the people to

delight." He was never egotistical, and rarely selfish; but when peril was to be encountered, then he seized the lion's share, and eagerly took his place in front of his troops—a mark for the foe. That he should have escaped safe in life and limb is marvellous. It is, however, possible that he may have considered the hazard he encountered, justified by its effect on the troops.

"The Shah Nujeef [he writes] was stormed in the boldest manner by the 93rd Highlanders, under Brigadier Hope, supported by a battalion of detachments under Major Barnston, who was, I regret to say, severely wounded; Captain Peel leading up his heavy guns, with extraordinary gallantry, within a few yards of the building, to batter the massive stone walls. The withering fire of the Highlanders effectually covered the Naval Brigade from great loss; but it was an action almost unexampled in war. Captain Peel behaved very much as if he had been laying the *Shannon* alongside an enemy's frigate."*

Only Sir Colin's knowledge of the weakness of Native troops without European guidance—or, to use his own comparison, of the inefficiency of the bamboo spear without the steel tip, could have justified him in an attempt to storm such a place as the Shah Nujeef. Just as a practised chess-player will overwhelm a novice with a stroke which he could not venture upon with a more equal adversary; so Sir Colin, accustomed to Indian warfare, knew that the danger of hurling his troops against those stone walls, was worth risking for the sake of the advantage which might be gained by the British, could they succeed in inspiring the enemy with the madness of panic.

These anticipations were realised: the natives succumbed at the very moment when the victory was theirs; but they lacked intelligence to see, and nerve to grasp it. The struggle was long and severe, as the following particulars will show. They are gathered partly from private sources, but chiefly from Colonel Alison's graphic narrative; the authorship of which is evidenced by the omission of any notice of the service rendered, and the wounds received, by himself and his younger brother. When the artillery failed, Sir Colin collected the 93rd around him, and told them that he had not intended to have employed them again that day; but that the Shah Nujeef must be taken by them with the bayonet; and he would go with them himself.

The Highlanders were ready, quite ready, to follow Colin Campbell to the death; and not they only: the whole of the troops recognised the calm courage of the leader who never exposed a man of them to any needless peril or fatigue: they knew he had counted the cost, and were willing to share with him a danger as great as that to which the six hundred rode at Balaklava. The object to be gained was incomparably greater. The lives at stake were not merely those of soldiers, who might well be ready to die sword in hand: it was to rescue women and children that Sir Colin now led the desperate assault.

At the word of command, the royal artillery (Middleton's battery) dashed forward with loud cheers, the drivers waving their whips, the gunners their caps, as they galloped past Peel's guns; and, in the teeth of a deadly fire, unlimbered, and poured in round after round of grape. Peel worked his pieces with redoubled energy; and under cover of this iron storm, the 93rd "rolled on in one vast wave." The commander-in-chief rode first with his sword drawn, his form as upright, his eye as keen, as when he led the stormers at St. Sebastian in 1812. His staff crowded round him. The men fell fast; but the column continued to advance without a check till it reached the foot of the loopholed wall, which was nearly twenty feet high. There was no breach, and the assailants had no scaling-ladders. Two of Peel's guns were brought to bear within a few yards of the wall; and, covered by the fusillade of the infantry, the sailors shot fast and strong: but though the masonry fell off in flakes, it left the mass behind, perpendicular, and inaccessible as ever. The muskets of the garrison did great execution; the officers on horseback were nearly all wounded or dismounted. Sir Colin was not touched at this time, but had been slightly wounded earlier in the day, by a ball which reached him after passing through the head of a 93rd grenadier. The elder of the Alisons, while riding a little in advance of Sir Colin, in the hope of shielding him, was struck in the elbow and wrist by two balls, fired from a wall-piece, which shattered his left arm to pieces. The younger, whose sword had been shivered to pieces in his hand while he rode up with the storming

make an example. One may be required—so much the worse; but let not soldiers seek occasion for it, as almost all the civil gentlemen seem to do: let us avoid that as we would sin and death."—*Life of Napier.*

* Despatch, Nov. 18th, 1857.—*London Gazette*, January 16th, 1858.

party to the Secunderbagh, had a second narrow escape. He was struck from his horse by a ball in the breast, which glanced off round his ribs, and came out at his back, instead of passing through his heart. The remaining members of the staff—Baird, Metcalfe, and Foster, with the two gallant volunteers, Lord Seymour and Mr. Kavanagh, who were actively employed in conveying Sir Colin's orders, and searching along the wall for some breach at which the men might enter—all had their horses hit in two or three places. Brigadier Hope (whose "towering form and gentle smile" were eagerly watched by the Highlanders) and his aide-de-camp were rolling on the ground at the same moment.

Sir Colin's brow grew anxious and careworn. By his orders the dead and wounded were carried to the rear, and some rocket-frames brought up, and thrown with admirable precision into the interior of the building. Under cover of this movement the guns were drawn off; and no one, not Sir Colin himself, anticipated the degree of alarm produced on the garrison by the fiery projectiles. As the last throw of a desperate game, Adrian Hope, collecting some fifty men, stole cautiously through the jungle, and reached, unperceived, a portion of the wall, where he had noticed a narrow fissure. Up this a single man was, with some difficulty, pushed: he saw no one on the inside; and was quickly followed by Hope, Ogilvy,* Allgood,† and others. These pushing on, to their astonishment, found themselves almost unopposed, and, gaining the gate, threw it open for their comrades, who entered in time to see the white dresses of the last of the garrison before they disappeared at the back of the fortress, being soon hidden in the rolling smoke and the dense shadows of night. The destruction caused by the rockets, and the unexpected appearance of some of the British within the walls, had produced the evacuation of the fortress.

The day's operations were thus brought to a successful close. Once again the men bivouacked under the canopy of heaven. No tents had been brought, and no camp-fires could be lighted. Before the morning dawned, the bells of the city rang out loud and clear; the beating of many drums was heard; and in expectation of an impending attack, the British ranks were formed. None such was, however, attempted; and preparations were made for the expulsion of the enemy from the buildings which intervened between the Shah Nujeef and the Residency. Outram, on his part, was not idle. He blew up the enemy's works near him; brought artillery to bear upon a building, known to the Europeans as the Mess-house of the 32nd regiment, but which, under the native rule, was called the Koorsheyd Munzil, or Happy Palace; made vigorous sorties, and opened a heavy fire on the Tara Kohtee and the Kaiserbagh, from his heavy guns, howitzers, and mortars. By the afternoon the communication was open; and although the road was exposed to the musket-shot of the enemy, Outram and Havelock ran the gauntlet, and rode forth to meet their deliverer. A long glad shout rang forth from the troops as they watched the evident satisfaction with which Sir Colin received the hearty thanks and congratulations of Outram.‡ Mansfield, Hope Grant, Adrian Hope, Peel, Greathed, Ewart, Norman, Hope Johnstone, Baird (Sir David), Anson, Gough, the Alisons, and scores of other officers were individually welcomed; and the defending and relieving force shook hands in a tumult of joyous excitement. The gain was great, but the cost heavy. The total British casualties were 122 killed, and 414 wounded.

The relief of the Residency was speedily followed by its evacuation; for Sir Colin knew that his presence was imperatively needed at Cawnpoor. He had resolved on seeing the women and children placed in safety; and, if possible, without subjecting them to the chance of a stray shot. Sir James Outram thought that if the Kaiserbagh were destroyed, two strong brigades of 600 men would suffice to hold the city. Sir Colin considered, that to leave another small garrison in Lucknow, would be "to repeat a military error;" and resolved on placing a strong movable division at the Alumbagh, as the best means of holding the city in check, and overawing the surrounding country. The Residency was, he said, a false position, and could not be reached without severe loss on the part of a relieving army: he further avowed his opinion, that the annexation of Oude was an impolitic measure, and unpopular with all classes.§

* Attached to the Madras sappers.

† Assistant quartermaster-general.

‡ Rees' *Siege of Lucknow*, p. 326.

§ Gubbins' *Mutinies in Oudh*, p. 411.

The order for withdrawal was given by Sir Colin immediately after his arrival at the Residency; and everything was done to disguise from the enemy the preparations which were being made for the evacuation of the position so long and resolutely defended. The Kaiserbagh was bombarded on the 20th, 21st, and 22nd of November; and the rebels, in momentary expectation of the storming of the three breaches made in the walls, never dreamed of what was taking place within the Residency compound.

On the night of the 19th, the women and children, the sick and wounded, the state prisoners, the king's treasure and jewels, £240,000 in money, and all the guns worth taking away, were safely transferred from the Residency to the camp of Sir Colin Campbell at the Dilkoosha, without exciting the notice of the enemy. The removal was attended with extreme anxiety to the commander-in-chief; who, moreover, then ascertained that his movements had been needlessly hastened by the unfortunate mistake regarding the quantity of grain remaining in store, which was proved by the amount left behind for want of means of carriage. The proceedings, at this crisis, excited great interest in England, and every little detail was seized and dwelt on in the newspapers. Many of the alleged incidents were wholly fictitious. The anecdote related by Mr. Rees, and alluded to by other writers,* regarding the surprise with which Sir Colin beheld the dainties set before him at "Gubbins' house;" and his alleged inquiry, "why they had not been given to the starving garrison?"—had its origin in Lucknow; which was not the case with the tale regarding the Scotchwoman, who was alleged to have been the first to communicate to the Lucknow garrison the approach of the relieving force; she hearing the pibroch of the Highlanders playing the "Campbells are coming," when dull lowland ears could detect nothing but the accustomed roar of cannon. The "Jessie Brown" story†—for such was the name of the fictitious heroine—like the writing on the Cawnpoor slaughter-house, carried its own refutation with it; but the report regarding Sir Colin had more probability. It was incorrect; for he never visited Gubbins' house, much less dined there. His life was, however, one unvarying protest against luxury; and Mrs. Inglis, in describing him to her friends in England, remarks—"Sir Colin is much liked: he is living now exactly as a private soldier; takes his rations, and lies down whenever he can, to rest." The insight which the different narratives of the siege afford into the strangely varied phases of life in Lucknow (so opposite to the monotonous uniformity of misery endured at Cawnpoor, where every vestige of conventionality had perished), renders it easy to understand Mr. Russell's account of the embarrassing ingredient which the care of so many ladies and children (not to mention ladies' maids) formed in the calculations of the commander-in-chief. "He was in a fever at the various small delays which they considered necessary; and, courteous as he is to women, he for *once* was obliged to be 'a little stern' when he found the dear creatures a little unreasonable." The prolonged discussion regarding the amount of luggage to be taken, and the pleading for "these few little clothes-trunks," must have been trying to the courteous, kindly old bachelor, whose own notions of necessaries and comforts were almost Spartan in simplicity: but he "sustained his position with unflinching fortitude; till at length, when he thought he had seen the last of them out of the place, two young ladies came trippingly in, whisked about the Residency for a short time, and then, with nods and smiles, departed, saying, graciously, 'We'll be back again presently.' 'No, ladies, no; you'll be good enough to do nothing of the kind,' exclaimed he: 'you have been here quite long enough, I am sure; and I have had quite enough trouble in getting you out of it.'"‡

* See Captain Goode's (64th regiment) Letter, published in the *Times*, January 15th, 1858.

† It was originally a little romance, written by a French governess at Jersey, for the use of her pupils; which found its way into a Paris paper; thence to the Jersey *Times*; thence to the London *Times* (December 12th, 1857); and afterwards appeared in nearly all the journals of the United Kingdom.

‡ *Times*, April 13th, 1857. Mr. Russell added, that "in order to make a proper effect, most of the ladies came out in their best gowns and bonnets. Whether 'Betty gave the cheek' a little touch of red or not, I cannot say; but I am assured the array of fashion, though somewhat behind the season, owing to the difficulty of communicating with the Calcutta *modistes*, was very creditable." Captain Goode states, concerning the evacuation of the Residency—"The ladies had to walk out; and I went to see them, expecting to find them looking very miserable. Instead of that, they looked quite well,

The retirement of the garrison commenced at midnight on the 22nd, under cover of Sir Colin's outposts: then these were quietly withdrawn; the pickets fell back through the supports; the supports glided away between the intervals of the reserve; the reserve, including the commander-in-chief, silently defiled into the lane; while the enemy, seeing the lights and fires still burning, and no particular change in the general aspect of the place, thought the Residency still occupied, and kept up the usual desultory night-firing of matchlocks and musketry.

On the morning of the 23rd, with the last straggler* safe within his camp, Sir Colin issued a general order, in which he expressed his gratitude to the force under his command, in the manner of a man who draws his breath freely after a tedious, perilous adventure. With regard to the arduous duty performed by the troops, Sir Colin used these remarkable words:—

"From the morning of the 16th, till last night, the whole force has been one outlying picket, never out of fire, and covering an immense extent of ground, to permit the garrison to retire scathless and in safety, covered by the whole of the relieving force. * * * The movement of retreat of last night, by which the final rescue of the garrison was effected, was a model of discipline and exactness. The consequence was, that the enemy was completely deceived, and the force retired by a narrow tortuous lane—the only line of retreat open in the face of 50,000 enemies—without molestation."†

The arrival at the Dilkoosha was clouded by the death of Sir Henry Havelock, who had borne that designation only four days, having learnt from Sir Colin the news of his nomination as a Knight Commander of the Bath. The honours and wealth in store for his family he could hardly have anticipated, much less the extraordinary, though ephemeral, enthusiasm felt for him in England—ephemeral, that is, in its exaggeration; for, beyond all question, its object was a good and gallant man, and will doubtless be esteemed as such, when the reaction caused by indiscriminate laudation shall have passed away. His career had been an arduous one; and he sank quickly, but gently, at the last; his complaint (dysentery) being aggravated by the "bread-want," so severely felt at Lucknow. Mr. Gubbins, who went to the general's tent the day before his death, approached the dhoolie in which he lay, and found young Havelock seated on the ground beside his father, with one arm powerless, in a sling, and with the other supplying the wants of the dying man, who would allow no one to render him any attendance but his son. Sir Henry expired on the 24th; and his remains were carried to the Alumbagh, and there interred.‡

The whole force—women and children, sick and wounded, treasure and baggage—reached the Alumbagh without molestation; and, on the 27th, Sir Colin, leaving 4,000 men with General Outram, started for Cawnpoor with about 3,000 men, and the women, children, and treasure rescued from Lucknow. He took with him the wounded of both forces. In all, 2,000 helpless persons had to be borne along by troops only one-third more numerous. Bunnee bridge was safely reached the same evening; the general encamped a little beyond it, and there heard heavy firing in the direction of Cawnpoor. No news had been received from that place for several days, and it was evidently necessary to press forward as quickly as possible.

dressed up with white kid gloves; and made me feel quite ashamed of my dirty appearance, as I had been sleeping on the ground, in the dirt, for several nights."—*Times*, January 15th, 1857.

* Captain Waterman was left behind asleep. He woke two hours after the departure of the garrison, and, terrified at his position, ran on and on through the darkness of night, till, breathless and exhausted, he at length overtook the rear-guard. The shock affected his intellect for some time.—Rees, p. 347.

† Sir Colin Campbell's despatch, 23rd Nov., 1857.

‡ When the news of Havelock's death reached England, many verses were written in honour of his memory. One of his biographers declared—

"The heralds have made search, and found his lineage of the best:
He stands amid the sons of God, a son of God confess'd!"

Rev. W. Brock's *Havelock*, p. 273.

Punch also made some strong assertions; but they were limited in their scope to this present life; and ended with the following line—

"Dead, he keeps the realm he saved!"

Mr. Russell (who left England in December) was surprised at finding, that "among his fellow-travellers, the [Anglo] Indians on board did not, as a general rule, exhibit much enthusiasm about Havelock." Still greater was his astonishment at visiting the grave at the Alumbagh, and finding it in the unclean garden-ground, used as a halting-place by the drivers of sheep and oxen along the Cawnpoor road. The letter H, rudely carved on a tree, marked the spot; and at the foot of it was a trench, about six feet long and three broad, which was filled with mud. The ground had "apparently fallen in, as if the wood or brick which had been used to protect the coffin, had become decayed." Such was the condition of Havelock's grave, November 28th, 1858. —Russell's *Diary in India in the Year* 1858-'9 vol. ii., p. 335.

Early on the following morning, the troops, convoy and all, were again in motion. Shortly after the march was resumed, two or three notes were successively brought to Sir Colin—first announcing that Cawnpoor had been attacked; secondly, that General Windham, the officer in command, was hard pressed; and thirdly, that he had been obliged to fall back from outside the city into his intrenchment.

Cawnpoor.—General Windham (an officer well known in connection with one of the most conspicuous features in the Crimean war—the attack on the Redan) had received intelligence of the advance of the Gwalior contingent, and had asked, and obtained leave, about the 14th of November, to be allowed to detain detachments instead of forwarding them to Lucknow, by which means his garrison was increased, until, on the 26th of November, it numbered 1,700 effective men. Among the officers was Captain Mowbray Thomson, one of the four survivors of the first Cawnpoor massacre. His exertions mainly contributed to the timely construction of the fort erected there; which, after all, was but "an indifferent *tête-de-pont*, covering the bridge which was thrown at that point over the Ganges."* An eye-witness writes—"But for his working hand-to-hand with his men and artificers, from day dawn to dark, day by day, as though he had a frame of iron, nerves of steel, and an indomitable will, the most important works would have remained unfinished when the late fearful storm broke upon us."† Captain Thomson's knowledge of native character, and his kindly disposition, gave him great influence with the natives, 4,000 of whom were constantly employed; the digging being done by the men, who received twopence a-day for labouring from sunrise to sunset; the women and children, who carried away the earth in their hands, earning each a penny.‡

Sir Colin Campbell's instructions to General Windham were, "not to move out to attack, unless compelled to do so by circumstances, to save the bombardment of the intrenchment."§ The difficulty lay in deciding what circumstances would warrant a movement which at Lucknow and at Agra had produced such disastrous results. General Windham considered that it would be better to run the risk of meeting, rather than of waiting, the approach of the conjoined force of the Nana's troops and the Gwalior contingent. He was quite new to Indian warfare: he must have heard how easily Havelock had driven the Nana from his positions at Cawnpoor and at Bithoor; but he does not appear to have understood, that the Gwalior contingent, a compact and disciplined force, possessed of a siege-train, and the knowledge needful for its use, formed a new element in the rebel cause; and neither he nor any other person, at this time, suspected the ability of Tantia Topee, or his manner of handling the Nana's beaten and dispirited troops. Moreover, the English force was composed of detachments which had never before acted together in the field; and some of them (just arrived from England) had been engaged, under Windham, in two unsuccessful attacks against the Redan—a circumstance which Sir Colin himself subsequently alluded to, in reference to the second series of disasters at Cawnpoor.‖

On the morning of the 26th of November, Windham set forth with 1,200 infantry, 100 sowars, and eight guns, in the hope of repelling 20,000 men with 40 guns. After marching eight or nine miles, he came upon the advanced guard of the enemy, drawn up in the dry bed of the Pandoo Nuddee. Falling upon them without a moment's hesitation, he carried their position at the first rush, and chased them through a village half a mile in the rear; but soon the main body of the rebels was seen advancing in such strength, that Windham gave the order for retreat; and, closely followed, but not attacked, by the enemy, fell back upon Cawnpoor, and encamped for the night in a plain outside the city.¶

The next morning, the enemy, led by Tantia Topee, suddenly surrounded and assaulted the force. Windham considering,

* *Defence of Cawnpoor in November*, 1857; by Colonel Adye, C.B.; p. 3.

† Letter dated "Cawnpoor, December 7th."—*Times*, January 28th, 1858.

‡ Thomson's *Story of Cawnpoor*, p. 221.

§ Colonel Adye's *Defence of Cawnpoor*.

‖ Sir Colin, in conversing with Mr. Russell at Cawnpoor, "laid the greatest stress on the all-importance of handling soldiers judiciously when they are taken under fire for the first time. 'It may take years to make infantry which has once received a severe check, feel confidence in itself again; indeed, it will never be done, perhaps, except by the most careful handling. It is still longer before cavalry, once beaten, recover the dash and enterprise which constitute so much of their merit.'"—*Diary*, vol. i., p. 200.

¶ General Windham's despatch, Nov. 30th, 1857.

it would appear, that he had only natives to contend with, and quite unversed in the Mahratta tactics which his opponent had studied so zealously, left his flank exposed, and made no provision for the safety of his camp. At the end of five hours' fighting in front, he proceeded, in person, to ascertain the state of things in the intrenchments, and found that the enemy had turned our flank, penetrated into the town, and attacked the new fort. An order was given for a general retirement within the outer intrenchment. A panic ensued; the camp-followers fled; and the advanced camp, with much equipage and baggage, fell into the hands of the enemy. In the hurried flight, a 24-pounder was overturned and abandoned in one of the narrow streets in the city. Colonel Adye and Captain Austin crept out at midnight with a hundred men, and brought it in.

Still desirous of not entirely shutting himself up within the intrenchments, the general made arrangements for holding the broken and wooded ground between the town and the Ganges, where the church and assembly-rooms stood. These buildings contained nearly all the field-stores and luggage of the commander-in-chief's army; which, with unaccountable imprudence, Windham had neglected to remove within the works during the night of the 27th. On the following morning the enemy occupied the town, erected batteries in front of it, and carried on the attack with such vigour, that, before the close of the day, the garrison had everywhere fallen back into the intrenchments; leaving the commissariat stores, including 500 tents, 11,000 rounds of Enfield cartridges, a large quantity of saddlery and harness, and similar camp requisites (for the manufacture of which Cawnpoor is famous), with officers' and soldiers' baggage, and private property valued at £50,000, in the hands of the rebels. There had been much determined courage evinced during the day; but its results were marred by the want of effective combination. The Rifle Brigade long held its ground most bravely; but the palm of suffering and of daring on that calamitous day, is generally accorded to H.M. 64th.

The guns from the centre battery of the enemy were committing fearful havoc amongst Brigadier Carthew's brigade. Perceiving this, the colonel of the 64th, Brigadier Wilson, headed a successful charge on the battery; but being unsupported, the advantage, dearly gained, was soon lost. It appears that the movement was made without the order of the general commanding; for Windham, in his despatch, speaks of Brigadier Wilson, as having "thought proper, prompted by zeal for the service, to lead his regiment against four guns, placed in front of Brigadier Carthew." The regiment (H.M. 64th) was represented by only fourteen officers and 160 men; but detachments of H.M. 34th and 82nd, raised the number associated in the attack to 300. The chief loss fell on the 64th: seven officers were killed, and two wounded; while of the men, eighteen were killed, and fifteen wounded. Brave old Brigadier Wilson (whose horse, wounded in two places, carried him with difficulty over the rough ground) was pushing on with all possible speed to the front, shouting, "Now, boys, you have them!" when he was struck down, mortally wounded. The men carried him to the rear, while he continued to urge them to maintain the honour of the corps. Major Stirling then took command of the 64th, and was killed in the act of spiking a gun; as was also Captain M'Crea, a very promising officer, who was surrounded and cut to pieces while spiking the enemy's fourth gun.*

It is said that the charge was not only unsupported, but that the British guns opened fire on the 64th;† and Brigadier Carthew mentions the fact of his own troops firing in the dark into each other, as one of the causes which rendered his position untenable, and obliged him to retire without permission, and without waiting for the reinforcements which, in compliance with his request, General Windham was then bringing to his aid—a precipitancy censured by the commander-in-chief.‡

The retirement of Brigadier Carthew was but a part of the circle of misfortune which seemed to be again closing round a British garrison in Cawnpoor. The total losses, during the three days, had exceeded 300 men; and, worse than all, the heavy plunge of round shot into the Ganges, near the bridge of boats, showed that the enemy understood the importance of endeavouring to intercept the communication with the force then on the road from Lucknow. The vexed and weary garrison looked forward

* Letter from officer attached to the 64th.—*Times*, January 16th, 1858.

† Letter from a civilian, dated "Cawnpoor, Nov. 28th."—*Times*, January 16th, 1858.

‡ Sir Colin Campbell's despatch, Dec. 9th, 1857.

anxiously to what the next morning, or even the coming night, might produce, when the clatter of a few horsemen was suddenly heard as they passed over the bridge, and ascended, at a rapid pace, the road which led to the fort. The soldiers on the ramparts joyfully announced the arrival of the forerunners of the relieving force. The parapet was soon crowded; and when the foremost rider, an old man with grey hair, was recognised as the commander-in-chief (he having ridden on, with his staff, in advance of the column), cheer after cheer greeted his arrival; till the enemy, surprised at the commotion, for a few minutes ceased firing.

The warmth of the reception was gratifying; but the position in which Sir Colin found himself, was one of complicated peril and difficulty. The unauthorised retirement of Brigadier Carthew occurred immediately after Sir Colin's arrival in the fort, and left the town in the hands of the enemy, who took possession of it during the night, and were allowed to retain it, because the entire force was engaged in the protection of the families and the wounded. The passage of the river occupied thirty hours, and was effected with perfect safety; the fire of the Naval Brigade (superintended by Peel), and of all the field batteries, as well as the guns from the intrenchment, having succeeded in silencing the rebels, who then proceeded to the assembly-rooms and adjoining houses, appropriated what they could of the property stored therein, and made a bonfire of the remaining commissariat field-stores and baggage of the troops returning from Lucknow.

Sir Colin's mortification at being compelled to stand as it were with his hands tied, and witness the conflagration, must have been extreme. He had laboured strenuously, while at Calcutta, to make full provision for the troops, and now the work had to be done again in his absence. His telegram to Lord Canning, reveals his fear of the procrastination which had already aggravated his difficulties; and he entreats his lordship "to give the most urgent orders for the transmission of great-coats, &c., to supply the deficiency occasioned by the destruction of all the clothing of the eight or ten regiments here and at Lucknow."*

Cool-headed as Sir Colin was when the safety of others was concerned, the Highland blood was apt to tingle in his fingers, even when holding the pen; and the caution of the commander overruling the daring of the man, is conspicuous in the following paragraphs of one of his most interesting despatches:—

"I am obliged to submit to the hostile occupation of Cawnpoor, until the actual dispatch of all my incumbrances towards Allahabad has been effected.

"However disagreeable this may be, and although it may tend to give confidence to the enemy, it is precisely one of those cases in which no risk must be run. I trust when the time has arrived for me to act with due regard to these considerations, to see the speedy evacuation of his present position by the enemy."†

On the night of the 3rd of December, Sir Colin got rid of his "incumbrances"—all the families, and half the wounded, being finally dispatched from the camp; and, in the course of the two following days, his arrangements were completed for consigning the remainder of the wounded to places of safety. Meantime the enemy had vainly striven to destroy the floating bridge by fire-boats, and had been defeated in an attack on the British pickets.

On the morning of the 6th, Sir Colin, with a force composed of 5,000 infantry, 600 cavalry, and 35 guns, issued from the intrenchments, to combat 25,000 men, with 40 guns; divided into two distinct bodies—that of the Nana Sahib, under the command of Tantia Topee and Bala Sahib, the Nana's brother, having its line of retreat on Bithoor; and that of the Gwalior contingent, whose retreat lay towards Calpee. Sir Colin's plan was to throw himself on the right of the foe, which "was both tactically the weakest, and strategically the most important, point to gain;" defeat it before it could be reinforced from the centre; "seize the camp of the Gwalior contingent, and establish himself, *à cheval*, upon their line of retreat; thus at once striking at his enemy's communications, whilst he preserved his own."‡

The plan was admirable, and successfully executed. The struggle was protracted through the day; but it terminated in the complete defeat and dispersion of the enemy, and the capture of thirty-two of their guns, with only ninety-nine casualties on the part of the victors. The battle was full of remarkable particulars; but Sir Colin specially called the notice of the governor-general to the "incalculable service" rendered by "Captain Peel and his

* Telegram, dated "Cawnpoor, December 2nd, 1857."

† Despatch, December 2nd, 1857.

‡ Lieut.-colonel Alison.—Blackwood, Oct., 1858.

gallant sailors," in clearing the front with their guns: adding, that "on this occasion there was the sight beheld of 24-pounder guns advancing with the first line of skirmishers." The rout was complete, and was most vigorously carried out. Sir Colin led the pursuit of the Gwalior contingent; and Colonel Alison, in his graphic description of the engagement, and of the condition of the abandoned camp (which proved that the onslaught had been unexpected), writes—

"For fourteen miles the cavalry and horse artillery rode at the gallop; at every step ammunition-waggons and baggage-carts fell into our hands; every body of infantry presenting any appearance of consistency was ridden down and dispersed; the slaughter was great; till at last, despairing of effecting their retreat by the road, the rebels, disbanding and throwing away their arms and accoutrements, dispersed over the country on each side, and flying into the jungle and the cultivation, shrouded themselves in its thick cover from the red sabres and lances of the horsemen. * * * So complete was the surprise, that, in the abandoned camp, the chupatties were found heating upon the fires; the bullocks stood tied beside the hackeries; the sick and wounded were lying in hospitals; the smith left his forge, and the surgeon his ward, to fly from the avenging bayonets. Every tent was found exactly as its late occupants had sprung from it. Many arose too late, for the conquerors spared none that day; neither the sick man in his weakness, nor the strong man in his strength."*

The triumphant reoccupation of Cawnpoor was the last salient point in the eventful year 1857. Sir Colin was anxious to proceed against Futtehghur, but was compelled to wait until the return of the bullock-waggons and camels employed in the transport of the women and children to Allahabad, should afford him means of transport to the army. Meantime, the remains of the Gwalior contingent reassembled at Calpee; and Tantia Topee, with wonderful energy and perseverance, betook himself to the oft-repeated task of gathering together the Nana's rabble retainers, who seemed to have been scattered to the four winds of heaven.

CHAPTER XXIV.

REOCCUPATION OF FUTTEHGHUR; SIEGE AND REOCCUPATION OF LUCKNOW.—JANUARY, FEBRUARY, AND MARCH, 1858.

THE object which the commander-in-chief deemed most important, was the re-establishment of communication with Delhi and Agra, by the reduction and reoccupation of the Central Doab. A great concentric movement was therefore made, by sweeping, with several columns, the rebel masses from all sides of the Doab upon Futtehghur, and thrusting them from thence across the Ganges, into Oude and Rohilcund. Colonel Seaton, with 1,900 men, marched from Delhi by the Grand Trunk road, through the Upper Doab, in the middle of December, and, after defeating a large rebel force at Gungeeree and Puttialee, took possession of Mynpoorie, after encountering and conquering Tej Sing, the rajah, outside the walls. The position was important; Mynpoorie being close to the junction of the Agra and Delhi roads with that to Cawnpoor. Brigadier Walpole, with 2,000 men, swept through the Lower Doab, in the direction of Calpee and the Jumna, by Akbarpoor and Etawah, and joined Seaton at Bewur, near Mynpoorie, whence the combined force proceeded to Futtehghur.

Upon this point, Sir Colin, at the head of the main body (about 5,000 strong), likewise advanced, quitting Cawnpoor on the 24th of December, and clearing the country on his flanks as he advanced. Apart from any immediate military object, he considered it necessary, for the re-establishment of authority, that the march of the troops should be deliberate;† and, in a military point of view, the execution of his plan required, not haste, but precision, and completeness of execution. Precision is not easily obtained from Indian troops; but Sir Colin, with the assistance of

* Blackwood, October, 1858.

† Sir C. Campbell's despatch, January 5th, 1858.

General Mansfield, secured it in an unprecedented degree, by exertions of which it would be impossible to calculate either the amount or the value. Sir Colin had no intention of marching to Futtehghur, or provoking an encounter with the nawab of Furruckabad's troops, until the columns under Seaton and Walpole should have joined the main body: but on reaching the iron suspension-bridge across the Kalee Nuddee (Black River) on the 1st of January, 1858, he found a party of the enemy actively employed in endeavouring to destroy the bridge. In this they failed: the damage done was repaired in a few hours; and, on the following day, the troops were preparing to cross it, when the nawab's force, consisting of about four battalions of regular infantry (41st N.I.), a large body of cavalry, and eight guns, appeared to obstruct the passage of the river. An engagement followed, in which the British, without losing a life, defeated the enemy, captured eight guns (several of which had never been fired, having come up too late), and slaughtered great numbers of sepoys; the cavalry, under Hope Grant, pursuing the fugitives for five or six miles, spearing and cutting them down at every step, till they found refuge in their camp close to Futtehghur fort. Pressing on the next day, Sir Colin found the camp and fort, as well as the town of Furruckabad, abandoned. The enemy had fled in such haste across the Ganges, that they had not even cut the boat-bridge in their rear, or destroyed the gun-carriage manufactory, or set fire to the great stores of seasoned wood which it contained; and thus property to the amount of £100,000 was saved to government. A rebel chief, named Najir Khan, had attempted to make a stand in Furruckabad; but he was given up, with some guns which he had seized, by the inhabitants themselves, under the threat of the destruction of the town. "He was executed," Colonel Alison writes, "on the 4th, with some circumstances of needless cruelty, having been forced to eat hog's flesh, and flogged severely first—deeds unworthy of a great and victorious people." The newly reinstated magistrate, Mr. Power,* appears to have been the person responsible for this barbarity; and Mr. Raikes mentions, that two nawabs of Furruckabad† were hung on the 26th of January, by Mr. Power's order, for being implicated in the murders and robberies of the British at Futtehghur. Who these two men were, does not appear; for magistrates were not, at this time, very particular about establishing the identity of the men they hung: but the real nawab escaped, and eventually obtained a more formal trial, and more lenient sentence. His deserted palace was found to be full of luxurious appliances; mirrors, chandeliers, pictures, books, were in abundance: no human beings remained there, except two or three old women in the zenana; but cats, parrots, and pet dogs roamed through the spacious rooms, clamorous for food. Round the family mausoleum, starving animals wandered—always, till then, cherished for their rare beauty; an elephant had broken loose, and helped himself to food; but seven beautiful horses, less fortunate, were tightly fastened, and stood pawing the ground, and looking piteously for some one to give them the grain, ready steeped for their use, which stood within sight, but out of reach.

The reoccupation of Futtehghur being accomplished, Sir Colin desired to follow up his advantage by the immediate invasion of Rohilcund, and the destruction of the rebel government established by Khan Bahadoor Khan at Bareilly. He wished to secure every step as he advanced—to leave nothing behind him; but steadily pressing on, to roll back the rebel force on one point, and destroy it there. Lord Canning was of a different opinion; and, by the imperative orders of the governor-general in council, the commander-in-chief

* Mr. Power was afterwards suspended for "severity, and other causes."—*Times*, July 7th, 1858.

† Mr. Russell, writing at Futtehghur in May, 1858, states—"In this very place we hung a relative of the nawab of Furruckabad, under circumstances of most disgusting indignity, whilst a chaplain stood by among the spectators. It is actually true that the miserable man entertained one or two officers of a British regiment in his palace the day before his death, and that he believed his statements with respect to his innocence were received; but in a few hours after he had acted as host to a colonel in our army, he was pounced upon by the civil power, and hanged in a way which excited the displeasure of every one who saw it, and particularly of Sir William Peel. All these kinds of vindictive, unchristian, Indian torture, such as sewing Mohammedans in pig-skins, smearing them with pork-fat before execution, and burning their bodies, and forcing Hindoos to defile themselves, are disgraceful, and ultimately recoil on ourselves. They are spiritual and mental tortures to which we have no right to resort, and which we dare not perpetrate in the face of Europe."—*Diary*, vol. ii., p. 43.

(recognised as the first strategist in the British army) was compelled to renounce his matured plan; and, instead of proceeding to reduce Rohilcund, for which his force was fully adequate, was obliged to attempt the subjugation of Oude, for which it was wholly insufficient, in consequence of the strong detachments necessarily posted at numerous important stations, especially at Cawnpoor and Futtehghur. This interference came at a most unlucky moment; for "the army was concentrated, and in the highest spirits; the weather cool, and admirably suited for military operations; the hot months coming on, when movement is death."* Sir Colin behaved admirably. Instead of quarrelling with Lord Canning (as Sir Charles Napier had done with Lord Dalhousie), he gave way; remarking, that "the governor-general has absolute control over, and command of, the army in the field, so far as the direction of the campaign and the points of operation are concerned."† The general at once altered his arrangements, and commenced concentrating his resources in men, stores, and guns, on Cawnpoor; while he continued at Futtehpoor—a position which, by threatening alike Bareilly and Lucknow, gave no indication of his intentions. Here he remained for nearly a month, to the astonishment of his own troops; bearing, with quiet dignity, the abuse of the Indian press, for a delay which was forced upon him in entire opposition to his own judgment.‡ Friends and foes were equally ignorant of his intentions; and, by various feints, he kept the great mass of the Rohilcund troops on the watch for his expected movements. The rebels heard that he had personally examined the broken bridge over the Ramgunga river; and soon after this, 5,000 of the Rohilcund troops, with five guns, crossed the Ganges twelve miles above Futtehghur, and seized upon Shumsabad, a village in which British authority had been re-established. On the 27th of January, Brigadier Hope marched out against them, drove them from Shumsabad, captured their camp and four of their guns, and pursued them for nine miles.

On the 4th of February, Sir Colin's preparations were sufficiently advanced to render him indifferent to further concealment; he therefore proceeded to Cawnpoor, and from thence paid a short visit to the governor-general, who was then at Allahabad. On returning to Cawnpoor, Sir Colin expressed himself ready to march on Lucknow. But Lord Canning again interposed an obstacle. Jung Bahadoor, at the head of 9,000 Goorkas, was on his way to join the army; and would, it was considered, feel slighted if the attack on Lucknow were made without him. Sir Colin, who had by this time made ample provision for doing his own work in his own way, bore this new impediment with manifest impatience; until at length, wearied by the repeated delays of the Goorkas (caused by their bad organisation, and deficient arrangements regarding transport, food, and ammunition), he obtained from Lord Canning an unwilling assent (given in very vague terms) to start without waiting for these auxiliaries. Towards the end of February the move commenced, and the army was seen massing itself all along the road between Calpee and Bunnee, like a snake gathering up fold after fold, in readiness for a spring. The enemy at Lucknow watched with affright the strength of the force which they saw gathering with such slow, sure, almost mechanical action. Huzrut Mahal, the Begum of Oude, with prayers and tears, besought the chiefs to drive Outram from the Alumbagh before the main army should join him. On one occasion, when indignantly haranguing the durbar, she suddenly tore the veil from her beautiful face, and denounced her astonished hearers for their indifference to the wrongs and sufferings of their countrywomen. Repeated, but wholly unsuccessful, attempts were made on the Alumbagh; and in one of these (25th of February), the Begum appeared in the field, mounted on an elephant. But her efforts were all in vain: her short, uneasy term of power was well-nigh over; and she was to be driven forth, a hunted fugitive, from her native city: she had little to hope from the chances of war; for Colin Campbell, with 20,000 men and 180 guns, was advancing, with the avowed resolve of crushing all opposition with artillery. "No matter how long it may take,"

* Colonel Alison.—Blackwood, October, 1858.

† Russell's *Diary*, vol. i., p. 211.

‡ The general order issued by Sir Colin Campbell at the close of the campaign of 1857-'8, contained a reference to the plan of operations, as having been exclusively framed by Lord Canning. This order was commented on in parliament by the Earl of Ellenborough, Sir James Graham and others, as proving the extent to which the plans of the commander-in-chief had been overruled by the governor-general.

he said; "I am determined to have no street fighting. I'll not have my men shot down from houses."

The progress of the siege has been minutely described by Mr. Russell, in whom Sir Colin placed entire confidence. The "correspondent" reached the camp shortly before the march commenced; and even he was unable to find words in which to bring before the "mind's eye a train of baggage animals, twenty-five miles long; a string of 16,000 camels; a siege-train park, covering a square of 400 by 400 yards, with 12,000 oxen attached to it; and a following of 60,000 non-combatants." The baggage of the commander-in-chief was contained in a couple of small portmanteaux, and he lived in a subaltern's tent. The chief of the staff was, it is said, equally moderate in his personal requirements; and it is easy to understand, that Sir Colin and General Mansfield, overwhelmed by the mass of baggage indispensable to the efficiency of the healthy men, and the care of the sick and wounded, were anxious to set the officers an example of abstaining from needlessly increasing the burden.

The army, though large and well appointed, was of course not sufficient for the investment of a city twenty miles in circumference; but Sir Colin considered that by operating from both sides of the Goomtee, it would be possible to enfilade many of the enemy's new works, and to close the great avenues of supply against the town. Sir James Outram, who had been withdrawn from the Alumbagh, was directed to cross the river, advance up the left bank, and turn the first line of the works, formed by the rampart running along the canal and abutting on the river, which he crossed by means of bridges of casks, previously constructed, and ready in the engineers' park. A column under Brigadier Franks, which had previously done good service in its march across Oude, finished its separate labours by freeing the banks of the Goomtee (February 19th) from a considerable body of mutineers, and from a still larger number of insurgents led by Nazim Mehndie Hossein, the chief who, with his uncle, Mohammed Hossein, had once protected British fugitives; but had since joined the flower of the Oude aristocracy in rallying round the standard of the Begum, when her cause was desperate. The assault on Lucknow commenced on the 2nd of March; the river was bridged over on the 5th; and, on the 16th, the city was completely in the possession of the British.*

The points where the fiercest struggles took place were not the same as on former occasions. The Secunderbagh and the Shah Nujeef were easily gained; but, here and there, a few men died at their posts with a resolve which, in an Englishman, would have been called heroic, but which, in a native enemy, was called folly, fanaticism, or worse. The Chuckerwallah, or Yellow bungalow (a building occupying an important position on the race-course), was evacuated by the enemy; but some sepoys remained behind, and defended themselves so desperately, that their assailants, after losing several men in killed and wounded (including Lieutenant Anderson, an officer of the Seiks), withdrew, and, by order of General Outram, brought heavy artillery to bear upon the house; which, having had the desired effect, the Seiks rushed in, and slaughtered all but one of the defenders. He, faint and feeble with many wounds, was brought out with loud yells, and deliberately tortured. A British officer who saw the whole scene, has described it with fearful minuteness. Mr. Russell's account rests on the authority of another eye-witness. The Seiks, assisted by some Englishmen, first seized their victim by the legs, and strove to tear him in two. Failing in this, they dragged him along, stabbing him in the face with their bayonets as they went, till they reached a fire of small sticks, "improvised for the purpose;" over which they held him, and deliberately burnt him to death. Those who can endure to follow these details further, will find them in Lieutenant Majendie's book. His conclusion is, that the saddest part of the scene was the fact, that "in this nineteenth century, with its boasted civilisation and humanity, a human being should lie roasting and consuming to death, while Englishmen and Seiks, gathered in little knots around, looked calmly on."†

The Kaiserbagh, and a palace in its immediate vicinity, named the Begum's Kothee, were the buildings in and around which the chief force of the enemy was concentrated. The attack on the Begum's

* It was said that Sir Colin telegraphed to the governor-general—"I am in *Luck now*." Sir Charles Napier, on conquering Sinde, used a single word, with two true meanings—"*Peccavi*."

† Lieutenant Majendie's *Up among the Pandies*, pp. 180—188.

palace was made on the 11th of March. The order, written by General Mansfield, under Sir Colin's direction, was, as usual, "cold and precise, and exact as a bit of Euclid." Every conceivable contingency was foreseen and provided for; arrangements being especially made for feeding the troops. But, for once, Sir Colin was not there to superintend the assault. A telegram had announced the approach of Jung Bahadur, and his official reception was deemed indispensable. The Jung (Mr. Russell remarks) did not possess "the politeness of princes," and was one hour beyond the time he had appointed; and Sir Colin, in full uniform, paced up and down the state-tent fitted up for the occasion, and listened to the heavy, rolling fire of musketry which announced the commencement of the assault, "as a hunter does to the distant cry of the hounds." His patience was almost exhausted, when Jung Bahadur, his two half-brothers, and a staff of Goorkas, made their appearance, all richly attired "in a kind of compromise between European and Asiatic uniform."

The Jung had not been long seated before a commotion was heard among the dense crowd of spectators. Hope Johnstone, clad in a hodden gray tunic, and covered with dust, strode up the line of the Highlanders, and gave his message from General Mansfield, that the Begum Kothee was taken with very little loss to the British, while that of the enemy was estimated at 500. In the course of the evening, Maun Sing, who had not yet resolved to cast in his lot with the British, visited the Jung in the Goorka camp, and is said to have made an attempt to vindicate his conduct; but his harangue was cut short with the exclamation—"Oh! don't make excuses. Had I not visited London, it is likely I should have been on the other side myself." Maun Sing did not, however, venture within reach of the British authorities,* but soon fell back on his own fortress of Shahgunje.

That night, thousands of sepoys fled from the city. The bombardment of the Kaiserbagh was brought to a close on the 14th, by its unexpected evacuation. The garrison had, apparently, been panic-struck, and fled, leaving some princesses of the Oude family in the zenana. Sir Colin, on hearing this, immediately took measures for their protection. Two or three of them, together with one of the Oude princes (a deaf and dumb youth, twenty years of age), had been killed by a discharge of musketry when the doors were forced in; but the others were gradually calmed by the assurances of the British officers sent to escort them to a place of safety. One of the ladies, when leaving the room, pointed out to Captain Johnstone a box which stood beside her, as containing jewels valued at £100,000. He hid the box, fulfilled his mission, and returned to the zenana. It was on fire; and the box was gone. That day the Kaiserbagh was given up to plunder, and this was one of the prizes. There must have been many fortunes found there. The Seiks and Goorkas were by far the best looters. The British soldiery did not understand the business, and sold the rich jewels which fell into their hands for very trifling sums of ready money, and rum; under the influence of which, they devoted themselves to the gratuitous destruction of everything not immediately convertible into money.†

The plunder which was accumulated by

* *Times*, June 4th, 1858.

† The property taken during the day of legalised plunder must have been enormous; and also that accumulated by individuals after the appointment of prize-agents. Mr. Russell speaks of the "bargains" bought by officers on the spot, from soldiers hot from plunder. A silver casket, full of gems, was offered to him and another officer for two gold mohurs and a bottle of rum: unfortunately they could not accept the proposal, for in India no gentleman carries money in his pocket; and the soldier would not hear of delay. "Shure its not safe," he said, "to have any but reddy money transactions these times." However, seeing the disappointment of the would-be purchasers, he left them a nose-ring, and a butterfly with opal and diamond wings, for a keepsake. Subsequently a jeweller bought the prize for £7,500. This incident adds force to the statement made by Mr. Russell, concerning "certain small caskets in battered uniform cases, which contain estates in Scotland and Ireland, and snug fishing and shooting-boxes in every game-haunted or salmon-frequented angle of the world." Some officers chose to loot for themselves; and two are named as having been killed while so doing. The occupation, even when successful, was apt to thin the ranks: a few carbons of crystal were found to necessitate leave of absence, on account of severe domestic affliction, among the officers; and the rupees and gold mohurs hanging heavily round the waists of the soldiers, acted injuriously on the liver. The process of looting has been described by the same graphic writer from whom the foregoing accounts have been taken. The "banditti of H.M. —— regiment" are depicted with their faces black with powder, cross-belts specked with blood, and coats stuffed out with all manner of valuables. They smashed the fowling-pieces and pistols, to get at the gold mountings and the stones set in the stocks. They burned in a fire,

the prize-agents, was estimated, on the 5th of April, as worth £600,000.* Fresh discoveries were subsequently made; and a few weeks later, the amount reached a million and a quarter.†

The total loss of the force under Sir Colin, from the 2nd to the 26th of March, was 127 killed and 505 wounded. Captain Hodson was one of the sixteen British officers killed or mortally wounded. He was not with his regiment, but was serving as a volunteer, and assisting in a search for concealed sepoys, when he received his death-wound. The surgeon of his regiment, who had the account from the lips of the dying man, states that Hodson "said to his orderly, 'I wonder if any of the rascals are in there!' He turned the angle of the passage, and looked into a dark room, which was full of sepoys; a shot was fired from inside; he staggered back some paces, and then fell. A party of Highlanders, hearing who had been hit, rushed into the room, and bayoneted every one of the enemy."‡ This, however, the Highlanders would certainly have done, whether an officer had been touched or not.

Among the wounded was Captain Peel. He had not long before received news of his having been made a K.C.B.; and his own pleasure in receiving the distinction was heightened by the cordial congratulations of his comrades, and the proud joy of the sailors. He was shot through the thigh while placing his guns before the Dilkoosha. The wound, though dangerous, was not mortal; and when the army quitted Lucknow, Peel, who was then slowly rallying, was placed in a litter obtained from the hospital; and in this manner is supposed to have contracted small-pox, of which he died, April 27th, 1858. His loss was felt as a public and private calamity. In him had fallen the foremost naval officer of the day—a leader who combined the rare gifts of inspiring his men with confidence in his judgment, and unbounded attachment to his person. There was no drawback on the character of the gallant sailor. He was a cordial friend and a chivalrous foe. Though the son of a prime minister, he had fought his way, step by step, to the position which he had achieved, while yet but thirty-four years of age; and it was truly said of him, that "there were not many men among the humblest soldiers of fortune, who would have cared to incur risks similar to those which he seemed to court, day after day, as the normal occupation of his life."§ He had hoped to share in the capture of Delhi; and his detention on the road was a severe disappointment; still he never murmured, but imperilled his life just as freely in every obscure skirmish as at Lucknow.

The loss of the enemy was but vaguely estimated. Upwards of 3,000 bodies were buried by the conquerors; but the rebel leaders all escaped. The Begum held out after Lucknow proper was taken, in a large palace called the Moosabagh, situated on the right bank of the Goomtee. General Outram was dispatched to assault the place, while Brigadier Campbell was sent to cut off her retreat on the south of the Moosabagh. The Begum made overtures for terms of surrender; but failing to obtain them, she hastened to escape from the troops sent to intercept or pursue her, and fled to Bitowlie with her son, Birjis Kudder, her chief counsellor, Mummoo Khan, and a large body of adherents. The Moolvee also fled, with a considerable following, in a different direction—a heavy price being placed on his head.

An interesting episode in the reoccupation of Lucknow, was formed by the rescue of the three survivors of the Seetapoor fugitives. The party who found shelter in the fort of Lonee Sing, rajah of Mithowlee, in June‖ (including Sir Mountstuart Jackson and his sister; Captain Orr, his wife and daughter; Sergeant Morton and little

which they made in the centre of the court, brocades and embroidered shawls, for the sake of the inwrought gold and silver. China, glass, and jade, they dashed to pieces in pure wantonness; pictures they ripped up or tossed on the flames. After alluding to "many a diamond, emerald, and delicate pearl," as having made their way to England, the "special correspondent" adds—"It is just as well that the fair wearers (though jewellery, after all, has a deadening effect on the sensitiveness of the feminine conscience) saw not how the glittering baubles were won, or the scenes in which the treasure was trove." —*Times*, May 31st, 1858 · and *Diary*, vol. i., p. 331.

* *Times*, May 31st, 1858.

† *Star*, June 17th, 1858.

‡ Hodson's *Twelve Years*, p. 370.

§ *Times*, June 5th, 1858. The writer of the present work once asked Captain Peel, whether the story told of his having leaped from the foreyard of H.M.S. *Blenheim*, on the voyage from China, was correct; and if so, why he did it? The reply was, simply to try the experiment. It must be remembered, that this occurred before his Crimean and Indian campaigns had taught him grave lessons of the value of life.

‖ *Ante*, p. 223.

Sophy Christian), though harshly used, were still kept by the rajah, safe in life and honour, until the 20th of October. He then surrendered them, in compliance with the imperative demand of the Oude durbar; and they were taken to Lucknow, and imprisoned in the Kaiserbagh. There they learned, that on the day of the entrance of the relieving force into the Residency, nineteen prisoners, Europeans and others* (including Sir M. Jackson's younger sister, Georgiana), had been massacred by order of the Moolvee of Lucknow—a person concerning whose identity much confusion has arisen from mistakes regarding his name.† At the time of the mutiny at Fyzabad he was under sentence of death for sedition, and he afterwards rose to be a leader of some eminence, by dint of courage and military ability. His tenets as a Sunni, or Sonnite, were opposed to those of the royal family of Oude, and of their chief adherents; and he became the head of a rival faction at Lucknow. Huzrut Mahal had no desire to embark in a *jehad,* or holy war, against the English: her one aim was the restoration of the kingdom to her husband, or, failing that, to her son, Birjis Kudder. Her minister, Mummoo Khan, repeatedly requested the captive officers to inform Sir James Outram that the durbar was willing to release the prisoners, and to allow the garrison to leave the city unmolested, should the British consent to abandon Oude entirely. The refusal of the officers to communicate this proposition gave great offence; but similar negotiations were attempted through Maun Sing. Sir James Outram appears to have been instructed by the governor-general to offer money, and nothing else, for the ransom of the prisoners; and this was of course useless, when the rebel chiefs knew that their own lives were considered forfeited, and, in fact, that blood-money was offered for their heads. On the 16th of November, the male captives were separated from the ladies; led forth, and shot by order of the Moolvee, by a party of the 71st N.I. Sophy Christian did not long survive the loss of her kind protector, Sergeant Morton: she sank on the 24th.‡ But the two ladies were not quite forsaken. A native official, named Wajid Alee, attached to the household of one of the princesses, had befriended the prisoners as far as he dared, without bringing on his own large family the wrath of the Moolvee; and he, together with Anunt Ram, the vakeel of Maun Sing, contrived a plan whereby Mrs. Orr's little daughter was rescued by a kind and brave native woman, who carried her in safety to Maun Sing's city residence, and thence to the Alumbagh. Wajid Alee persuaded Mummoo Khan that the health of the captives was affected by their residence in the Kaiserbagh, and succeeded in gaining leave to remove them to a house near one of the main roads, from whence they were rescued, on the 19th of March, by Captains McNeil and Bogle, and fifty Goorkas—all volunteers.§ At the same time, some other Christians, Eurasians, and descendants of Europeans, were saved, as well as the whole family of Wajid Alee.

Jung Bahadur and his troops had taken part in the concluding operations of the siege, and borne their full share in the sack‖ of Lucknow. When it became indispensable that further outrages should be stopped, and the respectable inhabitants induced to return to the city,¶ a message was opportunely received from Lord Canning, requesting the Nepaulese chief to go down with his forces to Allahabad. As at this time stringent orders were issued for

* The native Christian community of Lucknow formed a gunj, or quarter of the city, containing perhaps 500 persons. Most of these, fearing ill-treatment from the rebel Mohammedans, concealed themselves during the siege; but it does not appear they were searched for or persecuted by the Begum's government; and it is to her credit, that on learning the evacuation of the Residency, she set at liberty 200 prisoners, most of whom had been in the service of the English.

† Captain Reid, a Fyzabad official, calls him Sikunder Shah; Captain Hutchinson says he was known as Ahmed Ali Shah.—Hutchinson's *Mutinies in Oude,* p. 34.

‡ Some medicine, procured for her use from a native doctor, was wrapped in the torn page of an English Bible; and contained Isaiah li., 12, 13, 14.

§ See Captain G. Hutchinson's *Official Narrative of Mutinies in Oude,* for fuller details.

‖ Mr. Russell observes—"We hear, with regret, that the women are sometimes ill-used, and Hindoos commit suicide when they are dishonoured." He further speaks of the city as having been a place of terror, on account of "the license inevitable after the storm of a large town."—*Diary;* and Letter to the *Times,* May 6th, 1858.

¶ When the insulting manner in which the right of search was exercised, and other offensive proceedings were stopped, the respectable inhabitants began to return. Mr. Russell observes—"Thousands of citizens are returning; but tens of thousands will never return; for the court, the nawabs, and rajahs who maintained them are gone for ever, and their palaces are desolate."

the suppression of plunder and outrage, enforced by the introduction of an hourly roll-call, by the prohibition, to even British soldiers, of wearing side-arms, except on guard or duty, and the erection of triangles for the summary punishment of obstinate offenders—the Goorkas were quite willing to commence their return to their native hills. They quitted Lucknow on the 26th of March, and mustered 8,500 men, of whom there were 2,000 sick. Their baggage, carried in 4,500 carts, extended over sixteen miles; and, besides elephants and camels, they had no less than 10,000 bullocks: in fact, their whole force was a mere baggage guard. Their homeward journey was very slow, and the transit proved a heavy drain on the British commissariat and treasury. Eventually, Sir Colin Campbell was obliged to detach a British column to enable the Goorka force to pursue its way to Nepaul. Jung Bahadur had formed high expectations of the reward to which he was personally entitled, in the form of territorial concessions. The British government postponed the consideration of that question; but, in the interim, made the chief a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath—a step which, it was suggested,* might be accounted for on the supposition, that these old, quasi-ecclesiastical orders were considered proper subjects for strong practical jokes.

To return to Lucknow. The reoccupation of the city was scarcely commenced, before Sir James Outram received the orders of Lord Canning to issue a proclamation, which declared the whole territory of Oude confiscated, excepting only the estates of seven or eight small chiefs. Mr. Russell describes the alarm which this document created in camp; and declares that he did not hear one voice raised in its defence; even those who were habitually silent, opening their mouths to condemn the policy which was certain to perpetuate the rebellion in Oude.†

General Outram was not the man to retain office at the cost of carrying out a policy which he deemed unjust and impolitic. Perhaps he had seen cause to change his opinion regarding the annexation of Oude: but whether or no, it is certain that he who, in 1855, as resident at Lucknow, had carried through the forcible deposition of Wajid Ali; now, in 1858, as commissioner of the revolted British province, felt himself bound to consider the position of the rebel chiefs in a very different light to that in which the Calcutta government thought fit to view them. Lord Canning made some concessions; but the same fatal dread of seeming weak, which had prevented the timely withdrawal of the greased cartridges, induced him now to believe, that in the present crisis, "any proclamation put forth in Oude, in a liberal and forgiving spirit, would be open to misconstruction, and subject to perversion."‡

Some startling statements and admissions were made in the course of the correspondence between the governor-general and the commissioner. General Outram declared that, before the mutiny, the landowners had been most unjustly treated under our settlement; and Lord Canning, in his guarded reply, was compelled to admit his fear that it was "too true, that unjust decisions were come to by some of our local officers in investigating and judging the titles of the landowners."§

Lord Canning evidently desired to do in Oude, what Lord Dalhousie had done in the Punjab. As Henry Lawrence and his school were made to give way, in the latter province, to John Lawrence and Robert Montgomery; so now Outram was superseded by Montgomery and a staff, willing to carry out the policy which every man (civil and military) in the British camp in Oude, in March, 1858, concurred in viewing as "too harsh and despotic."‖ The few days in which General Outram exercised power were, however, beneficially employed. He issued the proclamation with a rider, the intended effect of which was to induce the Oude talookdars to read and run to, and not from us:¶ and he is likewise said to have used his personal influence, based on long and courteous

* *The Times*, July 7th, 1858.

† Russell's *Diary*, vol. i., p. 356.

‡ Lord Canning's despatch, dated "Allahabad, March 31st, 1858."

§ *Ibid.*

‖ Mr. George Campbell, financial commissioner for Oude, arrived on the 27th of March, preceding Mr. Montgomery by a few days. "General Outram and Mr. Campbell did not at all agree in the policy which should be adopted towards the rebellious native chiefs and others. The former is for a large, and generous, and general amnesty, except in the cases of actual murderers; the latter is for the most vigorous prosecution and punishment."—Russell's *Diary*, vol. i., p. 363. Mr. Campbell is known as the author of a work advocating the extinction of native Indian dynasties; the annexation of territory; and the diminution of pensions.

¶ *Times*, May 6th, 1858.

intercourse with the leading men, to convince them that they would find the bark of the governor-general worse than his bite. This assurance, though contrary to the long experience of landed proprietors in annexed or conquered provinces, was fulfilled in the way which Outram probably anticipated. The confiscation proclamation created great excitement in England: the annexation of Oude was inquired into, and generally, publicly and officially, denounced as an injustice; and Lord Canning was compelled to adopt (at least in measure) the very policy which Outram had sacrificed himself to promote. And not he alone; for, by a strange coincidence, Lord Ellenborough, who was at the time president of the India Board, breaking through the forms and delays of official life, wrote out to India a despatch, containing so strong and uncompromising a repudiation of Lord Canning's policy, that the document was immediately taken up as a party question, and Lord Ellenborough resigned his position sooner than compromise his colleagues. Certainly, nothing in his term of office "became him like the leaving it." It was alleged at the time, that Lord Canning's proceeding involved no greater injustice than had been practised towards the landowners after the annexation of Sinde and the Punjab. But the system carried out in these two cases was totally different. In Sinde one of the first acts of Sir Charles Napier (supported by Lord Ellenborough), immediately after completing the conquest, was to proclaim the inviolability of private property, and secure the landowners in their estates; a measure which greatly facilitated the rapid and firm establishment of British power in the province. In the Punjab (as Mr. Baillie stated in parliament—detailing facts already mentioned in this work), Lord Dalhousie supported the confiscating policy of Sir John Lawrence, in opposition to that of Sir Henry, who resigned his position. The unpopularity of the spoliation system, necessitated the concentration of British troops in the Punjab, and thereby afforded both the opportunity and temptation for a mutiny of the Native army. Circumstances favoured the warlike talookdars of Oude, and enabled them, individually, to obtain better terms than could have been expected by persons acquainted with the history of British India. Still, many who have been compromised by our original injustice, are beyond the pale of our tardy generosity. Some of the bravest and best chiefs have fallen victims to their uncompromising fidelity to the Begum of Oude; and a *parvenu* and time-server like Maun Sing, pays state visits to the governor-general; while Rajpoot chiefs, like Bainie Madhoo and Nirput Sing, are hunted to death in the jungle like wild beasts.

CHAPTER XXV.

CAMPAIGN OF GENERALS ROSE, ROBERTS, AND WHITLOCK; CAPTURE OF JHANSI, KOTAH, BANDA, KOONCH, AND CALPEE; FALL AND RECONQUEST OF GWALIOR; RANEE OF JHANSI KILLED; AZIMGHUR AND JUGDESPOOR; DEATH OF KOOER SING; GENERAL WALPOLE AT ROYEA; BRIGADIER HOPE KILLED; SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S CAMPAIGN; GENERAL PENNY KILLED; BATTLE OF BAREILLY, AND REOCCUPATION OF ROHILCUND.—JANUARY TO JUNE, 1858.

WHILE the operations already narrated were being carried on by the force under the immediate command of Sir Colin Campbell, a series of important movements were performed, under his directions, by two efficient columns furnished from Bombay, under Generals Rose and Roberts, for the reduction of Central India; in co-operation with a brigade sent from Madras, under General Whitlock. The proceedings of the Central India field force, under Sir Hugh Rose (consisting of two brigades; together, above 5,000 strong), were marked by skill, vigour, and perseverance, and attended with unvarying success. Unfortunately, limited space precludes their being detailed in these pages; but Sir Hugh's clear and powerfully written despatches

are before the public.* Sir Robert Hamilton, the resident at Indore, whose absence in England at the time of the mutiny was so bitterly regretted by Holcar, hurried back to his post,† and became an invaluable coadjutor to Rose; the cordial assistance of the young Maharajah, enabling him to effect commissariat arrangements which would otherwise have been impossible.

Ratghur (twenty-four miles from Saugor), one of the old hill-forts of Central India, was bombarded by Rose on the 26th and 27th of January, 1858; and before daylight on the morning of the 28th, the chief part of the garrison were discovered to have escaped, letting themselves down by ropes from the rocks. A rebel leader, named Mohammed Fazil Khan, who had assumed the title of prince at Mundesore, with another nawab and 200 rebels, were hanged over the principal gate of the fort.‡ Leaving Ratghur in charge of the troops of the Ranee of Bhopal, the British marched on towards Saugor, and once only encountered opposition; when, on the 30th, they carried, after an obstinate defence, a strong village twelve miles from Ratghur, called in the despatches, Barodia. A gallant young captain of engineers, Glastonbury Neville, who had served with distinction before Sebastopol, was killed by a chance round shot while acting as aide-de-camp to the general.

Saugor fort, in which upwards of 150 women and children had been shut up since June,§ was reached and relieved, without opposition, on the 3rd of February. The strong hill-fort of Garracotta, south-east of Saugor, held by a numerous body of Bengal Native infantry, was abandoned without a blow; and large supplies of wheat and grain, sulphur and saltpetre, with four cart-loads of ammunition, were found stored therein.

Jhansi, the richest Hindoo city, and most important fortress in Central India, was the next point of attack. Since the massacre in June, the Ranee had remained in undisturbed possession of the little principality; and the people were fully prepared to support her desperate struggle for the rights of the adopted heir and the maintenance of a native government.

The difficulty of obtaining supplies, delayed the advance of Sir Hugh Rose. He had reason to anticipate resistance at the passes on the road to Jhansi; and the forts of Tal Behut and Chanderee (which, notwithstanding the fidelity and courage of the rajah of Punnah, had fallen into the power of the enemy) would, it was said, be defended by the rajah of Banpore—a chief who, after having been distinguished as the protector of English fugitives,‖ had at length been unwillingly engulphed in the vortex of rebellion; and proved, in the words of General Rose, an "enterprising and courageous" enemy. By a series of masterly movements, Sir Hugh, with the second of his two brigades, made a feint at the Narut Pass, defended by the rajah of Banpore; and a real attack on the pass of Mundesore, held by the rajah of Shahghur, and forced his way, without losing a single life. Chanderee was captured on the 17th of March, by the first brigade, under Brigadier Stuart, with the loss of two killed. On the 23rd of March, Sir Hugh commenced operations against Jhansi. The fort is built of granite, and stands on a rock, within the city, which is four miles and a-half in circumference, and is surrounded by a wall from six to twelve feet thick—varying in height from eighteen to thirty feet. Seven "flying camps of cavalry" were established, as an investing force, round Jhansi, and every precaution was taken to blockade the city. Before Sir Hugh's arrival, the cavalry pickets sent on by him, had overtaken and sabred about a hundred men, who were endeavouring to enter Jhansi, having been sent for by the Ranee to assist in the defence. On the first day of the siege, the shells of the assailants set on fire long rows of hayricks in the south of the city, and caused an extensive conflagration; but the garrison repaired their defences, reopened fire from batteries and guns repeatedly shut up, and struggled to the last with dauntless resolve against an overwhelming force. "The women," Sir Hugh writes, "were seen

* See *London Gazettes*, 1858, 1859.

† The measures adopted, under British direction, for the suppression of mutiny in Indore, cannot here be detailed. The rajah of Amjherra was put to death, as were also 200 men of the Bhopal contingent. Mr. Layard declares (on the authority of an eye-witness, whose account was corroborated by statements in the Indian papers), that the execution of the mutineers was performed "in a manner repugnant to humanity."—*Times*, August 25th, 1858.

‡ Telegram from Sir R. Hamilton; 3rd Feb., 1858.

§ See p. 336.

‖ See p. 314.

working in the batteries, and carrying ammunition. The garden battery was fought under the black flag of the fakirs. Everything indicated a general and determined resistance."

The Ranee had reason to know that efforts were being made for her relief; and Sir Robert Hamilton had likewise been informed, from time to time, that Tantia Topee and the rajah of Banpore were engaged in organising a force, called the "army of the Peishwa," estimated at 20,000 men and twenty guns. On the 31st of March, the enemy crossed the river Betwa, took up a position in rear of the British camp, and lit an immense bonfire, as a signal to Jhansi of their arrival, which was welcomed by salutes from all the batteries of the fort and city, and shouts of joy from their defenders.

Notwithstanding the numerical weakness of his force,* as compared with that under Tantia Topee, Sir Hugh resolved on hazarding a general action, without relaxing either the siege or the investment. He therefore drew up his force across the road from the Betwa—a movement which was effected with silence and regularity, although not accomplished until long after dark. That night the hostile bodies slept on their arms, opposite each other. Next morning, before daybreak, Tantia Topee advanced against the British, but was defeated, pursued for nine miles, and driven (31st of March) across the Betwa, with the loss of 1,500 men, eighteen guns, and large quantities of stores and ammunition.

The dispersion of the auxiliary force, and the slaughter effected by the Shrapnel shells and Enfield rifles of the besiegers, destroyed the last hopes of the Ranee. Her garrison was diminishing at the rate of sixty or seventy persons a day. It is said that she made overtures for terms of surrender, and that the two messengers sent to treat on her behalf, were hanged.†

After the victory at the Betwa, Sir Hugh gave his troops a day's rest. The fire from the fort was no longer serious, for the best guns of the Ranee had been disabled, and her ablest artillerymen killed. A practical breach had been effected in the city wall; and, on the 3rd of April, the palace and chief part of the town of Jhansi were taken by storm. There was some desperate hand-to-hand combats, especially at the palace. In one instance, some forty troopers, part of the Ranee's body-guard, maintained their post at the royal stables, fighting to the last, and struggling even when dying on the ground, to strike again.‡ The last men who held the palace set fire to trains of gunpowder, and perished in the explosion, which, though only partially successful, caused the death of many men of H.M. 86th regiment.

The Ranee and a large part of the garrison evacuated the fort during the night. She was pursued, and nearly overtaken. Lieutenant Bowker, with a party of cavalry, followed her to Bundere, twenty-one miles from Jhansi; and there saw a tent, in which was spread an unfinished breakfast. Pressing on, he came in sight of the Ranee, who was escaping on a grey horse, with four attendants: but at this point he was severely wounded, and compelled to relinquish the pursuit; while she was joined by an escort, sent to her aid by the vigilant Tantia Topee.

On the 4th of April, the fort and remainder of the city were taken possession of by the troops, who, maddened by the recollection of the massacre committed there, and by the determined resistance§ of the people, committed fearful slaughter. No less than 5,000 persons are stated to have perished at Jhansi, or to have been cut down by the "flying camps." Some flung themselves down wells, or otherwise committed suicide; having first slain their women, sooner than trust them to the mercy of the conquerors. Yet the British soldiers are stated to have shown kindness

* "Artillery—three siege guns, 16 light field guns; 14th Light Dragoons, 243 rank and file; Hydrabad cavalry, 207 sabres; H.M. 86th, 208 rank and file; 3rd Bombay European regiment, 226 rank and file; 24th Bombay N.I., 298 rank and file: and 25th Bombay N.I."—Rose's despatch, April 30th, 1858.

† *Times*, August 25th, 1858.

‡ In the quarters of the body-guard were found many standards, including the silk union-jack, given by Lord W. Bentinck to the rajah of Jhansi.

§ "A Velaitee, after an unsuccessful endeavour to blow himself and his wife up, attempted to hew her in pieces, so that she might not fall into our hands." The *Friend of India* (June 10th, 1858), after recording this and other striking instances in which death was chosen rather than surrender, remarks, that it is impossible not to perceive, from the despatches of Sir Hugh Rose, "that other influences than bang, a love of plunder, and a dread of death, must have instigated so determined a resistance." The reason was sufficiently clear: the people of Jhansi fought for their queen and the independence of their country. Even after the city had fallen, Sir Hugh declared, that "the high descent of the Ranee, her unbounded liberality to her troops and retainers, and her fortitude, which no reverses could shake, rendered her an influential and dangerous adversary."—Despatch, April 30th, 1858.

to the desolate and famishing mothers and children, and to have been seen sharing their rations with them. Sir Hugh also gave orders that the starving families should be fed from the prize grain. The British casualties were thirty-eight killed, and 215 wounded. The plunder obtained in the fort and town is said to have been very great. A large number of executions took place daily, after the reoccupation of Jhansi. Among the captives tried and executed under the orders of Sir Robert Hamilton, was the father of the Ranee.

Kotah.—While General Rose was occupied in the capture of Jhansi, General Roberts was employed in wresting Kotah, the capital of a small Rajpoot principality of the same name, from the hands of the Kotah contingent—a force which had joined the revolt, and murdered the political agent (Major Burton) and his two sons, in October, 1857. The rajah was faithful to us. The murder of the three Europeans had been perpetrated against his will; and he recovered, and buried, the bodies of the victims. The head of the major had been cut off, and fired from a gun. The rajah remained besieged by the rebels in his palace-fort, situated on the eastern bank of the Chumbul, until the 27th of March, when the British force crossed the river, joined him at the fort, and from thence bombarded the town. At noon on the 30th, three columns, each of 500 men (72nd Highlanders, H.M. 95th, 83rd, and 10th and 12th Bombay N.I), entered the town through a gate blown in by the engineers, and, spreading right and left, carried the walls, turned the barricades in the streets, and quickly, and with slight loss, took possession of the whole place. The British loss was sixteen killed and forty-four wounded. The casualties were chiefly occasioned by trains of gunpowder laid in various directions.*

Of the mutineers, about 400 were killed. Some threw themselves over the walls, and were dashed to pieces; many were taken prisoners, and subsequently executed; but the mass escaped, carrying with them much treasure, and their proceedings considerably embarrassed Sir Hugh Rose, who, leaving a garrison at Jhansi, marched upon Calpee, the great stronghold and arsenal of the mutineers—held by the Rao Sahib.† Tantia Topee and the Ranee of Jhansi had again assembled their scattered troops, and strove to bar the advance of the British to Calpee, by intrenching themselves at the intervening town of Koonch. Sir Hugh carried the intrenchments by a flank movement; drove the enemy out of the maze of woods, temples, and walled gardens into Koonch, with his artillery; then cleared the town, and pursued the flying foe, with horse artillery and cavalry, for more than eight miles; when the victors, utterly exhausted by heat, thirst, and fatigue, could go no further. A great part of the troops were Europeans, and they had been marching or fighting for sixteen hours. The sun was 115° in the shade Sir Hugh Rose (a powerful, active man of about fifty years of age) fell fainting from his horse four times; but cold water being poured over him, and restoratives administered, he was able to remount and resume the command he so well knew how to use. Only five men were killed, and twenty-six wounded in action; but forty-six men fell under sun-stroke.‡

Shorapoor.—While Rose and Roberts were engaged in the operations above described, the Madras division, under Whitlock, had been delayed in its advance by the necessity of sending a detachment to Shorapoor,§ a small native state, where considerable disaffection had been manifested. The rajah, a young man who, during his minority, had been under British tutelage, was compelled to dismantle his forts, dismiss his armed retainers, and surrender himself a prisoner. He was tried, and condemned to be transported To a Hindoo, under such circumstances, death was the sole alternative from dishonour; and the rajah, seizing his opportunity, blew out his brains with the revolver of the British officer who was conveying him in irons to the place of deportation. His fate made a deep impression in Shorapoor, where his family had ruled for thirty generations.‖ General Whitlock, when able to resume his march, moved on Calpee, by way of Chirkaree, Punnah, and Banda; of which last place he took possession on the 19th of April, after having fought a pitched battle,

* Five infernal machines (consisting of forty matchlock barrels fixed on frames, moveable on wheels) were found at the ends of the streets; but it does not appear that these came into operation.—Roberts' despatch, April 8th, 1858.

† The adopted son of the second adopted son of the last Peishwa, Bajee Rao.

‡ Despatch of Sir H. Rose, May 24th, 1858.

§ See p. 50.

‖ *Times*, Oct. 7th, 1858.

outside the town, with the mutineers and insurgents, who had the nawab in their power. General Whitlock drove them off the field, and pursued them with horse artillery and cavalry; capturing four guns, and killing 500 men.

Calpee.—The nawab and his beaten troops joined the Ranee of Jhansi at Calpee, which it was expected would be stoutly defended by the Gwalior mutineers, in accordance with the urgent representations of the Ranee, who, while at Koonch, had charged them, in an intercepted communication, "to hold to the last Calpee, their only arsenal." But in vain. The place, though surrounded by a labyrinth of ravines, was extremely weak in its fortifications; and the natives have little confidence in any means of defence but strong walls. Therefore when, on the 23rd, the British troops advanced in concentrated force* on the city, the rebels fired a few ineffectual shots and fled, and their leaders were compelled to accompany them; leaving Sir Hugh Rose master of the place, with all its stores, including fifty guns, and large quantities of ammunition.

With the capture of Calpee, the labours of the Central India field force seemed to have come to an end; and Sir Hugh announced, in general orders, his own retirement to recruit his health, and the intended breaking-up of the division. In a spirited farewell address, he praised the energy which had upheld the men throughout a campaign, during which they had traversed more than a thousand miles; had crossed rivers, forced mountain passes, fought pitched battles, and captured fortresses: but still more highly he lauded the discipline, to which he attributed the unchecked successes of their march from the western shores of India to the waters of the Jumna. Sir Hugh organised flying columns, to move from the main body of the force, previous to its general dispersion; but, either from necessity or from inadvertence, from the exhaustion of the men, or the non-appreciation of the emergency, the reinforcement of Gwalior was delayed, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of Sindia, and the anxiety of the commander-in-chief; and thereby gave Tantia Topee an advantage, of which the Mahratta availed himself to play his master-stroke of skill and audacity.

Gwalior.—After the defeat at Koonch, Tantia disappeared. It was subsequently discovered that he had gone to Gwalior, and concealed himself in the bazaar, where he organised a plot for the deposition of Sindia, and carried the news of his success to the Calpee fugitives, who had assembled at Gopalpoor, on the road to Gwalior; upon which place they now advanced, sending assurances to Sindia and the Baiza Bye,† that they were coming with no hostile intentions, but only to get supplies and money, and go to the Deccan; that opposition was useless, for the troops and people of Gwalior were against the British; and they (the rebels) had received from the city 200 letters of invitation and assurance. Neither Sindia nor Dinkur Rao, nor the two chief officers of the army, knew anything of the visit of Tantia Topee—a concealment rendered possible by the general sympathy felt for the rebel cause, which was daily more evident. The zeal and ability of Dinkur Rao, and the dauntless bravery of the Maharajah—who declared that he had never worn bangles (*i.e.*, been a slave), and would not submit to be dictated to by rebels—failed to stem the torrent of disaffection. The Rao and the Ranee took a very bold tone in addressing their followers, declaring that they expected no opposition; but adding—"If there should be any, you may fly if you please. We shall die." At this crisis, an unfortunate difference of opinion is said to have arisen between Sindia and his minister. The latter was in favour of an exclusively defensive policy, pending the arrival of British reinforcements; the former, deceived by certain ring-leaders in the confidence of Tantia Topee, was led to believe that he might safely attack the rebels (who were reported to be dispirited and disorganised) at the head of his own household troops. The councils of the Dewan, however, prevailed up to midnight on the 31st of May: but after he had quitted the palace, the Maharajah was

* The Camel corps, organised by the commander-in-chief for the purpose of dispersing any body of the enemy assembling in the Doab, was ordered to cross the Jumna, and taken to Calpee by Sir Hugh Rose, who, finding his force daily diminishing from sickness, fatigue, and intense heat, seized on all available troops to strengthen his hands, at the risk of incurring blame for absorbing, in one operation, the means intended for the accomplishment of purposes of less obvious and urgent importance.

† The grandmother of Sindia by adoption, known by her title of the Baiza Bye, was a person of considerable ability and influence in the Gwalior state.

prevailed upon to give orders for an instant march against the advancing enemy. Accordingly, the troops were assembled; and at daybreak (June 1st), without the knowledge of Dinkur Rao, Sindia led 8,000 men and 24 guns to Burragaon, eight miles from Gwalior. There he found, and attacked, the rebels: but the action had scarcely commenced, before his army melted like a snow-ball in the sun; some quitting the field, others fraternising with the foe; while very many went off to eat watermelons in the bed of the Morar. Sindia strove to induce his body-guard to fight, and about sixty of these were killed and wounded. He then ascended an adjacent hill, and saw his whole force marching homewards; whereupon he galloped straight to the Phoolbagh with about fifteen attendants, changed his dress, remounted, and rode towards Agra. The Dewan, on hearing of the Maharajah's flight, made arrangements for the escape of the Baiza Bye and other ladies; after which he hastened to overtake Sindia, and, with him, reached Dholpoor in safety before midnight.

The Baiza Bye and the Ranees proceeded to the fort of Nurwar, thirty miles off, except one of them named the "Gujja Raja," the mother of the Maharanee. Believing that Sindia was beleaguered at the Phoolbagh, she seized a sword, mounted her horse, and rode to the palace, summoning all to his aid, until she found that he was really gone. Then she followed the other ladies to Nurwar, where about 600 of Sindia's old irregular horse had assembled for their protection. The rebels earnestly entreated the Baiza Bye to return and take charge of Gwalior; but she made them no reply, and immediately forwarded their communications to Sir Robert Hamilton.

The rebel leaders entered the city in triumph, and declared the Nana its ruler as Peishwa, or chief of the Mahratta confederacy, which they hoped to restore to its former importance. The treasury of Sindia, and his jewels, fell into their hands; six months' pay was distributed among the troops, and every effort made to conciliate the citizens. But little preparation was made for the defence of the fort; and it is probable that both Tantia and the Ranee concurred in resolving to abide by the old Mahratta tactics, and avoid shutting themselves up within walls. Therefore they disposed their forces so as to observe and hold the roads leading upon the city from Indoorkee, Seepree, and the north; the necessary arrangements being effected mainly "under the direction and personal supervision of the Ranee, who, clad in military attire, and attended by a picked and well-armed escort, was constantly in the saddle, ubiquitous and untiring."* Such was the employment of this extraordinary woman on the anniversary of the Jhansi massacre. Her own career was fast hastening to its close. When the news of the fall of Gwalior reached General Rose, he resumed the command he had just quitted; requested the Maharajah to join him from Agra, and the Baiza Bye and the Maharanee from Nurwar, and made instant preparations for marching against the rebels. General Whitlock took charge of Calpee: a portion of General Roberts' Rajpootana force, under Brigadier Smith, and the troops of the Hyderabad contingent (who had just received leave to return home), were ordered to aid in besieging Gwalior; while Colonel Riddell, with a light field battery, and reinforcements of cavalry and infantry, was dispatched from Agra by order of Sir Colin Campbell. The different columns were moved forward with the greatest celerity; the plan of attack being, to invest the city as much as its great extent would allow, and then assault the weakest side—the investing troops cutting off the escape of the rebels. General Rose anticipated that a successful attack on the enemy, outside or inside the city, would be followed, as at Calpee, by the easy capture of the fort. And so it proved. The Mora cantonments (so named from the stream on which they stand), four miles from the Lushkur, or city, were carried by storm on the 16th of June. The assault was made under the direction of General Rose, by two lines commanded by Brigadiers Stuart and Napier; and the mutineers were taken by surprise by the fierce onslaught made, although the sun was already high in the heavens, by troops wearied by a long night march, during the season when exposure to the heat was deemed fatal to Europeans. On the 17th, Brigadier Smith, with H.M. 95th† and the 10th Bombay N.I., a squadron of the 8th Hussars, two divisions of horse artillery,

* Letter from Bombay correspondent.—*Times*, August 3rd, 1858.

† Of the 95th alone, four officers and eighty-five men were disabled by sun-stroke, acting on frames weakened by hunger, extreme fatigue, and exposure in driving the mutineers from the hills.

and a troop of the 1st Lancers, drove the enemy from the heights above the plain which lies before Gwalior, near the Phoolbagh palace. The Hussars subsequently descended to the plain, and made a brilliant charge through the enemy's camp; of which Sir Hugh Rose writes—"One most important result was, the death of the Ranee of Jhansi, who, although a lady, was the bravest and best military leader of the rebels." No English eye marked her fall. The Hussars, unconscious of the advantage they had gained, and scarcely able to sit on their saddles from heat and fatigue, were, for the moment, incapable of further exertion, and retired, supported by a timely reinforcement. Then, it is said, the remnant of the faithful body-guard (many of whom had perished at Jhansi) gathered around the lifeless forms of the Ranee and her sister, who, dressed in male attire, and riding at the head of their squadrons, had fallen together, killed either by part of a shell, or, as is more probable, by balls from the revolvers with which the Hussars were armed. A funeral pyre was raised, and the remains of the two young and beautiful women were burnt, according to the custom of the Hindoos.*

The general attack on Gwalior was made on the 18th, under Sir Hugh Rose in person. The Lushkur was carried with ease; and Brigadier Smith captured the Phoolbagh, killing numbers of the enemy, and seizing their guns. The fort was evacuated in the night.

Brigadier-general Napier pursued the retreating foe with much vigour; captured twenty-five pieces of cannon; and, after slaying many hundred men, "totally dispersed the enemy, with only one casualty on his own side." "Total dispersion" was, however, a part of Tantia Topee's system. The men fled in small numbers, or singly, and reunited at a given point.

On the 20th of June, the Maharajah reentered his capital; and the population of the half-empty, half-closed Lushkur, shouted congratulations as their prince passed, escorted by Sir Hugh Rose, Sir Robert Hamilton, Major Macpherson, and squadrons of Hussars and Lancers. The ceremonial was interrupted by a singular manifestation of fanaticism. Thirteen men (four contingent sepoys and nine Velaitees), with two women and a child, after proceeding some miles from Gwalior towards Agra, deliberately returned to die in the vacated fort. They fired, from the guns on the ramparts, four or five shots at the troops drawn out to receive the prince, and one ball struck immediately in front of Sindia and Major Macpherson. Lieutenants Rose and Waller were sent, with some Native troops and police, to destroy these desperate men, who had taken post upon a bastion, a gun of which commanded the line of approach. The gun burst at the third discharge, and the attacking party advanced. The fanatics slew the women and child, and then perished, fighting to the last—killing or wounding ten of their assailants, including Lieutenant Rose, a very promising young officer, who died in consequence. On reaching the Phoolbagh, Sindia expressed himself warmly grateful for the exertions of the gallant troops, in procuring his speedy restoration to Gwalior. Still, it is to be regretted that the safe policy of Sir Colin Campbell had not been adopted by the governor-general (under whose orders Sir Hugh Rose acted, in consequence of Sir Colin's absence in Rohilcund); and that the urgent entreaty of Sindia for British troops had not been complied with, and the reinforcement of his capital made to precede the capture of Jhansi, Kotah, and other places—a measure which, among other advantages, would have saved the Maharajah his humiliating flight from his capital, and preserved his money and jewels from the hands of the Rao and Tantia Topee.†

On the 29th of June, Sir Hugh Rose resigned his command, and retired to

* The above account is derived from the public papers of the period. Since then, a servant of the Ranee's, present at the time of her death, has furnished other and different particulars. The second lady (who, all statements concur in declaring never left the Ranee's side) is said not to have been her sister, but a Brahmin concubine of the late rajah's. When the Hussars surprised the camp, the ladies were seated togetner, drinking sherbet. They mounted and fled but the horse of the Ranee refused to leap the canal, and she received a shot in the side, and a sabre-cut on the head; but still rode till she fell dead from her saddle, and was surrounded and burnt. The Brahminee had also received a long sabre-cut in front, of which she quickly died.

† The total amount of property stolen or destroyed, belonging to the Maharajah, was estimated at fifty lacs. The Residency, and the dwellings of Dinkur Rao, as well as those of Sindia's chief officers, Bulwunt Rao and Mohurghur (neither of whom had been permitted to accompany the Maharajah on his ill-fated expedition), were expressly given up to plunder by the rebel chiefs.

Poonah, to seek the rest which his health imperatively needed; and the forces that had co-operated in achieving the series of extraordinary successes, which had been crowned by the reconquest of Gwalior, were dispersed over various stations, pending the return of the cool season.

It is now necessary to revert to the operations carried on by Sir Colin Campbell and his lieutenants, in other parts of the great seat of war. Behar, the oldest British province, was remarkable for its deep-rooted hostility to British rule—a feeling which writers who differed on most other matters, agreed in attributing to resumptions, commissions of inquiry, and interference with the tenure of land.* Kooer Sing, of Jugdespoor, was a remarkable example of the hereditary chief of a powerful clan, driven into rebellion by the force of circumstances;—an old man, unstained with the blood of women or children, yet chased from the home of his ancestors—his palace sacked, his villages burned; even the stately temple he had erected for divine worship, razed to the ground; and he hunted as a criminal beyond the pale of mercy, with a price upon his head. The sum, speedily raised from 10,000 to 25,000 rupees, showed the importance attached to his capture: but the offer had no other result than that of bringing hate and discredit on those who offered the blood-money. The starving ryots would not have betrayed the grey hairs of the brave octogenarian for all his confiscated estates; and, to the last, they favoured his repeated escapes, at the cost of being rendered homeless and desolate by the swift vengeance of the British troops. The extent of the influence exercised (consciously and unconsciously) by this single chief, may be understood by the panic his name occasioned at the seat of government; where, according to the *Times*, one of his latest achievements created so much alarm, as to give rise to the question—"What if Kooer Sing, who has feudal suzerainty over a fifth of the sepoy army, should make a dash southward, surprise Raneegunge, seize the railway, and march upon Calcutta?"† Apart from exaggerations like this, the name of Kooer Sing was used wherever Bengal troops still remained loyal, as an incitement to revolt. In Assam, one night in September, 1857, a Hindoo rajah was arrested, with his mother and family, and his treasure seized, for alleged conspiracy; and all the troops in the district, except a few Goorkas, were said to be in the interest of Kooer Sing. In Berar, and the adjacent country, his influence was undeniable; especially in the Saugor and Nerbudda territories. At Jubbulpoor, where the 52nd N.I. was stationed, great excitement was observed among the troops towards the close of the religious festival, known as the Mohurrum. A reinforcement of guns, Europeans, and Madras sepoys, was detached on the 7th of September, from a small moveable column organised from the Nagpoor force, for service in the Saugor and Nerbudda territories. On the 15th, an aged Gond rajah, named Shunkur Shah, who traced his descent through sixty generations, was, with his son and thirteen other persons, arrested, and thrown into the military prison in the cantonments. It does not appear that any correspondence was found, but only several papers "of a rebellious tendency;" one of which was placed on record by the deputy-commissioner, Mr. Clerk. It was a prayer, invoking the goddess Devi to listen to the cry of religion, to shut the mouth of slanderers, devour the backbiters, trample down the sinners, and—exterminate the British.

This invocation (written on the back of a government proclamation) was found in a silk bag, in which the rajah kept his fan, beside the bed whereon he was lying when arrested.‡ The rajah and his son were speedily tried, and condemned to be blown away from guns. An unsuccessful attempt was made for their rescue during the night of the 16th; but precautions had been taken; and the disappointed sepoys gave vent to their excited feelings by setting fire to some unoccupied bungalows. On the 18th the execution took place.

* The *Friend of India* (December 22nd, 1858) remarks, that during the whole "terrible rebellion," the effect of resumption, and of perpetual interference with tenure, has been severely felt. "It was the hope of regaining their lands which armed the aristocracy of the North-West against our rule. It was the hope of restoring the old possessors of the soil which, in so many districts, stirred the peasantry to revolt. It was the deep-seated discontent created by resumptions in Behar, which rendered the movement of Kooer Sing possible, and made that fine province, for months, the seat of a guerilla war. It is the hate created by the Enam commission, which renders the arrival of Tantia Topee in the Deccan, with a couple of thousand ragamuffins at his heels, a danger to be averted at any cost."

† *Times*, June 14th, 1858.

‡ Parl. Papers on the Mutinies in the East Indies, 1858 (No. 7); p. 283.

British officers and Native troops (rendered powerless by the position of the artillery) looked on in silence, as the old man, with his snow-white hair, iron fetters, and haughty bearing, took his place in front of the gun that was to annihilate him, praying aloud that his surviving children might be spared to avenge him; and his son echoed the vengeful petition. The signal was given; then the well-known muffled report followed, with its usual horrible consequences. The natives were suffered to gather together the gory, half-burnt remains, on behalf of the Ranee; while the European officers, according to the testimony of one of them, looked on with a smile of gratified revenge on their lips.*

Such a scene as that just described, could hardly fail in producing a speedy result on the already compromised 52nd. That night the regiment mutinied and left the place, with the exception of one Native officer and ten men. They carried off Lieutenant Macgregor, and offered to surrender him in exchange for the ten faithful sepoys. This could not, of course, be done; and no attempt was made for his deliverance, except an offer of money, which was instantly rejected. The mutineers had a skirmish with the Kamptee column on the 27th of September, in a jungle about twenty-five miles from Jubbulpoor, and retreated, leaving behind them the mangled corpse of Lieutenant Macgregor. Lieutenants Barton and Cockburn, who were stationed with a company of the 52nd at Salemabad, had been previously suffered to return to Jubbulpoor uninjured, the men even bidding them farewell with tears in their eyes. The 52nd went to Nagode, and were there joined by the 50th, who had mutinied on the 15th of September. The Europeans fled; the rebels took possession of the treasure, and placed themselves under the orders of Kooer Sing, who, it was expected, would march from Nagode into Upper India, through Rewah, a native state, the young rajah of which was related to the old Behar chief; and, it was supposed, would neither have the will nor the courage to offer any serious opposition. His situation had been a very painful one at the outbreak. The mutineers burnt his villages; and the British authorities at Allahabad, pronounced him "a fox not to be trusted;" and treated his request for grape for his guns with contempt.† Nevertheless, the rajah, ably supported by the political agent (Lieutenant Osborne), and by Lieutenant-colonel Hinde (who commanded the Rewah contingent), refused to suffer the rebel force to traverse his country—posted troops at the mountain passes, and assumed so resolute an attitude, that Kooer Sing abandoned the attempt, and fell back on Banda. For six months longer the power of Kooer Sing and his clan was unbroken. In March, 1858, Goruckpoor was reoccupied by the rebels, and Azimghur threatened. Colonel Milman, the officer in command at Azimghur, repeated the error so frequently committed during the war, by quitting his own intrenchments to attack the advanced guard of the enemy. An engagement took place at the village of Atrowlee, twenty miles from Azimghur. The hostile troops came up in overwhelming numbers, and the British fled to their intrenchments, abandoning their guns and baggage. The Rajpoot chief followed up his advantage, and took possession of the town of Azimghur. The next day (March 26th), a sortie was made from the intrenchment, under Colonel Dames, on the town. The assailants were repulsed, one officer being killed (Captain Bedford), and eleven men of H.M. 37th killed or disabled. Sir Colin had foreseen the danger to which Azimghur would be exposed, and had detached a force for its relief, under Sir Edward Lugard, from Lucknow on the 20th of March; but Kooer Sing, by destroying a bridge over the Goomtee at Sultanpoor, impeded the advance of the column, which did not reach its destination until the 15th of April. In the meantime, Lord Mark Kerr, with 500 men, hastened from Benares, and, on the 6th of April, succeeded in joining the troops in the intrenchment, after a sharp conflict with the force posted to intercept his entrance. On the 13th of April, Kooer Sing, with some of his adherents, quitted Azimghur; and, on the 15th, the remainder of the enemy were expelled from the city, and pursued for several miles. One of the two lives lost by the victors on this occasion, was that of Mr. Venables, the planter, whose courage had been generally admired; whose "terrific severity" had been much applauded by the vengeance party; and for whose head the mutineers had offered 500 rupees. Happily he did not fall into

* Letter of officer of 52nd N.I.—*Daily News*, November 3rd, 1857.

† Parl. Papers on Mutiny (1857); p. 112.

their hands, but died of his wounds, among his own countrymen.

Kooer Sing retreated towards his hereditary possessions at Jugdespoor, hotly pursued by Brigadier Douglas on the east, and Colonel Cumberlege on the west, in the hope of closing upon him in the angle formed by the confluence of the Gogra and the Ganges. Brigadier Douglas overtook Kooer Sing at Bansdeh, a town midway between Ghazipoor and Chupra, and routed the rebel force, capturing a gun and four elephants. Kooer Sing himself was said to have been severely wounded in the thigh; but he succeeded, through the devoted fidelity of the peasantry, in escaping from the two regiments of Madras cavalry, with which Colonel Cumberlege strove to intercept him; and crossed the Ganges in boats, which were in readiness on the river, just in time to escape steamers sent with troops from Dinapoor and Ghazipoor, directly it was known that he had eluded his pursuers. Brigadier Douglas, on reaching the bank, fired a few rounds from his guns at the rearmost boats, and sunk one of them. It was asserted by the natives, after the campaign was over,* that the old chief was shot in the arm while crossing the Ganges, and that he had himself amputated the shattered limb. He reached Jugdespoor on the 20th or 21st of April, where he was joined by his brother, Umeer Sing, and several thousand armed villagers. On the night of the 22nd, part of the Arrah garrison, in an evil hour, moved out to seek and attack the old chief, as he lay dying in his native jungles. Captain Le Grand was killed; the detachment repulsed with the loss of both their guns; and the casualties amounted to 130 out of 300 men. The bad news of this disaster—the second connected with the name of Arrah—was counterbalanced by the tidings of the death of Kooer Sing. A guerilla war was, however, maintained by Umeer Sing and others of the family, which long prevented the restoration of tranquillity in Behar.

Rohilcund Campaign.—After the reoccupation of Lucknow, the chief rebel stronghold was Bareilly (the capital of Rohilcund, the province adjacent to Oude), in which Khan Bahadoor Khan had established his authority. The defeated Oude rebels flocked thither; and, strangely enough, British troops now advanced to conquer, on their own account, the territory which they had once gained as mercenaries for the vizier of Oude, by the defeat and death of the ancestor of Khan Bahadoor. The chief was old, and his faculties were said to be enfeebled by the use of opium; but his proclamations and orders showed considerable sagacity.† One of his directions proved, that the description of warfare at this time generally adopted by the enemy, was the result of policy, not fear or indecision. "Do not," he said, "attempt to meet the regular columns of the infidels, because they are superior to you in discipline, and have big guns; but watch their movements; guard all the ghauts on the rivers; intercept their communications; stop their supplies; cut up their dâks and posts; and keep constantly hanging about their camps: give them no rest."‡

* The disaffection of the people is repeatedly mentioned in the military despatches of the period. For instance, Sir Edward Lugard complains of "the extremely scanty information procurable, every soul in the district being apparently against us."—*Friend of India*, December 22nd, 1858.

† A very remarkable appeal was made by Khan Bahadoor Khan, on behalf of the Mussulmans, for the cordial co-operation of the Hindoos. He asserted that the English were the enemies of both classes; that they had attempted to make the sepoys forfeit caste by biting suet-greased cartridges; and caused those who refused to do so to be blown away from guns. But the point most strongly urged, was the recent systematic annexation. "The English," Khan Bahadoor writes, "have made it a standing rule, that when a rajah dies without leaving any male issue by his married wife, to confiscate his territory, and they do not allow his adopted son to inherit it; although we learn from the Shastras, that there are ten kinds of sons entitled to share in the property of a deceased Hindoo. Hence, it is obvious that such laws of the English are intended to deprive the native rajahs of their territory and property. They have already seized the territories of Nagpoor and Lucknow."—*Times*, March 24th, 1848. The Indian view of the treatment of native princes and aristocracy, put forth by an avowed enemy, as a means of instigating rebellion, is identical with that expressed in equally plain terms by many English writers. In a recent number of one of our most popular periodicals, the statement is made, that "it has been for many years our system to curtail the dominion, and to depress the influence, of the princes and chiefs of India. The aristocracy of the country have gone down beneath the chariot-wheels of the great Juggernauth which we have driven over them. Not only have we annexed and absorbed all the territory on which we could by any pretext lay an appropriating hand; but, after annexation and absorption, we have gone ruthlessly to work to destroy the local nobility. Our whole system has tended to this result."—*Blackwood's Magazine* for April, 1860; p. 510.

‡ Russell's *Diary*, vol. i., p. 276. Hyder Ali adopted the same policy. See vol. i. (*Indian Empire*), p. 355.

The struggle with a numerous enemy resolved on following this system, was necessarily tedious and harassing, and required an incessant watchfulness in even minor operations; the slightest intermission being followed by disastrous consequences. Sir Colin and General Mansfield—men whose minds and bodies were models of sustained, disciplined power—maintained admirable order and accuracy in all their proceedings; but officers in detached commands were occasionally betrayed into acts of fatal rashness.

Sir Colin, after amply providing for the tenure of Lucknow, divided his force into columns, which were ordered to proceed by different routes converging on Bareilly. On the 9th of April, General Walpole, at the head of about 5,000 men of all arms, marched from Lucknow for the purpose of clearing the left bank of the Ganges, and securing the passage of the Ramgunga at Aligunj, in anticipation of the arrival of the division under the commander-in-chief. On the 15th, General Walpole reached a jungle fort, named Royea, near the village of Rhodamow.

Nirput Sing, the Rajpoot owner of the fort, was an old man and a cripple. He had as yet shown no hostility to the British; but, according to the reports of our spies, he had just received a letter from the Begum, and had resolved on espousing her cause. On receiving the summons of General Walpole, he "did not come in, or send any satisfactory reply."*

The attack on the fort was immediately commenced. General Walpole states, that he "sent forward some infantry in extended order, to enable the place to be reconnoitred, when a heavy fire was immediately opened upon them, and an occasional gun." The consequence was, that the attempted examination was abandoned; and notwithstanding Sir Colin's prohibition of any attack on fortified places except with heavy artillery, part of the 42nd Highlanders and 4th Punjab regiment were suffered to attempt to storm the fort. It is said that they had nearly succeeded, and were desperately clambering up the walls, helping each other by hand and leg and firelock, when the general sent to desire them to retreat; and Brigadier Hope, while engaged in restoring order and getting the men together to retire, was mortally wounded by a musket-ball, fired by a man posted in a high tree inside the walls. The brigadier said to his aide-de-camp, as he fell, "They have done for me: remember me to my friends;" and died in a few seconds. As many men were lost in the retreat as in the advance. Lieutenant Willoughby, the brother to the officer who took a prominent part in firing the small-arm magazine at Delhi, was killed at the head of the Seiks; and the 42nd left Lieutenants Douglas and Bramley behind, mortally wounded. Sergeant Simpson rushed back, and recovered both the bodies; and two men, in striving to rescue others of their comrades, were killed by the fire from the fort; which the triumphant garrison (whose numbers were stated, or guessed, at from 300 to 1,500) poured forth unceasingly, amid shouts and yells of victory. In this miserable business, above a hundred casualties occurred; forty-two Highlanders and forty-six Seiks were killed or wounded. The fallen leaders were all popular men, especially Adrian Hope; and the officers of the 42nd and 93rd, "themselves in a state of furious wrath, and discontented with their general," declared, "the fury of the men was so great, that they were afraid of mutiny, or worse, when poor Hope was buried!"† The "worse" than mutiny, here alluded to, is elsewhere explained as meaning personal threats against Walpole, for having needlessly sacrificed many lives.‡ Altogether, this first procedure against the mud forts of the chiefs of Oude, was extremely discouraging.

After the withdrawal of the storming party, preparations were made for investing the place, which was nothing more than a wall enclosing some houses, with loopholes for musketry, some irregular bastions at the angles, and two gates, both on the same face of the work. The enemy disappeared during the night; and in the morning the British marched in. "A few bodies which seemed to have been overlooked, and three large funeral fires, with the remains of the bodies smouldering,"§ afforded all the evidence that could be obtained as to the loss of life on the part of the enemy. Only five guns were found in the fort; but the track of wheels was followed to a deep well, down which other guns were supposed to have been thrown.

On the 22nd of April, General Walpole

* General Walpole's despatch, April 16th, 1858.—*London Gazette*, July 17th, 1858.

† Russell's *Diary in India*, vol. i., p. 393.

‡ Russell.—*Times*, June 17th, 1858.

§ Walpole's despatch, April 15th, 1858.

had a successful encounter with a body of Rohilcund rebels at Sirsa; and, on the 27th, he reached Tingree. Here the united force, under the commander-in-chief, crossed the Ramgunga by the bridge of boats which Walpole's victory had prevented the enemy from destroying, and British troops set foot in Rohilcund for the first time since the mutiny. Sir Colin was anxious to conciliate the country-people by just and considerate dealings. The most stringent orders were issued against plundering; and it was no unusual thing to see the veteran general, with the flat of his sword, or a cudgel, personally chastising the thievish camp-followers. At Jellalabad (the first halt made in Rohilcund) there was an old mud fort, which had been hastily abandoned by the enemy. A native official, who had acted as tehsildar (deputy-collector) to the Company, came in and surrendered himself, on the assurance of an officer (Captain Carey) that his life should be spared. Mr. Money, the civil officer with the force, seized the man, and ordered him to be hanged, which was accordingly done; the tehsildar meeting his fate "with calmness and even dignity;" but declaring, with his last breath, that he had been snared by the false promise of a British officer. "Sir Colin was extremely indignant at the transaction, which he characterised in the severest way;"* and spoke to Mr. Money in a sharp and decided tone, calculated to prevent such occurrences in the camp for the future.

The force reached Shahjehanpoor on the 30th of April, and found it recently evacuated by the Nana, who had gone to Bareilly to join Khan Bahadoor, the Begum of Oude, and Prince Feroze Shah of Delhi. The Moolvee of Fyzabad had proceeded to Mohumdee. Shahjehanpoor was half empty; and the church, the English cantonments, and stations had been destroyed by the mutineers. On the 2nd of May, Sir Colin marched thence upon Bareilly, through an almost abandoned country, where the fields but too often bore no promise of a second crop. A few very old and very miserable people were alone seen in the villages; the houses were all fastened up, bolted, padlocked, and deserted—a mortifying sight to a commander, who suffered no plunder and no injury, that he could prevent, to be done to the unarmed natives; but a certain consequence of the conduct of the so-called "avenging columns," sent forth at an early stage of the war, when few distinctions were made between the innocent and the guilty. While Sir Colin marched from the north, Brigadier John Jones came south from Moradabad; and a third force, under Colonel H. Richmond Jones (lately commanded by General Penny), advanced from the west, to concentrate on what was now viewed as the metropolis of the revolt. General Penny was a good soldier and a careful leader; but, blinded by false intelligence, he, "for the sake of sparing his troops, neglected some common military precautions,"† and fell while leading a loosely-ordered night march through Budaon, at a village called Kukrowlee, from whence grape and musketry were suddenly fired by an ambushed enemy. Penny, whose bridle-hand was probably disabled, seems to have been carried by his frightened horse into the midst of a party of Ghazis hidden in a ditch, by whom he was killed, and several other officers and men were wounded. The village was shelled, and carried by the bayonet, and the dead body of the general was found stripped and covered with wounds.

Bareilly.—On the 5th of May, the united force advanced upon Bareilly; and an outlying suburb, two miles from the city, was attacked by some Seik companies, followed by the 42nd and 79th regiments. The Seiks pressed forward to explore a ruined mass of one-storied houses in front of the British lines; but finding themselves exposed to a heavy fire of musketry from 700 or 800 concealed matchlockmen, they fell back in disorder on the advancing Highlanders, closely followed by a body of Ghazis—grey-bearded, elderly men, who, sword in hand, with small round bucklers on the left arm, and green cummerbunds, rushed out with bodies bent and heads low, waving their tulwars with a circular motion in the air, and uttering their war-cry—"Bismillah Allah! deen, deen!" (Glory to Allah! the faith, the faith!) At first, the fanatics were mistaken for Seiks, whose passage had already disturbed the British ranks. But Sir Colin was close beside the 42nd, and had just time to say, "Steady, men, steady! Close up the ranks. Bayonet them as they come." A short but sanguinary struggle ensued. Colonel Cameron was pulled off his horse, and only saved by the

* Russell.—*Times*, June 17th, 1858. *Diary*, vol. i., p. 398. "Lord Canning subsequently approved of Mr. Money's act, as he proved the man was a ringleader in rebellion."—*Ibid.*, p. 399.

† Despatch of Adjutant-general, May 6th, 1858.

prompt courage of Sergeant Gardiner. Brigadier Walpole was also seized by two or three Ghazis, and received two cuts on the hand; but he was rescued by the quick bayonets of the 42nd; and, in a few minutes, the dead bodies of the devoted band (133 in number), and some eighteen or twenty wounded on the British side, were all the tokens left of the struggle.*

While the Ghazis were making their fierce onslaught in front, the hostile cavalry swept among the sick and camp-followers in the rear, and seemed as if they intended to make a dash at the baggage, but were soon driven off by the fire of the British guns. The movement had, however, created a panic among the camel-drivers and bazaar people; and elephants, bullocks, camels, and horses rushed wildly across the plain. Mr. Russell, Sir David Baird, and Captain Alison scrambled out of their dhoolies on to their horses, and rode off, very scantily clad, to the shelter of the guns, hotly pursued by the sowars, by whom "the special correspondent"† was nearly surrounded, but rescued through the devotion of his native servants.

The enemy abandoned the suburbs; but it was believed they were concentrating upon some point in the city; and Sir Colin, not deeming it advisable to expose troops, exhausted with thirst and intense heat, to the fatigue and hazard of a series of street fights, secured the cantonments and advanced posts, and bivouacked for the night on the tentless plain.

Brigadier John Jones arrived with his column from Moradabad (which city the rebels evacuated at his approach), and took up his position on the north side of Bareilly, just as the conflict in the suburbs terminated. The commander-in-chief, when he advanced into the cantonment on the following morning, heard the welcome sound of the brigadier's guns; and declared that "this officer had obeyed his instructions with great judgment and spirit; defeated a portion of the enemy on the 5th instant, taking three guns; and finding himself resisted on his approach to the town on the 6th, took three more which were in position against him; entered the town, and took three advanced positions without delay."‡ On the morning of the 7th,

* Sir Colin himself had a narrow escape. As he was riding from one company to another, his eye caught that of a Ghazi, who lay, tulwar in hand, feigning death, just before him. Guessing the *ruse*, he called to a soldier, "Bayonet that man." The Highlander made a thrust at him; but his weapon would not enter the thick cotton quilting of the Ghazi's tunic; and the impostor was just springing to his feet, when a Seik, with "a whistling stroke of his sabre, cut off the Ghazi's head with one blow, as if it had been the bulb of a poppy!"—Russell's *Diary in India*, vol. ii., p. 14.

† Mr. Russell was lame from the kick of a horse; Sir David Baird was ill of a fever; and Captain Alison suffering from small-pox. At this time Sir Colin had no staff: he had "used-up" more than one set of officers completely; and Captain Hope Johnstone alone remained with General Mansfield.—*Times*, July 6th, 1858.

‡ Despatch of Sir C. Campbell, May 8th, 1858.—*London Gazette*, July 28th, 1858. Sir Colin's approval was greatly valued, because of the conscientiousness with which it was given. He never courted popularity by lavish praise; and the manner in which he abstained from recommending officers for the Victoria medal, was often discussed as a grievance in his camp. It is probable that the spirit of the order seemed to him injudicious, as tempting men to seek for distinction by a single daring act, rather than by steady perseverance in ordinary duty. In his own breast, physical courage was an instinct which required repression rather than encouragement; and he sedulously checked every approach to fool-hardiness in both officers and men. At this time, moreover, there was a great tendency to vulgarise the decoration by its too hasty and indiscriminate bestowal. One man was alleged to have received it for running his sword through the body of a dying Ghazi, who stood at bay in a patch of jungle. Another was recommended for it by his comrades, because he "was the sergeant who served out the grog."—*Times*, April 2nd, 1859. Among many instances of the unsatisfactory manner in which the Victoria Cross was given and withheld, may be cited the case of Major Anderson (25th N.I.), the assistant-commissioner of Lucknow, and one of the annalists of the siege. This officer maintained his own house, as an outpost, from the 30th of June till the 22nd of November, 1857. Until the relief in September, he, with only ten men of H.M. 32nd, and ten volunteers held a sand-bag breastwork four-and-a-half feet high, from which a 9 and an 18-pounder gun had been withdrawn, as artillerymen could not load them, on account of the deadly fire from the adjacent houses. General Outram, on his arrival, erected a battery on the spot, where Major (then Captain) Anderson continued till the end of the siege. The men were relieved every week. He remained there nearly five months, employed, day and night, in the defence; and having, besides, to chop wood, cook, wash his own clothes, and dig in the outworks; and all this in a building on which nine guns of different sizes were constantly playing. A desperate attempt was made by the enemy to escalade this outpost; but was most gallantly repulsed. Brigadier Inglis, in his memorable despatch, and the various chronicles of the siege, have borne testimony to the patient, unflinching zeal of Major Anderson; yet when an opportunity occurred for conferring on him an honourable distinction, his services were left unnoticed. The occasion was this. The pillars of the verandah of his house were shot away, and a civilian (Mr. Capper) was

the town was finally reduced, with trifling loss to the victors, except by sun-stroke, under which many more fell than by the tulwars of the Ghazis, of whom detached bodies remained in the houses, and fought to the last. The completeness with which the concentration of the columns was accomplished, excited much admiration for the commander-in-chief's power of organisation. All parties concurred in lauding the masterly manner in which the three columns were brought to bear on a great city, which, though without walls, was believed to be filled by thousands of men, who, hopeless of victory, only desired to die in a hand-to-hand struggle with the infidel. A powerful and well-organised force was needed to crush these dangerous foes, with little loss of the lives Sir Colin was so chary of imperilling. He succeeded in convincing Khan Bahadoor of the fruitlessness of protracting the struggle; and the consequence was, that he and the other rebel leaders fled, leaving the city to fall an easy prize into the hands of the British.

The great political advantage gained by the reoccupation of Bareilly, was enhanced by the precautions taken by the commander-in-chief to check plunder (for which there was comparatively but little opportunity, as the fugitives had removed all available property), and by the proclamation of an amnesty to all but notorious rebels—a measure which was only common justice to the people of Rohilcund; who had been left, ever since the outbreak of the mutiny, entirely in the hands of the recognised representative and legitimate descendant of their former rulers.

The chief events of this important campaign have now been narrated. At its close, the rebels had ceased to possess a single city or fortified town. The British flag had been replanted on the towers of Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpoor, Bareilly, and numerous less important places, by dint of extraordinary efforts, which had been attended with no less extraordinary success. Mutinous troops, rebel princes, and revolted citizens, had been overcome by men fighting on a foreign soil, with frames tried by an uncongenial climate, and liable to be prostrated, amid the din of battle, by sun-stroke, fever, and pestilence. Compassed about by danger and discouragement, they had steadily held on their course—plodding wearily through sandy plains; wading through swamps, or groping among dense jungles often filled with ambushed foes; fighting battles and besieging cities, as it were, incidentally; until, in June, 1858, when no more pitched battles remained to be fought, nor cities to be besieged, the victors might well retire to rest in their cantonments for a short season.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAMPAIGN IN OUDE; FATE OF LEADING REBELS; MOOLVEE OF LUCKNOW; LALL MADHOO SING, OF AMETHIE; BAINIE MADHOO, RANA OF SHUNKERPOOR; DABEE BUX, RAJAH OF GONDA; NIRPUT SING, OF ROYEA; TANTIA TOPEE; MAUN SING; MEHNDIE HOSSEIN; FEROZE SHAH, PRINCE OF DELHI; BEGUM OF OUDE, AND BIRJIS KUDDER; NAWABS OF FURRUCKABAD, BANDA, AND JHUJJUR; RAJAHS OF MITHOWLEE AND BULLUBGHUR; TRIAL, SENTENCE, AND TRANSPORTATION OF THE KING OF DELHI; SURRENDER OF KHAN BAHADOOR KHAN; PENAL SETTLEMENT FOR SEPOYS, FORMED AT THE ANDAMANS; TERMINATION OF THE RULE OF THE E. I. COMPANY; PROCLAMATION OF THE SOVEREIGNTY OF QUEEN VICTORIA, NOV., 1858; CONCLUSION.

THE course of action adopted by Sir Colin Campbell, in July, 1858, for the reduction of Oude, was similar to that which he had followed in the Doab, after the battle of Cawnpoor. By never committing the troops to a forward movement until they could be

completely buried under the ruins. Major Anderson, with three other persons, immediately set to work to rescue the entombed man; and after labouring for three-quarters of an hour, under a heavy fire of round shot and musketry, succeeded in getting him out alive. A corporal who shared the perilous enterprise, received the Victoria medal as a reward. The major, who commanded and co-operated with him, remained undecorated. Of course, a case like this can only be accounted for as occurring through inadvertence.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

HURDWAR.

The town of Hurdwar, which is small, but well built, is adorned with several commodious ghauts, constructed of cut freestone, descending by long flights of steps to the river. It consists chiefly of one principal street, running north and south, parallel with the course of the water, and composed of handsome houses belonging to rich merchants and Brahmins from every part of India. Many of the best edifices of Hurdwar have their foundations laid in the bed of the sacred river.

The roofs of the houses at this place are generally covered by troops of monkeys, who are held in much veneration in every stronghold of Hindoo superstition, and are, consequently, suffered to increase in such unchecked abundance, that they become an intolerable nuisance to their protectors, it being difficult to prevent their intrusion into the most private apartments.

The resident population of Hurdwar being small, the accommodation for pilgrims and others, who repair in great numbers to the place at certain seasons, is of a temporary description only, the wealthy portion of the pilgrims being alone indulged with the shelter of a roof over them; the remainder of the vast multitude whom religion, pleasure, or business brings to the spot, being content to bivouac under canvas, or beneath the shadows of the trees. At an adjacent town named Kunkul, there are, however, numerous serais for the accommodation of strangers, consisting of long, low, quadrangular buildings, surrounded with suites of small apartments, in which human and animal life mingle together in one confused mass of noise, disorder, and excitement.

During the fair (of which we shall presently speak), on either side of the approach to Hurdwar, for a distance of two miles, are to be seen large and handsome tents belonging to the civil and military officers of the Company, who repair thither on duty; while others who visit the place for amusement only, avail themselves of the shelter of the same encampment. These canvas abodes are diversified by the more substantial residences of rich natives, sheltered by large mango groves, and beautified with rare and magnificent flowers; and so great is the necessity for temporary habitations during the fair, that artificers resort to the place from a considerable distance, in order to construct houses of thatch and grass mats, on a bamboo frame.

This celebrated fair is yearly held in the month of April, and lasts nearly a month. It is attended by pilgrims and traders from all parts of India—the first impelled by devotion to perform their ablutions in the sacred river; the other by a desire to profit by the opportunity presented by the vast assemblage, for mingling business with devotion. The auspicious moment for the observance of the religious portion of the affair is calculated by the Brahmins; who aver, that a great increase in the efficacy of the rite is derivable from its performance when Jupiter is in Aquarius, or the Sun enters Aries—which happens every twelfth year.

The climate of Hurdwar, during the early part of April, is exceedingly variable from four in the afternoon until nine or ten on the following day: the wind generally blows from the north or east, over the snowy mountains, rendering the air delightfully cool: during the intermediate hours, however, the thermometer frequently rises to 94°; and the clouds of dust arising from the concourse of people and cattle, add considerably to the annoyance sustained from the heat.

The Ganges, during the rainy season, is a mile in width at Hurdwar, pursuing its course between low woody islands, some of which afford very commodious camping-ground. On the west bank the eye rests upon a ridge of hills, rising to the height of 600 feet, covered with thick brushwood mingled with trees. These hills are cleft in many places into rugged and deep ravines, which afford cover to numerous wild animals. The background of the landscape is formed of part of the range of blue mountains, from 6,000 to 8,000 feet in height, which conceal the base of the Himalaya or snowy region, and fill up the distance in the most magnificent manner possible.

THE PILGRIM FAIR AT HURDWAR.

It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the grandeur and beauty that render Hurdwar one of the places most worthy of a traveller's attention in India, or to attempt to describe the diversified swarms of animate creation that, in the form of men and beasts of every race and clime, cover the whole ground around the holy station during the annual festival of the pilgrims at Hurdwar, in April. Horse-merchants from Bokhara and Cabool occupy the stony, central portions of the river; while those from Torkistan take up quarters behind the houses of the town. Elephant dealers incline to the suburbs for the sake of fodder; but, morning and evening, traverse the roads with their studs, each elephant having a bell attached to its neck to give warning of approach. Buneas, or grain-sellers; Hulwaes, or confectioners; cloth, shawl, and toy-merchants, occupy the roadside, close to the town; their dwelling-places being interspersed with enclosures containing piles of barley and straw, heaped up and ready for sale.

On the sides of the hill to the west, thousands of Seik families are clustered, with their huts, tents, camels, bullocks, mules, and horses, crowded together in wild confusion. Near these are the tents of the better order of visitors, in groups of two or three, and constructed of white or striped canvas, gaily fringed and ornamented with scalloped borderings of scarlet cloth. There, also, are the tents of the superior horse-dealers, Arab or Persian merchants, who have brought animals of the purest breed, for which they demand enormous prices. Men are there, too, with bears, leopards, tigers, deer of all kinds, monkeys, Persian greyhounds, beautiful cats, and rare birds for sale. In short, there are collected at this fair, samples of the most rare, beautiful, and costly of the productions of the East, natural and artificial; while Europe also contributes largely to the stock of valuable merchandise brought to this great mart for distribution among the swarming races of Hindoostan.

The crowding and confusion of buyers and sellers; the native groups in every imaginable variety of costume—some shining in cloth of gold, and surrounded by followers richly arrayed; others less expensively, but picturesquely, dressed, and many half-naked or wildly clad—all mingled together, among priests, soldiers, and religious mendicants—half beggar, half bandit; with here and there a cluster of Europeans mounted upon elephants, and affecting to look with supreme contempt upon the scene around them—exhibit altogether a combination of individualities that no other place in the world is capable of presenting. As may be easily imagined, the noise baffles all description.

During the time of the fair, the neighbouring roads are crowded by thousands of travellers in every description of vehicle, and mounted on elephants, bullocks, and camels, on horseback and on foot, and of all ages, complexions, and costumes. As they pass the pagodas on their way, the air resounds with shouts of "Mahadeo Bol!" which is repeated from front to rear, until the distant echoes take up the note, and the welkin rings with the cry of "Bol! Bol!" The fair and the ghaut divide the attention of persons whom

mere curiosity has drawn to the spot. In the ghaut immense crowds succeed each other without intermission; the vast influx of people thronging to the river-side, especially at the auspicious moment in which ablution is considered most efficacious. This ceremony has, until of late years, been generally productive of serious accident. Formerly a narrow avenue led from the principal street to the ghaut; the rush through this was tremendous, and numerous lives were lost—not fewer than seven hundred having fallen a sacrifice in one day to the enthusiastic zeal with which the devotees pressed forward to the river. The road has, however, been widened, and a convenient ghaut constructed by direction of the government; and the pilgrims at Hurdwar have since been able to perform an essential rite of their religion without danger.

The Brahmins are, of course, conspicuous in the throng: they collect the tribute, but do not otherwise exercise their sacerdotal functions, the bathing being performed without any peculiar ceremony: there are also a vast number of mendicants of every description, many being, from their filth, their distortion, or their nakedness, the most disgusting objects imaginable. The utter absorption of every faculty in the duty performed by the bathers, who are only intent upon saturating their bodies with the sacred waters, offers an extraordinary contrast to the listless, indifferent air of the European spectators, who, lazily reposing on their elephants, survey the scene at a convenient distance. A few missionaries distributing copies of the Scriptures translated into the various dialects of the East, are the only types of European intelligence that appear to take an interest in the scene around them.

Frequently, upon this occasion, a large congregation of the magnates of the land is assembled at Hurdwar. The Begum Sumroo, during her lifetime, would often make her appearance, with a retinue of 1,000 horse and 1,500 infantry. Here, also, was wont to assemble the Nawab of Nujibabad, the Rajahs of Ghuosgarh, Uchet, and Sadwa; the Putteeala rajah and his vakeel, whose attendants were distinguished by their light yellow turbans and sashes; and the Rajah of Balespoor in the mountains: all of whom, the latter especially, making it a point to traverse the fair mornings and evenings. The Balespoor rajah usually appeared seated on a remarkably tall elephant, in a large howdah overlaid with plates of solid silver glistening in the sun, and covered with a pointed dome-like canopy of scarlet, supported on four silver pillars richly embossed. He wore a large white conical turban; and amongst the jewels that adorned his person were two enormous pearls, set as ear-rings, the hoops being of gold three inches in diameter. A servant sat behind him, waving slowly, backwards and forwards over his head, a splendid chowrie, or feather-fan, as an emblem of rank. Many of his relatives followed upon elephants caparisoned in various degrees of splendour, surrounded by horsemen showily dressed and accoutred, capering and curvetting about. Besides these were the usual rabble route on foot (the constant attendants upon Eastern sovereignty), crowding in the rear, heedless of the vicious animals rearing and leaping on all sides, as their riders fired off muskets, matchlocks, and pistols, and made the adjacent hills reverberate with the sound.

Among these wild but truly Oriental pageants, Rhutz (four-wheeled carriages) abound at the fair, the roofs covered with white linen or scarlet cloth, and terminating with ornaments of gold or silver: these are chiefly occupied by women, six or eight of whom are crowded into one vehicle; small curtained apertures at the sides, enabling them to snatch hasty glances at the multitude around, without themselves being visible. Troops of dancing-girls also establish themselves at Hurdwar during the fair, and are to be seen performing either in front of the houses, or in the interior of the dwellings of the rich inhabitants.

As soon as darkness sets in, the whole of the river, the town, and the inhabited portion of the forest, present a continuous blaze of illuminations, the display being varied by occasional bursts of fireworks. Nothing can be more pleasing than the effect of the lamps, sparkling and gleaming between the trees; while the islands and woody shores of the river are distinctly marked by innumerable vessels of oil, kindled and sent floating down the stream.

At these immense annual gatherings the peace of the promiscuous multitude is usually preserved by a large detachment from the Sirmoor battalion of Goorkas, or hill-rangers, who come down from their quarters at Deyrah Dhoon, and garrison one of the islands in the centre of the river, where they are out of the way, and yet suffi-

ciently near to prevent disturbance. A considerable body of police, with the civil magistrates, are also present to enforce regulations for the preservation of order.

MUSSOOREE, OR MUSSOURI.

Leaving Hurdwar, the traveller may proceed up the valley of the Dhoon to the village of Rajpoor, at the foot of the secondary chain of the Himalaya. Part of the road conducts him through a thick forest of lofty trees, among which will be found the rhododendron in full bloom: the underwood is composed of richly flowering plants, and the air laden with the fragrance of the corunda, whose white starry blossoms are redolent with perfume. In some places the road forms itself into an avenue, the branches of the trees meeting overhead. In this beautiful valley, part of which is watered by a clear stream shaded by alders, the turf is enlivened by the amaranth, a bright scarlet and pink flower, and several species of the ranunculus. There are also found large bushes of sage springing from a carpet of thyme, which gives out its aromatic odour to every breeze.

The town of Deyrah, in this valley, is the station of the Goorka battalion of hill-rangers, whose faithful and energetic services through the war of the sepoy revolt, has been frequently and justly acknowledged by every commander under whom they have fought. It has long been selected for the residence of the political agent of the province, and has many advantages to boast of. Deyrah is celebrated for a temple, sacred to the memory of a Hindoo devotee by whom it was founded; but the chief claim of this individual to favourable recollection, arises from the fact of his having constructed a handsome stone tank, which occupies an acre of ground, and is an ornamental as well as useful boon to the inhabitants.

The ascent from Deyrah to Rajpoor is so gradual as to be hardly perceptible; but from the latter place it becomes more abrupt, the road winding along the sides of precipices of the most romantic character, craggy with rocks, and richly clothed with trees that descend to the bottom of deep and almost unfathomable ravines, through which, however, the ear can detect the sound of gushing waters, as they pursue their course through channels impervious to the eye of man.

Rajpoor is an exceedingly pretty village, sufficiently elevated to admit of a clear and unobstructed view of the ever-beautiful Dhoon: near it are some natural curiosities worth visiting, one being the dripping rock of Shansa Dhare. From a precipitous height of overhanging cliff a stream descends in perpetual showers of crystal, each drop producing a petrifaction: and the cliff being worn away by the continual action of the water, assumes a cavernous appearance, formed entirely of spar. In this natural temple a Brahmin has erected an altar, dedicated to Mahadeo (the Great God.) Opposite to this, in another direction, is a spring containing a large proportion of sulphureous particles, rising out of a mass of limestone, and tinging the adjacent stones with its colouring matter. At Mala Pani, in the vicinity, is a monument erected to the memory of General Gillespie and the officers who fell before the fortress of Kalunga, in the Goorka war of 1815.

The summit of the ridge on which Rajpore is situated, is elevated 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and from its utmost height a glorious burst of landscape is presented; the plains below stretching far and wide, bounded on either side by the Jumna and the Ganges, which, at a distance of forty miles apart, pursue their tortuous career until their silvery traces are lost in the meeting skies. After winding for several hundred miles in a south-easterly direction, these beautiful rivers unite—the Jumna throwing itself into the Ganges at Allahabad; thus enclosing an extensive tract of country, called the Dooab, which, by their fertilising waters, is rendered one of the most productive districts in India.

Turning in another direction to the mountain scenery, height rises upon height,

intersecting valleys appear interminable, and the mind is wrapped in astonishment and awe, as the gigantic wonders of the vast scene are unfolded. Mussooree, the site of a station which is now one of the chief resorts of visitors from the plains, stands at an elevation of 7,500 feet above the level of the sea, and is situated on the southern face of the ridge called the Landour range, overlooking a village of that name, which has been selected for the establishment of a military sanitarium for officers and soldiers of the Bengal army who may have lost their health in the plains. Mussooree, in consequence of the great resort of invalids, is rapidly increasing in size and importance; but the dwellings erected by the European residents have been compared, not inaptly, to gulls' nests on the side of a cliff. There is so little table-land—the level plain, composed of a few square yards, being chiefly cut out of the rock—that the foundations of many of the cottages are built up with masonry at the edge of precipices, and there is scarcely an enclosed piece of ground round any dwelling. The roads are narrow, and in many places scooped out of the sides of steeps of the most fearful-looking nature; yet, so speedily does the eye become accustomed to the appearance of danger, that ladies gallop along them without experiencing any apprehension.

The Mussooree heights are composed of transition limestone, very craggy and bold, and argillaceous schistus, the slate exceedingly crumbling; there is also a large vein of trap in its valleys. No great expense is incurred in the building of houses at Mussooree; the abundance of timber in its immediate vicinity affording all necessary woodwork in inexhaustible quantities, among which the oak and rhododendron—the latter attaining the size of a forest-tree—are prominent. Some Europeans have been rather unfortunate in the site of their houses; others, more happily placed, are sheltered from the north wind, which, passing over the snowy mountains, exercises a chilling influence over everything exposed to its keen blasts. The trees on the northern side of the range are stunted and withered; but luxuriance and beauty characterise the south—the one side being covered with rhododendrons, rich with flowers; while the other is gloomy, with a clothing of sombre pines.

The rhododendron tree bears a magnificent crimson flower, and forms one of the most beautiful as well as the most prominent features of the scene. The cherry, pear, and barberry are also found. The first European mansion constructed at Mussooree belonged to a Colonel Young, commanding a Goorka corps stationed in the Dhoon. It was called by the undignified appellation of the Potato-garden, in consequence of a plantation of that useful vegetable; and remained for years the only habitation of the kind upon the hill. The house was prettily situated, perched upon the summit of one of the lower knolls, that cluster together, and rise one above the other from the Mussooree range.

The neighbouring valleys and ridges afford to the lovers of field-sports, domiciled at Mussooree, abundant opportunities for procuring every sort of game, although there is doubtless some difficulty in the pursuit of it. The pheasants are exceedingly numerous, and of great size and beauty.

The station assumes a very interesting appearance at night, with the lights from its numerous houses sprinkled about the hill-sides, and the fires which native servants kindle on the ground wherever they can find space. Many of the builders of houses among the Mussooree hills appear to have been solely influenced in the choice of a site by the prospect it commands; others, however, have looked more to the eligibility and convenience of the situation as regards water; for though the mountain streams may be heard, and are even seen, meandering through the bed of the ravine immediately below the windows, they are not accessible but with much cost of time and labour; and the necessary supply of water frequently becomes very expensive, on account of the carriage.

Estates here are purchased or rented on lease from the rajah of the district, who is very willing to let to strangers, land which has hitherto contributed little or nothing to his annual revenue. Spots thus taken are indicated by a board bearing the proprietor's name, who thus frequently possesses himself of a large and beautiful estate, consisting, perhaps, of a whole hill covered with forest-trees, and stocked with abundance of game; of which he is sole master, subject only to some regulations which have been found necessary to prevent the wanton demolition of timber. In the dearth of amusement, it has been known that the cutting down trees, either for fuel, or merely for the purpose of watching

their fall, has formed the employment of vacant minds; but of late years, such senseless pastime has been restricted; and those who would have disregarded the appeal of taste and propriety, have been compelled to bow to the prohibitory mandate of superior authority.

THE ABBEY AND HILLS FROM NEAR MUSSOOREE.

Although the general appearance of Mussooree might have been much improved by more tasteful arrangements on the part of the early residents, yet there are many habitations in the locality which possess a considerable portion of picturesque beauty; and amongst these the mansion which, with greater regard for European associations than for local propriety, has been entitled "The Abbey," stands conspicuous.

The abbey at Mussooree occupies a very commanding site, apart from all other habitations, on the extreme summit of a rugged mountain. During the fine weather, the prospects obtained from its elevated situation much more than compensate for any disadvantage; but, in the wet season, it is completely enveloped in mist, and damp clouds penetrate through every aperture. The intrusion of fog into a house is sufficiently disagreeable; but in these altitudes the clouds take the same liberty; and suddenly, if sitting in an apartment with the door or window open, the inhabitants often find themselves wrapped in a very poetical but very inconvenient garment. The storms, also, experienced in these elevated situations are exceedingly terrific; occasionally they rage below the residence, encircling some sublime peak of the Landour range; but at other times they pour their unbroken fury on the devoted mansion and its terrified inhabitants—the thunder peals amidst the snow-storm, while lightning flashes around like a continuous sheet of fire, and a tremendous hurricane threatens destruction to whatever opposes its progress.

The extent of mischief occasioned by these elementary conflicts is often very great in these exposed regions; and it is with fear and trembling that, after the fury of the storm has passed by, the inhabitants venture forth to survey the havoc that traces its path. On one side are seen trees torn up by their roots; on another are rocks wrenched from their foundations, and precipitated down the side of the mountain, carrying with them, in their descent to some dark abyss, the soil and vegetation in their path. Sheep and poultry are scattered about lifeless, crushed by the descending mass; and it has occasionally happened, that human life also has been found equally insecure among these alpine heights.

In consequence of the frequent mutations of Anglo-Indian society, the abbey has more than once changed its owner, but has always been considered a desirable property, notwithstanding its exposure to all the winds of heaven. It is scarcely possible to have a finer or more extended view than that which is commanded from the windows. The gigantic Choor is visible to the right, capped with snow, which remains unmelted during the greater part of the year; while, on every side, hills and valleys, in endless succession, present flourishing villages, surrounded with rich cultivation, scattered hamlets, and thick forests. To the left, a partial glance at the Dhoon and the plains beyond close the prospect; while, in the distance, the river Jumna can be seen threading the mazes of the champaign country, and marking its course by a thread of silver.

During the months of July and August the rain falls almost incessantly, and the inhabitants of Mussooree are compelled to find amusement within the shelter of their homes. At this period the views from the abbey are naturally circumscribed; but good fires impart a glow of genial warmth and comfort to the weather-bound; and whenever the sky clears up, the most beautiful effects are visible in the scenery, either wholly or partially unveiled by the sunbeams breaking through the clouds. A lover of nature domiciled in one of these altitudes will always find something to interest him and

command attention in the numerous changes which take place in different states of the atmosphere, imparting endless variety to scenery always sublime. Sunrise is accompanied by the highest degree of splendour in these alpine regions, lighting up the mountain-brows with gold, and flinging over the snowy range afar off those gorgeous hues which only the hand of nature can display. Then, as the mists curl upwards, and the veil is drawn from the face of the earth, the distant towns and villages gradually appear, and give to the rich and varied landscape the charm of almost fairy-like beauty. Such are amongst the attractions of the hill station of Mussooree.

THE HIMALAYAS—SNOWY RANGE FROM LANDOUR.

The Himalaya Mountains, signifying by name "the abode of snow," form the tremendous barrier which, stretching from the Indus on the north-west, to the Bramapootra on the south-east, divides the plains of Hindoostan from the wilds of Thibet and Tartary. This chain of mountains comprises numerous ranges, extending in different directions west of the Indus. One of its ramifications, running in a still more westerly direction, is known to the Afghans by the name of the Hindoo-Koosh, the whole stupendous range being merely broken by the Indus. From the north-east point of Cashmere it takes a south-eastern course, stretching along the sources of all the Punjab rivers, except the Sutlej, where it separates the hilly portion of the Lahore province from those tracts which have been designated, in modern geography, Little Thibet. Still pursuing the same direction, it crosses the heads of the Ganges and Jumna, and forces their currents towards a southward channel. Farther east, the chain is supposed to be less continuous, it being the generally received opinion that it is penetrated by the Gunduck, the Arun, the Cosi, and the Teesta rivers. Beyond the limits of Bootan, the course of the chain extending into an unexplored country, it can be traced no longer; but the supposition is in favour of its running to the Chinese sea, skirting the northern frontier of the provinces of Quangsi and Quantong, and lessening in height as it approaches the east. The portion of this extensive chain which borders Hindoostan, rises to an elevation far exceeding that of any other mountains in the world, in some places forming an impassable barrier to the countries beyond, and rendering their extent a matter of conjecture only. The breadth of the snowy chain varies in different parts between the Sutlej and the Ganges; but it has been estimated at about eighty miles from the plains of Hindoostan to those of Thibet. The heights of this splendid barrier are unsurmountable by man; but in some places, the beds of rivers which intersect it afford access to its wild and gloomy fastnesses; and as a few have succeeded in penetrating the gigantic mass, there is a possibility that the efforts of science and daring combined, may yet force a passage through the rocks and snows of these desert wastes. The ranges of hills, extending in a southerly direction from the Himalaya, are divided into numerous principalities to the eastward of the Sutlej—Sirmoor, Gurhwal, Kumaon, Nepaul; and many others are to be found, several of which were unknown to the European inhabitants of India previous to the Goorka wars of 1815.

The plains of India may with justice be deemed one vast prison, in which the sun, aided at one period of the year by the hot winds, acts the part of gaoler. It is only during a brief interval in the morning and evening, that exercise can be taken with impunity, except during the cold season; and even then a carriage or a horse is required. Emancipation, therefore, from these restraints—a feeling of power to wander at will in the open air, and the invigorating influence of a bracing atmosphere, combine to render individuals, on their arrival at Mussooree, like captives newly liberated from a dungeon, or schoolboys breaking loose from their forms.

From Mussooree a road has been cut at the elevation of 7,000 feet above the sea level, that completely encircles the height chosen for the sanitarium of Landour; per-

mitting the residents to make an easy excursion of about four miles, either on horseback or on foot; every step of the way being fraught with objects of beauty and interest.

In no place can the snowy range of the Himalaya be seen to more advantage than from the western side of Landour; the distance being about thirty miles. From this point it rises with a majesty and distinctness which is in some measure lost when the traveller, at a nearer approach, becomes shut in as it were amid lofty peaks, which circumscribe his view; and where, in consequence of the extraordinary purity of the atmosphere, they, especially soon after sunrise, appear to the eye much nearer than they really are. The intermediate country is then veiled in mist, spreading like a lake; and the snowy eminences beyond, rising from its margin, when lighted up by the slanting rays of the sun, seem as if they could be gained by an easy effort: it is not until those silvery mists have cleared away, and the sun shines out with broader splendour, revealing the true state of the case, that the illusion is dispelled. Dhawallaghiri (the white mountain), in which the river Gunduck has its source, is considered to be the most lofty of these peaks: its height has not been exactly determined; but accounts that are esteemed accurate, render it 27,400 feet above the level of the sea. Jumnoutri and Gungoutri, whence the Jumna and the Ganges have their birth, are next in proportion, both exceeding 24,000 feet; but the last-named is the most highly honoured by the natives, some of whom affirm, that on its topmost summit Mahadeo has erected his throne; while others reverence the whole mountain as the god.

Villages are to be found at an elevation of 14,000 feet; but dwelling at this altitude is not healthy, and the inhabitants have a wretched and attenuated appearance. Cultivation has been carried, in some places, 500 feet higher; and vegetation does not totally cease until stopped, at the height of 16,000 feet, by that eternal barrier of snow which asserts supreme dominion over the sullen wastes above.

From another point of Landour the eye embraces the splendid range of mountains through which the sacred river forces its impetuous course—now fretting along a narrow channel, which it has worn amid the rocks; and now flinging itself down in glittering volumes from ridge to ridge; until at length, emerging from the hills, it is seen winding and wandering along the level country in curves of beauty, which the eye may trace until they are lost in distance.

From the crest of the Sowa Khola ridge, at a short distance from Landour, the whole valley of Deyrah Dhoon, the small Sewalik range which encloses it to the south, and the dim plains of Saharunpoor still further in the distance, burst upon the delighted vision; the snowy mountains forming a magnificent background, and the monarch of the secondary belt—the sublime Choor—standing out in bold relief; while in the vast expanse of plain, the silver lines of the Ganges and Jumna are seen shining through the haze.

SNOWY RANGE FROM TYNEE.

In India, it has long been considered a natural consequence of the position, that all adventurous persons who take up their head-quarters at any of the hill-stations, should make excursions through the mountain passes beyond; and it has not unfrequently happened that some, more enterprising than others of the migratory tribe, have penetrated to the sources of the Ganges and the Jumna. When projecting a tour in the Himalayas, with the latter object in view, it is always desirable that a party of three or more Europeans should unite, each providing himself with some eight or ten servants, who in turn require the assistance of a strong corps of coolies, or porters. They must provide themselves with tents, sure-footed ponies, and chairs, called jhampans; the bearers who carry them on their shoulders on poles, being called jhampanis. It is not always easy to induce the natives to engage in these expeditions. Despite their servile obsequiousness, they look upon the Feringhees—who are not content with the comforts they might enjoy

under a good roof, and voluntarily expose themselves to hardships and privations solely from an absurd admiration of mountains, rocks, trees, and horrid snows—as little better than madmen. Accordingly, the instant that any disastrous circumstances occur—when food and fuel become scarce, the cold intense, and the prospect threatening—a general strike is almost certain to take place; and these mutinies are only suppressed by returning fine weather, the opportune acquisition of a fat sheep, or the materials for a good fire; discontent gradually subsiding under the genial influence of sunshine, roast mutton, or even the blaze without the meat.

The perils to be encountered from cold, hunger, and rebellion, are notorious among travellers; but a natural ardour in the pursuit of the picturesque renders such contingencies of minor importance; and the tourists should start from Mussooree in good spirits, and with a determination to accomplish the object for which they set out. Very shortly after the commencement of their travels, they will reach the spot whence the accompanying view was taken.

Tynee, or Marma, stands at an elevation of about 10,000 feet, and affords an opportunity for enjoying in full perfection the sublimity of mountain scenery. The foreground of the vast picture is composed of a ridge richly covered with timber (the growth of ages), and contrasting, by its dark foliage, with the barer eminences around, which, rising in all directions, appear as if the tumultuous waves of a stormy ocean had suddenly been frozen into solidity; while the forest, standing forth in the midst, looks like a peninsula stretching far into the billows. Beyond this wild and confused sea of mountains, arise, in calmer majesty, vast towering piles of stainless snow, which, from whatever point they may be viewed, never fail to inspire sentiments of admiration and of awe. The higher cluster of white peaks near the centre are those of Bundapooch, above Jumnoutri, the source of the Jumna. To the right are the Rudra Himalaya, near Gungoutri, whence springs the Ganges; and still further to the east, the loftiest of the peaks, the Dhawallaghiri, may sometimes be discovered at a distance of 250 miles, rearing its snowy coronet, and looking down from its height of 27,000 feet upon the pigmy world below; while far to the east and west, the hoary tributaries of the giant mountain stretch their snowy eminences in space until they melt into air, and are lost to straining sight. Although the distance from the spot whence this view is taken, to the nearest mountains of the snowy range, is not more than thirty miles, it requires a fatiguing journey of many days to reach them, and involves a route of at least ninety miles. Several persons have succeeded in forcing a passage to the northward of those hills; but the peaks themselves are yet untrodden by human feet.

In the progress of the journey the scene becomes wild, and frequently impressive, the valley narrowing as the travellers advance, and the rocks on either side rising with greater abruptness: the stream which flows along the path is sometimes boiling over rocks, making a sea of foam; at others diving into ravines, and gurgling amidst impenetrable darkness. Occasionally, the savage landscape is relieved by spots of a calmer nature—the castle of some mountain rajah crowning with picturesque beauty a lofty crag, with greensward beneath sloping down to the water, embellished with scattered trees, and approached over a carpet of thyme studded with flowers of every hue, whose fragrance is borne upon the loitering air. The scene changes, and the travellers are surrounded with precipitous rocks—the level space circumscribed to a few yards; and cascades are roaring and tumbling about in every direction. One particular day's march may be described as peculiarly attractive.

The first part conducts the tourists through a narrow gorge, walled on either side by fantastic rocks, and wooded with fine alders, the stream rolling deep beneath their feet; while the path is overhung by dreadful precipices, toppling crags now and then threatening to follow the huge fragments that have already fallen, and to crush whatever impedes their progress: then the scene widens, and a natural terrace shaded by splendid mulberry-trees, offers rest and repose—the rocks scattering themselves around, and being traversed at one place by a foaming cataract. Ascending a steep and rugged eminence, up rock and crag, another halting-place of table-land is reached, adorned with fine chesnut-trees, and commanding an extensive view backed by the snowy ranges; while immediately below appears a rich confusion of waterfalls, wild preci-

pices, and luxuriant foliage. The air here is delightfully cool and bracing; and the meal that awaits the tourists in their halting-place will be heartily enjoyed.

From this point the savage aspect of the route is seldom relieved by scenes of gentle beauty; the ranges of hills, crossing and apparently jostling each other in unparelleled confusion, being all rugged, steep, and difficult to thread; some divided from the rest by wide but rough valleys, their summits crowned by forests of venerable growth; while others, more sharp and precipitous, are nothing more than ravines descending suddenly to an appalling depth—bare solid rocks, several hundred feet in height, or dark with wood, and apparently formed by the torrents that, in the course of ages, have worn for themselves a passage through these gloomy passes. In such a country, cultivation is difficult; small patches of ground can alone be reclaimed from the wilderness, and agriculture is carried on with unremitting toil for very inefficient results.

VIEW NEAR KURSALEE.

Approaching Kursalee (a well-built village on the route to the glen of the Jumna), the immense assemblage of mountains—range swelling upon range—again forcibly suggests an idea of the waves of a mighty ocean lashed into fury and rearing their billows on high, until, suddenly checked by an All-powerful hand, they cease their wrath, and are stilled into sullen, motionless majesty. The clothing of these hill-sides favours the idea, by adding considerably to their wave-like appearance, and presenting altogether a chaotic mass of wild and singular grandeur.

The road to the village passes through a noble forest, in which the oak and the rhododendron mingle freely with the pine; and, on emerging from the woody labyrinth, opens abruptly upon the Jumna, as it sweeps round the base of a lofty mountain covered with wood to its topmost height. Descending thence to a little valley, the route lies along the side of gentle eminences in a high state of cultivation; amid which, shaded by a grove of fruit-trees, stands a temple in one of the most beautiful situations imaginable—an opening between the neighbouring hills, at the same time, affording a fine view of the snowy mountains, and of a cascade that conveys their welcome tribute to the plains. The valley, in addition to its natural beauties, has a neat appearance—the evidence of human occupation. Apricots in abundance, of the largest size, offer their juicy ripeness to the hand, and enclosures of flowering hedge-rows contribute their fragrance to enhance the charms of the prospect.

The scenery of the glen of the Jumna is, without question, exceedingly beautiful, and scarcely to be paralleled throughout the mountain-range. One portion of the route from Kursalee is up a steep ascent, winding through woods of oak and rhododendron, which extend a whole mile. Upon reaching the summit, a grand prospect of the snowy peaks is obtained from Bundapooch to the right, and Bachunch to the left—the view below being wide and varied, showing the course of the Jumna to the south-west, until it is lost in distance. The mountain-ridge now traversed is white with snow; but many of the surrounding peaks, which rise still higher, are, on account of their greater steepness, and shaft-like summits, of the most deep and sombre hue. Descending from this elevation, a beautiful tract of forest land, of a perfectly new character, spreads out before the traveller—the trees being ash, sycamore, horse-chesnut, bamboo, and the wild pomegranate, which here grow in rich luxuriance, at the elevation of 6,867 feet above the level of the sea.

At a short distance from Kursalee is a celebrated hot spring, issuing from the bed of a torrent that falls into the Jumna, at a place called Banass. This torrent bursts from the cleft of one of a range of mountains which hem in a small valley, or rather dell, and rushes down, in one unbroken volume, from a height of eighty feet. The hot spring

rises from the base of an opposite mountain, and mingles its waters with those of its colder but more impetuous neighbour. The water is of scalding temperature, and will not admit of the immersion of the hands or feet for a single moment, the thermometer standing at 144° when placed in the nearest part of the spring to the rock from whence it issues. The water is pure and tasteless; but the stones it flows over are discoloured, and encrusted with a black substance. The rocks from which it issues are all quartz, surrounded by gneiss and mica schist on every side, except that on which the torrent falls. This spot is considered by the Hindoos to be exceedingly holy, and the devotees are frequently rapt in a pious ecstasy, happy in the belief that they have secured the road to heaven by offering worship in this extraordinary dell.

The width of the channel allowing the river to spread at this place, renders the stream less tumultuous than either above or below; and its comparatively tranquil surface forms a pleasing contrast to the furious tributary which rushes headlong into it. The rocks, piling themselves one above another in fantastic confusion, are a shelter for thousands of pigeons, which, when disturbed, flock out in clouds; and, amid a scene so fitting for such a guest, the gigantic elk of the mountains finds a favourite haunt. The country around partakes of the same wild and savagely-romantic character. Paths, rough and dangerous, ascend and descend along the sides of precipitous heights, down to ravines whose gloom is never dispelled by the rays of the sun; then, winding upwards, they lead to a halting-place on some rugged ledge, or natural terrace, where the hunter may take his stand and watch for an opportunity to slay the musk deer, which, though scarce and shy, are sometimes within his reach; while the tourist, in search of the picturesque, looks from heights, of hundreds, or even thousands of feet, to trace the course of some wandering stream, ere it flings itself in echoing cascades to some dark abyss below. The foliage of these tremendous solitudes harmonises well with the character of the scene—luxuriant, sombre, and heavy; but enlivened by magnificent clusters of white roses, and enriched by the innumerable family of ferns, which, mingled with a bright variety of flowers, spring, as it were, to welcome the footsteps of man.

KURSALEE.

The village of Kursalee stands at the height of 7,860 feet above the sea-level, and is one of the largest of the class usually found in the Himalaya, consisting of at least thirty houses, with a population amounting to about 300 persons. It is seated on a plain of considerable dimensions, on the left bank of the rocky ravine which forms the channel of the Jumna, surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, piled one upon another—some dark with rock and forest, and others shining in all the bright resplendence of eternal snow. The village is reached by an extremely steep and rugged road. Although the winters are severe, and the temperature always low, Kursalee is a place not only of great beauty, but of abundance; being cultivated into a perfect garden well wooded with luxuriant fruit-trees, which, while they add attraction to the landscape, are pleasingly associated with ideas of wealth and comfort among those who live beneath their shade.

Kursalee, notwithstanding its limited population, is a flourishing village, full of temples and Brahmins—the latter always establishing themselves in great numbers near haunts in most repute with pilgrims resorting to the sacred sources of the Jumna and the Ganges; from whose pockets the holy fraternity contrive to pick a very tolerable subsistence. Some of the temples at Kursalee are said to have been miraculously raised by the gods themselves, and, of course, acquire superior sanctity from that circumstance. They are adorned, according to the zeal and means of the devotees, with ornaments of varied description; among which are musical instruments, and rude images of every imaginable form and material. The horns of deer are also favourite decorations, both of temples and tombs, among the people of the hill districts, who attach some

peculiar virtue to such sylvan trophies, and believe that they exercise mysterious influence over their present and future fortunes. In addition to the worship of the numerous deities introduced by the Brahmins of the plains, these mountaineers have a very extensive catalogue of superstitions peculiarly their own; and they offer religious worship to a variety of symbolical representations of good or evil beings, which their imaginations have invested with productive and controlling power. The cow is reverenced by all; although its sacred character does not exempt it from hard work; it being employed in the laborious operations of agriculture, in the manner pursued by the more orthodox Hindoos of the plains; but in the hills it is better treated, and is fed and tended with much greater care than the ill-used animal mocked by the worship of the former, who often, despite their veneration, prove cruel task-masters to the sacred animal.

Some fine pieces of land, attached to the village, are wholly appropriated to the maintenance of the temples and their priests; and the images in some of the places used for worship, are remarkably well executed. At Lakha Kundul (a beautiful village near Kursalee), a religious edifice, dedicated to the Pandoo deities of Ellora, contains a bullock couchant, in black marble, of life-size, sculptured with astonishing fidelity and masterly execution, by some hand that has perhaps been powerless for ages, as it bears indications of very remote antiquity.

The people of Kursalee have become much accustomed to the visits of European strangers on their route to the source of the Jumna; and it is the custom for the principal inhabitants to come out to meet the pilgrims, of whatever religion, who pass through the village. The Hindoos of these districts are exceedingly tolerant in their faith, and are, generally speaking, eager to extend the benefits to be obtained from their gods to everybody that comes in their way. Accordingly, all who choose to submit to the operation, are daubed on the forehead with a distinguishing mark of yellow ochre, denoting the peculiar sect of the operator; into which the bedaubed disciple is supposed to be admitted or regenerated by the act. The Hindoo servants of European strangers joyfully avail themselves of such a testimonial of their near approach to what they consider one of the most holy places in the world. Christian tourists of course dispense with the ceremony; but while they omit the mark of reverence for the pagan deities of the place, the hill people are far from appreciating their reasons for refusal, and do not believe that motives of science or mere curiosity can have induced them to expose themselves to toils and dangers which, in their opinion, religious zeal is alone sufficient to account for.

VIEW ON THE JUMNA—THE SANGHA BRIDGE, NEAR JUMNOOTREE, OR JUMNOUTRI.

Though the distance from Kursalee to Jumnootree is only eight miles, the difficulties and hazards of the route render it a very arduous journey for European tourists. Starting from the usual resting-place, at a short distance from the former village, they very soon enter upon a tortuous, uneven path of varied altitude, sometimes having nothing but a notched tree by which to ascend to a traversable ledge above them; at others, compelled to wander backwards and forwards, through the shallow bed of a stream, as either side offers the prospect of better footing; and not unfrequently having to pursue their route, step by step, on stones projecting from the midst of the torrent that crosses the direct line of progress. This devious way, however, is at length amply compensated for by a succession of exceedingly beautiful cascades; the Jumna being here, in several places, joined by tributary streams, tumbling from immense heights, and the precipitous masses of rocks on either side possessing a still greater degree of noble grandeur. Completely shut in by these mountain-ranges, which rise abruptly on both sides of the narrowing stream, the traveller can now only catch occasional glimpses of

the snowy peaks beyond. The course of the river is here little more than a mere chasm in the rock, cut and worn by the action of the water in its continuous flow through bygone ages. In some places, the solid masses, on either side, rise almost perpendicular to an extraordinary height, and are occasionally so far overhanging, as to render the opening at the top more narrow than the space below; forming a dark pass—the foliage of trees springing from clefts and shallow beds of earth, meeting at the summit. At each step the path becomes more difficult and laborious: deep pools oblige the traveller to mount to the top of a precipice, and presently to leap down again from before heights too steep to be surmounted; while, at every movement, the danger of being precipitated into the rapid waters, boiling and foaming below, is increased. Then again it becomes necessary to clamber up loose fragments of cliff of a gigantic size, which appear to have been tumbled from above purposely to block the way; and then to scramble through a shifting sea of crumbling stones bedded in quagmire, and exceedingly difficult to pass where trees, that are occasionally laid along to form a pathway, are wanting.

It is not very often that the traveller in the Himalaya will find himself accommodated with such a bridge as the one already described at Bhurkote; and repairs being considered as works of supererogation throughout the greater part of Asia, the chances are strongly against his crossing even that after a very few years of use.

The most common contrivance in the hill districts, when the stream is sufficiently narrow to admit of its employment, is the sangha, the rudest of all rude conceptions of bridge architecture. No one being at the trouble to repair a work that is for the use of every one, these sanghas are usually in an exceedingly perilous condition; and side rails being quite out of the question, the narrow footway, only sufficient to admit of the passage of one traveller at a time, offers a method of crossing a torrent that is neither easy or agreeable. Where two projecting rocks are found facing each other, they are employed as the supports of a couple of fir-trees, the ends resting on either side. Upon these a pathway is constructed of boughs laid transverse, without any fastening or care in the arrangement of them to prevent gaps, or secure a level footpath. So long as the traveller can keep in the centre of this awkward apology for a bridge, he may be tolerably safe; but the moment that he places his foot either to the right or to the left, he is in danger of being precipitated into the torrent below, by the bough on which he is treading tilting up at the opposite end. Persons possessing the very steadiest head, find their nerves severely tried in these difficult passes: few can look upon the impetuous current beneath them, and preserve any accuracy of vision: the best plan, therefore, is to fix the eyes upon some object on the opposite side, and to walk firmly and steadily along, since there is neither parapet nor guiding rail; and, in a high wind, the frail bridge is so fearfully swayed, that even the mountaineers themselves refuse to cross it. Many accidents, of course, occur; and, as not only men, but baggage of various kinds is occasionally conveyed across, it would be surprising if they did not. The Mussulman servants and Hindoos from the plains, who attend the tourists upon these excursions, look upon the tottering expedient with undisguised horror; and nothing but a sense of shame, and the fear of ridicule, can induce them to make an attempt to cross.

It is not every European who sallies from the hill-stations on an exploring expedition, that fulfils his original intentions: many find the difficulties and dangers of the enterprise too great to be compensated by the mere beauties of the landscape; and turn back—some on the very threshold of the undertaking, and others before they have proceeded half-way. Long ere the point to which the travellers have now attained is reached, they will be obliged to dispense with their ponies and jhampans—the greater and most perilous portion of the journey being necessarily performed on foot.

As the source of the Jumna is approached, the cold is frequently excessive, the thermometer, in the shade, being below the freezing point; but the exertion necessary to progress is generally of a nature to render the state of the temperature of little moment. The glen of the Jumna now becomes narrower and darker at every step, and the precipices, on either side, more steep, more lofty, and of a still more awful character. The Brahmins, who never fail to derive some advantage from their distinctive calling, here volunteer their services as cicerones; the coolies who accompany the tourists, having got so far, will of course now determine to avail themselves of the crowning advantages of the

pilgrimage; and a numerous train of fakeers, hunting in pack to participate in the great present anticipated by the chief Brahmin, from the *burra buxies*, generally swell out the train of the European travellers, who, in their further progress, must emulate the monkeys as they scramble on hands and knees, with every contortion of body, while clinging and climbing the very steepest ascent that it is possible for human beings to surmount. Upon gaining a breathing-place, they will presently find themselves upon a spot accounted eminently holy, as being the portal of the sacred source of the Jumna. A small shrine or temple, dedicated to Bhyram Jhee, and called Bhyram Ghati, is erected at this spot. A Brahmin is in perpetual attendance, and signifies his watchfulness by continually striking upon a bell. The prospect from Bhyram Ghati is surpassingly grand: being immediately above the glen of the river, the lofty ridges that enclose it can be traced nearly as far as the plains: immediately opposite, bare and bleak precipices arise, rearing their lofty and sterile peaks to an astonishing height; while, to the north-east, the western angle of Bundapooch stands out glittering in its snowy mantle; and, nearly in front, immense masses of frozen snow—amongst which the infant Jumna is cradled—are piled in majestic grandeur.

Whilst recovering breath, and enjoying the glorious prospect, the devotees of the party usually employ themselves in gathering an offering for the shrine, from the flowers that adorn the wild and desolate spot. The difficulties of the approach evidently precluded the pious architects of this place from any great attempt at ornament; and the altar is, consequently, of a very rude description, being a mere collection of loose stones, put clumsily together, and enclosing a few idols of most wretched workmanship. And yet to *these* men bow! Strange it is, that having so grand a shrine, so wonderful a temple, made by the Deity himself in the midst of the sublimest portion of his creations, man should disregard the fitness of the scene for that instinctive homage which the least religiously inclined Christian would offer to the mighty Author of the surrounding wonders, and blindly stoop to adore the misshapen works of his own feeble and ill-employed hands.

VILLAGE OF KOGHERA, NEAR THE CHOOR.

This pretty and picturesque village is distinguished for the remarkable height and luxuriance of a species of larch, which botanists designate as the *pinus deodora*. The group represented in the accompanying engraving affords a good specimen of the character of this fine tree, which attains an almost incredible height in some parts of the hill districts—the tallest of those delineated measuring 160 feet; but it is asserted, that some are to be found 180 feet in height.

The Choor mountain, from its great altitude and peculiar situation, presents every variety of vegetation that mountainous regions afford; and it is scarcely necessary to proceed further to become thoroughly acquainted with the leafy products of the hills of Hindoostan. The bases of the mountains are carpeted with flowers, anemones, and ranunculuses, mingling with the violet, the cowslip, and the daisy; while the forest scenery is rich and luxuriant to the highest degree. The rhododendon, with its profuse and brilliant scarlet blossoms, is succeeded by oak, walnut, birch, elm, and, lastly, pines. The highest of the two peaks of the mountain being covered for a considerable part of the year with snow, is destitute of verdure; and the lower one, composed of immense granite blocks, is also bare of trees. Where the snow has melted, it reveals stunted shrubs of juniper and currant; but a little lower down, at an elevation of 11,500 feet, the most splendid pines in the world rear their majestic heads. The ferns of these ranges are peculiarly beautiful, and in great variety; while fruits of every kind abound.

JERDAIR.

The small and obscure village of Jerdair stands upon the slope of a mountain in the province of Ghurwal—a tract of country extending, on the north-east, to the summit of the Himalaya; on the north-west to the banks of the Sutlej; and bounded on the east and south by the province of Delhi. The general aspect of the country is exceedingly mountainous, and difficult of cultivation; yet parts of it are tolerably fertile; and, though now but thinly peopled, Ghurwal retains the vestiges of mighty works, the achievements of former possessors of the soil. The sides of many of its hills exhibit a succession of terraces, of very solid construction; and upon the surfaces thus produced, water necessary for the cultivation of rice is still retained. Several branches of the Ganges flow through the valleys of this highly picturesque country, which is regarded with peculiar veneration by the people of Hindoostan, in consequence of its containing the holy ground from which the waters of the true Ganges issue into open light. Formerly this province comprehended all the territory extending to Hurdwar, and stretched eastward to the borders of Nepaul: it is now restricted within much narrower limits.

Notwithstanding its extreme elevation, the climate of Ghurwal, owing to its south-western aspect, is very mild; and though the site of the village of Jerdair presents little more than a bleak and barren waste, the greater part of the province is richly clothed with trees. In many places the productions of the temperate and the torrid zones meet and mingle: the tiger makes his lair upon the confines of eternal snow; and the elephant is enabled to endure the severity of the climate by a provision of nature unknown to animals of his species in warmer latitudes—namely, by a shaggy covering of hair.

The inhabitants of Jerdair, like those of the province generally, are termed Khayasa; and all boast descent from Rajpoots of the highest *caste*, and are therefore exceedingly scrupulous in their eating, and in their regard for the sacred cow. They will not sell one of those animals except upon assurance that the purchaser will neither kill it himself, nor suffer it to be killed by another: their prejudices prevent them from keeping poultry; and travellers must bring sheep with them for food, or be content to live on fish and game, both of which are exceedingly abundant.

Many of the views of mountain scenery which open as the footpaths wind round projecting points, are magnificently sublime. The high ledges of the rock are the haunts of the chamois, and eagles have their eyries on hoary peaks, inaccessible to he depredations of man. Ghurwal is celebrated for a peculiar breed of ponies, called "ghoouts"—rough, stunted, and shaggy, but exceedingly sure-footed, and well adapted to carry a traveller in safety along the dizzy verge of narrow pathways, from which the eye endeavours in vain to penetrate the darkness of the abyss below.

VIEW AT DEOBUN.

Travellers in the Himalaya must early accustom themselves to the most dangerous and slippery means of crossing the deep ravines or mountain torrents that it is possible for man, in an artificial state, to imagine; and the bridge represented in the accompanying plate, over a tremendous rocky chasm at Deobun, is one of the expedients for getting over a difficulty that seems almost as much fraught with peril as the abyss it spans. Habituated from infancy to the sight of the steepest and most formidable precipices in the world. the mountaineers of the Himalaya are indifferent to circumstances

that produce giddiness in the heads of those who may have hitherto traversed comparatively level ground. The cattle of these mountains, also, guided by some extraordinary instinct, can make their way in safety over the frail and slippery bridges which at some places span rapid streams, and, at others, are thrown across deep ravines. Morning and evening the flocks and herds may be seen passing the narrow footways; and, accustomed to their daily path, they will cross to their distant pastures, or to their way home, without any human being to direct them. To the great difficulty of communication that exists in the hill districts, it is possible the low intellectual state of the mountaineers of the Himalaya may, perhaps, in a great measure be attributed.

Living in isolated circles, apart from each other, and separated by frightful precipices or gloomy ravines, the people of the hills have little opportunity for acquiring information by any interchange of ideas with their neighbours, and they grovel on through life without an effort to improve their condition, or a desire to increase the facilities of access to the adjoining districts; and the number of Europeans who visit the hills for health or amusement, is too small to effect much in the way of example, except in the immediate vicinity of the stations which they have themselves established.

THE VILLAGE OF MOHUNA.

The village of Mohuna is situated upon a high ridge in the secondary Himalaya, stretching between the Tonse and the Jumna, which, at this place, is called Deobun, and gives its name to a tract lying to the north-westward of Landour. The ridge itself is characterised by many of the beauties peculiar to these mountain streams, and presents a succession of rugged rocks piled grandly upon each other, entwined with lichens and creepers of every kind and hue, and affording, at intervals, large clefts, whence spring the giant wonders of the soil—magnificent trees of immense growth and redundant foliage.

The lofty, precipitous, and almost inaccessible rocks above the village, are the favourite haunts of the musk-deer, a denizen of these mountains, and highly prized by hunters, who recklessly scale the apparently insurmountable crags, and risk life and limb to secure this scarce and much-coveted species of game. English sportsmen in the hills often obtain a fair shot at the animal; but the natives have another and surer method of securing the prize. No sooner is a musk-deer espied, than the people of the nearest village are informed of the fact, and the whole population being interested in the intelligence, it is conveyed with extraordinary celerity through the hills. The country being thus up, a cordon is formed round the destined victim; heights are climbed that appear to be perfectly impracticable; and men are to be seen perched like eagles upon the steepest points and pinnacles. The moment that the whole party have taken up their position, the assault is commenced by hurling down large fragments of stone; and presently, the shouts and cries of the hunters so bewilder the affrighted animal, that he knows not where to run. Meantime he is wounded—the ring closes round him—he seeks in vain for some opening, and, in the desperation of his terror, would plunge down the first abyss; but there, also, he is met by horrid shouts; while, struck to the earth by some overpowering blow, he sinks to rise no more. The musk-deer are seldom met with lower than 8,000 feet above the level of the sea; and every attempt to keep them alive in a state of captivity has failed.

The natives of these districts are generally goodnatured and obliging, and may be easily managed by kindness: the women are particularly attentive to the Europeans who wander among the mountains, and are said to manifest a very amiable consideration for their comforts.

BOWRIE, RAJPOOTANA.

Ruined villages, of which, even prior to the revolt of 1857, there were already an abundance in India, are not, however, more plentiful than are the hill fortresses of the upper provinces, and of other parts of the country where mountain defences are possible. In such localities, it seems as if every little rajah or petty chief had, at some time or other, climbed an eminence, and intrenched himself within walls of mud or stone, according as his means would enable him, and opportunities for the purpose served: his eagle's nest was then garrisoned by troops of adherents or retainers, armed with spears and bows, and rusty matchlocks, and every household became invested with a military character. Nor was this without sufficient cause, since when not engaged in combating an invading stranger, these chieftains were constantly at feud with each other, and had no security for life or property except when fortified upon heights they deemed inaccessible to a hostile force. The native idea, that safety was best found at great elevations, has doubtless greatly improved the appearance of the country in the hill districts; and whatever modern fortifications of European construction may have gained in strength, they have certainly lost in picturesque effect, as is quite evident when the bastions and towers of the Mohammedan era are compared with the fortifications of the present age.

The country comprehended under the name of Rajpootana, embraces so many districts, that every variety of scenery is to be met with in it; but though the valley of Oodipoor, and other equally beautiful portions, are celebrated for the exquisite loveliness of their landscapes, the general character of the country is that of sterility. The landscape, therefore, represented in the plate as surrounding the fortress of Bowrie, may be considered a favourable specimen, as wood and water, which fail in many other tracts, are there abundant. The banian supplies its umbrageous foliage to the scene; and the one represented in the engraving may suffice to give an accurate idea of the manner in which a whole grove is produced from the parent stem—each of the pendant fibres, upon reaching the ground, taking root, and affording support to the branch from which it has descended; thus enabling it to push out further, and fling down other supports, until at length a wide area round the original trunk is formed into avenues, which sometimes cover several acres of ground. The natives, who regard this beautiful product of their country with great veneration, will never willingly consent that a banian tree shall be cut down or mutilated. The small fig produced by the banian, furnishes nutritious food to immense multitudes of monkeys, squirrels, peacocks, and various other denizens of the forests, who live among the branches of this father of trees; and, from the protection it thus affords to the inferior classes of the animal creation, it is not surprising that Hindoos should look upon it as a natural temple, and be inclined to pay it divine honours.

On the banks of the Nerbudda, a tree of this species covered a tract of ground 2,000 feet in circumference; and only the principal stems (250 in number) were counted within that range. Travellers often seek the shelter of these natural pavilions; and the religious tribes of Hindoos are particularly fond of resting beneath their umbrageous canopy. Under many such, a resident Brahmin may be found; and in few instances are the devotees without an attendant priesthood.

ZANGHERA, OR THE FAKEER'S ROCK—ON THE GANGES.

The river Ganges, in its progress through the plains, waters many spots of remarkable beauty; but in the whole course of its brilliant career, it can scarcely boast a more

splendid landscape than that in which the rocks of Zanghera form a prominent feature. Standing boldly out in the stream, near a place called Sultangunge, in the province of Behar (about ninety miles east of Patna), this picturesque pile forms a beautiful object. It consists of several masses of grey granite, heaped one upon the other in an irregular manner, forming ledges and terraces, which have become the sites of numerous small temples. In some places, a crevice in the side of the rock has afforded room for the roots of magnificent trees to shoot upwards, and crown the romantic height with bright foliage.

Zanghera is supposed to have been, in former times, connected with the mainland by an isthmus; but the action of the river, in its ceaseless rolling towards the sea, has long since worn a passage for its waters between the rock and the shore, and the former is now completely isolated. From time immemorial the spot has been reputed eminently sacred, and a succession of fakeers have established themselves upon it, who derive a considerable revenue from the offerings of pious voyagers and tourists on the river. At the back of the rock, a ghaut, or landing-place, has been constructed, whence rude stairs conduct the pilgrims who are desirous to perform their orisons at the hallowed shrine, to a temple at the summit, dedicated to Naryan, who reigns here as principal deity of the place. An idol of the myth *adorns* the temple that crowns the romantic pile; and his image, with those of Vishnu, Seeva, and other gods of the Hindoo pantheon, is carved on different parts of the rock.

The chief fakeer of this singular establishment preserves a dignified seclusion; and when, upon rare occasions, he condescends to reveal himself to suppliant devotees, seems as motionless and silent as the idol he worships. At such times he appears seated on a tiger-skin, and is unencumbered with any covering except the chalk and ashes that form his sacerdotal garment, and with which he is profusely smeared, to the intense admiration of his followers. This personage has, however, numerous disciples and attendants, who, by their noisy importunity, make up for the silence of their chief, and are at the trouble of exacting tribute, or endeavouring to do so, from all who pass the rock, whatever may be their creed or country. These fellows watch the boats upon the river, as they approach either way, and pushing out from the rock whenever the state of the water will permit, follow the voyagers with noisy importunities until a satisfactory contribution has been obtained; but when the Ganges is full, and the current, strengthened by the melting of the snow, comes down in an impetuous flood, there can be no loitering under the rock of Zanghera; and a vessel sailing up with a strong wind against this tide, makes rather a perilous navigation as it stems the rapid waters. In going down the Ganges at such a time, the rock is passed by the voyager as if he were an arrow shot from a bow, and it is only possible to snatch a transient glance of its picturesque beauty; but when the river is low, and the current flows gently, it can be viewed at leisure; and many persons, under such favouring circumstances, land, that they may obtain a momentary glance at the grim deity of the temple, and its no less repulsive high priest.

Zanghera stands at the very portal of Bengal, a district differing very widely from the high table-land of Hindoostan proper. The arid plains and bare cliffs that, except during the season of the rains, give so dreary an aspect to the upper provinces, are now succeeded by fields of never-fading verdure; as the damp climate of Bengal maintains vegetation in all its brilliance throughout the year—the period of the rains being only marked by a coarser and ranker luxuriance, proceeding from the redundance of plants that overspread the soil. Zanghera, thus happily placed between the rugged scenery of the upper provinces and the smiling landscapes of Bengal proper, partakes of the nature of both; the Ganges spreading itself like a sea at the foot of the rock on one side, while on the other a wide expanse of fertile country lays revealed, having for a background the low ranges of hills that separate Behar from Bengal.

COLGONG—ON THE GANGES.

The remarkable cluster of rocks at Colgong—about a day's sail below Zanghera—claims prominent notice amidst the exceedingly picturesque scenery of the Ganges. In the rainy season, the mighty river rushes through them with frightful turbulence, spreading out its broad waters like an ocean, of which the projecting points of Colgong and Patergotta form an extensive and beautiful bay, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills.

These rocks are esteemed holy by Hindoo devotees, and are sculptured in many places with rude effigies of their gods. Wild garlands, formed by the luxuriant creepers of the soil, fling their rich wreaths over the rugged faces of the crags; and tangled shrubs spring from wherever a shallow bed of earth permits them to take root. The luxury of rich foliage can scarcely at any place be seen to greater advantage than from the rocky islets of Colgong, which overlook woods spreading in all directions on the opposite shore; while beyond, the Rajmahal hills gleam with the purple glory of the amethyst. These crags are the haunts of numerous birds: pigeons nestle in the trees; and, on the slightest alarm, myriads of small waterfowl rush out in snowy flocks, and add, by their noisy flight, to the animation of the scene; while the numerous flotillas of native craft, of strange but highly picturesque construction, serve hourly to increase the beauty of the surrounding view.

Colgong is the occasional habitation of a fakeer, but is not the settled residence of any recluse of celebrity, as is Zanghera. Here there are no regular temples, although a rude shrine has been shaped out of one of the largest blocks of granite that crown the summit of the rock to the westward of the group. There are also caverns in these islets; and it is seldom that either a living or dead specimen of the religious mendicants that swarm over India, is not to be found among them.

All the mooring-places within a day's sail of Colgong, are distinguished for their surpassing beauty; and the whole voyage hence, down to Calcutta, conducts the tourist through a region of enchantment. Rajmahal, a once royal city on the Ganges, about sixty-five miles north-west of Moorshedabad, particularly merits the attention of all who have any taste for charming scenery; and the ruins of its once splendid palaces add a melancholy interest to the landscape that surrounds them. The origin of this city is lost in the obscurity of ages; but it is certain that it has possessed importance and dignity as the capital of Bengal, during a long succession of princes, who profusely embellished it with tasteful architecture. The stone principally found in these interesting remains is a red granite, and its colour, decayed by age, harmonises with the foliage in which vast masses of it are embedded. Occasionally, some remains of marble—the favourite material of the luxurious Moguls, brought into use about the period of Akbar—are met with. Among the relics of its past magnificence is a hall of noble dimensions, erected by the Sultan Shuja, the brother of Aurungzebe—lined throughout with costly marbles; but which, of late years, has been employed as a receptacle for coals to supply the steamers that navigate the river.

The reverence for the dead, which is a distinguishing trait of the natives of India, is strongly manifested in the lonely tombs that occupy the heights around Rajmahal. Wherever the traveller comes upon one of those mausoleums, however neglected and apparently deserted the place may be, he is certain to find traces of pious care from human hands. The precincts of a tomb may, perhaps, be the haunt of a solitary jackal, or other beast of prey, too little accustomed to man's intrusion to be alarmed at his approach; and yet, even when it would seem the prowling savage was sole tenant of the wild, the newly-swept pavement, strewed with fresh flowers, shows that some human being has recently performed a pious task. It is not always possible to guess who has been at the pains to keep the shrine free from the pollutions of bats and birds; but occasionally, scarcely more human in his outward form than the wild animals that range amidst these solitudes, some attendant fakeer will slowly advance to sight, his long, matted locks, and the distinguishing marks of his caste and calling (chalk and dirt), forming his sole attire. Money to a personage so totally independent in the way of

clothing and lodging, if not of food also, would appear to be perfectly superfluous; but though not always solicited, it is never rejected; and considering that where there are no garments there can be no pockets, the rapidity with which an offered rupee vanishes is truly marvellous.

THE CITY OF BENARES.

THERE are few cities of the Eastern world, however splendid they may be, that present so great a variety of attractive objects at a glance as Benares (*Cashi*, or the splendid), for ages regarded as the holiest of the sacred cities of Hindoostan. The total absence of all regular design, the infinite diversity of the styles of architecture, the continual mixture of the stern and solemn with the light and fantastic, give an indescribable variety to the scene; but the effect of the whole is magnificent, and many of the details are of almost inconceivable beauty.

Benares is situated in the east part of the province of Allahabad, and on the north-west bank of the Ganges, which at this place makes a noble curve of three or four miles, the city occupying the convex side. It is called by the Hindoos of the present era *Varanaschi*, in addition to its ancient appellation. The Brahmins assert that their holy city (*Cashi*) was originally built of gold; but, for the sins of the people, it was changed into stone; and that a further increase in the wickedness of its inhabitants, has since converted a great part of it into clay. It was for many years the most populous city in India.

The annexed view is taken from the upper part of the city. The minarets of Aurungzebe's mosque appear in the distance, and below them is one of those stately and fortress-like mansions that, a short time since, were to be met with in every part of India, though now, through the occurrences of the past two years, for the most part to be found in ruins. Beyond the minarets, to the left, the residence of the Peishwa is visible, towering above the other edifices; and although there is no garden or pleasure-ground attached to this palace, the building affords a fair specimen of the habitations of wealthy Hindoos. Only on one side, next the street, are there outer windows; the range of building on that side containing seven spacious apartments rising over each other, the rest of the chambers opening upon covered galleries which surround three sides of a small court; the communication between the different stories being as follows:—A single flight of stairs leads from the lower to the upper apartment, which must be crossed before the next flight is reached—a mode of construction that accords with the jealous precautions of the inmates. Several of the apartments are furnished with bedsteads peculiar to the Mahrattas—being a platform of polished wood slightly curved, and suspended from the ceiling at an easy distance from the ground; the panels and pillars of the rooms are richly carved, their decorations being composed of rich carpets and silver vessels of various descriptions, elaborately wrought. The ghauts, or landing-places at Benares, are incessantly thronged with people, some of whom are busy lading or unlading the native vessels that are employed in the commerce of this grand mart of Hindoostan proper; while others are drawing water, performing their ablutions, or engaged in prayer; for notwithstanding the multiplicity of their temples, the religious worship of the Hindoo is always offered in the open air.

Although the view of Benares from the river is considered beautiful, yet no correct idea of the city can be formed without penetrating to the interior, threading its mazy labyrinths, and catching a bird's-eye view from some towering height. This opportunity is afforded by the minarets of the numerous mosques that are built about the place; but the ascent is seldom attempted, unless by those who are not afraid of encountering fatigue, and risking some degree of danger; the open cupola or lantern at the top being

gained by steep and narrow stairs, and the apertures for the admission of light and air at the summit being left totally unguarded: few persons can look down from these dangerous apertures without encountering a very painful degree of dizziness and terror.

After winding through lanes and alleys, so narrow that a single individual must be jostled by every person he meets, and where a Brahmanee bull—an animal privileged to roam wheresoever he chooses—may block up the passage, and render it impassable during his pleasure, the astonishment is great, when it is perceived that the closeness of the city is chiefly confined to its avenues. Looking down, as the city spreads itself like a map before him, the tourist is surprised by the stately gardens and spacious quadrangles that occupy the ground between the high buildings that line the narrow streets. Some of these secluded retreats are remarkably beautiful, surrounded by cloisters of stone, decorated with a profusion of florid ornament, and flanked by high towers, from whence the most delightful prospect imaginable may be obtained of the adjacent country, with its fertile plains and ever-shining rivers. Others, smaller, are laid out in *parterres* of flowers, with fountains in the centre; and all are tenanted by numerous birds of the brightest plumage.

Many of the principal habitations in Benares occupy extensive portions of ground; and the seclusion desired by Asiatics in their domestic residences, is completely attained by the mode of building generally adopted, the walls being high, and the towers strong, enabling the females to enjoy something more than the partial glimpse of the heavens, to which the greater portion of Hindoostanee women are confined. It is not an uncommon circumstance for the rajahs and chiefs of India, whose residences are at a great distance from Benares, to build or purchase an habitation in the holy city, to which they may repair during the celebration of the festivals of their idols, and where, also, they may finally spend their last days on earth—since those who die at Benares in the odour of sanctity, and in favour with the Brahmins, are assured of immediate absorption into the divine essence.

Although the rooted hatred entertained by the followers of the prophet against every species of idolatry, incited them to promulgate their own creed by fire and sword, wheresoever their victorious armies penetrated, the desecration of the holy city was not effected until the reign of Aurungzebe, which commenced in 1658. That emperor having determined to humble the pride of the Brahmins, levelled one of their most ancient and most venerated temples with the ground, and forthwith erected on its site a mosque, whose slender spires, shooting upward amidst the golden expanse that surrounds them, seem to touch the skies. In a city so crowded with splendid architectural objects, it required some bold and happy innovation upon the prevailing features, to produce a building which should eclipse them all; and this was happily effected by the mosque of Aurungzebe.

Previous to the erection of this trophy of the Mogul conquest of Hindoostan, the Brahmins pretended that their city could not be affected by any of the changes and revolutions which distracted the world, of which it formed no part, being the creation of Seeva after the curse had gone forth, which brought sin and sorrow upon earth; and ever upheld by the point of his trident. The priesthood have, however, been forced to abate some of their lofty pretensions, since Moslem temples have been raised beside the shrines of their deities; and blood, besides that required for sacrifices, has been, and still continues to be, shed within the precincts of their city.

The reputation for sanctity which this city possesses in the estimation of all Hindoos, renders it an especial point of attraction to pilgrims from most parts of India. A great number of these devotees being exceedingly poor, subsist wholly upon charity, and are, consequently, often reduced to a state of the most abject misery. Many of the native residents of Benares are men of extraordinary wealth, and, as diamond merchants and bankers, have occasionally rendered great service to the state by facilitating the monetary transactions of the East India Company.

Benares is also celebrated as having been, in ancient times, a principal seat of Brahminical learning, and its educational *status* has not been deteriorated by the rule of its English masters. At the time of the establishment of the British empire in India, the schools of Benares were found to be in a declining condition, but an impulse was shortly afterwards given to the progress of native intelligence, by the establishment of the

Hindoo Sanscrit college, in 1791, to which an English class was added in 1827. An unfortunate notion that prevails among the native teachers (many of whom are eminent scholars), that were they to accept any remuneration for their labours, all the religious merit of teaching the *Vedas* would be lost, restrains them from receiving any benefit from the professorships attached to the institution; and as they will not accept payment from their scholars, they are chiefly dependent upon the donations and pensions of the rajahs and wealthy pilgrims who visit the sacred city. For the above reason, the Hindoo college has never flourished to the extent anticipated by its founders.

During the present century many schools have been established in Benares, both by the assistance of the government, and the endowments of native benefactors. In 1843, the province contained six important scholastic foundations, under the inspection of a council of education, established at Calcutta in the previous year. Of these, three were at Benares; namely, the Sanscrit college, the English seminary, and the branch school: the other three were severally at Ghazepoor, Azimghur, and Goruckpoor; and, in the whole of them, there were about 1,300 pupils, most of whom were Hindoos. Many of these native children were instructed in the English, Persian, and Hindoostanee languages, as well as in the other elementary branches of useful education. The London, and other missionary associations, have of late years given considerable attention to the city of Benares, as an important central station for their operations in the religious instruction of the natives of Hindoostan. The government of Benares has been virtually exercised by the English since 1775, the rajah holding merely a nominal authority, and being a stipendiary of the government.

The accustomed quiet of Benares was rudely disturbed in the month of June, 1857, by an unexpected outbreak of the 37th regiment of native infantry, which led to the disarming of that corps, and to a conflict between it and her majesty's troops under Colonel Neill, in the evening of the 4th of that month. In the rencontre that ensued, Captain Guise, of the irregular corps, with several subalterns, were killed. The state of the European residents was, for some time, one of great peril, and the loss of property incalculable.

The extraordinary influence which the British government had for a long time possessed in India, was in no place more strikingly displayed than at Benares, where the Brahmins were formerly undisputed lords of the ascendant, and might commit any act they pleased with perfect impunity; for the Mohammedans, though leaving a proud and defiant emblem of their triumph in the mosque before mentioned, did not make any permanent conquests in the immediate neighbourhood of the holy city. The privileges of a Brahmin are not recognised by the law of the British courts of judicature when they militate against the peace of society or the safety of individuals; and thus, if a murder be proved against him, he must now suffer for the crime as another felon would do; and although all suicides cannot be prevented, they are far less frequently perpetrated than formerly. The curious custom of "sitting dhurna," formerly common among Hindoos, has not, for many years, been practised to so great an extent at Benares as in other parts of India, where debts have been recovered, and grievances redressed, by the most extraordinary means which the weak ever devised to obtain justice from the strong. In sitting "dhurna," the oppressed party, either singly or in numbers, clothed in mourning attire, with ashes on the head, sit down in some spot convenient to the residence of the debtor or oppressor, refusing to eat or sleep until they shall obtain justice. The enemy thus assailed is compelled, by the prejudices of his religion (if a Hindoo), to abstain from food also, until he can come to a compromise, the blood of the person dying under this strange infliction being upon his head. Even Christians, whose consciences have not been so tender upon the subject, have felt themselves awkwardly situated when a "dhurna" has been enacted at their doors, especially at Benares, where, upon one occasion, nearly the whole population assumed the attitude of mourning, sitting exposed to the weather, and to the danger of starving, to procure the repeal of an obnoxious tax.

Benares is famous for several manufactures, and is one of the great marts of the riches of the East. Diamonds, pearls, and other precious gems, are brought hither from all Asia, with shawls, spices, gums, and perfumes. It is only at Benares, and very few other places, that the finest products of the looms of Dacca are procurable. Hindoostanee females of rank delight in attiring themselves in drapery of a texture so thin and trans-

parent as scarcely to be visible, except when folded many times together. This is called "night-dew:" and it is related, that a certain king, objecting to the indecency of his daughter's apparel, was told that she had clothed herself in several hundred yards of muslin. This delicate article is enormously expensive, and, happily, has not yet found its way to the markets of Europe.

BOODH MONUMENT NEAR BENARES.

THE extraordinary monument, of which a representation is given in the accompanying plate, stands near the European station of Secrole, about four miles distant from Benares, and is an oject of great curiosity and interest to all antiquarian travellers. This tower is about 150 feet in circumference, and its remains are yet above 100 feet in height. It is solidly constructed, the lower part having a casing of large blocks of stone neatly joined together, well polished, and decorated near the base with a broad band, on which is carved the figure of Boodh, in a curiously formed medallion, richly enwreathed with foliage and flowers. Around the sub-story of the tower are a series of projections, advancing about eight inches beyond the solid wall, and each having a niche in the upper part. Three of these are shown in the engraving; but the ornaments of the remainder of this remarkable structure (if, indeed, it possessed any) have been swept away by the remorseless hand of time. The upper portion of the ruin has been supposed to be an addition of a period more recent than the original structure, being built of brick; the casing of stone (if it ever had one) having disappeared, and the ruinous state of the summit affording no clue to its original design and formation. The monument is, however, acknowledged to be Boodhist, and is imagined to have been of a pyramidical or globular shape; the forms of these holy places being always similar to the gigantic mounds that, in the early ages, were raised over the ashes of the dead.

The foundations of a very large building are yet to be traced, at about the distance of 200 yards from the tower; and it has been supposed that, in remote times, the priests belonging to the adjacent temple had here a religious establishment, it being the custom to congregate in bodies in the neighbourhood of these temples. These remains, some fifty years since, attracted the attention of several scientific gentlemen, at that time resident in the European cantonments of Secrole, and they commenced an active investigation of the spot. Their labours were, after some time, rewarded by the discovery of several excavations, filled with an immense number of flat tiles, having representations of Boodh modelled upon them in wax.

The temples of the Boodhists are mere tombs, or buildings, to commemorate the actions of men. In their deity there is no all-pervading influence: he is supposed to maintain a quiescent state—untroubled by the government of the world, and wholly unconcerned about the affairs of men. The followers of Boodh imagine that, although their god takes no interest in the good or evil actions of his creatures (which are rewarded and punished in this world—prosperity being the universal consequence of virtue, and misfortune the constant attendant upon vice), that sanctity of a very superior order, extraordinary acts of self-denial, and the good wrought by the reformation of their brethren, secure to the devotee rigidly performing such duties, the power of working miracles, and, after death, a certain degree of those God-like attributes which may be employed to influence the destinies of mankind. The religious worship of the Boodhists is duly paid to these saints; and the time-defying towers, which afford conclusive proof of the wide dissemination of their doctrines, and are found in opposite quarters of the globe, are said to contain either the bodies, or some relic—such as a tooth, or portion of the hair—of these holy persons.

The religion of the Boodhists is perfectly unimpassioned and soulless: their notions of eternal bliss are confined to the absence of all care and pain; and their supreme being is

represented as slumbering over a busy world, in which he takes no interest. The silver and marble images of this quiescent deity, occasionally met with, have familiarised Europeans with the objects that the disciples of Boodhism render homage to. The figure is that of a human being in a state of meditation, or rather, perfect abstraction. The posture is always that of repose—the hands folded over the knees, and the features imperturbably composed. The semblance is invariably that of the human species; and there are not any of the fantastic and absurd devices of the Hindoos resorted to, to convey ideas of superior bodily and intellectual powers. Although belonging to a different creed, the ground on which a similar temple at Sarnat stands, is esteemed by the Brahmins as more highly blessed than any in the neighbourhood of the holy city of Benares.

AGRA.

The city of Agra is the capital of the Anglo-Indian province similarly named, and the official seat of the lieutenant-governor of the North-Western Provinces of Bengal. It is situated on the south-west bank of the river Jumna, 115 miles S.S.E. from Delhi, and 185 N.W. of Cawnpoor. Its origin is supposed to be traced to a very remote antiquity; and, by the Hindoos, it is asserted to have been the scene of the *avatar*, or incarnation of their god Vishnu, under the name of Parasu Rama. Having, probably through the lapse of ages, dwindled from its original importance, Agra, at the close of the fifteenth century of the Christian era, was little better than an inconsiderable village. At length its natural attractions brought it under the notice of the emperor Akber, who chose it for the site of a royal residence, and gave it the name of Akbarabad. Under this name it flourished as the seat of the Mogul government until 1674, when the emperor Shah Jehan removed the imperial court to Delhi; and from that period, Agra, or Akbarabad, has progressively again declined in importance.

Agra was wrested from the sovereignty of the Moguls by the Mahratta chief Madajee Sindia, in 1784, and continued in the possession of the victors until the year 1803, when, after a short but vigorous siege, the city was taken by the English forces under Lord Lake. It has since remained in the hands of the British government, and is the seat of a civil establishment for the collection of revenue and the administration of justice. The city rises from the river in the form of a vast semicircle, surrounded by a wall of red granite, and a ditch of considerable width. The houses generally are of stone, and lofty, but the streets are scarcely of sufficient width to admit the passage of a carriage through them. A few years since, the city contained about 700 mosques, and an equal number of baths. Among the buildings within the walls, are a fort and some remains of a palace of the Mogul emperors; and on the opposite side of the river are a number of ancient tombs and other buildings, of extraordinary architectural beauty. Independent of the desolation caused by recent events at Agra, in connection with the sepoy revolt of 1857, a great portion of the edifices within and around the city wall, have been, for many years, in a state of dilapidation; in short, the pristine extent and splendour of the city was only to be traced by the number and variety of the ruins, which spread themselves around on every side. Vast tracts, covered with old buildings, the remains of wells, and fragments of walls, which originally flourished in the midst of verdure and under the shade of forest trees, now only render the wide waste of sand, which has swallowed up all vegetation, still more desolate. The country between the fort and the Taj Mahal (a superb mausoleum erected by Shah Jehan) is a perfect desert; and visitors, after winding their way through an arid plain, only diversified by sand-heaps and crumbling masses of stone, come, as if by enchantment, upon the luxuriant gardens which still adorn the mausoleum, where the mighty emperor, and the beautiful partner of his throne and empire, sleep together in undisturbed repose.

The marble cupola on the left of the engraving, crowns a beautiful musjid, or mosque, attached to the Taj. Beyond, flanked by its slender minarets, the Taj itself appears; and,

in the distance, the eye rests upon the cupolas and turrets of the magnificent gateway that forms the principal entrance to this terrestrial paradise. Constant irrigation is necessary in India to preserve the beauty of gardens, which soon disappears if not continually refreshed by the revivifying stream. The pleasure-grounds belonging to the Taj Mahal are watered daily, and they are clothed in perpetual verdure; while the surrounding country is a parched wilderness.

The beautiful arched gateway and square tower on the right of the plate, opens into an enclosure of considerable extent, between the plain and the gardens of the Taj. Many buildings of the same design skirt the gardens, and some were fitted up for the residences of European families during the rains. The superior elegance of the native architecture often rendered it a subject for regret, that so few of the deserted buildings in the vicinity of Agra had been adapted to the use of the European inhabitants; not more than three or four of the mosques and tombs having been fitted up for their comfortable occupation, while the far greater number are lodged in excessively ugly bungalows, built with the old bricks which cover miles of the suburbs of Agra, and which can be had for the trouble of collecting them.

The church belonging to the cantonments was a handsome structure, built under the superintendence of an officer of the Company's engineers. In the course of the events of July, 1857, this edifice, together with the English and Oriental college, the government house, the Metcalfe testimonial, and, indeed, nearly every building of European construction, were destroyed by the mutinous bands that followed the retiring force under Brigadier Polwhele, after the engagement at Futtehpoor Sikri on the 5th of July.

THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

The great lion of Agra is the world-renowned Taj Mahal, or imperial mausoleum, erected by the emperor Shah Jehan, over the remains of his favourite wife, the empress Nour Jehan, or "Light of the World;" which is situated about three miles from the cantonments, and one mile from the fort of Agra. This "crown of edifices," as its name implies, is built of white marble, on a terrace of the same material, intermingled with a fine yellow stone. It contains a central hall, surmounted by a capacious dome, beneath which are the tombs of the founder and of his empress, and around the central space are a number of small apartments and corridors. The mausoleum, which has been esteemed the finest specimen of Indian architecture now extant, is reported to have cost £750,000; and with its clusters of light minarets, its noble gateway, mosque, and other buildings, forms a most exquisite group. The costly mosaics of twelve different sorts of stones, with which the mausoleum was paved, have gradually disappeared; but the general beauty of the structure had remained, to a great extent, unimpaired up to the period of the revolt of 1857. The height of the Taj Mahal, from the lower terrace to the golden crescent that surmounted the principal dome, was upwards of 250 feet, and the erection of the building occupied twenty years.

The late Bishop Heber, in speaking of this superb tomb, says—"After hearing its praises ever since I had been in India, its beauty rather exceeded than fell short of my expectations. The building itself is raised on an elevated terrace of white and yellow marble, and has, at its angles, four tall minarets of the same material. In the centre hall, enclosed within a carved screen of exquisite design and workmanship, is the tomb of the favourite Nour Jehan; and upon a marble *dais* slightly raised, by the side of her remains, is that of the emperor himself. The windows are of white marble, elaborately traced, and perforated for light and air—of the same design as the screen. The walls, screens, and tombs are covered with flowers and inscriptions, executed in beautiful mosaics of cornelian, lapis-lazuli, pearl, and jasper; and yet, though everything is finished like an ornament

for a drawing-room, the general effect is solemn and impressive, irrespective of the associations naturally attached to it in the mind of the spectator."

The entrance-gate to this region of enchantment is itself a palace, both as regards its magnitude and its decoration, being built of a deep red stone inlaid with white marble, and surmounted with domes and open cupolas. The centre forms a large circular hall, having a domed roof and gallery running round, and the interior walls are also embellished with splendid mosaics in rich patterns of flowers, so delicately formed that they look like embroidery on white satin—thirty-five different specimens of cornelians being employed in the single leaf of a carnation; while agates, lapis-lazuli, turquoise, and other precious materials, are spread over the place in unparalleled profusion.

THE TOMB OF AKBER—SECUNDRA.

The tomb of the emperor Akber at Secundra, about seven miles distant from Agra, is conjectured to have formerly been enclosed within the gates of that city. For many years past, however, visitors to this extraordinary pile have had to trace their way to it through a picturesque country strewed with ruins, and along the narrow streets of a second-rate but bustling commercial town, situated midway between the city and the tomb, to the village of Secundra, a place which still retains some vestiges of former greatness, but now sheltering only a few of the poorest peasants who are content to dwell beneath the crumbling roofs of decaying grandeur.

The magnificent pile which heaps terrace upon terrace over the ashes of the mighty Akber, if not the most chaste and beautiful in its design, is perhaps the most spacious of the monuments erected to perpetuate the glories of the Mohammedan rulers of Hindoostan. It stands in the centre of a park-like plantation of some forty acres in extent, the whole area being surrounded by a battlemented wall, strengthened by an octagonal tower at each corner, built in a bold style, and crowned with an open cupola at the top. Four gateways open into this enclosure, one of which is considered the most magnificent edifice of the kind to be found even in India.

The mausoleum itself is exceedingly singular in its design, and differs widely from the usual features of Mogul architecture. It forms a perfect square, the basement storey containing nothing worthy of note excepting its outer colonnade, the four passages leading from the four gateways, and the dim vault in which the remains of Akber, enclosed in a marble sarcophagus, repose. A lamp, burning on the tomb, is daily fed by the pious care of a few poor brethren of the Mohammedan priesthood, who also strew fresh-gathered flowers over the unconscious dead—a custom prevalent in every part of Hindoostan. Above this storey there is a second, a third, and a fourth, each forming a distinct range, rising directly over the tomb, and each containing a marble sarcophagus: the rooms in each range are small, and can only be entered from the marble verandahs of the terraces. Flights of stairs lead from the entrances below to the first platform, the building being somewhat in the form of a pyramid with the apex cut off. This storey consists of four noble terraces, or rather one quadrangle, with the central chamber before-mentioned; its suites of small apartments, and cloistered arcade in the midst, presenting the same *façade* on every side. The whole is surrounded by a noble balustrade; and at each angle there is a large pavilion-shaped turret with an open cupola. Flights of stairs lead to the second terraced quadrangle, which is precisely the same as the lower one, except that it is smaller; each tier diminishing in size until the summit of the building is reached, and the visitor treads upon a vast platform, surrounded by a screen of white marble perforated in every compartment in beautiful designs of arabesques, and having turreted marble cupolas at the angles. In the centre of this platform stands a fifth sarcophagus, most delicately and beautifully carved, the name of the monarch who sleeps below being inscribed upon it in gems. Though exposed to every change of atmosphere, its beauty still

remains unimpaired by the sunny climate of the East; and notwithstanding the lapse of years since the potent monarch whose ashes it covers was gathered to his fathers, it is still as pure, as white, and as brilliantly polished, as when it came from the skilful hand of the artificer by whom its beauty was thus brought to perfection. The three storeys that intervene between this platform and the basement floor are constructed of red granite, inlaid with white marble. The cupolas are covered with coloured tiles, composed of a coarse description of enamel; and, altogether, there is more of barbaric pomp displayed in this mausoleum than is usually found in the edifices raised by Mohammedans to perpetuate the memory of their rulers.

While the upper part of the building may be open to objection in an architectural sense, nothing can be finer than the gateways, and the wide marble colonnades, which sweep along the four sides of the mausoleum. These spacious cloisters would afford shelter and accommodation for a large army; and a regiment of English dragoons which was quartered in them during the siege of Agra, by Lord Lake, occupied but a very small portion of the space afforded. They lead to marble chambers screened off from each other, in which several members of the imperial family are enshrined, and are flanked with solid towers, their cupola'd summits forming pavilions to the terrace above. The interior of the arch at the principal entrance (shown on the right of the plate) is covered with verses that commemorate the virtues and triumphs of the founder, and expatiate upon the instability of human grandeur.

The renowned monarch for whose remains this stupendous monument was erected, was the son of the emperor Humayun. He was proclaimed emperor of Hindoostan on the death of his father in 1555, and died in October, 1605, after a glorious reign of forty-nine years, nearly the whole of which he was a cotemporary ruler with Elizabeth of England. The virtues of Akber's private character, his long and prosperous reign, and the stability which his invariable success gave to an empire which had nearly fallen under the dominion of the Afghans a second time, have inspired the people of Hindoostan with the highest regard for his memory; and even, to the present time, pilgrims from far and foreign lands come to offer homage at his lonely sepulchre.

One of the recesses around the shrine of Akber contains the ashes of a Hindoo princess, Jod Bae, whom her father, the rajah Moota of Joudpoor, gave to Akber in marriage, receiving in return from the conqueror four provinces, yielding £200,000 of annual revenue—certainly a royal price for a wife!

ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE, DELHI.

The modern city of Delhi, for a short time the head-quarters of a sanguinary rebellion that was intended to wrest the sceptre of Hindoostan from the royal hand of Britain, was founded in 1631, by the emperor Shah Jehan, upon part of the site of a former city, which is said to have covered a space of twenty square miles, over great part of which its ruins are still scattered. The modern city stands on the west bank of the Jumna, and is about seven miles in circumference, enclosed on three sides by a fortified wall and towers; and on the fourth, partly by the palace of the late titular king, and partly by the river. It was entered by seven gates of beautiful architecture, of which the one named from the city is nearest the palace—the Lahore gate being immediately opposite to the principal entrance of that structure, and the Cashmere gate being nearest to the English cantonments. The palace, of which one of the entrances is seen in the accompanying engraving, was also built by Shah Jehan, who surrounded it with a moat and embattled wall, which, towards the city, was sixty feet high, with several small towers, and two noble gateways. Not far from the palace is a mosque of red stone, whose domes appear in the central distance of the picture; and within which, on the 17th of February, 1739, the conqueror, Nadir Shah, sat from sunrise to mid-day, to witness the massacre of the inhabitants, which did not cease until near 100,000 persons had fallen by the swords

of his infuriated soldiery. The palace itself, as seen from a distance, exhibited a cluster of pinnacles and towers, many of which have been shaken to the ground, through the terrible occurrences that have followed the insane attempt to re-establish the empire of the Moguls upon the ruin of that of England, in Hindoostan. Through the gate shown in the engraving, the infatuated descendant of a worn-out dynasty, on the 12th of May, 1857, after suffering himself to be proclaimed king of Hindoostan, issued, surrounded by Oriental pomp; and, amidst the salutes of artillery and the clangour of martial instruments, proceeded through the city, to receive the homage of his subjects, and to animate them in their treacherous and rebellious war against the English. Through this gate, also, on the 21st of the following September, the phantom king, intercepted in his useless flight from the retribution he had provoked, was brought back to the palace he had occupied as ruler of India, a wretched prisoner, divested of rank and title, to await the result of a trial that, in all probability, would consign him, in the extreme winter of his existence, to the doom of a traitor and a felon. It is not in the province of this descriptive work to trace the progress, or to record the triumphs, of the struggle unnaturally forced upon this country by the treachery and vindictiveness of the people of India; and as the subject is fully treated in works devoted to the purpose, to those pages we must refer for details that are now of national importance and of world-wide interest.

RUINS ON THE JUMNA, ABOVE DELHI.

The mosque represented in the accompanying engraving, stands on the west bank of the Jumna, a short distance from the walls, at the upper part of the modern city of Delhi. The cupolas and the gateway, which are still entire, possess strong claims to admiration; and though upon a smaller scale than many of the magnificent remains in the neighbourhood, afford a very just idea of the elegance pertaining to nearly all the places of Mohammedan worship in India. The grove which shades this venerable and time-worn ruin, whose origin is lost amidst the decay of the capital it once adorned, was, in all probability, planted by the founder; since a Moslem, when building a temple or a monument, always provided at the same time for the comfort of travellers in its vicinity. The whole of the neighbourhood of Delhi is strewed with fragments of ruined tombs, temples, serais, and palaces; and jheels of water, and swamps, have formed themselves in the hollowed foundations of prostrate edifices, adding to the gloomy wildness of the scene. After traversing these dismal wastes, it is refreshing to emerge upon the banks of the Jumna, and to gaze upon its cool waters; the beauty of the landscape, as here shown by the engraving, being much enhanced when the dark ruins intercept the bright silvery light of a full-orbed moon, shining in its majesty over plain, and grove, and gently gliding river. The character of the Jumna differs widely from that of the Ganges, and its scenery is by many travellers considered more picturesque. Its banks are distinguished by multitudes of ruins in the last stages of desolation: the crowds upon the ghauts are less numerous; many splendid specimens of Oriental architecture in these landing-places being wholly unfrequented, or occupied only by a few solitary bathers. Every cliff is crowned with the remnants of a fortress; and castles and temples, all bearing marks of decay, give to the sandy wilderness a solemn and melancholy air. It is true the Jumna overflows the country; but its waters at this place do not bring with them fertility: the bed of the river being very strongly impregnated with natron, vegetation is destroyed by the periodical inundations; and in consequence of the deleterious effects of the floods and the neglect of the wells, a great part of the country about Delhi is converted into an ocean of sand, through which the camels, plodding their weary way, do not find a bush or a blade of grass. The nature of the soil, and the numberless holes and hiding-places in the crevices and fissures of the ruins, afford abundant harbour for snakes. These and other reptiles may be seen gliding among the mouldering walls

of many a crumbling mosque and palace, rearing their crests in the porticos and halls, or basking in the courts and terraces. Wolves and jackals secrete themselves by day in the vaults and recesses presented by the ruins of the deserted city; coming forth at night in packs, and making the walls resound with their hideous yells; while the white vulture keeps lonely ward upon the towers and pinnacles, screaming as it snuffs its prey in the distance, or as its keen eye follows the track of some disabled animal, in whose quivering flesh its talons will presently be buried.

RUINS—OLD DELHI.

Amidst misshapen fragments of marble and prostrate masses of stone—where the mosque of the faithful and the temple of the idolater lie indiscriminately together in one wide sea of ruin—the circular towers which appear in the accompanying plate, still retain a considerable portion of their pristine beauty, and afford a pleasing relief to the eye weary of the utter desolation that extends in every direction over the site of old Delhi. It is not known, at the present day, to whose memory the monument occupying the centre of the quadrangle flanked by these towers was raised; but the portion that still remains, shows that, in its pristine state, it must have been a splendid embellishment of the once magnificent scene. The tomb is erected upon a terrace supported by arches, with a round tower surmounted by an open cupola at each angle; that which occupies the foreground of the engraving being the only one remaining in a tolerable state of preservation. This beautiful memorial of the past, is situated at the northern extremity of the ruins of the old city, and about a mile from the walls of modern Delhi. In the period of its splendour, this ancient capital of the Patan and Mogul emperors was said to cover a space of twenty square miles, and its ruins are still scattered over an area nearly equal in extent. Prior to the Mohammedan invasion, it had been a place of great renown, as the remains of Hindoo architecture, mingling with relics of the Moslem conquerors, still attest. The sepulchres of 180,000 saints and martyrs belonging to the faithful, were, it is said, to be found amidst the wrecks of temples and palaces, before all had crumbled into the undistinguishable mass which now renders the scene so desolate. In the time of its glory, groves and gardens spread their luxuriant foliage over a soil now so parched and sterile, that at the time the staircase of the Cootub Minar was in too ruinous a state to admit of ascent, not a bamboo could be found to form a scaffolding for its repair.

The ruins which have formed the subject of the accompanying engraving, are situated within a short distance of an old Patan fortress of Ferozeshah, which still retains possession of a Hindoo relic to which great interest is attached. The fortress is of great extent, and contains a mosque, erected upon the site of a Hindoo temple. In the front of this ruined mosque, and in the spot on which its principal gate was erected, is a pillar of mixed metal, about twenty-five feet in height, embellished with inscriptions in ancient, and now unintelligible, characters. This column is said to have been cast, amid spells and incantations, by an ancestor of the rajah Paitowra, who was assured, by the astrologers of his court, that as long as it continued standing, his children should rule over the inheritance which he bequeathed to them. Upon learning this tradition, Feroze Shah stayed the work of demolition he had commenced upon the temple, and suffered the column to stand in the place where it had been originally erected, in order to show the fallacy of the prediction. He strewed the pavement around it with the broken idols of Hindoo worship, which have long been turned to dust; but the pillar still remains —a trophy of Moslem power, although no longer of its independence. The last decisive battle fought between the Mohammedans and the Hindoos, which secured to the former the supremacy over Indraput, occurred nearly 600 years ago; and as the work of devastation has continued with little intermission ever since, it is not surprising that the ruins of Delhi should be so extensive.

CALCUTTA.

This important city, the principal seat of the government of British India, is situated on the eastern bank of the river Hooghly, a navigable branch of the Ganges, at a distance of about 100 miles from the sea. Its geographical position is found in lat. 22° 33′ 54″ N., and long. 88° 20′ 17″ E. From Calcutta, in a north-easterly direction, the travelling distances to the three chief seats of recent rebellion, are as follow:—From Benares, 428 miles; from Lucknow, 649; and from Delhi, 976. The spot chosen for the site of the capital is by no means the most favourable that might have been selected, as the surrounding country is flat and marshy; and extensive muddy lakes, with an immense forest, stretched in close proximity to the town, and produced a deleterious influence upon the general health of the inhabitants. Much has been effected, within the last few years, to obviate some of these local disadvantages, by draining the streets, filling up the stagnant pools, and clearing the jungle; but the air is still considerably affected by the vicinity of the marshy district called the Sunderbunds; through which, in many channels, the Ganges pours its mighty stream into the Bay of Bengal. The Hooghly, at Calcutta, is about a mile in breadth at high water; but, during the ebbs, its opposite side presents an unsightly range of long, dry sand-banks.

The city of Calcutta affords a remarkable instance of rapid advancement from comparative insignificance as an obscure village, to a state of almost imperial splendour as the capital of an immense empire, originating in the following accidental and somewhat romantic incident of the 15th century :—"Jehanara, the favourite daughter of Shah Jehan, in retiring one night from the imperial presence to her own apartment, set her dress on fire while passing one of the lamps which lit the corridor; and, fearful of calling for assistance while the male guards of the palace were within hearing, the terrified princess rushed into the harem, enveloped by fire, and was fearfully burned before the flames could be extinguished. The most famous physicians were summoned from different parts of the empire: and the surgeons of the English ships then at Surat, having obtained considerable repute for cures performed on some Mogul nobles, an express was sent to that place for one of them. A Mr. Gabriel Broughton was selected for the occasion; and having, fortunately, been conspicuously instrumental in aiding the recovery of the princess, was desired by the grateful father to name his reward. With rare disinterestedness, Broughton asked only for advantages to the Company of which he was the servant; and, in return for his skilful treatment of the suffering princess, and his subsequent attendance upon the household of the emperor, and Prince Shuja, the governor of Bengal, he obtained a licence to the company of English merchants trading to the East Indies, for unlimited trade throughout the empire, with freedom from custom dues in all places except Surat, and permission to erect factories; which was speedily availed of, by the establishment of them at various places; and of which one was at Hooghly, on the western bank of the river. At this factory the Company continued to trade until 1696, when the emperor Aurungzebe permitted them to remove their establishment to the petty native village of Govindpoor, on the eastern bank; and, in the following year, to secure their possession by a small fort. So slow was the early progress of the new settlement, that up to 1717, Govindpoor—the site of *Calicata*, or Calcutta, now the "City of Palaces"—remained an assemblage of wretched huts, with only a few hundreds of inhabitants; and even so late as 1756, it had not more than seventy houses in it occupied by Europeans. In 1742, it was found necessary to augment the means of defence against the incursions of the Mahrattas, who had become troublesome; and the fort was surrounded by a ditch—a precaution that was found utterly useless when, in June, 1756, the subahdar, or viceroy of Bengal, Surajah-ud-Dowlah, made an attack upon the factory, of which he obtained possession, and immortalised the memory of his conquest by the wanton destruction of the European residents by suffocation in one of the dungeons of the fort." The catastrophe is thus related :—"Upon the soldiers of Surajah-ud-Dowlah entering the fort, after a well-sustained resistance, by which they had lost many men, the inhabitants surrendered their arms, and the victors refrained from blood-

shed. The subahdar, notwithstanding his character for inhumanity, showed no signs of it on this occasion, but took his seat in the chief apartment of the factory, and received the congratulatory addresses of his officers and attendants with extreme elation; all angry feelings being merged in the emotions of gratified vanity at the victory he had achieved. The smallness of the sum found in the treasury (50,000 rupees) disappointed him; but when Mr. Holwell, a member of council (upon whom the defence of the factory had devolved after the troops had deserted the place), was brought into his presence with fettered hands, he was immediately set free; and notwithstanding some expressions of resentment at the English for the defence of the fort, Surajah declared, upon the faith of a soldier, not a hair of their heads should be touched. The conference terminated about seven in the evening, and Mr. Holwell returned to his companions in captivity (146 in number), while the question was discussed by their captors, how they were to be secured for the night. No suitable place could be found; and while the guards were searching about, the prisoners, relieved from fear by the unexpected gentleness of Surajah Dowlah, stood in groups conversing together, utterly unsuspicious of their impending doom. The chief officer at length reported, that the only place of security he could find was the garrison prison—known, in military parlance, as 'the Black Hole'—a chamber eighteen feet long by fourteen broad, lit and ventilated by two small windows secured by thick iron bars, and overhung by a verandah. Even for a dozen European offenders, this dungeon would have been insufferably close and narrow; but the prisoners of the subahdar numbered 146 persons, the greater part of whom were English, whose constitutions could scarcely sustain the fierce heat of Bengal in the summer season, even with the aid of every mitigation that art could invent or money purchase. These unfortunates, in their ignorance of Mahratta nature, at first derided the idea of being shut up in the 'Black Hole,' as being a manifest impossibility; but their incredulity was of short duration. The guards, hardened to the sight of suffering, and habitually careless of life, forced them all (including a half-caste woman, who clung to her husband) into the cell at the point of the sword, and fastened the door upon the helpless crowd. Mr. Holwell strove, by bribes and entreaties, to persuade an old man of some authority among the guard, to procure their separation into two places. He apparently made some attempt to effect this; but returned, declaring that the subahdar slept, and none dared disturb him to request the desired permission, without which, no change could be made in the disposition of the prisoners. The scene which ensued perhaps admits but of one comparison in horror—that one is, the hold of a slave-ship. Some few individuals retained consciousness to the last; and after hours of agony, surrounded by sights and sounds of the most appalling description, they rendered up their souls tranquilly to their Creator; while others, maddened by the double torment of heat and thirst, fought with each other like furious beasts, to approach the windows, or to obtain a share in the pittance of water procured through the intervention of one compassionate soldier; the other guards holding lights to the iron bars, and shouting with fiendish laughter at the death-agonies and frantic struggles of the prisoners. Towards daybreak, the tumult in the cell of death began to diminish; shrieks and supplications were succeeded by low, fitful moans; a sickly pestilential vapour steamed through the bars—the majority of the prisoners had perished; corruption had commenced; and the few who yet survived, were sinking fast. The sleep of Surajah Dowlah at length ceased, and he was informed of the importunities of the prisoners. The door was then forced open by his command. After the suffocating vapour had partially escaped, the guards ordered the prisoners to come forth; and from the dark gloom of that dungeon, and over the corpses that laid thick upon its floor, twenty-three ghastly figures staggered into the light of day, one by one, faint and crushed by the intensity of their sufferings through the suffocating agonies of that dreadful night." Among the survivors of this horrible catastrophe were Mr. Holwell and the half-caste woman mentioned, who entered that dungeon a devoted wife, and left it a forlorn and broken-hearted widow—her European husband having fallen in the sacrificial oblation to Mahratta vengeance. Upon the result of the night's work being reported to the chief, he ordered a pit to be dug in front of the dungeon, into which the bodies of the 123 murdered men were promiscuously thrown.

No appearance of regret was manifested by the subahdar for this atrocity. The first flush of exultation had passed away, and resentment for his pecuniary disappointment

became now the dominant feeling. Mr. Holwell, unable to walk, was carried into his presence, and harshly interrogated regarding the treasure of the Company, which had been removed previous to the capture of the fort. As no satisfactory answer could be given to his inquiries, the few surviving victims were lodged in miserable sheds, fed on grain and water, and left to endure, as they might, the crisis of the fever consequent upon their imprisonment through the night of the 20th of June. Several did survive; and their release was eventually procured through the intercession of the grandmother of Surajah Dowlah, and a native merchant named Omichund. Upon the return of Mr. Holwell to Europe some time afterwards, that gentleman and a Mr. Cooke, a sharer of his sufferings, gave a painfully-interesting account of the whole catastrophe before a committee of the House of Commons. In October, 1756, Calcutta was recovered by a force under General Clive, after a siege of two hours only; at the end of which the Mahratta chief and his garrison sought their safety by flight. The "Black Hole" was afterwards converted into a warehouse; and an obelisk, fifty feet high, raised before the entrance, commemorates the names of the victims that perished within its fatal enclosure.

Passing by the gradual development of this now important city until it had taken rank among the capitals of empires, it may be observed, that within little more than half a century from the event above-mentioned, the inconsiderable village and fort of 1756, which merely covered a few acres of land, had grown into a magnificent city, extending for more than six miles along the river side, and penetrating inland, in some places, to nearly the same distance. The authoress of *Scenes and Characteristics of Hindoostan*, when exercising her pleasingly-descriptive pen upon reminiscences of Calcutta, says—"The approach to the 'City of Palaces' from the river is exceedingly fine; the Hooghly, at all periods of the year, presents a broad surface of sparkling water; and as it winds through a richly-wooded country, clothed with eternal verdure, and interspersed with stately buildings, the stranger feels that banishment may be endured amid scenes of so much picturesque beauty, attended by so many luxurious accompaniments." The usual landing-place, Champaul Ghaut, is formed by a magnificent flight of stone steps, ascending from the water to a noble esplanade, which opens to the town by a triumphal arch of fine proportions, and supported by columns of elaborate design. Passing beneath this ornamental structure, a wide plain (or meidan), occupying a spacious quadrangular area, is intersected by broad roads which lead towards the interior. On two sides of this quadrangle, a part of the city and of the fashionable suburb of Chowringee extend themselves. The houses are, for the most part, detached from each other, or are connected only by long ranges of raised terraces, surmounted, like the flat roofs of the houses, with balustrades. In many instances pillared verandahs extend the entire height and width of the buildings, only intersected by spacious porticos: the architectural effect of the interminable clusters of columns, balustered terraces, and lofty gateways, occasionally intermingled with brilliant foliage and shrubs of surpassing loveliness, is indescribably beautiful. The material of the houses is termed *puckha*—brick coated with cement of dazzling whiteness; and although the claims of the "City of Palaces" to high architectural merit have been questioned, and there may be many faults discoverable when tested by the strict rules of art, there is still sufficient to inspire the stranger with unmingled admiration at the magnificence of the *coup d'œil* that is presented from the Champaul Ghaut, from which point the eye embraces a wide range of the city, diversified by palaces and temples, spires and minarets, domes and towers, whose sharp, clear outlines are thrown into bold relief by the umbrageous verdure with which they are intermingled.

The magnificent building erected by the Marquis Wellesley for the residence of the governor-general of British India, is situated on one side of the spacious quadrangle mentioned; and in a line with it, on either side, is a range of handsome buildings occupied as offices of the government, and the abode of the higher class of officials in its service. The governor-general's palace consists of a rustic basement, with a superstructure of the Ionic order. A spacious flight of steps, on the north side of the edifice, extends over an arch by which carriages approach the principal entrance; and the south side is decorated with a circular colonnade, surmounted by a dome. The wings contain the private apartments of the palace, which are connected by circular passages, arranged to have the advantage of the air from all quarters. The central portion of the building contains

several magnificent apartments for state occasions, and the council-chamber of the governor-general.

The principal square of Calcutta, called Tank-square, occupies a quadrangular area of about 500 yards; in the centre of which is a large tank, sixty feet deep, surrounded by a wall and balustrade, and having steps descending to the bottom. The square contains the old fort of Govindpoor (the original *Calicata*) and the custom-house—a noble building, in front of which a handsome quay has been formed. This portion of Calcutta is called "The Strand," and extends hence more than two miles along the bank of the river. During the administration of the Marquis of Hastings, from 1813 to 1823, much was done to improve the sanitary state of the capital by drainage and ventilation. A street sixty feet wide was opened through the centre of it, from end to end, and several squares were laid out, each of which, like the one already mentioned, has a tank in the centre, surrounded by planted walks. The southern part of the city is chiefly inhabited by Europeans; but a view of Calcutta limited to that portion only, would give a very erroneous idea of the whole of the metropolis of British India.

The portion principally occupied by the natives is called Black Town, and lies northward of the European quarter, to which it presents a marked contrast. In extent it comprises about three-fourths of the entire space built over; the streets and avenues being narrow, dirty, and unpaved. Many of the houses of the better class of inhabitants are built of brick, two storeys high, with terraced roofs; but the far greater number of habitations are either mud cottages, or huts built of bamboo, or other slight material, and swarm with an excess of population in proportion to the accommodation they are calculated to afford. From the close contiguity, and fragile material used in these buildings, fires are frequent and destructive in the Black Town, but do not often affect the European quarter. Upwards of twenty bazaars, well supplied with merchandise from all parts of the world, and with provisions in abundance, offer to the inhabitants all that is requisite for their consumption.

Besides the government-house and the old fort, the other public buildings of note in Calcutta are the town-house, the courts of justice, the theatres and assembly-rooms, and numerous places of worship adapted to the various rituals that flourish under the tolerant rule of Britain. Amongst them are two churches belonging to the English—one of them being the cathedral of the diocese of Calcutta; other edifices, dedicated to Christian worship, belong to the Portuguese, the Armenians, and the Greeks, and there are also several temples and mosques belonging to the Hindoo and Mohammedan inhabitants.

Fort William stands about a quarter of a mile below the town, and has been considered the strongest fortress belonging to the English throughout their possessions in India. In form it is an irregular octagon, built at a cost of £200,000, after a design approved by Clive soon after the battle of Plassy, in 1757. The five sides of the octagon next the land are extensive, and are mounted with a formidable armament for the protection, or, if necessary, for the destruction of the town, or any adverse force in possession of it: the three sides towards the river completely command the approach to the town in that direction. The interior of the fort is open, and affords a vast space for military parades, besides well-arranged and shaded promenades, kept in excellent order. The barracks, which are bomb-proof, are sufficiently large to accommodate 10,000 men; and it would require, with its 619 pieces of cannon in position, and adequately manned, as many troops to garrison it as would form an army capable of taking the field. Besides the quarters for the men, Fort William contains only such buildings as are absolutely necessary for the convenience of the establishment; a house for the commandant, officers' quarters, and the arsenal, which is kept well supplied with military stores. The entire cost of this fortress, since its construction in 1757, has exceeded £1,000,000 sterling.

As the seat of government, Calcutta possesses also the supreme court of judicature for the presidency of Bengal. This court is under the control of a chief justice and two puisne judges, appointed by the crown. The native courts of Sudder Dewanny Adawlut, and Nazamut Adawlut (the former for civil, and the latter for criminal causes), are courts of appeal from the provincial courts in all parts of Hindoostan.

Calcutta was erected into a diocese under the prelacy of the Rev. Dr. Heber in 1814; and the annual stipend of the bishopric is £5,000, with an episcopal palace. The

religious, educational, literary, and scientific institutions of Calcutta are numerous, and of a high order. A Sanscrit college, a Mohammedan college, and an Anglo-Indian college are severally supported by grants from the government, which also affords aid to many establishments for instructing the native children, and those of the poorer classes of Europeans. The college of Fort William (founded by the Marquis Wellesley) is chiefly directed to the completion of the education, in native languages, of cadets and *employés* of the East India Company, who have been partially educated at Haileybury. The opulent inhabitants of Calcutta, both native and European, also contribute liberally to the support of charitable foundations of various kinds.

Besides the five libraries of the public institutions, such as those of the Asiatic Society of Bengal (founded by Sir William Jones in 1784), Fort William College, the Botanical Society, the Agricultural and Horticultural Societies of India, the Calcutta Literary Society, &c., the capital is amply supplied with excellent subscription libraries and reading-rooms. Of these, the Calcutta Public Library is entitled to the first rank. A Mechanics' Institute has also been established, and is well supported by the class for whose benefit it was designed.

The Botanical Gardens are situated on a bend of the river at Garden Reach, the favourite summer residence of opulent Anglo-Indians; and are within about half-an-hour's row from Champaul Ghaut. This noble establishment of the government is at all times open to visitors: it contains all the varieties of vegetation known throughout Hindoostan; with a vast collection of exotics, chiefly from Nepaul, Pulo-Penang, Sumatra, and Java; besides contributions from Brazil, the Cape, and other regions of the Americas and of Africa, as well as from Australia and the islands of the Southern Ocean. Above this magnificent garden is a large plantation of teak—a wood which is not indigenous in this part of India, but is most invaluable in ship-building; a branch of national industry that is carried on at Calcutta to a considerable extent.

One of the great inconveniences of Calcutta arises from its great deficiency of water. It has not unfrequently happened, in and about the city, that after boring to a depth of more than 150 feet, no springs have been reached: the water-supply of a great portion of the inhabitants is therefore dependent upon *bheesties* (or water-carriers), who are attached to almost every establishment.

The markets of Calcutta are profusely supplied with butchers' meat, venison, game, fish, vegetables and fruits, all of which are generally to be obtained at moderate prices. The game consists of hares, wild ducks, teal, ortolans, snipes, &c. Amongst the water products is the mango-fish—which derives its name from appearing in the river only at the season in which the mangoes ripen; and is regarded as a great delicacy. Pine-apples, melons, oranges, peaches, guavas, loquats, strawberries, &c., are produced in infinite variety, and are of the most exquisite flavour.

Amongst the luxurious abundance beneath which the tables of the upper class of public servants at the seat of government literally groan, it is amusing to find that the recognised delicacies of an entertainment chiefly consist of hermetically-sealed salmon, red-herrings, cheese, smoked sprats, raspberry jam, and dried fruits: these articles coming from Europe, and being sometimes difficult to procure in a desirable state, are frequently sold at almost fabulous prices.

The population of Calcutta, exclusive of the suburbs, has been estimated at about 420,000; that of the entire place, with the districts adjacent, comprised within a circle of twenty miles, was computed by the magistrates, a few years since, at 2,225,000 persons; and the numbers have progressively increased to the present time. Besides the human crowds which people the capital and its suburbs, the swarms of animal life, of an inferior order, that are attracted by the enormous quantity of viands, of every kind, that are daily thrown into the thoroughfares, are remarkable. The exceeding waste of animal and other food by European families at this place, is partly accounted for by the fact of the religious prejudices of the native servants, who will not partake of food prepared by others than of their own *caste*. The lower order of the Portuguese, who constitute the bulk of European society of their class, and to whom much of the wasted abundance might be serviceable, cannot consume the whole, and their inefficiency is accordingly made up for by amazing flocks of crows, kites, and vultures; which, undisturbed by man, live together, and, at times, almost cover the houses and gardens. In their useful occu-

pation as scavengers, the kites and crows are assisted, during the day, by the adjutant-bird, or stork, and, after sunset, by pariah dogs, foxes, and jackals, which then emerge from the neighbouring jungles, and fight over their garbage, making "night hideous with their discordant noises."

Calcutta, from its position and local resources, was not likely to be materially affected by the insurrectionary outbreak that carried fire and sword with desolating fury through the fair provinces of which it was the capital; and many reasons conspired to secure this immunity. For instance, there were, on all occasions, more Europeans at Calcutta than in any other city in India, who could present a formidable barrier to the efforts of the disaffected: there was the immediate presence and influence of the viceregal court—objects of great weight upon the native mind; the head-quarters of all authority was concentrated in the city, ensuring the promptest measures that, in any exigency, might be required: and besides all this, it was the port of debarkation for successive arrivals of European troops—a fact which alone would have sufficed to quench the aspirations of the most sanguine amongst the rebelliously inclined of its native population. Yet the capital was not altogether free from causes of disquietude, nor was the government regardless of the necessity for unremitting vigilance. Two important measures, however, that were considered requisite for the safety of the state—namely, a bill restraining the exuberant tone of the press, and for the registration of arms—met with much popular clamour. A great cause of uneasiness also arose from the fact that, at the time of the outbreak, scarcely any English troops were quartered in Fort William; while the proximity of the military stations at Barrackpoor and Dumdum (the first being sixteen miles, and the latter only eight miles from the seat of government, and, at the time of the mutiny, chiefly occupied by native troops), was a circumstance well calculated to inspire alarm: fortunately, beyond alarm, no immediate evil result afflicted Calcutta society, in connection with the revolt. The first occasion for disquietude arose on the 17th of May, immediately after intelligence of the outrages at Meerut and Delhi had reached the government. Some men belonging to a native regiment, encamped on the esplanade between the Coolie Bazaar and Fort William, were reported as having made mutinous overtures to the soldiers on duty at the fort; their object, in the first instance, being to obtain ammunition, and then, in conjunction with the sepoys, to take possession of the fort during the night; and after putting the Europeans within the walls to death, to turn the guns of the fort upon the shipping, to prevent intelligence being conveyed from the country; and then to play upon the city while the European population were massacred, and their property destroyed. Having effected thus much, the city was to be given up to pillage, and the native troops, laden with spoil, were then to march to Delhi, and join the standard of the Mogul. However much or little of truth there might be in the report, it was at once conveyed to the fort-major by the men to whom the alleged design had been revealed, and steps were immediately taken for the protection of the fort and city. The drawbridges at Fort William were raised, and ladders of communication withdrawn from the ditches; the guns on the several bastions were shotted, and additional guards placed over the arsenal. European sentinels were stationed at the officers' quarters, and on the ramparts; while patrols were kept on duty through the city, to report the first symptom of active outbreak. The night, however, passed over without any attempt to disturb the peace; and on the following day a sufficient European force was moved into the capital, and the regiments on the esplanade were then quietly disarmed.

About the middle of June, circumstances transpired that rendered it expedient to remove the ex-king of Oude (who had, for some time previous, occupied a residence at Garden Reach, a suburb of Calcutta) from the native influences that surrounded him; and it was determined that, for a time, his majesty should become an inmate of Fort William, to which he was accordingly removed, under the following circumstances:—At daybreak on the morning of the 15th of June, a detachment of the 37th regiment, which had just arrived at Calcutta from Ceylon, was marched down to Garden Reach, with two guns; and, before its approach was observed, had surrounded the palace. The officer in command then demanded an audience of his majesty; and, reaching his presence, respectfully announced his mission, and, at the same time, delivered an autograph letter from the governor-general, which was addressed to the king, and couched in the following terms:—

"Fort William, June 15th.

"Sir,—It is with pain that I find myself compelled to require that your majesty's person should, for a season, be removed to within the precincts of Fort William. The name of your majesty, and the authority of your court, are used by persons who seek to excite resistance to the British government; and it is necessary that this should cease. Your majesty knows that, from the day when it pleased you to fix your residence near Calcutta to the present time, yourself, and those about your majesty, have been entirely free and uncontrolled. Your majesty may be assured, then, that it is not the desire of the governor-general in council to interfere needlessly with your movements and actions. Your majesty may be equally certain that the respect due to your majesty's high position will never be forgotten by the government or its officers, and that every possible provision will be made for your majesty's convenience and comfort.—CANNING."

The surprise was so perfect, and the arrangements so well carried out, that not the slightest chance of successful opposition to the measure existed. No resistance was offered; and, at seven o'clock in the morning, the king of Oude, accompanied by two commissioned officers of the governor-general's staff, was quietly conveyed a prisoner to apartments prepared for his reception in Fort William.

Numerous arrests followed this decisive step; and the subsequent conspiracy for a general rising in the city and suburbs, as well as in other parts of the province of Bengal, and the late kingdom of Oude, became known to the government in ample time to enable it to adopt measures for the security of the capital.

THE CITY OF MADRAS—FORT ST. GEORGE.

THE city of Madras (or Fort St. George), the capital of a presidency, and the chief emporium of commerce on the western shore of the Bay of Bengal, is situated in lat. 13° 5′ N., long. 80° 21′ E. In travelling distances, it is 1,030 miles S. from Calcutta, 758 S.E. from Bombay, and 1,275 S.E. from Delhi. The approach to Madras from the sea is peculiar: low, flat, sandy shores extend far to the north and south; and small barren hills, that form the boundary of the view inland, contribute to impress the spectator with a sense of sterility and loneliness that only wears off with a near proximity to the land, when the beach is seen, as it were, alive with the swarms of animate nature that cover it to the very verge of the sea. The public offices and buildings erected near the beach are handsome, with colonnades or verandahs to the upper storeys; supported on arched bases, and covered with the beautiful shell mortar (or chunam) of Madras—hard, smooth, and polished like marble. Within a few yards of the sea the fortifications of Fort St. George present an imposing appearance, and beyond them are seen minarets and pagodas, intermixed with luxuriant foliage. Within the fort a lighthouse rears its monitory crest ninety feet above the level of the sea, and is visible from the mast-head of a large ship, at a distance of twenty-six miles.

Madras has no harbour, and vessels of heavy burthen are obliged to moor in the roads—about two miles from the fort. A strong current runs along the coast, and a tremendous surf breaks on the shore, rendering it difficult to land even in the calmest weather. In crossing this surf the natives use boats of a peculiar construction, built of very thin planks laced together, and made as pliable as possible. The boats from the vessels often row to the outside of the surf, and wait for the masulah (or native boats) to take the passengers on shore. Fishermen, and others of the lower class employed on the water, frequently use a simple kind of conveyance for passing the surf, called a "catamaran," which they resort to when the sea is too rough for the masulah boats to venture out. These substitutes are formed of two or three logs of wood about ten feet long, lashed together, with a piece of wood between them to serve as a helm. Sitting astride this unique

barque, two men, armed with paddles, launch themselves upon the surf to fish, or to convey messages to and from the ships in the roads, when no other means of communication is available. The Madras boatmen are expert swimmers; and when, as is frequently the case, they are washed from the catamaran by the force of the surging waves, they make no difficulty in regaining their perilous seats, and proceeding on their mission.

The most striking object from the sea is Fort St. George, which, as it now stands, embraces the remains of the original fortress (erected in 1640), and long since converted into storehouses and public offices. The present building is strong and handsome, extensive, and well defended; its face towards the sea being deemed impregnable, as the heavy surf would effectually prevent the landing of an enemy. Within the walls are the post-office, magazines, storehouses, barracks, hospitals, and other necessary requirements. The governor's residence is a spacious building of some pretension to architectural beauty; and on the esplanade in front of it, is a marble statue of the Marquis Cornwallis. Southward from the site of the Old Fort is a large and commodious church, in which has been erected a splendid memorial of Bishop Heber—sculptured by Chantrey, and representing the estimable prelate in the solemn act of confirming two native converts in the doctrines of a faith more pure, more holy, than those of the benighted race from whose errors they have been rescued.

The southern exit from the fort leads to the fashionable drive of European Madras—the South Beach, which is a strip of road about a quarter of a mile in length along the shore. At the end of the drive is an oval enclosure, consisting of a lawn and gravel-walks; in the centre of which a military band "discourses sweet music," for about an hour, to the *élite* of Madras society, on three evenings of the week. There are several other pleasant drives in the vicinity of the town, especially the Mount-road—so named from its leading to the artillery station at St. Thomas's Mount. This road, which is six miles in length, presents a continuous succession of charming villas, interspersed with luxuriant foliage, and nestled in gardens, where the rich glow of Oriental flowers is tempered by the sober verdure of the groves that surround them, and leave nothing for fancy to desire for delighting the eye or enchanting the imagination. "Here," says a recent traveller, "are to be seen, in the most lavish abundance, the plume-like broad-leaved plantain, the gracefully drooping bamboo, the proud coronet of the cocoa waving with every breeze, the fan-leaf of the still taller palm, the delicate areca, the obelisk-like aloe, the majestic banian with its drooping stems—the giant arms outstretching from a columnar and strangely convoluted trunk, and shooting forth the pliant fibrous strings which plant themselves in the earth below, and add support and dignity to the umbrageous canopy above them."

Near the Mount-road is the racecourse, on the town side of which is a stone bridge of many arches, over a wide and deep ravine which forms a channel for the waters during the rainy season—a shallow stream meandering along its bed at other times; on the banks of which are generally collected some hundreds of dhobies (washermen), with the tents in which their families are located. It is noticed as peculiarly characteristic of the arrogance and exclusive pretensions of Europeans in India, that their own vehicles alone are permitted to traverse this bridge; the bullock hackeries of the natives being compelled to descend on one side, and, after wading through the water, ascend the somewhat precipitous bank on the other. With such, and many equally offensive assumptions of superiority regulating the intercourse between the English residents and the native population, it is hardly likely that any other feeling could be cherished by the latter than that of hatred, not the less intense because veiled beneath a mask of servile obsequiousness.

Government-house, which is by no means remarkable either for architectural beauty or the accommodation it affords, is situated at the head of the Mount-road. The garden, or park, by which it is surrounded, is spacious, and extends to the shore, where the governor of the presidency has a smaller habitation, named the "Marine Villa."

The Black Town, which is beyond the fort from the sea, is described by a recent traveller as being large and very populous: the streets mostly run at right angles, and parallel with each other. As the mercantile business of the place is transacted here, the shops of Europeans and natives are chiefly established in the Black Town; and, with the residences of the Portuguese and natives, occupy a considerable area. The joint population of the two towns is estimated at 480,000.

The climate of Madras is considered to be less sultry than that of Bengal; and such stations as are situated on the higher grounds of the table-land, enjoy a very agreeable temperature. Society is more limited than that of Calcutta, and displays less attention to the elegancies of life. Parbury, in his *Handbook of India*, describes the manners of the Europeans as of a haughty and ridiculously exclusive character—an assertion which seems to be warranted by the fact related of the Ravine bridge.

During the recent calamitous events that have deluged a vast portion of the sister presidency with blood, that of Madras remained almost entirely free from disturbance. With one solitary exception (the 8th regiment of Madras native cavalry), the native troops not only kept faith with the government that fed and paid them, but also cheerfully offered their services against the mutinous sepoys of Bengal. Many of the regiments were employed in the course of the struggles of 1857-'8, and rendered good service in the battles fought with the insurgent troops. The only instance of dissatisfaction and reluctance to obey the orders of their commander, was furnished by the regiment above-mentioned, which mutinied on its way from Bangalore to Madras (where it was to embark for Calcutta), on the ground of the unsatisfactory rates of pay, batta, and pension. The local government unwisely yielded to the demands of the men in this instance, and the regiment resumed its march; but after proceeding thirteen miles further, the troopers again halted, and declared "they would not go forth to war against their countrymen." Prompt measures were then taken to put an end to this insubordinate conduct: the men were unhorsed and disarmed, and sent to do dismounted duty at Arcot; and their horses and arms were forthwith shipped to Calcutta, where the accession was, at the moment, of great value to the government.

BOMBAY.

The island, town, and harbour of Bombay, from which the presidency has been named, lie off the western shore of the Concan, in the province of Bejapoor; the town occupying the south-eastern extremity of the island, and being in lat. 18° 56′ N., long. 72° 57′ E. Its distance from Calcutta is 1,301 miles south-east; and, from Madras, 774 miles, also south-east. The small island upon which the capital of the presidency is situated, is about eight miles in length from north to south, and is three miles broad in its widest part. Separated from the mainland by an arm of the sea, Bombay forms, with the contiguous islands of Colaba, or "Old Woman's Island," Salsette ("Butcher's Island"), and Caranja—visible in the annexed engraving—one of the finest harbours in Hindoostan. Two derivations have been assigned to the present name of the island—one from the Hindoo goddess, Bomba (Devi); the other from the Portuguese, Buon Bahia (a good bay or harbour.)

The harbour of Bombay presents one of the most striking and beautiful views that ever delighted the eye of an artist. The splendour and sublimity of its scenery offer such numberless claims to admiration, that it is considered by many to bear the palm from the far-famed Bay of Naples. During the best season of the year the sea is smooth, its undulations resembling rather those of an inland lake than the waters of an ocean; while the breeze blowing in-shore during the greater part of the day, enables the very smallest boats, with the assistance of the tide, to voyage along the coast, or to the several islands which gem the scarcely ruffled wave, and to return with the succeeding flood without encountering any of the dangers that are experienced in less secure places. Even during the monsoon, when many other points of the Indian coast are unapproachable—when the lofty and apparently interminable mountains which form the magnificent background are capped with clouds, and the sea-birds that love the storm skim between the foam-crowned billows—the fishing-boats breast the waves in Bombay harbour, and pursue their occupation without hindrance. At this season, although the

reality of the danger is nothing to experienced sailors, the aspect of the harbour becomes wild and even terrific; darkness envelopes the sky, and the woody promontories and bold romantic cliffs, rising above village, town, and tower, are obscured by the dingy scud which drives along. When, however, the wrath of the storm-king has subsided, and the fury of the monsoon has exhausted itself, settled weather and clear skies once more appear, and the harbour is again seen in all its beauty and luxuriance.

Bombay derives its origin and importance, as a European settlement, from the Portuguese, to whom it was ceded by the Mogul government in 1530; having previously been a dependency belonging to a Hindoo prince residing at Tanna, in the island of Salsette. It came into possession of the English in 1662, on the marriage of Charles II. with the infanta Catherine of Portugal, as part of the marriage dowry of that princess. By the king it was disposed of to the East India Company, who took possession of it on the 23rd of September, 1668, and retained it in their hands until their territorial rights in India were surrendered to the crown of England in 1858.

Standing principally on a narrow neck of land at the south-eastern extremity of the island, the fort and town command a beautiful prospect across a bay diversified with rocky islets, and crowned by a background of picturesque hills. The town itself is low, and, during the rainy season, is subject to inundation. The fortifications are extensive, and would require a numerous garrison for their defence: towards the sea, they are of great strength; but on the land side, an enemy having once obtained a footing on the island, would find little difficulty with them. The fort or garrison embraces a surface of 234 acres, and contains a very large population. On one side, between the fort and the sea (at Back Bay), is a tract of almost level ground, 387 acres in extent, and about 1,800 yards in length along the shore; which is not available for any purpose of improvement, through a regulation which prohibits the erection of any permanent building within 800 yards of the batteries. This regulation is, however, evaded by the expensive and inconvenient expedient of erecting, and demolishing annually, a line of temporary erections, of about three-quarters of a mile in length; which, for the time allowed, supply the place of houses. These habitations are constructed of wood, with trellis-work of bamboo, and surrounded with a canvas like a large tent. They are thatched over with cadjous, or the leaves of the palmyra-tree, and lined inside with curtains or ornamental cloth, and are chiefly occupied by the highest class of the military officers and civil servants of the government. Beyond this line is a large encampment for officers temporarily resident in Bombay, who occupy tents. The bungalows are surrounded by ornamental railings, covered with the passion-flower, and other rapidly-growing creeping plants, and are generally furnished with flower or vegetable gardens. The compound thus formed, opens out on the sea-beach on one side, and on a line of road nearly parallel with the batteries on the other. The effect of the whole is highly picturesque and pleasing; but the garrison regulations require that they shall be removed once a year. Up to the middle of May, then, we have a line of beautiful rustic villas, which, together with the officers' tents at its extremity, extends nearly a mile along the shore. All at once, as though some panic had seized the inhabitants, or a plague had broken out in the doomed suburb, the bungalows or villas of the esplanade begin to be deserted, and are forthwith demolished, the materials of which they are composed being rapidly removed. So quickly does the work of destruction proceed, that, in the course of a fortnight, not a vestige is to be seen of the lately populous suburb of Bombay. By the first fall of rain, the dwellings have vanished as if by magic—roofs, walls, and frame-work; the very tents and their occupants are also gone. The esplanade, for a few days, presents a very unsightly appearance: the floor and foundations of houses, torn paper-hangings, the refuse of straw used for packing, fragments of broken fences, and the remains of ruined shrubberies and flower-pots, are all that is left to designate the site of the departed town. Another week, and all this is changed: the first fall of rain covers everything with grass; and the esplanade, which was, on the 15th of May, covered by a town, and on the 1st of June presented a scene of slovenly and unsightly desolation—by the 15th of June is a bright green sward, as close and continuous as that on which the deer of some ancestral manor in England have browsed for centuries. The reappearance of these ephemeral habitations is nearly as magical as their departure: the 15th of Sep-

tember sees the esplanade a verdant lawn; October again witnesses the suburb formerly described.

Many of the permanent residences, both within and without the fort, are, however, commodiously built, particularly in the European quarter. Those within the fort, that were originally erected by the Portuguese, have wooden verandahs, supported by pillars of the same material; and as this style of building has been continued, Bombay bears no resemblance to the sister capitals of Calcutta and Madras. The northern quarter of the fort, inhabited chiefly by Parsee fanatics, is dirty and offensive; and the lower classes of the inhabitants live in little clay huts thatched with palmyra-leaves, outside the fort.

There are several churches belonging to the Portuguese and Armenians, as also three or four synagogues, both within and beyond the fortifications, as well as a number of mosques and Hindoo temples. The largest of the latter, dedicated to the worship of Bomba Devi, is about a mile and a-half from the fort. The only English church in Bombay is within the fort.

The government-house, or Castle, as it was originally designated, is a large commodious building; but it has long been disused as a state residence, and is appropriated for public offices. The governor has two other residences for his accommodation; the one named Parell, at a short distance northward from the fort, being usually occupied as a town residence; the other, used as a retreat in the hot weather, being at Malabar Point. Parell, originally a college of Jesuits, though not built in a commanding position, is described as very prettily situated "in the midst of gardens, having a rich background of wood; while, from the upper windows, the eye, after ranging over luxuriant groves, catches a view of the sea, and is carried away to more remote regions by the waving outline of distant hills melting into the soft haze, until it effaces all their details."* The house is an irregular structure, without pretension to architectural design or ornamentation, but yet having something noble in its appearance; an impression which is increased by a fine portico and castellated roof. The interior is spacious and convenient. Two flights of marble stairs, twelve feet wide, lead into a handsome suite of drawing-rooms, with galleries on either side. The terrace over the portico, separated from this suite of rooms by a verandah, is easily convertible into another reception-room, being roofed in by an awning, and furnished with blinds which, in the daytime, give an Italian air to the entire building. The gardens are purely Italian, with cypress-trees and fountains, and the arrangements of the grounds are sufficiently picturesque to satisfy even fastidious criticism. A broad terrace, overlooking a large tank, runs along one side of the gardens; and beyond, upon a rising hill, are seen the new horticultural gardens, and a part of the picturesque village of Metunga. The floral features of the gardens at Parell are of the most choice description; but the abundance of roses seems to defy computation, bushels being collected every day for months without any apparent diminution; and it has been questioned whether there is, in any part of the world, so great a consumption of this beautiful flower as in Bombay. The natives cultivate it largely; and as comparatively but few employ it in the manufacture of rose-water, it is gathered and given away in the most lavish profusion. "At Parell," writes Miss Roberts, "every morning, one of the gardeners renews the flowers which decorate the apartments of the guests: *bouquets* are placed on the breakfast tables; vases, filled with roses, meet the eye in every direction, and present specimens of this beautiful flower—the common productions of the garden—that are rarely found even in the hothouses of Europe."

Malabar Point, the summer retreat for the governor's establishment, is a remarkable promontory on the island of Bombay; where there is a hole or cleft in the rock, of much sanctity with the Hindoos. Pilgrims resort thither for the purpose of regeneration, which they conceive to be effected by passing themselves through the cleft. The spot is of considerable elevation, among rocks of difficult access; and, in the stormy season, is incessantly lashed by the surf of the ocean—a circumstance that involves no difficulty in it when viewed through the eye of fanaticism. Near it are the ruins of a temple believed to have been destroyed by the Portuguese, in their pious detestation of the idols of any other faith than their own.

The governor's mansion, and several bungalows around it, occupy the side of a hill overlooking and washed by the sea. The views are beautiful; the harbour affording, at

* Miss Roberts' *Overland Journey to Bombay.*

all times and from every point of view, scenes of great liveliness and interest; while the aërial summits of the hills in the distance, amid their purple splendours, complete the charm. The numerous fairy-like skiffs, with their white sails catching the sunlight, give animation to the picture; while the cottages of the fishermen are often placed, with artistic effect, upon the neighbouring shore. Since their expulsion from Persia by the Mohammedans, the Parsees, or Fire-worshippers, have constituted a large portion of the population of Bombay. They are a peculiar race, and adhere scrupulously to their ancient religious customs and observances. In the morning and evening they crowd to the esplanade or the sea-shore, to prostrate themselves in adoration before the sun. Taken as a whole, they are an active, intelligent, and loyal body of men, and contribute greatly to the growth and prosperity of the settlement, the mercantile wealth and property of which is principally in their hands. Among the lower class of these people, it is observed that, though the men are found in the service of every European family, they do not allow their wives or daughters to become domestics to foreigners, and only permit them to become servants among their own people. Their funerals are of a remarkable character—the dead being deposited in large cylindrical towers open to the air, and left until the vultures denude the bones, which are then removed, and mysteriously disposed of. The houses of the European families at Bombay are described as of a superior order, in regard to interior embellishment, to those of Calcutta; the greater part having handsome ceilings, and the doorways and windows being decorated with mouldings, and, in other respects, better fitted up and furnished. The portion of the town formerly denominated the "Black Town," but now known as the Bhona Bazaar, is a broad street, forming the high-road to the fort. This is the avenue most frequented by Europeans; and is remarkable for the strange variety and grotesque irregularity of its buildings. Most of the better kind of houses are ascended by a flight of steps, which leads to a sort of verandah, formed by the floor above projecting over it, and supported by wooden pillars, or some sort of framework, in front. In the Parsee houses of this kind, there is usually a nitch in the lower storey for a lamp, which is kept always burning. The higher classes of natives have adopted European equipages, and associate much with the corresponding ranks of English society.

There is much variety of heat and cold in the different seasons at Bombay. The dry season is the most uniform, and extends from October to June. The cold period sets in early in November, and continues to the beginning of March, when the heat gains strength again, and prevails until about the third week in May, when the uniform brightness of the sky begins to be interrupted. About the 6th of June, sudden blasts and squalls ensue, and the rain descends in an unbroken sheet of water. The first fall usually commences at night, and continues for thirty or forty hours; and then, not only are the contents of spouts from the house-eaves rushing down in absolute cataracts, but every water-channel overflows with an impetuous torrent. The streets and level grounds are flooded for miles. The entire duration of the south-west monsoon is nearly four months. From June to the end of September, the hills are shrouded by thick, black, impenetrable clouds, out of which the rain pours without intermission. It would be difficult for a European not having been in India, to imagine the interruption which the rains occasion to general intercourse throughout the greater part of the country during the three rainy months. Originating in the mountain-ranges, the streams which flow through the level lands, and ultimately, in many instances, form vast rivers, will often rise and fall from ten to fifteen feet perpendicularly in the course of twenty-four hours; and five-and-twenty feet are not an unusual variation between the fair and wet weather elevations.

The population of the island of Bombay has been estimated at 250,000 persons, and it continues to increase. The insurrectionary storm that troubled Bengal and the north-west, once only affected the capital of the presidency of Bombay: but the province itself was partially infected by the taint of rebellion; and during the months of June and July, 1857, symptoms appeared at Kolapore, Poona, and in various other quarters to the north, south, and east of the capital, that required careful watching, and, in more than one instance, prompt and vigorous action also, to restrain the growing mischief from overflowing Bombay with its destructive waves.

SIMLA.

The celebrated and favourite resort of the *élite* of European society from all parts of India, that is known by this name, must be sought for among hills that rise between the Sutlej and the Jumna, below the lower range of the Himalaya; and situated at the north-eastern extremity of Bengal, about 1,112 miles from Calcutta. The spot occupied by this Cheltenham of the East, in one of the most salubrious and picturesque districts of Hindoostan, has risen to its present importance from the accidental circumstance of a military station and sanatarium having been established at a village called Sabathoo, in its immediate vicinity;* followed by the erection of a summer residence for the political agent at Lahore—the site for which was happily selected amidst the delightful scenery of Simla. From its early establishment as a European station, the place has maintained a high repute for its sanitary influences, and it has, consequently, been periodically visited, for the purposes of health and recreation, by successive governors-general, and the superior military and civil authorities of Bengal and the sister presidencies: nor has the church been regardless of its attractions; since the bishops of Calcutta, and other dignitaries of the establishment, have frequently sought to recruit their enfeebled energies among its pure and bracing influences.

As a town or village, the station is built in two distinct divisions, named Simla and Cota (or Minor) Simla; a deep ravine, through which, in the rainy season, an impetuous torrent rushes downward to the plains, separating the two portions, which are, however, connected by a bridge of simple construction, erected in 1828, by Lord Combermere, then the commander-in-chief in India. Previous to the accommodation thus afforded, Simla may be considered as comparatively unknown, there being at the place only two or three houses, and scarcely any practicable road by which to approach them. The interest taken in the prosperity of the infant settlement by the gallant officer, induced him to make it for a time his head-quarters; and to his active interference and influence, Simla is indebted for most, if not all, of its early improvements; among the foremost of which were some excellent roads, broad, safe, and free from any abrupt acclivities. The bridge represented in the accompanying engraving, connects the most important of these, which encircles the hill on which the station is built; another, that stretches to a very considerable distance, is of sufficient breadth and gradient for st angers to ride along with rapidity and safety. Bungalows, or dâk-houses, were also erected at convenient distances, varying from eight to ten miles, for the accommodation of travellers proceeding to the inner ranges of the Himalaya.

The greater number of houses at Simla are built at an elevation that ranges from seven to eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. A very considerable portion of these residences have an ornamental appearance; and many of the sites chosen for them are exceedingly beautiful—the summit of a small green knoll, sheltered by a steeper hill at the back, and looking down upon a valley, being usually selected. Every part of this delightful region is magnificently wooded with stately pines, intermingled with larch and cedar, the evergreen oak and the rhododendron, which here grows as high and as thickly foliated as any English forest tree, and bears masses of rich crimson blossoms, whose only fault is that their glowing tints throw too much bright colour into the landscape. Captain Thomas, in some *Descriptive Views of Simla*, published in 1846, writes enthusiastically of the scenery around this mountain retreat. After tracing the route from Umballah (a military station a few miles south-west of the settlement) to the bank of the river Gumbhur, about three miles below it, he says—"From the foot of the ghaut, or pass, which begins its upward course beside the river, the ascent to Simla is steep and tedious: at length, emerging from barren hills, you are suddenly in the midst of forests of oak and walnut, and every variety of pine; and with these, as you proceed, are mingled masses of the crimson rhododendron. Advancing still further, you are again surrounded by pines

* Sabathoo is the only spot in the Himalaya garrisoned by British troops: it has barracks, a parade-ground on a level area of four or five acres, and all other military requirements. In the winter it is warmer than Simla, its elevation being less by 3,000 feet; and being more quiet and retired, it is preferred by many to the more fashionable locality above it.

and cork, intermingled with lesser trees covered with the blossoms of the wild cherry, the pear, the apple, the apricot, the wild rose, and, lastly, to remind you still more forcibly of home, the *may;* while violets cast their perfume around your feet at every step: and in the midst of this profusion of natural loveliness the first full view of Simla bursts upon the delighted traveller. From March, when the sleet and snow may be said to have passed away, to the middle of July, the climate is heavenly. There is nothing like it on earth! Nothing! Nothing in Italy! Nothing in France! Nothing anywhere that I know of. Recall the fairest day, nay hour, of sunshine you have ever known in an English spring, and conceive the beauty and gladness of that sunshine, brightened by continuing without a storm, almost without a shower daily, for months together, and deck the fruit trees and bushes in a thousand English blossoms, and spread violets and daisies, and strawberry blossoms and wild roses, and anemones, thickly over the bright close emerald turf; over crags, amid the pine-roots, and far away down amid the ferns beside the 'runnels,' and you may fancy something of what our Simla spring and too brief summer are. And then, alas, come the rains! From the middle of July to the middle of September you have healthy weather still, but no end to rain; in short, a climate as perfectly English as England is nearly three-parts of the year. From early in September to the end of December, you have a dry, clear, frosty weather, very delicious, and very bracing; and from that time till spring again you may count upon living, like 'the ancient mariner,' in a land of mist and snow; very healthy, certainly, but not agreeable."

Among many delightful spots about Simla, are two picturesquely situated waterfalls about half a mile from each other—the lovely valley of Annadale, covered with pines and walnut-trees; and at about half-a-dozen miles distant, the magnificent forest of Mahassoo. The racecourse of Simla is in the valley of Annadale; and it is remarkable for having a descent, at a sharp turning, of twenty-three yards in 200, with a precipice immediately below it!

An excellent bazaar is established in each division of Simla, well supplied with foreign products, and with provisions in abundance from the plains. A theatre and assembly-rooms offer their attractions to the rich and fashionable visitors to the hills; who, combining benevolence with pleasure, have frequently rendered a sojourn at this place the means of extensive benefit to the surrounding native and other population. Annadale has repeatedly been the scene of festive enjoyment through the medium of fancy fairs, at which large sums have been realised for the establishment of schools for the native children. Simla was chosen, on account of its position, as one of the Indian stations for carrying on some recent important magnetical observations under the auspices of government. The first fire insurance company ever established on the Bengal side of India was formed at Simla, but has since been removed to Calcutta.

A singular practice is recorded by Captain Thomas, as prevalent among the natives of the hills in the neighbourhood of Simla; namely, their custom of putting infants to sleep with their heads under running water. This, he observes, "is a strange custom, and yet a very common one; and the traveller to Simla from the plains, may see, any day about sunrise, or from that till noon, half a score of children (*infants of a few days old*), some of them lying asleep under any convenient brook by the road-side: when the brook, flowing over some bank or stone, makes a descent from two to four feet, the water is caused to run through a narrow tube or spout, consisting simply of a long straight piece of the bark of a pine-tree. Beneath this, with its bare skull immediately below the concentrated body of water (whose circumference may measure some four inches, and of whose current the force is, of course, considerably increased by its compression), the infant, while still 'wide awake,' is laid upon a blanket, which, if the mother be *over-careful*, may be secured from thorough saturation by the interposition of a few whisps of the lank coarse grass that commonly fringes either bank. The somnific effects of this chilly application are really incredible. I have seen a child cry at being placed upon its watery bed; and yet, ere it had been there many seconds, it was asleep."

Several varieties of deer are met with in the neighbourhood of Simla; but the favourite sport of the natives is hog shooting. The tusks of the wild hog of these hills are larger than those of his brethren of the plains; his colour is iron gray, and he is large, fleet, strong, and of indomitable courage, not hesitating to charge even a score of spearmen after he has got a ball or two in him. The hill people, when they go out

hog shooting, unshackled by the presence of the English, struggle as hard for the honour of the first ball, as the latter do in the plains for the first spear; and, with them, whoever draws "first blood," is entitled to the boar's head. When the party is numerous, and several shots have been fired, the struggle for this often involves serious contention, and sometimes the effusion of a little human blood. Whenever a wild hog is killed, it is necessary to send a leg of it to the chief of the pergunnah, or, in his absence, to his *locum tenens*. "These," writes Captain Thomas, "are the only *game laws* I have heard of among the hills, and *they* are said to be as old as the hills themselves."*

Game is not abundant at Simla, although earnest sportsmen have found it practicable to employ dogs with success; but it is very necessary to keep a vigilant eye upon the canine race about Simla, for the hyena and the leopard are its deadly enemies. The former prowls about at night, and will sometimes, in the dusk of the evening, rush at a solitary dog, and walk off with him with the greatest ease—occasionally carrying one away from the very door of a European dwelling. The leopard will make the attack in open day; and, when pursued, these animals manage to conceal themselves with so much adroitness, as to lead persons to suppose they have taken to earth. A solitary tiger will occasionally struggle up to the neighbourhood of Simla; and the natives, though not distinguished for their bravery, will, on such an emergency, attack him very boldly, and generally succeed in at least driving him off.

The terrible events that convulsed India in the summer of 1857, were not without some unpleasant influences even at the remote station of Simla; and although the sword of the traitor, and the torch of rebellion, did not penetrate its mountain homes, circumstances occurred that, for a brief space, rudely interrupted the agreeable occupations of its society, and changed the abodes of enjoyment into a scene of terror and lamentation. The incidents which led to this sudden interruption of social quiet were as follows:—Early in May, 1857, the then commander-in-chief (General the Hon. George Anson, K.C.B.) was enjoying at Simla a short period of relaxation from the duties of his high command, when the harsh notes of rebellion broke upon the quiet of his retreat, and called him to instant action. The mutiny at Meerut had been succeeded by outrages and revolt at Delhi; and the whole native army of Bengal appeared to be falling from its allegiance, and scattering fire and slaughter among the cities of the plains. At this period, it became necessary to concentrate a European force for the recovery of Delhi; and the military station of Umballah was, from its proximity to the commander-in-chief, selected for the purpose. A regiment of Europeans that had hitherto been quartered at Simla, was accordingly moved down to Umballah—their place being supplied by a battalion of Goorkas. It happened, about this time, that a portion of the latter force was under orders to furnish an escort for a siege-train, on its way from Phillour to join the army about to proceed to Delhi, and the men were forbidden to take their families with them—an arrangement in the highest degree offensive to the sensitive and jealous mountaineers. In addition to this grievance, they were further offended by having the charge of the treasury and other important posts transferred from their hands to those of the armed police; and having represented these causes of discontent to their officers, the men, one and all, declared their intention not to move from the station until the offensive orders were rescinded. After some parley, this was done by order of the commander-in-chief, and the men returned to their duty.

But, in the meanwhile, rumour, with her "thousand tongues," had proclaimed throughout the settlement, that the Goorkas were in a state of open mutiny, and that Simla was about to become a scene of carnage and desolation. A panic instantly robbed age of its prudence, and manhood of its valour. The European residents, many of them men holding high public appointments, waited not to learn if any grounds existed for the report, but sought, in hasty and undignified flight, for a chance of escape from the imaginary dangers that menaced them. Some of these fugitives, who had but a day or two previously affixed their signatures to a requisition for enrolling a volunteer corps for the defence of the station, were the first to show an example of pusillanimity, and fled down the khuds (ravines), leaving women and children to their

* Thomas's *Views of Simla*; published in 1846.

fate in the hands of the Goorkas—whatever that might be. The consternation became general; and its effects were speedily contagious throughout the European circle. Old and young—the healthy and the sick—hysterical ladies and "strong-minded" women—screaming children and terror-stricken nurses—half-clad, and ill-provided for exposure to the weather, rushed down the rough and precipitous bye-paths of the ravine, hoping, in its depths and recesses, to find shelter from the murderous knives of the terrible Goorkas. Property of all kind was abandoned to the mercy of the native servants; homes were deserted; households rudely scattered: only one thing seemed worthy of preservation, and that was clung to with a tenacity that enabled the fugitives to endure every hardship and inconvenience so that life might be secure. Of the *haut ton* that had dignified the hills at Simla with its presence, there were many individuals of both sexes that, but the day before, would have felt indignant at the supposition of so vulgar a possibility as that they could walk a mile; and yet who, in their flight, actually accomplished fifteen and even twenty miles before they could be prevailed upon to halt and look calmly around them. Old men, decrepid with age and tottering with infirmity, became once more young and vigorous, and vied with the most active to be foremost in the general flight; the road from Simla to Dugshaie being, for upwards of twenty-four hours, thronged with terror-stricken fugitives, of all sorts and conditions. "On! on to Dugshaie!" was the cry; "the Goorkas have slaughtered all who were mad enough to remain at Simla, and they are in close pursuit to murder us!" At length the panic died away from sheer exhaustion, since not even the shadow of a Goorka could be seen to keep up the requisite stimulus; and the runaways, by degrees, came to a conclusion that their alarm was groundless. They presently regained sufficient confidence to return to their deserted homes at Simla; but, as might have been expected from the manner of their flight, not a few of their household gods had availed themselves of the opportunity to take flight also.

This sadly derogatory and inexcusable conduct on the part of the male portion of the European community at Simla, subjected the individuals to a galling fire of raillery and sarcasm, which lost none of its force for lack of application. A marked anxiety for self-preservation had been exhibited by several individuals of the sterner sex, without any perceptible care for the protection or comfort of their gentler companions of the ball-room or the ride; and this fact, coupled with a tendency to repeat the unceremonious flight upon a subsequent occasion, when some of them again sought a refuge in the khuds, at length subjected the valiant "light-heels" of Simla to the following infliction, which appeared in the columns of a local newspaper, and was circulated throughout Bengal:—

"*Notice.*—On Wednesday, the 15th of July, the *ladies* of Simla will hold a meeting at Rose Castle, for the purpose of consulting about the best measures to be taken for the protection of the *gentlemen*.

"The ladies beg to inform those who sleep in the khuds, that they sincerely compassionate their sufferings; and are now preparing pillows for them, stuffed with the *purest white feathers*. Should they feel inclined to attend the meeting, they will then be presented to them. Rest! warriors, rest!

"CLEMENTINA BRICKS."

SHUHUR—JEYPOOR.

THE city of Jeypoor—capital of the Rajpoot state of similar name, one of the central provinces of India—is situated about 150 miles south-west of Delhi, in lat. 26° 56′ N., long. 75° 40′ E.; and is considered to be one of the handsomest towns in Hindoostan. Spacious streets, lined with magnificent edifices, intersect each other at right angles; and the palace-fortress of Shuhur, or Umeer, which rises boldly on a steep rocky

eminence, and commands the entire place, is encompassed by a line of fortifications four miles in extent, and rich in those picturesque features that occasionally break the level monotony of the plains of Central India. The fortress was considered, by the late Bishop Heber, as not inferior to Windsor Castle; and it certainly presents an object of feudal grandeur that carries the imagination of the European stranger back to the ages of chivalry and romance. Jeypoor, in addition to its being the chief mart in the north of India for the horses brought from Cabool and Persia, is also a grand emporium for diamonds and other precious gems, which are procured with little trouble or expense in the rocky districts of the principality. The garnets so obtained are particularly beautiful; and amethysts and other gems sell at comparatively low prices. Occasionally, great bargains may be obtained of the dealers in pearls, as the common prices are much below those demanded in places more remote from the commerce of Persia.

Some historical traditions connected with the fortress of Shuhur are interesting, and strikingly illustrate the political influence that has been retained by females in provinces which have never been thoroughly subjected to the jealous domination of Mogul rulers. The late (or present) sovereign of Jeypoor was a surreptitious child, placed upon the throne wholly by the intrigues of the artful and clever woman who professed to be his mother. She had been a principal favourite of the former rajah, but was childless; and, at his death, being anxious to preserve to herself the share she had obtained in the government of the country, she imposed upon the chief officers the offspring of one of her domestics, as her own son by the rajah, born in due time after his decease, and consequently heir to the musnud. Aided by the influence of a chief of high rank and popularity, she then contrived to get herself appointed to the regency, with the title of Maha Ranee; and, as soon afterwards as practicable, she introduced the child at a banquet in the castle of Shuhur, where a large proportion of the nobles of Rajast'han were invited to attend—presenting the infant as the future sovereign of Jeypoor. By this means she secured the recognition of the child as rightful heir to the throne; inasmuch, as after the nobles had eaten rice with it in that character, the imposture, if ever discovered, would never be made a subject of dispute. The real mother of the infant was a Pariah (or sweeper)—a class held in the utmost abhorrence by the high-born Hindoos, who would have considered themselves polluted if a child of such an outcast race had even touched their garments. Had the true parentage of the infant been revealed at any period subsequent to the feast of recognition, many heads of Rajpoot houses must have shared in the inevitable degradation to which he would have been subjected; since all who had dipped their hands in the same dish with him would have lost caste throughout India; and, consequently, if the worst should happen in respect to discovering the imposture, their silence and co-operation were effectually secured. The ascendancy thus gained by the ambitious intriguant at length became irksome to the nobles; but the times were not favourable for resistance to her authority; and the fortunate descendant of the most degraded and despised race among the populations of the East, remained in tranquil possession of the high rank to which he had been elevated by his ambitious patroness, and in due time became the undisturbed rajah of Jeypoor.

PERAWA—MALWA.

THE province of Malwa, one of the most elevated regions of Hindoostan, is situated principally between the 22nd and 23rd degrees of north latitude. Perawa, whose ancient fort is the subject of the accompanying plate, is an irregular and meanly built town, about seventy miles distant from Oojein, the original capital of the province. It is a place of little importance—surrounded by a decayed wall of mud and brickwork, so weak and dilapidated as scarcely to oppose a barrier to the incursions of truant cattle.

The only building connected with Perawa that is at all worth notice, is the old stone fort represented in the engraving; which, though not boasting much architectural beauty, is in the highest degree picturesque, and affords a fair specimen of edifices of similar character that are frequently met with in the wildest and most remote districts of India. The style of this fortress is partly Mohammedan, and partly Hindoo—the ghaut, with its open pavilions (to the left of the picture), affording a pleasing contrast to the bastioned walls of the citadel. This approach terminates with a gateway, which, although it will not bear comparison with the noble portals of many of the places of arms in other parts of India, is not wholly destitute of artistic merit.

Early in the thirteenth century, Malwa was either entirely conquered, or became otherwise tributary to the Patan sovereigns of Delhi. It was afterwards raised to independence by the Afghans, who fixed their capital at Mandoo. But the state did not long maintain its supremacy, becoming subject to the Moguls, to whose empire it was attached until the death of Aurungzebe. The Mahratta power then obtained the mastery over Malwa; and during a long series of years, its possession was disputed by different chieftains, whose struggles afforded their less formidable neighbours opportunity to invade, plunder, and appropriate every village their armed followers were strong enough to keep in subjection. The unsettled state of provinces thus continually at war with each other, and exposed to outrages of every description, rendered such fortresses as that of Perawa of vital importance to rulers who were frequently dependent upon the protection of their walls for bare existence. Many such were strong enough to resist the ineffective weapons of native warfare; but with the exception of Gwalior, Bhurtpoor, and a few other strongly-fortified places, few could withstand the power of European ordnance; and it was not thought within the limits of probability that the old fort at Perawa would ever reassume the warlike character of its early days.

Some short time after the commencement of the present century, a formidable band of robbers, organised under the name of Pindarries, attracted the notice of the Anglo-Indian government. These men, in the first instance, had composed the mercenary troops attached to the service of the Peishwa, Sindia; and upon his withdrawing from the field, had thrown themselves upon the people for subsistence by pillage. The contributions so gathered from their own and the neighbouring states, soon rendered the occupation popular with idle and depraved men of all castes and religions, who thronged to the banners of the chiefs, and carried on their lawless pursuits with impunity. At length, however, the force became so formidable, and its depredations were so extensive, that the English government felt itself bound to interfere for the protection of the tributary states exposed to their ravages. An army from Bengal was therefore dispatched against the Pindarries; and, after some severe campaigns, succeeded in completely defeating them, and their auxiliaries, at the battle of Mehidpoor, and subsequently took possession of the whole of their fortresses. The government was then enabled, through Sir John Malcolm, to dictate the terms of a peace, by which it established a subsidiary force in Malwa, and placed the capital, Oojein, and the family of the reigning prince, under its immediate surveillance. Tranquillity was thus restored to, or rather established in, Malwa, which for a long period had known only the transient and fitful repose of hollow truces.

The calm that spread over the country, under the auspices of Sir John Malcolm, was not, however, destined to endure without interruption; and thus, in the progress of the sepoy rebellion of 1857, the towns and villages of Malwa became again the theatres of frightful outrage. The defection of the Gwalior contingent at Indore; the revolt and its associated atrocities at Mhow; and the disorder that prevailed in almost every part of the province, testified to the fact, that the wild and lawless tendencies of the Pindarries had not been entirely discouraged by the people of Malwa, and that the natural disposition of the latter was prone to turbulence, and impatient of wholesome restraint.

Malwa is a fruitful province, its soil consisting chiefly of a black vegetable mould, which, in the rainy season, becomes so soft as to render travelling hardly practicable. On drying, it cracks in all directions; and the fissures in many places along the roads are so wide and deep, that the traveller is exposed to much peril; for a horse getting his foot into one of these openings, not only endangers his own limbs, but the life of his rider also. The quantity of rain that falls in ordinary seasons is so considerable, and the

ground so retentive of moisture, that wells are not resorted to for the purpose of irrigation, as in other parts of Hindoostan; and thus a great portion of the labour necessary in some places is saved. But this advantage is counterbalanced by the greater severity of suffering upon a failure of the periodical rains; for the husbandman, accustomed to depend upon the spontaneous bounty of Providence, is with difficulty persuaded to undertake the unusual labour of watering his fields, especially as that operation must be preceded by the toil of well-digging.

The harvest here, as in Hindoostan generally, is divided over two periods; one being in March and April, the other in September and October. From its elevation, Malwa enjoys a temperature favourable to the production of many kinds of fruit that are destroyed by the heat of the Lower Provinces. The most abundant product, however, of the region is opium, which is, from this place, held in great estimation by the Chinese, who consider it more pure than that of any other growth. In some districts the opium is adulterated with oil; but the practice is avowed; and the reason assigned is to prevent the drug from drying. In adulterations that are secret, and considered fraudulent, the leaves of the poppy, dried and powdered, are added to the opium. The poppy, which is sown in November or December, flowers in February; and the opium is extracted in March or April, according to the time of sowing. In thinning a piece of ground under cultivation, the very young plants are used as pot-herbs; but when they attain to a foot and a-half in height, their intoxicating quality renders them highly dangerous for that purpose.

THE KING'S FORT—BOORHANPOOR.

Boorhanpoor, formerly the capital of the province of Candeish, is situated in lat. 21° 16′ N., and long. 76° 18′ E., on the north bank of the Taptee river, which rises in the province of Gundwana, and running westward, nearly in a parallel line with the Nerbudda, falls into the Gulf of Cambay at Surat. This beautiful stream, which is fordable during the dry season, laves the walls of the picturesque ruins of the King's Fort, whose time-worn bastions and dilapidated ramparts are mirrored on the tranquil surface of its shining waters.

Boorhanpoor, when under Moslem rule, was a large and flourishing city. Being founded by a holy person of great repute, it was early chosen as the residence of one of the most powerful chiefs established in the Deccan—Boorhan-ood-deen, who is represented to have been one of those ambitious and daring impostors which Islamism has so often produced since the days of its founder. This chief raised himself to great authority during his lifetime; and, since his death, has been esteemed as a saint. His mausoleum, at Rozah, surpasses in splendour the imperial sepulchre of Aurungzebe; and far greater honours are paid to his memory. Lamps are still kept burning over the venerated dust, and his sarcophagus is canopied by a pall of green velvet—the sacred colour, which indicates that those who are permitted to use it, are either descendants of the prophet, or have performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. The precincts of the building are the abode of moollahs, and other pious men, who are in daily attendance at the tomb; and upon great occasions, large nobuts (or drums), which are kept in one of the ante-chambers for the purpose, are beaten by the faithful to commemorate the merits of the deceased saint.

The King's Fort (or Citadel of Boorhanpoor), no longer formidable as a place of arms, is picturesque in its decay. Rising boldly from an elevated bank of the river, it conveys to the spectator an idea of strength which a closer inspection does not warrant: for its vast tenantless courts are cumbered with huge fragments of ruins, and rank vegetation has penetrated to its most secret recesses. Still it is an interesting relic of Moslem grandeur fading before the relentless footsteps of Time; and the deserted chambers and ruined courts cannot be contemplated without a feeling of sadness. The adjoining city is

still comparatively populous, and has been considered to be one of the largest and best built in the Deccan. The greater number of the houses are of brick, handsomely ornamented; and many of them are three storeys high: there is also a large chowk (or market-place), and an extensive thoroughfare called the Raj Bazaar. The remains of Mohammedan tombs and mosques in the neighbourhood, show that Boorhanpoor, under its original masters, was an important place. Its principal religious edifice, the Jumma Musjid, still bears substantial evidence of the wealth of its rulers, and is a handsome building of grey marble, crowned with lofty minarets. The followers of Boorhan-ood-deen, by whom this mosque as well as the fort was built, are still very numerous among the resident population, and constitute a peculiar sect known by the denomination of Bohrahs. They are a noble-looking race, and are distinguished from the rest of the inhabitants by a costume, in which is blended that of the place, and also of Arabia, the supposed birthplace of the saint whose precepts they follow. They are men of active habits, and generally of great wealth, acquired in mercantile pursuits. The best houses in the city are occupied by the Bohrahs, and they are celebrated all over India for their commercial probity and enterprise.

After the decline of the Mohammedan empire in Hindoostan, Boorhanpoor and its adjacent territory fell into the hands of the Mahrattas; and these, with the neighbouring fortress of Asseerghur (styled the key of the Deccan), were among the first trophies of the campaigns which, under Lake, Wellesley, and others, ultimately subdued the formidable power which had risen upon the ruin of the Mohammedan states, and threatened to involve the whole of India in a cruel and devastating war.

THE TOMB OF AURUNGZEBE—ROZAH.

Rozah is a small town in the province of Aurungabad, and about fourteen miles from the city which gives its name to the district: standing upon a highly elevated tract of table-land, the summit of a hill-pass between Dowlutabad and Ellora, it commands a very beautiful and extensive view. Aurungabad appears in the distance; and that bold, abrupt conical mound, Dowlutabad, the pyramidal wonder of the scene, crowned with a bristling rampart, and deeply scarped at its base—the most singular of the hill fortresses of India—forms a conspicuous object from the elevated platform on which the sepulchral town of Rozah has been built. The place is approached by a well-paved causeway twenty feet wide, and is surrounded by a wall constructed with great solidity: it contains numerous vestiges of its original magnificence, as the resting-place of the last mighty emperor of the Mogul dynasty; but the sculptured walls of the palaces of the Omrahs, which, in the days of Mogul glory, here reared their proud pinnacles to heaven, are now fast verging to the last stages of decay.

Rozah being the royal burial-place during the period in which Aurungabad formed the capital of the Mogul empire, it is thickly strewn with tombs of great and pious men; and it is probable, in the first instance, that from its already possessing the mausoleums of many reputed saints, a monarch who professed to feel the strongest zeal for the cause of Mohammedanism, was induced to select it for the place of his own sepulture; and thus the tomb of the last of the imperial descendants of Tamerlane, who maintained the ancestral glory bequeathed to them by that mighty conqueror, stands within the same enclosure in which the remains of a Moslem saint are deposited: but the mausoleum of Boorhan-ood-deen eclipses in splendour that of the arbiter of the hundred thrones of Hindoostan, while his memory is yet far more highly reverenced.

Aurungzebe's tomb, though picturesque, has little claim to grandeur or even elegance. The monarch's taste and liberality have been called in question by those who suppose it to have been his own work; but as he always displayed great plainness, and even simplicity, in his personal appearance, if he actually was himself the architect

of his own monument, it was only in keeping with the character he desired to maintain.

The marble sarcophagus containing the ashes of the last of the conquering Moguls, is covered with a paltry canopy of wood, which has long presented a wretchedly dilapidated appearance; lamps are no longer lighted before it, and the utmost neglect is visible in every part. Some of the monarch's family also repose in the same enclosure; but the place would scarcely repay a visit, except as it is associated with the memory of one whose unenviable greatness has rendered his name an historical *souvenir*, alike suggestive of admiration and of horror.

Upon attaining the summit of his ambition through treachery and parricide, Aurungzebe rendered his imperial sway acceptable to the people whom he governed; but his public virtues were obscured by the atrocities of his private life, his filial impiety, and the cruel persecution of his more popular brothers. Though enduring the monarch who ruled with wisdom and moderation, the vast multitude, while readily yielding obedience to laws justly administered, detested the man; and thus, notwithstanding the reputation for sanctity which he strove to acquire, the emperor remained uncanonised; and, while his relics were carelessly resigned to the care of a few of the most indigent of the priesthood, incense is burned, and flowers are still strewed, before the neighbouring shrine of a comparatively unimportant individual. The emperor Aurungzebe died at Ahmednuggur—the capital of one of the sovereignties of the Deccan—in February, 1707 having entered upon the fiftieth year of his reign, and the eighty-ninth of his age.

A passage in his farewell letter to his sons, exhibits, in disconnected sentences, the utter inefficiency of earthly power to still the voice of conscience, when the portals of the tomb are about to open before frail mortality. "Wherever I look," writes the dying emperor, "I see nothing but darkness—I know nothing of myself—what I am—and for what I am destined. The instant which passed in power hath left only sorrow behind it. I have not been the guardian and protector of the empire. Wherever I look I see nothing but darkness! I have committed many crimes, and know not with what punishments I may be seized. The agonies of death come upon me fast. Farewell! farewell! farewell!" The will of this monarch contained directions for his funeral, the expense of which was to be defrayed by a sum "equal in value to ten shillings, saved from the price of caps which he had made and sold; and 805 rupees, gained by copying the Koran, were to be distributed among the poor."* It may be, the parsimonious directions of Aurungzebe in regard to his burial, had some influence upon the feeling that afterwards consigned his tomb to neglect and uncared-for dilapidation.

SASSOOR—IN THE DECCAN.

The valley of Sassoor, in the Deccan, situated a few miles to the south-east of Poona, is a sort of oasis in the desert; its splendid architectural treasures, cool, transparent waters, and luxuriant foliage, contrasting most beautifully with the country that surrounds it, which is singularly barren and unattractive. The most secluded and remote districts in India frequently display to the astonished eyes of the European traveller, scenes of beauty and splendour which, if situated in any other part of the world, would attract crowds of tourists to the spot; and the surprise of a traveller proceeding through a tract of country divested of any peculiar claims upon his admiration, may be easily conceived, when a scene like that represented in the engraving is suddenly unveiled before him, as is the case on reaching Sassoor, on the way from Poona to Bejapoor. In this valley of enchantment, splendid ghauts, shrines, and temples, are erected at the confluence of two streams—a circumstance which, in the eyes of an Hindoo, always invests the spot in which it occurs with peculiar sanctity. The junction, in this instance, takes place near the fortified hill of Porhundhur, to the south-east of Poona. The principal temple

* *Vide* Elphinstone's *India*, vol. ii., p. 551.

observed in the engraving, is dedicated to Mahadeo, and is surrounded by several shrines, sepulchral erections, and memorials of *suttee*—for the celebration of which inhuman rite this beautiful valley was once notorious. Very few Hindoo castes bury their dead; but, in many instances, after immolation of the corpse with the living victim of a cruel law, the ashes are collected and preserved in edifices prepared for their reception. Of such records of human sacrifices upon the funeral pile of a deceased husband, there are many specimens at Sassoor; the practice being esteemed so honourable, that it is generally commemorated. To the right of the magnificent temple, with its singularly formed domes and spiral terminations, is a lofty and massive wall, enclosing the palace of one of the great Brahmin family of Porundhurree, whose fortunes, for more than half a century, were intimately connected with those of the Peishwas of the Deccan. Like other buildings of similar importance, this palace is strongly fortified; and, in the war of 1818, against Bajee Rao, its garrison held out for ten days against a division of the British army.

The neighbouring town of Sassoor contains a considerable number of substantial brick and stone buildings; and the adjacent fortress of Porhundhur commands a very extensive view over the valley, which is richly cultivated, being watered by fertilising streams that, in India, are so highly valued as to become objects of veneration. To this feeling may be attributed the beautiful pagodas, and other erections, which rise upon their banks, and afford, with their accompanying ghauts, opportunities for recreation and enjoyment to the inhabitants, and of rest and refreshnent to the wayfarer.

In the engraving, the usual idlers at an Indian ghaut are seen bathing, praying, gossiping, or drawing water, together with the ever-present gosa, īri (a saint or holy person),* who may be distinguished in the stream by the drapery thrown over his right arm. Looking beyond the ghaut, in the direction of some distant towers seen through the trees, is the small camp of a European party resting on their journey; and, in the foreground (to the right of the picture) is a native equipage used by females of rank, called a rhat, or rheta. The vehicle is surmounted by a canopy of fine scarlet cloth, ornamented at the top with a golden pine-apple. Such carriages are usually drawn by two bullocks of the purest white; and two Mahratta horsemen, armed with their long and tapering spears, form the escort of the veiled beauties, enshrined within the ample folds of drapery that fall from the canopy.

THE BRITISH RESIDENCY AT HYDERABAD.

Hyderabad, the capital city of a province similarly named, in the dominions of the Nizam of the Deccan, is the seat of his government, and is situated in lat. 17° 15′ N., long. 78° 42′ E., on the banks of the river Musah, a stream of inconsiderable note, except in the rainy season, when it is augmented by the floods from the hills. The city was originally founded by Mohammed Kooli, the fifth of the Kootb Shah kings, who began to reign in 1580. He removed the seat of government from Golconda to a site in the vicinity, where he built a magnificent city, called Bhagnuggur, in honour of Bhagmuttee, his favourite mistress—a public singer, for whom 1,000 cavalry were assigned as an escort. After her death, the name was changed to Hyderabad, by which it has since been distinguished by the Mohammedans, although the Hindoos still call it by its original appellation, "Bhagnuggur." The place was taken and plundered by the armies of the emperor Aurungzebe in 1687—the principal inhabitants escaping the violence of his soldiers by taking shelter in the neighbouring fortress of Golconda.

The city is encompassed by a wall of stone, of sufficient strength to resist the attacks of cavalry; and within this enclosure, the buildings and streets extend about four miles in one direction, and three in another. Most of the houses are but of one storey in height, and are built of slight materials. The streets, as in most Indian towns, are very

* "According to tradition, the ardour of devotion attained by these Mohammedan saints is such, that their heads and limbs fall from their bodies, in the last act of worship."—*Forbes.*

narrow; but having long been the principal Mohammedan station in the Deccan, it contains an unusual number of mosques, some of which are very handsome. The Nizam, who here maintains some semblance of Oriental pomp, has large magazines at Hyderabad; in which have been deposited, through successive reigns, the costly presents received from European sovereigns. The population of the city, including the suburbs, is estimated at about 120,000 persons. A handsome bridge, sufficiently broad to allow two carriages to pass, crosses the river Musah; and about a mile westward from the city is a large tank, said to cover a space of 10,000 acres.

The magnificent building represented in the accompanying plate, was erected for the accommodation of the British resident at the court of the Nizam, by a former ruler of the territory. The original plan was designed, and the progress of the works superintended, by a young officer of the Madras engineers—a branch of the service which has chiefly supplied the architects of the European community in India. The *façade* shown in the engraving, is the south or back front, looking towards the city, from which it is separated by the river. The front towards the north is erected in a corresponding style of elegance, being adorned with a spacious Corinthian portico of six columns. The house to the right, standing immediately above the bank of the river, is occupied by the officer commanding the resident's body-guard; and the whole landscape, with its fine accompaniments of wood and water, affords a magnificent and striking scene, scarcely less imposing than that which is presented by the government-house at Calcutta. The artist has seized the occasion presented by one of the visits of ceremony, that were formerly frequent between the Nizam and the British resident at his court, to introduce one of the picturesque cavalcades which form the splendid pageants of the East. The covered ambarry—a vehicle usually of silver or gold, canopied with gold brocade, which surmounts the back of the foremost elephant—is an emblem of royalty none except sovereign princes are permitted to use. The second elephant bears the common native howdah, which is often formed of solid silver, or of wood covered with silver plates, and is the conveyance used by nobles and persons of high rank. There is room in front for two persons, and a seat behind for an attendant, who, upon ordinary occasions, carries an umbrella; but in the presence of monarchy, no person of inferior rank is permitted to interpose any screen between the sun and his devoted head. The British resident, as the representative of his sovereign, has a right to a seat in the ambarry; and it is the etiquette upon state occasions, for the prince who desires to testify his respect for the government with which he is in alliance, to invite the party he desires to honour, to a seat upon his own elephant.

The court of Hyderabad is still kept up with great splendour, and there is more of the ancient ceremonial retained than is usual in the present depressed state of the native princes. The Omrahs are men of considerable wealth; and there has long been an increasing demand for foreign luxuries and elegancies at the capital of the Deccan.

BEJAPOOR.

This ruined city, which is left almost alone to commemorate the short but splendid reign of the Adil Shahee dynasty, has been styled, by Sir John Mackintosh, "the Palmyra of the Deccan." It contains the relics of an immense number of buildings, not less interesting than magnificent, which arose and were finished within two centuries, and which, despite of the desolation which has fallen upon them, still retain a considerable portion of their original beauty, many having yet been scarcely injured by the lapse of time, the utter abandonment of man, or the strife of the elements. On approaching from the north, the great dome of Mohammed Shah's tomb first attracts the eye, it being visible from the village of Kunnoor at the distance of fourteen miles; and in drawing nearer, other cupolas, towers, and pinnacles spring up so thickly and continuously, that it is impossible to avoid the idea of approaching a populous and still flourishing capital.

The road to the outer wall, it is true, leads through a long vista of ruined edifices; but this is no uncommon circumstance in the environs of Indian cities; and the impression is not dispelled until the traveller actually finds himself in the streets, many of which are so choked with jungle as to be impassable. Bejapoor is now a city of tombs and ruins; and travellers wandering through its noiseless solitudes, have remarked the melancholy contrast afforded by the admirable state of repair which distinguishes those edifices reared in honour of the dead, with the utter decay and desolation of the houses formerly inhabited by the living residents of the city.

The magnificent remains of the ancient capital of the province of Bejapoor are to be found in lat. 17° 9′ N., long. 75° 42′ E., and about 245 miles S.E. from Bombay. The origin of the city—which, on its foundation, was designated Vijaya-pura, the "Impregnable"—is, like that of most of the cities of India, somewhat obscure; but its alleged founder (who was also the founder of the Adil Shahee dynasty, which arose from obscurity in 1489) was Yusuf Adil Shah, who reigned from that date until 1510. This personage is said to have been a son of the Ottoman emperor Amurah, at whose death he escaped destruction by the contrivance of his mother, who had him conveyed to Persia, from whence, at the age of sixteen, he was compelled to fly, through suspicions which had been awakened with regard to his birth. In his effort to escape the pursuit of his enemies the prince was captured, and afterwards sold at the Bahmani court (a kingdom of the Deccan) as a Georgian slave. From this ignoble position he rose, according to the practice of Mamaluke adventurers, until, by favour of his patron, he became the governor of Bejapoor; and then, taking advantage of the death of his sovereign, by an act of flagrant disloyalty, for which the age and country afforded him abundance of precedent, he seized the first opportunity to declare himself an independent prince. From that moment he became occupied in hostilities with the chiefs around his usurped dominions; who, like himself, were endeavouring to exalt themselves upon the disjointed fragments of a once powerful state. After a time he succeeded in forming alliances with the new rulers of Ahmednuggur and Berar, by which their mutual aggressions were recognised, and their several kingdoms strengthened by a confederacy for mutual defence.

Notwithstanding the internal troubles and foreign wars in which the successors of Yusuf Adil Shah were constantly engaged throughout the whole period of their rule, they have severally left behind them works that would seem to require a protracted interval of the most profound peace to accomplish. There is at the present time scarcely a city throughout India which can exhibit erections of so much original beauty and utility as Bejapoor. The mosques and tombs of the shahs are numerous and magnificent even in decay; and the aqueducts remaining are extensive, and even superb in design. There are, also, innumerable fountains, wells, tanks, and bowlees (ponds)—for which the city was indebted to the magnificence of the shahs—still spread over the place, and bearing testimony of their regard for the comfort of the people and the adornment of their capital.

In 1689, Bejapoor was seized by Aurungzebe, at which period it covered an extensive area—its fort alone being eight miles in circumference. Between the fort and the city wall there was sufficient space for an encampment of 50,000 cavalry. Within the citadel was the king's palace, with numerous mosques, gardens, residences of the nobility, magazines, &c.; and around the whole was a deep ditch always well supplied with water. Beyond the city walls were large suburbs with noble buildings; and native historians assert that, during its flourishing state, Bejapoor contained 984,000 inhabited houses, and 1,600 mosques. After its capture, the country around became waste to a great distance; and at present, the site of the city and fort presents to view a district composed of ruins, interspersed by several detached towns and villages. Toorvee (or Torway) especially, about a mile and a-half from the western wall, is surrounded by magnificent piles of ruins, amongst which are the tombs of several Mohammedan princes and saints, which are still the resort of devotees.

To Ali Adil Shah, the fifth monarch of his race, the city of Bejapoor was indebted for the aqueducts which still convey water through the streets. The fountains erected by him would alone suffice to perpetuate the greatness of his design for the embellishment of the city and the convenience of its inhabitants. The building represented on the

left of the picture, is a portion of the Jumma Musjid, which has hitherto survived the ruin around it in every direction. This superb edifice is also the work of Ali Adil Shah, and is a noble building, having the peculiarity of being entirely open on one side: the mosque is, in fact, composed of rows of arches, forming entrances that stretch along the whole *façade*, fronting a spacious quadrangle enclosed with a cloister or piazza, arched in the same manner as the principal building. A large light dome springs from the centre, and the court beyond is embellished by a reservoir and fountain. The faithful often perform their devotions by the side of this basin, prostrating themselves upon the ground, and touching the pavement many times with their foreheads.

The interior of the Jumma Musjid is very richly ornamented with inscriptions of gold upon *lapis lazuli*. Its entire aspect reminds the spectator of the solemn grandeur of the cathedral structures of Europe: the series of arches which succeed and cross each other, from whatever point of view observed, produce a noble perspective; and the style of ornaments, which are judiciously, though sparingly, distributed over the walls, is in true keeping with the character of the building. A few poor priests still attend to perform the services of the mosque; but the outer chambers, formerly appropriated to the accommodation of the moollahs and holy persons belonging to it, are now inhabited by some of the most disreputable classes of Bejapoor society. Occasionally, of late years, a transient gleam of splendour has been imparted to the desolate and romantic city of Bejapoor, by a visit from one or other of the rulers of the presidency of Bombay: and upon one such occasion, some few years since, the honours paid to the governor of Bombay had nearly proved the downfall of the mouldering fragments of architectural grandeur that still embellish and give a charm to the place, many of which were shaken to their foundations by the concussion of air produced by the thunder of artillery.

There were formerly preserved among the curiosities in the fort at Bejapoor, a number of enormously large guns; but they have gradually been removed, until there is now but one remaining—a piece of ordnance by some said to have been cast by Aurungzebe to commemorate the reduction of the city. There is reason, however, to believe that it is of far more remote origin, as it is an object of veneration to the Hindoos of all castes and sects, who offer to the unseen power lodged in the vast engine of destruction, a homage almost amounting to divine honours. Many fabulous legends are preserved by the natives about this gun, named "Mulk-i-Meidan" (Sovereign of the Plain); which, they assert, became the spoil of Ali Adil Shah, who took it in his war with the king of Ahmednuggur in 1562. According to another version of its history, this splendid piece of ordnance was the workmanship of Chuleby Rhoomy Khan, an officer in the service of Hoossein Nizam Shah at Ahmednuggur; and the mould in which it was cast is still in existence, but lying neglected in the garden of the tomb of the founder, which has been converted into quarters for an English officer. However this may be, it is certain the weight of the "Sovereign of the Plain" is forty tons; and it is of correspondent dimensions—so large, in fact, that it has never yet been charged with the quantity of powder which its chamber would contain. The metal of which it is composed is said to have a large portion of silver, and a smaller quantity of gold, mixed with the tin and copper that form its chief materials. It is enriched with inscriptions and devices in the usual florid style of Oriental embellishment, and when struck, emits a clear but somewhat awful sound, similar to that of an enormous bell, which is only endurable at a considerable distance. This mighty voice given forth by a touch, added to the terrible idea of havoc conveyed by the ponderous tube, has doubtless assisted in impressing the natives with a feeling of reverence towards a prodigy of strength and power, which they do not imagine to have been wholly the work of man. Thus they burn incense before it, and decorate it; and Europeans visiting Bejapoor, have frequently seen, with surprise, the natives advance towards it with joined hands and devotional gestures. At such times flowers are strewn on the bore, and the fore-part of the muzzle is anointed with cinnabar and oil; while marks, as well as odours of burnt perfumes, plainly indicate that a propitiatory offering has been made to the spirit residing in the warlike shrine. For its calibre, an iron ball of the weight of 2,646 pounds would be required.

A notion is prevalent that vast treasures are concealed among the ruins of this city;

and from the habit of the people of the East in hiding their property in times of danger, it is not improbable that such may be the case.

THE TOMB OF MAHOMED SHAH—BEJAPOOR.

The Burra Gumbooze (Great Dome), as it is called by the natives, which surmounts the massive tomb of the most popular monarch of the Adil Shahee dynasty, forms the principal attraction of a city full of wondrous beauty amidst premature decay. Mahomed Shah was the last independent sovereign of Bejapoor: he succeeded to the throne in the sixteenth year of his age, and found a large treasury, a country still flourishing, and a well-appointed army, reported to be 280,000 strong.

The taste for architectural splendour and posthumous fame, so remarkably exemplified in the tombs of Hindoostan, is displayed to the fullest extent in the mausoleum of Mahomed Shah, which was constructed in the lifetime of the monarch, and under his own auspices. Though somewhat heavy and cumbrous in its structure, its amazing size, and the symmetry of its proportions, fill the mind with reverential feelings from whatsoever point it is surveyed: whether near or at a distance, its surpassing magnitude reduces all the surrounding objects to comparative insignificance; while its grave and solemn character assimilates very harmoniously with the desolate grandeur of the ruins which it overtops.

The Burra Gumbooze exceeds the dome of St. Paul's in diameter, and is only inferior to that of St. Peter's at Rome. It crowns a stately quadrangular building, consisting of a single hall, 150 feet square, and, including the cupola, upwards of 150 feet in height. There are four octagonal towers, one at each angle—each surmounted by a dome, and containing a spiral staircase, by which the ascent to the roof is made. Although there is more of apparent solidity than elegance in this vast structure, its ornaments are rich and appropriate, and none are introduced that injure its simplicity, or detract from its general character; but, unfortunately, the prodigious weight of the dome, and perhaps the faultiness of the foundation for so vast a structure, have reduced the whole fabric to a state approximating general decay; and an engineer, who visited Bejapoor a short time since, reported, that the primary walls are not only rent in some places through and through, but also in a parallel direction to their faces; so that, in all probability, and at no distant period, the whole will fall in one mighty crash to the ground. The tomb is raised upon a terrace of granite 200 yards square, the lower portion being divided into a labyrinth of gloomy chambers, now for the greater part filled with rubbish, and forming lairs for the wild and ferocious animals that haunt the desolate abode of powerless royalty. The spacious quadrangle in front of the main building is adorned with fountains; and on the western side is a second terrace, leading to a mosque corresponding in form with the mausoleum, but embellished by two slight and elegant minarets, which give grace and lightness to the whole. The sarcophagus of Mahomed Shah is placed upon a raised platform of granite, under a wooden canopy in the centre of the hall: on the right of it are the tombs of his son and daughter-in-law; on the left, those of his wife and daughter, and of a favourite dancing-girl: the whole are now covered with a thick coating of holy earth brought from Mecca, mixed with the dust of sandal-wood; which, although calculated to excite the devout admiration of the true believers in the doctrines of the Koran, by no means enhances the beauty of the monuments. A shrine of solid silver is said to have originally encased the tomb of Mahomed; but this having fallen a prey to the rapacity of the Mahrattas, a covering of humbler materials was substituted. The surrounding walls are embellished with inscriptions from the Koran, in *alto relievo;* the characters being gilded and raised upon a deep-blue ground of enamel, formed by a liquid coating of *lapis lazuli;* the gold orna-

ments, beautifully interwoven together, and embossed upon this splendid ground, are introduced with great judgment, and produce a very fine effect.

The inhabitants of Bejapoor retain more vivid traditions of the Shah Mahomed than of any of his predecessors: he is represented to have been a prince of amiable character, and to have possessed the virtues most esteemed among Asiatics: he is still extolled for his wisdom, his justice, and, above all, for his munificence. During the whole of his reign he maintained a good understanding with the Mogul emperor Shah Jehan, with whom he corresponded through the medium of the favourite son of the latter, the prince Dara; until the intimacy and confidence which existed between the sovereign of Bejapoor and the latter, excited the jealousy of Aurungzebe, who, independent of his ambitious desire to bring all the Mohammedan kingdoms of India under his own sway, entertained a personal hatred to all who espoused the interests of his brother; and the enmity thus drawn upon Bejapoor was openly displayed by the fratricide at the first convenient opportunity. Mahomed, who died in November, 1656, was succeeded by his son Adil Shah II., a youth of nineteen, who mounted the throne without any complimentary reference or observance of the homage which Aurungzebe professed to claim by right of a concession from Mahomed Shah. The Mohammedans in the interest of Aurungzebe, thereupon immediately reported that Adil was not a son of the late shah, and that it was incumbent on the emperor to nominate a successor to the throne of Bejapoor. A war ensued, the result of which was the subversion of the independence of the kingdom. "This war," observes the historian, "upon the part of the Moguls, appears to have been more completely destitute of apology than any that is commonly found even in the unprincipled transactions of Asiatic governments." It is recorded, that on the final reduction of Bejapoor, the conqueror received a severe reproof from the lips of his favourite daughter. Boasting of the success with which Providence had crowned his arms in every quarter, and of his having, by the extinction of this sovereignty, accomplished all the objects of his ambition, and subdued and dethroned every powerful king throughout Hindoostan and the Deccan; the begum observed—"Your majesty, it is true, is the conqueror of the world; but you have departed from the wise policy of your illustrious ancestors, who, when they subdued kingdoms, made the possessors of them their subjects and tributaries, and thus became king of kings; while you are only a simple monarch, without royal subjects to pay you homage." Aurungzebe, it is related, was forcibly struck with the justice of this remark, which occasioned him so much mortification, that he expressed his displeasure by an order for the imprisonment of the princess.

PALACE OF THE SEVEN STOREYS—BEJAPOOR.

Very few Eastern cities have the advantage, in a picturesque sense, of so much variety in the style of their ancient buildings, as is to be met with among the ruined palaces and tombs of Bejapoor; a circumstance which may, probably, be in some measure accounted for by the encouragement given to foreign visitors and *artistes* at the court of its princes, who were themselves of Ottoman descent. For a considerable period, the greater portion of the nobles in attendance upon the kings of Bejapoor, consisted of Persians, Turks, and other Eastern adventurers, who met with a gracious reception, and contributed, by their wealth and magnificence, to enhance the barbaric splendour of the court. Gradually settling down among the native adherents of the sovereign, many of them were doubtless stimulated by the example of the latter to add to the architectural embellishments of the captial, and thus introduced those novelties in the style of Asiatic buildings that are so frequently met with among the existing ruins of the city. Ferishta, the Persian historian, states, that the first sovereign of the Adil Shahee dynasty invited artists from distant lands to assist in the embellishment of his capital-city, and "made them easy