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LIFE

OF

GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE

EDITED BY

HENRY KNOLLYS

COLONEL (H.P.) ROYAL ARTILLERY, HIS FORMER A.D.C.

EDITOR OF 'INCIDENTS IN THE SEPOY WAR' AND OF 'INCIDENTS IN THE CHINA WAR'
AUTHOR OF 'SKETCHES OF LIFE IN JAPAN,' 'ENGLISH LIFE IN CHINA,'
'FROM SEDAN TO SAARBRUCK,' ETC.

WITH PORTRAITS OF SIR HOPE GRANT, AND
MAPS AND PLANS

IN TWO VOLUMES

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PREFACE.

In arranging for publication portions of Sir Hope Grant's voluminous diaries, I have followed the same general principles as those which I adopted in compiling 'Incidents in the Sepoy War' and 'Incidents in the China War,' and which then met with the General's emphatic approval.

Sir Hope's language, though not infrequently graphic and even characterised by a sort of rough pathos, was habitually ungrammatical, often to an extent which obscured the instant appreciation of his meaning. Therefore I have not only constantly transposed the paragraphs, but have modified the construction of the sentences.

I have, however, most carefully retained the full sense he intended to convey, without suggestions

of my own; and I am confident that were he alive he would approve the verbal alterations I have effected.

For the further considerations which have prompted me to publish these diaries, I refer the reader to the concluding paragraphs of the second volume.

HENRY KNOLLYS,
Colonel, h.p., Royal Artillery.

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LIFE OF GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT.

CHAPTER I.

1808–1842.

EARLY YEARS IN THE ARMY, AND VOYAGE TO CHINA.

EDUCATION—JOINS 9TH LANCERS—COUNTRY SOCIETY—VOTES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—HORSEMANSHIP—PRACTICAL JOKE ON GENERAL—THE "BIG FIDDLE"—SAILS FOR CHINA—THE VOYAGE—TENERIFFE—STRAITS SETTLEMENTS—HONG-KONG—SHANGHAI.

JAMES HOPE GRANT, afterwards General Sir Hope Grant, was the youngest son of Mr Francis Grant, and was born at Kilgraston, in Perthshire, in 1808. His family was of eminent and ancient origin, and the General, a type of modesty in respect of his military achievements, was, like a true Scotsman, extremely proud of his nationality and descent. On the death of his father in 1819, he and each of his five younger brothers and sisters inherited £10,000.

"This was a handsome patrimony," he writes, "and left us all comparatively well off. But such portions to younger children often do more harm than good, and cause idleness and extravagance. . . . It was considered advisable to send me off to the Continent for my education, and that I might be kept out of temptation." After two years' preliminary training at the High School in Edinburgh, "I was despatched to Hofwyl, near Berne, where I certainly had not much opportunity of spending money. The school had been established by a fine old Swiss gentleman, Baron Fallenberg, on his own estate, mainly with the philanthropic object of benefiting the Swiss peasantry, whom he educated gratis; but we English boys—thirty in number—had to pay handsomely. He kept us in first-rate order, and enforced the system that an idle boy should be both scouted and bullied. This was of great benefit to me, more addicted to amusement than to study, and I acquired some knowledge of foreign languages, which I afterwards found of much service. Music was a prominent feature in our education, and as I had an innate love for the glorious science, I devoted a considerable portion of my time to the study of that noble instrument, the violoncello. . . . On my return to England in 1826, at the age of eighteen, I was gazetted to the 9th Lancers, and joined the headquarters at Glasgow. Lord Loughborough[1] was my

[1] Afterwards Earl of Rosslyn.

colonel, and a better commanding officer never lived —a straightforward, honest, fine fellow, with great judgment and talent, and he soon worked up his regiment into first-rate order. My brother officers were a gentlemanlike set. Many were wealthy—a disadvantage, no doubt, as they led others less well off into extravagant habits. Several had teams turned out in first-rate form, and never started to stay at a country-house without their chariot and four post-horses. "We had amongst us some capital riders across country, such as Jack Thomson,[1] Percy Williams,[2] Andrew Spottiswoode, Henry Legard, Archibald Little,"[3] &c.

During the next fourteen years Hope Grant accompanied the 9th Lancers in its various stations in the United Kingdom—going through the uneventful routine of regimental work. In 1827 he was appointed adjutant of his regiment. He was a keen sportsman, and up to the last retained his fondness for hunting, shooting, fishing, and golf—racing he abominated, at least after his early youth—and took great pleasure in London, as well as in country-house, society. In fact, he spent his time after the wont of most cavalry officers in those days—according to his own account, with little wisdom and with considerable indulgence in extravagance.

[1] Mr Anstruther Thomson, afterwards M.F.H., Pytchley Hunt.
[2] Afterwards M.F.H.
[3] General Sir A. Little, K.C.B., colonel of the 9th Lancers, died 1891.

To one amusement, however, and this of a highly respectable nature, he clung most pertinaciously. He was staunch to music, and hence was a welcome guest at many a country-house.

"One winter Lord Macdonald, a first-rate performer on the violoncello, invited me to Thorpe, in the Wolds of Yorkshire, to hunt and to fiddle. I started in a buggy; the ground was deep in snow, we stuck fast on our route, and I was benighted at a miserable, dreary, utterly desolate wayside inn. In the kitchen I found an old man drinking his pot o' beer. I discovered that he was the parish clerk and led the choir; so by way of whiling away a long winter's evening, I asked my friend whether he could obtain for me the loan of a violoncello. The eyes of the old file instantly brightened: off he trudged, and quickly returned with a fiddle—such a fiddle!—and a MS. music-book, in which minims and crotchets were crowded together in hopeless confusion. At last I picked out the 100th Psalm, which was tolerably legible, and which the old clerk sang with stentorian lungs to my accompaniment. We performed it over and over again, until at last I fell asleep; but on awakening found my friend still performing the Old Hundredth.

"Next morning I reached my destination. The snow put a stop to hunting, so we had fiddling to our heart's content. There were, moreover, some very charming and pretty ladies, who visited the primitive

village school, kept by an old dame who squinted violently. A little fellow was brought forward by the mistress as a show pupil, and was thus questioned by her :—

"*Dame.* What's the first letter of the alphabet ?

"*Boy.* Ah don't know.

"*Dame* (*to the ladies.* We must give him a commencement, ma'am). *A* is the first letter. What's the second ?

"*Boy.* Ah don't know.

"*Dame.* What is it that buzzes about the garden ?

"*Boy.* Flies.

"*Dame.* Thou art a stupid boy. Bees buzzes about the garden. *B*'s the second letter. What's the third ?

"*Boy.* Ah don't know.

"*Dame.* What do I do when I looks at thee ?

"*Boy.* Thou squintest.

"*Dame* (*in indignant reproof*). Oh, thou stupid boy, do not I see thee ? *C*'s the third letter. Now, what do two and two make ?

"*Boy* (*with triumphant readiness*). Five.

"*Dame* (*exultingly*). See, ma'am, how nigh he is to it !

"When I was quartered at Nottingham (1830), a new general, Sir Charles Napier,[1] had been appointed, and I called to pay my respects to him. I found

[1] Afterwards General Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, and Commander-in-Chief in India.

this distinguished officer lodged with his wife and daughters in the upper storey of a butcher's shop. He was a noble fellow. He had nothing but his pay, and did not choose to get into debt; so he preferred this poor accommodation to a fine house more suitable to his rank, but for which he could not afford to pay. . . .

"While stationed at Hampton Court (1831) my brother-in-law, James Lindsay, M.P., took me to hear a debate in the House of Commons. Mr Sheil was holding forth about the poor laws in Ireland, and on a division taking place, I was ordered to go out. Accordingly I sauntered away, and at last walked up a flight of stairs which led into a gallery where several persons were seated, and where I quietly took a place in a front row. I soon discovered I was in a gallery of the same room I had just quitted, and suddenly one of the ushers below numbered me off—the first of the party. I was much surprised, and began to fancy I was not in my right place, but was not particularly discomposed. At last I turned round, and caught the eye of Lindsay sitting behind me. His look of astonishment and consternation was truly ludicrous. With a covert gesture he beckoned to me, and when I had seated myself by his side, he whispered, 'What have you been doing! Do you know where you are? You have voted in the House of Commons without being a member, and are liable to be sent to Newgate and fined £500. Sit still for a minute or two, and

then we will slip out as quietly as possible. Perhaps no one will notice you.' I succeeded in making my escape unobserved, but was afterwards told by the late Lord Mansfield, who was highly amused at the anecdote, that if I had been detected nothing could have saved me from Newgate, and that it would have been necessary for the House to have passed a bill of indemnity. Had it then appeared that my error had been inadvertent, I should have been released and exonerated from the heavy fine, but the expenses would have amounted to £200, and pending decision I should have endured a fortnight's incarceration. I had some satisfaction in the consideration that I had accomplished an act which no one else in the world has achieved. I have voted in the House of Commons without being a member of it.

"I reflected that had I been made a prisoner my custodian would, by a fortunate coincidence, have been a Mr ——, Clerk of the House of Commons, whose acquaintance I had formerly made on board a Rhine boat when returning from my Hofwyl school to England. The passengers comprised a solemn, almost tragical looking, gentleman, with a young, handsome, gaily-dressed wife, who regarded her husband with manifest disdain. The lady's attention being suddenly directed towards his proceedings, she asked him in fiery indignation what he was about, and the poor man, in a submissive tone of voice, replied, 'My dear, my feet are wet, and I wish to

put on dry stockings.' 'Certainly not. You ought to be ashamed of yourself,' was the angry answer, and the meek husband docilely slunk away into a corner. Shortly after, our fares were being collected, and he discovered that he had lost the whole of his money. A regular scene ensued. His humiliated wife began to weep and to display the contents of her jewel-box in proof that she was not an impostor, and the husband applied from passenger to passenger for a loan to pay their fares. At last he addressed himself to me. A schoolboy returning home has seldom much cash, and my resources were limited to 17s., which I assured him were heartily at his service. This sum was entirely insufficient to meet his requirements, and he declined it, gratefully begging me to come and call on him at the House of Commons. It would have been singular had I renewed my acquaintance with him as a State prisoner.

"While I was in the 9th Lancers, I possessed a fine thoroughbred entire horse, with a most ferocious temper, and exceedingly difficult to sit. One day when he had been making himself unusually disagreeable, I thought a roll into a deep adjacent ditch might improve his temper; so I brought him up close alongside, slipped off his back, and simultaneously gave him a severe check of the bit with the object of his slipping into the trench. But he was too wary for me, avoided the fall, then flew at me, crunched up my thumb in his mouth, and

twice knocked me down with his forefeet. I was rescued from my dilemma by a brother officer, Edward Digby, who was with me. Next day I gave him a good gallop, when he began to resume his tricks. I struck him over the head with a stick, and, to my utter surprise, he instantaneously collapsed as if he had been struck dead, fell heavily to the ground, and shot me far over his head. I was not in the least hurt, but I found my steed lying senseless; but before he had recovered consciousness I was on his back, and I rode him home. Shortly after I sold him to Captain Herbert of the Guards, to run in the Military Steeplechase, and it was one of the stipulations of the bargain that I should ride him. Sometime before the race I rode him out to try his condition, and took him over a little ditch which he could almost have walked over; but dropping one of his hind legs into it, he slipped back, floundered into some deep bog, and when extricated was so lame that it was necessary to destroy him. On making a *post-mortem* examination, it was found that his shoulder-blade was splintered in seven places."

In 1837 Sir Hope was quartered in Edinburgh, where Lord Greenock, son of Lord Cathcart, was in command of the troops. The Major-General's aide-de-camp having met with an accident, young Grant was selected to fill the post temporarily, and accompanied his chief in a tour of half-yearly inspections.

At Perth they were put up by the Fort-Major, Major Fraser. "His wife, a charming, kind, gentle Highland lady, was very anxious not only to make us comfortable, but to entertain us, and she asked me how she could best amuse Lord Greenock. In a spirit of fun and mischief, and also fancying that scarcely a lady dancer was available within miles, I informed her that the General was a great hand at dancing, and that if she could only get up a little 'hop,' he would be enchanted. I thought no more of the matter. The inspection of the 64th Regiment took place; we had an excellent dinner at mess, during which we consumed a fair quantity of liquor, and returned to the Fort-Major's quarters. There, to my surprise and amusement, we found a well-lighted ball-room full of ladies, and the house cleared for a dance. Mrs Fraser walked up to the General with a sweet satisfied smile; said she had heard he was particularly fond of dancing, that she had therefore taken the liberty of asking a few ladies to meet him, and hoped he would choose a partner. The General, poor man, was quite taken aback, and for once in his life would have retreated had an escape been possible. Dancing was to him one of the horrors of life, and he would rather have faced the fire of the French than be subjected to such an ordeal. He mumbled something about his dancing days being over, and absolutely refused the offer of a partner, to the utter surprise and consternation

of our poor hostess, who had recourse to me, and stated her grievance. With great difficulty I kept my countenance, and assured her that Lord Greenock was up to every sort of fun, but that he was a man who required a great deal of pressing,—so off she started to renew her efforts. But now I began to reflect that though my chief was a most amiable, excellent man, my joke might be pushed too far. So I expressed to my hostess my regret, and set to work to dance, both for the General and myself, up to two o'clock in the morning."

In 1835 Lieutenant Grant had been promoted to the rank of Captain. He had paid £5000 for his commissions; he had muddled away in his expensive regiment the greater part of the remainder of his £10,000; there was little prospect either of further promotion or of active service, and he had almost resolved on quitting the army, when, by the agency of his Big Fiddle, he was deterred from this step, and remained on, to become a distinguished general in the British army. In 1841 there "occurred an entire change in my prospects. One day I received a letter from Sir David Baird, my great friend, and one of the best cross-country riders in Great Britain, stating that Major-General Lord Saltoun, who was staying at the same hunting-box with him in Berwickshire, had been ordered to China with a force to assist Sir Hugh Gough in carrying out a war we were waging with that country. Sir David had asked Lord Sal-

toun to take me as his brigade-major, to which the General had assented." [Baird, in addition to eulogising Captain Grant as an officer, had laid stress on his proficiency as a violoncellist; for Lord Saltoun was a devotee of music, and wished for the companionship of an officer with a kindred taste during the prospective long voyage to China. Sir Hope used to remark laughingly that he owed his first step in life to his "Big Fiddle."] "Great was my delight. Lord Hill, then Commander-in-Chief, at first refused to sanction the appointment at the Horse Guards, on the ground that it was vested in Sir Hugh Gough in China; but he finally gave way to the entreaties of kind old Lord Saltoun."

Journal.—On 13th December 1841, I embarked with Lord Saltoun[1] on H.M.S. Belleisle, 74 guns, which, with the Apollo (44) and the Sapphire (26), —all three filled with troops and ammunition—was bound for China. We had on board the 98th Regiment, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Campbell,[2] and part of a company of artillery, under Captain Greenwood. Including women and children, we numbered 1277 souls—about 400 in excess of proper accommodation, and the troops were in consequence sadly overcrowded. I was able to take with me my Newfoundland dog, my violoncello, and a little piano;

[1] Lord Saltoun had served throughout the Peninsular War, at Quatre Bras, and at Waterloo. He commanded the force shut up in Hougomont, which so successfully resisted the attack of the French.

[2] Afterwards Field-Marshal Lord Clyde, G.C.B.

and my chief, who played the guitar most beautifully, and myself had our first concert the evening we embarked—much to the surprise of the tars. On entering the Bay of Biscay, we found out all that a heavy rolling sea entailed. No one can picture the indescribable misery of the women and children, a large number of whom were allowed on the quarter-deck for fresh air;[1] for owing to the high sea, the ports below could not be opened. Dirty, haggard, and wretchedly dressed, they looked like slaves let loose, and yet they had considered themselves fortunate in the miserable privilege of being included in the percentage of six women to every 100 men. Had they been left at home, they and their children would probably have been in a state of starvation. Of course numbers were excluded; and the very night we sailed, we discovered an unfortunate creature who, with her two children, had smuggled herself on board, in concealment, hoping to escape detection among numbers until too late for return. She was, however, sent ashore. By degrees the sea subsided, the men were mustered and inspected, and the Articles of War[2] were read out, wherein it was playfully explained to them that whenever they did anything wrong they were to be shot, or punished in some dreadful way. There was, however, but little crime, and the health of all was

[1] They are usually restricted to the forecastle.

[2] Their severity is now, of course, much modified.

excellent. The ship's crew amounted to only 260, many of whom were indifferent sailors, so the soldiers were very useful in assisting to work the ship.

After ten days' sail we reached Teneriffe. The women there were conspicuously plain, the men miserably dressed, and the traditionally picturesque appearance of Spaniards was entirely absent. They seemed as if they had just come out of a wild bog in Ireland. Indeed, many bore the characteristic names of that country; and it sounded strange when a savage-looking Spaniard, with a cloak flung theatrically around him, was announced as Señor Murphy.

After quitting Teneriffe numerous casualties befell us. A private of the 98th fell overboard, and all efforts to rescue him were unavailing. Thus far, though we had sometimes been wearied with the intolerable monotony of being becalmed, our voyage had been prosperous, but this calamity cast a gloom over our spirits. "Mishaps never come singly—you will have a few more of them now," was the dismal prophecy of an old sailor; and sure enough one poor fellow suddenly dropped dead from apoplexy, and another was killed the very next day by falling from the main royal-yard while shortening sail. Then we got into the trades, but the wind failing, we were obliged to make for Rio de Janeiro, South America. After a sojourn there of eight days we resumed our voyage, but drifted so close to an island that we were obliged to anchor, and finally only extricated

ourselves from our position by means of our boats, which towed us away. During a terrific thunderstorm we parted company with the Apollo, and she did not rejoin us until twenty-one days subsequently.

In March, when eighty days from England, we reached the Cape of Good Hope, where we remained for a week. Our next point was Java, 3000 miles in a straight line, but involving a course of 5000 miles, owing to the necessity for steering south in order to catch the winds. A terrible tempest, which raged for three days, caused us to part company with our two consorts; the ports were broken in, officers were washed out of their cabins, and we had no regular meals. This discomfort was, however, succeeded by brilliant weather, and on one occasion our day's run was 226 miles, though on another day we only made seven miles. The cold, however, became intense.

After quitting Java we touched at the island of Nanka, richly wooded down to the water's edge, and in some places the trees were growing actually in the sea. The floating islets, literally sailing about the straits, presented a singular aspect. A mass of ground detached from the mainland—apparently by the action of water—with a tree or two growing on it, seemed like a huge wild-Indian boat. Drifting hither and thither, in time it wasted away. Yet portions of earth, trees and all, settling on some shoal, ultimately became conglomerated into great tracts of country; and such probably was the origin

of the island of Nanka. Some of us landed with the boats, which were sent ashore for water, but our attempts to penetrate into the interior were in vain, so dense was the jungle. On one spot we came across a gathering of savages, who, terrified at our appearance, fled to their boats with the utmost speed. By degrees, however, they were reassured by our signs of friendship, and bartered some fine fish for an old red handkerchief. In these latitudes the growth of vegetation is so strong and rapid, that in the course of a single night blades of grass had thickly sprouted through a wet towel carelessly cast on the ground to dry!.

After touching at some islands in the Dutch archipelago for wood and water, we arrived at Singapore —142 days from England. The greater part of the island was covered with a thick jungle,[1] wherein tigers, snakes, and other noxious wild creatures lurk in great numbers and commit terrible devastation. Cattle are few, and consequently the tigers become voracious man-eaters, the annual mortality from this cause alone being very high. A party of our officers went out shooting and killed an iguana, a huge species of lizard. On approaching the body, an enormous snake seized it, and then rearing itself up, set all the sportsmen at defiance. A shot severed the snake's head and body from the tail portion. Thereupon the head, finding it had the worst of the game,

[1] In 1842.

wriggled off and disappeared, leaving the tail part, 12 feet in length, to answer for the robbery.

We reached Hong-Kong on 2d June 1842—164 days from England.[1] The inhabitants were much impressed with our enormous three-deckers, and with our personal appearance. They considered us barbarians of a most uncouth and dreadful description.[2]

We next sailed for Chusan, 750 miles distant, which we reached in eight days. There we boarded a large junk prize, laden with copper and other valuables estimated to be worth £27,000. Her poop was nearly as high out of the water as that of the Belleisle, and she drew 30 feet of water—3 feet more than we. Her mainmast was composed of a single tree, 13 feet in circumference; and much of her cordage was represented by wicker withes. At Woosung, forty-six miles up the Yang-tsze-Kiang, we found the British fleet stationed off an enormous Chinese battery which had been captured by the English General, Sir Hugh Gough,[3] two days before our arrival. It extended over a lineal distance of 3 miles 600 yards, and near the centre was a small stone fort, encased in bamboo wicker-work, and with rubble thrown loosely in between the walls and casing. The Cornwallis had pounded at it with her heavy guns—some of

[1] The journey is now accomplished in less than thirty-six days.

[2] At this date Europeans were practically entirely unknown to the Chinese; yet even now their opinion concerning us has not, except at the Treaty Ports, been materially modified.

[3] Field-Marshal Viscount Gough, G.C.B., died 1869.

which were 68-pounders—at a range of about 100 yards, yet without injuring it in the slightest degree. The projectiles were found buried in the rubbish, which in many cases they had not penetrated up to the masonry. On going over the battery, we found it strewed with the dead, and the houses in the neighbourhood were deserted. In one of these latter we came across the corpse of a poor child, with an arrow sticking in its brain. Doubtless it had been despatched by its relatives, who found it cumbersome to carry, and preferred killing it to letting it fall into the hands of barbarians so dreadfully ferocious as we were reputed. The guns were of singular make, with a tubular lining, and mounted on camphor-wood carriages. Next day, Lord Saltoun, Cunynghame,[1] his A.D.C., and I steamed up in one of the paddle-steamers to Shanghai, which had surrendered without resistance to Lord Gough, and reported our arrival to him.

[Sir Hope Grant here gives a description of this large and wonderful city, with its neighbourhood, population, and cultivation. The account would have been curiously applicable in almost every single detail when I visited it forty-two years subsequently, in 1884, notwithstanding the march of civilisation so earnestly alleged by optimist writers concerning the country.—H. K.]

[1] Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Cunynghame, G.C.B., died 1884.

CHAPTER II.

1842–1844.

THE FIRST CHINA WAR.

SAILS FOR CHIN-KIANG—ATTACK AND CAPTURE OF TOWN—RUTHLESSNESS — WHITE SUGAR AND BROWN — PROCEEDS TO NANKIN — A CHINESE *DÉJEÛNER*—SIGNING TREATY OF NANKIN—PASSAGE DOWN THE YANG-TSZE-KIANG—"DEATH"—PERILOUS BREAKFAST—CANTON —SIR HENRY POTTINGER'S DINNER-PARTY — FEVER — PROMOTION— MANILA—THE FLYING TAILOR — SAILS FOR INDIA — SINGAPORE — RAJAH BROOKE.

Journal.—Our fleet consisted of seventy-three magnificent vessels, conveying 10,000 troops, all in excellent health. Every man looked forward with intense interest to exploring the Chinaman's country.[1] The Yang-tsze-Kiang was a wide and a truly grand river, but intersected with numerous shoals, while its uncertain currents ran at a fearful speed, and the mandarins laughed at the idea of our large ships sailing up it; for they themselves never attempted its navigation except with small craft. They admitted their previous defeats in actual fighting, but were confident

[1] Then, be it remembered, almost unknown to civilised nations.

that their "Child of the Ocean"[1] would leave our tremendous three-deckers at their absolute mercy. The very first day it seemed likely that their anticipations would be realised. We soon ran aground in the Belleisle, and all the efforts of the Vixen, towing paddle-wheel steamer, to move her were ineffectual. The Cornwallis (74), flagship, shortly after followed suit, and both ships remained fast until the tide had risen considerably. Afterwards we were continually baffled by the winds and currents, but we finally anchored opposite the populous town of Chin-kiang. Its walled portion was five miles in diameter, while the suburbs comprised an equal additional area; and on three sides it was surrounded by the Great Canal.[2] Sir Hugh Gough decided to capture the city, for it was supposed that all the power of China would be concentrated in its defence, and Lord Saltoun was ordered to land his force at early dawn on 21st July, and to attack the enemy, who had taken up a position on some heights outside the town. The other brigades were to storm the city at the same time. The strength of the current rendered landing so laborious and tedious an operation, that we were not able to advance to the attack until 7 o'clock A.M.; indeed, about 700 men of the brigade were not disembarked in time to co-operate with the rest. The country, though cultivated, undulating, and open, was

[1] Literal meaning of "Yang-tsze-Kiang."

[2] The river forming the fourth side.

very difficult, owing to the entire absence of roads, and the thermometer marked 96° in the shade.

[It may be useful to remind the non-military reader that in those days British troops marched and fought —and were valiant in both operations—garbed in uniforms which were tightly buttoned up to the chin, and trussed up in a network of strangulation belts and thick leather stocks. Some authorities question whether our soldiers of 1893, in their dirt-coloured, slop-shop apparel, so superior that they sometimes break into mutiny if awarded the slightest punishment by their officers, would fight equally well under such trying circumstances. Comparatively lately I strolled over the ground about Chin-kiang in the airiest of costumes and laden with an umbrella. In forty-five minutes I was completely prostrated.—H. K.]

Journal continued.—The principal body of the enemy was posted in an intrenched camp on some rising ground, with swampy rice-fields in front. The position was flanked on both sides by lower hills, likewise occupied by troops. These latter certainly presented a very imposing and warlike appearance, drawn up in battle array, with a forest of yellow silk flags and streamers. The terrific and bewildering yell which they raised on our approaching within 500 yards, and the sharp fire of jingals and matchlocks which they opened on our force, caused us to anticipate some difficulty in dislodging them from

their position. In consequence of the routes of communication being entirely represented by narrow footpaths,[1] our artillery was restricted to a few small 3-pounders, the effective range of which scarcely exceeded 300 yards, and which came into action on an advanced eminence. Lord Saltoun formed up his force on the reverse slope of a small hill, and then pushed forward two companies of the Bengal Volunteers to attack the enemy on the left. A simultaneous assault was made against the other flank, and then our main body pushed forward with the guns. The first two rounds were harmless, but the third shot pitched into the very centre of the Chinese encampment, and as we were bearing down on the enemy, they decided that they had had quite enough. In five minutes the camp was abandoned—the gallant defenders flying over the hills in fine form. Not more than fifty of the poor wretches were killed. Then we found that the city had likewise fallen. Our troops appeared to have had no more difficulty in scaling its high walls and blowing open its great gates than if they had been employed in some bodily exercise merely to give them an appetite for breakfast. A Mahratta chief, speaking of a similar experience in his own country, has remarked: "These English are a strange people, and their general is a wonderful man. They came in the morning, looked at the wall, walked over it, killed the

[1] Just wide enough for a wheel-barrow. The same deficiency still exists throughout China.

garrison, and returned to breakfast." At Chin-kiang our soldiers repeated the episode precisely, and apparently with little difficulty, although the Tartar soldiers on many occasions proved their great bravery. The day was nevertheless a sad experience for the 90th Regiment, who suffered dreadfully from the effects of the sun. Several dropped dead from sunstroke in the open during the engagement, and before the lapse of a week eighty of their men had been buried and 200 were in hospital. Our troops were in consequence put under cover in an adjacent village. We were quartered in some clean dry joss-houses,[1] the lower rooms of which were occupied by the two flank companies of the 41st Madras Native Infantry, and had no reason to complain; for though we had no beds, and had to lie on the cold stones, extreme fatigue rendered even the pavement comfortable. During our first night, however, we were constantly roused by our sentries firing at Chinese marauders, and once we were awakened by the sound of a number of men rushing into our house. Supposing that a body of Tartar troops had broken in upon us, we started up in the dark, groped for sword and pistol, and stood ready to defend our lives. But after flourishing our weapons with distinguished bravery for some time, we learned that the turmoil was due to our three quarrelsome horses, who, by their fighting and squealing, had startled the Madras

[1] Chinese temples.

soldiers into such a frenzy of panic that they had rushed into our quarters for safety. We were well laughed at by our chief, who had been too knowing to stir.

Next morning I was ordered by Lord Saltoun to make my way into the city, find out Sir Hugh Gough, report to him our operations of the preceding day, and ask for further orders. We were encamped about two miles from the gate; the sun was blazing overhead with inconceivable power; my horse, done up with yesterday's work, was not available, and I was not even provided with an umbrella. So my trudge and my search proved trying. I toiled along the ramparts, and at last reached a place where the walls were deeply scored with our round-shot. Here our troops had suffered severely, for the Tartars had ensconced themselves behind the embankment, and had killed three officers and 150 men. The subsequent fate of the defenders was a cruel one. Those who escaped slaughter from our soldiers, for the most part committed suicide by drowning or by some shocking method. Numbers of their women and children were found lying dead on the ground, with their throats cut or their backs broken. In one well were discovered the corpses of seven women and children; and just as I came up a man and woman had been captured in the act of drowning their children and preparing simultaneously for their own suicide. In another

street I saw the dead bodies of four females, who had been massacred by their relations to save them from our supposed ferocity. In some cases it almost appeared as if their anticipations had been justified. For instance, during the attack on the city, an officer and a party of Madras soldiers entered a house which was apparently deserted, but on further search they discovered a fine Tartar soldier, badly wounded, hidden among some bed-clothes, and his wife, a pretty young creature, who had been manifestly tending him, huddled up close to him in an agony of terror. The officer's party removed her from her husband, thrust her outside the room, and then drove their bayonets into their unfortunate prisoner.

War is a dreadful curse, and it is pitiful to consider that human beings should murder and massacre their fellow-creatures almost with delight, and without reflecting that they are sending their victims into eternity to answer for a life possibly misspent. The brutality and ferocity perpetrated by men not destitute of good feelings under ordinary circumstances, are scarcely conceivable. In cool blood they probably look back with horror on the acts they have committed in the excitement of seeing their friends cut down, or the endeavours to which they are being urged by the officers baffled.

[I have come across three or four passages elsewhere in Sir Hope's diaries similar to the foregoing, and he

was wont to express himself verbally to the same effect. This veteran successful General was singularly phlegmatic under fire—so some of his staff on active service have assured me (see Lord Wolseley's article on Sir Hope Grant in the May number, 1893, of the 'United Service Magazine')—never suffering his attention to be diverted for an instant, even by a hecatomb of slaughter in his immediate vicinity. Yet to the last day of his life he could not repress his shudders at the horrors of war.—H. K.[1]]

Journal continued.—After many fruitless inquiries and a weary search, during which I had traversed three sides of the town, I accidentally stumbled across Sir Hugh, made my report, received my orders, and started on my return. I found the town in a general condition of ruin, desolation, and indescribable wretchedness, almost every house having been plundered and completely gutted. This had been chiefly effected by Chinese robbers, who abounded in amazing numbers: our own troops if discovered pillaging were

[1] Perhaps I may be pardoned for venturing to drag in here another not less conspicuous example. In 1874 a party of English officers, not all of them young, attending the Prussian manœuvres, were discussing in a somewhat jaunty manner, in the presence of the Crown Prince, Frederick William, certain atrocities committed during the Indian Mutiny. But this Field-Marshal of the German empire, with his laurels of Weissemburg and Worth, of Sedan and Paris, still fresh on him, refused to join in the laughter, or even to smile, or even to be interested. He gravely said: "All that is very dreadful, gentlemen, and truly war is very dreadful;" and the implied rebuke of this noble soldier and noble man instantly produced an ashamed silence among all, and an impression probably permanent among many.

always severely punished. I observed several half-starved, ownerless ponies wandering listlessly about, and as I was becoming more and more overpowered by the excessive heat, I thought there could be no great harm in my appropriating one of them, thus perhaps saving its life, and still more probably my own. I soon succeeded in catching a little grey pony, and, mounted thereon, was passing through the city gateway, when I was stopped by the officer on guard, who was not at all inclined to let me through with what he termed my "loot." However, after stating my case and my identity, he allowed me to proceed, and I reported orders to Lord Saltoun.

In some of the rooms of our joss-house were several coffins, destined for special occupants as yet living. In one, however, we found the body of a young Chinese girl who had apparently taken poison and lain down here to die. She had the wonderfully small deformed feet common among the women of this country: a surgeon, who came to call on us, to my great horror cut off these tiny feet, and preserved them in his private collection.

The following morning I was charged to conduct eight prisoners to Sir Hugh Gough's quarters. They all seemed great villains—six were kidnappers [1]—who had been let loose from jail for the purpose of cutting off any of our stray soldiers. Manacles and ropes were concealed about their persons. As we were pass-

[1] Of male children, a common crime in China.

ing along the Grand Canal, I stopped to ask our way, and had scarcely spoken, when one of my prisoners broke away from the escort, and flung himself into the water. After remaining a long time below, he at last rose to the surface, and one of the crew of our transport boat just managed to seize hold of him. We learned that the poor wretch had been in prison for seven years for selling opium, and, persuaded that we were about to inflict horrible tortures on him, he preferred the alternative of suicide. Sir Hugh ordered the whole batch of prisoners some slight punishment, with which they seemed quite contented.

On my way back I was requested by General Schoedde (one of the brigadiers, and a Peninsular officer of much distinction) to take a company of Madras Rifles and to burn down a certain Chinese arsenal. We had already accumulated materials for a bonfire within the area, when, fortunately, we discovered, in a small adjacent room, a large quantity of powder, which would certainly have blown us to atoms, and have blasted our prospects of honour and glory. To face this I considered no part of my duty; so I abandoned all preparations for burning the building, and proceeded instead to explore it. In one part I found a quantity of bows and arrows, the principal national weapon, by which the Tartars said they had conquered the country, and had defended it from time immemorial, and by which they determined to exterminate us. In every engagement we invariably found

a large body of their troops thus armed.[1] Helmets also and coats of mail were stored in great quantities; and in an adjacent stable were numbers of ponies—remounts for the splendid Tartar cavalry. I took possession of a very neat, well-bred specimen, and made a present of it to a doctor in our division, who had a great number of wounded on his hands, and was obliged to traverse long distances. In this stable was hanging from a beam a silken-clad mandarin who had committed suicide. The day was fearfully hot, and my men drank copiously from a well in which several dead bodies were subsequently found. During the looting which, under similar circumstances, cannot always be entirely stopped, the Admiral, Sir William Parker, was walking through the town in a costume justified by the terrible heat of the weather, but not by any means in strict accordance with the naval regulations, when a master of one of the transports, mistaking him for a comrade in the same department, thus accosted the great Admiral: "Well, old boy, you have come rather late. The white's all gone, but there is still some brown left." Sir William, puffing and blowing with his walk, was completely taken aback by such familiarity, but after a little investigation he found that the transport master had been referring to a supply of sugar which had been dis-

[1] The same circumstances were observed in the second China war of 1860. But in 1884 I came across no traces of these weapons in any of the districts I visited.—H. K.

covered in a neighbouring house, and with which he and his colleagues had been making off.

After a rest of five days the main body was ordered to re-embark, General Schoedde's brigade being left to hold Chin-kiang. Part of a company of European artillery was told off to take up a position on a small steep hill outside the town and commanding it, and was further directed to mount a 32-pounder thereon. But all the strength and science of English soldiers proved inadequate to move this gun up to the top. At last some coolies who had been looking on made signs to be allowed to try their hand. Permission was given, and by means of ropes and bamboo-poles they so distributed the heavy weight that they were able to lift it bodily on to their shoulders, and with perfect ease to carry it up to its destination! We were detained three days by contrary winds before we got under weigh, and two and a half additional days passed ere we reached Nankin. Here we found flags of truce flying, and having been informed that E-li-poo, governor of the province, had arrived with powers to make peace, our offensive operations were suspended for some days. At last we came to the conclusion that these overtures were mere subterfuges to gain time, and Lord Saltoun's division was disembarked. It consisted of the 98th and 26th Regiments, the flank companies of the 55th (Queen's), and of the 2d, 6th, and 41st Madras Native Infantry, the Bengal Volunteer Regi-

ment, some of the Royal Artillery, Madras Horse and Foot Artillery, and Sappers and Miners—making a total of nearly 3500 men. We disembarked and marched along a narrow route leading through the greater outer wall, said to be thirty miles in circumference, and when within two miles of the city established ourselves in a village joss-house and awaited orders. Our first instructions were to hold ourselves in readiness to attack Nankin the next day. But Sir Hugh Gough made so many changes in his plans that we were at a loss to know when he really meant to begin operations. We had about thirty guns, besides some large howitzers and mortars, and from the adjacent hills we could command the city. The walls varied from 30 to 50 feet high, and were extraordinarily thick. Nankin was surrounded with water on all sides except about the Taeping Gate, our destined point of attack, and by far the weakest spot in the position. Wherever the works were so strong as to preclude all hope of a successful assault, numbers of Chinese troops were massed, looking very brave and ferocious; but wherever the parts were weak and almost defenceless, not a soul was to be seen. While we were still awaiting final orders for the attack, the British Plenipotentiary, Sir Henry Pottinger, announced that preliminaries for peace had been arranged, and consequently hostilities were suspended. Shortly after the terms of a treaty were provisionally settled, and the Chinese authorities in-

vited us to a *déjeûner* in a joss-house outside the city walls. This was a great novelty to us. We dressed in our best, and proceeded half a mile up the canal, where we found a party with sedan-chairs, who carried us to the rendezvous. These chairs are certainly charming conveyances—roomy, beautifully fitted up, and supported on the shoulders of four bearers by means of bamboo-poles, which serve to distribute the weight evenly. Without them Chinese gentlemen could scarcely ever get fresh air. Walking is considered far too degrading, few ride, and wheeled carriages are unknown in the country, even for agricultural purposes.[1] We were ushered into a large court where was a guard of unarmed Tartar soldiers, fine-looking fellows, and Chinese bands making most dreadfully discordant noises, like a dozen bagpipes playing different tunes at the same time. At the entrance of the building the Chinese authorities came out to receive Sir Henry Pottinger, whose dignity was supported by an escort of 100 men and the band of the 18th Regiment. A great deal of "chin-chinning"[2] took place, and we were regaled with sweetmeats, a native spirit called *samshu*, and some marvellously good tea without cream or sugar. The principal terms of the treaty, which had been forwarded to the Emperor for approval, and in which he afterwards acquiesced, were the payment to us of

[1] Precisely the same remarks still hold good.—H. K.

[2] *Chin-chin*, words of Chinese salutation.

$21,000,000 as a war indemnity, the cession of the island of Hong-Kong, and free trade to British residents in the cities of Ningpo, Shanghai, Chusan, Foochow, and Canton. Among the crowd of Chinese dignitaries was a young mandarin, stunted in stature, and in nowise prepossessing, but manifestly held in high respect by his fellows, and a great dandy. Up he came to us, bowing and smiling, and displaying different articles of his finery. Amongst those on which he prided himself was a large European silver watch; and not content with one, he produced a second out of another pocket. Even had they kept time, it was very improbable that he could have deciphered the dial-plate; and he had little conception of hours and minutes. We afterwards learned that some of these Chinese carry three and even four watches at a time. After an hour and a half tea-drinking and sweetmeat-eating we took our departure. Our quarters outside Nankin, though comfortable, proved deadly unhealthy. Little wonder, indeed; for we were living in a rice-swamp! The 98th especially lost a great number of men, and every one of our regiments suffered severely from fever, ague, and cholera.

On 27th August 1842 there was a second meeting, this time on board the Cornwallis, for the signing of the final treaty, and all the staff and commanding officers were present. Two of the commissioners arrived in one of our ship's cutters, but the third,

old E-li-poo, was so ill that he was brought alongside, lying full length, in a Chinese boat, from whence he was slung in a chair on board the Cornwallis. He had been previously unwell, and had dispatched one of his principal attendants, a mandarin, to our plenipotentiary's doctor, with a request for some physic. Three strong doses, to be taken at intervals, were accordingly delivered to the messenger; but this jolly mandarin got drunk among his new acquaintances, and on his return administered all three doses together to his master, who was consequently reduced to a pitiable condition. The mandarin was very properly deprived of his button, and otherwise degraded. I may mention that one morning shortly after, poor old E-li-poo was found dead in his bed. Poison was at first surmised, but subsequently his death was attributed to his having over-eaten himself at a feast given by one of the English merchants. Perhaps his triple dose had something to do with it. After the signature we proceeded to refreshments. These three high and mighty Chinese Commissioners seemed to relish the maraschino, noyau, and cherry brandy wonderfully—so much so that one of them took Mr Gutzlaff, our interpreter, a great broad-faced Pole, round the neck, and with drunken endearment kissed him heartily. We considered it advisable to get them out of the ship before they had indulged any further. As for poor old E-li-poo, he lay prostrate on an adjacent sofa, quite unable to participate in the feasting.

Nankin was surrounded by an inner wall, sixteen miles in circumference, but an outer wall, thirty miles in circumference, marked the enclosure of the city in its former days of prosperity and grandeur.[1] We were disappointed of the long-anticipated pleasure of visiting the town; the Chinese Commissioners had objected, and Sir Henry Pottinger naturally yielded. We were therefore restricted to the inspection of some buildings outside the walls, one of which was the tomb of the Ming dynasty, containing the remains of the emperors of China who reigned before the country was conquered by the Tartars. We were almost the first "barbarians"[2] who had ever been within these wonderful temples, constructed after the fashion of the sect called Koon-foo-tsze, which the Jesuits latinised into "Confucius." [Sir Hope Grant here gives a detailed account of these singular and grotesque buildings.] Fortunate indeed was it for Nankin that peace had been made, otherwise it would have shared the fate of Chin-kiang. On another occasion we visited the celebrated Porcelain Tower, formed of a species of glazed tiles—yellow, red, green, and white—ornamented with dragons, lions, and various grotesque figures. It was nine storeys high, and was both very wonderful and very beautiful; but, to our sorrow, we found part of the building sadly destroyed. Some of our countrymen had with hammer and chisel

[1] In 1884 this famous city had become still further wofully contracted.
[2] Name whereby the Chinese designate all Europeans.

prised out images and pieces of porcelain, and had even demolished one of the sides of the upper storey. A fine row was made about this. A guard-boat was stationed on the canal to stop all would-be visitors to the pagoda, unless they were provided with a pass from the General or the Admiral; and $4000 were sent to the commissioners of the province as compensation for the damage.

[On 15th September 1842 the British force embarked for return to Hong-Kong. Sir Hope Grant describes the difficult and tedious passage of the fleet down the treacherous and turbulent ocean-river, the Yang-tsze-Kiang, and the mishaps which occurred to the old huge sailing three-deckers while threading their way through the intricate shallows. The paddle-wheel towing-steamers were few and feeble. The currents and whirlpools, the sudden floods and tidal-waves, treated these line-of-battle ships like nutshells. They spun about helplessly, they dashed into each other violently, they constantly ran aground hard and fast, and only after an infinity of labour could they be warped off. Modern travellers who have experienced the difficulty of navigating these perverse waters in specially constructed handy steamers, with all the appliances of modern invention, and all the advantages of a knowledge of the highway, will be full of admiration for the naval skill which extricated the fleet from its perilous position.]

Journal continued. — On once more arriving at Woosung, the Admiral, Sir Everard Home, dined with us on board the Belleisle. After dinner, excellent both in the eating and drinking department, his cutter took him off to convey him to his own ship, at anchor about a quarter of a mile higher up the river. The tide was, however, running so terrifically strong, that his men could make no way against it, and the Admiral was compelled to take refuge with the Dido frigate, which lay a little lower down. When stepping out of his cockle-shell boat, he made a false step: being a large, heavy man, he tilted his cutter over, and in an instant he and his crew were struggling about in the water. Five of the men seized hold of, and hung on by, the Admiral's legs, who in his turn managed to catch hold of a rope hanging over the ship's side. He found it rather hard work supporting all these fellows, and vigorously sang out for help, when the whole string was hauled in by some of the Dido's crew. Sir Everard was put comfortably to bed with some "hot stopping," and giving directions to be awakened at an early hour, he quickly dropped off into a profound sleep. At the stated time the officer of the watch proceeded to rouse the Admiral, who, still dreaming of drowning and other horrors, drowsily asked, "Who's there?" "Death," was the reply. Sir Everard looked out of his cot, expecting to see a skeleton or some other ghastly object; but now fully awake, and perceiving only a

very gentlemanlike young man standing close to him, he observed: "It is very singular. Some extraordinary fancy must have come over me, but I thought I had been told that death was before me." "And so Death is," replied the young officer. "My name is 'Death,' and I have come to tell you that the tide has changed."

The Dido was a noble vessel and a perfect picture, looking like a sylph floating on the water, which she seemed scarcely to touch. She carried eighteen 32-pounders, and was of 750 tons burden. Her captain, Keppel,[1] was a fine fellow, as bold as a lion and as sharp as a needle. One morning one of her lieutenants was sent ashore very early to bring off some guns from a captured battery, and he and his boat's crew had started without breakfast. Forthwith they made a fire, but still lacked provisions to cook. Noticing a singularly shaped large-bore gun, out of mere curiosity he peered down it, and to his delight found a large hen with a brood of well-grown chickens who had taken refuge inside the bore. No time was lost in preparing them for breakfast. A fine blaze had already been raised by dragging the guns close together and setting fire to the gun-carriages; and as the early morning was cold, the young officer perched himself astride of one of the guns, which was already steaming with heat, and began swinging himself about. Hearing a

[1] Now Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B.

queer rumbling inside the piece, he thought he might as well make a further search on the chance of picking up another hen and chickens, or perhaps a duck or two, and then, to his horror, he discovered that the gun was crammed almost to the muzzle with powder and grape. So that with a very little continuance of the heat the charge would have exploded, and blown to atoms himself and a large party of marines who were exactly opposite the muzzle plucking the chickens. However, a good breakfast of roast-fowl and a good laugh made a good ending.

At the mouth of the Yang-tsze-Kiang we once more ran aground, and while in this position a large Chinese junk close to us was capsized, but not one of the numerous native craft would give the slightest assistance to their seventeen drowning countrymen. On the contrary, they set to work to seize the floating cargo, and the rescue of the crew was entirely due to our own efforts. But they seemed sorry that they had been saved, inasmuch as they had lost the whole of their worldly goods.

On 30th October we arrived at Hong-Kong, and bade farewell to the old Belleisle, which had been our home for nearly a year. At the same time Sir Hugh Gough quitted the station, and the command of all the troops devolved on Lord Saltoun, who appointed me Assistant Adjutant - General. Our total forces amounted to about 4000 men, one-half of whom was detached to Amoy and Chusan. I

availed myself of an opportunity of a visit to Canton, and embarked in a small cutter laden with dollars. The seas hereabouts are infested with an inconceivable number of pirates, and shortly after we sailed we perceived a suspicious-looking Chinese junk manned with sixty oars following us. We got ready our single 12-pounder carronade, and abundance of small-arms, and were fully prepared for combat, but the enemy seemed to think better of his intention and left us. It was almost impossible for Europeans to penetrate within the precincts of the large walled city of Canton without being insulted and even stoned. The population is composed of the most violent blackguards in all China, and even their own Government cannot keep them in order. The curiosity-shops were beautiful. The wonderful jade was carved in the most beautiful manner, and is said to be nearly, if not quite, as hard as the diamond. The bronzes were also good, and the old china superb.

I made a second trip to Canton after some incendiary riots there. The Chinese authorities had laid hands on several suspected persons, and had punished them in a horrible manner. Large square wooden collars were so adjusted round their necks that the wearers could not use their hands to feed themselves.[1] Seven were thus marched through the

[1] In 1884 I frequently observed this punishment, "the *cangue*," inflicted in various parts of China.

streets. One tablespoonful of rice daily was all their food, so that they suffered death by starvation.

In due course three Chinese commissioners arrived at Hong-Kong for the purpose of concluding a supplementary treaty. The war had already taught them a lesson, for whereas previously no mandarin of importance would condescend to be looked at by "barbarians," these high and mighty aristocrats came in junks to our island and were landed by our men-of-war boats. Our Plenipotentiary, Sir Henry Pottinger, wrote to Lord Aberdeen the following account of a dinner given to celebrate the occasion:—

In the evening the Imperial High Commissioner, Key-Ying, came according to his engagement to dine with me, and after he and his two companions had made themselves comfortable by laying aside their mandarin caps and upper dresses, which is the custom at such parties in China, we sat for a few minutes in the drawing-room whilst dinner was being served. During this short period Key-Ying's attention was attracted to the miniatures of my family which happened to be on the table, and he desired Mr Morrison to explain to me that he had no son himself, and therefore wished to adopt my eldest boy, and to know if I would allow him to come to China. To this I replied that the lad's education must first be attended to, but that stranger things had happened than his seeing Key-Ying hereafter; on which his Excellency rejoined, "Very well; he is my adopted son from this day. His name" (which he had previously ascertained) "shall henceforward be Frederick Key-Ying Pottinger, and until you send him to me after he is educated you must allow me to keep his likeness." To this proposal I could make no objection, and I accordingly gave him the

picture. Immediately after his Excellency expressed a strong wish to have Lady Pottinger's miniature also, but about giving it I made some little demur, and before the matter was settled either way, dinner was announced, and we went to table. I supposed the thing would be forgotten, but when dinner was partly over Key-Ying again introduced his request, said he would send me his wife's likeness in return, and that he wanted my whole family to take back with him when he went to Nankin, and eventually to show his friends in Pekin. I felt it was impossible to refuse this flattering request, and had the miniature brought and put into his hands. He immediately rose and placed it on his head, which, I am told, is the highest token of respect and friendship, filled a glass of wine, held the picture in front of his face, muttered some words in a low voice, drank the wine, again placed the picture on his head, and then sat down.

The whole of this extraordinary action was performed without apparent reference to any one being present, and formed quite a scene. He then delivered the miniature to his principal attendant, who was standing behind him, and directed him to send it home in his state chair, in which his Excellency had come to dinner with all his official suite. Afterwards he expressed his deep obligation to me for the gift I had bestowed on him, and inquired through Mr Morrison what present he could send to Lady Pottinger that would be acceptable. I wished to avoid giving an answer to this inquiry, and said I should think of it, and let him know next morning, on which he asked, "What! the Governor-General of the two Kiangs, and cannot get my order obeyed?" At last, to satisfy him, I told him some pieces of embroidery would be, as his gift, highly prized, and he had a memorandum made of it. After this he proposed to sing a Tartar song, which I am told is customary at their convivial parties; and on my saying I should be delighted to hear it, he began with a very animated and loud voice. The couplets, I have since been informed, were allusive to the peace that had been

concluded between the two countries, and likewise to his great personal friendship for me; and at the close of it he took a rich golden bracelet, made in the form of a puzzle with two clasped hands, off his own arm and put it on mine. He then explained to me that this bracelet and its fellow had belonged to his father, who gave them to him when he was eleven years of age; that he had worn this one for upwards of forty years, and had left the other with his wife at Pekin, and that it contained his name in the palm of one of the hands in mystic characters; and that he had some friends in every part of China who would, on my presenting it, receive me as his brother.

In the course of the evening he told me that he expected to go to Pekin in three or four years; that in the meantime I must correspond with him, whether I remained in China or returned to England; that if Taou Kwang (the Emperor) saw me he would give me a two-eyed peacock's feather—the highest honour in China; and that I had gained a great reputation and much distinction, not only in my own country, but in every part of the empire.

After this we rose from the table and returned to the drawing-room again. I presented his Excellency with a handsome sword and belt, which I had commissioned Lieut.-Colonel Malcolm to bring from England for the purpose of sending to him, and with which he was highly pleased. He immediately buckled it on, and though it was a very warm night, and I begged him to lay it aside, he sat with it on whilst he stayed, and went to his chair of state to go home. Just before he went away he put on my shoulders his own upper dress, which he said was made of silk that had been given by the Emperor, Kein-Yong, to his, Key-Ying's, father when he was Prime Minister.

On the evening of the 26th the whole of the troops were out, and after the ratifications they fired a *feu-de-joie* and marched round, the officers saluting the Imperial Commissioner, who seemed greatly struck with the whole ceremony,

and expressed his admiration of the appearance and regularity of the men as to their dresses and movements, &c. We afterwards sat down to dinner, a very large party, at which the Chinese high officers entered with great spirit and good feeling into the conviviality. Key-Ying asked many officers to drink wine, and was asked by many; and as his Excellency had been complaining of a cutaneous disorder, it was hinted to him by Mr Morrison's desire that he ought to be careful, to which he answered, "To-morrow must take care of itself; I am too happy to-night." Then turning to me, he was about to address me in a whisper, when he suddenly seemed to recollect that I could not understand him, on which he expressed his chagrin that he could not tell me his secrets, and desired Mr Morrison to explain to me that if he got tipsy in the joy of his heart, I must find him a bed for the night.

I discovered in the course of the evening that Key-Ying was a great proficient, or at least amateur, in music; and whenever the band played any particular tune, he fashioned it to some of his own native airs. This led to a proposal to his Excellency to favour the company with a song, which he immediately did with great good-humour; and as Kewang and Hien-Ling (assistants to the Imperial Commissioner) followed their chief's example, and all three called on different officers to sing in return, the evening passed away most jovially and agreeably, and we did not separate till a late hour. Just before we did so, the Commissioner and two Chinese officers gratified the company by playing one of their favourite games at convivial parties, by one party throwing out his fingers whilst the other guesses at the numbers they are supposed to represent; and whoever loses drinks a glass of wine, a forfeit which they most scrupulously enforced. On one occasion when Key-Ying was playing with Hien-Ling, and the latter lost the game, he was about to have a glass already half-full replenished, on which Key-Ying taunted him with evading his proper forfeit, and called on him to fill a bumper.

It was really a merry evening; everything passed off well, and eventually they took their departure from the island in one of our steamers for Canton.

During the winter months the health of the troops was very good; but in June fever began to show itself, and continued to make wholesale ravages during the next sixteen months. Out of 100 artillerymen, not more than fifteen were doing duty. The 55th Regiment suffered so much that it was put on board ship; and in fact a fearfully high mortality raged among all classes of Europeans, military and civilians, officers and subordinates. By December there was scarcely one of us who had not at least suffered from fever. I myself had a bad attack of fever and ague, which for some time afterwards was wont to revisit me at the change of the moon.[1] I often felt so weak that I could scarcely walk across the room. I used to long for a drink of fresh milk such as we get in England, but this was quite unattainable here. Some of our people at Amoy rejoiced at a supply of some fair milk brought to them by Chinese, but they afterwards ascertained it had been obtained from sows.

Hong-Kong at this date was a recognised resort for pirates and for land-marauders, and the incessant robberies were outrageous. I never went to bed without a loaded pistol under my pillow. One night a numerous gang came to my house while I was

[1] Even shortly before his death, thirty-two years after.

absent, and proceeded to make a large hole in the wall, when, just before they broke through, an officer of the 98th, who happened to be staying with me, ran one of the intruders through the body, and the rest made off. The Chinese are wonderful thieves. Their practice is to put under the nose of a sleeper a smouldering match which produces stupor, whereupon they make a clean sweep of every single article in the room.

In 1842 my regiment, the 9th Lancers, left England for India, and I was promoted Major, without purchase, by augmentation. In 1843 I was informed that I had been made a C.B., an honour which I highly prized. This year I accompanied Lord Saltoun in his visit to the island of Manila, 600 miles distant, to which place Admiral Sir William Parker gave us a passage in his flag-ship, the Cornwallis, and which we reached after a most delightful voyage of ten days. We were received by the Spanish governor with great distinction on landing, and were conveyed to our residence in a carriage and four, escorted by a detachment of cavalry, and were lodged in the house of a wealthy Spanish merchant. The inhabitants are a day behind the rest of the world, for the Dons who captured the island in 1565 did not take into account the loss—apparent—of a day in their voyage from Spain, and their descendants perpetuated their error, noting the true Saturday as Friday, and so on. The cigar manufacture is the

principal industry, 10,000 women being constantly employed there. It is stated that the preservation of order amongst them is more difficult than among three times the number of men, and that the assistance of the military is constantly invoked.

The local forces, about 8000 Malays, have the appearance of being good troops. A few months previously a village had revolted in consequence of some religious difficulties, and the then governor, a bloodthirsty old villain, had given the officer commanding the troops sent to repress the rising, a free hand to shoot and destroy as he might think fit. He accordingly massacred over 1000 inhabitants, including many women and children. A neighbouring regiment, principally recruited from the village, incensed by this atrocity, rose one night, attacked the barracks, killed several officers and men whom they considered hostile, but they failed to secure the adhesion of the other regiments, by whom they were soon overpowered. One hundred of the mutineers were condemned to be shot, and the coolness and composure with which they met their fate was remarkable. They marched to the place of execution with the precision of a parade movement. The officer sent to quell the original rising had formerly been captured by the Carlists in Spain, and tied up and shot with some other prisoners. After the firing the soldiers were ordered to plunge their bayonets into the bodies of those executed;

but this officer was so riddled that any further stabbing was thought superfluous. Yet, wonderful to say, he recovered, and in after years was heard to remark ferociously, "I paid them out for it shortly after; I took eighty and shot them all."

A beautiful cambric is manufactured in Manila from the leaf of the pine-apple. A dress was shown to us made for the rich Parsee, Sir Jamsetjee Jeebjehoy,[1] as a present to the Queen of England. Its value was estimated at between £600 and £700.

At a grand ball given in the town during our stay by an English merchant, Mr Diggles, a Spaniard was noticed dressed in the height of fashion, but whom no one recognised as having been invited. On being questioned, he stated that he was a tailor just arrived from Spain, that he had understood all well-dressed persons might attend such parties without an invitation, but that if he had done wrong, he would immediately go. The hot-headed Mr Diggles with a single kick sent the tailor flying literally from the top of the stairs to the bottom, where he lay groaning. One of the naval surgeons present examined him, and declared that no great harm had been done; but next morning some Spanish doctors pronounced the injuries to be of a most dangerous nature: thigh-bone broken, concussion, and other awful damages. Alcaids and alguazils came and marched Mr Diggles off to prison, and it was declared that the tailor

[1] Afterwards noted for his charitable munificence in India.

would die. After some time it was ascertained that there was really nothing the matter with him; but law proceedings for damages were instituted, a circumstance of terrible moment to any unfortunate defendant in Spanish territory, prolonged imprisonment and arbitrary extortion being the invariable consequences. Eleven months after, I learned that Mr Diggles was still in prison, and that he would probably be compelled to pay between £300 and £400.

After nearly a month's stay in Manila, during a great part of which time I was prostrate with fever, we returned to Hong-Kong, where, to our great delight, we found that General D'Aguilar had arrived to relieve Lord Saltoun. The sight of him was much more welcome to me now than when I last saw him in Dublin—every moment expecting he would pull me up for being in plain clothes. In February 1844 Lord Saltoun, his A.D.C. Cunynghame, and myself, sailed for Calcutta in the beautiful frigate Dido, Captain Keppel. We touched at Penang in the Malay peninsula, where we were joined by H.M.S. Wanderer, Captain Henry Seymour,[1] having on board Mr Brooke,[2] who had served as a volunteer during a recent attack near Borneo on some Malay pirates, and had been twice wounded. Mr Brooke had formerly been in the East India Company's ser-

[1] Afterwards admiral.

[2] Afterwards Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak.

vice, but having a considerable private fortune, had retired. Cruising about in his yacht, he happened to put into Borneo, where he found the native Rajah at war with a tribe of his own people, who were so ground down by the minor potentates that they had risen in rebellion. Their subjection proved very difficult, and a report having been bruited about that a great English sultan had arrived with the intention of upholding the Rajah, the latter took advantage of the rumour, and invoked the assistance of Mr Brooke. He consented, disembarked his yacht's crew of eighteen men, and with 500 Malays fortified himself in a strong position. From thence he one night sallied forth, surprised a strong mud fort, garrisoned by several chiefs and their forces, and thus put an end to the rebellion. By the laws of Borneo all the prisoners had forfeited their lives, and their wives and children were destined to slavery; but to this Mr Brooke would not consent, and required the Rajah to exercise clemency. The Rajah and his council strongly demurred, whereupon Brooke informed them that if they persisted in their refusal, he would himself release the prisoners and leave the country. Thereupon the Rajah yielded, but incapable of governing, and weary of the attempt, he offered to surrender the country into Brooke's hands for a consideration of £500 a-year. The proposal was accepted, laws were framed and enforced on the English system, and the population became pros-

perous and gratefully devoted to their deliverer. Brooke has written to the British Government requesting them to take possession of the territory, 180 miles long and eighty miles broad, rich in gold, tin, and other minerals, and fertile in cloves, nutmegs, and the finest tropical fruits.

The Dido proceeded on her voyage, and in March 1844 anchored at Calcutta. I bade adieu to Lord Saltoun and Cunynghame, who were on their way to England, and proceeded to join my regiment, the 9th Lancers, at Cawnpore. A kinder man than my old chief, or a general who knew his work better, never lived, and I greatly regretted quitting him. [Sir Hope kept up his friendship with him to the very last. See correspondence, *post.*]

CHAPTER III.

1844–1845.

INDIA AND THE FIRST SIKH WAR—MOODKEE AND FEROZESHAH.

MORTALITY IN 9TH LANCERS — CAWNPORE — GOVERNMENT IN OUDE—MILITARY SITUATION ON SIKH FRONTIER—MOODKEE—FEROZESHAH—MARCH OF SIR HOPE—AGRA—BHURTPORE—APPROACHES FEROZEPORE — TOKENS OF RECENT BATTLES — SIR HOPE'S NARRATIVE OF THEM—QUEEN'S FANCY BALL.

THE two senior officers in the 9th Lancers were at this time extra-regimentally employed, and the command of the corps devolved on me. The men were a fine, tall set of fellows, well-behaved and well disposed, but they needed ruling with a tight hand. A dreadful apathy and listlessness creep over both officers and men in these regions, and nothing short of a red-hot poker will rouse them. The men were recruits, and only half-drilled; but drill, it was supposed, would be detrimental to them during the hot weather. To me the exact converse appeared more likely. To keep them out after the sun was up would certainly be hurtful; but there is always a

cool hour just before dawn, and then to shake listlessness out of them does them all the good in the world. The previous year they had suffered terribly, chiefly from heat-apoplexy, and in June we had had as many as eight bodies in the dead-house in one day. This year we only lost nine during the entire course of the same month. One of those who succumbed to disease was a beautiful player on the clarionet, and truly he must have had music on his soul. Just before he died he said to the trumpet-major, "I can't live through the night, but bring me my instrument before I die."

[Sir Hope describes the country about Cawnpore in 1844, from which the following extract may still be interesting:—]

Wolves,[1] hyenas, jackals, and vultures abound up to the very walls of the city; and the wolves especially make off with numbers of native children sleeping outside dwellings during the hot season, for in this country both adults and children have a capacity beyond conception for sleep. One night a wolf carried away a little black boy across the plain a distance of a mile, when he was disturbed by some passer-by. He dropped the child, who was taken back to his parents scarcely hurt. An artilleryman fell down dead from a *coup-de-soleil* a short distance from barracks, and though he was found a few hours

[1] I believe that wolves have almost entirely disappeared from this part of India.

after, the wild dogs were tearing him to pieces. Yet some people declare that in a short time one becomes reconciled to this fearful country; then that one grows very fond of it; and that finally one never wishes to leave it. Certainly there is a charm attached to the marvels of this strange land. A picture is represented in every incident — even in a mere group seated round a well, or under the shade of a few trees, smoking their hookahs and reclining in silent, listless repose, inevitable when the heat is choking, all of which, with the stirless stillness, suggests a fancy scene of enchantment.

In 1845 a brother officer, Major Fullerton, and myself, occupied a splendid mansion, overlooking, on the other side, the territories of the King of Oude. It was a residence of which many a rich gentleman in England would have been proud, with its large balcony overhanging the mile-broad river, its lofty ceilings—on one of which was painted the meeting between Runjeet Singh and Lord William Bentinck—and its spacious rooms. These latter I decorated with paintings by my brother,[1] and with my curiosities from China; and here, too, I established my piano and my violoncello. Early one morning in 1845 we were startled by the report, from the other side of the river, of guns and fire-arms, every moment sounding louder and closer. By-and-by a round shot came bounding across and

[1] Mr, afterwards Sir, Francis Grant, *P.* Royal Academy.

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GOORKA
Gunduck R
Ghoonghie R
H I
Burgudoa
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Heer
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poor
Rampoor Thana
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Amerha
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Oude or Ajudia
Tanda
Fyzabad
Tons Nuddee
Jellapoor
Azimgurh
Ghazeepoor
Sooltanpoor
Ghazeeba
Nuggur
Humeerpoor
Chandu
LHI
Jounpoor
Amethie
Sie R
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BENARES
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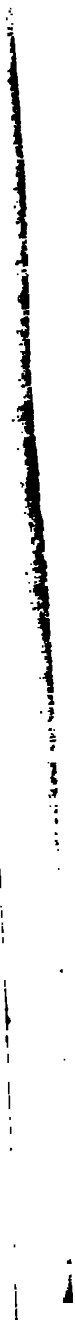


lodged under our house, followed by two or three similar projectiles from different directions. Soon we made out three 6-pounder field-pieces blazing away from the other bank at a large boat in line with our residence. Then we learned that a conflict was taking place between the troops of the native ruler, sent to enforce payment of the land-tax, and the heavily distrained inhabitants. These latter are a warlike people, who habitually go about their ordinary business armed with matchlock and sword, and prefer fighting to paying. The soldiers, or rather the robbers—for they were little better—had attacked the adjacent villages, plundered the people, and finally driven fifteen or sixteen of them to take refuge in a large boat, which was now making for the haven of British territory, and which was being pelted at with cannon-balls in its flight. The fugitives defended themselves as best they could with matchlocks, but at last the cannonade grew too hot for them, whereupon they plunged into the water and swam towards our shore. Then the soldiers opened on them with grape. Two of the fugitives were killed, seven were wounded, and only three reached the bank, so severely mauled that their escape was a marvel. Such was the rule of the Oude native government—either without laws or with disregarded laws; while every one, from the highest to the lowest, robs his neighbour.

[In further explanation of the following pages, it

is advisable, even at the risk of some slight occasional repetition, to state very briefly the military situation of affairs on the Sikh frontier. Sir Henry Hardinge, the recently arrived Governor-General, having discerned there threatenings of an outbreak of hostilities, had raised the British garrison at Ferozepore, our principal station in the Cis-Sutlej district, to 7000 men, and had caused several corps to march with the utmost quietude from the furthest confines of the Bengal Presidency towards the North-West Frontier. Early in December 1845 the demeanour of the Sikhs became still more aggressive, and by the 12th December the whole of our forces destined for the defence of the Sutlej frontier were in full march, the advanced column being directed on the important strategical point of Busseean. Meanwhile a large Sikh army had, on the 11th December, crossed the frontier river, and invaded British India. On receipt of this intelligence, our troops were instantly concentrated and organised into divisions, and the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough, put himself at the head of the united army, which pushed forward towards Ferozepore. But when a portion, about 11,000 men, had reached Moodkee at 3 P.M. on the 18th December, greatly exhausted after a march of twenty-one miles, it was suddenly and fiercely assailed by a largely superior force of Sikhs, of whose proximity our generals had not the faintest conception. The half-cooked dinners were abandoned, the line of battle

was formed, and the order to advance was given. The enemy fought bravely, but they were brilliantly charged on both flanks by our cavalry, and with such effect that when our infantry, which had meanwhile deployed, opened fire, the Sikhs gradually gave way. Their defeat was subsequently completed by our bayonet charges. But our victory could scarcely be considered decisive, and orders were despatched to Sir John Littler,[1] who commanded at Ferozepore, nineteen miles distant, to effect a junction with Sir Hugh Gough on 21st December.

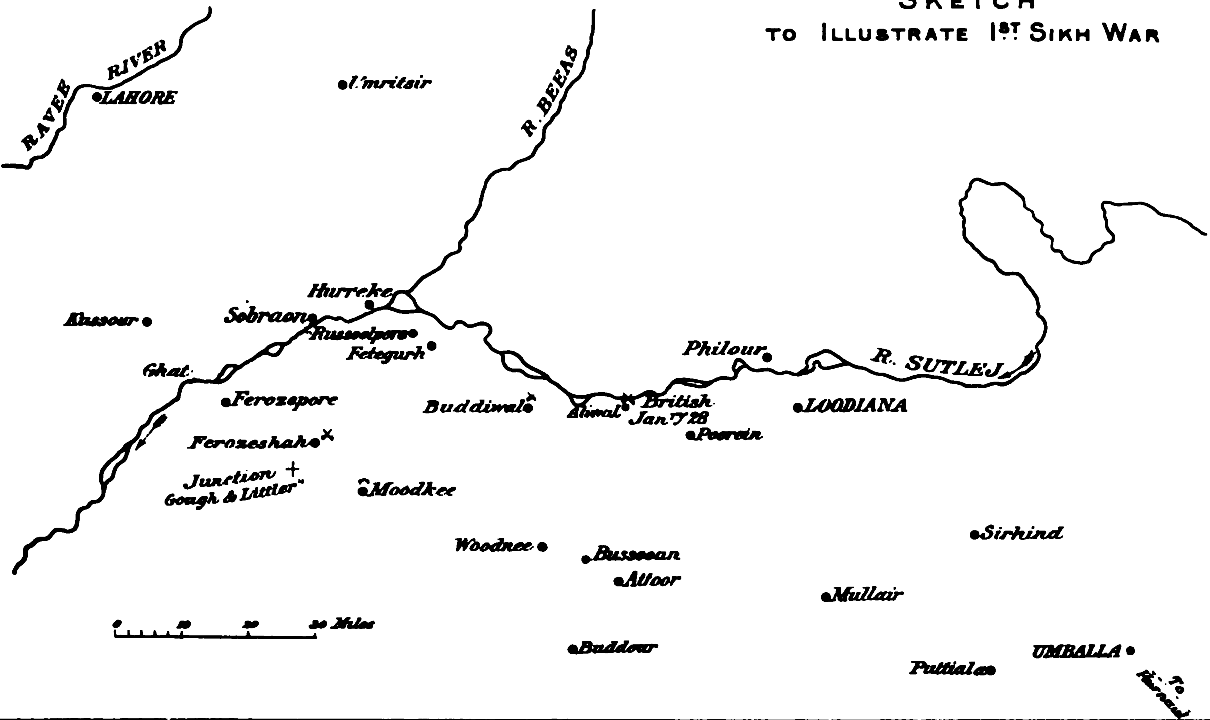
In the interim we received considerable reinforcements, and Sir Henry Hardinge, who had been present thus far in his capacity of Governor-General only, notified his willingness to act as second in command. The offer was accepted. Sir Hugh Gough was a noble soldier and an experienced veteran; but Sir Henry Hardinge was in addition a skilful tactician, whose assistance rescued us from desperate disaster. The junction with Littler was duly effected, and the same afternoon, 21st December, the combined force advanced against the main body of the Sikhs, posted in a strongly intrenched camp about a mile in length and a half mile in breadth, which was armed with 108 guns, and which encircled the village of Ferozeshah, ten miles from Moodkee. The first attack failed, beaten back by the overwhelming fire from the intrenchment. The second attack was more successful,

[1] Lieut.-General Sir John Littler, G.C.B., died 1856.

and the south-west angle of the intrenchment was carried at the point of the bayonet. Nearly simultaneously, however, a third column had assailed and carried the south and south-east faces of the camp; but they suffered so severely from the fire of the enemy's reserves, that when darkness approached they fell back 300 yards outside the intrenchment. Our own reserves were in turn brought up, and the 3d Light Dragoons[1] were at the same time launched upon a battery which was inflicting havoc upon us. Their feat of arms may worthily be ranked with the Light Cavalry charge at Balaclava, with the additional feature that it completely answered its purpose. The guns were silenced, and our cavalry swept through and through the enemy's camp within the intrenchment, cutting down all who opposed them, yet the effect of their success was only temporary. The bulk of the Sikh infantry still offered a successful resistance to the British, which they renewed fitfully at intervals during the night, and by three o'clock in the morning of the 22d December we had evacuated the greater part of the conquered breastworks.

Truly that night was one of gloom and foreboding, and never perhaps in our annals of Indian warfare has a British army on so large a scale been nearer to a defeat which would have involved annihilation. The Sikhs had practically recovered the whole of their

[1] Under Colonel, afterwards General, Sir Michael White, K.C.B.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TO ILLUSTRATE 1ST SIKH WAR
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LAHORE
Umritsir
R. BEEAS
Kussour
Hurreke
Sobraon
Russoolpore
Fetegurh
Ghat
Ferozepore
Ferozeshah
Junction Gough & Littler
Moodkee
Buddiwal
Aliwal
British Jan 28
Poorein
Philour
LOODIANA
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intrenched camp; our exhausted and decimated divisions bivouacked without mutual cohesion over a wide area; the aggregate of their foes immediately present, joined to those who were at striking distance from Ferozepore, was considerably superior. In fine, the Sikhs had won at least a moral, if not a tangible, victory—only they knew it not. The two Chiefs, Sir Hugh Gough and Sir Henry Hardinge, met in consultation during the night, and decided that as an only hope the attack must be renewed at dawn, and that the result would be victory or utter destruction. The skilful, calm, and experienced Sir Henry considered the latter to be the more probable alternative, and made various arrangements for such a contingency, including the destruction of important State papers. By daylight the British troops had deployed and the line advanced. The Governor-General put himself thirty yards in front of one flank, and the Commander-in-Chief in a similar position on the left, thus preventing our men's premature fire, which would have killed their own generals. Steadily they again marched up to, and captured, the intrenchment; pivoted on their right flank in admirable order; and swept through the whole area, capturing in their course seventy-four guns. The opposition they encountered was far less than had been anticipated, partly due to the riot and indiscipline which had prevailed in the Sikh camp during the night, and partly, it is alleged, to treachery. But our victory

was not yet complete. Tej Singh had brought up his force, estimated by some at 25,000 men (there is the widest discrepancy in the different estimates of this force), from Ferozepore, and at no period was our situation more critical than when he appeared on the scene, and, with his fresh troops, threatened our wearied soldiers, and then opened a heavy fire of artillery. Our soldiers were exhausted and starving; our guns had fired away their ammunition, and were unable to reply; but a bold front was shown to the enemy, and we even simulated our intention of a counter-attack. Tej Singh's action was half-hearted, and he quickly withdrew, leaving the British army in safety and in definite possession of the field of battle. The strength of the Sikhs was, at the very lowest computation, over 30,000 men, exclusive of Tej Singh's force at Ferozepore, supported by an artillery which, in numbers and calibre, far exceeded our own. The English army amounted to 16,700 men, about 12,000 of which were native troops, and sixty-five guns. Our loss in the two days' battle was 2415 killed and wounded. That of the enemy has never been ascertained.—H. K.]

Journal continued.—About this time, though we were leading a very quiet life, we were in constant expectation of a war with the Punjab. Rumours of imminently impending hostilities became more and more frequent, and these culminated in an order we received from headquarters to march from Cawn-

pore for Meerut on 18th October 1845, so bringing us nearer to the expected scene of action.

The transport for my baggage consisted of six camels and two *hackeries*[1] of four bullocks each, besides a private cart of my own property. It appears dreadful that an officer starting on active service should be encumbered with such a kit, and the native establishment for a march in this country is really appalling. Two tents are a matter of course, —a single-poled subaltern's, and a hill-tent for night, which sounds very comfortable. But one must be a sound sleeper to continue undisturbed by the hammering of tent-pegs and the cross, angry groaning of the camels. These poor creatures create a fearful disturbance when their backs have become chafed by their burdens. Still, somehow in time every one settles down into a kind of routine regularity, and becomes reconciled to strange noises, upon the principle of waking some morning on board ship because the gun has not been fired.

[In consequence of the large number of officers present with the regiment, Sir Hope Grant obtained leave on the march to make a detour to visit Agra and other places of interest more or less in the route. He describes Agra as being at that time to a great extent a huge city of magnificent ruins, and thus proceeds :—]

It was sad to see these fine ruins, tombs, temples,

[1] A small native cart.

and palaces, in every direction a mass of *debris*, and without a sign of inhabitants, except indeed that some of the poorest had taken up their abode in an old deserted hall. The outer gates and walls of the fortress were in good order, but much of the interior was in ruins. Large mansions were standing desolate, and, saving a few buildings which had been utilised as stores, everything was in a condition of decay. The palace was of marble; the numerous fountains were dried up, and the feeble attempts to preserve the remains of such great grandeur produced a melancholy impression. There were innumerable subterraneous passages, one of which led to the chamber where the dreadful executions, or rather murders, took place. The dark dreary dungeon with its gibbet made my blood curdle. The Moti Musjid, or Pearl Temple, was a most beautiful building of pure white marble, and was still in good repair. In the arsenal were the celebrated Somnauth gates, of sandal-wood, about a thousand years old. Parts were in good repair, but here and there defacement and ruin were patched up with mean pieces of old wood. Several large wells, with encircling storeys of arched chambers, recorded the expedients of former generations for securing a cool atmosphere during the hot weather. The wells, of great depth, were filled with water, and as this subsided, the lower storeys were successively occupied. Another beautiful building, in thorough repair, was the Taj Mahal. Four lovely minarets,

each 180 feet high, rise from the four corners. Inside the dome are the tombs of Shah Jehan, "Ruler of the World," and his wife; and high over the centre hangs an ostrich-egg without any visible means of support. These tombs are beautiful specimens of art, and are elaborately inlaid with precious stones in the patterns of flowers, some of which were composed of thirty-six different colours. Around them is an octagon screen of the most artistically carved white marble. The echo inside the dome is astonishing; words become at once merged in an indistinct rumble of sound; and the effect of an accordion is lovely, resembling an organ modulated to the softest tones. The general aspect from the centre of the Taj, with its grand surrounding ruins of lofty minarets and princely palaces, with its great fort close at hand, and with the encircling river at a distance, was one of unsurpassed yet fallen magnificence.

On 3d November I proceeded to Bhurtpore, where the Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, Lord Ellenborough's successor, had established his camp. Bhurtpore had been besieged by Lord Lake, but in vain; round-shot had no effect on the thick mud fortifications, and merely buried themselves in the dense dust.[1] Lord Combermere was in 1826 more successful, by the aid of an enormous mine, which blew down a large extent of the wall. In the neighbour-

[1] More accurately, successive storming-parties were repulsed with heavy losses.

hood was a large lake, by means of which the whole country could have been laid under water; but the enemy were too late in availing themselves of this defence, for a party of the 16th Lancers arrived just in time to prevent the waters being let loose. An officer who had been present told me of the following heroic occurrence. Seven fine-looking Rajpoots, a father and his sons, mounted and equipped in chain-armour, were surrounded and cut off from escape. The English officer in command intimated to them that if they laid down their arms he would promise them freedom. But the grey-headed old father replied, "Tell the sahib, your commander, that we will die rather than give up our arms; and if one of my sons were to dare to do such a thing, I would be the first to plunge a sword into him." Thereupon one of the young men dismounted, flung the reins from his grasp with a gesture which implied to his horse, "I have no further use for you," turned up his sleeves of mail, and, clutching his sword, made a rush at one of our soldiers. On coming up to his opponent, he dropped under the horse's forehead, and slightly drawing his sharp sword across the animal's throat, nearly severed its head from its body. Then continuing to rush forward, he dropped from a pistol-bullet. His father and brothers met their deaths in a similar way.

I rejoined my regiment on its march to Meerut on 11th November, and from there we proceeded to Kurnal, on the understanding that at that place we

should receive instructions for pushing forward to the district of expected hostilities; but there we were disappointed by a recall to Meerut. After a long interval, however, we suddenly received the route for our march, of which our ultimate destination was Ferozepore. We were incorporated into a brigade which was composed of the 9th Lancers, two native infantry regiments, two 12-pounder elephant batteries, and a company of Sappers, the whole under the command of the colonel of my regiment. Our total amounted to 2835 men—a nice little force, if we only had had a few companies of European infantry. A few days afterwards we received the 'Gazette' containing the Governor-General's declaration of war, and stating that, inasmuch as a large force of Sikhs had crossed the river Sutlej contrary to treaty conditions, the whole of the Cis-Sutlej territory was forfeited to the British. The Sikh army was estimated at 30,000 men and seventy-six guns, and reinforcements were reported to be crossing the river as rapidly as possible. During the next few days, while we were on the march, we received no communications either from the Governor-General or the Commander-in-Chief, and it was evident that our posts had been intercepted. On 21st December we arrived at Pehoa, in the Keetul district, and heard a great cannonading, apparently thirty or forty miles distant. Of course we were all greatly excited. We could not make out from what direction the sound came. Hitherto the

different components of our brigade had been marching independently, but it was now deemed advisable we should advance in fighting order, with feelers, advanced and rear guards, &c. The cavalry had to proceed at a snail's-pace, so as not to outstrip the infantry; the elephants frequently had hard work to drag the guns through the sandy parts. We were choked with dust and heat, our roads were very difficult, and our wearisome march this day of sixteen miles occupied six hours. At night I was placed in command of the outposts, and had great difficulty in finding my way to the different pickets over a country destitute of roads and shrouded in darkness. I recollect fancying I perceived at one spot, a little distance outside the camp, a large gibbet, from which a number of human bodies were dangling, as revealed by a dusky light flickering beside it. All sorts of vague horrors naturally suggested themselves to my mind; but on further investigation I found that the terrible apparition consisted only of about twenty carcases of commissariat sheep, suspended by the legs to a framework of wood.

Next morning we continued to push forward towards Ferozepore. The whole country appeared to be destitute of human beings. Some Sikh deserters, on very exhausted horses, reached our camp, and reported that a serious engagement had taken place near Moodkee, in which their troops had been completely routed and driven across the Sutlej with a

loss of 102 guns. We accordingly hastened forward by forced marches, and on 30th December a camel-messenger arrived post-haste with despatches from the Commander-in-Chief to our brigadier, directing him to capture a fort near Woodnee.[1] Accordingly a troop of the 9th Lancers was sent forward to demand its surrender. The garrison at once yielded, and were allowed to march off without molestation, much to their surprise; for they fully expected that at least their noses and ears would be cut off and their eyes scooped out.

[Then followed several successive orders and counter-orders, involving forced marches and counter-marches to various points indicated, with the ultimate result that Ferozepore was once more named as their final destination.]

When we arrived near Moodkee we discovered a murdered native camel-messenger, with a bundle of despatches, lying in the jungle, and soon the traces of a recent battle were evident from the numerous corpses scattered in every direction. Some had been buried; but the jackals had been busy, and had treated chief and private soldier with equal impartiality. Other miserable Sikhs had been left to their fate, and were still lying on the ground. The corpses were swollen to a frightful extent. And I was much impressed with the aspect of one poor wretch, who had apparently died in the utmost agony. His hands

[1] Or Wadni.

were clenched to his forehead; his knees were drawn up to his face; and altogether he was terrible to behold. A fresh order now arrived from Sir Hugh Gough, directing our cavalry to join his camp, by a forced march, near Sutlej, about fifteen miles from Ferozepore. We reached this destination in the afternoon of the following day, and here we learned the details of the recent actions.

[Although Sir Hope Grant had not been present at any of these engagements, the impressions produced on the spot so soon after their occurrence may not be without interest.]

The battle had lasted three days, or rather had been made up of three actions. The Sikhs had divided their army into two parts, one of which occupied a large tract to the east of, and adjacent to, Ferozepore; while the other, composed of picked troops, had held a strongly intrenched position at Ferozeshah. The battle began at Moodkee[1] on 18th December 1845. The Sikhs had ascertained that the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough, and the Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, had both arrived at this place, but were misled by a false report that they had only brought with them an advanced-guard. With a view of crushing the British in detail, the Sikhs sallied forth from their intrenched camp at Ferozeshah with about 10,000 men, and succeeded in reaching a place within three miles of Mood-

[1] Ten miles to the south-east of Ferozeshah.

kee ere our own force, which had arrived at that village only a short time before, were even aware of their approach. Our troops, however, quickly turned out and met the enemy a short distance from Moodkee, where we encountered a murderous fire from the enemy's heavy guns, which were masked in a jungle. The Sikhs were driven back with great slaughter, and with the loss of seventeen pieces. The English retired that night to Moodkee, and Sir Hugh Gough sent orders to General Littler at Ferozepore to effect a junction with him on 21st December at a point west of Ferozeshah. This was successfully effected; and by 4 P.M. the whole British force, of which about 5000 were Europeans, was on the march to attack the Sikhs intrenched around Ferozeshah, eight miles distant from Moodkee. Their position encircled seven wells, which represented almost the only water available in that part of the country. The enemy had posted his artillery, chiefly of heavy calibre, in a semicircular position, sheltered by intrenchments.[1] Our guns were 6- and 9-pounder light field-pieces, our solitary 24-pounder being disabled after the third round. The British soldiers charged under a terrific fire up to the batteries. The 62d Queen's were twice driven back, and lost seventeen officers killed or wounded out of twenty-one, but other European troops ultimately succeeded in capturing

[1] Which were continued so as to form a parallelogram enclosing the village of Ferozeshah—a site which gave its name to the battle.

the guns. Soon darkness set in, camps caught fire, mines were constantly exploding, and our men were obliged to retire a little distance, where they lay down to rest. Then arose a dreadful cry for water: there was none, or next to none, to be found, and in the darkness of the night the enemy succeeded in recapturing a gun of large calibre, with which they opened fire on the bivouac of the 80th Queen's. Sir Henry Hardinge, who had been in this part of the line the greater part of the action, addressed the regiment: "80th, we must get up and take this gun, or we shall get no rest;" and without a word they stood to their arms, rushed forward, and recaptured the piece — not without losing several more men. "Water! water!" was once more the dreadful cry. It was needed more than food, but it was not to be obtained.

Next morning our troops proceeded to renew the attack, but the enemy, reinforced by that part of his army which had been stationed near Ferozepore, were numerically still more superior to us than the preceding day. Our troops, exhausted by many days' forced marches, and latterly with little to eat or drink, were utterly jaded and depressed, when an unexpected and rash order was delivered by a staff-officer that the horse-artillery, who had expended all their ammunition, and a part of the cavalry, were to retire upon Ferozepore. All prospect of victory seemed to have vanished from us. The 3d Light

Dragoons, our only European cavalry regiment, were ordered, with two native cavalry corps, to charge into the intrenchments. They formed up, and went at their work; but the fire was too hot for the natives, and the 3d were left alone to distinguish themselves. They charged right through and through the Sikh camp, they became entangled among the tent-ropes, numbers were cut down or shot down; but they achieved a brilliant success and reputation.

Providence rules over a battle-field as everywhere else. Our very error which seemed so fatal brought about our ultimate success. The enemy seeing our cavalry and artillery moving off as above-mentioned, attributed to us an intention of outflanking them. They became panic-stricken and took to flight, abandoning the whole of their standing camp, and all their artillery, excepting a few light field-pieces. The whole number which fell into our hands during the three actions was 107. The total force of the Sikhs amounted to about 50,000 men.

The slaughter on our side was desperate, comprising Major-General Sir Robert Sale[1] and several other distinguished officers. The Governor-General was everywhere in the action, and all his staff, with the exception of his two sons,[2] were either killed or wounded. However, both he and Lord Gough—

[1] At Moodkee.

[2] The eldest of whom is the present Lord Hardinge. The youngest, General Sir Arthur Hardinge, K.C.B., died 1892.

more noble or gallant officers do not exist—escaped scathless. Sir Henry Hardinge thought it was all up, and gave his sword—a present from the Duke of Wellington, and which once belonged to Napoleon—and his Star of the Bath to his son, with directions to proceed to Ferozepore, remarking that "if the day were lost, he must fall."

[I am bound to state that the above account differs in some respects from those which have been subsequently published. At all events, it possesses the value of having been noted down on the ground, and representing the current ideas at the time.—H. K.]

During this charge Lieutenant Archer Burton of the 3d Light Dragoons had his horse shot under him in the trenches. Stunned with the fall, and half-blinded with the dust, it was some time before he recovered consciousness, and then he discovered that his regiment had swept away from the ground, and that he was left alone in his difficulties. After a time, seeing a loose Sikh horse standing near him, he jumped on his back and drove his spurs into him; but when the animal had gone a few strides his new master discovered for the first time that his forelegs were hobbled together. Down came the steed, and once more the officer was half-stunned. When he again regained his senses, he discovered that he was in the midst of an enemy who, from behind tents, ditches, and trenches, were popping away at isolated objects. Archer Burton abandoned all hope

of saving his life, when suddenly a man of his own regiment dashed past him. He called out to the man for assistance, but in vain. Nevertheless the fugitive having been compelled to pause, Archer Burton clutched hold of the horse's tail, which was of exceptional length, and which he wound round his wrist. When the gallop was resumed, Archer Burton was dragged along, across the trenches and for a considerable distance, until at length, bruised and exhausted, he was compelled to let go, and once more fell in an interval between one of our regiments and some Sikhs who were blazing away at one another. For a time he was in greater danger than before, but at last he managed to crawl away and get out of the range of their fire, and eventually reached one of our regiments in safety.

[Among Sir Hope's letters of this year, the following, dated "London, May 29, 1845," touches on some points which may amuse readers belonging to this generation, and interest those lingering on the threshold of the last:—

"The Queen's Fancy Ball is the principal topic of conversation. The ugliness of the dress, and the necessity of doing away with whiskers for the night, makes the ball less attractive to men than any former one. Lord Cantelupe is going to have the hair upon his face plastered back and painted over.

"Idas is considered a first-rate horse, and, bar poisoning, safe to win the Derby."]

CHAPTER IV.

1846.

SOBRAON.

MILITARY SITUATION AND AFTER-EVENTS—FRESH CAMPING-GROUND—BUDIWAL AND ALIWAL—COURT-MARTIAL ON ELEPHANT—BATTLE OF SOBRAON—PART PLAYED BY 9TH LANCERS—CANNONADE—STORMING INTRENCHMENTS—VICTORY—THE BATTLE-FIELD—SIR HOPE'S ACTION AGAINST HIS INTOXICATED COMMANDING OFFICER—HIS ACTION VINDICATED—FROWNS OF SUPERIORS—MARCHES TO LAHORE—SIR CHARLES NAPIER—HIS PRINCIPLE AGAINST TROOPS FIRING WHEN ADVANCING TO ATTACK—DURBAR—THE KOH-I-NOOR—TERMS OF PEACE.

[AFTER Ferozeshah the Sikh army was allowed to cross the Sutlej leisurely. The English gradually—reinforced by the 9th Lancers, as is stated by Sir Hope Grant, and by other troops—advanced to the river, and took up a position on the south bank, stretching from Ferozepore on the left towards Sobraon and Hurreke on the right. On 17th January 1846, Sir Hugh Gough despatched a force under Sir Harry Smith[1] in the direction of Loodiana, to cover the march of an expected convoy of guns,

[1] Lieut.-General Sir Harry Smith, G.C.B., died 1860.

ammunition, and treasure. On his way the enemy threatened his left, and fell on his rear near Budiwal, capturing a considerable portion of his baggage; but he declined battle until 28th January, when, with about 11,000 men, he defeated 15,000 Sikhs at Aliwal. In these operations we lost 589 men killed and wounded. Sir Harry Smith then returned to the main body near Ferozepore.

Sobraon, 10th February 1846.—The Sikhs had by degrees brought the greater part of their force across the Sutlej into an intrenchment which they had constructed on the south (British) side of the river, and had armed with sixty-seven guns of rather large calibre and about 200 insignificant swivel guns, and had garrisoned with about 20,000 men.[1] They were commanded by Tej Singh; and outside this camp, and higher up the river, about 10,000 horsemen were stationed under Lat Singh. Early in February a powerful siege-train from Delhi joined Sir Hugh Gough, who decided forthwith to attack the Sikh position. On 10th February the British troops, 15,000 in number, advanced in silence before day-break, and took the enemy completely by surprise, who, however, with great rapidity, turned out and stood to their guns. Our batteries opened at 7 A.M.; the Sikhs vigorously replied, and for upwards of two

[1] Sir Hugh Gough said 30,000; but here, again, the discrepancies of estimates are hopeless. The Sikhs have stated that they had 37,000 men engaged in the subsequent battle.

hours this artillery duel was maintained. The effect we produced has been much disputed, but at the end of the above period our infantry advanced to the assault. The first attack was beaten back. Then followed further efforts, which met with complete success: the enemy, fighting desperately to the last, were gradually driven across their single bridge of boats, or were forced into the scarcely fordable river; and by 11 A.M. not a single cohesive body of Sikh soldiery remained on our bank. We captured seventy-seven guns and lost 2383 men in killed and wounded. The slaughter of the enemy was appalling, and they owned to a loss of between 13,000 and 14,000 men.

The English forthwith crossed the Sutlej, and on 12th February occupied the fortress of Kussour, where it was ascertained that the Sikhs still held together to the number of about 20,000 men in the direction of Umritser. But their power was broken and their army dispirited. On 20th February we were encamped close to their capital, Lahore, and on 9th March a treaty was signed by which all the Cis-Sutlej territory was ceded to us.

Sir Henry Hardinge was created a Viscount, Sir Hugh Gough a Baron, and Sir Harry Smith a Baronet.]

Journal.—The army was now[1] directed to take up fresh camping-ground, and we proceeded six or

[1] *I.e.*, after Ferozeshah, and when Sir Hope with the 9th Lancers had joined the main body.

seven miles farther up the Sutlej river; but just as we had pitched our tents, a counter-order instructed us to move to another spot, and it was nearly 5 P.M. ere we were housed and contented. The Sikhs after their late engagements had betaken themselves to the right (north) bank, where they were again encamped in great force. They had brought up fresh guns from Lahore, and had constructed a bridge of boats protected by heavy ordnance.

On 13th January 1846 we were suddenly turned out by a report that the enemy were advancing against us, and Sir Hugh Gough ordered a large force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with 12-pounders and a rocket-train, to take up a position with a view of destroying the bridge of boats. When the guns opened fire, the enemy replied with such accuracy that it was found necessary to move us farther out of range. Our own round-shot and rockets seemed to produce no effect whatever, and we were ordered back to camp, as the enemy had apparently changed their minds and had no intention of troubling us further. Next morning, however, they had the audacity to cross the river, and to establish themselves in a strongly intrenched position on our bank. Our whole force was again turned out, and on this occasion we had a 24-pounder at work, but after a few rounds the breech-piece blew out, nearly annihilating Sir Robert Dick, the second in command. Once more we retired, covering our

position with two brigades and some guns established in intrenchments. Two outpost stations, Chota Sobraon and a watch-tower, were included in the defence; but from these latter the pickets were withdrawn at night. The enemy having discovered this fact, took an opportunity of occupying them, and their importance was not considered sufficient to call for their recapture.

The Sikhs had now brought the greater part of their army across the river, and were daily increasing the strength of their position by formidable intrenchments. We, on our part, were awaiting a siege-train from Agra, the arrival of which was expected about the 6th of the ensuing month, and meantime we allowed the enemy to carry on his minor operations unmolested. At last, however, the Commander-in-Chief ascertained that the enemy had detached a further strong force across the river opposite Loodiana, with the intention of intercepting our siege-train, and as a counter-movement Sir Harry Smith was ordered to march with the right division towards the same direction. On his way, owing to defective information, he suddenly and unexpectedly found himself close to the enemy at the village of Budiwal. They instantly opened on him, and before he could skirt past them, and out of artillery range, he lost between 300 and 400 men and all his baggage. There seemed to be a fatality amongst the Governor-General's staff. Young Campbell, a son of the gallant General Sir

Colin Campbell,[1] and nominated A.D.C. to Sir Henry Hardinge, had accompanied Sir Harry Smith as a volunteer, and was knocked over by a round shot—one of the few officers who fell on that day. Sir Harry succeeded in effecting a junction with the Loodiana force, and on 28th assumed the offensive against the Sikhs, who, after their late success at Budiwal, had fallen back to an intrenched position at Aliwal. Leaving their earthworks, they met the English advance with a corresponding forward movement, and Sir Harry found them drawn up quite ready for his attack. But though these natives fight well behind intrenchments, and stand to their guns like men, they are no match for our disciplined troops in the open, and they were quite unable to withstand the resolute charges of our infantry and cavalry. Two squares were broken by a wing of the 16th Lancers dashing through and through them; their whole mass was driven helter-skelter into the river, and, according to the Major-General's report, he "helped them up the opposite bank with cannon-shot, and took fifty-three guns." Sir Harry then rejoined the main body of the army.

My regiment was moved to the extreme left of the position, close to the 3d Light Dragoons, who now, poor fellows, could not turn out above 300 men. Our powerful siege-train having arrived, our whole force was formed in line of battle, near Sobraon, at 4 A.M. on 10th February 1846. All trumpet-calls were for-

[1] Not the officer who was subsequently Lord Clyde.

bidden, and our heavy 10-inch and 8-inch howitzers were placed in position, ready to open on the enemy as soon as there was sufficient light.

On the march of the 9th Lancers to the attack on Sobraon, we were charged with the escort of some 24-pounders, which were to be dragged by elephants into position. One of them, however, turned rusty, and refused to draw, whereupon the head men in charge of the elephants caused the refractory brute to be brought before them under the guard of two other elephants, and to be tried by a court-martial. The sentence was twenty-five lashes. It was carried out by one of his fellows, to whom a large double chain was given. The executioner took it in his trunk, and at the word of command inflicted a most tremendous lash on the culprit. This was repeated twenty-five times, after which the rebel elephant was taken away, and to the best of my belief no longer refused to draw the gun.

All was peaceful and quiet; there was no moon, but the stars shone brilliantly, and at the first break of dawn our artillery opened fire upon the apparently unprepared Sikhs. But they were quickly astir, and responded with vigour. Owing to the dense vapours hanging about, and also to some mistake, both sides simultaneously ceased firing for a time, and the lull seemed like a warning to the wretched mortals to prepare for a fearful end. After the lapse of half an hour the cannonading was resumed with redoubled fury.

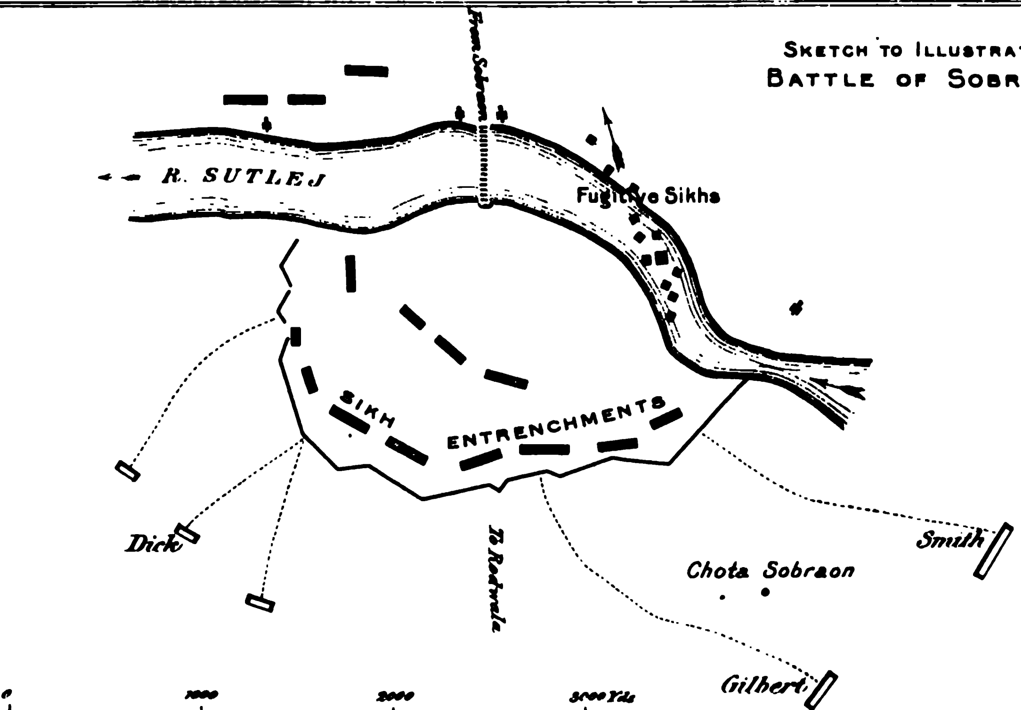
Sir Harry Smith's division, to which we were attached, had their front obscured by the haze, and with a view to forcing the enemy to open fire and reveal his position, he ordered a squadron of the 9th Lancers [under the immediate command of Sir Hope Grant] to the front, and to throw out skirmishers. The moment we showed ourselves a Sikh battery opened on us, and having gained our object, we were withdrawn. After about two hours' cannonading, Sir Hugh Gough ordered the whole line to advance, and our regiments moved off in fine steady form, right up to the trenches. At this moment Major-General Sir Robert Dick fell mortally wounded as he was gallantly leading his division into the intrenchments. Several European infantry regiments were twice driven back by a terrible fire of grape, but they instantly reformed, and finally forced every obstacle before them. The enemy were driven at the point of the bayonet into the river, our guns opened on them, and the slaughter of the poor wretches was terrible. His position was, however, very strong; for, independently of his skilfully-traced intrenchments on a commanding site on the other side of the river, his heavy ordnance, posted so as to protect his bridge of boats, might have opened upon us with terrific effect, but the panic-stricken Sikhs never waited to come into action, but fled as if possessed. We did not attempt to cross, but remained satisfied with having driven the enemy out of his formidable position, and with the capture of sixty-seven guns.

The following is an extract from Sir Hugh Gough's despatch :—

The fire of the Sikhs first slackened and then nearly ceased, and the victors, pressing them on every side, precipitated them in masses over their bridge and into the Sutlej, which a sudden rise of 7 inches had rendered hardly fordable. From their efforts to reach the right bank through the water, they suffered from our horse-artillery a terrible carnage. Hundreds fell under the cannonade; hundreds upon hundreds were drowned in attempting the perilous passage. The awful slaughter, confusion, and dismay were such as would have excited compassion in the hearts of their generous conquerors, if the Kalsa troops had not at an early part of the action sullied their gallantry by slaughtering and barbarously mangling every wounded soldier whom, in the vicissitudes of the attack, the fortune of war left at their mercy.

Our whole force amounted only to 18,000 men. My regiment had been chiefly employed in protecting some horse-artillery guns on the left side of Sir Harry Smith's division, in the skirmishing movements above described, &c., and had suffered less severely than many. Sir Hugh Gough thus spoke of us in his despatch: "The demonstration on the left by the 9th Lancers towards the conclusion of the battle was made in the best order under a sharp cannonade."

After the action we were kept on the ground to protect a party removing the captured guns, and some of us — myself among the number — went into the trenches to see the dreadful slaughter which had there taken place. The bridge of boats had broken



Sketch to Illustrate
Battle of Sobraon.
From Sobraon
R. SUTLEJ
Fugitive Sikhs
SIKH
ENTRENCHMENTS
Dick
To Rodwala
Chota Sobraon
Smith
Gilbert
0
1000
2000
3000 Yds

away, and the Sikh infantry and cavalry had crossed the river the best way they could. They had begun their retirement steadily, but owing to the heavy and continuous artillery and musketry fire opened upon them, the numbers which fell were fearful. Many were lying in the trenches. They were characterised by fine countenances and a profusion of long hair, and they bore a stern look which showed a determination to die, since they had lost everything on earth, and their bitter enemies, the Feringhees, had gained their all. The sight was terribly interesting. One Sikh soldier was shot through with a ramrod—presumably his assailant had not had time to withdraw it after loading. Two poor women—one a pretty girl of fifteen—were lying close to each other, shot dead. Meanwhile mines and ammunition-waggons were exploding all around us, setting fire to the clothes of some of the unfortunates lying in the trenches and causing a regular singeing of bodies. We had scarcely taken our departure when some of the fugitive Sikhs, finding that we had not crossed the river, opened fire from the other side, and cleared the trenches of all lingerers—principally camp-followers robbing the dead.

Our victory was complete. Part of our force, detached for the protection of Ferozepore, crossed the Sutlej without opposition by the bridge of boats. We followed the same route and reached Kussour, where Gholab Singh and the young Maharajah,

Dhuleep Singh,[1] came to make their submission to the British. Gholab Singh's oriental form of expression was rather fine. "If," said he, "my son or dearest friend were taken ill, I should immediately send for the most eminent physician, and throw the sufferer into his hands, request his advice, and make the patient swallow the physic prescribed. I now place the Maharajah in the hands of the Governor-General as that skilful physician. I know everything he will do with regard to him will be for the best, and for his advantage."

[Sir Hope's record of the most stirring events in which he was engaged is often disappointingly meagre, and this especially applies to the battle of Sobraon, and, subsequently, to Chillianwallah and Goojerat. Doubtless this brevity was partly due to the stress of the circumstances of war leaving him but little opportunity for journal writing; and be it remembered that his diary was no afterthought compilation, but a noting down on the spot of events as they occurred. There may, however, be another reason why he somewhat shrunk from writing much about Sobraon, for on this occasion he narrowly escaped making utter shipwreck of his military fortunes: in fact, he deliberately subjected himself to the imminent risk of being turned out of the service

[1] Subsequently well known from the large income he received from the English Government, from his spiteful ingratitude, and from his puerile intrigues. He died of apoplexy, October 1893.

with an obloquy which would have involved a clean sweep of his commission money, £5000. In his diary he has entered but a comparatively scanty record of the occurrence, but he has noted it in outline, and verbally he has so often and unreservedly recounted to me the details that my memory, aided, moreover, by the recollection of others, enables me to reproduce them nearly *ipsissimis verbis*, and completely in their true import.

The then colonel of the 9th Lancers was an intemperate man, and at the time in question was, by seniority, exercising the higher command of brigadier. "On the day of the battle," Sir Hope used to relate, with the jerky yet emphatic manner of speaking so peculiar to him, "—— appeared very drunk. He had been taking nips to keep up his spirits. He was drunk before us all; everybody saw it when we were going into action, and a hiss was very audible throughout our ranks. He was utterly useless;[1] he was even incapably nervous, and his behaviour annoyed us all very much. So on the evening of the battle I went to the second lieutenant-colonel who was senior to me, and said: 'You know that the colonel was drunk yesterday when we were going into action?' 'Yes, of course,' was the reply. 'Well,

[1] On examining Sir Hugh Gough's despatch, I am impressed with the fact that though the list of officers, senior and junior, specially mentioned for approval is stupendously long, all commendation of the officer in question is omitted—a significant absence, in view of the facts Sir Hope narrates.

you know you must go and put him in arrest.' 'Indeed, I shall do nothing of the sort,' he answered angrily; 'I will leave you to do that business, and to knock your head against a stone wall if you choose.' 'Very well,' I said, 'if you won't do your duty, I will do mine.' So early next morning I went to the colonel in his tent, where he received me alone, and, little suspecting my mission, addressed me very cordially, and I spoke thus to him: 'You know you were very drunk yesterday, sir, when you led us into action. I have come to tell you that if you do not at once undertake to leave the regiment, I shall now put you in arrest and report your conduct.' 'Will you, indeed,' said the colonel in great anger. 'Very well, I will be beforehand with you, and I now place you in arrest for bringing a false and insulting accusation against your commanding officer,' and I went to my tent in arrest. Of course the above was a strong measure for a junior officer to take against his senior, but I had no wish to remain in a regiment if it were to be so disgraced by its commanding officer, and I was quite ready to stand the consequences. There was a great to-do about the matter. Sir Hugh Gough ordered a court of inquiry to assemble, and witnesses were examined on both sides. Captain Ross, of another corps, had happened to come up and speak to me at the close of the battle, and saw the state —— was in. His evidence was clear, and was of the greatest help. The proceedings seemed to be endless. I re-

mained in arrest for six weeks, and a pretty state of mind I was in. I made sure I should be turned out of the army."

"But what was the report of the court, and how did it all end?" I naturally inquired of Sir Hope.

"I can hardly tell you what was their report," he answered. "I only know that after six weeks I was released from arrest and ordered to return to my duty, and that Colonel —— was allowed to retain command of the regiment."

Another officer who, like myself, had often heard the detail of the above circumstances, reminds me that Sir Hope was wont to add that Sir Hugh Gough in due course sent for him, and beginning, "My dear Grant, we shall get no good out of this business," suggested some sort of an apology. Sir Hope consented so far that he apologised—not for bringing the charge of drunkenness, but for going to his commanding officer's tent and telling him he must leave the regiment.[1]

I have withheld the name of the incriminated officer, though, of course, a busybody might trace it out; but I have not thought it fit to withhold the record of one of the most characteristic incidents of Sir Hope's life. The peril of the step which he took

[1] When Sir Hope and Captain, then Colonel, Ross next met, in 1869, the latter was on his deathbed. There was a revival of their old friendship and a resuscitation of old memories; and Colonel Ross in his will left £250 to Sir Hope Grant, "in token of his admiration for him as a soldier and a Christian."

must be manifest to every military man. To the civilian I would explain that, though he was undoubtedly justified by the abstract theory of military law, yet practically the prospect was minute indeed that his conduct in doing his duty under such sore straits would have been condoned. It is questionable whether there is any record of a similar act, or of a similar act followed by similar comparative immunity.

In further illustration of the foregoing, I insert letters from his former general, Lord Saltoun, and his former colonel, Lord Rosslyn (Lord Loughborough).

BATH, *13th April* 1846.

MY DEAR GRANT,—I received your very interesting letter, dated 17th February [after Sobraon], . . . and I am truly sorry for the difficulty you have got yourself into, although I hardly see, the case being as you have stated it, how you could have avoided it. I am to be in London on the 26th, and I will go immediately on my getting there to Lord Fitzroy [1] [Military Secretary], and see what turn this is likely to take at the Horse-Guards.

I presume a court-martial will be the result of what you say you proved before the court of inquiry,—as I conclude the court of inquiry was ordered to report whether they found grounds for a court-martial or not. Be this as it may, I will do everything in my power as soon as I get to London; and after I have seen Lord Fitzroy I will write you again on this subject, which, I see, has already found its way into the 'United Service Gazette,' but no names given. . . . I will as soon as I get to London see Lord Rosslyn about your business. We vote different ways on this question of Protection; so if they rear up at me for going against them,

[1] Lord Fitzroy Somerset, afterwards Lord Raglan.

he may be of more use to you, as I hear he does not give up the Buckhounds, and so votes with Ministers.—Yours very sincerely, SALTOUN.

LONDON, *4th May* 1846.

MY DEAR GRANT,—I was very glad to get your last letter, . . . and to find by it that you had got well out of the scrape; for you had certainly placed yourself in a very difficult position, and in one in which it would have been very difficult for your friends here to have done much for you. However, as it is all well over, so much the better.

As soon as I came to town, I saw Lord Fitzroy, but of course, under the circumstances of your first letter, he could say nothing, as they had nothing to go by at the Horse-Guards; and as soon as I got your second letter I went to him, and we both agreed that you were well out of the scrape; and as no report is to be made to the authorities here, it will have no effect on your future prospects. . . . —Yours very truly, SALTOUN.

LONDON, *18th June* 1846.

MY DEAR GRANT,—I was most happy to find by your letter of March 25th that all this unpleasant business had been settled, and it is clear from the way Lord Hardinge has acted that he is not displeased with you, or with the motives which induced you to come forward; and it is much better he should be so than taking the chance of what might have been done here had it been sent home; for it is quite impossible to say what view the Horse-Guards might have taken of it. . . .—Yours very truly, SALTOUN.

LONDON, *April* 3, 1846.

MY DEAR GRANT,—I congratulate you all on the result of all the brilliant actions in which you have been . . . engaged. The people of England are proud of their countrymen and the victories of her armies.

And now, my dear Grant, I must shortly advert to your own business, which I regret should have taken place. You have acted the part of a bold and honest officer, but not of a prudent one in this respect; and I tremble for the results. For there always must be, on the part of the higher authorities, a disposition to support a superior against an inferior officer, and there will be every inclination to conceal individual misconduct where the conduct of the army has been so brilliant and so praiseworthy. I have no doubt that you are perfectly right in your charges, but they are difficult to establish, and I wish you had not made them as you did. However, there is no help for it, and I have only to assure you of my sympathy with you and my other friends, and be prepared to do what little may be in my power to help you if you are in a strait. I will try and see Lord Saltoun as soon as possible.

I wish you were well out of the 9th. Unless you can get the commanding officer out, you will never get on. Lord Ellenborough expressed to me some time ago exactly the same opinion of his character that we have always entertained. . . .

I continue to hold office and support him, Sir Robert Peel, because the Duke[1] does. He, I am glad to say, is particularly well, though fast getting too old to be useful; extremely irritable and difficult of access, and keeps all his subordinates in fear of him.

. . . Whatever turn your affair may have taken, you must for the future be most guarded and prudent in your conduct, and if —— remains in command, you must treat him with the greatest deference and respect, till a favourable opportunity occurs of quitting his command.

God bless you, my good friend, and all my old comrades.—Yours faithfully, ROSSLYN.

. . . .

[1] Duke of Wellington.

April 20, 1846.

MY DEAR GRANT,—I have just received your letter of February the 25th. I opened it in great anxiety, but the first sentence put me at my ease on your account, and relieved me from all fear of the consequences which might have resulted from the rash course that you had pursued towards your commanding officer. I congratulate you on the turn the affair has taken. You have done well not to hesitate to make the apology[1] required; for, after all, you and your witnesses could only stick to your opinion of the drunkenness and cowardice of your superior officer. You could not have proved the fact, as I gather from your statement.

I communicated your letter to the Adjutant-General (privately), for the business had been much talked of here; and I can tell you that the impression is that you are right in your opinion, but that you are lucky to have got the affair concluded as it has been. No one to whom I have mentioned the case has ever expressed another opinion, and I have spoken to several old military friends. The fact of the superior officer submitting to shake hands with a junior, after that junior has publicly accused him of being a drunkard and a coward, must condemn the superior officer as fully as the sentence of a court-martial, and he will never get over it. No one will believe him innocent. He is as effectually d——d in the estimation of the world as if he had been broken by the sentence of a general court-martial. If he goes on leave for six months, every one will believe that he is sent away till the subject blows over. I cannot help thinking that he will never join again; but he is so *brave*, as far as regards the feelings of his brother officers, that he may do so.

You, at all events, are out of the scrape, and I heartily and sincerely rejoice at it. —— [another officer] will gain nothing by the course he has pursued.

Tell Little I do not write to him, for I know that you will

[1] See the nature of the "apology," *ante*, p. 87.

communicate all I say to you. None of you must think of leaving the regiment at present. To do so would have the appearance of being driven out by ——, and would have a bad effect. . . .

The King of the French has again been shot at. It is difficult to understand why he is always missed, unless we are to believe that it is a put-up thing, and that he is shot at when he thinks that being so may be of some use to him or his friends. . . . And now, my dear Grant, I shall say, God preserve you and all my friends.—Very faithfully yours, ROSSLYN.

The warm friendship between the two continued unimpaired. From the following it would appear that erstwhile Cornet Hope Grant had written to his erstwhile colonel, Lord Rosslyn, to apologise because, through the vicissitudes of military fortune, the cornet had been preferred to his colonel for the Honorary Colonelcy of the 9th Lancers.

DYSART HOUSE, *May* 9, 1865.

MY DEAR GRANT,—Many thanks for your kind letter. I should have written to congratulate you on your transfer to the old 9th Lancers, and to assure you that no one of your old friends and comrades more sincerely rejoiced on your good fortune than myself, but that I thought that you would have been on your way home, and that before this I should have had an opportunity of assuring you that, though I should have liked to have returned to the old regiment, I felt that my claims could not stand in competition with yours, and that if the old Latin saying should be acted upon, "Detur digniori," it could not have been given to any one but yourself, and I heartily congratulate you and the regiment on the event.

. . . [Alluding to Sir Hope being appointed Quartermaster-General at the Horse-Guards.] I am afraid you will find it a different thing to be Quartermaster-General to the Chief, instead of being Chief to the Quartermaster-General.
—Yours faithfully, ROSSLYN.

—H. K.]

Journal continued.—On 20th February our army marched in line of columns on to the great plain of Lahore, and encamped within two miles of the city. At first it was expected that the enemy intended to resist. Their army, at no great distance, still numbered 30,000 or 40,000 men, with about thirty-six guns of large calibre. But they had been beaten with heavy loss. They despaired of success, and had had enough of fighting the Feringhees. A treaty was finally concluded with Gholab Singh. It comprised a large cession of Sikh territory, and an indemnity of one and a half million of pounds. The conquered made no difficulties, and seemed to rejoice that they had not forfeited their entire country. A few days after, a report reached us that a large force of the enemy was marching towards Lahore. Due precautions were taken, our pickets were doubled, &c. However, this separate force agreed to the Governor-General's terms—viz., that they should deliver up their arms and guns; that the Sikh Government should give them all arrears and three months' advance of pay; and that the Hindustani soldiers should be received into the British service, if so desirous.

Gholab Singh was further informed that if another shot were fired against us, an additional indemnity of half a million pounds would be exacted from his Government. The result was that a further number of thirty-six guns were brought into our camp, and that several battalions laid down their arms.

About this time Sir Charles Napier arrived from Scinde. He had been ordered up with 10,000 men to make a demonstration against the flank of the enemy. The Governor-General celebrated his arrival by a great dinner, to which the chief officers were invited, and at which I attended as a private guest of Sir Henry Hardinge.[1] We were about 150 in number, and dined in a magnificent tent. Sir Henry proposed the health of the gallant Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough, which was received with enthusiastic cheers, and to which he responded with good taste and good feeling; but the toast of the evening was that given in honour of Sir Charles Napier. The Governor-General spoke with a fine commanding voice, and looked the Queen's representative all over. Sir Charles answered admirably, in thorough good taste, and free from bombast; and when he sat down people seemed sorry that he had finished. He was an extraordinary-looking person—short, slight, and with a handsome cast of countenance. He wore large spectacles, and had small eyes, large dark shaggy

[1] Who thus manifestly condoned the action Sir Hope had taken with reference to his intoxicated colonel.

eyebrows, an aquiline nose, and a most fearful quantity of grizzly grey whiskers, beard, and moustache, with hair streaming down his back. His costume consisted of a general officer's frock-coat, buff corduroy breeches, and an English hunting-cap peaked in front, and behind swathed in white cotton. Thus he appeared at the Governor-General's State dinner. When his health was drunk, the band struck up "The King of the Cannibal Islands"—a significant coincidence. But the extraordinary sensation aroused by his personal appearance entirely subsided when he made his speech.

[Although the following copy of a letter I have found amongst Sir Hope's papers does not bear directly on the subject of this biography, I venture to reproduce it, as embodying the opinions of so eminent a soldier as Sir Charles Napier on a crucial point of tactics as interesting in 1893 as in 1846 :—

LAHORE, *11th March* 1846.

MY DEAR PENNEFATHER,[1]— . . . I found my old friends the 50th here. They have won immortal honour. Sir Henry and Gough, an old 22d man, say nothing could exceed their glorious conduct. They have lost 36 officers killed and wounded, and have 300 men under arms out of 800. I am *married* to the 22d, but cannot help having a great regard for my old love.[2]

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[1] Colonel Pennefather commanded the 22d Regiment during the famous Scinde campaign. Afterwards General Sir John Pennefather, G.C.B., died 1873.

[2] Sir Charles had served with the 50th Regiment during the Peninsular War.

How I would like to have the two regiments in one brigade under my orders, and lead them into action! They are two as noble regiments as ever fired on an enemy.

There is one thing I beg of you to draw the attention of the regiment to, because I waited to let a most false and ridiculous idea wear itself away before I opposed it; but I meant to do so when the time came by a clear exposition of the fallacy, which is a very dangerous one to adopt. I believe it was either —— or ——[1] who first took up the *nonsensical* idea that our regiment[2] lost many men by marching up to the intrenchments at Dubba[3] without firing. As we were victorious, I merely then contented myself with a simple denial of the fact.

Now every great soldier that ever lived in modern days, and especially Frederick the Great, has maintained that in attacking intrenchments, not a shot should be fired till you are inside. I, as an old and tolerably experienced soldier, knew this perfectly. ——, being an inexperienced one, ordered the regiment to fire at about thirty paces. He was quite wrong.

Now in this attack of the intrenchments,[4] the 10th Regiment, which was admirably commanded, never drew trigger till they were inside—every man of them; and Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough, both men of as great experience as any two men can be, both assert that the firing before storming caused a greater loss of men,—a point on which no man of any experience of battle ever doubted: and such an idea that men ought to fire in attacking an intrenchment till the stormers are inside ought never to be allowed to exist in a regiment, for it is calculated to do it great mischief.

Every officer who was in the action at Sobraon protests against the firing before the intrenchments were carried, and attributes a great loss to that course. But plain sense tells

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[1] Two high authorities.
[2] *I.e.*, 22d Regiment.
[3] Better known as Hyderabad.
[4] At Sobraon.

any man, and every man who has any sense, that men who stop to fire and load are longer exposed to fire, and consequently lose more than those who move on steadily and rapidly without firing; and, what is more, and can only be disputed by men who, having been once or twice under fire, fancy they have "great experience,"—what is more, I say, the enemy are more frightened, and feel the danger with more dread, and are more incapable of taking aim, when they see the silent and terrible approach of a foe who is unchecked by their fire and unintimidated. I *know* that at Dubba the not firing of the 22d made them[1] cry out to each other: "These are not men, they are devils. Look, our fire has no effect on them; they are devils"—and numbers fled before we fired.

However, here we have the opinion of all experienced officers confirmed by all the officers of this army on the spot —viz., that the firing was most mischievous, and increased the loss. The stormers were 11,300; the defenders 33,000. Had —— not given the order to fire, I am sure the 22d would have gone into the nullah without firing a shot, and fewer men would have been killed and wounded, and a less resolute regiment would have gone back in consequence of the firing.

If ever I lead a regiment into action again, I will ride along its front till it charges. The 50th at Vimiera charged a column of four French regiments without firing a shot. The whole four turned. No troops stand a charge of bayonets, and whoever charges first has the victory. In this war whenever the Sikhs were charged they fled, though far outnumbering our men, who were exhausted and weak, having at Ferozeshah been two nights and a day without food — or water, which was worse.

Young soldiers do not know these things, and fancy one battle teaches them that which it requires whole campaigns and much reading to learn—viz., that such brave and strong

[1] *I.e.*, the enemy.

soldiers as the British will stand the assault of other troops; but no troops in the world will stand the assault of British troops, if made with the bayonet and without firing. Firing is a weapon (if I may use the expression) of defence, not of attack. Frederick the Great, who fought more battles than, I believe, any modern general but Napoleon, says distinctly (I copy his own words), "The commanders of regiments are to take especial care that they do not fire till the enemy have turned their backs. Advance towards the enemy with arms shouldered, to prevent firing. When the enemy gives way, commanders of regiments should then give a general discharge. A battle conducted in this way will be very soon decided."

Such were the instructions of this great soldier, who fought some fifty or sixty great battles, and are they to be disputed by men who fancy they are better judges because they have been soldiers some twenty years? This may render them able to command a regiment very well, but not entitle them to overthrow the doctrines of the greatest masters of the art of war.

I have written this in a hurry, and it is a subject that should be carefully treated — to eradicate from your regiment's minds the foolish idea which was so ignorantly entertained, and which, unless corrected, might get the regiment into mischief. So do take the greatest pains to put this weak and mischievous doctrine out of the soldiers' heads. The regiment that does not fire a shot will lose fewer men than the regiment that fires.

Adieu, my dear Pennefather, ever yours most sincerely,

C. J. NAPIER.]

Shortly after, the signing of the treaty took place at the Governor-General's quarters, at which all the Sikh chiefs attended, and the following day a return durbar was held in the city palace of the Maharajah. Our regiment, with the body-guard and a troop of horse-artillery, formed the escort, and the sight must

have been amusing to any who could have caught a glimpse through the volumes of terrific dust. The Governor-General's elephant proceeded at a pace which kept us constantly jogging, sometimes breaking into a regular trot; a great part of our two or three miles' route lay across country studded with small hillocks and deep holes, so that the horses constantly "pecked" over, sending the riders sprawling in a painfully ludicrous manner. The ground was strewn with men who had been capsized from their horses, and the general aspect was more that of an action than the honourable distinction of escorting the Governor-General. The hall of the durbar was inlaid throughout with looking-glass; lustres and chandeliers were suspended from the ceilings; in front of the hall was an open court with lofty arches, beneath which a fountain was playing, and in the adjacent wide extent of water lovely water-birds were disporting themselves—amongst them a beautiful scarlet flamingo luxuriated in the spray. Hanging silk drapery and shawls screened off the sun, and beautiful rich-coloured carpets were spread over the floor. Inside the hall were the young Maharajah, Dhuleep Singh, a pretty boy, and the Sikh chiefs, Rajah Lal Singh, a fine jovial-looking fellow; Rajah Jey Sing, one of the generals, with a most disagreeable countenance, strongly marked with small-pox, and presenting a disgusting drunken aspect; Rajah Runjour Singh, who commanded at Aliwal, a handsome but an effeminate-looking fellow, and innumerable other chiefs.

According to the custom of the country, handsome presents were offered, and amongst them the priceless and magnificent Koh-i-noor diamond, which was handed about from person to person as though it were of little value. It was set as an armlet, and was merely fastened to the wearer with a bit of red silk. It was upwards of an inch in length, three-quarters of an inch in breadth, and thick in proportion. Two smaller stones, each of immense value, were attached to either side of the jewel. The history of this "Mountain of Light" is thus detailed in Captain William Murray's manuscript:—

Shah Soojah had been driven from his throne in Caubul by his half-brother, Shah Mahmoud, and sought refuge at the court of Runjeet Singh. At first he was treated with every mark of respect, but it afterwards coming to the knowledge of Runjeet Singh that the celebrated Koh-i-noor, or "Mountain of Light," a diamond of inestimable value, was in his possession, [Runjeet Singh] determined to do his utmost to become possessed of it. At first the possession of it in the Shah's family was denied, and afterwards it was stated to have been pledged to a banker for a large sum of money. But the avaricious Runjeet was not to be deceived by such stories. He separated the unfortunate ex-king from his wife and family, and treated him as a prisoner, starving him and the unfortunate ladies of his household. At last the unfortunate prince, wearied and harassed by such unjustifiable treatment, consented to relinquish the precious stone. A respectable native gentleman who was present at its delivery, mentioned that the dignity and self-possession which sat on the fine countenance of the Shah impressed them all with awe. For almost an hour a solemn silence was kept, when Runjeet, getting impatient and uneasy,

directed one of his attendants, in a low tone of voice, to remind the Shah of the purpose of his visit. No answer was returned. At last the fallen monarch spoke with his eyes to an attendant eunuch, who, making his obeisance, retired, and soon after reappeared with a small roll, which he softly put down, equidistant from the king and Runjeet. A pause ensued; an attendant at length, by order of Runjeet Singh, lifted up and unfolded the packet. The diamond was exhibited and recognised; Runjeet and his followers retired with it, and the scene closed. This happened on 1st June 1813.

A grand review of our troops, numbering nearly 20,000 men, took place the same day, at which these great Punjab chiefs were present. Lal Singh was dressed in a complete suit of armour. Gholab Singh, the last survivor of the three celebrated brothers, had a fine commanding countenance, with a sharp piercing eye. By the treaty our Government had made over to him Jumboo and all the surrounding hill country which he had previously held in "Jaghire," as an independent principality, and he was now honoured with the title of Maharajah. The Lahore Government had so much difficulty in paying us the indemnity of one and a half million, that in lieu of one million they handed over to us the Vale of Cashmere. This tract was very rich and fertile, but so isolated from our frontier that we gave it up to Gholab Singh in exchange for seventy-five lacs of rupees (£750,000), together with some strips of land in the neighbourhood of Koti-Kongra. The Ranee appointed Rajah Lal Singh her Wuzeer. He was ill fitted for such a post, but she was so besotted with

her love and admiration for him that she shut her eyes to the desperate and inevitable consequences. Yet so fully was she aware of her own folly, that she represented to Sir Henry Hardinge her determination to quit the country altogether with the Maharajah, unless he would leave a sufficient force for their protection pending the reorganisation of her army and government. Sir Henry yielded to her request, and the 80th Queen's, some artillery, and a large force of the Company's native levies—in all amounting to 10,000 men—were placed in charge of the city and its gates, the citadel, and palace. In addition, two European officers were, at Gholab Singh's request, appointed to supervise the discipline and reorganisation of his army. In a private conference with our authorities, he expressed himself to the following effect:—

You may consider yourselves very fortunate in having beaten these troops so easily and rapidly. For my part, I was well satisfied to see them all destroyed, so mutinous and lawless had they become. But if it had been in Runjeet Singh's time, or if I had had command of them some time before, it would have given you some harder work. I should have sent a strong marauding force while you were all before Sobraon, which would have carried everything before it down to Delhi. Not that they would have attempted to stand up before you, but you would not have been able to divide your troops; and the people in the country, always ready for a change, would have flocked round our standards from every village the force passed, if it were only for the prospect of plunder.

CHAPTER V.

1846–1848.

THE HILLS—MARRIAGE—MILITARY EXECUTIONS.

LEAVE TO HILLS—SIMLA AND MUSIC—LEOPARD AND DOG—MARRIAGE—A THANKFUL RETROSPECT—INSUBORDINATION IN ARMY—PRIVATE THROWS HIS CAP AT SIR HOPE—IS TRIED AND EXECUTED—OFFENDER'S HISTORY—IMPROVEMENT IN DISCIPLINE—NATIVE POLICE—A MURDER THROUGH OVERSIGHT.

Journal.—Our army was now withdrawn from Lahore, and distributed to various stations in India. The 9th Lancers were ordered to Meerut; but inasmuch as I had already had nearly five successive years' experience of hot tropical weather, I dreaded another season in the plains, and obtained leave of absence to go to the hills about Simla. The sole means of transport was coolies. I took with me numerous articles of comfort and of luxury, including a piano and a violoncello—for I was bent on rubbing up my music—and my baggage-train amounted to the not inconsiderable number of ninety-three natives. The sight of the hills was inconceivably refreshing to a Scotsman, after a long residence in a glassy ocean of

scorching plain, with a constant sensation as of being becalmed in the tropics. The want of undulations was like the want of land; and a distant view of the mountains aroused a delight similar to treading on *terra firma* after a long voyage. The frequent mirages in the plains heightened the semblance of ocean, and the singular dust whirlwinds were special features of the Lahore country. Sometimes there were as many as four or five dense columns simultaneously reaching high up to the heavens, and remaining nearly stationary for more than a quarter of an hour.

From Simla I made an expedition to Koti-Ghur, where there was a missionary native school in charge of Mr and Mrs Procknow, two most worthy and unaffected Germans. Their pupils consisted of about thirty boys and girls, and their acquirements appeared to be highly satisfactory. Mr Procknow said the parents offered no religious objections, but were unwilling to lose the assistance of their children in field-labour. These hill inhabitants are not, on the whole, a fine race, though some of the men and women are good-looking. The sight of them working in the fields and reaping their fine crops of corn reminded me pleasantly of my own native country. They differ entirely from those in the plains: they have scarcely any religion, and equally little caste, but are grossly superstitious, and the horrible practice of infanticide was universal. In consequence of the pau-

city of females, the women marry four or five brothers of the same family, the children being successively allotted to the brothers in order of seniority. Shortly before I arrived, one poor fellow had with a stone accidentally killed a calf trespassing over his fields. As a punishment the priests ordered him to be buried up to his neck, so that he had no use of his hands. They then thatched him over and planted mustard-seed on the roof. His friends came and fed him, and he was kept in that position until the seed had grown up, when it was supposed he was absolved of his sin, and he was released, after having been five days in this position. I particularly remember one Sunday there when a terrific thunderstorm burst on us during divine service, accompanied with a rattling fall of hailstones. The 104th Psalm was being read, containing the passage, "Who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds His chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind." The thunder pealing, and the lightning flashing, and the large hailstones beating upon the windows and roof, combined to impart to the solemn service the deepest feeling of reverence and awe.

One day I joined a party in a mountain expedition. As we were descending a steep rocky foot-path, I incautiously allowed my fierce little Arab to approach too closely to another pony: at a most critical point he made a dart at the object of his aversion, kicked furiously, lost his balance, and to

the horror of the bystanders toppled over, and rolled from the summit of the crag nearly to the bottom, dragging me after him. The descent was really terrific, and so would have been the consequences, had he not been checked by a projecting rock, so that as a matter of fact he escaped unhurt. But this incident caused both me and my horse to be regarded as dangerous animals, and it was requested that he at least would keep at a respectful distance. Next day, however, we were re-established in fair repute by a perilous journey we accomplished over the hills from Nackunda to Muttianee. Before our departure every one declared the attempt was absurd—that no horse had ever traversed such a route. However, off we started; we jumped down rocks, we jumped up rocks, we got on satisfactorily until we came to a fearful place—a long shelving ledge leading to a precipitous descent. I dismounted; my horse felt he must follow: with the courage of an Arab, yet trembling at his own audacity, he followed me from ledge to ledge, and arrived at the bottom without making a mistake. It certainly was a queer feat, for even a human being could only scramble down by holding on with his hands.

I returned to Simla, and my association with bright ladies and gay gentlemen, all dressed in the height of fashion, for a time caused my love of the quietude and simplicity of a rural life to ooze out of me; and I, too, thought of nothing but dressing

gaily, and wearing polished boots and a well-turned hat, and attending balls and parties. Music, too, had there become a great craze; but when one flatters one's self one *can* play, and when one is asked to accompany a bold young lady who rattles over the piano, knowing as much about music as the piano knows about her; or when a gentle timid damsel plays wrong notes from very fear, and seems more inclined to weep than to perform before a large audience who, for the most part, prefer dancing and talking to listening to music, however fine,—then, indeed, charmed with the recollection of my mountain excursion, I was sorry I had ever returned, and once more I betook myself to the beautiful Koti-Ghur alone.

There I passed six weeks very pleasantly, shooting and making mountain excursions, at the end of which time my leave was up, and I set out on my return journey to Simla. On my way I was scrambling through a thickly wooded ravine and over rocky crags, collecting ferns, when suddenly a large leopard bounded on the path ten yards ahead, and retreated before me, apparently scared. My small dog, Wolf, started in pursuit with much barking and commotion, and, heedless of my recall, rushed out of my sight. Suddenly he gave a yelp of terror, and looking about me, to my dismay I perceived the leopard crouched in some brushwood close over my head, ready for a spring. Finding himself discov-

ered, he drew a little back with a most horribly savage growl, which seemed to render Wolf beside himself with terror. In another instant the leopard was on him with one single spring, picked him up, just as a cat snatches up a mouse, and bounded down the side of the ravine. Wolf uttered one cry as though appealing to me for assistance, and then the scene closed. I felt very sorrowful at the loss of my companion.

[In February 1847, Sir Hope Grant was married at Agra to Elizabeth Helen, daughter of Benjamin Tayler, a Sudder judge. The marriage was a thoroughly happy one in every point of view. Between the two there existed close identities of opinion, the strongest sympathy, and a self-devotion which never wearied. The General was most affectionately and gratefully conscious of how much he owed to his wife, while she was proud of, and sustained, him throughout all his fortunes, good or bad. After death had put an end to their twenty-eight years of married happiness, Lady Grant seemed to live chiefly in the past, and exerted herself in the continuance of those deeds of benevolence and generosity which had so endeared the two to the many who had loved and admired these examples of practical Christianity. She died November 1891. In his Journal he thus speaks of his worldly position and professional prospects :—]

I cannot resist stating the great mercy I have

received throughout my career, and how little I have deserved it. I started in life with a patrimony of £10,000; I was put into the army, and there fell into great temptations, spent nearly all my capital, and should have had to leave the service, when I suddenly and quite unexpectedly received an offer from Lord Saltoun to appoint me his Brigade-Major in his China command, for which he had been selected. Lord Hill, the Commander-in-Chief, consented, and so I tided over my difficulties. My regiment was shortly after ordered to India, and I, becoming senior captain, applied for the augmentation majority. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the Military Secretary, replied that the shortness of my service negatived all chance. But my late commanding officer, Lord Rosslyn, and my brother Frank, exerted themselves in my behalf to such purpose that the step, which I never could have purchased, was ultimately given me. The compassion and mercy which I have experienced are wonderfully beautiful, and I trust I am grateful.

My wife's housekeeping resulted in a large saving in my expenses. For many articles I paid one-third or even two-thirds of the previous charges, and indeed very often I paid nothing at all, as she prevented me buying anything myself. It is a singular trait of native servants, that intrust them with all your property, money, jewels, &c., and they will guard it as the apple of their eye. But take charge of it yourself,

and the chances are you will be robbed. They all, good and bad, cheat you right and left in household articles required for daily use, and make you pay three times the proper price. All transactions are carried on on a system of cheating. For instance, the chowkedars or watchmen whom you hire go to sleep every night, and would probably run away at the slightest danger; yet they are a safeguard to your property, for they are nearly all thieves themselves, and the wages you pay them may be regarded as blackmail. One gentleman, on engaging a chowkedar, was told by him that he would not stay at the house, but would leave his shoes in a conspicuous place, which would quite ensure the safety of property. The gentleman took the hint, and never had reason to regret it.

The command of my regiment now devolved on me for at least two years, during the absence of my seniors, and I set to work to the best of my ability to eradicate much evil that had crept in, while my wife took an active part in the management of the school. About this time there had been a great deal of irregularity in the army,—men knocking down non-commissioned officers, and men striking their officers. The bad characters had an idea that they were gainers by committing some crime which would involve them in transportation to Van Diemen's Land, rather than by continuing serving in a country where they would be in constant scrapes and under constant punishment.

Many, in fact, were transported, but others were flogged and imprisoned. They also began to fancy either that no court-martial could award the punishment of death, or else that the Commander-in-Chief would not carry such a sentence into effect. An infantry regiment at Meerut had lately come from New South Wales, and had excited the minds of many wild reckless fellows by their accounts of the delightful climate, and the easy treatment accorded to convict soldiers. A bushranger's life was also thought by many an enjoyable existence, and the prospect of travelling seemed a pleasant change to many. So some resolved to get sent out of India. Consequently the crime of insubordination had become so prevalent throughout the whole army, that a commanding officer never knew when he might be insulted, and the mere awarding of punishment became an exceptionally disagreeable duty. There had been very little of this sort of crime in my regiment, but the contagion of bad example was now to be illustrated. One day a soldier of the name of Palmer was brought before me for absence and selling his kit. He was a good-looking young fellow, but had a sullen, scowling look about him. I was reading his crime, and had not even spoken to him, when I received a blow on the face from a forage-cap which had been thrown at me. At first I could not make it out, and thought I had been struck by some accident, until I heard the exclamation, "Cut him down! cut him down!" when I

saw one of the escort on the point of making a cut at the prisoner, who, however, was collared by the sergeant-major and removed. He was tried by general court-martial, and during the interval between the confirming of the sentence, the whole of the troops were paraded to witness the execution of an artilleryman for striking one of his officers. The poor prisoner of my regiment was obliged to be present at the terrible scene. We were formed up on the plain at daybreak, and the gunner was marched round the parade. His sentence was read out, his eyes were bandaged, he was made to kneel on his coffin, and a firing-party from the Queen's 32d Regiment fired a volley at him at twelve yards' distance at a signal from the provost-sergeant,—apparently, however, without effect, for the kneeling prisoner remained motionless, although subsequent investigation showed he had been struck by three bullets, one of which had passed through the centre of his body. The provost-sergeant, seeing the volley had not been immediately fatal, instantly went forward and fired a pistol close to the prisoner's head, but by some mistake he had been posted within the flank of my regiment, and the provost, in the excitement of his act, was heedless of the direction in which he fired. Consequently the bullet, after passing through the prisoner's head, whistled past me, pierced the cap of a soldier standing behind, and further passed through the cap of his rear-rank man, without, however, inflicting any additional damage.

My own unhappy prisoner was a spectator of the execution, not yet aware of his own sentence; but that very morning it was notified to him that his fate was sealed, and that in three days' time he must suffer a similar death. Next day he sent a request that I would come and see him. Accompanied by the clergyman, I went to his cell. I shook hands with him, and tried to say something consoling, but he burst into tears and was for some time unable to control himself. At last he spoke, and begged that I would not for one moment consider he had any intention of injuring me; that he had acted solely with a view to being transported; and that he had been urged to the deed by another man in the regiment, who suggested that they might get sent out of the country together. "Oh, sir," he concluded, "can you not save me from this terrible death?" I told him I had no power; that his punishment was not for striking me as an individual, but for having used violence against his superior officer. He said, "Well, I thank you for telling me in a straightforward way." He murmured to himself, "Oh, if I could only live! But to be cut off in this way!" and once more his emotion overpowered him. It was heartbreaking, and the only relief to this dreadful scene was a beautiful prayer from the clergyman. I went to see the poor fellow several times before his execution, and he confided to me his sad story.

He was about twenty-seven years old, and having

been left an orphan at an early age, had been brought up by an uncle, a distiller in London. He turned out wild and extravagant, and this uncle had, as a last resource, sent him out as a settler to New South Wales. After he had been there for some time, he became acquainted with a handsome young convict girl who had been transported for stealing, and fell in love with her. He obtained the sanction of the authorities to marry her, and they lived together in harmony until he suddenly had suspicions that she was untrue to him. Maddened with jealousy, he could, he said, almost have murdered her; and at last, fearing lest he should commit some desperate act, he secretly fled from the country and returned to England. Shortly after landing, he enlisted in the 9th Lancers, then on the point of embarking for India, but on arriving at Calcutta he deserted and took passage in a homeward-bound ship. Ere reaching the Cape his identity was discovered by some person on board, and he was sent back to India.

[After rejoining his regiment, he received some correspondence from New South Wales which convinced him of the innocence of his wife, and made him wild to rejoin her. So Sir Hope Grant used to add, when telling me the story, which impressed him more up to the last days of his life than all the scenes of suffering and sorrow which he had witnessed throughout his eventful career.—H. K.]

Poor Palmer died very penitent, trusting fully in

his blessed Saviour. The night before his death he wrote a letter to his relations, which he desired I might see, and from which the following is an extract :—

. . . The crime I have committed, and am under sentence of death for, is for throwing my cap at my commanding officer, which struck him in the face, but I was persuaded to do it by a person [note by Sir H. G.—"One M'Shee, a precious blackguard"] that was in confinement along with me, with a view of getting transported. . . . I hope when the hour comes for me to depart this life, I shall be prepared to meet my God, for I assure you I did it with no ill-will against my commanding officer. But there has been so much disobedience in the army of late that they were obliged to make an example of some one before it went too far. A young man of the artillery was shot yesterday in front of all the soldiers of the station, . . . and I myself was a witness to the whole affair. If I undergo the same punishment, I hope my soul will be at rest. I have not many hours left to make my peace with God.

At daybreak there was once more a general parade on the plain, and as the sun rose the poor fellow was marched in slow time round the three sides of the square. The provost-sergeant, mounted, headed the procession ; then came the band, playing the "Dead March in Saul" ; next the coffin, carried immediately in front of the prisoner ; then the prisoner, accompanied by the clergyman ; and finally the firing-party. When Palmer came opposite his own troop he said to the men, "Farewell, comrades ! I hope this will be a warning to you. I can only say I trust in the mercy

of God through the merits of Jesus Christ," and when opposite to me he bowed respectfully. The march round completed, he was moved to the centre, where his coffin was laid down; the Assistant Adjutant-General read the sentence, and the prisoner advanced and knelt on his coffin. A black handkerchief was then tied over his eyes; the firing-party, consisting of twelve men from his own regiment, were marched on this occasion to within six yards of the prisoner; a volley, and all was over. The scene was concluded by the troops marching past the body in slow time.

About the same time a bad character from the 32d Regiment, who had knocked down a non-commissioned officer while giving evidence against him before a court-martial, was similarly executed. Thus in eight days three men suffered death in this shocking manner. But these punishments, though awful and severe, did great good, and we had no more disgraceful cases of insubordination. Officers no longer had any difficulty in commanding their men. The bad characters arrived at the conclusion that there was little satisfaction in running the risk of being shot for the satisfaction of being transported. In fact, this latter punishment was found to be so little of a deterrent that it was abandoned, and in lieu large prisons were built in different districts where proper restraint could be enforced.

The system of prison discipline, even as applied to natives, seems to have been universally bad. A

horrible Thuggeeism had been prevalent up to a few years previously, and the terrible murders perpetrated in the upper country baffle description.

In Colonel Sleeman's book there is an account of sixty travellers being all "thugged" at the same moment. Along the highroad to Allighur, small buildings have been erected at intervals of two or three miles for movable patrols of native police or chowkedars. But these latter are themselves generally villainous robbers, who, finding themselves unable to carry on their normal occupations, have been employed, wisely on our part, to suppress crime. A short distance from Meerut, a traveller one evening inquired the nearest way to a village where he could pass the night in safety. The chowkedar replied that the distance was far, but that if he chose, he could occupy the bed of a policeman at the station who was temporarily absent. The traveller had about him 200 or 300 rupees, of which the chowkedar presumably became cognisant, and availed himself of the offer on the supposition that a police-station must be his safest refuge. Accordingly he laid himself down on a charpoy (small native bed), but before dropping off to sleep, he became aware of two men talking in a low tone of voice and then suddenly leaving the building. He got up, cautiously followed them in the dark, and in course of time heard them talking about digging a grave. More and more suspicious, he slipped back

to his room, got his things together, and made off as quietly as possible. Meanwhile the policeman whose bed he had occupied returned from his rounds, laid himself down on the charpoy, and went to sleep. The other two scoundrels having finished the grave, returned, and unaware of the change of occupant, proceeded to cut their comrade's throat, and ransacked his body in search of the rupees, when for the first time they found out their mistake. The friends and relations of the murdered man a few days after came to the police-station to know what had become of him, and then they discovered his grave.

CHAPTER VI.

1848–1849.

THE SECOND SIKH WAR—CHILLIANWALLAH AND GOOJERAT.

DISTURBANCES AT MOOLTAN — SIEGE — EPITOME OF SITUATION AND SUBSEQUENT EVENTS — RAMNUGGUR — ENGLISH GUNNER IN SIKH SERVICE—BATTLE OF CHILLIANWALLAH—DISASTROUS CHARGE OF 9TH LANCERS—PANIC—PERSONAL CONFLICT—DISASTROUS LOSSES—SIR HOPE CONFESSES HIS MEN'S PANIC—BRITISH REINFORCED FROM MOOLTAN — NEWSPAPER REPORTS — ARMY MOVES TO GOOJERAT—ATTACKS — BATTLE OF GOOJERAT — *VÆ VICTIS*—ACCOMPANIES SIR COLIN CAMPBELL — PEACE—MOOLRAJ IN CAPTIVITY — "WHAT DID THEY SAY IN ENGLAND?"

Journal.—In May 1848, a serious disturbance took place in the Punjab, in the district of Mooltan, governed by a sort of viceroy, the Dewan Moolraj. He had been ordered to resign his governorship by the Lahore durbar, and had ostensibly agreed. Two of our political agents, Mr Vans Agnew and Mr Anderson, were accordingly sent to Mooltan to supervise the transfer. They proceeded to the local durbar with only a small escort of Sikhs, were treated civilly by Moolraj, and had been transacting their business

satisfactorily, when, on returning to their escort outside the fort, they were attacked by some fanatics and severely wounded. With difficulty they were conveyed to a small adjacent temple, but there they were assailed by some of Moolraj's troops; the Sikh escort deserted them, and they were cruelly massacred. Their heads were cut off, gunpowder was stuffed under their shoulders, and their bodies were then blown up. A conspiracy to murder the European troops and to clear the troops of Feringhees was simultaneously discovered at Lahore. Administration had for some time past been so tranquil, that the authorities could not believe the foregoing intelligence, until they sent to a house where the conspirators were assembled, and then they discovered it to be true. Several of the offenders were arrested, and three were condemned to death. Two, a moonshee and Khan Singh, a general of artillery in Runjeet's time, were hanged. The third was reprieved at the foot of the gallows, on the condition of his making further revelations. Our Government also learned that the Maharanee, mother of Dhuleep Singh, had been guilty of serious misconduct, and much to her disgust she was removed to Benares.

A report had been current that troops were flocking to Moolraj's standard, and that he had an army of 60,000 men, with numerous artillery. However, the discovery of the conspiracy at Lahore materially suppressed an outbreak, and the rebel followers of Mool-

raj, who probably did not find themselves over-well paid, began to desert, so that his forces dwindled down to about 10,000 men.

Mr Edwardes, another Political Agent, known as "Brahminee Bull," from some clever papers he had written under that designation, had been sent to the neighbourhood of Mooltan to collect revenue, and found Moolraj in open rebellion. He therefore collected the forces at the disposal of our Government; the Pathans—(Mahomedans always at variance with the Sikhs) joined the command, and with the help of General Cortlandt and the Bawulpore Rajah, who was favourable to our cause, succeeded in driving Moolraj into the town and fort. Supposing the latter to be but a weak defence, he next applied for a small siege-train, by means of which he anticipated there would be no difficulty in taking the place. Sir Frederick Currie, Resident at Lahore, accordingly requested the Commander-in-Chief to furnish three heavy guns and a small force for the purpose. But to this Lord Gough strongly objected, on the grounds that not only was the time of year unfavourable to the troops, but that the risk of sending so small a detachment through a country swarming with the enemy was great, and that the force would not be sufficient for the capture of such a fortification. He however stated that, if the Resident were still bent on the assistance of additional troops, he would despatch a larger force with guns. The result was that the

Queen's 10th and 32d Regiments, with several corps of native infantry and cavalry, the whole under the command of General Whish, a Company's officer, were ordered to Mooltan. On commencing operations he found that Lord Gough's judgment was justified, and though he captured the enemy's outworks, he found the fort so strong that he was compelled to apply to the Commander-in-Chief for reinforcements, and pending their arrival he was obliged to abandon the positions which had been dearly purchased by the loss of many men and officers. This happened in September 1848, and we were ordered to march forthwith for the Punjab, together with two troops of horse-artillery and a field-battery. The heat was very great. In some of our camping districts there had been no rain for eighteen months; the country was so parched that not a green blade was in existence, and our horses suffered severely in condition. After some countermarching we crossed the Sutlej in the beginning of November.

[Briefly stated, the military situation at the outbreak of the second Sikh war was thus. General Whish was besieging, or rather blockading, Mooltan with a mixed European and native force, which, when raised to an adequate strength, assaulted and captured the fortress, 21st January 1849. Lord Gough had assembled the nucleus of the army, of which he assumed personal command, at Ferozepore. It was gradually reinforced until it amounted to about 12,500 men, of whom one-

fourth were Europeans, and 3500 cavalry, comprising three British regiments.

The main body of the Sikhs under Shere Singh was stationed ten miles from the British camp, and three miles from the right bank of the Chenab, near Ramnuggur. On 22d November Lord Gough marched against this enemy, and encountered a strong detachment on the left bank. The Sikhs gradually withdrew to the other side. But the English general, with impetuous and unskilful haste, thrust forward his attack. The enemy stood at bay while covering their passage, and we executed a succession of cavalry charges in which we suffered severely, especially as regards the 14th Light Dragoons. The Sikh army then abandoned its position, and marched towards the river Jhelum. On the 18th December Lord Gough crossed to the right (north) bank of the Chenab, and marched to Helah. Here he was joined by a force under Thackwell, whom he had previously detached and pushed forward, and who had engaged the enemy at Sadoolapore. On the 12th January 1849 he resumed the offensive, and marched to meet the Sikhs.

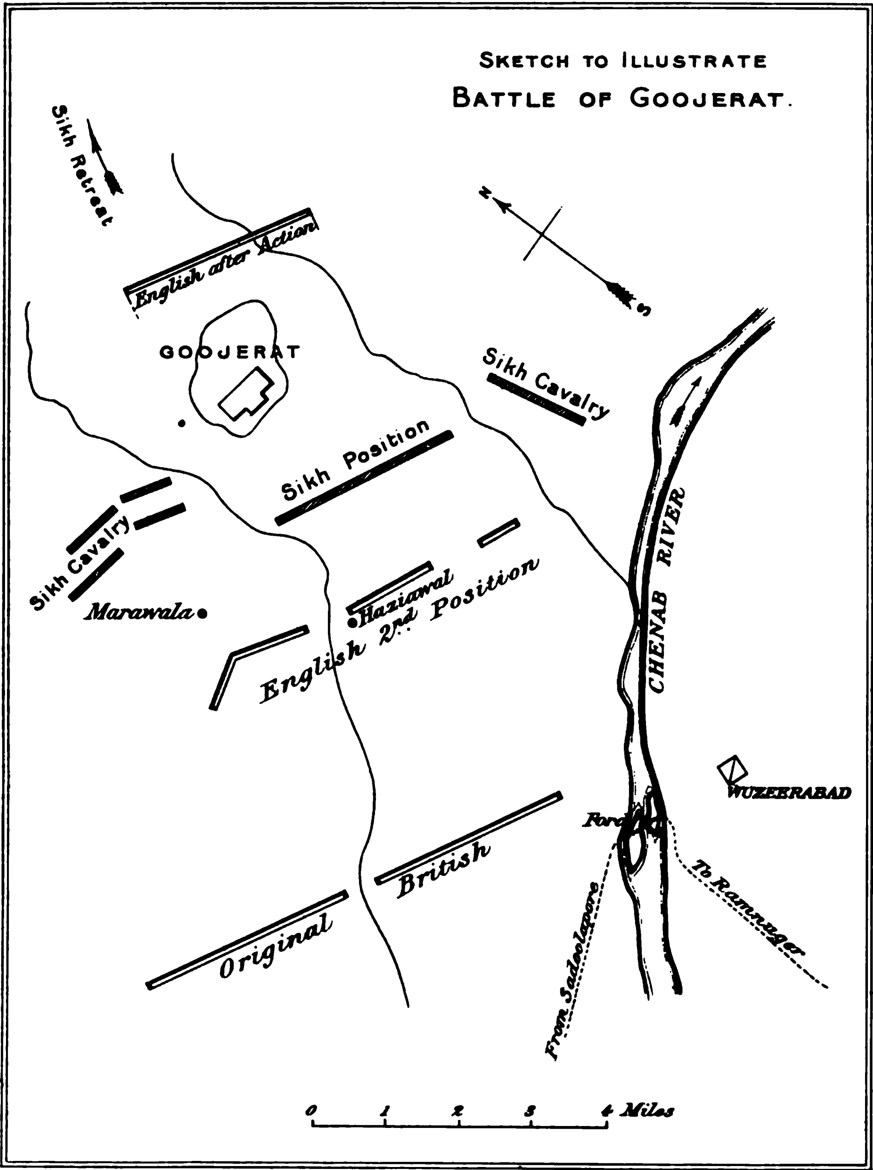
On the afternoon of the 13th January he arrived near the village of Chillianwallah, where the enemy had taken up a position so skilfully disposed and so masked with jungle, that apparently we were only imperfectly acquainted with their array and numbers. Lord Gough had no intention of engaging that after-

noon; but Shere Singh, by skilfully irritating the fiery old English general, succeeded in bringing on a general action. Some of the disasters we sustained at Chillianwallah are related by Sir Hope Grant, others are matters of military history; and though we were not defeated, it can scarcely be said that we achieved practical success.

Our losses were very severe compared to our numbers engaged, for our killed and wounded amounted to 2446. After this untoward event Lord Gough abstained from taking any immediate forward action, and patiently awaited the fall of Mooltan, which occurred on the 21st January 1849.

Reinforced by the troops thus set free, on the 15th February he moved in the direction of Wuzeerabad, the enemy having taken up a new position between Goojerat and the Chenab.

Battle of Goojerat.—On the morning of the 21st the British army was in motion against the enemy. Our line extended over about three miles, and our object was to penetrate the enemy's centre with our right wing and turn his position. The Sikhs opened fire on our advancing troops at an extreme range. The line was halted, and our artillery and skirmishers were pushed to the front. The subsequent advance of the whole British line resulted in our driving them back from every point; their retreat was gradually converted into a rout; and finally they fled in complete disorder. According to Lord Gough's despatch,


SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE
BATTLE OF GOOJERAT.
Sikh Retreat
N
S
English after Action
GOOJERAT
Sikh Cavalry
Sikh Position
Sikh Cavalry
Marawala
Haziawal
English 2nd Position
CHENAB RIVER
WUZEERABAD
Ford
Original British
From Sadoolapore
To Ramnuggur
0 1 2 3 4 Miles

their ranks were broken, their positions carried, and their guns, ammunition, camp equipage, and baggage, were captured. Their flying masses were driven before the English from mid-day to dark, receiving severe punishment in their flight. Our loss was only 671 killed and wounded, and in this instance, at least, our victory was indisputable and complete.

The next morning two British columns—one under Brigadier Colin Campbell,[1] and the other under Sir Walter Gilbert[2]—continued the pursuit, and followed up the enemy with so much vigour that on the 14th March 1849 Shere Singh and the other chief sirdars came into Lord Gough's camp, and all the Sikh officers and soldiers in his force gave up their arms, and surrendered unconditionally. Thus we brought the second Sikh war to a successful conclusion. The Punjab was subsequently annexed to British India.—H. K.]

Journal continued.—As soon as we had crossed the Sutlej, we were joined by two additional regiments under Brigadier Pope, and a few days afterwards arrived at Lahore. From thence in due course we marched to the Commander-in-Chief's camp at Naewalla. On the morning of 22d November we marched with the rest of the army towards Ramnuggur, twelve miles distant, near the river Chenab, where Brigadier Campbell's force had taken up a

[1] Afterwards Lord Clyde.
[2] Lieut.-General Sir Walter Gilbert, G.C.B., died 1853.

position, and from whence we heard a great cannonading. On reaching our objective point, we found that the cavalry had by some mistake been ordered to clear a strong body of the enemy out of a nullah; that the 14th Light Dragoons, a splendid regiment, had charged down into it, had come under fire of the Sikh guns, and before it could be recalled had suffered severely, having left forty-nine killed and wounded on the ground. Their colonel, Brigadier Havelock,[1] than whom there was no finer fellow in the army, had lost his life in the affair. We had also sustained a heavy loss in the death of Brigadier-General Cureton, Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops, and commanding the cavalry division. He had gone into the nullah to endeavour to stop the 14th from getting involved in this difficulty, when he received a shot in his chest, and fell from his horse dead. A troop of horse-artillery had suffered a reverse, and had left one gun and all its ammunition-waggons in the hands of the enemy. We arrived in the midst of this conflict, but were not brought into action. The enemy had taken possession of the fords of the Chenab, and had intrenched their guns on the opposite bank. Accordingly Lord Gough brought into action against them some 24- and 18-pounders, and some 8½-inch howitzers, which compelled them to abandon their position, and to retire

[1] Brother of Sir H. Havelock, who so brilliantly distinguished himself during the Indian Mutiny.

for a distance of about a couple of miles. But they still retained possession of the fords. Moreover, they had other two batteries which our guns were unable to silence.

On 1st December, Lord Gough ordered a division, under Sir Joseph Thackwell, to proceed twelve miles up the river, and to cross at a ford which was supposed to be safe. But this was not found practicable; so Sir Joseph continued his march to Wuzeerabad, twenty-one miles distant, and there took across the river a force consisting of two European regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, thirty guns, and several native regiments. His further object was to march down the other side, and to dislodge the enemy from the position they had taken up opposite to our main body.

Our regiment and the 14th Light Dragoons were directed to cross at Ramnuggur simultaneously with Sir Joseph's attack, as it was supposed the enemy would then find the fords untenable.

On the morning of the 3d December I happened to be field-officer of the day, and my duty stationed me in one of our batteries, with a 24-pounder blazing away all day and all night close to my ear. Knowing that I should be planted there for twenty-four hours, I sent word of my trouble to the brigadier of the day, Colonel Mountain, who was also a great friend of mine, and he wrote me a line promising to do his best for me. At about twelve o'clock I saw

my regiment turn out and march along the front of the camp; and as their route lay within my beat, I got on my horse and galloped up to it. There I heard the grateful intelligence that the 9th Lancers were not to proceed without me, but that I was to be relieved of my post as field-officer of the day, and to accompany my regiment. Very shortly afterwards, however, our march was countermanded, and I had to return to my battery, amusing myself watching our shot striking the opposite river-bank, and listening for the sound of Sir Joseph's attack.

During the day I spent in the Ramnuggur batteries, I had a long conversation with a communicative, pleasant, old artillery fellow. He told me that, during the Gwalior campaign, the 3d Buffs were ordered to capture some guns which were blazing away at them, and advanced to the attack most gallantly. When close to the muzzles they saw a gunner, dressed in the usual Eastern costume, standing with a lighted match ready to fire in their faces; but he shouted out in English, "I am an Englishman; save my life, and I will not fire." One of the Buffs' sergeants rushed forward, and exclaiming, "I will treat you as you deserve," first fired his musket right into the man, and then pinned him with his bayonet. But as the victim was in the act of falling, the lighted match fell, apparently by accident, on the vent of the piece, which went off and destroyed fourteen or fifteen soldiers. The native artillery-

man proved to have been one of our old soldiers, who had deserted many years previously.

At last we heard other guns booming, but still the enemy held the fords, and we remained on the south side of the river. Let me now revert to an outline of Sir Joseph's operations. His force, after crossing the river, had advanced in columns of brigades at deploying intervals with a strong advanced-guard, and both flanks protected by cavalry, behind which the guns were masked. Three villages, in a line which cut across the direction of our march, were occupied by Brigadier-General Campbell, with a company of infantry in each, when unhappily Sir Joseph received a despatch from the Commander-in-Chief, desiring him not to advance beyond a certain point until he had been reinforced by the 9th Lancers and 14th Light Dragoons [see *ante*, p. 127]. Now Sir Joseph had already overshot the limit indicated, and he therefore withdrew the companies from the villages and fell back a few hundred yards. Thereupon the enemy advanced and opened a heavy cannonade. Our guns did not reply for some time, but at last they came into action, and quickly silenced the Sikhs. Sir Joseph, however, in consequence of the last order he had received, considered himself precluded from following up his success, and the enemy, unmolested, withdrew every single gun and all their baggage.

The next morning we discovered they had abandoned the ford, and the Commander-in-Chief directed

us to cross immediately and join Sir Joseph's force, which had encamped near the site of the recent engagement. This was accomplished with difficulty, as the ford was deep; and when we joined the force we found our provisions in great request, as the famished officers of Sir Joseph's division had scarcely had anything to eat during the past two or three days, their own supplies not having yet come up. The following morning I was ordered by Sir Joseph to follow up the enemy, and to capture any of his guns I might come across. The 9th Lancers, 5th Cavalry, and a troop of horse-artillery, were put under my command; but the Sikhs had had too long a start, and after we had reached a large tract of jungle, where we could scarcely move, I considered it advisable to return. We got back to camp at about 5 P.M.

We now learned that the enemy had taken up a position in the jungle near a village called Mong, about fifteen miles to our front. They occupied a range of low hills intersected with deep nullahs, and with the village of Russoul as a central point, three miles from the river Jhelum. Patrols were sent out daily to ascertain the enemy's exact movements. They generally consisted of small parties of cavalry, and pushed five or six miles to our front and left rear, as this latter was considered our most vulnerable point. These patrols in turn threw out reconnoitring parties of a non-commissioned officer and six men to a similar distance of six miles. The

whole force thus daily engaged used to get back to camp shortly after sunset. We were obliged to wait thus inactively until the fall of Mooltan should reinforce us with a reserve; but the poor fellows in the cavalry had hard work at picket and patrol duty. We had only six cavalry regiments, one of which was an Irregular corps, and we were called on to cover a great extent of ground. The enemy never molested us, except in the shape of isolated marauders trying to steal our camels, of which we lost several. We had an immense number, and they used to stray far into the jungle, so theft was easy.

On 12th January 1849 the whole army received orders to march, and on 13th our camping-ground was fixed at Dinghi, about three miles from the enemy's position. Our march lay through a jungle. We moved by brigades, and the 9th Lancers were on the extreme right of the whole force. As our army was laying out its camp near the village of Chillianwallah, the enemy in the jungle opened on us with their artillery, at which the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Gough, grew so irate that he ordered the whole line to deploy, though it was late in the day to attack the enemy. Our brigade consisted of the 9th Lancers on the extreme right,[1] the 1st Native Cavalry, the 6th Native Cavalry, and the 14th Light

[1] *I.e.*, in the first instance. Later in the fight this arrangement became somewhat modified.

Dragoons. Two troops of horse-artillery accompanied us, one of which was posted in close proximity to the 14th Light Dragoons, and the other with two 9th Lancer squadrons; and three troops from each of the native regiments were detached to protect our right flank, against which clouds of the enemy's cavalry were seen approaching. Owing to the thickness of the jungle we could scarcely see or hear anything for ourselves, but were conforming to the movements, when suddenly the native regiment on our left flank began to cheer and to charge, and we followed their movements. I could see little of the enemy, except a party of cavalry in red jackets, who at the time I supposed to be our own Irregular Cavalry, for they were proceeding in the same direction as ourselves. By some unaccountable circumstance there was a check in our line from the left; the men began to retire, and my two squadrons finding this, without a word from me also went about. In the excessive dust and jungle the men soon got confused and mixed up with other regiments, and notwithstanding all my efforts, it was impossible for some time to rally them. The enemy's cavalry now came about us in great numbers, and fastened like hornets upon any poor fellow they could pick out, waiting for their opportunity behind trees and bushes, whereby many of our men became an easy prey to an enemy expert in the use of the sword. Keep our men in a body, and nothing can beat them; but if they be separated

in a jungle, with an enemy three times their number, and used to this description of fighting, then they stand but a poor chance.

It seems that the Sikh cavalry had come down on our left flank with a considerable force, and that the 14th Light Dragoons, instead of being held back until our guns had opened on the enemy, charged, but were driven back. In their retreat they rode through the battery, knocked one gun over, and threw the whole into confusion. The six pieces were captured by the enemy, and about seventy artillery-men killed. Captain Christie, their commanding officer, received a severe wound, of which he died a few days after. I had an encounter with a Sikh. Three or four were in a group; the centre fellow attacked me, and gave me a stroke with his sword, which cut through the sleeve of a woollen jacket I was wearing, but did not wound me. Seeing some of my men approaching, my assailant wheeled his horse round and bolted. The whole of the Sikh race allow their hair to grow as long as possible, and I shall never forget the wild appearance of one of their horsemen whose turban had been struck off during the action. His flowing jet-black hair streaming about his face, his aspect of the most deadly sombre hue, the drunken "banged"[1] expression of his eyes, and in fact his generally demoniac countenance, imparted to him a most unearthly appearance.

[1] *Bang*, a native spirit.

Soon afterwards our men rallied, but the loss we had sustained in guns and gunners was a severe blow. Our men were most anxious to charge the enemy and make a name for themselves, but our recent unfortunate encounter put this out of their power. I have suffered much at times, but my sorrow on this occasion was not to be expressed. Happily I trusted to that great God who rules all things, and He, in His great mercy, relieved me.

The rest of the army fought well, and took and spiked many guns, but could only bring away twelve pieces, in addition to recovering two of our own, in consequence of the evening closing in. Our force suffered severely in this unhappy action—2264 killed and wounded. The 24th Queen's, a very fine regiment lately arrived from England, went into action over 1000 strong, and lost 220 killed and 325 wounded, amongst whom were thirteen officers killed and eleven wounded, four of the slain being field-officers. The regiment advancing through the jungle, came up to a sheet of water impassable for the further progress of the centre of our line. The enemy's artillery fire from the other side inflicted such loss in men and officers that the regiment was obliged to retire, whereupon the Sikh cavalry fell on them and cut them up fearfully. Brigadier Pennycuick, who was also the senior colonel of the 24th, was shot down. A private of the grenadier company attempted to carry him off in his arms, but being hard pressed

by the Sikhs, and ascertaining that his colonel was dead, he abandoned the corpse. Lieutenant Pennycuick, a fine young fellow and son of the Brigadier, defended his father's body until he in turn was hacked to death.

[I may here appropriately point out to the non-military reader that the designations of our distinguished English infantry regiments have within the last few years been entirely changed. By the help, however, of the Army List index, not much more complex than tables of logarithms, and a certain number of references, it is possible to identify these corps of brilliant historical renown under the commercial or agricultural appellations now assigned to them.—H. K.]

We passed the night bivouacking on the battle-field, and, which was worse, rain began to fall. I lay down under a thin cloak, and slept for a few minutes; but I was soon awakened by terrible cramp, and barely succeeded in keeping it off by walking about.

Next day we still remained on the ground where we had fought, but we substituted a camp for a bivouac. The rain soon came down in tremendous torrents, and the whole camp was in a perfect swamp, so that for some days it was impossible even to ride through it. I was called on by the general of the cavalry division to send in a report, for the information of the Commander-in-Chief, concerning the

retirement of my two squadrons before the enemy. This no doubt was a difficult task, and it caused me much sorrow. But I knew the only way was to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as well as I could. Accordingly I wrote the following letter :—[1]

CHILLIANWALLAH CAMP, 15*th Jan.* 1849.

SIR,—I have the honour to report, for the information of Major-General Sir Joseph Thackwell, K.C.B., that two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, in the action of the 13th instant, were in line on the extreme right of the four regiments constituting the 3d brigade of cavalry. The other two squadrons were detached on another duty to protect Colonel Lane's troop of artillery, which was thrown back to cover our right flank. The two squadrons which I took command of, on the right of the 2d brigade, were proceeding on steadily, and changing their direction a little to the left, when the native cavalry began to cheer and charge. I confess at the time I could see no enemy, except a party of about fifty horsemen a good deal to our right flank, which, from having red coats on, in the distance I took to be some of our own Irregular Horse, as they were apparently going in the same direction with ourselves. The 9th Lancers were

[1] Of course transcribed verbatim. Sir Hope has already narrated the incident, but in view of the interest attached to it, I have thought a repetition of it advisable.

dressing upon the 6th Light Cavalry, I think, and they of course increased their pace and brought their lances down to the guard. There were some few of the enemy now seen in our front, but nothing in the force to stop any body of Europeans; and I had an encounter with one of them, and received two blows with a sword, but not sufficient to cut through more than the *murzir* which I wore. The two squadrons were going along with the line steadily, and no hesitation was evinced; on the contrary, the flank-men were engaged with some of the enemy, and doing their duty, when the whole line checked and went about from the left, and my squadrons, certainly without a word from me, turned round too; but the jungle and dust might make some excuse for the men, as it was difficult to hear, and in many cases to see. The dust upon this movement became very great, and the men of my regiment got mixed up with the other regiments; and though I did all in my power to stop them, ordering them to halt and front, and many of the officers in the regiment did the same, it was useless. They would not turn round; they appeared, after having gone about, to have got panic-struck. I grieve greatly to make this report of my regiment, as I did consider them, and even do so still, as fine a set of soldiers as there are in the army. But it was one of those wonderful coincidences which there is no accounting for. I

grieve too for myself, as it must ruin my prospects in life.[1]—I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,

J. Hope Grant,
Lt.-Colonel, &c., &c.

To the Assistant Adjutant-General,
Cavalry Brigade.

This letter was considered satisfactory by Sir J. Thackwell, and by the Commander-in-Chief. It was forwarded to the Horse-Guards, where, as I afterwards learned from high authority, it was equally favourably regarded.

The enemy still held a position along a hill intersected with ravines and broken ground. Our own camp was only three miles distant, surrounded with jungle, and in a situation by no means desirable. We were, moreover, so reduced in numbers, having not more than 2000 effective European infantry, that the Commander-in-Chief did not deem it advisable to attack the powerful enemy, whom we could not claim to have defeated in the last battle, until we had been reinforced by troops from Mooltan, and Mooltan had not yet fallen. On the other hand, so many of the enemy's guns had been spiked, that they were unable for the present to take the initiative against us. Shortly after I received a confidential order from Sir J. Thackwell to proceed with four squadrons of

[1] I would call the attention of those who may chance to have studied elsewhere the details of the battle to the generous reticence of Sir Hope concerning the 14th Light Dragoons. It is unhappily certain that these latter were at least as much panic-stricken as the 9th Lancers.

European cavalry, one regiment of native cavalry, and one of irregular cavalry, to Heylah, to escort 4000 camels, and to bring back a large quantity of supplies. I was instructed to start at night, and to exercise the greatest caution, as it was surmised that a body of Sikh cavalry was concealed in the jungle in our rear. We began our march at 9 P.M., and the risk we faced may be appreciated by the fact that the line of march of our advanced and rear guards, with 4000 camels in the interval, extended over three miles, and that under favour of the jungle a small body of horse might have made a dash at our centre and captured any number of animals before I could have brought up troops to the point of attack. During our return march next morning, some of the enemy made their appearance in our rear; but they evidently thought we were too strong for them, and we reached camp with our supplies unmolested. After we had occupied our position for about a fortnight, many old and wise officers urged the Commander-in-Chief to fall back to Dinghi, seven miles in our rear, more secure in a tactical point of view, and advantageous as clearing our communications with Ramnuggur, the base of our supplies. But Lord Gough did not approve of retreating before an enemy whom he had often beaten before. Moreover, such a march might have compromised our baggage. Meanwhile the enemy remained quiescent, and never attempted to disturb us beyond potting at our vedettes

every day from ten to four. We were not very strong in artillery, and were unable to stir until reinforced. Our camp was therefore strongly intrenched with breastworks, and with redoubts armed with artillery.

At last the welcome news arrived that Mooltan had fallen, and the troops hitherto employed in the siege were instantly ordered to proceed by forced marches, which, however, could not be shortened to less than eighteen days, to join Lord Gough's army. In addition, the 53d Queen's were directed to reinforce us. The enemy had secured the mountain-pass on the route between Jhelum and Goojerat, about four miles to our right flank, and were covering their main body at Russoul. One night they marched their whole force by the back of the hills and through this pass to Goojerat, without our having the slightest idea either of their intentions or of the movement itself. The next morning the atmosphere was obscured by a thick haze, and we were in such utter ignorance of the departure of the Sikhs, that several officers — myself among the number—refused to credit the fact until we rode up to the enemy's former position, where scarcely a sign of their occupation remained, except their batteries and intrenchments. The range of low hills was intersected with ravines, and every point accessible from the plains was so effectively defended with parapets and thorn-bushes in the immediate front, that to have broken through this line

would have been almost impossible. In rear their position was similarly protected by commanding eminences and ravines, and was equally impregnable. It was some time before we could discover why they had quitted their strong position, and where they had gone; but information was soon brought in that they were encamped round the town of Goojerat. It was also stated that their difficulty in obtaining supplies was the cause of their departure. This had undoubtedly been the case. But they also considered, and with very good reason, that they had had the best of the three last engagements, and our lively newspapers had been filled with accounts of the great bravery of the Sikhs. It was, moreover, declared that we had never met with similar foes among Orientals; that the fate of England was trembling in the balance; and that, in fact, the country was slipping out of our hands. Of course these statements were translated and disseminated in the enemy's camp, and their effect was to turn the wise heads of these Eastern chiefs and of their advisers. Spies brought in rumours that they intended to march on Lahore and to sack it on a propitious day. By this time, however, Brigadier Markham's brigade from Mooltan had reached Ramnuggur, and our whole force marched to Kunjah, six miles from Goojerat. From an adjacent hill we could descry the enemy's camp. Further reinforcements began to drop in from Mooltan, and by the 19th February our army consisted of about

20,000 men, of whom 8000 were Europeans. Then we moved still nearer to the enemy, and on 20th February threw forward our right wing across a deep nullah. It had been doubted whether the Sikhs would await an attack from our fine force, but their confidence proved unshaken.

On the morning of the 21st February we formed in line of battle, and advanced along the nullah. As we approached, the enemy opened on us from a long range; but our 18-pounders and heavy howitzers on our right told severely on their centre, and one of their divisions, which had been posted down in the nullah, was dislodged by an enfilading artillery-fire which Brigadier Campbell brought to bear on them. The 2d Europeans, in General Gilbert's division, captured the village of Kalza, strongly held by the enemy, in which operation the attacking party suffered severely. My regiment was on the left, with the 3d Light Dragoons, the Scinde Horse, some native cavalry, and two troops of horse-artillery. On the enemy's opposite flank were large bodies of cavalry, and when the Sikhs made their last attempt at a general advance, this cavalry cheered and charged towards us. Thereupon Sir Joseph Thackwell ordered a squadron of the 9th Lancers and the Scinde Horse, covered by another squadron of the 9th, the whole under my command, to attack to the front. Our men drove at this force and routed it, killing about forty men. The Sikh infantry in their

advance were so mauled by the hail of our artillery-fire, that they gave way in headlong flight.

Our cavalry and horse-artillery were ordered to pursue, and we followed up the enemy until it was nearly dark. It was horrible work, slaughtering these wretched fugitives, who had taken refuge in trees and in the standing corn, hoping to evade discovery. I saw one man who had thrown aside his arms, and who with clasped hands was beseeching mercy. Some of our men seemed inclined to spare his life, whereupon a dismounted man of the 3d Light Dragoons, without uttering a word, went close up to him, and with his carbine shot him through the body. At another spot a fakir was bathing in a tank, and apparently heedless of danger. One of the 3d Light Dragoons approached to within forty yards of him and took a deliberate shot at him, but missed. The fakir still took little notice, so another man fired a second shot and hit the poor wretch, who fell into the water, struggled for a few moments, and then sank. Our men were enraged with the Sikhs, owing to the brutal manner in which they had slaughtered our wounded at Chillianwallah. During the pursuit the Sikh cavalry rallied round some guns, but a few shells dispersed them, and six pieces were captured. The next day we again followed up the enemy, and eleven more guns were picked up at different places.

A strong division was subsequently sent, under the

command of Major-General Gilbert, to pursue the enemy. But they had crossed the river Jhelum before he could reach them. He therefore marched six or seven miles higher up, to a ford where the river separates into five channels, and where it is said Alexander crossed the "Hydaspes,"[1] as it was then called. He followed up the Sikhs through the pass of Buckrala, where they had broken up the road, which, however, was soon rendered practicable once more. One of his brigadiers, Mountain, in putting his pistol into his holster-pipe, accidentally discharged it, and the bullet passed through his hand, wounding him so severely that it was necessary to send him to the rear, and my friend, Brigadier-General Colin Campbell, was appointed to replace him.

My senior officer, Lieut.-Colonel Fullerton, now rejoined from England, and assumed command of the regiment. I therefore had now very little to occupy me, and as the enemy had entirely cleared out of our neighbourhood, I obtained leave to accompany General Campbell part of his route as far as Rotas, an old fortress about twelve miles on the other side of the Jhelum. Our party consisted of the General, Haythorne,[2] A.D.C., Anson, and myself, with an escort of Irregular horse. A kinder man

[1] "Vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes."
—HORACE, Book I., Ode xxii.

[2] General Sir Edmund Haythorne died 1888.

and a better soldier than Campbell it would indeed be hard to find. At Chillianwallah he bore the brunt of the action with one of his brigades. He was hit on the left side of the chest, but a small pocket-pistol intercepted the bullet, and thus saved his life. Pushing through the jungle, he suddenly came close to a gun which the enemy were in the act of withdrawing, whereupon he rode towards one of the drivers with the intention of cutting him down. But the native slipped off his horse, snatched up a loaded musket lying on the ground, and fired straight at him, but missed. He then inflicted a severe slash on the General's arm, when one of the 61st Queen's came up and shot him dead. On our present route we came across several Sikhs who had abandoned their retreating army and were making their way home; many scowled at us sullenly and furtively, and produced no pleasant sensation if one encountered them in a wild pass, with our escort not close at hand. However, we left them alone, and they did not attempt to molest us.

At a temple I saw several priests whose hair, when unrolled, measured a length of eight feet. There was also a wounded Sikh lying in a corner of a hovel. He had been shot through the thigh, and from want of proper treatment mortification had set in, and he looked terribly emaciated; but a surgeon assured me that in this condition the leg would sometimes drop off and the patient recover, so wonderfully does na-

ture sometimes effect her own cures. While we were on the banks of the river we witnessed the capsizing of a boat full of people. We befriended one of those rescued. He was in a sad plight and trembling with cold, so we took him to our tent and offered him a glass of brandy, which, as a Mussulman, he at first refused to touch. By designating it as physic, however, his prejudices gave way; he drank it off with considerable relish, and being further cheered with a rupee, he seemed to care little for his recent peril and ducking. We were followed by a regular pack of hounds (pariahs), which joined us at every village through which we passed, in twos and threes, attracted by scraps thrown about the camping-places. I took possession of one singular little animal, looking like a fox, very good-tempered and rather engaging. I kept him tied up for several days, fed him and made much of him, to which he responded in a friendly manner. But when I tried the experiment of letting him loose, his gipsy habits asserted their sway, and quitting me, he resumed his wandering life.

We took possession, without opposition, of Rotas, a large half-ruined fort situated on a lofty precipitous eminence. After a short stay at the fortress we returned to our camp, where we learned that General Gilbert had pursued the enemy so vigorously that Dost Mahomed, the Afghan chief who had thus far supported the Sikhs, came to the conclusion that they would embarrass him, and stopped them enter-

ing his territory, by preventing them crossing the Indus. Shere Singh, almost all the sirdars, and about 17,000 men, laid down their arms and surrendered. A few days after Shere Singh and his father, Chutter Singh, were marched as prisoners past our camp on the way to Lahore, fallen in the eyes of the world, and not even deemed of sufficient importance to require a separate guard. Their faces were swathed in their turbans, leaving their eyes only visible. Before crossing the river, they were deprived of what weapons they had still been allowed to retain, and then turned adrift with orders to make their way to Lahore. What a degradation to men who, a short time before, had been treated like princes or emperors! But the Most High saw fit to humble them. General Gilbert followed the Sikhs up to Peshawur, but they never attempted to make a stand, and fled through the Khyber Pass with all possible speed.

My regiment was detailed with the force to be quartered at Wuzeerabad, and I easily obtained six months' leave to go to the Hills, where my wife had been living during the campaign. The Assistant Commissioner put at the disposal of myself and three travelling companions a state coach which had belonged to Runjeet Singh. We started with four excellent horses, ridden by two very neat postilions dressed in English turn-out, with top-boots, leather breeches, and scarlet jackets; but in consequence of their

black faces, long flowing beards, and fine turbans, they looked as much out of place as a European officer in uniform looks on an elephant. However, they rode sixty-one miles without changing riders, —a performance which would somewhat astonish English post-boys. I made a halt at Lahore, and during my stay there I saw Moolraj, the former Governor of Lahore, and Narrain Singh, who were in prison on the charge of having caused the murder at Mooltan of our two Political Officers, Messrs Anderson and Vans Agnew. Moolraj was seated by himself, smoking a hookah, greatly dejected, and taking no notice until he was informed that a "burra sahib" had called to pay him a visit. Then he rose, turned towards me, bowed, and resumed his seat without uttering a word. He was a gentlemanlike, dignified-looking man, and I could not help feeling sorry for the fallen viceroy.

[The following letter from Sir Hope Grant's old China general represents the light in which Goojerat was then regarded in England :—]

LONDON, 23*d April* 1849.

MY DEAR GRANT,—Many thanks for your kind and interesting letter written after Goojerat, and I need not tell you how happy I am, and all old soldiers here are, at old Gough coming so well out of all his troubles; for make what you will of him, he is as gallant an old fellow with as good nerve as ever lived, and the nonsense they have written here about him in the newspapers is quite disgusting, though it does not surprise me when I remem-

ber[1] the way in which they abused the Duke after Talavera and some of his early victories. . . .

[Concerning Chillianwallah.] From the sketch of the fight which Haythorne sent me, it is quite clear that but for Campbell's brilliant conduct and the gallantry of his division, most likely the army would have had much the worst of it at Chillianwallah; but now I should say that for the present at least the Sikhs have been fairly worsted and disposed of for this campaign, and I conclude that Lord Gough, having taken his measures for securing the country for the present, will proceed to Calcutta to give over his command to Sir Charles Napier. . . .

In the last battle, Goojerat, the enemy do not seem to have made such a stand in any part of their position as at any time to have made the result at all doubtful, and most likely, if we do not weaken our force too much, they will hardly dare to make a fresh attempt next cold season. At all events, Sir Charles Napier is not the man to be taken unawares in a matter of this sort, although he is likely enough to get into hot water with the Governor-General on the score of expense; for after all, half of our checks that we have lately had in that distant country are fairly to be traced to adopting the saving system too soon.

. . . The thanks of the House is to be moved to-morrow, but as this letter must go to-day, . . . I do not know, nor have I heard at all, what they propose to do for the now victorious army.—Yours very truly, SALTOUN.

[1] Lord Saltoun was an old Peninsular officer.

CHAPTER VII.

1849–1851.

PEACE SERVICE IN INDIA.

LORD GOUGH SUPERSEDED BY SIR CHARLES NAPIER—NAPIER, OUTRAM, AND CAMPBELL—NAPIER'S EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL ORDER—VISIT TO BATTLE - FIELDS — SICK LEAVE — UNEXPECTED PROMOTION — TRAVELLING IN A BOAT—SIR CHARLES NAPIER AND HIS FAMILY —HIS ESCAPE AT MEEANEE—ENGLISH CHURLISHNESS AND PARSEE CHIVALRY—MALTA—HOME.

Journal. — Lord Gough had sent his resignation home immediately after the battle of Goojerat, but England had been in such a state of excitement after Chillianwallah, fearing that India would be lost, that Sir Charles Napier was instantly ordered out to supersede him. Sir Charles himself told me that the Duke of Wellington had said to him, "Either you or I must go out;" and accordingly he started, and on arriving in India, was immediately placed in command of the army, without any communication having been made to Lord Gough. Sir Charles, on arrival at Simla, took great trouble to explain to him the reasons for his supercession, and that he

had no option but to assume command. The good old proud General was, however, greatly nettled, and felt the Duke's behaviour to him severely. There does not exist a more noble or gallant soldier than Lord Gough, and though perhaps he was not a first-rate general, he had at all events been on various occasions a very successful commander.

Sir Charles had not grown less singular-looking since I last saw him in 1846, and he well deserved the name of the "Brother to the Devil" which the natives of Scinde had given him. He began by making great reforms in the army, and published wild, extraordinary, but talented orders, much to the point, very severe, but always hitting the right nail on the head. The native service had become very slack, and it was much regretted that his command in the country was of such short duration. I must, however, admit that worthy Sir Charles had not much talent for cookery, and his dinners were really exceedingly *maigre*.

[About this time Sir Hope received intimation that for his services during the second Sikh war he had been promoted to the rank of Brevet Lieut.-Colonel. His old friend, Sir Colin Campbell, thus alludes to the circumstance:—

RAWUL PINDEE, *July* 24, 1849.

MY DEAR GRANT,— . . . I congratulate you on your promotion, and I do so with all my heart. It is the most important step in the service for an officer to obtain; for none, save it be an A.D.C. to the Sovereign,—and that is not

now probable, considering your services and career,—can hereafter pass over you; and this feeling is one of exceeding comfort to the mind of a soldier who is without much interest, and can lay no other claim to consideration than what his own merits and services . . . are likely to command. For these are not always sure to make such an officer be considered, if interest in opposition should step in with her own favourite in her hand. The latter, I fear, would carry the day.

They have made me a K.C.B. I may confess to you that I would much rather have got a year's *batta,* because the latter would enable me to leave this country a year sooner, and to join some friends of early days whom I love very much, and in whose society I would like to spend the period which may yet remain to me between the camp and the grave. The day I leave this country will terminate my military career. You would have been glad to see the promotion of dear and good Haythorne. God bless you, my dear Grant.—Believe me, most sincerely yours,

C. CAMPBELL.

RAWUL PINDEE, *July* 24, 1849.

MY DEAR MRS GRANT,— . . . Our dear and good Chief, Sir Charles Napier, would, I fear, deem me fit for a lunatic asylum were I to ask him to leave my post for the purpose [of coming to pay Sir Hope Grant a visit]. Pray tell your dear husband . . . there does not exist a more truly kind-hearted, more chivalrously honourable, or a better man, . . . or one more highly gifted in all respects, than Sir Charles Napier. He is a nobleman of God's kind and making, and only requires to be known to be liked. Tell Grant not to mind any idle stories he may hear to his disadvantage.

Here I have been talking about an old gentleman, and, in my anxiety to have him rightly understood by your husband, I was nigh forgetting the main object of writing—viz., to congratulate you on dear Grant's promotion [to the rank

of Lieut.-Colonel]. . . . The manner and occasion chosen to confer it on him will be regarded as highly honourable to him as a soldier by the profession at large.—Yours very sincerely, C. CAMPBELL.

Sir Colin Campbell had been brigade-major to Sir Charles Napier in Scinde in 1845, and the two were old and fast friends, the junior entertaining for his Chief an enthusiastic admiration which could scarcely have failed to assume the complexion of partisanship. After Meanee, Sir Charles considered he had reason to find the gravest fault with one of his lieutenants, Colonel, subsequently the noble Sir James, Outram, and on him he bestowed censure of such a nature that it can only be called obloquy. It cannot be doubted on whose side of the controversy Campbell enlisted himself. In 1857, Lord Clyde and Sir James Outram once more met, during the Mutiny, in the respective positions of Chief and subordinate. We may assume that both these distinguished officers ostensibly ignored the bitterness of former days. And yet there was a manifest want of cordiality—there was even a coolness—on the part of Clyde towards the Bayard of India. On the occasion of the recapture of Lucknow, a large number of the rebels effected their escape across the Goomtee, on which occasion Clyde applied to Outram disapprobation scarcely tempered with generosity.—H. K.]

Journal continued.—On rejoining my regiment at Wuzeerabad in October, I was obliged to leave my

wife at Simla, as English ladies were not yet allowed to enter the Punjab. Colonel Fullerton was in command, and I found, to my sorrow, that the health of the men had suffered a great deal during the past twelve months. Seventy had died, being considerably more than we had lost at Meerut within a similar period. The drill season was in full swing, and Sir Charles began his inspections at the different stations, and amongst others, at Lahore, where he had a grand review. The troops, however, did not work well; and amongst the native force were many regiments which apparently had never been together in a body. The fiery General grew very irate. He pitched into commanding officers in a most unmerciful manner, and issued the following General Order:—

General Order by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief.

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP LAHORE,
15th December 1849.

At the late review of the troops on the plain of Mean Meer, the following grievous deficiencies were evident to all:—

1st. That some commanders of regiments were unable to bring their regiments properly into the general line.

2d. One commanding officer of a regiment attempted to wheel his whole regiment as he would a company.

3d. Several officers commanding companies were seen disordering their companies by attempting to dress them from the wrong flank.

4th. When the line was ordered to be formed on the left column, some commanders deployed too soon and ordered their lines, thus improperly formed, to "double quick" in

order to regain their position. This was all bad; but it was worse to see these regiments, on receiving the word to "double quick," at once charge with loud shouts, no such order to charge having been given by any one, nor the word "prepare to charge"; nor did anything occur to give a pretext for such a disgraceful scene, exhibiting both want of drill and discipline.

5th. Bad as this was, it was not the worst. When those regiments chose to charge, the Commander-in-Chief, to his astonishment, beheld the men discharging their firelocks straight up in the air; and he saw some men of the rear-rank actually firing off their muskets to the rear over their shoulders, as their bearers—he will not call them soldiers—were running to the front. He feels assured that no such scene could have occurred in any other regiments in the army. If ever such again happens, he will expose the commanding officer of any regiment that so disgraces itself, in public orders, to the whole of the Indian army.

In the course of his service he never before witnessed such a scene. No commander could go into action with a regiment capable of such conduct, without feeling certain that it would behave ill. The Commander-in-Chief will therefore hold commanding officers responsible—for they alone are to blame—that any soldier who shouts, or charges, or fires without orders, be instantly seized, tried at once by a drum-head court-martial, and the sentence executed on the spot. Courts-martial which try such dangerous offenders will, the Commander-in-Chief has no doubt, uphold military discipline and military honour against outrageous and criminal disorder.

This order may be deemed severe. The Commander-in-Chief means it to be so, for he will not pass over without animadversion faults which, if tolerated, would, in the event of war, produce certain defeat to this army. The reviews which the Commander-in-Chief makes of the troops are not to be taken as so many "chips in porridge." They are made

for the purpose of ascertaining what officers are fit to command battalions, and there being no want of such in the Indian army, he will feel it to be his bounden duty to remove those who are not, and whenever he finds a regiment fire, shout, or charge without orders from its commander, he will, after this warning, remove the latter from his command. The sepoy is both a brave and an obedient soldier, and whenever he behaves ill it is in a great measure the fault of his commanding officer.

The drill and discipline of all armies rests mainly with the commanders of regiments and of companies. They are in immediate contact with the officers, non-commissioned officers, and private soldiers; and to them general officers must look for that perfect obedience without which an army is an armed mob, dangerous to its friends and contemptible to its enemies. The Commander-in-Chief does not hereby call on commanding officers to torment those under their orders by long and harassing drilling; but he does call upon them to instruct their officers, and to instruct themselves, and also their supernumerary ranks, that they are to seize any man in their front who dares to shout, or talk, or fire, or run, without orders. General officers commanding divisions and brigades in this army are called upon to see that commanders of regiments do their duty in those points.

The Commander-in-Chief does not apply this order to all commanders. He knows well that there are abundant first-rate soldiers and first-rate regiments in the Indian army, but he applies it to those regiments who are in bad order.

By order of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief.

PATRICK GRANT,[1] Lieut.-Colonel,
Adjutant-General of the Army.

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[1] Now Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B., Governor of Chelsea Hospital.

This General Order, as may be conceived, went dreadfully against the grain of many a curry-eating old Indian officer, and the terror that was exhibited at every review and inspection was most amusing. One old gentleman, a commanding officer of a regiment, told me that when Sir Charles inspected his regiment he would place himself in the sick report. However, Sir Charles soon found him out, and so bullied him that he was obliged to leave the service. During the short period that Sir Charles remained in India, fifty-two officers were broken by court-martial for gambling, drinking, and committing other enormities. He soon after arrived at our station and had all the troops out; but we had, fortunately, a good brigadier, Hearsay. We did not meet with his displeasure, and our regiment received great praise.

Sir Charles Napier next proceeded to Peshawur, where his gallant friend, Sir Colin Campbell, who had been made a K.C.B., was in command. In the adjacent hills dwell a race of people called "Afridis"[1]—a lawless set, who trust to their fastnesses, and have always set their Punjab rulers at defiance. Runjeet Singh had found it politic to pay them a small blackmail of about £600 to enable him to march through their country without opposition, and to occupy the Kohaut Fort on the other side of their hills. This

[1] These same tribes have quite recently been causing a good deal of trouble to the British Government; and we here have another instance of history repeating itself.

was, of course, discontinued when we assumed the government of the country, and the irritation thus caused was further accentuated by some modifications of the salt-tax. One night some inhabitants cut the ropes of a tent wherein were a party of European sappers, and murdered our soldiers while they were struggling under the canvas walls. Sir Charles was at Peshawur at the time, and he ordered Sir Colin to proceed with a strong force to punish the refractory hill-people. He accompanied the expedition himself, but the warfare consisted in fighting behind stones and rocks, and was of a disagreeable nature for the Commander-in-Chief of India. Our troops forced their way across the hills, and met with a loss which was severe in view of the object to be attained. One hundred and seven of our men were killed or wounded, while the enemy, as far as we could ascertain, did not sustain one single casualty.

The restrictions having been taken off the ladies to enter the Punjab, my wife joined me at Wuzeerabad; but it had been determined not to continue this place as a station, on account of its unhealthy, damp situation, and in consequence no regular houses had been built, and we were obliged to live in tents. The difference of temperature in summer and winter is excessive in the Punjab. For three or four months in the year it is hotter than can be imagined; but in the winter, towards evening, the winds used to blow down from the snow-hills with a piercing bitterness that

searched our marrow, and even with a heated stove, and with fur Afghan cloaks wrapped round us, we could not keep ourselves warm. After a time we managed to secure a small house; but in summer it was as hot as fire, and in winter cold as ice. Both my wife and I were attacked with a tedious illness, and fever and ague laid so regular a hold on my constitution that I could not shake them off. For change of air we went to Goojerat, fifteen miles distant. Here we rode over the battle-fields of Goojerat and of Chillianwallah, thirty miles off. Skeletons were still lying about, but the jungle had been so cut down that it was difficult to identify special localities except by means of the still unburied corpses. The Sikh trenches were still in existence at Russoul. The mound where the officers and men were interred now bore a different aspect from that which it presented immediately after the action. A wall had been built round it, and an obelisk was in process of being constructed in the centre. Later in the year I had another severe sunstroke, and was sent to Simla on sick-leave. Yet even there my health improved but little, and that little was of short duration.

I was still junior Major, and had not had a step since my arrival in the country, when one day, on taking up a recently arrived English newspaper, I read of the death of Colonel ——,[1] 9th Lancers. His

[1] The officer against whom Sir Hope had brought charges of misconduct at Sobraon—see p. 85

demise had been caused by quinsy, which carried him off in ten days. Lieut.-Colonel Fullerton, the next senior, who was certain of succeeding to the vacancy, had gone on leave to Cashmere; and shortly afterwards a letter arrived informing us that he had died from over-exertion in crossing a mountain-pass. He was a great friend of mine. These sad events gave me my promotion to the lieut.-colonelcy of the regiment, truly a great rise for me, as I know not how I could ever have purchased it. Thus I had got both my majority and lieut.-colonelcy without payment—more than any other officer in the army can say.[1] I have greatly prospered in everything, and I trust I am grateful.

[Although the following bears but little on the subject of this memoir, it touches on certain points of over forty years ago which have acquired interest through age :—]

DYSART HOUSE, *July* 11, 1850.

MY DEAR GRANT,—I congratulate you on your prospects of promotion [to the command of 9th Lancers], but I do so with a heavy heart, for Fullerton was an old friend for whom I had a great regard. . . .

The death of Sir Robert Peel has made an immense sensation, and occupies the minds of all since its occurrence, to the exclusion of every other subject. It is impossible to calculate the consequences politically. My own impression is that it will be the means of uniting all shades of Conservatives and Protectionists into a strong party in

[1] It must be remembered Sir Hope was writing in 1850.

opposition to the present Government, and that it will upset the next session of Parliament.

We have had a fine summer so far, and the crops promise to be good; but the prices for all sorts of agricultural produce are very low, and both landlords and tenants are in consequence complaining, I fear justly, of poverty. I am sure I am as poor as a church mouse. . . .

The railroads are a convenience of which you can have no idea. One dines in London, having breakfasted here—*i.e.*, I can get from this to London in fourteen hours.[1]

I hear nothing of a Brevet [formerly huge batches of colonels were, with intervals of many years, promoted generals at one swoop], but I imagine one must be within two years at most. If I am included in it, and can get a staff appointment in India, I shall go.

. . . I hear the Duke of Wellington is wonderfully well; long may he continue so, for I know not where we could get a Commander-in-Chief like him.

The Duke of Cambridge is just dead. He was a good old man, and . . .—Yours faithfully, ROSSLYN.

Journal continued.—My health, however, continued in such a state that it was absolutely necessary I should return to England on sick-leave. In October 1850 we started on our journey from Simla. At Lahore we stopped two days with Sir Henry Lawrence. At Umritser we witnessed a great religious festival. The streets and alleys were filled with the most atrocious-looking fellows—fakirs, many of them maimed and distorted by their own hands, to give themselves the appearance of greater sanctity. Poor wretched pagans! As if by wounding and cut-

[1] This letter was written to a person who had quitted England before the general introduction of railways.

ting their miserable bodies they expected to make themselves more perfect in the sight of God.

We travelled from Wuzeerabad to Sukhur in a large boat which had at one time formed part of the bridge at the former place, and which I had caused to be specially fitted up for the journey. It was transformed into a most comfortable roving sort of Noah's Ark, with two large rooms for ourselves, and a third smaller room for a soldier who accompanied me, and two bath-rooms. We had a special cooking apparatus, an excellent cook and assistant, several boatmen, three goats for milk, a sheep, forty chickens, five ducks, abundance of books, easy-chairs, and, in fact, every description of comfort. We were carried down the river by the current, and though we often ran aground, we easily got off again. We used to accomplish from twenty to thirty miles a-day, always anchoring at night, and whenever we came to a tract of ground likely to hold game, I used to land with my gun, and generally returned with either partridges or duck. On one occasion I killed a wild goose at a most amazing distance, by firing my gun, loaded with ball, at an angle of about 45°. The bullet, ricochetting from the water, plunged into the middle of a large flock, knocking over a fine fat fellow. Sometimes, however, the river ran through the most barren, dreary, desolate jungle which one could imagine. On one occasion, when we had anchored in a spot of this nature, a wild haggard

creature suddenly presented himself, and asked us to buy some fish. On further investigation, we discovered, in an adjacent miserable hut, seven or eight additional cut-throat-looking villains, armed with swords. Our boatmen, in great terror, urged us to leave the place; but we thought there was little danger of their attacking us: so we bought their fish, remained at anchor in our originally selected position, and passed the night without detriment. From Sukhur we continued our journey by water to Tatta, and thus performed a total of thirty-two days' journey in our delightful river-vessel.

After a very long and tedious journey we arrived at Kurrachee, where we were put up by the Commissioner, Mr Frere,[1] a very gentlemanlike person, with a very nice wife. At his house we found Sir Charles Napier, who was likewise on his way to England, his son-in-law, Major Napier,[2] and his wife, and two of his staff, Captain Harding[3] and Captain Bunbury. This was a great delight to us. Sir Charles was a charming old man, and most agreeable when not crossed by temper. He gave us an account of the battles of Meeanee and Dubba,[4] and told me he had never known what it was to live out of poverty till

[1] Afterwards Sir Bartle Frere, G.C.B.

[2] Now General W. C. E. Napier, who for so many years filled the posts connected with the Military Educational Departments and other staff situations with such conspicuous advantage to the public service.

[3] Major-General Pym Harding, C.B., died 1875.

[4] Or Hyderabad.

he arrived at the age of sixty. He never had a farthing more than his pay, and with this it was no easy matter to provide for a wife and two daughters, and to keep up the position of a general officer. At the above age he was appointed to the command of a division at Poonah, near Bombay, and when he landed in the country, all the money he possessed was represented by £2. The thought of the condition in which he would leave his daughters in the event of his death had weighed constantly and heavily on his mind. At Poonah he saved somewhat, and still more when he was appointed Governor of Scinde. His prize-money after Meeanee and Dubba amounted to £60,000. As Commander-in-Chief of India his salary was £15,000 a-year; and in short, now that he was approaching his seventieth year, he was enabled to settle money upon his two daughters, and to live in comfort himself. He only remained in India two years on the last occasion. His fiery temper could not brook the restraint put upon it by the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, a much younger man than himself. Sir Charles had taken upon himself to give *batta*[1] to the native troops upon one occasion when it had been stopped by the Governor-General, and when Lord Dalhousie wrote that the Governor-General alone could assume such a responsibility, Sir Charles became furious, and resigned his command.

[1] Extra allowances.

[Sir Charles told me that in one of his Scinde engagements[1] he had placed himself at the head of a small force and rode with them into a nullah, with a view of driving the Beloochees out of it. One of his staff was cut down by his side, but not one of the enemy lifted a hand against him or fired a shot at him. His singular appearance seemed to fill them with a superstitious dread, and to paralyse them.]

We proceeded to Bombay in order to embark, but on arrival we found there was no room in the steamer, and that four or five parties before us had been similarly disappointed in obtaining a passage. My only resource was to try and prevail on some kind-hearted person to surrender a berth to my wife and to sleep myself on deck. But several to whom I applied gave me the cold shoulder, and I was on the point of relinquishing my attempts, when I heard that two Parsee gentlemen were passengers. I went to their house and asked them if they would kindly accommodate us. They were Persians, but with the true feeling of gentlemen they at once replied that they would be delighted to give up their berths for the comfort of a lady. Thus we secured our passage home, and sailed for Suez, February 1851.

At Malta we changed ships with the intention of proceeding homewards by Italy, and we were in consequence obliged to go into quarantine. The lazar-

[1] Meeanee, apparently.

etto in which we were imprisoned was comfortable enough. We had a room like that of a sergeant in a barrack, with two other small rooms; and we had a little furniture brought to us on payment. We were also able to buy tolerable meals. The way in which every one in the lazaretto avoided touching us was amusing: if we approached too close, there was a regular jumping out of the way and warning gestures of hands; and even in purchasing articles from the Maltese shopmen, who came in numbers, we were obliged to stand at the other side of the table, everything being handed to us by means of a pair of tongs or a wooden tray. I discovered one fellow cheating me, and in proper indignation, I threw back to him the article, which fell amongst a heap of his goods. The man's jump and look of horror were truly ludicrous, and immediately all his articles were swept up by one of the police and put into quarantine, where they would be retained for several days. Happily I did not touch the man himself, as otherwise he would have been incarcerated, and I should have been compelled to pay for his keep at the rate of a dollar a-day. One day, while looking over the wall of the verandah, I saw the station Admiral, Sir William Parker, who had been naval Commander-in-Chief during the China war. I forgot all about the quarantine, and as he had been very kind to me in former days, I rushed down the stairs to shake hands with him. He started back as if I had been a leper,

a quarantine attendant interposed between us, and then it flashed across me that I was for the time being unclean. At the end of three days, no symptoms of plague having appeared upon us, we were pronounced clean, and were permitted to depart. From Malta we made our way to Messina, and proceeded on our land journey by carriage to Naples.

[They then travelled leisurely through Switzerland to London.]

CHAPTER VIII.

1854–1857.

INDIAN MUTINY.

(EXPLANATORY CHAPTER BY EDITOR.)

CAUSES WHICH TENDED TO BRING ABOUT THE MUTINY—SYMPTOMS OF DISCONTENT DISREGARDED—STORY OF THE GREASED CARTRIDGES—DISAFFECTION—OBJECTIONS TO THE CARTRIDGE A PRETEXT—MUTINY AT MEERUT AND DELHI—MEASURES TAKEN AT CALCUTTA—SPREAD OF THE MUTINY—PREPARATIONS FOR THE CAPTURE OF DELHI.

AFTER three years' residence at home Sir Hope Grant's health became fairly re-established, and he and his wife returned to Umballa in March 1854. In 1857 the 9th Lancers was in constant expectation of its homeward route; but the terrible Indian Mutiny broke out, and Sir Hope remained to undergo the hardest campaigns which marked his military career, to encounter desperate emergencies and perils such as have been met by few, and to achieve exploits the record of which filled many pages of English history. Those who care to follow in greater detail than is practicable in these volumes the share which Sir Hope took in the suppression of the Mutiny, are

referred to 'Incidents in the Sepoy War.'[1] The following chapters, however, contain a record of the principal events. I have also added a certain amount of fresh matter, the publication of which is justified by the mere lapse of the twenty years since Sir Hope Grant first intrusted me with the publication of his diaries of 1857-58.

Many causes have been assigned which tended to bring about the Sepoy Mutiny, and most of them seem to be founded on fact. The diminished influence of European officers over their men had been much dwelt upon. Instead of wielding an almost autocratic sway, as in the time of Clive, of Warren Hastings, and of Wellesley, their power had been curtailed by the dwarfing restrictions of a military hierarchy, and publicly recorded censures had profaned "a divinity" by which a colonel, like a king, should be hedged. Increased facilities of communication with Europe had increased these evils. The English officer, instead of identifying himself with those under him, sought for interests, pleasures, and society in importations from home. Thus the ties of sympathy were fatally severed; the sepoy was less under his superior's control, and the bonds of internal discipline became relaxed. A severe shock indeed was given to military authority, when Lord William Bentinck, in 1835, abolished flogging in the Indian army, while the punishment was retained amongst

[1] William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

our own troops. The measure was looked upon by the former as a concession to their pride, rather than as one dictated by feelings of humanity or of clemency. On the above points, and on the cognate one of the insufficiency of officers, I find the following remarks in Sir Hope Grant's journal, written in 1857 : "The discipline of the native army in Bengal had fallen off greatly. So many officers had been taken away from their regiments for employment on the staff, that few were left to look after their men ; and these few were dissatisfied, either because they were less fortunate than their fellows, or because their leave was curtailed. There was also another very prevalent evil : officers seldom rose in their regiments to command them, but when they were promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel they were transferred to some other corps. Thus discipline suffered ; for the new commander was generally advanced in years, unacquainted with his men, and had seldom sufficient energy to remedy this defect.[1] The consequence was, that a very bad feeling had arisen amongst the native soldiers."

But however much all these collateral causes may have influenced the sepoys, the testimony of our predecessors, and the practical experience of subsequent events, point to the conclusion that the culminating evil was their apprehension that, by fair means or

[1] See also Sir Charles Napier's general order, p. 154.

foul, we designed to convert them to the tenets of Christianity, and, as a means to the above end, to subject each individual soldier to their acme of social misery—loss of caste.

In the early part of 1857, the most preposterous fables obtained general credence. It was, for instance, currently believed that the Company's officers had mixed ground bones with the salt sold in the public bazaars; that they had adulterated the ghee, or grease used throughout the country for cooking purposes, with animal fat; and that the flesh of swine and cows had been thrown into the wells in order to pollute the drinking-water. The sincerity of the natives' convictions was proved by the following: Flour had risen to an exceptionally high price at Cawnpore, and certain dealers at Meerut had despatched large supplies of the article to the former town in Government steamers. A story was circulated that the dust of cows' bones had been mixed up with it, in order to destroy the caste of those eating it; and although the flour was offered for sale at a greatly reduced price, not a native would touch it, preferring the pangs of hunger to the risk of contamination. In fact, any one who will take the trouble to turn over some of the printed Indian correspondence of the last forty years will see that not a project of national improvement or social reform, not a scheme for the amelioration of the lower classes or for the abolition of some

of their half-barbarous and wholly brutish practices, could be inaugurated without vividly exciting the terrors of the natives that they were to be compelled to adopt the creed of their white rulers.

But, it may be asked, were our country people slumbering over a volcano without heed of its angry murmurings? Were there none to warn them of the evil portended? A few of the wise and prudent, both amongst the highest officials and the lowest natives, raised the voice of admonition; but they met, as a general rule, with a worse fate than Cassandra of old, —their prophecies not only were received with utter incredulity, but they themselves were subjected to ridicule and abuse. Of the wilful disregard of the signs of the time I will quote but one instance. In the middle of 1856 numerous villages in the North-Western Provinces were visited by messengers, coming no man knew whence, and conveying a mysterious token in the shape of chupatties—small flat cakes of unleavened bread, which formed part of the sepoy's regular diet. The messenger would seek out the head man of the village and deliver to him two chupatties, saying, "These cakes are sent to you; you will make six others and forward them to the next villages." Then the bearer would disappear in the same mysterious manner as he arrived, and his mandate was forthwith complied with. Month after month the process was continued with inconceivable rapidity and secrecy, until at last every station had been commu-

nicated with. The strange feature in the affair is, that no one has ever yet discovered in what village the rite originated, or what was the special object in its performance. Some of the English functionaries, whose ears the story at last reached, imagined it to be a note of warning of a great crisis; some that it was a superstitious ceremony to avert sickness; and some that it was a method of transmitting seditious letters, which were concealed in the interior of the cake. All, however, were agreed that it had the effect of arousing and keeping alive a great popular excitement; yet none of the English officials were roused from their state of fancied security by this strange omen, a circumstance on which Mr Disraeli, in a debate on Indian affairs, thus sarcastically commented:—

> Supposing [he said] the Emperor of Russia were told, "Sire, there is a very remarkable circumstance going on in your territory: from village to village men are passing who leave the tail of an ermine or a pot of caviare, with a message to some one to perform the same ceremony. Strange to say, this has been going on in some ten thousand villages, and we cannot make head or tail of it." I think the Emperor of Russia would say, "I do not know whether you can make head or tail of it, but I am quite certain there is something wrong, and that we must take some precautions; because where the people are not usually indiscreet or troublesome, they do not make a secret communication unless it is opposed to the Government. This is a secret communication, and therefore a communication dangerous to the Government."

And now we come to the story of the greased car-

tridges—so trumpery in its nature that a modern Swift might well have employed it to typify the origin of the wars of Lilliput or Laputa; so childish in its folly that it might justly provoke a smile of contempt; and so appalling in its ultimate development as to confirm the maxim that in military dealings there are no such things as trifles. As already stated, there is reason to believe that nothing could have permanently averted the outbreak of the conflagration; but its proximate cause was almost malignant in its fitness to call forth a certain unanimity of action amongst those who set it alight.

For some years previous to the Mutiny, the old pattern rifle had been in use among the Indian troops. The bullet was enveloped in a patch of cloth, which was smeared with a mixture of wax and oil, and the natives had used it without offering any objection. In 1856, however, the improved Enfield rifle was introduced, the projectile for which was lubricated with grease to facilitate its passage down the bore. Ere long it was rumoured that this grease was composed of the fat of pigs and cows—substances regarded with equal horror by Hindoos and Mussulmans. The latter would consider themselves defiled by touching with their lips—and, according to the old drill, the end of the cartridge was bitten, not twisted off—fat of the abhorred hog; while the former would have suffered loss of caste had they thus desecrated the venerated cow. The danger of arousing in this manner the reli-

gious native susceptibilities had to some extent been foreseen and provided against by the Ordnance authorities at Calcutta; for in a circular it was enjoined that when applying tallow to be handled by sepoys, that of sheep or goats only was to be employed, swine's or cow's fat being carefully excluded. It may be added that, as a general rule, the ammunition was not sent out from England ready greased; but that, when the contrary had been the case, the composition applied was formed of five parts tallow, five parts stearine, and one part wax — containing, therefore, beef-fat, but none from pigs.

The first open expression of discontent took place at Dum-Dum, one of the schools of musketry for instruction in the use of the new rifle. On 23d January 1857, a low-caste Lascar asked a Brahmin sepoy for a drink of water out of his lotah, or brass vessel. The latter refused on the score of caste, whereupon the Lascar tauntingly replied that all would now be reduced to the same low level as himself, since the English were about to require their soldiers to bite off the ends of cartridges smeared with cow and hog fat. The Brahmin repeated the taunt to his horror-stricken comrades, whose agitation became so great that it was made known to the officers of the garrison. In India news travels with a mysterious and miraculous rapidity. The story of the cartridges was in a few days known to every sepoy at Barrackpore, eight miles from Dum-Dum; and the malcontents gave vent to

their feelings, not only by midnight musters and excited language, but by repeated acts of incendiarism, committed both on Government buildings and on the bungalows of their own officers. This epidemic of setting fire is in the native specially symptomatic of irritation. It is a well-known fact that the female convict suffering under an access of "breaking out," can only find relief by splintering the tables and chairs, shivering the glass, and tearing her clothing to tatters. Similarly the first impulse of a mutinous sepoy is to rush to the torch. On 28th March, a young native of the 34th B.N.I., named Mungul Pandy, frenzied with "bang," or opium, rushed through the lines, calling on his comrades to rise, wounded the adjutant and the sergeant-major, who tried to arrest him, and at last endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to commit suicide. The really ugly features in the case were, that many hundred sepoys, so far from attempting to rescue their officer, stood idly looking on. Mungul Pandy was tried by a court-martial and hanged; and on 6th May the 34th was, for the second time in thirteen years, disbanded, and its number erased from the Army List.

Meanwhile the spirit of disaffection had spread, gathering in its progress strength of deeds and combination of purpose. At Berhampore, 100 miles north-west of Barrackpore, the 19th Native Infantry heard from a detachment which had been despatched from the latter place of the excitement among the

native troops. The next day, 27th February, they refused to receive even the blank, and therefore untainted, ammunition with which they were to be supplied for a parade on the following morning; and in the course of the night the regiment rose, broke into the armouries, and took possession of the muskets and the dreaded ammunition. On the representation of their native officers, however, they were induced to lay down their arms and return to their duty, but rather on the conditions of victorious claimants than of penitent culprits. A court of inquiry was assembled; the 19th was marched down to Barrackpore, where on 31st March it was disbanded.

At Umballa, an important military station in Cis-Sutlej territory, agitation among the native troops was equally prevalent. The 36th B.N.I. Regiment formed the escort of the Commander-in-Chief, General Anson, who in the latter end of March was residing there, where too was a detachment of the same regiment going through a course of rifle-drill. One day two native non-commissioned officers under instruction were reviled by a soubahdar[1] of the escort for having defiled themselves with the cartridges and become Christians. So bitter was the taunt that one of the men reproached, when telling the story to his officer, cried like a child. Throughout the detachments there was the same feeling, which rose to fever-heat when they found that their

[1] A native captain.

comrades at headquarters refused to answer their letters.

On 23d March, General Anson,[1] the Commander-in-Chief in India, addressed the garrison drawn up on parade, and, in language equally kind and forcible, pointed out to them the error of their suspicions of the greased cartridges and the folly of their conduct, and exhorted them to cast aside the spirit of insubordination. For a time his words produced the best results, and the agitation partly subsided. But in the middle of April it broke out again, and manifested itself by numerous incendiary fires. Then the panic spread to Lucknow, where on 2d May the 7th Oude Irregulars refused to receive their cartridges. Sir Henry Lawrence,[2] the Chief Commissioner, resolved to disband it; and on the 3d the regiment was drawn up on parade for the purpose, in presence of a European force. At the outset of proceedings the guilty regiment threw down its arms in confusion, broke up, and fled. The fugitives were pursued by a portion of the 7th Bengal Cavalry, which had thus far continued loyal, and a certain proportion were brought back prisoners. A large number, however, escaped.

The question which now suggests itself is, How far were the alleged terrors of the sepoys justified

[1] Lieut.-General Hon. A. Anson died of cholera at Kurnal, N.W. Provinces, May 1857.

[2] Brigadier-General Sir Henry Lawrence, K.C.B., R.A., died of his wounds at Lucknow, 4th July 1857.

by facts? Were the dreaded cartridges dipped in beef or pig fat? were the native soldiers required to use them, and thus to inflict on themselves the miseries of social degradation in a country where social degradation is only a shade better than death? and had the English officials been walking about, so to speak, in a powder-magazine with a bare lighted candle in their hands? There is sufficient evidence to show that all these points may be answered in the negative.

In the first place, we have the authority of Captain Boxer,[1] R.A., Superintendent of the Laboratory Department at Woolwich, that the lubrication contained cow's fat, but none from pigs—a fact which at once cuts away the ground from under the feet of the discontented Mussulmans.

Secondly, although in 1853 some boxes of greased ammunition had been sent to India, and a small quantity had been served out to a few companies of sepoys, it was only for the purpose of subjecting it to the tests of climate. It was carried in the pouch, handed over from man to man, and finally sent back to England. Not a round was used by the sepoys for practice purposes; and they had no more objected to merely handling the cartridges than they had objected to the actual use of the patches required for the old two-grooved rifle. The residue of the experimental ammunition was served out to the 60th (Queen's) Rifles.

[1] Afterwards Major-General Boxer.

Thirdly—and this evidence is so strong that it would be easy to take a stand on it alone—we have the emphatic testimony of Colonel Abbott, Royal Artillery, Inspector-General of Ordnance; of Major Bontein, Instructor of Musketry; of high Government officials, — backed up by various collateral proofs,—that although a large number of the dreaded cartridges were in course of manufacture in the country, not a single one was at any time issued for practice to a sepoy soldier throughout the whole Division Presidency. The objections urged against the cartridge-paper are scarcely worth discussion. The natives in their petulant wrath declared that the new, shiny, improved material consisted of skin. On the whole, then, the conclusion seems inevitable that there may have been some lack of prescience, but that there was no attempt to ride rough-shod over religious prejudices, however stupid, and no attempt to coerce opinions, however besotted.

Moreover, the moment the agitation which had been excited was made known, every step was taken to allay it. As early as 27th January, in reply to representations made by General Hearsey, commanding at Barrackpore, permission was promulgated from the Adjutant-General's office at Calcutta for the sepoys to grease their own cartridges, of which they at once availed themselves, using a substance the principal ingredient of which was ghee; and on 27th January orders were telegraphed to various stations,

that if any cartridges already greased had been issued for service, they were not to be so used. A change was also made in the platoon-exercise—the ends of the cartridges were to be torn off with the fingers, instead of being as heretofore bitten off with the teeth, thus obviating the fear of contamination by touching the fat with the lips. "Too late"—perhaps the saddest phrase in human language—is all that can be said of these conciliatory steps. The evil leaven had already begun to work.

The incidents of the Mutiny had been thus far marked by violence and insubordination—constituting high military crimes. But henceforward the darker features were to be added. Rapine, cruelty, and massacre were to be followed by the bloodshed of the *lex talionis*, exercised unsparingly by the scattered handfuls of white men who struggled, apparently so hopelessly, to preserve their lives and the lives of those dear to them, and to uphold the honour of their country against the myriads of a race once subject, and now formidable through their numbers, their ferocity, and their fanaticism. From the outbreak at Meerut, which we are now about to describe, dates the Indian Revolt in the full import of the term. Like other disaffected stations which we have mentioned, there had been much agitation at this place during the earlier part of the year, accompanied by numerous acts of incendiarism. On 25th April, the 3d Bengal Cavalry were drawn up on

parade, to be instructed in the recent changes introduced in the platoon-exercise, wherein, from deference to the national prejudices, the ends of the cartridges were to be torn instead of bitten off. Out of the 90 troopers to whom the ammunition—which was of precisely the same nature as that which for many years they had used without a murmur—was to be issued, 85 refused to receive it. The recusants were made prisoners, tried by a court-martial composed of 15 native officers, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. On the morning of the 9th May, the whole of the garrison—consisting of a battalion of the 60th Rifles, the Carabiniers, and two batteries of artillery, together with the 11th and 20th Sepoy Regiments and the 3d Native Cavalry—was drawn up on parade to see the prisoners dismissed to their doom. The 85 were marched up under a European escort, and after the proceedings had been read out, they were deprived of their accoutrements and uniforms, and fetters were affixed to their limbs. The despairing sufferers, many of whom were old soldiers who had seen much service, first implored, with tears in their eyes, the general in command of the division, Major-General Hewitt, to have mercy upon them, and afterwards bitterly reproached their comrades for inciting them to resistance, and then suffering them to be visited with so grievous a punishment. But the natives, overawed by the British troops, stood apparently unmoved; and the prisoners were marched

off to the jail, two miles distant, where they were committed to the sole custody of their countrymen. During the night, and the greater part of the following day, Sunday, May 10th, there were no symptoms of disturbance visible, at all events to the unconscious Europeans: but towards the evening, when the latter were preparing for divine service, there was active movement, turmoil, and excitement in the native lines; and at last masses of the 3d Bengal Cavalry, mounted and in disorder, but fully armed, were seen hurrying towards the prison where their comrades were confined, and whom, after they had forcibly broken into the cells, they quickly set at liberty. That this act was premeditated, is clear from the fact that there were at hand smiths who struck off the manacles from the prisoners. It is also noteworthy that none of the other convicts, 800 in number, were released. More than one evidence has stated the contrary, but this error was probably due to the subsequent escape of about 700 convicts from the old city jail. The two sepoy regiments unhesitatingly followed the example of the troopers. Half mad with excitement, they rushed to their arms, and began to slaughter, either with sword, bullet, or sabre, every white man, woman, or child they could come across. Then they broke into the English bungalows, and, aided by the scum of the city, massacred the inhabitants and set fire to the buildings. Those of our countrymen who were able to

effect their escape betook themselves to the School of Instruction in the artillery lines, where 41 souls, chiefly women and children, were huddled together.

Meanwhile the European portion of the garrison had put forth their energies to stay the storm. The officers of the native regiments, faithful to their duty, rushed to their lines, and endeavoured to allay the rising excitement; but in vain—though in one case, the 11th Regiment, the sepoys saved many of them from the general massacre. Their colonel, Finnis, much beloved by those under him, fell, riddled by a volley from the 20th B.N.I., the first victim of the Mutiny. Afterwards, first Brigadier Archdale Wilson,[1] Colonel of the Royal Bengal Artillery, and in command of the station, and later on General Hewitt, appeared on parade, and mustered the English troops, opened a fire of small-arms and artillery on some scattered mutineers, and, taking up a position so as to cover the barracks, bivouacked for the night. The rebels, with a unanimity of purpose, toiled through the hours of darkness towards Delhi, forty miles distant, whither they had sent emissaries in the early part of the day, and where they arrived unmolested by eight o'clock the following morning, Monday, 11th May, and where, some years previously, Government had, by a special stipulation, agreed that no English troops were to be quartered.

[1] Lieut.-General Sir Archdale Wilson of Delhi, Bart., G.C.B., &c., died 1874.

Crossing the Jumna by the bridge of boats, they poured into the town, and, slaying every white man they came across, made their way to the palace of the King of Delhi, once the greatest potentate in the Indian peninsula, but, at the period of which we are writing, reduced by a train of circumstances to a powerless pensioner of the British Government, from which he received an annual income of about £120,000. For a short time the feeble old man—he was nearly eighty years of age — appeared reluctant to countenance the rebels; but when they forced an entrance into his dwelling, and, amidst uproar and the savage murder of six English residents, proclaimed him king, he consented to assume the dignity and to perform its functions—outwardly, at least—thus justifying the infliction of the punishment, imprisonment for life, with which he was afterwards visited. Meanwhile the work of plunder, destruction, and murder was being carried on in the quarter of the town most occupied by English inhabitants. The bank was looted, and its brave defenders massacred; the Delhi printing-office was sacked, and the compositors put to death whilst they were almost in the act of arranging the type for the publication of the telegrams, which had recently arrived, announcing the outbreak at Meerut—whilst they were, in fact, preparing the announcement of what was the forerunner of their own fate. The garrison of Delhi consisted of the 38th, 54th, and

74th Native Infantry Regiments, and a battery of native artillery, under the command of Brigadier Graves. A detachment of the first regiment, on duty at the main-guard, when ordered to fire on the insurgent rabble, refused with insolent sneers. The 54th had been marched in from the cantonments to strengthen the post, but when required to act they fired in the air, and their commanding officer, Colonel Ripley, was shot dead. The 74th—the last hope of the English officers—and the native gunners quickly gave way, and the entire garrison now made common cause with their brethren from Meerut. An immense supply of warlike material was stored in the magazine, an enclosure of considerable size within the city. It was under the charge of Lieutenant Willoughby, of the Bengal Artillery, who, on becoming aware of the progress of the revolt, caused the gates to be shut, a train of gunpowder to be laid from the magazine to a distant spot, and, with the aid of eight other European officials, kept the advancing enemy at bay by frequent discharges of grape-shot. At last Willoughby, seeing that they were overpowered by numbers, and that the sepoys swarming over the walls were on the point of capturing the post, gave a preconcerted signal to Conductor Scully, who fired the train. An awful explosion followed, from the effects of which vast numbers of the insurgents were killed; and though the destruction of the stores was not so complete

as had been intended, a large quantity of ammunition was rescued from the mutineers, and an example of heroism furnished seldom equalled, never surpassed, and of priceless value in stimulating our countrymen throughout India in their sore struggle for dear life and still dearer honour. Scully and four of his comrades were killed on the spot; two others, Raynor and Buckley, made good their escape to Meerut. Forrest and the gallant Willoughby likewise escaped death for the time being, but it is melancholy to have to relate that the latter was ultimately murdered by some inhabitants of a village on the river Hindun. In the cantonments outside the city, the English had gathered together; and when, towards the close of the day, it became evident that there was no hope of staying the plague—when the officials had strained their utmost, and when, in the performance of their duty, a vast number of them had sacrificed their lives—those that remained, men, women, and children, made a last effort for their lives by flight. It was indeed full time: the ruffians of Delhi and of the neighbouring villages had joined the insurgent soldiery. Every European residence was looted, and every bungalow fired; while bands of "Goojurs," or Hindoo gipsies, were lying in wait along the roads, ready to pounce on any white man. So the band of fugitives moved off, some on horses, some in carts, some on foot; and though many were hunted to their death within

a few hours, a certain number lived to reach Kurnal, Meerut, and Umballa, to tell of their miseries to the English soldiers marching to chastise the rebels, and to excite their thirst for retribution to fever-pitch.

Equally desperate had been the position of the few Europeans in the town who had escaped the first fury of the massacre. They had fled for shelter to the courtyard of the main-guard, around which their enemies flocked in increasing numbers as the day waned. At last the sepoys began firing into their midst — every shot told; and our people in despair made their escape through an embrasure of an adjacent bastion into the country beyond. Their chief care was for the women and the wounded; and a few of their number ultimately succeeded in reaching a haven of refuge. In most cases, whenever an English person was discovered, he was put to an instant death. There were, however, about 50 men, women, and children who were first made to suffer imprisonment, and by anticipation to endure many deaths. On the day of the outbreak, they had been captured, some in their houses and some in a large mosque, where they had taken refuge, and where they had held out to the last extremity. For five days they were confined in an underground apartment of the palace, only a shade less terrible than the Black Hole of Calcutta. On the sixth they were brought into an adjacent courtyard, and

slaughtered with less humanity than a butcher would slaughter cattle.

When the disastrous tidings from the North-West Provinces reached Calcutta, they aroused among the English inhabitants feelings of burning compassion, anger, and longings for vengeance, quickly followed by a less creditable emotion, that of panic. Their fears were not, indeed, altogether unreasonable. There was a vast rabble-population in the town, ready on a very slight inducement to rise against their English masters, to release the prisoners in the jails, and to resort to plunder and bloodshed. Then there were regiments of sepoys within a day's march at Barrackpore, who on the first symptom of revolt would doubtless hasten to aid in the prophesied overthrow of the nation who had ruled them with little of mildness indeed ever since Plassey, and whose centenary of government was on the point of expiring. Therefore Lord Canning, who had only two English regiments in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, the 53d and 84th, was forced to renounce his idea of sending these troops to Delhi, and to retain them for the present, not only for the defence of the inhabitants and their property, but to insure the safety of many important adjacent points — such as Fort William with its arsenal, Cossipore with its gun-manufactory, and Ishapore with its powder-works. In a few days, however, the panic to some extent subsided. About the 19th May telegrams were

received from Benares, Allahabad, Lucknow, and Cawnpore, reporting "all quiet"; and those who had done most harm by exaggerating the approaching evils, now wrought still greater mischief by declaring that those evils had no foundation in fact.

Lord Canning[1] was now called on to undertake that most trying of military operations—to wage a war against an enemy formidable in numbers and in resources with an utterly inadequate force at his own disposal. At the time when the troubles began, there were present in the service of the Company 238,000 troops—200,000 natives, and 38,000 Europeans—out of whom there were stationed in Bengal 118,000 natives and 22,000 Europeans. Unfortunately, in the latter Presidency the English regiments were posted in positions strategically disadvantageous. Four battalions were guarding the Afghan frontier and three others the Pegu frontier, thus entailing an almost complete denudation of European troops for a distance of about 1200 miles between Calcutta and the Sutlej. To remedy this evil, Lord Canning exerted all the vigour of his vigorous disposition. He instantly wrote two letters, a private and an official one, to Lord Elgin,[2] and a third letter to General Ashburnham, the civil and military heads of the proposed China expedition, to Galle in Ceylon, where these two officials would touch on their way

[1] Earl Canning, K.G., died 1862.

[2] The Earl of Elgin, afterwards Governor-General of India, died 1863.

out. With a ready assumption of responsibility, for which the parallels amongst our countrymen are few, he implored them to divert their army from its original destination, and to apply it to the rescue of India. He made preparations for hastening the march up country of the Persian expeditionary army under Sir James Outram,[1] 14,000 strong, as soon as it should have returned to Bombay; and he appealed to Lord Harris and Lord Elphinstone, the governors of Madras and Bombay, to aid him in his efforts. His requests met with a ready response. In the early days of June, the 65th, 35th, and 78th Queen's, all part of the Persian force, arrived at Calcutta, and were forwarded with every possible expedition up the country. At a still earlier date, 23d May, the 1st Madras Fusiliers, 900 strong, reached this city, and were without the loss of a day despatched to Benares. On this occasion their colonel, Neill,[2] displayed a resolution which might have cost him his commission, but which, under the circumstances, even official dignitaries forbore to stigmatise as culpable. The Fusiliers were unavoidably somewhat behind the appointed hour at the railway platform. The station-master declared, notwithstanding Neill's earnest representations, that the train could not be longer detained. Thereupon the latter, taking upon him-

[1] Lieut.-General Sir James Outram, G.C.B., died 1863.

[2] Brigadier-General Neill was killed at the first relief of the Residency at Lucknow, September 25, 1857.

self the solution of the difficulty, dispossessed for a time the railway official of his authority, placed a guard over the engineer and the stoker, warned them not to stir at their peril before his men were in the train, and thus accelerated his arrival at the scene of the mutinies by a day, when the gain of a day was equivalent to the gain of several English lives.

Meanwhile the rebellion was spreading rapidly throughout Bengal, and extended even to the Punjab. Azimguhr, Benares, Allahabad, and a host of other stations became the scenes of outbreak, outrage, and massacre. But even these were overshadowed by the piteous horrors of Cawnpore, which have been so circumstantially and graphically narrated by Sir George Trevelyan in 'Cawnpore.'

The scene which took place at Lucknow on 3d May, when the 7th Oude Irregular Infantry Regiment was disbanded, has already been narrated at page 178. A few days afterwards, Sir Henry Lawrence, who, in addition to being Chief Commissioner of Oude, had received the rank of Brigadier-General, and thus exercised military authority over all the troops in the province, held a durbar in the Residency. The garrison was drawn up in an open plain, and Sir Henry delivered a soul-stirring address in excellent Hindostanee, and rewarded some natives who, during the recent excitement, had been conspicuous for their loyalty, warned them against attaching credence to the rumours circulated by some evil-disposed persons,

and pointed out that the British Government had ample power to suppress armed resistance, however formidable. The effect of this speech was excellent for a time; but when the news of the Meerut outbreak arrived, the ferment of sedition set in afresh, and Sir Henry made every exertion to meet the inevitable storm. The strength of the garrison was 6900 native cavalry and infantry, the 32d Queen's, 700 strong, and one weak company of native artillery. Four posts were armed for the defence of the city, the treasury guard was reinforced, and the warlike stores were removed from the old magazine to the English cantonments, six miles from the native town. The Residency, which was situated on a rising site, and consisted of a group of official dwellings, almost entirely surrounded by a wall, was strongly fortified, and garrisoned permanently by 130 men of the 32d Queen's. As the month wore on, there were symptoms of a sullen, lowering discontent everywhere apparent, and the air seemed charged with rebellion. On the night of the 30th of May the mutiny broke out, accompanied, as a matter of course, by incendiarism, rapine, and murder. A few men from four different regiments remained neutral, but nearly all the sepoys turned openly against us. The rebels fled towards Seetapore; and next morning, at early dawn, Lawrence started off in pursuit with two companies of the 32d Queen's, four guns, and 300 horse. He was unable to get

nearer than within round-shot distance of the fugitives, and only captured thirty of them, who were brought back, tried, and publicly executed. A general insurrection within the city was temporarily staved off; but it was considered advisable to bring the women, children, and sick, together with a certain number of military and civil Europeans, altogether about 794, into the English quarter, which was stored with provisions, and still further artificially strengthened. Shortly after, Sir Henry paid off and dismissed nearly all the sepoys remaining with him, unwilling to be encumbered with their half-hearted fidelity. During the night of the 11th June the native cavalry of the military police revolted, and the next day their infantry comrades followed their example. They were instantly attacked and dispersed by Brigadier Inglis,[1] commanding the 32d Queen's. On the evening of the 29th, information arrived that a rebel force of 6000 or 7000 men was encamped eight miles distant on the Fyzabad road. At 6 o'clock A.M. on the 30th, Lawrence marched out with 700 men and 11 guns to attack them. Misled by false information, he fell into an ambush assembled in considerable force near Chinhut. He manfully struggled against superior numbers, but at the critical moment the Oude artillerymen proved traitors and went over to the enemy, and a disastrous retreat

[1] Major-General Sir John Inglis, K.C.B., for some time commanding the troops in the Ionian Islands, died 1862.

was effected to Lucknow. Here he found himself in a grave difficulty. His force being much weakened, he blew up a large quantity of ammunition, which he feared might fall into the hands of the rebels, and at midnight on 1st July withdrew his whole force within the Residency, which was forthwith closely invested by the mutineers. On the 2d July this splendid officer was wounded by a shell, from the effects of which he expired on the 4th.

From the very commencement of the Mutiny, it had been fully recognised that, however imperative to grapple with revolt in whatever quarter it might break out, Delhi was the vital point to be struck at, and that to deliver a deadly blow at that stronghold would be to ensure the ultimate collapse of the vital powers of rebellion throughout the country. The gathering together of troops for this purpose, and the operations connected with the siege, are so fully described in Sir Hope Grant's Journal that little need here be added beyond a few statistics and dates.

On 12th May, General Anson, Commander-in-Chief of India, learned at Simla of the outbreak at Meerut. On the 13th he ordered the concentration of the troops at his disposal to take place at Umballa, where he arrived in person on the 15th. There he applied himself with all possible diligence to collect provisions and transport, which were swept in from the adjacent country—stores, ammunition, and every description of warlike material necessary for the campaign. On

23d May he sketched the following plan of operations, which he communicated in a letter to General Hewitt at Meerut. Leaving Sir Henry Barnard in command at Umballa, he intended heading the siege-army himself, which was to consist of three brigades, two from Umballa and one from Meerut, thus organised:—

Brigade	Composition
1st Umballa Brigade.—Brigadier Halifax, 75th Queen's Regiment.	75th Queen's. 1st Bengal Europeans. Two squadrons 9th Lancers. One troop Horse-Artillery.
2d Umballa Brigade.—Brigadier Jones, 60th Royal Rifles.	2d Bengal Europeans. 60th Native Infantry. Two squadrons 9th Lancers. One squadron 4th Bengal Lancers. One troop Horse-Artillery.
Meerut Brigade.—Brigadier A. Wilson, Royal Artillery.	Wing of 60th Royal Rifles. Two squadrons Carabiniers. One field-battery. One troop Horse-Artillery. Native Sappers. 120 artillerymen (siege).

The little force of cavalry thus dispersed throughout the three brigades would be under the general command of Brigadier Grant, 9th Lancers.

Total strength, 3000 Europeans and 22 field-guns, besides 1000 native troops.

The two Umballa brigades were to march so that they might be concentrated at Kurnal on 30th of May, and effect a junction at Baghput with the Meerut force, from which point the assembled army might advance against Delhi. This scheme in its essential outlines was, it will be seen, carried out.

CHAPTER IX.

1857.

INDIAN MUTINY (*continued*).

DISTURBANCES AT UMBALLA—MARCH TO DELHI—DEATH OF GENERAL ANSON—EXECUTION AT RHYE—WILSON'S MARCH FROM MEERUT—ENGAGEMENT AT BUDLEE-KA-SERAI—ARRIVAL BEFORE DELHI—MINOR ENGAGEMENTS—REBEL ATTACK ON 23D JUNE—REINFORCEMENTS—DEATH OF SIR HENRY BARNARD—CHARACTER OF ANSON AND BARNARD—TREACHERY OF 9TH IRREGULAR CAVALRY—FRESH ATTACKS BY THE REBELS—REED SUCCEEDED BY WILSON—CRITICAL POSITION OF THE ENGLISH—ATTACK OF THE ENEMY ON 2D AUGUST—DISARMAMENT OF THE 4TH IRREGULAR CAVALRY.

Journal.—In the beginning of May 1857 I was quartered at Umballa, where the following troops were stationed: The 9th Lancers, Turner's [1] and Money's [2] troops of European artillery, and the 5th and 60th Native Infantry Regiments. The general officer of the division was Major-General Sir Henry Barnard, and Colonel Halifax of the 75th Regiment (Queen's) was the Brigadier. Sir Henry was a Crimean officer of repute, but did not understand native

[1] General Sir F. Turner, K.C.B., died 1890.
[2] Major-General E. K. Money, died 1883.

soldiers, and instead of ruling them with a high hand, was too lenient and forbearing.

The same day on which the disturbance broke out at Delhi — the 11th May — one of our native regiments, the 60th, "turned out." An order was at once sent to us to fall in, and to await further instructions in front of our own quarter-guard. Meanwhile Sir Henry rode off to the disaffected regiment, which was soon prevailed upon to return to its quarters: indeed the men had flocked together without even taking their arms with them. We were thereupon told to return to barracks, but to be in readiness to fall in again at a moment's notice. After the lapse of an hour we were again ordered out, the 5th Regiment having shown signs of disaffection, and in this instance having seized their arms. Sir Henry again rode up, and managed to appease their mutinous tempers—for the time, at all events—and persuaded them to return to their lines.

A few days afterwards, the 75th Regiment (Queen's) and the 1st and 2d Bengal Fusiliers arrived at Umballa from the hills, and the two mutinous regiments seemed to think that in the presence of so large a force of Europeans an open outbreak would be useless; but a panic had been established among the ladies and civilians in the station, and I was obliged to give up my regimental schoolroom as a sleeping-apartment for them. A pretty bear-garden it became

with men, women, and children crowded into it, and I had to issue an order forbidding gentlemen to enter the room.

About this time we heard that a guard of 40 men from the Goorka regiment, stationed over the treasury at Kussowlie, had mutinied and made off with 32,000 rupees, and that the people at Simla had become in consequence panic-stricken. A party of 150 Europeans, shopkeepers and civilians, each with a loaded rifle, had taken up a position at the bank, and which from its situation might have been defended. But they too were seized with panic, and gave up their arms to a party of Goorkas, who had no intention of injuring them, but who did not choose to be treated with such a want of confidence. Perhaps, as matters turned out, this surrender was the best course to have been pursued. The Goorkas, however, were not so disaffected, and the robbery of the treasury was committed by some Hindostanees in the regiment. When it reached the ears of the Goorkas, they sallied forth in a body, seized the delinquents, shot one of them, and actually returned 7000 rupees which they recovered from the thieves. Praiseworthy as was this act, the whole regiment was in a singular state of mutiny. They coolly made a prisoner of their commanding officer, and handled him pretty roughly. In course of time they all returned to their duty; the panic-stricken Europeans and half-castes began to regain their confidence; and the poor ladies who

had been forced to wander about the hills, toiling up and down mountains, sometimes perhaps carrying one or two children, returned to their homes.

On 15th May the Commander-in-Chief, General the Honourable George Anson, a high-bred gentleman, arrived at Umballa from Simla for the purpose of organising our small army, which was there being assembled. It consisted of only four European regiments and two troops of horse-artillery. Yet with these he hoped to quell the Mutiny, which was now assuming a most serious appearance.

After some unavoidable delay, the troops began their advance towards Delhi on the 17th May. I was appointed brigadier of cavalry, and marched with the rear detachment. Owing to the heat, we proceeded by night by the usual stages, except that on one occasion we accomplished eighteen miles in one march. We passed through Kurnal, where I reported myself to Brigadier Graves, who had made his escape from Delhi on the outbreak of the Mutiny. Brigadier Halifax was with him, having come in from the advanced-post very unwell. He shortly after died from congestion of the brain; and about the same time Colonel Mowatt, the commandant of artillery, who had been left behind ill at Peoply, succumbed to an attack of cholera.

We continued our march until we reached the spot where Sir Henry Barnard had halted. He had now become Commander-in-Chief, in consequence of the

sudden death of poor General Anson from cholera at Kurnal. It was a singular species of illness. Those attacked by it had but little pain—only slight cramps—and then they flickered out like a wasted candle.

Sir Henry Barnard had not been previously aware of Brigadier Halifax's illness, and of his consequent withdrawal from the advanced-post. He appeared greatly annoyed, and directed me to push forward and assume command of the leading detachment, which had proceeded on its way to Rhye, forty-two miles further on. Accordingly, Captain Hamilton,[1] my brigade-major, and I, started off the same afternoon. A journey of sixty miles in twenty-four hours during the hot weather in India is no joke. The same horses accompanied us all the way, but the first ten miles I had ridden another. We accomplished the last thirty miles at a gallop, when we overtook the column. We then had an hour's good sleep by the roadside, and afterwards finished our march without having been much exhausted. Ere we entered Rhye, we met several of our poor countrymen and ladies who had made their escape from Delhi on foot, and were told by them that they had been most shamefully treated by the natives in the village. Leniency under the present circumstances would have been misplaced, and I was determined to take up their case with a strong hand. The Begum of Rhye, a respectable old lady, horrified at the conduct of the people, sent her young

[1] Major Hamilton died at Calcutta, November 1858.

son to give evidence against them. Twenty-five low villains were accordingly secured and tried by a military commission. The young man stated clearly and honestly all that had taken place. The offenders were all convicted, and condemned to be hanged—a sentence which was carried out on the spot.

Three or four days after, Sir Henry Barnard came up with the main body, and we were now only waiting for a reinforcement from Meerut, consisting of a small siege-train, some field-guns, and about 800 men—composed of detachments from the 60th Rifles (Queen's), the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers), and a Goorka regiment—under Brigadier Wilson,[1] to march against Delhi. There the mutineers were rapidly assembling, but we hoped this walled town would fall easily before any large force of the rebels had concentrated. Intelligence, however, arrived from Brigadier Wilson that he had been attacked by a considerable body of rebels at a place called Ghazee-ood-deen-Nuggur on 30th May, and had beaten them, taking four heavy guns and an 8-inch howitzer. The day following he had been again attacked, and the rebels had been again driven back; but the heat was so fearful, and his men so exhausted, that he had found it impossible to follow up his victory. Wilson was now in a critical position, and I recommended Sir Henry to move on his troops to within twelve miles of Delhi, as the enemy could

[1] R.A.

then hardly sally out to attack the former while we were so near. Sir Henry acted on this, established himself at Alipore, and Wilson was enabled to join us there on 7th June. We now found that the rebels had taken up a very strong position between us and Delhi, and about five miles from the latter town, at a place called Budlee-ka-Serai, which they had intrenched and armed with heavy guns. Sir Henry was much hampered in his dispositions owing to the smallness of his force, but his plan of attack was good. The main column was directed to proceed up the road and to make a direct attack on the enemy's position, and I was ordered to march, with three squadrons of the 9th Lancers and ten guns, by a by-road to the right, cross the Western Jumna Canal about a mile higher up, advance along its wooded banks, where I should be quite concealed from view, recross the canal six miles higher up, and fall on the rebels in flank and rear. The three squadrons of the 9th Lancers were under Colonel Yule.[1] The artillery force was commanded by Major Mackenzie,[2] and consisted of Turner's six 9-pounders, and Tombs'[3] four light 6-pounders, from Meerut. The latter battery was incomplete, owing to want of transport. At one o'clock in the morning of the 8th June we began our march, advanced as quietly as possible as far as our

[1] Killed before Delhi, 19th June 1857.

[2] Major Murray Mackenzie was wounded on the 30th June, from the effects of which he shortly afterwards died at Simla.

[3] Major-General Sir Henry Tombs, V.C., K.C.B., died 1874.

foremost picket, took the turn to the right, and crossed the canal. The road along its banks was excellent, but was so narrow that, had we been attacked, our guns would have been useless. We therefore marched across the fields, and for about a mile our progress was easy; but then we came to a swamp which extended over a wide district of country, and had been formed by the bursting of the canal-bank. It was some time before we overcame this difficulty; and when we were still two miles from our destined point of attack, the guns of the main body, which had proceeded by the direct road, began to open fire, the preconcerted signal for us to commence operations. I therefore resolved to take to the canal-road, by which means we were enabled to proceed at a merry trot, recrossed the canal, and quickly came upon the rear of the enemy.

Then the ground once more became very difficult, and intersected with ditches. Turner's heavy 9-pounders stuck fast, but Tombs' light guns managed to make their way to the front, and opened upon the rebels with great effect. The 9th Lancers behaved gallantly, and charged into the midst of the enemy. A young lieutenant in my regiment, Jones, with a few men, captured a 9-pounder which the mutineers were endeavouring to withdraw, sabred its six gunners, turned the gun upon a village where the enemy had taken refuge, and dislodged them from it. Colonel Yule killed three men with his own hand. At

the same time the main body successfully stormed the intrenchment in their front. The 75th Regiment suffered severely; and Colonel Chester, the Adjutant-General, was killed by a round-shot.

We now advanced in two columns against Hindoo Rao's house and the Flag-staff fort, which lay on a ridge overlooking the town, and 1200 yards from the nearest bastion. One column marched by the right, the other followed the road leading straight to the fort. The whole position quickly fell into our hands, together with 11 guns — 18-, 24-, and 9-pounders. A heavy fire from the Moree Bastion in the town was then opened upon us, and we were forced to seek for shelter behind the ridge; but even there the shot fell among us, and we found it necessary to retire to the native infantry lines. It was sad to see all the bungalows burnt; and the scene of utter confusion and destruction was indescribable. At last the officers of the 9th Lancers found a small house, somewhat less dilapidated than the others, where they obtained shelter from the burning sun, and where I likewise took up my quarters for that night. Our troops bivouacked on the position they had won.

Shortly after my arrival in this house I heard a waggon drive up to the door, and was told by the driver that Colonel Chester, the Adjutant-General, was in it. I had not as yet heard of his death, and supposed he had got into the conveyance for shelter

from the sun. But what was my horror to find it contained his dead body.

The next morning, 9th June, the enemy came out and attacked us, but were driven back without much difficulty. On our side we established batteries at Hindoo Rao's house; but the town was out of our range, and we could do little damage—even failing in our efforts to silence the Moree Bastion. However, the 24-pounders which we had taken the previous day from the enemy were more effective, though we were hard put to it for shot, and had to pick up what were fired at us, and to return them. About this time we were joined by the Sikh Guides—a magnificent body of men, both horse and foot. They were under Captain Daly,[1] an excellent officer, and had come by forced marches from the Punjab. The Goorka battalion—stout, active little fellows, commanded by Major Reid,[2] than whom there was no finer officer in the Company's service—was in nowise inferior, and no regiment could have done its duty better. At the beginning of the siege they took up the most advanced post at Hindoo Rao's house, and maintained it to the very last, until the fall of the town.[3] I must here mention that during the terribly

[1] Now General Sir Henry Daly, G.C.B.

[2] Now General Sir Charles Reid, G.C.B.

[3] This battalion arrived about 490 strong, and during the siege had 320 men killed or wounded. The day of the assault, 180 volunteered to come out of hospital, still suffering from wounds and sickness, to fight for the honour of their corps, and were allowed by Major Reid to do so.

hot weather beer was my great stand-by. In fact, I scarcely think I could have existed without this balmy nectar—it put such vigour and strength into my sadly exhausted frame. We were also very fortunate, during the first three months, in procuring an ample supply of Bass and Alsopp's best brew, as all the houses in the north sent as much as they could—knowing the uncertainty of being able to retain it in the state the country was in. I had as yet no A.D.C., when one day I received a note from Captain the Honourable Richard Curzon,[1] who had been military secretary to General Anson before his death, asking me if I would take young Augustus Anson,[2] who had lost his appointment as A.D.C. to his uncle. I at once agreed to do so, and the young gentleman accordingly came to my tent to introduce himself to me. He was an intelligent, good-looking young fellow, with a look of honest determination in his countenance which pleased me greatly; but as he felt a natural diffidence on his first appearance, and looked rather pale and worn out, I proceeded to my bed, drew out from underneath a bottle of sparkling beer, and gave him a tumbler of the delicious elixir. He had scarcely quaffed it off when the change appeared marvellous—his diffidence departed from him, his countenance brightened up with a rosy hue, and a great friendship was soon established between us.

[1] Now General Lord Howe, C.B., Colonel of 2d Life Guards.

[2] Lieut.-Colonel Hon. A. Anson, M.P. for Bewdley, died 1876.

On the morning of the 12th June we were attacked by a force of between 4000 and 5000 men. On our right rear was the village of Subzi-Mundi, while the numerous houses and trees which extended up to our lines gave cover to the enemy. Fortunately they were unsupported by guns, and we walked into them effectually, killing 300 or 400, and driving the rest back to the town in terrible confusion.

That night, at about 7.30 o'clock, Sir Henry Barnard sent for me, and the scene which ensued was very remarkable. He hushed me into a whisper, and asked me if I thought any person could possibly overhear us. On my replying "No," he said, "There is treason around us; our servants are treasonable— the 9th Irregular Cavalry[1] are treasonable; and I mean to attack the town." I was surprised at his manner, but I said I thought his determination a very wise one; that every day the rebel forces were increasing, and that the longer we delayed the smaller was our prospect of success. Soon after I quitted him, and at about eleven o'clock at night a paper was put into my hands with directions for the attack; but scarcely an hour had elapsed ere I received a counter-order, stating that in consequence of the impossibility of drawing in the pickets within a reasonable hour, it had been determined to postpone the assault. This change of plan appeared to me unwise. However, had the attack failed, our situation would

[1] A part of this regiment had recently joined Sir H. Barnard's force.

have become desperate indeed. The next day, 13th June, we were left unmolested. The weather was so fearfully hot that the gunners could not handle the shot wherewith to load the guns. On the afternoon of the 19th June we were informed by spies, whose intelligence was not always to be relied on, that the enemy was about to attack us in rear. The safety of the camp had been intrusted to my charge, and I immediately proceeded, with a squadron of the 9th Lancers, 2 guns of Major Scott's battery, 2 of Major Turner's, and 2 of Captain Money's troop of horse-artillery, to the right of the Ochterlony gardens, about a mile to our rear in a north-westerly direction, in order to reconnoitre. To my surprise, I found the enemy in position half a mile further on to our proper rear. On seeing my small force they opened a heavy fire against us, to which we responded with equal vigour. It was wonderful to see how the shot and shell fell among us without doing much harm: a grape-shot tore a pistol out of my holster-pipe, and I never saw it again. Our little army in camp, aroused by the firing, quickly turned out to support us, and we had a hard tussle for the mastery until 11.30 at night. The remaining squadrons of the 9th Lancers and the Guides horse charged a large body of the enemy on the Subzi-Mundi road; but with a ditch and houses on each side their action was paralysed, and our loss was severe. Amongst those who fell, I grieve to say, was Lieut.-

Colonel Yule of the 9th Lancers, as fine and gallant a soldier as ever lived. Captain Daly, too, was very severely wounded through the shoulders upon this occasion.

As long as daylight lasted we drove the rebels back; but when darkness ensued they got round our flanks, and two of my guns (Money's, I think) were in the greatest jeopardy. I therefore collected a few men together and charged the enemy. A sepoy within 5 yards of me fired at my horse, and put a bullet through his body, close to my leg. It was singular he did not aim at me; but in all probability he thought it best to make sure of killing the horse, and that then, to a certainty, the rider would fall into his hands. I felt that my poor charger had received its death-wound; yet he galloped on 50 yards through the throng of rebels, and then dropped down dead. I was in rather an awkward predicament—unhorsed, surrounded by the enemy, and, owing to the darkness, ignorant in which direction to proceed—when my orderly, a native sowar[1] of the 4th Irregulars, by name Rooper Khan, rode up to me, and said, "Take my horse—it is your only chance of safety." I could not but admire his fine conduct. He was a Hindostanee Mussulman, belonging to a regiment the greater part of which had mutinied; and it would have been easy for him to have killed me and gone over to the enemy; but he behaved nobly, and was

[1] Horseman.

ready to save my life at the risk of his own. I refused his offer; but, taking a firm grasp of his horse's tail, I told Rooper Khan to drag me out of the crowd. This he performed successfully and with great courage. I may here mention that the next morning I called him into my tent (he was a fine-looking fellow, of tall stature, about twenty-five years of age), and after praising him for his gallant behaviour, I offered him some little money; upon which he drew himself up with great dignity, salamed, and said, "No, sahib, I will take no money; but if you will get my commanding officer to promote me, I shall be very grateful." I answered him that I would make a request to that effect, but urged him also to receive the money. He reluctantly took it and left the tent; but the next morning I received a note from his commanding officer, Major Martin, returning the rupees, and stating that Rooper Khan could not be prevailed upon to accept them. Major Martin promoted him; and in consequence of my favourable mention of him, Sir Henry Barnard awarded him the second-class order of merit. There were likewise two men of the 9th Lancers who behaved with great gallantry, Thomas Handcock and John Purcell.[1] They stuck to me during the fight without consulting their own safety: the latter had his horse killed under him about the

[1] Handcock was afterwards appointed by her Majesty one of the gatekeepers in Windsor Park. Purcell was killed before Delhi at a later period of the siege.

same time that I lost my own; and Handcock, seeing me dismounted in the midst of my foes, earnestly besought me to take his charger. He was the same night wounded, and lost his arm. The enemy, however, did not persist in his attack, and by degrees the firing ceased. I don't think I ever felt so beat before. The weather was fearfully hot. I threw myself exhausted on the ground, and the only thing which revived me was a glass of beer, given me by Lieutenant Drummond, attached to the Rajah of Jheend's Horse, a Sikh who had recently joined us.

It was 11.30 P.M. before we returned to camp, and on our arrival an order was put into my hands desiring me to take out a force at daybreak the following morning to clear the neighbourhood of any of the enemy who might be still hanging about, and to bring in any guns or ammunition-waggons which they might have left behind them. We marched at 3.30 A.M., saw a strong picket of the enemy, which retired as soon as they perceived us, and came across a gun with two rebels on the limber fearfully wounded. The two horses attached were so badly injured from shot that they could scarcely move. Hamilton and I tried to put them out of their pain. One of them seemed to bear a charmed life. We fired seven shots from our revolvers into his head, but we could not make him drop, and we were obliged to leave him. He afterwards began to eat grass. Besides the gun, we picked up three ammunition-waggons.

We had scarcely got back to our tents, and lain down to get a little rest, when I again heard guns firing, and a couple of round-shot came right into camp. We turned out as quickly as possible, but again the enemy rapidly retreated; and after marching four miles under a burning sun, equally trying to personal appearance and constitution, we returned to the miserable shelter of our tents. I must confess that I was knocked up; but fortunately we had no more alarms, and a good night's rest completely revived me.

A canal, or rather a watercourse, spanned by several bridges, which the enemy made use of when moving to attack us in rear, ran through our camp and crossed the Subzi-Mundi road and the road to Rotuck. We therefore caused most of these bridges to be blown up, and subsequently the rebels found great difficulty in carrying out their attacks against our rear. A reinforcement of 350 Europeans, a troop of artillery, 100 of the Punjab Horse, and the 4th Sikh Regiment, arrived about this time.

The 23d June was the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Plassey, and a prophecy had for some time been current among the sepoys that on this day they were destined to annihilate the Feringhee power. At 7 A.M. they were seen coming out of the town in large numbers, and at eight o'clock we were attacked on our right flank, for since the destruction of the bridges our rear was tolerably well protected. At the

point selected, we had thrown up an intrenchment on a hillock which commanded the vicinity. Here our heavy guns came into play, and inflicted great loss on the rebels. The battle lasted eight hours, and the firing was incessant. The enemy suffered very severely, as about the Subzi-Mundi village alone we found more than 400 dead bodies.

Fifty of the scoundrels had shut themselves up in a house into which the Guides forced their way. The mutineers threw down their arms and begged for quarter; but the hatred which existed between the Sikhs and Hindostanees put this out of the question, and every one of the latter was slain.

A sepoy was seen at the window of a house by some Goorkas, who crept up and lay in wait underneath. As they expected, the unfortunate fellow again put his head out of the window to ascertain how matters stood, when the Goorkas seized him by the hair, and with a large kookry, or knife which they carried with them, severed his head from his body in an instant. The rebels were at last driven back into the town, having lost at least 1600 men killed and wounded. It was terrible work for our poor fellows fighting for so long under a burning sun. Fortunately, all this time we were able to preserve our communications with the north, as it was from thence we drew all our supplies of food and ammunition. Scarcely a day passed without some fighting, and we also suffered much from cholera and fever.

Our force was, of course, diminishing rapidly; and it was only wonderful that our poor men were able to perform their severe duties in the terrible heat they were exposed to. 350 men of the 8th and 430 of the 61st (Queen's) Regiments joined us on 1st July. To these were added on 2d July Coke's[1] Regiment, 830 strong, as fine a Sikh corps as was in existence, 200 of the 9th Irregular Cavalry, mutinous Hindostanee scoundrels, and 100 of the Punjab Cavalry. Our new Adjutant-General, Brigadier-General Chamberlain, arrived from the Punjab. He was a first-rate officer to command Irregulars, and had gained a name in the 9th Regiment, in which he still placed implicit confidence. This, it will be seen, was misplaced. Colonel Baird Smith,[2] an excellent engineer officer, and a detachment of sappers, joined us from Roorkee.

Two guns in the Moree Bastion had been silenced and part of the parapet knocked down; but during the night the enemy remounted the guns, and repaired the breach by means of sand-bags.

No further fighting of importance took place until the 4th July, when at eleven o'clock at night we heard heavy firing about ten miles to our rear. A force consisting of 1000 infantry, one squadron of the 9th Lancers, one squadron of the Carabiniers, and 12 guns, the whole under the command of Colonel Coke, was ordered to reconnoitre. They started at 2.30 on the morning of the 5th July, and as they proceeded

[1] Afterwards Major-General Coke, C.B. [2] Since dead.

received information that the previous day a body of the enemy had marched out of Delhi round to Alipore, and had attacked a troop of the 5th Irregular Sikh Cavalry, which had been stationed there under Lieutenant Younghusband[1] in order to keep up our communications with Kurnal and with the upper country. Colonel Coke was informed that the rebels were making their way back to the town by by-roads. He therefore attempted to intercept them in their retreat; but they had got the start of him, and he failed even to capture a single gun. On the other hand, the enemy had accomplished nothing beyond temporarily driving our little cavalry force out of Alipore. Colonel Coke, supposing that the rebels had definitively retired, allowed his jaded infantry to lie down to rest and eat. But ere long a fresh force of the enemy, having crept along the banks of a branch of the canal where they were concealed by woods, suddenly opened fire upon him. A message was brought to me in hot haste, and fresh guns and cavalry were brought out to support him. His troops ultimately returned in safety, though greatly exhausted.

On returning to camp, I heard a rumour that the canal bridge which had been intentionally left standing about three miles distant from the town, and by means of which Coke had crossed in order to attack the enemy, was to be blown up. I hastened to the

[1] Died of wounds received at Goorsaigunj, January 2, 1858.

general, and in the presence of the adjutant-general I stated that I thought this measure would be very inexpedient, since it would prevent us getting at the enemy should he again attack us in rear, and, by putting it out of our power to assume the offensive at the proper moment, would strike at the root of our defensive action. Chamberlain quite agreed with me; and Sir Henry having given the necessary permission, I galloped to the bridge, and fortunately arrived just in time to prevent its destruction. The sappers had sunk a shaft and placed in it the charge of powder to blow it up.

The next morning (6th July) I learned that poor Sir Henry Barnard had been seized with cholera, and had been carried off by it after an illness of six or seven hours. Like General Anson, he had little pain, and had wasted away, at the last quite unconscious. His son told me that after he was taken ill his mind wandered, and he kept continually saying, "Tell Grant to take out all the cavalry. Tell Reed I have sent up the 60th to support him." The following day we buried him in the old cemetery, which lay within our lines. We were unable to procure a coffin for him; the funeral service was rapidly though reverently performed, and the earth was thrown into the small space allotted to him as quickly as possible, for every moment we expected to be obliged to turn out to repel an attack by the enemy; but peals of musketry and the roar of cannon paid a grander

tribute to poor Sir Henry than the usual formal discharges of blank-cartridge.

The trial had been too great for him, and the severe strain on his mind had brought on the illness of which he died. He was succeeded in the command by General Reed, who had joined us a short time previously.

[See 'Incidents of the Sepoy War' for the refutation I have endeavoured to establish of the cruel and unjust charges brought against General Anson and Sir Henry Barnard. General Sir William Knollys,[1] who served with Generals Anson and Barnard as brother Guardsmen for many years, thus described to me their respective characters. "Anson," he said, "was a good soldier, and a man of considerable ability and energy. Though apt to be indolent unless roused by what he considered sufficient motive, whatever he tried his hand at he did well. He was equally remarkable for his good looks and for his universal popularity. Barnard's mind was of a lower calibre, but he was a good plodding soldier, conspicuous from his earliest days, when we were cadets together at Sandhurst, for his strong religious principles." To Sir Henry Barnard's trials of stupendous responsibility at the most critical conjuncture in the annals of our Indian empire, and to the overwhelming fatigue acting on an already enfeebled frame, must be added

[1] General Right Hon. Sir William Knollys, K.C.B., Colonel Scots Guards, and Gentleman Usher, Black Rod, died 1883.

a total inability to obtain any sleep. Sir Hope, judging from his chief's wild and painfully depressed manner and words, when imparting the secret orders for an immediate assault, was of opinion that the naturally strong mind of the noble soldier was unhinged, and that the subsequent recall of the order was due to the restored balance of reason. —H. K.]

At this time some most valuable reinforcements arrived in the shape of £20,000, 62 European artillerymen, and 82 fine old Sikh gunners. Very little confidence could be placed in the Hindostanee Irregular regiments, of which there were three in camp, the 4th, 9th, and 17th. On 9th July the 9th Regiment behaved treacherously, one of their pickets having allowed a force of rebel cavalry to pass their post, and to make their way within our lines on our right flank, which was undoubtedly our most vulnerable point. The Subzi-Mundi houses and trees extended close up to the post, thus enabling the enemy to creep up to it unperceived. In consequence of the fearful heat of the weather, I had endeavoured to save the European regiments as much as possible, and the 9th Irregular Cavalry (Chamberlain's) had been told off to furnish the above-mentioned picket. The enemy easily penetrated into our camp, took us by surprise, and drove in an inner picket of the Carabiniers, which I had been obliged to post nearer our main body. They galloped up to our tents, cut down

two or three men, and endeavoured to persuade a native troop of artillery to join them; but these men had thus far behaved loyally, having been well looked after and never suffered to move out, and they remained stanch. Our men quickly turned out in their shirt-sleeves, some with swords, some with rifles, and succeeded in killing 30 of the rebels. Young Hills[1] of the artillery rushed out with his sword, and was attacked by a sowar on foot who had lost his horse. The rebel was a fanatic Mussulman, and was too much for poor Hills, whom he wounded, got on the ground, and had raised his arm to deal the death-blow, when Tombs, the captain of Hills' troop, rushed up, and while still 30 yards distant from the sowar, fired at the latter with a revolver and dropped him dead. All the above took place in the space of a few minutes, after which the rebels were driven out of our camp, and I followed with our cavalry in pursuit. A little to our right rear we had established a battery of heavy guns, supported by a picket of the 9th Lancers, under the command of Lieutenant Martin, consisting of about 30 men. Had it not been for their services, the enemy would in all probability have cut down the gunners and spiked the guns. Captain Light,[2] the artillery officer in charge, afterwards wrote to me as follows: "The bold front and steadiness of the troop of the 9th Lancers under Lieutenant Martin saved

[1] Now Lieut.-General Sir J. Hills-Johnes, V.C., K.C.B.

[2] Now Major-General Light.

my guns. Nothing could be steadier; for the rebels came close up and circled round us, and Martin kept wheeling and facing them, at one time not 50 yards from them."

As we were following up the rebel raid, and when we had arrived to within a short distance of the Ochterlony gardens, we saw some 80 sowars leisurely taking the same direction as ourselves. They were dressed exactly like our own men, and I could not believe them to be a hostile force; but to make quite sure, I sent my aide-de-camp, Augustus Anson, to ascertain their identity, and he brought me back word that they were a detachment of our own cavalry. Captain Hodson[1] also rode up, accosted them, and marched with them for some distance, under the impression that they belonged to one of the Hindostanee regiments in camp. They entered into most friendly conversation with him, and told him, I think, that they were a party of the 9th Irregulars. All of a sudden, however, they put spurs to their horses, galloped off like wild-fire, giving us the slip completely; and we then discovered for the first time that they were some rebel cavalry. I should state that Hodson had formerly commanded the Guides. After Major Daly had been badly wounded, Hodson was replaced in command. He was a dashing, clear-headed, energetic officer; no man understood or could lead an Irregular regiment better, and at such a time

[1] Major Hodson was killed at Lucknow, 7th March 1858.

his services in the field could not be dispensed with.

About the same time that we had been tricked by the rebel cavalry, a strong force of the enemy attacked us on the Subzi-Mundi road, and after a hard fight, lasting several hours, was beaten back with a loss of about 500 killed, besides those wounded. We lost 40 killed and 183 wounded, which told severely upon us, as the latter rarely recovered.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 14th July, about 10,000 rebels attacked our right flank. The fight was not over until 6 P.M.; the enemy was driven back, but unhappily was followed up too far by our poor fellows, who suffered much from grape fired on them from the town. Our Adjutant-General, Chamberlain, was very severely wounded in the shoulder, the bone of his arm being shattered; and young Walker, an excellent engineer officer, was also severely wounded in the thigh. Our loss was 280 killed and wounded.

We were greatly tried by false alarms, and spies were continually coming in with rumours, sometimes true, sometimes fictitious, and probably set afoot by the enemy, so as to weary us by being constantly turned out. The weather was very wet, the neighbourhood of Delhi had become a swamp, and fever and cholera were rife among us. It was indeed sad to see our soldiers called out nearly every day, under a burning sun or pelting rain, to fight a most per-

severing enemy, who was determined to wear us out by fatigue if they could not conquer us in the field. It was marvellous they did not succeed, and our preservation was truly providential.

General Reed, whose health was very indifferent, was obliged to relinquish the command at the end of a week and to return to the Punjab. Ere he left he took a step of great importance and service to us. He placed Brigadier-General Wilson, of the Bengal artillery, who did not happen to be the next senior officer present, at the head of our troops. Wilson was an energetic officer, had a sound head, and knew his work. As soon as he assumed command he strengthened our position, stationed a strong outpost in the Subzi-Mundi village, connected it by a chain of smaller posts with Metcalfe's house, which stood on the right bank of the river, and protected the infantry pickets with breastworks. We found some difficulty in furnishing the large number of men required for these posts, our forces having been much diminished by sickness and by losses in action.

On 18th, 20th, and 23d July we were again attacked. On the first occasion we lost eighty-one men killed and wounded, and we were deprived of the services of many good officers. Amongst others was Colonel Seaton,[1] a musket-ball striking him with some force on the breast, but glancing off; and poor Money of the artillery, who was shot through the

[1] Afterwards Major-General Sir Thomas Seaton, K.C.B., since dead.

knee. It was thought his wound would prove fatal, as injuries from shot were so difficult to heal.

Brigadier-General Wilson exerted himself to the utmost, never flagging for an instant; and though cautious, he lost no opportunity of pitching into the enemy whenever he had a chance. The rebels did not like the severe handling they had received, and though still constant in their attacks, were easily driven back.

On 25th July I left the camp, and, accompanied by my brigade-major, Hamilton, and some orderlies of the 4th Irregulars, proceeded along the banks of the canal in order to reconnoitre. On reaching the Rotuck road, I discovered that the bridge had been only partially destroyed, and could be easily repaired. On our way out we had come across country, but we resolved to return to camp by following up the canal-bank for the whole distance. An old ruined aqueduct, which had formerly brought water into the town, spanned the canal, and we had great difficulty in getting over it, as well as over an adjacent cutting in the canal-bank, through which flowed a rapid stream of water flooding the adjoining field. We had not gone above 300 or 400 yards further on when we suddenly came across a native infantry patrol, which on our appearance turned tail and apparently fled. We galloped after them, but on turning an angle of the road we found they had taken up a position on the top of the bank about

eighty yards in advance, and with levelled rifles were ready to give us a warm reception. The situation of our little party on that high narrow path, where on horseback we were almost powerless, was anything but pleasant. On one side was a broad ditch and marshy fields, on the other was the canal, while in rear the stream through the cutting and the boggy ground would have delayed us fatally under fire had we attempted to retreat. Hamilton said, "We must go at them, and run the gantlet," when just as we were gathering our horses together to make a rush, one of our sowars, whose suspicions had been excited, rode up to the patrol, and after exchanging a few words with them, discovered that they were some of our own corps of Guides.

We expected to be shortly reinforced by 1500 Europeans and 5000 Sikhs from the Punjab. We stood in urgent need of this increase to our force, for the number of our outposts, and the extent of ground we were compelled to cover, denuded our camp of all but an insignificant force, quite inadequate to repel any attack made upon it. The fearful heat, too, which was daily becoming more intense, had greatly increased the number of our sick; and our losses in action began to tell upon us severely. In fact, we could not have mustered more than 800 men had we been required to strengthen our advanced-posts or to resist any attack on our rear. Moreover, until the arrival of our long-expected

siege-train, we could not carry on operations against the town with any vigour or prospect of success; but on this latter condition hinged to a great extent the loyalty of the Punjab troops and the Goorkas, who had thus far behaved well. The Rajah of Putteeala, a powerful Sikh chieftain, whose estates lay about thirty miles from Umballa, was another great stand-by. He remained steadfast and true. Had he faltered, the Sikhs would have gone over to the enemy to a man. On the other hand, the rebels in the town were every day becoming stronger. After the fall of Delhi a return was discovered, from which it appeared that the mutineers' force amounted to 40,000 men, exclusive of the male adult population, principally Mahomedans, who must have numbered 70,000 or 80,000 men, armed to the teeth, and capable of fighting even more desperately than the sepoys. It was manifest that, until we were reinforced, we were in extreme jeopardy, and Brigadier-General Wilson recognised the imperative necessity for caution.

The 2d August was the anniversary of the great Mahomedan festival, the "Buckra Eed," when it was customary for the King of Delhi, accompanied by crowds of Mussulmans, to proceed to a large serai[1] a little beyond the Subzi-Mundi village, and there to sacrifice a camel or goat in honour of Ish-

[1] A resting-place for travellers (man and beast)—generally a walled enclosure.

mael, who, according to their creed, was offered up instead of Isaac. This was allowed to be a propitious day by all "true believers," and they determined to make a grand attack on our position. We were in the middle of the rainy season, when the country generally becomes nearly impassable. There had, however, been an intermission of rain for nearly a fortnight, and the ground, which had previously been a complete swamp, was now firm, and practicable for artillery and cavalry.

The attack was well planned. A strong force was destined to proceed up the opposite bank of the Jumna, which covered our left flank, cross by a bridge of boats at Baghput, take up a position in our rear at Rhye, and thus cut off our supplies from and communications with the upper country, and in fact starve us out. Another force of 6000 men, with sixteen guns, was to cross the canal about three miles to our right, and attack us in rear. Simultaneously, the main body was to force our position in front and on our flanks. The two first-named bodies marched on 1st August. The one told off for the attack on our rear advanced to the canal by the Rotuck road, and in a few hours constructed a bridge sufficiently strong to admit of the passage of artillery. Part of their cavalry had passed, and their artillery was on the point of following the example, when a black cloud suddenly appeared overhead, followed by a terrific downpour of rain, which converted the

sluggish waters of the canal into a foaming torrent. The bridge was completely swept away, and the strong, powerful timbers of which it had been constructed, were washed down to our camp. The further advance of the enemy was now effectually put a stop to, not only on account of the destruction of the bridge, but because the surrounding country had become impassable. Their cavalry which had crossed were separated from the main body, and were in a terrible fright lest we should send out a force to cut them off. With difficulty they made their escape by marching about sixteen miles up the canal, crossing by a bridge which we had not been able to destroy, from whence, crestfallen and in disorder, they made their way back to Delhi. The most remarkable circumstance connected with the above is, that at the very time the rain descended in such torrents on the enemy, we had not a single drop in our own camp. This was a wonderful interposition of Providence. I was talking to General Wilson in his tent, when Captain Hodson, who had been sent out with a party of his own men to reconnoitre, rode up, drenched with rain, and reported that it would be impracticable for the enemy to carry out for the present any extended offensive movement against us. They were, however, resolved not to allow their great festival to pass without a fight. Late in the afternoon they sallied forth in large masses from the town, supported by numerous guns,

and attacked our batteries and infantry positions with great vigour. The fight continued all night, and until a late hour the next day, when they finally retired, repulsed with a loss of about 1500 men. Our number of killed and wounded was comparatively small, as our infantry fought behind breastworks. Our cavalry was not engaged, but was kept in reserve in a handy position ready for immediate action.

We were constantly receiving terrible accounts of the atrocities committed in the low country on Europeans — men, women, and children. In many instances these statements were confirmed, and consequently our men were roused to the highest pitch of exasperation.

There were originally three Hindostanee Irregular regiments incorporated in our little force. The fidelity of one of them, the 9th, was more than suspected, as shown in the rebel raid on our camp on 9th July. But Chamberlain, the Adjutant-General, could not believe in the treachery of the regiment with which he had served so long. He assembled all the native officers in his tent, where I happened to be at the time, and harangued them. They appeared to be a fine set of men, and entered into the most friendly conversation with their former colonel—joked, discussed in detail the serious turn which the mutiny had taken, gave their advice upon certain points, and even *I* could hardly believe them to be disloyal.

When the meeting broke up, Chamberlain made the head native officer a present of a beautiful horse, with which the latter rode away, expressing the greatest devotion and regard for the donor. That very evening the native officer galloped off on his beautiful horse, and together with several sowars went over to the enemy.

Still Chamberlain remained sceptical, and when I had obtained General Wilson's permission to disarm the regiment, he persuaded the chief to reverse his decision, and in lieu they were ordered away to the Punjab. The 17th Irregulars were disposed of similarly, and there now only remained ninety men of the 4th Irregulars in my brigade. A detachment of this regiment stationed in the neighbourhood had recently murdered their officer, Lieutenant Smith, and gone over to the enemy. General Wilson therefore resolved upon disarming the remainder. It must be owned that thus far they had behaved well; and I felt particularly sorry for my two orderlies in that regiment, Peer Khan and Rooper Khan, who had both served me so faithfully, especially the latter, whose heroism on 19th June I have already described. Still, under the circumstances, it was absolutely necessary to take the course he had determined on. I therefore paraded the regiment in their own lines, and communicated to them the order which had been entrusted to me to carry out. They seemed surprised, but every

man came forward and respectfully laid his arms down on the ground. I then told these poor fellows that they had been thus deprived, not by reason of any disaffection attributed to them personally, and that since they had been in camp their conduct had been perfectly honest and loyal, but that so many of their regiment on detachment had deserted, and behaved otherwise badly, that we had been forced to adopt every conceivable precaution. I concluded my speech by telling them that they were at liberty to proceed to their homes, and that when order had been re-established in the country, they would be re-engaged by the British Government. One or two of them respectfully came up to me afterwards and said, "Don't send us away; most of us live on the other side of Delhi, and we shall be obliged to join the enemy, or we shall be murdered." I felt the truth of what they said, and I obtained General Wilson's sanction to their remaining in camp, where, unarmed, they acted as police, and performed their duties faithfully and well. My two orderlies also brought their swords; but instead of laying them on the heap, they handed their weapons to me, saying, "Take you our swords, sahib, and don't humble us so; we have done nothing to deserve it." Their earnest and sorrowful look went to my heart. I felt it would be unjust to treat them as disloyal subjects. I took their swords, and the next day, with the approval of General Wilson, returned them to their

original owners, giving them permission likewise to retain their horses—a great boon to these fine fellows. There was something truly noble in the character of Rooper Khan, who continued throughout steadfast and loyal, a bright exception to the generality of natives. In 1859, he and Peer Khan, both of whom had been promoted, paid me a visit in Lucknow, and I had the gratification of presenting to each of them a finely-tempered sword.

CHAPTER X.

1857.

INDIAN MUTINY (*continued*).

HOT FIRE FROM THE ENEMY—TIDINGS FROM CAWNPORE AND LUCKNOW—SUCCESSFUL ATTACK ON THE REBEL PICKET—REINFORCEMENTS—ARRIVAL OF THE SIEGE-TRAIN—DISPOSITION OF OUR BATTERIES—SERVICES OF 9TH LANCERS AS ARTILLERYMEN—PLAN OF ASSAULT—MORNING OF ASSAULT ON DELHI—BREACHING-BATTERY MANNED BY 9TH LANCERS—BLOWING OPEN CASHMERE GATE—THE ASSAULT—POSITION TAKEN UP BY CAVALRY BRIGADE—THEY ADVANCE UP TO THE MOREE BASTION—THE 9TH LANCERS MAN GUNS OF THE MOREE BASTION—THE DAY AFTER THE ASSAULT—NICHOLSON'S DEATH-BED—FURTHER SUCCESSES—CAPTURE OF THE KING AND PRINCES OF DELHI—THE PALACE—NICHOLSON'S FUNERAL—SIR A. WILSON.

Journal.—The enemy had established a battery of heavy guns in the village of Kissengunge, whereby he completely enfiladed our position at Hindoo Rao's house, and the whole line of our works upon the hill. In fact, both from the town and from this battery, such a continual fire was kept up that we found it no easy matter to go from one post to another.

One day, accompanied by my aide-de-camp Augustus Anson, I went up to the mosque which lay be-

tween Hindoo Rao's house and the Flagstaff fort, and where we had a strong picket. The moment I showed my head on the top of the mosque, a shot was fired at us from the town, which went through the building below us, and carried away both legs of Anson's unfortunate syce, who was holding his master's horse at the back of the house. When I saw the poor fellow he did not appear to suffer much; and, strangely enough, there was not the slightest bleeding. He only survived his wound six hours. Sad accounts reached us of a fearful massacre which had taken place at Cawnpore. There I lost my old friends Colonel and Mrs Ewart, whom we had known so well while we were stationed at Meerut in former days: she was a very clever person, and a beautiful musician. I used often to accompany her on the violoncello; and on one occasion, when she was playing Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Wörte," we were alarmed by a noise outside the door. We rushed out to ascertain the cause of it, and there we saw a tall handsome native woman, dressed in white costume covered with blood, and with her nose cut off. It appeared that her husband, in a fit of jealous rage, had mutilated her in this fearful manner, to spoil her beauty and make her obedient. We also heard that General Havelock had reached Cawnpore with a small mixed force, and had there signally defeated the rebels. We were further saddened by learning of the death of that noble fellow Sir Henry Lawrence.

The rebels in Delhi, though very down-hearted, were sustained in their constant attacks on our batteries and outposts by the consciousness that there could be no ambiguous issue to the fight—either they must destroy us or be utterly annihilated themselves. On the night of the 12th August, a column consisting of 1200 infantry, a troop of 9-pounders, a squadron of the 9th Lancers, and the Guide cavalry, was ordered to be in readiness to turn out just before daybreak. Accordingly, at about 3.30 A.M. they crept up to within a short distance of Ludlow Castle, where a strong picket of the enemy was posted, succeeded in surprising them, killed many of their number, and took four guns. Unfortunately, the officer in command of the column, Brigadier Showers, a fine gallant fellow, was severely wounded; and Major Coke, who commanded Coke's Irregular Punjab Regiment, a first-rate officer, was shot through the leg, and thus put *hors de combat.* This was a great loss. The rebels, with more energy and determination than we expected, brought out more guns from the town to replace those which had been captured; but their previous losses had the effect of materially depressing their spirits and of encouraging our own men. Moreover, at this time we received an important reinforcement, consisting of the 52d (Queen's) Regiment, under Colonel Campbell,[1] an excellent officer; the other wing of the 61st

[1] Afterwards Major-General G. Campbell, C.B., since dead.

Regiment, Green's[1] fine Sikh corps, and the Mooltanee Horse. This force amounted to 1100 Europeans, 800 Sikhs, and 150 horse, and was under the command of Brigadier-General Nicholson, who bore a high reputation in the Punjab, and whom the Sikhs looked upon as a sort of demi-god. The Mooltanee Horse were a fine independent race of men; and though they were almost totally without discipline, they proved a serviceable body when under Coke's management, to whose regiment they were attached. However, they would obey no one else, and it was necessary to leave them entirely under his orders.

It was a happy circumstance for us that the rebels had no leaders in whom they could trust—each man went his own way, and was subject to no other authority. One day a deputation presented themselves to the King of Delhi and demanded money from him, threatening to sack the palace and the town unless their request were complied with. The Great Mogul coolly answered them, "If you are so courageous, why don't you go and annihilate the British, and loot their tents? I was a paid pensioner of their Government, and you have come and put black upon my face, and have brought this trouble upon me." It does not appear that these rebellious subjects either attempted to execute their threat or were roused to action by their sovereign's taunt.

On the 24th August, it was ascertained that a

[1] General Sir George Green, K.C.B., died 1891.

strong rebel force, supported by 18 guns, had left the town, intending to cross the canal fifteen miles distant at a bridge called Nujufgurh, with the ultimate view of attacking our siege-train on its road from the Punjab, which we expected in a few days, and on which our final success depended. General Wilson despatched a force under Brigadier Nicholson—consisting of 1600 infantry, 800 of which were Europeans; 500 cavalry, composed of 100 of the 9th Lancers and 400 Sikhs; and 18 guns—to oppose them. The country was very wet; a torrent of rain fell; our men had to pass through a swamp or jheel, and had the greatest difficulty in intercepting the enemy: but these drawbacks proved even more detrimental to the rebels than to ourselves, for their progress was so slow that our force at length succeeded in coming up with them, shortly after they crossed the canal, on the afternoon of the second day's march. The mutineers had taken up an advantageous position between two villages, with a strong serai in their centre. One part of the line soon gave way; and the serai, which was garrisoned with a strong force, was stormed by a party of Coke's corps under Lieutenant Lumsden, a very fine officer, who fell in the conflict. The rebels fled in panic-stricken confusion, with the loss of 13 guns, their standing-camp, and quantities of ammunition. They managed to bring up 6 other guns from a reserve in their

rear, and thus covered their retreat across the canal, which they effected successfully, our men being too much exhausted to pursue them. Coke's corps lost 40 men, and the 61st (Queen's) also suffered, but not severely. General Bucktowar Khan, who commanded the rebel troops, returned to Delhi much crestfallen; and when he entered the town, he was received with the greatest contempt, one man spitting in his face.

Our siege-train, which had been a little delayed crossing the Nerbudda, one day's march from Umballa, arrived at Delhi on 4th September. It consisted of sixty pieces, fifteen of which were 24-pounders; there were twenty 18-pounders, and the remainder howitzers and mortars of various calibres. A 9-pounder battery was established 300 yards in front of the Sami house, a ruined building to the right front of Hindoo Rao's house, in order to draw off the fire of the Moree Bastion. Against the latter it was designed to construct a counter-battery of heavy guns, 700 yards in front of the mosque. Two batteries were thrown up in front of Ludlow Castle, a dwelling which lay within 800 yards of the walls. Lastly, there was our principal battery, 140 yards in front of the Cashmere gate, formed among some houses on the river-bank. This was armed with heavy guns and mortars, and being concealed by the walls of the houses, was established without much difficulty. The battery was protected against

a sortie from the town by a strong picket, stationed close at hand. At about 1.30 on the morning of 11th September I proceeded, with my aide-de-camp Augustus Anson, and my nephew Frank Grant,[1] to examine the batteries on the river-bank. The moon was in the third quarter, shining beautifully; the night was calm and mild, and not a sound was to be heard, except an occasional shot from the ramparts of the town, or the challenge of a sentinel. Passing through our camp we crossed the ridge, and followed the road leading near Metcalfe's house. As we approached Ludlow Castle the scene changed: trees were riven asunder by shot, branches were lopped off, and an ammunition-waggon was lying in the road with two large bullocks still attached to it: they had been struck down by a round-shot. A little further on, strings of camels laden with barrels of powder, and groaning from time to time, as if complaining of their heavy burdens, were wending their way down to the batteries; while large massive 24-pounder guns, drawn by sixteen bullocks each, were being dragged into position, ready for the deadly strife. There was a solemn grandeur in the scene which appealed to every feeling of romance, and which was further heightened by the fine old Eastern arches interspersed in different places. We reached the heavy-mortar battery, where twenty of these formidable engines of destruction were ready

[1] Now Lieut.-Colonel Grant, retired.

to open fire, and then made our way to the advanced battery of 24-pounders, which were to play against the Water Bastion, close to the Cashmere gate. This work, which was nearly completed, was formed in rear of a wall, through which embrasures would be cut at the proper moment. All this we examined with much interest, while occasionally a shell or round of grape, fired from the town, and striking furiously against the walls or arches of the surrounding buildings, warned us of the danger of our situation. We returned home by Ludlow Castle, where two other batteries were being established and were nearly completed. We should now soon be ready for the struggle; and we all felt that the present safety of India depended on the fall of Delhi.

Sir John Lawrence, Chief Commissioner in the Punjab, and brother of Sir Henry Lawrence, had sent down every available man he could spare, both European and Sikh. He had also made arrangements with Gholab Singh to send his force from Cashmere. Our army now amounted to about 10,000 men, variously composed. The Sikhs had thus far behaved well, but we could not expect this to continue much longer; and it was believed that had we not commenced successful operations, the whole of the Punjab would in another fortnight have risen.

The batteries were completed twenty-four hours after we had visited them. Unfortunately, when the embrasures were cut in the most important work on

the river-bank, it was discovered that the engineers had failed to construct it in a direction parallel to the Water Bastion, which it had been intended to breach; it was therefore necessary to remedy this defect.

I must here mention, that in consequence of the numerous casualties and sickness which had reduced the strength of our artillery, I had been requested by General Wilson to furnish some men from the cavalry to assist in the trenches. Consequently, 10 of the Carabiniers and 60 of the 9th Lancers were sent, under Lieutenants Blair[1] and Evans of the latter regiment, who volunteered their services for this duty. The way in which the men vied with each other, day and night, in the performance of this arduous work, was beyond all praise. Major-General Wilson, in his despatches, wrote :—

> I should neither be fulfilling the repeatedly expressed wishes of the artillery officers attached to the force, nor following the dictates of my own inclination, if I failed to acknowledge the valuable assistance which has, throughout the operations before Delhi, been most cheerfully given by the non-commissioned officers and men of her Majesty's 9th Lancers and the 6th Dragoon Guards in working the batteries. Without it, owing to the comparatively small number of artillerymen, I should have been quite unable to man the batteries efficiently, or keep up the heavy fire which, aided by these men, I have happily been able to do.

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[1] Afterwards recommended for the Victoria Cross. Died November 1857, in consequence of wounds received at Boolundshuhur.

I must also not omit to notice the gallant and distinguished conduct of three very fine young officers who commanded portions of the 1st and 2d Sikh Irregular cavalry regiments.

Lieutenant Watson[1] was an officer in whom I had perfect confidence when I intrusted to him any arduous or difficult duty. Lieutenant Nicholson,[2] brother of Brigadier-General Nicholson, was also a very good officer, and afterwards took command of Coke's corps. It would indeed be difficult to imagine a more brilliant, dashing, daring Irregular officer than Lieutenant Probyn,[3] though perhaps he was not quite so cautious as Watson.

It has often struck me as very singular that officers and men should apparently feel so little, and be so

[1] Now General Sir John Watson, K.C.B.

[2] Lieutenant Nicholson lost his right arm at the assault of Delhi, when in command of Coke's regiment. He never got over his brother's death, and a few months after died rather suddenly on his way to visit General Nicholson's grave.

[3] Now General Sir D. Probyn, V.C., K.C.B. The services of this distinguished cavalry officer are almost historical, especially in the annals of Indian military operations, where during the Mutiny his exploits mark him as the *beau idéal* of a leader of Irregular Horse. It is quite impracticable to obtain from him any information concerning his own performances, but his Indian comrades best acquainted with him represent them as of such a nature that they might be appropriately ranked with those described in romance by Sir Walter Scott, or in history with Macaulay's sketches of the deeds of men who shone forth in the records of early India. After the China campaign, *q.v.*, he held various appointments, his last post being commandant of the Central India Horse and Political Agent in West Malwa. In 1872 he was gazetted Equerry to the Prince of Wales; and in 1877, on the appointment of Sir H. Knollys as "Black Rod," Comptroller and Treasurer to his Royal Highness—a post which he now holds.

cool, on the eve of a battle, when so many fearful scenes are about to take place, and when no one can tell whether he will be carried safely through them or nor. Such was the case on the eve of the storming of Delhi. Men seemed to regard the coming struggle as if it were a cricket-match, in which every one felt confident his side would win.

The batteries opened fire on the morning of the 13th September 1857, and by the evening two practicable breaches were made—one in the Moree Bastion, and the other in the Water Bastion. It was intended to direct the assault on the morning of the 14th September against the Water Bastion and the Cashmere gate only, which latter was to be blown in by gunpowder. The Moree Bastion was not to be attacked, but a constant fire was to be kept up on it.

Before daybreak on 14th September the assaulting parties were drawn up, ready for the terrible struggle; but ere the word was given to advance, it was discovered that during the darkness of the night the enemy had repaired the breach in the Cashmere curtain by means of fascines and gabions. It was therefore necessary to open fire again from the 24-pounder breaching-battery, in order to clear them away. All the artillerymen, however, with the exception of two sergeants, had been withdrawn for other duties. This battery was therefore manned by 30 men from the 9th Lancers, and the manner in which they per-

formed their duties can be best judged of by the following extract from a letter written to me by Captain E. B. Johnson,[1] assistant Adjutant-General of Artillery: "Through the zeal and intelligence of your men, who worked like trained artillerymen, I was enabled to accomplish this [the re-establishment of the breach] with perfect success; and Brigadier-General Wilson personally thanked them, when he came down to the battery, for the very admirable services they had performed."

The assault took place; the gallant European infantry carried everything before them, and crowned the breach. Two engineer officers,[2] in command of an explosion party, undertook to blow in the Cashmere gate. One of them, Salkeld, was severely wounded as he was in the act of firing the powder-bags; but he passed the match on to Sergeant Burgess,[3] who succeeded in firing the charge. Unfortunately only one half of the massive gate was driven in; the bridge was found to be partially broken away; and Brigadier Campbell, who at the head of his regiment led the storming-party at this point, was unable to bring up some 9-pounders which accompanied his column, and which would now have

[1] General Sir E. Johnson, G.C.B., died 1893.

[2] Lieutenants Home and Salkeld. Lieutenant Home was accidentally killed at the blowing up of the fort of Malugurh, 28th September 1857. Lieutenant Salkeld afterwards died of his wounds received on this occasion.

[3] Mortally wounded by the explosion.

been of the greatest service. Bravely, however, the assaulting parties advanced, and captured the church, which was a great point gained. Thence Brigadier Campbell advanced against the large mosque; but it proved so strong a position for the rebels, who held it with a large force, that the attempt failed, and he was again obliged to retire to the church, after having been wounded in the hand by a musket-ball. I had been ordered by General Wilson to take 600 cavalry—viz., 200 of the 9th Lancers and 400 Sikhs—and to proceed to the battery in front of the ruined mosque on the ridge, there to await further orders, or until the success of the assault had been assured. I found a dip on the slope nearest the town which would effectually shelter about 200 men from fire. At this place I posted the 9th Lancers, leaving the Sikh cavalry at the back of the ridge. I had not been here long before a message reached me, purporting to come from Major Brind,[1] commanding the battery in our front, to the effect that he required our assistance. We had scarcely emerged from our cover when a shot was fired at us from the Moree Bastion, which fortunately only wounded one man. The original message must have been a mistake; for Major Brind, on seeing my force advance, sent to say that as this bastion had not yet fallen, we had better stay where we were. I did not, therefore, remain long in my new unpleasant position. In

[1] General Sir James Brind, K.C.B., died 1888.

about half an hour I received an order from General Wilson to advance, intimating that the Moree Bastion had fallen, and that no further annoyance was to be apprehended from the fire of the adjacent works. I marched the men down, and formed them up under the walls—a position of great importance, covering the whole of our batteries, which, with the exception of those in front of Hindoo Rao's house, where a small force of infantry was retained, were left unprotected.

A strong body of the enemy, consisting of about 5000 men, with artillery, had established themselves in Kissengunge, which completely outflanked our batteries at Hindoo Rao's house, and which was very strong. Early in the morning, a force, consisting of the Goorkas under Reid, Rajah Singh's men, detachments from the 60th Rifles, and various other corps, was ordered to attack this position, and to capture the heavy guns posted there. The ground was very difficult, Reid was severely wounded, and the attacking force was beaten back with the loss of 4 guns belonging to the Rajah.

The rebels, elated with success, seemed determined to carry everything before them. Between the Kissengunge and the town numerous houses and gardens were interspersed, from whence a galling fire was opened upon us by the mutineers, who, after repelling the attack made on them in the morning, were evidently confident of being able to dislodge us without difficulty. Their numbers increased every

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moment; so I ordered up Captain Tombs' troop of horse-artillery, and opened fire on the detached houses at a range of 200 yards, which had the effect of forcing them to fall back some distance. A little in front of them was a battery of our own armed with two 18-pounders, but unmanned, of which they were evidently very anxious to gain possession. It was a matter of great importance to us to prevent this; when a few gunners dismounted, crept up to the ditch unperceived, scrambled over, spiked the guns, and returned unmolested—a gallant deed.

I now saw Brigadier Nicholson on the top of the Moree Bastion, leading on his brigade. He called out to me that the fighting was going on well for us in the town, and that he was on his way to attack the Lahore gate and Bastion, about 500 yards further on. Forward he went; but the gate was defended so obstinately that he could not dislodge the enemy; he himself was mortally wounded, shot through the body; and his brigade was obliged to retire. A few men of the 9th Lancers who had learned to serve guns were dismounted; they scrambled up the breach in the Moree Bastion, and directed the abandoned guns with great effect against the rebels, who were at this time advancing to attack us. But the failure at the Lahore Bastion left its defenders at liberty to assume the offensive. They turned a 24-pounder gun against us, and with grape inflicted

a terrible loss on our men, who were not more than 500 yards distant. Tombs' troop lost 27 men out of 48, and 19 horses. Two guns of a battery under Lieutenant Campbell suffered in proportion; the 200 men of the 9th Lancers had 42 men and 61 horses killed or wounded; and the Guide cavalry, which was in support, 15 men and 19 horses. Presently a rebel sowar was seen galloping towards us. At first it was supposed he meant to give himself up as a prisoner; but, with sword in hand, he rushed into the ranks of the 9th Lancers, cutting and hacking about him in a most determined manner, and before they were aware of his intentions he had wounded four men. He was soon run through the body with a lance; but even when on the ground, in his death-struggle and apparently senseless, he seemed bent upon the destruction of all around him, madly striking at the air with his sword.

[Some military critics have implied censure on Sir Hope for having kept his force exposed to fire—uselessly, it is alleged—for so long a period. His reasons are explained in the following extract from a private letter dated Delhi, 25th September 1857: " . . . I advanced my force, formed it close up to the city, and proceeded forward to join General Nicholson's column, which was inside the walls, until we came on the body of the enemy, which, as I have before stated, was on our right flank. They thickly lined the houses and gardens, for our right attack had

not been successful. Nicholson had been mortally wounded, and his force had been driven back from the Lahore Bastion. Our troops, therefore, at this spot could only hold the Caubul gate. We were subjected to a terrible fire of grape from the walls, and of musketry from the gardens; but to have retired was out of the question. Some 2000 of the rebel cavalry and 3000 or 4000 infantry would have been down on us in a moment. My troop of horse-artillery under Tombs—one of the most intelligent officers in the service—was worked admirably. We drove the enemy on our right out of the gardens, and our artillery spiked two of their guns. This was a great point gained, and we retired a little; but the rebels poured out on us in numbers, and we dared not further retire."]

The conduct of all my force, both European and natives, was admirable — the unflinching coolness and steadiness of the 9th Lancers being especially conspicuous. Nothing daunted by their numerous casualties, these gallant soldiers held their trying position with a patient endurance; and on my praising them for their good behaviour, they declared their readiness to stand the fire as long as I chose. On this occasion they were most ably commanded by Captain Drysdale,[1] a gallant officer and a thorough Scotsman. His forage-cap was struck by a bullet,

[1] Now Lieut.-General Sir William Drysdale, K.C.B., Colonel of 9th Lancers.

and he with 10 other officers of the 9th had their horses shot under them. Frank Grant's horse was killed; and he was struck by a grape-shot in the ribs, but it glanced off, only bruising him. Anson was hit in the hand. Captain Rosser, my acting aide-de-camp, was hurled senseless to the ground by a shot which lodged in his head; eventually he partially recovered.[1] Hamilton, my brigade-major, and young Jones,[2] Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General, lost their horses. My orderly, Peer Khan, of the 4th Irregulars, had one horse killed and two wounded. My own horse was wounded, and I was struck by a large grape-shot, which fortunately glanced off, though bruising me severely.

Early in the morning of the following day, 15th September, I went into Delhi to get my orders from General Wilson, whom I found a little in advance of the church superintending the placing of some heavy guns in position. I heard from him that only a small portion of the city had been taken; and he did not seem thoroughly satisfied with the result of the assault. He directed me to return to camp with the cavalry, and to be ready to turn out at a moment's notice.

This part of the town was reduced to a terrible condition. The Cashmere gate was nearly knocked to pieces, and the curtain of the Water Bastion was

[1] Major Rosser, however, ultimately died of this wound in 1869.

[2] Now Lieut.-Colonel Jones, V.C., retired.

a mass of rubble; gun-carriages were riven asunder and the guns dismounted, trees broken down, and dead bodies lying in all directions. The church, instead of being reserved for purposes of religion, was filled with soldiers, and riddled with shot. A prisoner was brought in by two of the men. I did not know what took place, or whether his case was heard by the commanding officer, but shortly after he was again brought out. One of the soldiers put his rifle to the prisoner's head and pulled the trigger, but the piece missed fire; then the other shot him through the body, and his comrade beat out his brains with the butt-end of his rifle. The poor wretch gave one suppressed groan, and his sufferings in this world were finished. I took the cavalry back to camp, and then visited all the wounded men in hospital. Among them was poor Purcell, who as my orderly had behaved so gallantly on the 19th June, when in the darkness of the night I was almost alone and riderless, in the midst of the rebels. He had been shot through the chest, and could scarcely speak, but was full of hope. He died a few days later. Towards the close of the evening I went to Captain Daly's tent to inquire after his health—the wound which he had received shortly after our arrival before Delhi having troubled him much. There was an unearthly stillness about the camp, very different to the bustle and activity which existed previous to the assault. As I entered the tent, the gloomy darkness was made visible by one

miserable, dimly burning candle. On a couch I saw a figure lying stretched at full length, with a native standing beside him. The ghastly look of death was upon his countenance, and on going nearer I perceived it was poor Brigadier Nicholson, whom I had last seen upon the walls of Delhi the day before, vigorous and animated, leading on his men gallantly. Everything was now changed for him,—ambition, the hopes of rising to greatness—all was vanishing from before his eyes. He was like a noble oak riven asunder by a thunderbolt. As I approached he looked towards me, and in a deep sepulchral voice said, "Who are you?" I told him, and spoke some kind words to him. He looked again, and after some time, with great difficulty said, "I thank you," and then closed his eyes. It was the last words I heard him speak, and the last time I ever saw him.

Our duties now became lighter. The enemy had completely abandoned their original position, and though we were constantly patrolling the neighbourhood, we never came across any of their detachments. We had possession of the town from the Cashmere to the Caubul gates, but the rebels still held the Lahore Bastion. A second attack made against it by a force under Colonel Greathed,[1] on the 18th September, proved unsuccessful. The college gardens, however, and some adjacent buildings, were captured on the 16th, and held in spite of an attempt made by

[1] General Sir Edward Greathed, K.C.B., died 1881.

the enemy to retake them. Our troops at length succeeded in forcing their way into the magazine, which was a great point gained. The Bank fell next (18th), and one or two houses in the "Chandney Choke" (Silver Street), one of the principal streets in the town. The Sappers now worked their way through the houses up to the Lahore gate, which became untenable; and on the 20th, the 60th Rifles, one of the finest Regiments in her Majesty's service, rushed up to the bastion and drove the enemy away without losing a man.

On the morning of the same day I was ordered to make a demonstration with a strong force of cavalry to the right of the city, just beyond the Ede Ghur. On reaching this position, information was brought me by a native that the town was evacuated. I at once returned to camp, and despatched Captain Hodson to inform the chief of the news. General Wilson forthwith ordered a force to proceed to the palace gate, and to the gate of the adjacent fort, and to blow them open. Both were found deserted, with the exception of a sentry at each post. One of them was dressed and equipped according to regulation, and was marching up and down his beat armed with a musket. In the museum at Naples is to be seen the skull and helmet of a man who was found buried at his post in a sentry-box in the midst of lava. The inscription states the occupant to have been a "brave soldat"; but nothing could have been braver or

cooler than the conduct of these two sepoys, who must have known that their fate was sealed. Both were immediately put to death.

We now ascertained that Delhi had been evacuated during the night. India was saved; and the fearful struggle which had shaken the nation to its foundation was passing away like a heavy thunder-cloud from before the sun. There was no longer any danger to be apprehended from the Punjab, and we heard that British troops were fast pouring into Calcutta.

A report was brought to us that the king and royal family had taken refuge in the Hummayoon's tomb, near the Kootub road, and about five miles from Delhi. Next morning, the 21st, Captain Hodson set off with a party in the hope of being able to effect his capture. He had only with him a few men of his own regiment, and it was necessary to act with the greatest caution. The native who had brought in the information was, I believe, one of the king's distant relations or followers, and, with true Eastern baseness, volunteered for his own ends to make the old man give himself up. Hodson had been told by General Wilson that he might promise him his life, but nothing more. The native was directed to communicate this to the king, while Hodson himself rode into the courtyard with some half-dozen sowars, leaving the remainder of his men a little distance off. Two or three thousand armed retainers had collected

in the yard—a circumstance which looked anything but promising to his success. Hodson spoke the language uncommonly well, and with a commanding voice he ordered them to lay down their arms. They looked scowling and suspicious, but his confident manner and tone overawed them, and the greater part quietly obeyed. In course of time, the native who had been sent to confer with the king returned, saying that upon the promise of his life being spared he would give himself up.

Accordingly, the Great Mogul, accompanied by his favourite begum and a few servants, came out. They were put into several small bullock-carriages; and Hodson, with a coolness and courage which deserve the greatest admiration, threaded his way with them through the crowd of retainers and trotted back to the town, where he lodged his prisoner safely in the palace.

Having ascertained that three of the king's descendants, one of them a grandson, Shah-Zada, or heir-apparent, and the other two younger sons, were still in the tombs, he again set off the next morning, hoping to effect their capture. Once more the native was sent in as an emissary, and after much persuasion the three princes, who were fearful villains, surrendered unconditionally. Hodson had waited outside the gate for two hours in great anxiety as to the success of his bold stroke, and expecting every moment to be set upon by the lawless scoundrels who

were prowling about. At length they drove out in one of the small bullock-gharries in which they had originally escaped from Delhi. Hodson lost no time, made his way with them as quickly as possible through the groups of natives, and never stopped till he got them to within a couple of miles of Delhi, where there was no one to interfere. Then he halted the carriage, made them get out, upbraided them with their shameful conduct towards our poor countrymen and countrywomen, and told them they must prepare to die. They tried to exculpate themselves from blame, and denied their guilt; but Hodson charged them with having killed the ladies and gentlemen who had taken refuge in the palace, or had been made prisoners; and taking a revolver from his belt, with his own hand he shot the three unhappy wretches dead on the spot.[1] This sad act was most uncalled-for; for had they been tried by a commission, which would certainly have been the case, there is little doubt they would have been sentenced to death. War — and especially such a fearful war as we were waging — blunts the finer feelings of

[1] I asked Sir Hope Grant from what source he had obtained the details of this incident—whether, for instance, it was merely the version current in the camp. His reply was, "The story as I have related it was told me by Hodson himself. Within a few hours afterwards I wrote it down in my Journal, together with the events of the preceding twenty-four hours, as was my daily custom." Quite recently—1890—I chanced to hear the story from an officer who had intercepted Hodson on his way to Sir Hope. My last informant expressed himself precisely to the same effect as Sir Hope, only "much more strongly."

humanity, and prompts many to deeds which in cool blood the perpetrators would be the first to shudder at.

Later in the day I went to see the unhappy monarch in his prison, a small house, where he was strongly guarded, and the sight was indeed a sad one. He was an old man, said by one of his servants to be ninety years of age, short in stature, slight, very fair for a native, and with a high-bred, delicate-looking cast of features. Truly the dignity had departed from the Great Mogul, whose ancestors had once been lords of princely possessions in India. It might have been supposed that death would have been preferable to such humiliation, but it is wonderful how we all cling to the shreds of life. When I saw the poor old man, he was seated on a wretched charpoy, or natiye bed, with his legs crossed before him, and swinging his body backwards and forwards with an unconscious dreamy look. I asked him one or two questions, and was surprised to hear an unpleasant vulgar voice answering from behind a small screen. I was told that this proceeded from his begum or queen, who prevented him from replying, fearful lest he might say something which should compromise their safety.

I also saw the three dead bodies of the king's sons and grandson laid out on an esplanade in front of the khotwallee, or police court. Their countenances all looked placid. The Shah-Zada was a short but

powerful muscular man, about thirty-five years old, with handsome features. This was the scoundrel who shot with his own hand several of our poor country-people in the palace-yard, on the first outbreak of the Mutiny. The other two were younger, one being about twenty-five and the other about eighteen.

On 23d September poor Nicholson died, and on the 24th he was buried with full military honours in the new cemetery, just outside the Cashmere gate. I, with many others, attended his funeral. His loss was felt greatly. He was much esteemed for his uprightness of character, and much respected by all who knew him, especially by the Sikhs, many of whom were present at his burial, and who appeared to look upon him as a sort of superior being.

The town had fallen after six days' hard fighting, and with a loss of about 1000 men and 65 officers; but we had every reason to be truly thankful to God Almighty for our victory.

[Sir Hope Grant, in reference to some unfounded depreciation of his old chief, writes thus: "Sir Archdale Wilson was an excellent officer, and was appointed over the head of —— in consequence of his being a fit man for command. He at once strengthened our position, put life into us, and worked with a will. Towards the end he told me that if the attack on Delhi had lasted another fortnight he would have broken up. . . . The responsi-

bility and anxiety, together with the fearful heat, were enough to break down any man's nervous system. He was in my opinion a good officer, with a trustworthy head on his shoulders.

From General Sir ARCHDALE WILSON.

4th January 1874.

MY DEAR GRANT,—I have just been reading your 'Incidents in the Sepoy War.' I send you my warmest thanks for the way in which you speak of me as Commander of the Delhi Field Force. No other writer has done me so much justice; and such praise from an old comrade, and from one who so well understood the difficulties I had to contend with, is very gratifying. . . .—Believe me, very sincerely yours, A. WILSON.

Extract from Sir ARCHDALE WILSON'S *Despatch, reporting the Capture of Delhi.*

I have also to express my very particular acknowledgments to Brigadier-General Hope Grant, C.B. . . . His activity in carrying out the details has been admirable, and his vigilance in superintending the outpost duties has been unsurpassed.

Extract from a Despatch from Sir HENRY BARNARD, *dated Camp before Delhi, June* 23, 1857 (written a few days before his death).

My thanks are due to Brigadier Grant, C.B., who on this, as on all occasions, evinces the highest qualifications for a cavalry officer.

Abstract of the Field State of the Army before Delhi, at the close of July 1857.

Infantry—Officers and men	4023
Cavalry " "	1293
Artillery and Engineers	1602
Total (including native troops)	6918

Exclusive of non-effectives—

Sick	765
Wounded	351
Total	1116

Return of sick and wounded of all ranks of the Delhi Field Force, September 11th, 1857.—Total, 3074.—H. K.]

CHAPTER XI.

1857.

INDIAN MUTINY (*continued*).

ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS AT CAWNPORE UNDER SIR JAMES OUTRAM —ADVANCE TOWARDS LUCKNOW—FIRST RELIEF OF LUCKNOW—MEASURES FOR DEFENCE ADOPTED BY THE ORIGINAL GARRISON—OUTRAM HEMMED IN BY REBELS—PREPARATIONS FOR THE SECOND RELIEF OF LUCKNOW—SIR HOPE GRANT'S ANXIETY TO REJOIN THE ACTIVE FIELD-FORCE—ORDERED TO TAKE COMMAND OF THE MOVABLE COLUMN AT AGRA—THE FIGHT AT BOOLUNDSHUHUR—THE SURPRISE AT AGRA —STARTS TO OVERTAKE COLUMN—ADVENTURES ON THE ROAD—ASSUMES COMMAND—RECEIVES LETTER IN GREEK CHARACTERS FROM OUTRAM IN LUCKNOW—ENGAGEMENT AT KALLEE NUDDEE—REACHES CAWNPORE—VISITS THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE—ADVANCES TOWARDS ALUM BAGH—ARRIVAL OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL—COLONEL ADRIAN HOPE'S COLUMN ATTACKED BY BEES—RELIEF OF THE ALUM BAGH—CAPTURE OF THE DILKOOSHA—CAPTURE OF THE MARTINIERE —ATTACK ON THE CITY—STORMING OF THE SECUNDRA BAGH—SIR COLIN CAMPBELL AT THE CAPTURE OF THE SHAH-NUJEEF—CAPTURE OF THE MESS-HOUSE AND MOTI-MAHAL—MEETING OF THE FOUR GENERALS—REMOVAL OF THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN TO CAWNPORE.

ON 15th September the long-expected reinforcements arrived. Havelock, who had fought his way to, and maintained his position at, Cawnpore against desperate odds, was joined by 1700 Europeans from

the 5th and 90th Queen's Regiments, under Major-General Sir James Outram, who had been appointed to the command of the united Dinapore and Cawnpore divisions. With a generosity, however, which was the brightest characteristic of the "Bayard of India," he waived his rank as superior to that of Havelock, now created a major-general, and served as a private in the Volunteer Horse, resolving that the honour of relieving Lucknow should be reaped by one who had already fought so gallantly towards the attainment of that object. On 23d September Havelock arrived within six miles of Lucknow. He found the enemy, about 10,000 in number, occupying a formidable position in and about the Alum Bagh, a large pleasure-garden, containing a substantial palace and several outhouses, surrounded by a wall. The place was stormed, and the insurgents driven therefrom in the direction of Lucknow. On the 24th the British force were allowed one day's halt, that they might gain their sorely-needed rest. On 25th September they resumed their march, leaving their baggage, their wounded, and their sick at the Alum Bagh under an escort of 400 men, advanced towards the canal, driving the enemy from a succession of gardens and walled enclosures, and crossed by the Char Bagh bridge, after the rebels had made an unwontedly firm stand in their endeavour to bar this entrance to the town. From thence to the Residency the distance in a straight line was about two miles, and the inter-

vening space was difficult and much intersected. The troops were therefore deployed along the left bank of the canal, and then pushed forward until opposite the Kaiser Bagh, where they suffered severely from the fire of the enemy, posted in its vicinity. Darkness was now coming on, and it was proposed to bivouac for the night under the shelter of the palace buildings; but Havelock, unwilling to prolong the sufferings of the garrison even for a few hours, urged an immediate resumption of the contest. A desperate street-fight took place throughout a considerable portion of the city, in which the 78th Highlanders and the Sikhs bore the most prominent parts, and in course of which Neill was shot dead. That night Havelock and Outram, at the head of their troops, pushed forward to the Residency through a storm of fire poured on them through the loopholed houses, and marching into the enclosure, joined Inglis and his beleaguered garrison—thus accomplishing what is generally known as the first relief of Lucknow.

But even then the "relief" was one rather in name than in substance. Outram, who on 26th September resumed the command he had so chivalrously laid down, ascertained that the rebels, instead of escaping from the city, were again hemming it in. Since the English had crossed the Ganges on 19th September, they had lost 535 in killed and wounded, or rather over one-fifth of their entire strength; and Havelock's and Inglis's forces combined were too feeble to render

it practicable for them to transport so many women and children, sick and wounded, to Cawnpore, according to Outram's original design. He therefore caused an enlarged area of the town to be fortified, bringing many important out-buildings within the radius of defence; and the siege was once more continued, until another relieving army could come from Cawnpore to set them free. The enemy renewed his former system of firing day and night into our position, and Outram retaliated by making frequent sorties. Throughout October this state of affairs continued. On 10th November, as we see in Sir Hope Grant's Diary, Sir Colin Campbell arrived at the Alum Bagh, where was assembled a miscellaneous force of 4000 men. Since he had landed at Calcutta, he had not ceased making every effort to collect an army at Cawnpore, sending thither the liberated Delhi field-force, and reinforcements from England as fast as they arrived.

Meanwhile the position of the small detachment left at the Alum Bagh was equally trying and unexpected. When Havelock left 400 soldiers there with the sick and wounded, the baggage and the transport, he never anticipated that he would be cut off from them. But after he entered the Residency, he was so hemmed in that all communication with this outpost was found to be impossible. Several attempts made with this object failed. The place, however, being well fortified and supplied with provisions,

made good its defence, until it was relieved by some detachments forwarded by Brigadier Wilson[1] from Cawnpore; and the defenders afterwards took part in the subsequent operations under Sir Colin Campbell for the second relief. The main element of the force which relieved Lucknow was the column for the first few days under Greathed, but afterwards placed under the command of Sir Hope Grant. Originally it was one of those despatched from Delhi about 24th September in pursuit of the rebels. Greathed crossed the Jumna and advanced to Boolundshuhur, where on the 28th he defeated a body of fugitive mutineers. He next proceeded *viâ* Allygurh and Hathras to Agra, where he arrived on the morning of the 10th October. That same day the enemy succeeded in surprising his camp; and though they were repelled with great loss, the circumstance gave rise to a good deal of criticism and animadversion, into which it is not here necessary to enter. On 19th October, Sir Hope Grant, having been specially summoned from Delhi for the purpose, superseded Greathed in the command of the column.—H. K.]

Journal.—Every part in the neighbourhood of Delhi was now comparatively quiet, and the large force of rebels against whom we had been fighting were on their way, it was believed, to Lucknow, which now seemed to have become the headquarters of the Mutiny.

[1] Brigadier Wilson was killed at Cawnpore, 28th November 1857.

A movable column of 1500 infantry, 900 cavalry, of which my good old regiment formed a part, and 18 guns, under command of Colonel Greathed of the 8th Regiment (Queen's), was sent out in a direction south of Delhi. Another force, which included all the remaining available cavalry, was despatched under Brigadier Showers.

[Extracts from private letter[1] from Sir Hope :—]

DELHI, *9th Oct.* 1857.

. . . I regret to say my good regiment, with a strong force of cavalry and infantry, has been sent out on one expedition under the command of a junior[2] lieut.-colonel. . . . I ought to have been sent with this column; but such is the fate of war, and I am left behind in command of a dirty camp, without a quartermaster's establishment to look after it, and without sufficient cavalry to protect it. However there is no danger of an attack, as the rebels have absconded in utter consternation. My regiment, however, since it has been away has done nobly. They came upon a force of the rebels with four guns placed in position near a town called Boolundshuhur. Our artillery pounded away at them for some time, and the —— and —— Queen's were ordered up to take the town. Singular to say, they would not go at it.

[1] Not published in the 'Sepoy War.'
[2] *I.e.*, junior to himself.

Some panic came over them.[1] Upon which the 9th Lancers were ordered up. They most gallantly charged down two different streets, drove all the scoundrels before them, and took the town themselves. A party of Irregulars followed, and did good service. Four of our officers wounded—two badly. This, I can tell you, is a great feat. If the enemy had stood, the odds were nearly every man of ours would have been killed,—had the enemy occupied the houses.

. . . Sir Henry Barnard was a thorough gentleman and a plucky fellow. . . . Poor fellow! he died of cholera and from excessive mental strain. But it was a most fearful time, and he had the worst of it. God be praised! I have never been better all my life. I have lived upon beer, and had, as you may imagine, plenty of occupation; but it was a fearful campaign in the hot weather. Here again the Almighty has preserved us by giving us a wonderfully cool and dry season. . . . The Sikhs and Goorkas have stood nobly by us throughout. Prize-money is now all the order, and if the town be ransomed it will be enormous.

[Sir Hope Grant in his Journal dwells keenly on the regret which he felt at being separated from his own regiment, with nothing but an empty camp to look after, and narrates the measures which he took

[1] Yet they were well-seasoned, well-proved regiments of good repute. —H. K.

to convey to the superior authorities his extreme anxiety to be once more employed with the fighting force. He therefore stated his case to General Chamberlain, whom he describes as "a right fine honest Englishman"; and also applied to General Wilson, who wrote, as Sir Hope expresses it, "with a straightforward and gentlemanlike feeling which proved the general worthy of the command which he had so successfully carried through." But General Wilson had gone to Mussoorie, in the hills, on sick certificate, "quite broken down with hard work and anxiety of mind," and could not forward his wishes. General Penny[1] from Meerut had taken up the command of the district, but was not invested with the necessary authority to assist Sir Hope Grant. At last, in the middle of October, he received the following letter from Mr Muir, secretary to the Government, North-Western Provinces, which explains itself:—

AGRA, *10th October* 1857.

MY DEAR GRANT,—This was written before our fight, for we have had a fight since 11 A.M. The enemy came on our camp with artillery from three sides. Greathed's force had hardly got the camp into order. The surprise, however, was only momentary, and the sound and smoke of the artillery discharges show that we have followed them up three or four miles. We have yet, however, no intelligent report of what has been done—only reports of guns being taken. With four troops of horse-artillery, three 18-pounders, and above 3000 infantry and cavalry, it ought to be a most decisive action.

[1] Major-General Penny was killed at Kurkerowlie fort, April 1858.

The 3d Europeans did not go out till the fight had been going on half an hour. They had a couple of miles to walk. It was a most complete surprise in one sense to us, but a greater one to them. They could have had no idea that we had so large a force. It entirely justifies the urgent messages we have been sending for Greathed, but his fellows must have been wretchedly tired. They had marched some forty-two miles within thirty or forty hours. You are to come on as sharp as you can. . . . You are to come on at once in the mail-cart if possible. Hoping to see you soon, I am, yours sincerely, W. MUIR.]

Journal continued.—How the secretary to the political agent could expect me to come to Agra on his order, to take command of a movable column, puzzled me not a little. However, a drowning man clings to a straw. I showed the letter to Chamberlain, and then, by his advice, took it to General Penny. Upon the strength of it he directed me to proceed to Agra, and gave me a written order there to assume the command of the movable column.

At this time I had no aide-de-camp, for Augustus Anson, my former A.D.C., who was a regular fire-eater, had been allowed to march with the 9th Lancers. So Hamilton, my brigade-major, and myself, started off alone that evening for Meerut in a shiggram, a small four-wheeled van, drawn by one horse. The distance was only thirty miles, and horses were to be obtained at the different stages along the road. We accomplished our journey in a short space of time.

At Meerut we were most hospitably received by

the artillery. The officers were a fine honest set of fellows, and I have never before in the army seen a finer body of men. On arriving there I at once went to the post-office, and inquired if the mail-cart had commenced running. They told me that the country was still so unsafe that horses had not been laid along the road, but that they hoped to be able to give me a conveyance in a couple of days.

I heard here that the movable column, which had been sent out from Delhi under Colonel Greathed, had had a severe fight at Boolundshuhur, where their success was due to the magnificent conduct of the cavalry, especially of the 9th Lancers, who advanced and charged into the town, cleared the streets, and captured a number of guns. I was grieved to learn, however, that four of my best officers had been wounded. Captain Drysdale, who commanded the regiment, had his horse shot under him, and had broken his collar-bone in the fall. Lieutenant Sarel[1] was on the point of running a sepoy through with his sword, when the man fired his musket at him without bringing it up to his shoulder, and shot off the forefinger of his right hand, the bullet afterwards passing through his left arm. Lieutenant Blair, who had behaved so gallantly at Delhi, had been sent some little distance in advance with ten men of the 9th Lancers to bring in an abandoned ammunition-waggon. They rode up to it, supposing none of the

[1] Lieut.-General Sarel, C.B., died 1887.

enemy to be at hand, when 50 or 60 sowars suddenly galloped out upon them from behind some adjacent houses and surrounded the little party. Blair saw that his only chance was to dash at them and cut his way through. He gave the order to his men, and bravely they obeyed him, killing 9 rebels. The only one of our detachment who was injured was Blair himself, who, when in the act of running a man through the body, received a severe sword-cut from his antagonist on the top of the shoulder, severing the joint. I saw the poor boy in the Meerut hospital on my way down, to which place he had been sent, full of spirits and on a fair way to recovery. I obtained the Victoria Cross for him, which made him quite happy; but he died some time afterwards from consumption, brought on, in all probability, by his wound. Lieutenant Thonger was also wounded in the arm by a musket-ball.

After staying at Meerut two days, I was informed that the road to Agra was open, and Hamilton and I started off in the mail-cart on our journey, which was 130 miles long. Our conveyance was a rough, queer-looking, two-wheeled vehicle, drawn by one horse, and having one seat beside the coachman and another behind. There were scarcely any springs to it, and the shafts were thick and straight. It took us along, however, at a fast gallop, accomplishing the first twelve miles in four minutes under the

hour, including the time occupied in changing horses at the end of the sixth mile.

These changes were very troublesome, as we were obliged to descend each time, owing to the difficulty of getting the horse into the shafts. Moreover, we had to hold on like grim death to our unpleasant conveyance, which had no cover to it. Galloping all day under a hot sun, and all night, for a distance of 130 miles, without stopping to rest, was indeed no joke; but good constitutions and excitement carried us through it all, and we performed our journey in sixteen hours in safety, though we had been travelling through part of the most disturbed district in the country.

On arriving at Agra we were conducted to the fort, where all the Europeans had taken refuge, never venturing outside until this last fight. Proper precautions had not apparently been taken by our force when it marched in, by at once posting pickets and sending out cavalry patrols to examine the country in the vicinity of the camp. The consequence was, that before the camp was pitched the enemy opened fire with their guns upon us from three different directions. A little while previously, four men, disguised as musicians and beating tom-toms, approached the advanced-guard of the 9th Lancers. Sergeant Crews, the non-commissioned officer in charge, went up to them and ordered them away, when one of the villains drew a concealed

tulwar, and with it struck poor Crews a blow which killed him. Sergeant Hartigan, who was not on duty, but who happened to be standing by, immediately rushed up, and, though he received a severe sword-cut on the head, wrenched the weapon out of the scoundrel's hand, killed him with it, and wounded another. The other two were soon despatched by the guard, which had turned out.

The troops fell in as they best could, many of them in their shirt-sleeves. The 9th Lancers were soon in the saddle, with gallant Drysdale at their head. Poor French was shot through the body at the head of his squadron, and died before he could be carried into the town. Jones was struck down from his horse by a shot, and when on the ground was fearfully hacked about by some rebel sowars with their tulwars; he had twenty-two wounds about him. The squadron to which these two officers belonged met a large force of the enemy's cavalry, charged, drove them away, and retook one of our guns which had been captured by the rebels. Our troops now concentrated their strength; the three arms went at the mutineers with a will: they could not resist our attack, and gave way, pursued by our cavalry and artillery as far as the "Kallee Nuddee" (Black Stream), about seven miles distant. They lost 12 guns, their standing-camp, and 500 or 600 men killed.

This success rendered Agra secure, and cleared

the country about it of the rebels. Lieutenant Jones and Sergeant Hartigan were in the Moti Musjid (Pearl Temple), which had been turned into a hospital, where I visited them, and found them well taken care of. Jones was a fearful object; his head and face were swollen up, one of his eyes was cut out, and a piece of his skull severed from his head, besides numerous wounds all over his body. Nevertheless he bore up well, and ultimately entirely recovered—with the exception, of course, of his eyesight.[1] Hartigan was also badly wounded, and had his skull fractured. Both obtained the Victoria Cross through my recommendation.

While we were at Agra we stopped with Muir,[2] the Secretary to the Government, whom I asked to help us to overtake the force, which had marched several days before our arrival for Cawnpore. He promised to send us on with a shiggram and a good horse, and to despatch a chuprassie, or Government servant, before us, who would procure either horses or bearers, to enable us to reach our destination. On the afternoon of the same day on which we arrived, a four-wheeled conveyance with

[1] Now Lieut.-Colonel Alfred Jones, V.C. This gallant officer furnishes a singular instance of the tenacity of human life. Although he of course bears marks that he was once "cut to pieces," his bodily and mental activity thirty-six years subsequent to the event are almost those of a young man. His three sons in the service—military and naval—worthily uphold the repute of their father.—H. K.

[2] Afterwards Sir William Muir, K.C.B.

a cover to it, drawn by a very tolerable horse, was brought to the door. Therein we placed our traps, our swords and pistols—for it was necessary to be well armed, as we had to pass through a country filled with rebels—and set off on our journey. We travelled the first stage, a distance of ten miles, at a merry pace; but at this point we found everything deserted, no fresh horse, no attendants, not even the chuprassie whom Muir had promised to send to look after us. After waiting some little time, like Patience sitting on a monument, we determined to make the same horse do duty for another stage, at the end of which we arrived late at night; but here we were even worse off than before—every house was empty, and everything was in disorder. Our case appeared hopeless, and Hamilton strongly advised me to return. However, I was not to be beaten in this way. I wrote a note to Muir telling him of our unpleasant predicament, and sent it off to Agra by a native, whom with difficulty we managed to catch and to engage with the aid of a handsome bribe. Then with apparent stoical indifference we laid ourselves down in the shiggram, intending to sleep out the interval which must elapse before we could receive an answer; but we had scarcely made ourselves comfortable when the long-looked-for chuprassie galloped up, saying he had met our coolie with the note and had stopped him. He begged us not to send it any further

on, as it would be the ruin of him—a request we readily complied with. He then dismounted, transferred the harness to his own horse, which he put to the carriage, and drove us to a place five miles on, where he expected to be able to get bearers. In this he failed. Once more we started off with the same horse, and after driving four miles arrived at a large town, where we hoped to be more successful. The chuprassie set out on his search, but in a quarter of an hour returned, saying it was utterly impossible to procure bearers, and that the daroga or headman would not take the trouble to rise off his bed to help him. "Where is the fellow?" said I; "take me to him:" and with the driver's large whip in my hand I followed him to the serai, or courtyard, where he pointed out to me the daroga lying asleep on a charpoy. It seemed hard to disturb him from his peaceful slumber; nevertheless I began to belabour him with all my might with the whip, which soon dispelled his pleasant dreams. He jumped up, and with a look of inexpressible terror turned round and bolted like a greased flash of lightning as the Americans say. It was useless to follow him in the dark, and we were in as great a fix as ever. We went poking about the yard in a despairing sort of way, when to our delight we discovered a good-looking horse tied to a manger, and doubtless belonging to the absconded daroga. We instantly harnessed him to our carriage; but

before getting in ourselves, we decided to try whether he would work in draught, as somehow he did not seem quite at home in the shafts. The bridle, which was very old, unfortunately did not fit, and we had scarcely set him in motion when the whole affair tumbled from his head, and the noble animal, finding himself free from restraint, started off with the shiggram, our swords, pistols, traps, and in fact all our property except ourselves, and the darkness of the night prevented our seeing the way he had gone. We started after him in our hopeless search, up one street, down another, but in vain. Then we followed a very narrow road, flanked by a deep muddy ditch, into which we expected to find the quadruped and all our property precipitated; but fortunately we were spared this mishap. Onwards we stumbled in the pitchy darkness, until at last, to our unspeakable joy, we came across the carriage in a lane with one of its wheels locked in a tree, and the horse standing patiently in the shafts, having apparently had enough of his lark. We found the cover of the carriage injured and the shafts broken; otherwise no damage had been done. We unlocked the wheel, and managed to trundle the vehicle back to the serai. Our momentary satisfaction was, however, fast evaporating, when the chuprassie, in breathless haste, came running up to us and informed us that he had succeeded in procuring coolies. Then we lashed

together the broken pieces of our carriage, and in great delight started afresh on our journey. The coolies took us on safely and steadily, though not quite at race-horse speed. We found no difficulty in obtaining fresh bearers, and eventually we caught up the column encamped at the roadside. I went straight to Colonel Greathed's tent, and showed him General Penny's order directing me to take command of the column, which he treated as a good soldier ought, and everything went on smoothly.

The column proceeded on its march as quickly as possible, and arrived at Mynpoorie, where we expected to have met with resistance, but the Rajah and his followers had bolted. We there discovered 4 small guns and a gun-foundry. Our next point was Buddhee, near Futegurh. One morning, when I was having breakfast by the roadside, a coolie put into my hand a quill, which he had ingeniously fitted into a hole made in his cudgel, the aperture being so carefully closed up with a piece of wood that it was scarcely perceptible. Inside the quill was a small roll of paper, on which was written a despatch traced in Greek characters, so that, had it fallen into the hands of the mutineers, they would have been unable to have discovered its meaning. I had almost forgotten my Greek, and I employed several young gentlemen lately from school to decipher the missive. It proved to be from Sir James Outram, written from the Resi-

dency at Lucknow, and requesting that aid might be afforded to his force as speedily as possible, as they were running short of provisions,[1] and would not be able to hold out much longer. This made it the more necessary for me to hurry on. At length we arrived at Kanoge, where we ascertained that a small party of the enemy, with 4 guns, had left the town shortly before we reached it. I immediately sent Major Ouvry, with 200 cavalry and 2 guns, in pursuit. In a short time I heard sharp firing, and thinking they might be hard pressed, I proceeded with another squadron and 4 more guns as quickly as possible to the scene of action, threading my way through tortuous lanes outside the town, which would have been nasty places wherein to have encountered a determined enemy. After a sharp trot of two miles, we reached the Kallee Nuddee, a stream which flowed across the road, and where we found a small party of our men in charge of the 4 guns belonging to the enemy, some of which had stuck in the river. Our cavalry had followed in pursuit over a magnificent country lying between the Kallee Nuddee and the Ganges. The poor-spirited rebels having abandoned their guns, broke up and fled,

[1] Owing to the difficulties of taking stock, the garrison were apparently mistaken in their idea of the scarcity of their provisions. It is stated that when Sir Colin Campbell withdrew from the Residency he carried away a remnant of 160,000 lb. of corn. The gun-bullocks also furnished a good supply of meat rations. See Marshman's Life of Havelock, p. 429.—H. K.

followed right up to the river by our men, who killed numbers of them. A few horsemen plunged into the Ganges; and one of them, pursued by a man of the 9th Lancers, dismounted and took to the water. The lancer called out to him to stop; and for some unaccountable reason—I suppose because he considered himself in the hands of fate—he came out of the river and calmly walked up to the English soldier, who presented a pistol at the sepoy's breast and fired. The bullet must have dropped out during the pursuit, for the man remained unscathed. No sooner did he perceive this than he once more plunged into the river, dived down, rose some distance from the shore, and amidst showers of bullets fired by the great portion of the cavalry, which had by this time come up to the bank, succeeded in crossing and in effecting his escape. Major Ouvry[1] told me that at least 1000 shots were fired at the man.

On 26th October we arrived at Cawnpore, and I immediately went to report myself to General Wilson, the officer in command. I intended to proceed as soon as possible to relieve the force in the Residency at Lucknow, and Wilson promised to give me every available man at Cawnpore. Accordingly, 390 men of the 93d Highlanders, under Colonel the Honourable Adrian Hope,[2] brother of Lord Hopetoun, part of the 53d (Queen's), a portion of the 5th Madras Fusiliers,

[1] Afterwards Colonel Ouvry, C.B.; since dead.
[2] Killed in the attack on the Roowah Fort, 14th April 1858.

and 50 or 60 artillerymen, were attached to my brigade at the Alum Bagh, a private native residence about four miles from Lucknow, and surrounded by a high wall, in which a portion of Sir James Outram's force had been left when Havelock entered the town. I was also to be reinforced by about 1200 Europeans, which would make up my brigade to nearly 5000 men.

Cawnpore was in a more deplorable state than any town I had yet seen—almost every house was a heap of ruins, knocked to pieces, or burnt to the ground. I visited the house in which the poor women and children had been murdered; it was a fearful sight. There was the tree on which, as I was told, children were found hanging when our troops marched in. There was the well, now covered with a sprinkling of earth, into which the dead bodies of our countrymen had been indiscriminately cast. Ladies' and children's shoes, pieces of dress, letters, portions of music, and leaves of the Bible, were strewed about—piteous tokens, enough to make one's blood "grue." I afterwards visited the artillery-hospital on the plain, where General Wheeler had made his gallant defence for twenty-two days. A small parapet with a ditch had been thrown up, partially surrounding the building. It was wonderful that, with the heavy artillery-fire which was kept playing on them for so many days, any of the ill-fated defenders remained alive to capitulate. I was told that Miss Wheeler, the general's

daughter, was in the act of fanning her poor wounded brother when a round-shot pierced the wall and took off his head. On the walls, inscriptions were traced stating the deaths of many of the poor inmates, and the terrible nature of the wounds they had received.

The rebels displayed a strange want of confidence in themselves and in each other. As we marched into Cawnpore—a small force of under 3000 men—vast masses of the enemy surrounded us in every direction. The Gwalior contingent, amounting to about 5000 men, had left Gwalior, and had taken up a position on the banks of the Jumna, a few miles distant. They had with them a siege-train and beautifully appointed field-guns, in all amounting to 36 pieces. They had, however, broken down the bridge of Kalpee, and we therefore had nothing to fear from them. Then there was the Nawab of Futegurh in our rear, with another 5000 men, and several of our own guns with them. There was also a large force at Lucknow, as well as numerous other small detachments scattered all over the country. But we were mercifully preserved by the Almighty Ruler of all.

On the 30th October I crossed the Ganges at Cawnpore, and pushed on until we arrived at Bunnee, where the bridge was destroyed. We found, however, a good ford close at hand; and as the stream was very low, we easily passed it. I had ordered the column to march for the Alum Bagh at four o'clock

the next morning; but during the night a telegram arrived by express from Sir Colin Campbell, dated Cawnpore, where he had arrived from Calcutta, directing me to halt on the best position I could find, and there to wait till he joined me. On pushing forward as far as a village called Buntheera, we found it held by some zemindarees, but our guns made it too hot for them to remain in the village: we easily drove them out of it, and following them up, captured the only gun they possessed, one of our own 9-pounders, with its waggon. After this little fight we encamped on the plain, where for several days we awaited the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief.

Sir Colin Campbell at last arrived on 9th November, and I went out to meet him. We were old friends, having sailed together on board the Belle Isle to China in 1841, when he was only Colonel of the 98th Regiment. Since then a wonderful change in his fortunes had taken place, he having been appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, as the fittest man to direct the operations in quelling the Mutiny. Some years before, when he was in command at Peshawur, letters had occasionally passed between us, in one of which he wrote, "I have now one foot in the grave, and I am just remaining to scrape together enough of money to close the remainder of my days at home." On this occasion, after we had exchanged a cordial welcome, I said to him, "You little expected when I last heard from you that you would be appointed

Commander-in-Chief in India." He answered, "I should as soon have thought to be made Archbishop of Canterbury." He was accompanied by his Chief of the Staff, General Mansfield,[1] a clever, good-looking, gentlemanlike man.

Sir Colin now assumed command, and directed me to forward to the Alum Bagh the supply of provisions I had brought with me, and then to send back to Cawnpore all the elephants, camels, and wheeled transport. Accordingly, I ordered the convoy forward with an advanced-guard, the force consisting of a troop of horse-artillery, 200 cavalry, 1000 infantry, and some sappers, the whole under command of Adrian Hope. They started early in the morning; and though, as will be afterwards seen, they were attacked by an enemy, they ultimately succeeded in conveying the large supply of stores to their destination in safety. On the way, an incident of a singular, and it might have proved of a serious, nature befell them. In a tope[2] of trees, through which our force passed, Lieutenant Evans[3] of the 9th Lancers perceived a nest of bees hanging from a branch: in thoughtless mischief he ran the point of his lance—with which weapon most of our 9th Lancer officers in those days provided themselves—into the brown-paper-looking

[1] Afterwards General Lord Sandhurst, G.C.B.; died 1876.

[2] Indian expression for clump.

[3] "Bashi-Bazouk Evans," until recently, was Colonel of the Derbyshire Volunteers—his keenness for soldiering unimpaired by time.

bag. The infuriated insects rushed out of their dwellings in myriads, and attacked their aggressor and the whole of the advanced-guard with such resolution as to send them to the right-about, bolting as if a whole army of demons were pursuing them: indeed, had such been the case, I believe they would have stood their ground with more determination. Colonel Hope, seeing the flight of these brave soldiers, and not knowing the cause of it, formed up his men ready to resist an attack of cavalry, supposing the enemy was coming down in force on him; but when he saw the poor fellows with their faces and hands covered with the little black bees which would not be shaken off, his amusement was unbounded. I am sorry to say, though, that for some days afterwards one poor artillery officer was in danger of his life from the effects of the stings.

On the morning of the 12th November, the main body marched for the Alum Bagh. Sir Colin had previously raised me to the rank of Brigadier-General, and he very kindly told me that he would consider the whole force under my command, he himself merely exercising a general supervision over the operations.

As we approached to within a couple of miles of the Alum Bagh, the enemy, who had taken up an intrenched position about 1400 yards on our right flank, opened on our advanced-guard with round-shot. Sir Colin immediately galloped forward, and went in at them on their left with Hope's force, leaving me to

bring up Bourchier's battery and 700 infantry. In course of time I attacked their right flank with some horse-artillery and cavalry, but an intervening swamp prevented both the Commander-in-Chief and myself from taking them completely in enfilade. After we had fired on them a few sharp, well-directed shots, they limbered up and retired. Thereupon young Gough,[1] a fine fire-eating Irregular cavalry officer belonging to Hodson's Horse, managed to find a way across the marsh, and attacked the retreating enemy, killing about 20 of them, and gallantly capturing two of their guns. The following morning we found the old fort of Jelalabad evacuated: it could not have made any resistance, as in many places the walls had toppled over. Our troops advanced without further molestation to the Alum Bagh.

The poor fellows were very glad to see us. They had intrenched themselves; but the enemy had constructed a battery in a strong position, 1700 yards distant, armed with heavy guns, the fire from which had greatly annoyed them, striking the house wherein the sick and wounded had been placed, and killing several of them. On 14th November, reinforced by as many men as the Alum Bagh could spare, we marched for the Dilkoosha Palace, which was situated on the bank of the Goomtee, two miles below Lucknow. We advanced through fields of grain and over

[1] Now General Sir Hugh Gough, V.C., K.C.B., who afterwards greatly distinguished himself in the Afghan wars of 1878, 1879, 1880.

a plain, nearly due east, for about three miles. Every now and then we had hard work in getting our heavy guns along; but with the help of some sappers we overcame all our difficulties, and reached the park wall of the palace, whence a heavy fire of infantry was opened upon us. The enemy was, however, soon driven away, and a few shots fired into the building quickly cleared it of an advanced-party of the rebels who were in possession. Our next move was against the Martinière, where the enemy was in force with guns in position.

The Martinière was situated near the river-bank, and was a handsome building, constructed like an Italian villa on a very large scale. The rebels had not expected to be attacked from this side, as General Havelock's force had entered the town and Residency by the main Cawnpore road, when the English loss in officers and men had been very severe. The mutineers had not consequently intrenched the south Martinière side with sufficient care, and it was evident that the building itself could not hold out long. Our heavy guns were brought to bear on it from the plateau opposite the Dilkoosha; and after an hour's pounding, a general advance was ordered. The position was easily carried, and several guns captured. We halted at the Martinière for a short time, and made a reconnaissance to ascertain whether the canal, which flowed on this side of the town, were passable for artillery. We discovered a practicable

ford at a spot where the canal approached the river, there being little water in the former, and the banks being low. It was necessary to throw out strong pickets, and to post two heavy guns close to the road leading to Banks' house—for in this neighbourhood the enemy had lined the canal-banks with riflemen. These two guns belonged to Her Majesty's ship Shannon, and were manned by some of the crew. They were under the command of Captain William Peel, R.N.,[1] son of the former Prime Minister, and one of the finest, most gallant fellows in the navy. In the first instance, I posted 200 infantry and some cavalry in support; but I afterwards withdrew the latter, finding that men on horseback would be too exposed. The following day we occupied the same position to enable a fresh supply of ammunition (Enfield) to be brought up.

At 8 A.M. on the morning of the 16th November the troops were got under arms, and we marched towards the ford, which we had before reconnoitered, and which to our surprise we found undefended. We crossed without much difficulty; and then following the winding of the river, we reached a low suburb composed of mud huts, through which we were obliged to pass. Here again, strange to say, we encountered no opposition, every dwelling having

[1] Captain Sir William Peel, K.C.B., died at Cawnpore, 27th March 1865, from the combined effects of a wound received at the reconquest of Lucknow and an attack of smallpox.

been deserted—a fortunate circumstance for us, as, if these houses had been tolerably defended, our loss would have been severe. On reaching the end of the village, we perceived through a gap the Secundra Bagh, about 150 yards in front of us—and, to judge from the heavy fire which proceeded from it, garrisoned with a strong force. It was surrounded by a high wall with two gates, the rear one of which had been built up. We could not make out any guns in that part of the wall which faced us, and every sepoy kept well under cover; but the instant any of our force showed themselves, a heavy fire was poured on us from behind the shelter.

Sir Colin Campbell, seeing how dangerously we were situated, hemmed up in the narrow street, rode to the front, utterly fearless of danger, and called for an officer to take a company of infantry and to line the banks of a narrow road which ran past the building. He had scarcely spoken when young Lord St Maur,[1] son of the Duke of Somerset, a volunteer on Sir Colin's staff, offered his services, and waving his sword over his head, rode to the front. Sir Colin could not stand this, and went after him to stop him. It was fortunate, indeed, that neither of them were touched, for the bullets from the Secundra Bagh flew thickly about them. The infantry was soon stationed in the required position by the company officer, and a 9-pounder was placed in an opening in the bank,

[1] Since dead.

and opened fire on the rebels in the garden behind the walls with terrible effect. Sir Colin then immediately pushed on with some heavy guns to the end of the street, whence the whole of the Secundra Bagh was visible, and opened fire on it with two 18-pounders. At the same time he directed Captain Blunt's[1] troop of horse-artillery to come into action on our left front, in order to keep down a heavy fire of musketry which was opened on us from the barracks and some adjacent buildings. This troop behaved very gallantly, and hard work they had to maintain their position. Men and horses were knocked over right and left. I was riding beside Sir Colin, close to one of the guns, when a musket-shot killed a gunner, passing completely through him and striking the Commander-in-Chief with great force in the thigh. We thought at first he was wounded, but he escaped with a severe bruise.

We now returned to where the two 18-pounders were concentrating their fire upon a point in the wall where it was intended to effect a breach. In half an hour's time an opening was formed sufficiently wide to admit the passage of two men abreast. The 93d Highlanders and the 4th Sikh Regiment were lying down behind an embankment, ready to rush up to the building at the word of command; but before the order was given, a native Sikh officer started forward, sword in hand, followed by his men. The

[1] Now Major-General Blunt, C.B., retired.

93d, determined not to be outdone, ran towards the breach, and a race ensued which of the two parties should reach the goal first and join in the fearful slaughter about to take place. The Sikhs had a few yards' start; but a sergeant of the 93d—Sergeant-Major Murray, a fine active fellow—outstripped them, jumped through the opening like a harlequin, but had scarcely landed on the other side when he received a shot in the breast, and fell dead. An officer of the 93d, Captain Burroughs,[1] succeeded in getting up with the Sikhs and some of his own men as they crossed the breach, and then the deadly strife commenced. A number of the soldiers also rushed up to the gateway, a little to the left, at the other angle of the wall, and without much trouble burst it open. Here the ground was obstinately contested, and the dead and dying lay in heaps at the entrance. I sent my aide-de-camp, Anson, into the garden to ascertain how the attack was succeeding, when he perceived a poor old native woman lying still alive amongst a crowd of dead bodies. In *very* moderate Hindostanee he told her to get up and make her escape as quickly as possible through the gate. She followed his directions; but shortly afterwards he saw a Highlander, rifle in hand, as if stalking a deer, stealthily creep behind a hedge, take a deliberate aim at something in a tree, and fire. Down fell a large black object; and when the High-

[1] Now Lieut.-General Burroughs, C.B.

lander rushed up, he found to his mortification that he had killed an old woman, the same poor creature whom Anson had befriended, and who in her bewilderment had scrambled into the tree as the surest place of refuge. The Highlander had of course mistaken her for a sepoy, and so thus ended the poor old woman's sorrows in this world.

Death held his fearful sway in the beautiful garden. The despairing rebels fought with desperation; but after the gate had been forced in, our troops poured in in such numbers that the mutineers had no chance, and heaps of slain cumbered the ground in terrible confusion. Upwards of 2000 bodies were afterwards counted in this fearful charnel-house. Roses and other flowers were scattered amongst the dying rebels, as if in derision. We, too, suffered severely. Captain Blunt's troop lost nearly one-third of its men and horses. He himself had shot under him a singularly beautiful grey Arab, which he had bought from me before the Mutiny, when I was expecting to be sent home with my regiment.

The same evening a curious accident befell my nephew, Frank Grant, of the 9th Lancers. He had gone into the Secundra Bagh, and had left his horse, with an orderly, standing near a small building which was adjacent to the wall, and which had been set on fire. A quantity of powder had been concealed therein by the rebels, and when the flames reached it, it exploded with great violence, scorching the

horse very severely. The poor animal broke away at a gallop, and never stopped until he reached the place where the veterinary surgeon of the 9th Lancers kept his wounded horses, as if he felt that here alone he had a chance for his life. He died a day or two afterwards.

After the Secundra Bagh had fallen, we proceeded to attack the Shah-Nujeef—a tomb surrounded with high walls, situated on the bank of the Goomtee, in an open space between the river and the old palace. Several 18-pounders were brought up to within 300 yards of the tomb; but as they were not successful in dislodging the enemy, Middleton's battery was brought up in support. One of the rebels, firing from the top of the wall, was causing considerable loss among Peel's men, and he called out that any one who would climb up a tree which was close at hand and shoot the fellow, should be recommended for the Victoria Cross. One gallant sailor immediately clambered up with his rifle, but was at once shot dead, and fell to the ground. The fire of the one gun produced nó results; and Peel, seeing his men falling fast around him, sent to Sir Colin to say it would be necessary for him to retire. Sir Colin, knowing the bad effect such a course would cause, instantly ordered the 93d Highlanders, who were lying under cover close at hand, to the front, and in the most gallant manner led them, sword in hand, up to the wall. As they advanced, Adrian Hope, of the

93d, had his horse killed under him. The 93d now attempted to storm the building, but could not effect an entrance, owing to the high walls. The enemy, seeing these men approach with such resolution, thought it high time to be off, and thus the building fell into our hands. Two or three men of Hope's regiment crept round to the right of the building, and discovered a small opening in the wall, through which they entered and found the enclosure deserted. Hope then led a part of his corps through the same passage. But for the existence of this little gap, Sir Colin would have been obliged to have withdrawn the force. The two Alisons on Sir Colin's staff were wounded in the attack on the tomb—Major Archibald Alison,[1] the military secretary, very severely. His left arm was shattered by three bullets fired from a wall-piece, and he afterwards had to undergo amputation. The Commander-in-Chief and myself, with our respective staff, took up our quarters in the Shah-Nujeef, where the occasional welcome of a round-shot through the building warned us that our work was not yet ended.

The "Mess-House," a large native building in the shape of a castle, and surrounded by a moat, was on our left front. On the banks of the river, and opposite, was the Moti-Mahal, or Pearl Palace, an imposing structure with a high wall round it, handsomely fitted up, with large mirrors fixed round the

[1] Now General Sir A. Alison, G.C.B., member of Council for India.

rooms and immense crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceilings. The heavy guns were in the first place directed against the Mess-House, which, after five hours' bombardment, was taken by Hope's brigade. Afterwards, the 90th Regiment forced open the gate of the Moti-Mahal and captured the place. An entrance was now effected from it to the Residency, and we had gained our principal object.

Shortly after we entered the Moti-Mahal, General Havelock came from the Residency to meet us, and I had the satisfaction of being the first to congratulate him on being relieved. He went up to the men, who immediately flocked round him and gave him three hearty cheers. This was too much for the fine old general—his breast heaved with emotion and his eyes filled with tears. He turned to the men and said: "Soldiers, I am happy to see you; soldiers, I am happy to think you have got into this place with a smaller loss than I had." Hearing this, I asked him what he supposed our loss amounted to. He answered that he had heard it estimated at 80; and was much surprised and grieved when I told him that we had about 43 officers and 450 men killed and wounded. We went together to Sir Colin Campbell at the Mess-House, where Sir James Outram also joined us. This was a happy meeting, and a cordial shaking of hands took place.[1]

[1] This meeting of the four generals formed the subject of Mr Barker's well-known picture, "The Relief of the Residency."

It was arranged that all the women and children should be sent to the Secundra Bagh, with such married men as were civilians, and that further arrangements should then be made for their departure for Cawnpore. On the evening of the 18th November, therefore, they were quietly sent by twos and threes out of the Residency, so that the suspicion of the rebels might not be excited, and arrived at the Secundra Bagh. Elephants, camels, 150 doolies taken from different regiments, and all the wheeled transport that could be collected, were then assembled in motley confusion opposite the gate. While these conveyances were being got ready, I went into the Secundra Bagh to prepare the poor people for their departure to the Dilkoosha Palace; and in many instances it was curious to see how little pleasure the fact of their being no longer prisoners caused them,—they appeared to be almost wedded to the Residency, and to be sorry they were called on to leave it. Yet the misery they had endured must have been intense. Ladies, having the charge of children, had been obliged to wash their clothes, clean their apartments, cook their miserable meals, attend the sick and wounded, and often watch over a husband who had received his death-wound. Many of them had been killed by shot. I saw one little girl run up to her mother, saying, "Oh, mamma! there is a loaf of bread upon the table. I am certain of it; I saw it with my own eyes." The poor little

thing had seen nothing so good for a long time. I asked one gentle delicate-looking lady if I could do anything to assist her. She replied, "Oh yes; if you could procure me a piece of cheese, I should be so thankful — it is for a poor sick lady." I thought the remedy rather a strong one, and I confess I was rather taken aback. I ventured to say it would be a difficult matter to find what she asked for; but she told me that if I could only find a gentleman of the name of Captain Ximenes, she knew he would give me some. I therefore proceeded on my delicate errand, and at length found the individual in question, who at once supplied me with a large piece of high-flavoured, strong-smelling, greasy-looking cheese, wrapped up in a dirty old newspaper. To the commander of a fine force relieving a large number of his countrywomen from a terrible imprisonment, and under the influence of highly-wrought feelings of sublimity, it was rather a come down, both in dignity and in sentiment, to be the bearer of the nasty strong cheese; and I must own that I very reluctantly went about, in the darkness of twilight, seeking the lady who had made the request. For some time my inquiries were fruitless; when, just as I was about to throw away my unpleasant burden in despair, the lady appeared, and relieved me of the cheese and my anxiety.

The doolies and other conveyances being now ready, I proceeded to hurry off the ladies and children,

who were to pass the night at the Dilkoosha Palace, the cavalry headquarters, and where also my good regiment, the 9th Lancers, was posted. I had great difficulty, however, in getting them to move, until I warned them that at any time a round-shot might fall in their midst, when they all jumped up and made for the doolies, with the exception of one nice gentle-looking lady who was seated on the floor. "Really, madam," I said to her, "you must get up, or you will lose your conveyance." "I cannot move," she answered, in a melancholy tone of voice. My heart warmed towards her, and fancying she was suffering from a severe wound, I said, in equally doleful accents, "Have you been wounded?" "No," she replied, "it's rupees;" and I then discovered, under a cloak which she had judiciously disposed over her knees, a huge bag of money, which from its weight naturally kept her a close prisoner. With a benignant smile I stooped down and raised with difficulty the ponderous treasure. I then put her arm in mine, conducted her to the doolie, wherein I placed the lady, her wrapper, and her rupees, and sent her off. I should state that she told me the money was Government property, which her husband had charged her to deposit in the treasury at Cawnpore.

The poor people arrived in safety at the Dilkoosha Palace, where Colonel Little,[1] commanding the 9th

[1] General Sir Archibald Little, G.C.B., died 1891.

Lancers, had prepared for the half-starved creatures a sumptuous repast, which they devoured with famished appetites.

All the crown jewels of the King of Oude, together with about 25 lacs[1] of treasure, taken from the Residency, were sent with them.

[1] About £250,000.

CHAPTER XII.

1857.

INDIAN MUTINY (*continued*).

TROOPS WITHDRAWN FROM LUCKNOW—DEATH OF HAVELOCK—WINDHAM ATTACKED AT CAWNPORE—SIR COLIN CROSSES THE GANGES—POSITION OF THE ENGLISH CAMP—WOMEN AND CHILDREN SENT TO ALLAHABAD—ATTACK ON THE REBELS ON 6TH DECEMBER—SIR HOPE GRANT DEFEATS ENEMY AT SERAI GHAT—NARROW ESCAPE—DESTRUCTION OF BITHOOR PALACE, AND SEARCH FOR TREASURE—FIGHT AT GOORSAIGUNJ—INDIVIDUAL ENCOUNTERS—TEN DAYS' LEAVE—REJOINS THE FIELD FORCE—MAKES FOR CAWNPORE—PIG-STICKING—DIRECTED TO TAKE COMMAND OF FORCE BETWEEN BUNNEE AND CAWNPORE—MARCH TO FUTEHPORE—THE 53D REGIMENT AT BANGURMOW—ATTACK ON MEEANGUNJ—MURDER OF VILLAGERS—HARROWING SCENES.

Journal.—Sir Colin, with great judgment, now determined, before undertaking any further offensive operations, to return with his army, and with the civilians, women, and children rescued from the Residency, to Cawnpore, and from thence to forward the latter down country. This course, which subsequent events proved to be so wise, was resolved on in opposition to the opinions of many senior officers, and of which I was one of the number, who recom-

mended an immediate attack on the disheartened rebels in the town. Orders were given for the force to retire, and the troops were directed to abandon the intrenchments in the Residency by successive regiments, commencing at 3 A.M. All our heavy guns in the Residency were first destroyed by being burst. The men were to move out by sixes and sevens, as quietly as possible, and not in a compact body, lest the enemy might become aware of our intention. The force under the immediate supervision of the Commander-in-Chief was instructed to form up opposite the Secundra Bagh, facing the direction in which they were to retire. Two troops of horse-artillery, with their guns loaded and portfires lighted, were to be ready to open fire on the shortest notice. All this was accomplished with admirable precision. Rockets from Peel's brigade, placed to our left front, were sent blazing into the town to divert the attention of the enemy, who themselves expected to be attacked; while the troops moved off in so stealthy a manner that no suspicion of our intentions was entertained.

As soon as the Lucknow force had passed the Secundra Bagh, the regiments belonging to Sir Colin's original force began to move off one by one, followed by the artillery and a rear-guard, which covered the whole operation. The troops on our left, which had occupied the houses on the road leading to Banks' house, retired by a covered-way which had been

formed by the sappers, protected by Bourchier's battery, and likewise effected their retreat without causing any alarm. The whole of this delicate and beautiful movement was executed before daybreak. The troops arrived at the Dilkoosha safely; and as we were in a comparatively open country, we could defy any attack the rebels might make.

The next day we occupied our former position round the Martinière; and, in addition, I threw forward a picket to occupy Banks' house. But the officer in command, a nervous young gentleman, though he had 100 Sikhs with him, withdrew his men in opposition to my orders, partly owing to some misunderstanding, during the night, and the post was quickly occupied by the enemy, who did not, however, discover until eight o'clock the next morning that we had vacated the Residency, and had begun our retreat. We could then afford to laugh at them; for though they might have annoyed us on our way back to Cawnpore, they could not have done us any serious injury.

On the morning of the 20th November the troops were ordered to march for the Alum Bagh; and it would be impossible to describe the confusion and difficulty caused by the transport of 500 women and children, about 1500 sick and wounded, treasure, parks of artillery and ammunition, commissariat stores and hackeries of every description.

Poor General Sir Henry Havelock had been taken

seriously ill at the Dilkoosha with dysentery, and I thought it well to visit him in his affliction, and say a few kind words of comfort. He was lying in a miserable doolie under some trees, and on my asking him how he felt himself, he said, "The hand of death is upon me. God Almighty has seen fit to afflict me for some good purpose."[1] He died, poor fellow, soon after, and was buried in the square of the Alum Bagh, a sincere and good Christian. Nothing was put over the grave at the time. A mound of earth, and a cross on an adjacent tree, alone marked his last resting-place. The enemy were too elated with their success at getting possession of the Residency, and too busy looting the silver plate and articles of value, of which a great quantity had been left behind, to trouble themselves with our march, and we arrived unmolested at the Alum Bagh. That fine noble fellow Sir James Outram was left with 3500 men to hold this position, until the return of the Commander-in-Chief to capture the town of Lucknow. On 29th November we marched to a point two miles beyond Bunee Bridge. The following morning we heard distant firing in the direction of Cawnpore, and a note was delivered to Sir Colin by a kossid, or messenger, from General Windham,[2] commanding the force there, wherein he stated that he had been attacked by the Gwalior contingent, and that he was

[1] On 24th November.

[2] Lieut.-General Sir Charles Windham, K.C.B., died 1870.

sore pressed. We therefore made a forced march of thirty-five miles on that day, and encamped four miles from Cawnpore. From thence the Commander-in-Chief rode into the fortification, and learned that Windham had been attacked on three successive days by the rebels, who were well provided both with siege and field guns, and with abundance of ammunition. His force, consisting of about 2300 men, had advanced against them in two divisions: one had debouched by the right flank on the plain, where two companies of the 82d Regiment, under Lieut.-Colonel Watson,[1] had captured two 18-pounders, two 8-inch howitzers, and a 6-pounder; but the other division had advanced up the main road by the church, and had been beaten back. Brigadier Wilson, together with several officers and men, had fallen, and numerous strong positions had been abandoned. Amongst the latter were the assembly-rooms and the theatre, where an immense quantity of stores, men's clothing, camp-equipage, and private property had been stowed away. Everything of value had been robbed by the rebels, and the buildings burnt. The officer to whom these posts had been intrusted had withdrawn his men without authority, and was severely censured by the Commander-in-Chief. The next day Sir Colin returned, and we were ordered to cross the river Ganges.

The bridge of boats, of which we still retained

[1] Major-General Watson, died 1890.

possession, lay close to a small round fortification which had been erected there; but the fire from the enemy's guns could reach it, which made the operation of crossing a hazardous one. Our 18-pounders were therefore placed on the banks of the river on our right flank, thus keeping down the rebel's fire; then Adrian Hope's Brigade, with Remington's troop, Bourchier's battery, and a strong force of cavalry, were sent over, encountering only a few long-range shots, which did no damage whatever. The poor ladies crossed at night, and when half-way over the bridge an alarm was raised—whether true or not we never ascertained—that the rebels were about to attack us. Hope's Brigade opened fire on the far side, and I went over to learn the state of affairs. I there discovered that the enemy had abandoned any possibly contemplated attack on finding our troops on the alert. The firing soon ceased, and the ladies got over safely. The artillery-park and magazine stores then crossed, covered by Greathed's brigade. Brigadier Inglis, who had commanded in the Residency previous to the arrival of Sir Henry Havelock, protected the rear. The operation occupied twenty-six hours.

Our camp was pitched on the ground formerly occupied by the old barracks. Unfortunately, the right was thrown so far forward that the enemy were able to pitch shot and shell into it at long ranges. This defect it would have been impossible to rem-

edy, unless we had left the mud fort to take care of itself, and had taken up fresh camping-ground a long way off. Moreover, it was absolutely necessary that the ladies should be comfortably taken care of until everything was ready for their departure, and that they should be lodged in the artillery buildings, which alone had not been destroyed by the rebels.

The 93d was posted as an outlying picket in some houses on our left front. On one occasion a shell burst over their heads, killing or wounding an officer and four men; and another time a round-shot took off the arm of Colonel Ewart,[1] of the same regiment. The enemy also discovered which was Sir Colin's tent, though it was a common bell one, and in no ways calculated to attract attention. He had desired me to pitch mine alongside his; and though shot and shell constantly fell around us, wounding his orderly's horse and two bullocks, and passing through the tent of one of his aides-de-camp, he would not move an inch; but it is surprising how used one gets to these little occurrences. We brought up a 24-pounder, and succeeded in silencing the fire of the enemy; but till the ladies were sent off, we could take no steps to dislodge the rebels, and were obliged to wait patiently for a few days.

At ten o'clock on the night of the 3d December, the ladies and women, with their husbands (civilians),

[1] Now General Sir John Ewart, K.C.B.

the children, and the sick, numbering in all about 2000, were despatched to Allahabad, and from thence to Calcutta, under a strong escort, and with every regard to their comfort which was possible under the circumstances. Several of them were dissatisfied at not being provided with better conveyances than covered carts; but we had done our very best for them, and told them that they should be more than satisfied—they should be thankful.

On 4th December the rebels unsuccessfully attempted to burn our bridge of boats by floating fire-rafts down the stream. On the afternoon of the 5th, they attacked our pickets on the left. Our force turned out to resist them; and a 24-pounder under that admirable officer Captain Peel, who had so accurately adjusted his sights that he was able to pitch his shot among the enemy with great precision, did great execution. I also took a couple of guns up a lane on their left flank, which enfiladed them and obliged them to retire. On Sunday morning, 6th December, Sir Colin determined to attack the rebels by the plain which lay on their right flank. This was traversed by the main road leading from the town across the canal by a bridge which the rebels had omitted to destroy, and about which were a number of lime-kilns, where they had posted a strong picket and numerous guns. Their camp was pitched three miles to the rear on the road to Calpee. The enemy, with their usual want of foresight, did not

expect to be attacked on this side, and had in consequence omitted to break up the bridge, or to defend it with any outworks. Their force was, however, prepared to dispute our advance to some extent. General Windham was instructed to hold the mud fort on the bank of the river, and to make a feigned attack from this quarter. Brigadier Greathed was ordered to occupy a village on our right flank, whereby the rebels would be unable to get round our rear, and after the true attack had succeeded, to advance. Brigadier Walpole[1] was, if possible, to take the enemy in reverse on their left flank. The brigade under Adrian Hope had been formed up *en masse* behind some buildings facing the plain. He now advanced in column of companies; then took ground to his left, and wheeled into line to the right,—the 93d, 53d, and Sikh 4th Punjab Regiment being in front; the 42d in the second line; and Inglis's brigade, in line of contiguous columns at quarter distance, in reserve. The Sikhs were thrown forward in skirmishing order, with the 53d in support. The cavalry and horse-artillery were directed to cross the canal by another bridge about two and a half miles to the left, and to be in readiness to follow up in pursuit. Peel's 24-pounders advanced by the high road, and the two 9-pounder batteries took the left front. All these guns opened with terrible effect on the sepoys, who, however, seemed prepared to offer a

[1] Lieut.-General Sir Robert Walpole, K.C.B., died 1876.

stout resistance, and held the lime-kilns in our front with obstinacy for some time. But our men, full of ardour, were a conquering force—the others were a defeated one; and nothing could withstand the impetuous attack made by the Sikhs and Europeans. The bridge was carried, the lime-kilns were abandoned, and the rebels driven away in full retreat. We captured a 9-pounder gun after crossing the canal bridge. I pushed on with the cavalry and artillery, and took the enemy's camp, in which we found three 8-inch and two 5½-inch mortars, a great number of excellent Brinjaree bullocks, clothing which had been plundered from the assembly-rooms, bedding, and property of a varied description.

The cavalry and horse-artillery after this had been sent to turn the right flank of the retreating rebels, but had been delayed in their advance for some time by the difficult nature of the ground. At last they came up, and we were enabled to pursue the enemy in great form. Soon we came across a deserted 24-pounder, and then gun after gun drawn by magnificent bullocks. Several men were sitting on the limber-boxes of another 24-pounder; and when Colonel Little, commanding the Lancers, rode up with one of his regiment, a sepoy fired his musket at the lancer and killed him. The wretched fellows were soon cut down; and some of the Irregulars who had come up discovered two bags of gold in the boxes. As may be imagined, the gold was not left long in so

unsafe a place. For fifteen miles we pursued the enemy, up to the Kallee Nuddee, capturing a great many guns, which we brought back with us when we returned to camp at night-fall. Sir Colin, who had followed up with the cavalry and artillery, did not slacken in the pursuit. He had informed me that two 24-pounders had been captured, but one of these was missing, which appeared to me strange, as so heavy a piece of ordnance would be a cumbrous weight to move away.

One of my acting A.D.C.'s, who had loitered a little behind, was found with his throat cut, and a terrible gash across his chin. The poor young fellow must have met with some of the enemy who had been lying hid till the force passed, and had murdered him in this shocking manner. No doubt the same individuals had carried off the missing gun.

General Mansfield, who had also been appointed to command a force on this occasion, penetrated with some infantry into the town and cantonments, where he found a strong body of the enemy with some guns still holding the position. After considerable difficulty he succeeded in driving them out, killing many of their number, and capturing several guns.

We bivouacked on the ground where the battle had been fought. The night was cold; we had no tents, and little to eat. Sir Colin was the most thorough soldier of us all. When his force was required to sleep in the open air — a very common

occurrence—he always made a point of stopping with the men. His courage and judgment were unsurpassed. Cool and good-humoured in action, always in his place when most wanted, he could not fail to win the confidence of those under him.

Two days after this fight, I was ordered to take Hope's brigade, consisting of the 42d and 93d Highlanders, and the 4th Sikh Regiment, with 400 cavalry and 11 guns, to Bithoor, the residence of the Nana; but I had discretionary power allowed me to change my course to a ferry twenty-five miles up the river called Serai Ghat, if I could ascertain on the road that the rebels had conveyed any guns in that direction.

[Extract from a private letter from a regimental officer with the force:—

On the evening of the 8th December, General Hope Grant, commanding the Division, having determined to pursue at midnight, the officers and men, except the piquets, lay down under the trees to sleep. I was seized with frightful lumbago, and trembled from cold and pain. And there lay on the cold ground, ten yards from the fire, the General of Division (Hope Grant), a man of iron frame and brave as a lion, sound asleep—two thousand men under his command. And he might have been more comfortably accommodated had he chosen to unload a camel. But he preferred to share with his officers and men the common hardships to which they were exposed; and he and Brigadier Little, another true soldier, lay side by side

"With their martial cloaks around them."]

At one o'clock P.M. on the 8th December I began

my march. On the road I questioned every native I came across. Some gave me no information at all; others said that several guns had passed two days previously; and one man told me, more particularly, that five brass guns and a 24-pounder had been conveyed by that route. Here, then, I had a clue of the missing captured piece of ordnance. I therefore halted my men, had them fed, and resolved to make for Serai Ghat. At nightfall I started afresh, and a little before daylight arrived at Surajpore, about three miles from the ferry. Having collected all encumbrances which were not absolutely necessary for my further expedition, I placed them in a safe position, with an escort of 100 infantry, 2 guns, and a squadron of cavalry, and with the remainder of my force advanced by a cross-country road in the direction of the river. As I approached it, I halted the main body, and with a detachment of cavalry went out to reconnoitre. After we had proceeded about half a mile, I saw two cavalry Irregular soldiers, without their horses, sauntering quite leisurely towards us, and apparently mistaking my Sikh escort for some of their own people. At last they discovered their mistake, turned round, and cut away like wild-fire; but the Sikhs easily overtook them. One of them was killed on the spot; the other told us of guns being on the banks of the river. I therefore pushed on, and at last saw groups of men collected round what appeared to be artillery

carriages. I instantly sent back orders for the cavalry and horse-artillery to hurry up as quickly as possible, and for the infantry to follow. The narrow road ran sometimes parallel to, and sometimes through, a sort of quicksand. Under a high bank, and close to the river, we found the long-sought-for 24-pounder embedded up to its axle-trees. We had great difficulty in getting our own guns over this bad ground; but at last we reached sounder soil, and then we advanced rapidly. As soon as we came within 1000 yards of the enemy, a tremendous fire was opened upon us; but Lieutenant Pickering,[1] a fine young fellow, who commanded the leading guns, never stopped until within 500 or 600 yards of the rebels, when he opened fire on them. In a few minutes Captain Middleton[2] joined him with the remainder of the battery. Captain Remington now galloped up with his troop, and came into action in an excellent position behind a bank, at a range of 200 yards or less. This concentrated artillery-fire told with such terrible effect upon the enemy, crowded into a mass with their guns, bullocks, and baggage, that they gave way, and retreated as fast as possible along the river-bank, where it would have been difficult to have pursued them in force, owing to the marshy state of the ground. However, the

[1] Major Pickering, R.A., died 1876.

[2] Colonel Middleton, C.B., Deputy Adjutant-General, Horse Guards, died 1875.

Irregular cavalry managed to overtake and to cut up some of them. My gallant regiment, the 9th Lancers, was in support of our batteries. We captured fifteen of the enemy's guns, with the finest bullocks I ever saw, belonging to the Gwalior contingent. We were only just in time; for as we came up to the ferry, we found the rebels preparing to embark the guns in some boats which they had collected for that purpose. They occupied a very cramped position, the ground around being marshy—so much so, indeed, that we had some difficulty in taking possession of our capture. After the enemy had bolted, a single rebel continued to load and fire a gun, until at last he too was killed.

I was struck with a grape-shot in the foot, but again, most wonderful to say, without being wounded. At the time, I was close to Remington's battery; but the shot must have been a ricochet.

By the successes I have described, we had effectually drawn the remaining teeth of the Gwalior contingent. In the two fights we had captured 37 guns, numbers of magnificent draught-bullocks, and great quantities of ammunition.

I reported our success to Sir Colin, who was greatly pleased, and directed me to proceed to Bithoor, the residence of the infamous Nana, and there to perform the work of destruction. We started on the 11th December, and on our arrival lost no time in destroying everything we could lay our hands on

belonging to the low villain, blowing up his pagan temple and burning his palace. It was reported that a quantity of treasure had been concealed in a deep well, in which was 42 feet of water. With much difficulty we managed, by the aid of bullocks, to reduce this to 2 feet, and then we drew up a heavy log of wood. After further search we found two pewter pots. Nowise disheartened, we renewed our efforts, and this time we discovered a number of gold and silver articles, which, to judge from their shape, must have been of extreme antiquity. There were some curious gurrahs or pots, lamps which seemed of Jewish manufacture, and spoons of a barbaric weight. All were of the purest metal, and all bore an appearance of antique magnificence.

At Chabepore we were joined by the Commander-in-Chief with the Cawnpore force. At Goorsaigunj we found that the rebels had broken down the suspension-bridge over the Kallee Nuddee, and had taken up a position on the road in rear of it, in order to prevent our advance on Futegurh. Sir Colin sent on Hope's brigade to drive them away; and at the very first appearance of the column the cowardly rascals made off. The bridge was repaired; and on the morning of 2d January 1858, the Commander-in-Chief and General Mansfield rode down to the river to inspect the progress of operations, when, to their surprise, a heavy fire was opened on them from a village on the far side. It appeared that

during the night the whole force from Futegurh, amounting to about 5000 men and numerous guns, had marched down, and were now prepared to resist our advance.

Sir Colin at once ordered up the troops from Goorsaigunj, only four miles distant. They crossed the bridge, which the rebels had foolishly allowed us to repair, and threw out skirmishers wherever cover could be obtained, from whence they might keep down the enemy's fire.

Bringing our main body across the single bridge was a protracted operation, and we were a good deal annoyed by a gun which was almost masked. It was posted at the toll-house in front of the village, and one shot alone killed or wounded 11 men of the 8th (Queen's) Regiment.

The 53d (Queen's) Regiment, principally composed of Irishmen, were a fine-looking set of fellows, and equally good hands at fighting. Their discipline, however, was not by any means perfect, and it was difficult to keep them well in hand. They had been lying under the bank of a road which afforded but an inadequate protection, and had in consequence lost a good many men. All of a sudden, without a word from any of their officers, they rushed forward, and, utterly heedless of all efforts to stop them, made their way into the toll-house, in a few instants clearing out the enemy. The Commander-in-Chief was terribly annoyed, and riding up to the regiment,

pitched into it well. But these wild Irishmen were incorrigible: whenever he began to speak, a lot of them exclaimed, as loud as they could, "Three cheers for the Commander-in-Chief, boys!" until at last he himself was obliged to go away laughing.[1] Just before this, Sir Colin had been struck in the stomach by a spent rifle-shot, which nearly doubled him up, but did not otherwise injure him. By a like shot, when talking to him and Mansfield, I was hit in the side with such force that for some moments I could not speak. Happily I was only bruised.

[Extract from private letter:—

On the road to LUCKNOW,
10th Feb. 1858.

Peel is a most admirable officer, and works his 24-pounders along with the skirmishers. For the first time his men are about to be furnished with 68-pounders. This will be a fine sight, and I have no doubt his confidence of being able to move them about will be justified.

Sir Colin is a first-rate officer, and one of the kindest men I have ever met. He is no doubt hot-tempered, but no general officer can be worth his salt if he does not pay attention to his duty, and if, in exacting obedience, he does not get into a

[1] Sir Colin Campbell, in his despatch to the Governor-General, dated 5th January, writes: "All the troops engaged behaved remarkably well, and the only fault I had to find was their too great eagerness for attack."

rage.[1] With very few exceptions, every person in the army loves him; and it is charming to see what confidence the men have in him. We have his famous old brigade, the Highlanders, here; and though we are Highlanders ourselves, and you may think I am prejudiced, you would say they are the nicest fellows you ever saw. There is such good discipline and such a fine spirit kept up among them, that they must do their duty. . . .

We have had a wonderful time since the commencement of the outbreak. I never shall forget the time we started from Umballa, and the little prospect of success we then had.]

The whole force now advanced, and we soon captured the village, as well as the guns in it. I took the cavalry at a trot round to the left, and came upon large bodies of rebels retreating in hot haste. The 9th Lancers charged and cut down a number, but several jumped into the deep ditches on the roadside, and fired at us as we passed. One Sepoy took a deliberate pot-shot at me, when within a few yards of him, but providentially he missed me. Probyn's fine Sikh corps and Younghusband's men now coming up, pitched into the mutineers scattered about the fields, in great form. But a sad accident happened to poor Younghusband during the pursuit,—a rebel,

[1] Yet who dared disobey Sir Hope, and who ever saw him in a condition faintly approximating to "a rage"?—H. K.

lying concealed, shot him through the lungs, and he died two days afterwards. Some time before, during the fight at Agra, when riding at a man in a field of growing cotton, his charger fell with him down a small deep well, which had been dug for irrigation purposes; directly after, a rebel, with his horse, fell on the top of him. The mutineer and both the horses were killed. Younghusband was at length with difficulty extricated, and though dreadfully mauled, was not materially injured, and was soon in the saddle again.

My 9th Lancer orderly, Corporal Caine, who was carrying a bamboo lance for me—a fine rider, and a plucky young fellow—saw a rebel a little ahead of us with his musket cocked and levelled, defying any one to approach him. Caine, putting his lance in rest, rode at him. When within 5 yards of his antagonist, the latter pulled the trigger, but providentially the cap snapped, and Caine ran him through the body. At another time, as a squadron of the 9th Lancers were advancing at a trot, a dismounted rebel sowar, wearing a red coat, and armed with a splendid long gilded lance, turned round, and, with a defiant gesture, presented it towards the cavalry. When they had approached to within a few yards of him, he hurled the lance into the ranks with all his might, striking a horse to the ground. The sowar was instantly killed. On our way back to camp, which we did not reach until

after dark, to our surprise we came across one of the guns which we had captured in the early part of the day, quietly proceeding along the road, drawn by two bullocks, and driven by two rebel artillerymen, one of whom, seated on the limber, with his musket and tulwar, was acting as a guard. Lieutenant Martin, of the 9th Lancers, rode up to him, and when within a few yards, the two exchanged shots —Martin with his revolver, the rebel with his musket —but in their excitement both missed their aim. The sepoys were at once despatched, whereupon the bullocks became unmanageable, would not allow any Europeans to approach them, and eventually capsized the gun into a broad deep ditch, falling themselves on the top of it. We were obliged to destroy them both; and it was only owing to Peel's able assistance, who came up at that moment, that we were enabled to drag the piece out.

A serjeant-major of the 9th Lancers by chance rode up to one of the numerous deep holes which had been dug by the wayside, when, to his astonishment, a shot, which killed his horse, was fired from it. Three sepoys had concealed themselves therein, hoping to escape observation.

One day a native carrier handed to me three little notes, one of which was intended for me, another for Captain Anson of the 9th Lancers, and another for Major Turner of the Artillery, a great friend of mine. They proved to be letters which each one

of us had received from his wife, and had been conveyed a great distance, concealed in the bearer's hair, or in a hollow in his stick. At this time the Commander-in-Chief was making preparations for the capture of Lucknow, and we should not be able to march for another month; Norman,[1] who was also a great friend of mine, said to me in a joke, "Suppose we take a run up to Umballa to see our wives,"—who had come down to the latter place. "Why not?" said I; and Turner, who was also in the tent, added, "Let me go too." I felt that my best plan would be to face the Chief boldly at once; so I went straight to him, and though a little doubtful of success, asked for leave point-blank. Sir Colin instantly accorded it in the kindest manner, saying I had deserved it. Emboldened by success, I put in a petition for Norman. "Well," he said, laughing, "going to see his wife too, I suppose?" Finding all so smooth, I tried it on again for Turner. Sir Colin looked at me for some little time, and then said: "You are pretty fellows! you are going to leave me when perhaps I may have to fight the enemy or march away. I see how it is: those fellows have not had the courage to ask it for themselves. Well, you may all go for ten days." This was cheering. I was allowed to take my A.D.C., Anson, and between us we managed to borrow a dog-cart, in which, with three of our own horses,

[1] Now General Sir Henry Norman, G.C.B., Governor of Queensland.

we drove to Beawr, a distance of forty miles. We were now on the grand trunk road, and finally arrived at Umballa, our journey having occupied altogether fifty-two hours.

[Sir Hope here speaks of the meeting with his wife and other relations, describes the anxiety, hardships, and trouble endured by those separated from their families during the perils of the Mutiny, and alludes to various other family matters.]

Journal.—Our leave was up on the 24th of January 1858. Our happy stay at Umballa, therefore, lasted but a short time; for in our return journey we had to travel 318 miles over a troubled country. I will not speak of the sorrow of parting. We were all well supplied with every sort of necessaries; and on the 22d January, Anson and I started off across country on horseback to a place five miles distant, where we found our four-wheeled conveyance and the other gentlemen waiting for us on the road. We rattled on at a quick rate to Delhi, travelling *viâ* Meerut, where we broke fast with our good old friends the Artillery, who gave us a cordial welcome. Kind Sir Archdale Wilson, who had been created a baronet, came to see us, and we talked over old scenes at Delhi. At three o'clock the same day we resumed our journey, and arrived in camp on the night of the 24th January.

On 31st January Sir Colin ordered me to march with the main body to Cawnpore. He himself intended to proceed by forced marches in advance,

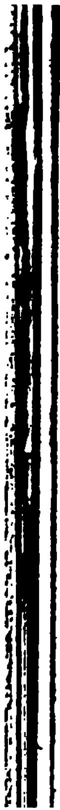
taking with him a troop of horse-artillery, the 9th Lancers, and Probyn's Horse. On the 3d February I arrived with my force at Meerum-ka-Serai, near Kanoge, and situated on a large island formed by the Kalee Nuddee and Ganges. Here we were told we could get some good pig-sticking, on the very ground where, on coming down, my cavalry had captured the four guns and cut up the enemy so severely. Armed with my bamboo lance, usually carried by Corporal Caine, and which had already been proved so trusty a weapon, I started off, accompanied by various young gentlemen—amongst others by Captain Jones,[1] R.N., a volunteer who was very fond of fighting, and had joined my force. He was an excellent fellow, and we afterwards became great friends. We took with us all the elephants, thirty-five in number, belonging to the force, and beat the country for pigs. The ground was completely covered with long grass, high above horse and man, every stalk offering resistance like a young tree, and hiding the inequalities of the surface. It was therefore equally difficult to make our way or to see the pigs, which we occasionally heard scuttling off in all directions. At last we singled out a young boar, and I was on the point of spearing him when Augustus Anson, my aide-de-camp, and Roberts,[2] Deputy Assistant Quarter-

[1] Served afterwards in the China campaign of 1860 in command of H.M.S. Furious. Subsequently Admiral. Since dead.

[2] Now General Lord Roberts, V.C., G.C.B., recently Commander-in-Chief in India.

master-General, full of ardour, dashed up at a gallop, as if they were riding for their lives, and simultaneously cannoned against both flanks of my horse, fairly lifting him off his legs, and shutting me up completely. However, strange to say, the horse did not roll over. After all, the young gentlemen did not spear the pig: he was run into by some dogs which held him fast—as he was not full grown—until we came up and despatched him. We afterwards put up a large fox, which gave us a fine chevy. Three greyhounds followed him up splendidly for about a mile and a half, until one of them caught him by the brush and rolled him over, but could not hold him. Reynard then doubled and escaped.

We continued our march and arrived at Surajpore, where Sir David Baird met us from Cawnpore with a message from the Chief desiring me to ride into head-quarters, twenty-seven miles distant. Accordingly I started off after breakfast, accompanied by my two A.D.C.'s and Roberts. Sir Colin told me he meant to take a run down to Allahabad, where the Governor-General, Lord Canning, had taken up his quarters, and that I was to cross the Ganges and assume command of the whole force between Cawnpore and Bunnee. It consisted of four entire infantry regiments, wings of two others, two European Cavalry regiments, the 1st Punjab Cavalry, and several batteries of artillery. The road was to be kept open on both sides of Cawnpore. On the 8th February



I proceeded to take up my command at Oonao, where I had a fine little force of 3500 men; and there was reason to expect that I should shortly have a body of 4000 horse under my command. General Mansfield, the chief of the staff, handed me over a paper fully empowering me to make what changes I pleased in the distribution of the troops. I was also appointed Major-General from home for "distinguished service," and General of the Cavalry Division. Time brings about strange changes. In the first China expedition in 1841, a nice-looking young boy of the name of Anderson, who was in the artillery, had gone out in the same ship with me. He was now a fine, stout, burly looking fellow, with a wife and five children, and in command of a troop forming part of my little army.

I also received an order from General Mansfield directing me to make a daur[1] to a small fortified place called Futtehpore Churassie, where the Nana was supposed to have taken refuge, about twenty-five miles north of the Cawnpore road, and on the banks of the Ganges.

In two days we reached our destination, and found the Nana flown. We here picked up two small field-pieces, with which a party of rebels were making off. After having destroyed the fort and burnt the buildings, we marched to Bangurmow, and encamped our whole force under a beautiful large tope of trees. The town was large and well built, and a body of the

[1] A rapidly executed expedition against an enemy.

most respectable inhabitants came out and begged me to spare the place, urging that they were loyal, and promising to bring us out whatever supplies we required. I at once sent in 100 men of the 53d Regiment, with orders to the officer in command to patrol the streets, and to make prisoner of any man, civilian or soldier, found plundering. A short time after, another deputation waited on me in a great state of excitement, saying that they were being pillaged, not only by the camp followers but by the guard, who were looting everything they could lay their hands on. I galloped into the town as fast as possible, and I found that nearly one-half of the 53d were absent from their post. I pitched into the officer, and then rode through the streets. There I found several men scattered in twos and threes amongst the different houses, and robbing right and left. I made them all prisoners, handing them over to the guard I had brought with me; and then returning to the main picket, which I had directed to confine every man who returned, I ascertained there were altogether 25 men in durance. These wild Irishmen were marched out in front of the house. I had them tied up, and twelve of their number were flogged on the spot. I placed two of the officers in arrest, and caused the guard to be relieved by a party from another regiment. The next morning I paraded the whole of the 53d, and gave it to them most handsomely over the face and eyes. I told them, in the words of Sir Charles

Napier, that without perfect obedience "an army is an armed mob, dangerous to its friends and contemptible to its enemies." This had a capital effect, and the regiment and myself afterwards became great friends. On the line of march, whenever they saw me approaching, they were overheard saying to one another, "Now, boys, take care of your backs. Here is the provost-marshal coming."

On the 21st February we marched to Sooltangunj, where a letter was shown me written by a man of the name of Forman. Therein it was stated that he had been protected by Khan Singh, an old zemindar, to whom he had given himself up on the outbreak of the Mutiny. The kind old man had taken the greatest care of him, and had hidden him in a cornfield and in holes dug in the ground, and even in his own house. The rebel authorities at Lucknow had heard of this, and threatened to kill the noble Hindoo unless the fugitive were handed over to them; but he managed to evade their demand, and thus to save the Englishman's life. I sent for Forman, and his delight at seeing us knew no bounds. He was an Eurasian, a clerk in the Deputy Commissioner's office in Mulaon.

On the 23d February we arrived before Meangunj, an old, moderate-sized town, with a rectangular loopholed wall around it. The rebels who held it were prepared to resist us, and one of the two sowars sent on ahead of the advanced-guard had been allowed

to approach too near, and had been shot from the walls. As soon as I discovered we were to be opposed, I changed the direction of the columns from the Rohilcund road, along which we had been marching, to the left, and soon discovered a spot for my two guns of position, from whence I saw the wall could be breached. I posted Turner's 9-pounder troop a little further back to play on the town, and divert the attention of the enemy. Four guns of Anderson's troop, with the 7th Hussars, were ordered to proceed along the Cawnpore road, in order to keep in check a body of the enemy which manifested a disposition to attempt to get round our flank. The other two guns, with the 34th Regiment and a troop of cavalry, were left to cover the baggage on the Rohilcund road. After an hour's firing, the guns had effected a practicable breach, and the 53d were ordered to advance and storm the town. It certainly could not be said of these fine fellows that they were "contemptible to their enemies," for in a few minutes they were pouring through the wall like wildfire, carrying everything before them. The miserable rebels had no conception that we had forced an entrance. Numbers were shot on the spot, and numbers rushed out through the gate; but when they got outside they were overtaken by dire destruction. The Lancers ran them through; the 7th Hussars and Irregulars cut them down without quarter: 500 were killed, and 400 made prisoners.

Major Bruce, political agent, had been ordered to accompany me on this daur, and the prisoners were brought before him for examination. No important evidence was forthcoming; and being principally townspeople and zemindaree men, they could not be called rebels in the strict sense of the word. I therefore directed that they should be set at liberty; and the inexpressible surprise and delight evinced by these poor people, who expected to meet with an untimely end, was truly touching. They gave a shout of joy, and started off through some trees, where I lost sight of them. Presently a sergeant came running up in breathless haste, and reported that some of the soldiers were murdering these men. I started off as fast as possible, and saw three poor wretches strung up to trees, quite dead, and several scoundrels belonging to my force making off. I tried to ascertain their names, but failed, as they soon mixed with other men in the tents, who probably knew nothing of their evil deeds. It was a brutal and disgusting outrage.

War is always fearful, but a civil war of this nature was most terrible even to think of. A very old man, a Hindoo, was sitting in a house in the town when some officers entered. He clasped his hands in supplication, and begged that they would not burn his dwelling, as he had no other roof to shelter him. In one corner of the room lay three dead men, to whom the old man pointed, saying, "There are three of my

sons, who have been killed. I have yet two more, but whether they be alive or dead I know not." On being asked why they had joined the rebels, "They had been forced to do so," he replied; "no one was allowed to go away." The young officers assured him that they would not harm him or his property, but pointed out that he could not be surprised at what had happened. He answered, "Yes; I know well your women have been destroyed and abused, and I am not surprised that vengeance has been taken."

During the fight in the town, a sepoy stood at bay in a house, with his wife beside him, firing at whoever came near him. He was at last shot down by a man of the 53d, when the woman with desperate courage snatched up the musket, which had dropped by her husband's side, levelled it, and pulled the trigger; but the piece missed fire, and her brains were dashed out the next moment. In another house a poor woman was tending a wounded child who had been shot through the side, while a young man, her nephew, was lying dead by her side. Elsewhere, a workman was sitting at his loom dead, with his hand in the act of arranging the threads. He had been suddenly killed, and remained in this attitude. In another room a widow was found in bitter anguish leaning over the dead body of her husband, a sepoy, who had been killed.

On 1st March I received instructions from the

Commander-in-Chief to march into Buntheera, where we found that Sir Colin had returned from Allahabad, and had pitched his camp.

[From private letter[1] from Sir Hope :—

MOHAN, 25*th Feb.* 1858.

. . . The Victoria Cross has been a grand thing for making men and officers fight like Turks. They seem more anxious to obtain this distinction than any mark of honour which has yet been given to them. . . . [I have recommended an] excellent young officer of the name of Roberts[2] for the same distinction, and I trust H.M. will bestow it upon [him]. . . . I am sorry I should not be able to get it for ——. His conduct was very brave and excellent, but there was no particular deed of valour that I can return his name for. Besides which, those recommendations do not come well from relations.]

[1] Not published in 'Sepoy War.'
[2] Now General Lord Roberts.

CHAPTER XIII.

1857.

INDIAN MUTINY—(*continued*).

DIMINISHED RESOLUTION ON THE PART OF THE REBELS—WINDHAM'S ENGAGEMENTS AT CAWNPORE ON 26TH, 27TH, AND 28TH NOVEMBER —LUCKNOW FORTIFIED BY REBELS—SIR COLIN'S FORCED MARCHES TO LUCKNOW—GOLD MOHURS IN A REBEL'S SKELETON—FAILURE OF ATTEMPT TO REMOVE LIMBER-WAGGONS — FORCES UNDER SIR JAMES OUTRAM AND SIR HOPE GRANT CROSS GOOMTEE—CHARGE OF THE BAYS—REPEATED ATTACKS BY THE REBELS—CAPTURE OF THE MARTINIÈRE AND THE BEGUM'S PALACE—GALLANT CONDUCT OF WILDE'S SIKHS—ARRIVAL OF JUNG BAHADOOR—CAPTURE OF THE KAISER BAGH—DEATH OF HODSON—INUTILITY OF SLAUGHTER —ATTACK ON REBELS IN TOWN, AND CAPTURE OF MOOSA BAGH— ENGAGEMENTS AT KOORSIE, AND ON THE BAREE ROAD—JUNG BAHADOOR'S GOORKAS—A NIGHT PANIC—SIR HOPE GRANT RETURNS TO LUCKNOW.

[WHEN Sir Colin Campbell went with his small army, at the beginning of November, to relieve Lucknow, he left General Windham in command at Cawnpore with a force of little over 2000 men, and instructed him not to fight, but to keep open the communications with Lucknow and Allahabad. On 25th November Windham learned that 20,000 rebels, from the Gwalior contingent and other revolted regiments,

were within twenty miles of him on the Kalpee road; and on the 26th he sallied forth to attack them with 1200 infantry, 100 Sikh cavalry, and 8 guns, leaving his baggage and camp-equipage with a small guard outside the city. He encountered, immediately attacked, and defeated the mutineers at the Pandoo Nuddee river, eight miles west of Cawnpore; but as he was following them up, he became aware that he had engaged their advanced column only, and that the main body was near at hand. He therefore hastily fell back and encamped outside the town.

At about mid-day the next day, 27th November, his camp was surprised by a fierce attack of the rebels in immense masses, who, supported by a powerful force of artillery, issued forth from some adjacent brushwood. Assailed from three sides simultaneously, and finding after five hours' fighting that his flanks were being turned—that the enemy had penetrated into the city, and were about to attack the intrenchment near the bridge—he resolved to fall back on it; but his men were hardly pressed, and suffered severely from the fire of their pursuers, and the rebels captured our camp, burning 500 tents. Early the next morning, 28th November, Windham decided to make no attempt to recover the ground he had lost, but to remain strictly on the defensive. Thus it was hoped that the bridge of boats, so necessary to preserve our communications with Sir Colin Campbell, would be effectually protected. The Gwalior contingent—now

joined by a fresh body of rebels, said to be commanded by Nana Sahib in person—amounting in all to 21,000 men, flushed with victory, pressed the English hard. Walpole alone was successful in repelling their attack. Carthew,[1] after struggling for many hours, was obliged to withdraw; and Wilson, who sallied forth to assist him, was driven back with great loss—he himself being killed. That night the rebels held possession of a great part of the city, looting everything belonging to the British they could lay their hands on. They captured mess-plate, treasure, officers' baggage to an immense amount, and 10,000 rounds of Enfield cartridges—the Hohenzollern of the war—and on the morning of the 29th November began to bombard the intrenchment and the bridge of boats. At this crisis, however, Sir Colin Campbell reached the scene of action, and, as Sir Hope Grant tells us, quickly restored the position of affairs to a more satisfactory state.

On 14th January 1858, Sir Hope wrote in a private letter: "Sir Colin was not pleased with General Windham. . . . He had not done his work properly at Cawnpore, and chose to be 'cheeky' to Sir Colin. This would not do, so Sir Colin has removed him to Lahore, of which division he is General."

It is here necessary to explain that in the interval between Sir Colin Campbell's return to Cawnpore and his final advance on 2d March 1858 for the reconquest of Lucknow, the rebels had fortified their stronghold

[1] General Carthew, C.B., died 1889.

to the utmost extent of which they were capable. The computed strength of the insurgent troops amounted to 30,000 sepoys, in addition to 50,000 volunteers, and they were supported by 100 pieces of ordnance, guns and mortars.]

Journal.—On 2d March 1858, Sir Colin determined to march from Buntheera to Lucknow, and to occupy the Dilkoosha with a strong division of infantry, four troops of horse-artillery, and 1300 cavalry. I, of course, took command of the cavalry. As we marched by a tope of trees near the fort of Jelalabad, where Sir James Outram had had a skirmish with the rebels, inflicting on them considerable loss, a bugler of the Rifle Brigade, on passing a skeleton, gave it a kick. Hearing something rattle, he stooped down and found nine gold mohurs rolled up in a rag. This was very strange, as after a fight the dead were rifled of everything about them, even to their clothes, by camp-followers and country-people, and so large a sum was not likely to have escaped observation. The only way of accounting for it was, that the man, seeing himself in danger, had swallowed his treasure — a common practice among natives when they fear being robbed —and that the money had fallen out when the corpse had become decomposed. It is true, it is difficult to understand how he could have thus disposed of it when wrapped in a rag; but I do not conceive even this impossible. He might have gulped it down in extreme nervousness.

On our march to the Dilkoosha we had a skirmish with a strong picket of the enemy, from whom we took a gun, and easily got possession of the palace. The outposts having been intrusted to my care, I posted some 18-pounders to command the Martinière, and drew up the batteries along the banks of the canal. I was again struck by a spent bullet, but was not wounded.

On our left front there was a large garden surrounded by a wall. Here in an opening I posted two 6-pounders, with some cavalry and infantry. In the further corner were two deserted ammunition-waggons, and as the ground was to all appearance clear of the enemy, I ordered the artillery officer to send some men and horses to bring them away. Sir Colin, Little of the 9th Lancers, who had been appointed a cavalry brigadier, and I, rode up to watch the operation. The waggons were found to be loaded with ammunition, and the horses sent were insufficient for the purpose, and were unable to move them. All of a sudden, fire was opened upon us from outside the wall, in which were gaps at different spots, and skirmishers began to make their appearance. Unfortunately we had only a small cavalry escort with us; and accounting "discretion the better part of valour," and that it would not be judicious to sacrifice the Commander-in-Chief, the general in command of the cavalry, and a brigadier, for a paltry ammunition-waggon, we thought it wiser to withdraw. The

artillery-driver was therefore desired to abandon his horses and to make the best of his way back, and we were on the point of retiring when poor Brigadier Little was struck by a shot which went through his elbow-joint. He was, however, able to ride off, and fortunately Sir Colin got off unhurt. After General Little was wounded at Lucknow, he was compelled to relinquish his command, and Colonel Charles Hagart of the 7th Hussars, an excellent officer, was appointed brigadier-general of cavalry in his place.

Brigadier Franks[1] had been doing good service in the south of Oude, and was reported to be within a short distance of our camp with 6000 men, 3000 of whom were Goorkas belonging to the Rajah of Nepal. On his arrival on 5th March, every preparation having been made for the attack, Sir Colin ordered two bridges of boats to be constructed across the Goomtee, half a mile below the Dilkoosha Palace. Unfortunately, the Engineers made a mistake. The position occupied by the bridges lay under the fire of the Martinière, and though the range would have been about a mile, it was undoubtedly undesirable for an army to cross a river at a spot so exposed. However, delay was to be avoided, and Sir James Outram was ordered to cross with his division at three o'clock in the morning of the 6th March. I was sent as second in command, and was directed to superintend the passage of the river.

[1] Afterwards Major-General Sir J. H. Franks, K.C.B. Since dead.

The night was very dark, the ground where we were encamped was much broken and full of water-courses, and the troops had great difficulty in finding their way. It was some time, therefore, before they could be got together. Sir Colin, being anxious to get his men across before the enemy could discover our intention and open upon us, rode down to the river-side and pitched into everybody most handsomely, I catching the principal share. But this had a good effect, and hastened the passage very materially—everything was got over in safety just as daybreak appeared. Sir James Outram, one of the finest fellows in existence — the "Bayard" spoken of by Sir Charles Napier before any unpleasant feeling sprang up between them — drew up his force in three lines. At first we marched up the banks of the river for about a mile, then threw our right forward until we were parallel with the Fyzabad road, and finally advanced straight towards Lucknow. We had not gone far when we perceived a picket of the enemy's cavalry, consisting of about 400 men, posted close to a village. I sent a party round each flank, composed of artillery and cavalry, hoping to cut them off. Amongst our men were two squadrons of the Bays, young fellows full of ardour and zeal, but who required keeping in hand. The enemy took to flight; and these fine lads, determined to catch them up, started after them at score. It was impossible to check them,

and they pursued the retreating rebels till they came up to some infantry posts, where the ground was broken and difficult for horses. Their major, Percy Smith, an excellent officer, was killed. His body was not brought in till the next day. The men likewise suffered severely.

Sir James Outram's force encamped within four miles of Lucknow, with his left resting on the Fyzabad road.[1] The next morning we were attacked by a body of about 12,000 men, with 12 guns; and as the ground was intersected with ravines, the rebels were able to bring up their artillery without being seen. As I rode to the front to reconnoitre, a round shot was fired down the road which nearly annihilated me and my A.D.C., and fell right into our camp. Our men soon turned out. I took the cavalry and two troops of horse-artillery to our right flank, where we had a tussle with a large body of men on some honeycombed ground, and we had to pitch into them with grape, which in the space of an hour completely dislodged them. Sir James Outram also succeeded in driving back the guns which had attacked him; but as we had had orders not to advance, the retreat was not followed up. We remained in our present position, throwing the pickets much more forward. The following day, the 8th March, the enemy fired at our ad-

[1] Sir Colin, with the remainder of his army, remained on the other side of the river, on the right bank.

vanced-posts from a battery of heavy guns formed up on the race-ground, but without doing much execution.

On the morning of the 9th March, the Commander-in-Chief sent us an order to attack and capture the position on the banks of the river. During the night two batteries had been constructed within 600 yards of the enemy's works on the race-course, and had been armed with 12 heavy guns, ready to open fire at daybreak. Our right was protected by cavalry. I directed Brigadier-General Walpole to advance with his infantry brigade and a 9-pounder battery, under cover of a wood and village to cross a stream, bring his right shoulders forward, and take the rebel position in reverse. The horse-artillery, formed up in rear of the main picket, were to wait until the infantry had reached a certain point, and then were to advance with the picket along the main road.

At daybreak the heavy guns opened a terrific fire, the infantry on the right threw out a cloud of skirmishers from the Rifle brigade, and the 23d Regiment and the 79th Highlanders formed the main body of attack. After advancing some distance, the skirmishers threw their right forward, passed through the wood with little opposition, and got in rear of the enemy's battery, which had been annoying us so much during the two preceding days: the guns, however, had been removed.

On the other side of the race-course, near the river, was a yellow house which had previously been occupied by the enemy, and which now appeared to be deserted. We had hard work marching over the heavy sandy country, and I had halted my column to rest, and to give time to Sir James Outram to bring up his force on the left, when suddenly a large number of the enemy who had been concealed in the yellow house emerged from it; but instead of showing fight, they bolted along the banks of the river, and before I could get my guns into action they were out of reach. Nine scoundrels stuck to the building, and gave us a great deal of trouble, killing and wounding three officers and nine men. It was only by firing salvoes from a troop of horse-artillery into the house that we eventually succeeded in driving them out.

Sir James Outram advanced up to the iron bridge, scattering the enemy before him and taking several guns. On 11th March we were ordered by Sir Colin to take the upper stone bridge likewise; but Outram, finding he had not enough infantry to hold it permanently, was obliged to abandon it, throwing up batteries which commanded it.

The rebels had constructed strong works round the town on the right bank of the river, but, with their usual wisdom, had not calculated on our first crossing and advancing by the opposite side, which was not equally well fortified. The whole position was con-

sequently enfiladed. On ascertaining this, the Commander-in-Chief ordered two of his divisions to take the Martinière and a strong intrenched position close to the canal, which was effected without any loss on 9th and 10th March. The Begum's palace next fell into our hands on 11th. It consisted of an infinity of buildings and courtyards, one within the other, surrounded by a breastwork and a deep ditch. The 93d Highlanders, supported by Wilde's[1] Sikhs, went at it gallantly. Nothing could be finer than their conduct. One of the former regiment was shot down, when several Sikhs who saw him fall rushed up, covered his body, and prevented the enemy from mutilating him. Then the slaughter set in afresh. From this building alone 600 dead bodies were afterwards taken out and buried. I now sent out strong parties of cavalry along the Seetapore road, to prevent supplies coming into the town, and to cut off any of the enemy trying to make their escape in that direction. One patrol under Brigadier Hagart[2] overtook a number of their infantry, cut them up, and pursued a party of sowars to a village, which was set on fire. As our men were coming away, they reported that Captain Sandford, of the Indian Service, a fine young fellow who had joined the 9th Lancers from Delhi, having been temporarily attached to the regiment, entered the village and had

[1] Afterwards Major-General Sir Alfred Wilde, K.C.B.

[2] General Hagart, C.B., died 1879.

not returned. The brigadier halted the column, and sent young Campbell, a Perthshire man and a gallant officer, belonging to Probyn's Horse, to look after him. He shortly came across an orderly holding Sandford's horse; and on inquiring what had become of the rider, was told he had gone into the village. Campbell took three men of the 5th Irregulars with him, and continued his search. After a time he discovered Sandford's helmet at the foot of a wall with a bullet through it, but the body was nowhere to be found. There was a small loopholed fort close to the spot, from whence a fire was opened upon them, and one of Campbell's Sikhs was wounded in the arm and thigh by two bullets. He called out to his officer to save him; and, at the imminent risk of his life, the gallant fellow carried away the wounded man amidst a shower of bullets. He reported having found the helmet to Brigadier Hagart, who immediately dismounted a party of the 2d Dragoon Guards to keep down the fire from the loopholed mud fort. Probyn was then directed, or rather he volunteered, to take some of his own men into the village and search afresh for Sandford. Campbell accompanied him; and amongst the party was Russaldhar Punjab Singh, a splendid type of a Sikh. At the wall where the helmet had been discovered they found a hole, through which they crawled, and then on the top of the house they saw poor Sandford's body. But how were they to get to it without incurring fresh loss from

the fire of the enemy? The Sikhs understood the business. Punjab Singh and some others threw themselves flat upon the roof, crept up to the body, let it drop from the wall, and then scrambled over themselves. It was gallantly done.

The Commander-in-Chief's camp was now pitched in the gardens of the Martinière, a little above which a bridge of boats had been constructed across the river. I went to see him, and found him expecting a visit from Jung Bahadoor. I was anxious to see this famous Nepalese chief, and Sir Colin kindly permitted me to be present. His large tent, with a semianah—a large canvas awning upon poles to keep off the sun—was ready pitched, and a strong guard of the 42d Highlanders, kilted, guarded the entrance, with the regimental pipers in attendance. Shortly after, Jung Bahadoor arrived, followed by his two brothers and about twenty of his staff. He was magnificently dressed, and his turban was ornamented with a splendid tiara of diamonds and emeralds. His countenance was remarkably intelligent, and though he had the flat Nepalese features, he was dignified in his bearing and manner. There was, however, a suspicious glance in his eye, so characteristic of the Eastern disposition; and during his conversation with Sir Colin and Colonel M'Gregor, political agent, between whom he was seated, though he gave utterance to a good deal of soft-sawder, he had a restless wandering look, as though he mistrusted everybody.

He was evidently struck with the stalwart Highland guards and pipers, who, stalking up and down playing the martial pibroch, had a most imposing effect. At this moment Captain Hope Johnstone, General Mansfield's Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, a tall handsome man, dressed in a very becoming fighting costume, marched up to Sir Colin to report the fall of one of the palaces. The effect was very remarkable and quite theatrical. My fighting turn-out was, however, very indifferent, so I got behind the crowd in the durbar tent, and conversed with a stoutish gentleman in Hessian boots and frock-coat, who was a stranger to me. I talked with him for some time, for his remarks were very clever and much to the point. On riding home with Augustus Anson, I learned to my surprise that my acquaintance was Dr Russell, correspondent to the 'Times' newspaper.

Several heavy guns and 10-inch mortars were sent over to our side, on the north of the Goomtee, and placed in a position to complete the destruction of the works about the Kaiser Bagh. On the morning of the 14th March, the Commander-in-Chief directed the divisions on the right bank of the river to attack the small Emam Bara, which was bravely carried. From the inside of this place the whole of the outworks of the Kaiser Bagh were commanded, and our troops captured the latter also with a rush, the enemy abandoning everything, and the Begum mak-

ing her escape into the town. Inside the Begum Kotee the gallant Hodson was killed. A sepoy behind a door fired at him as he entered. The loot here was considerable. Diamond and emerald necklaces, pearls, jewels of every description, and shawls, were quickly walked off with the soldiers. We also captured 70 guns.

[Extract from private letter:[1]—

Camp near LUCKNOW,
18*th March* 1858.

. . . The day before the Kaiser Bagh fell there must have been some 2000 or 3000 killed and wounded (on the part of the mutineers). It really sickens one to think of slaughtering any more of the poor wretched creatures. If it goes on, it will cause the death of many a noble soldier in H.M.'s service, and, after all, will do little good. If we were to put to death 10,000 more, we should not nearly have come to the end of them; and should we once come to guerilla warfare, farewell to peace and comfort in the country for years. The Governor-General, if he has strength of mind to set aside the press,[2] ought to issue a proclamation granting an amnesty to these wretched creatures, of whom three-fourths were forced into the Mutiny, and having once entered in, could not get out of it. Of course certain individuals, and especially those who have committed murders, must

[1] Not published in 'Sepoy War.'

[2] Alluding to the Indian press, whose advocacy of indiscriminate slaughter burned long and fiercely.

not escape; but they would certainly be given up were leniency shown to the mass.

In July 1858 the Governor-General issued a proclamation granting an amnesty to all but murderers.]

It now appeared that though the enemy had been driven out of Lucknow, a strong force was stationed in the neighbourhood, and held the "Moosa Bagh," four miles distant, a house and garden situated on the right bank of the river. On 19th March, two infantry divisions, under Sir James Outram, attacked them in front; Brigadier Campbell, with a brigade of infantry, some guns, and 1500 cavalry, took up a position on the left front, in readiness to pitch into them on their retreat; and I was ordered with my guns to assist, from the left bank of the Goomtee, in dislodging the enemy from the Moosa Bagh, and, with my cavalry, to fall upon any who crossed over to my side. The rebels opened fire on my men at a long range; but my orders were not to advance until a simultaneous attack had been made by all Outram's troops. His force, however, did not arrive until nearly two hours after I had taken up my position; and Outram had scarcely commenced firing when the enemy found it too hot, and bolted. A squadron of the 9th Lancers, on the southern side of the river, was ordered to pursue them. They bravely charged, and took 12 guns, but very nearly got into difficulties on coming up to a nullah which they could not cross.

A fire of grape was directed against them from a village 200 yards on the other side. Fortunately the guns were too much elevated — the shot went over them, and not a man was touched. Captain Coles, who was a good steady officer, immediately brought his squadron back, and the enemy continued their retreat unmolested by Campbell's brigade. With his large force of cavalry and artillery, there was a splendid opportunity for cutting off the large masses of fugitive rebels; yet nearly all were allowed to escape. Near the latter was a village with a small mud fort, of which the enemy had taken possession. To dislodge them, Campbell sent a couple of guns, a troop of the 7th Hussars, and some of Hodson's corps. A few shots were fired into the stronghold, when suddenly, to the surprise of every one, about 50 daring fellows, headed by the daroga, or head man of the village, an enormous fellow, rushed out of the fort right up to the guns. The cavalry were ordered to charge; but the rebels reached them before they could be put in motion, and the three troop officers—Slade, Wilkins, and Banks—were cut down. The latter lost a leg and an arm, and died of his wounds shortly after. It was only owing to the courage of Colonel James Hagart, commanding the 7th Hussars, that he was brought out alive. Hagart rode to Banks' rescue almost, if not quite, single-handed, cutting his way through the enemy two or three times. Three of the rebels he shot with his revolver,

and knocked over a fourth with the hilt of his sword, which was attached to his wrist by a silk pocket-handkerchief. Everything he had about him bore traces of his gallant struggle. His saddle and his horse were slashed about both in front and behind, his martingale was divided, his sword-hilt dented in, the pocket-handkerchief severed as cleanly as with a razor, and a piece of the skin of his right hand cut away. He undoubtedly saved poor Banks' life for the time, and I recommended him for the Victoria Cross. Sir Colin Campbell did not, however, forward the recommendation, as he considered the reward an inappropriate one for an officer of so high a rank as Hagart. Two Sikh sowars now rode up, one of whom attacked the daroga, while the second engaged another powerful rebel; but finding that their enemies were getting the best of it, these two gallant Irregular horsemen dismounted, and renewed the combat on foot. The daroga three times struck down his antagonist, who defended himself with his shield, until, when a favourable opportunity presented itself, the Sikh gave his foe a back-handed cut across the neck, which laid him low. The other Sikh also despatched his opponent.

On 22d March I was ordered to start at twelve o'clock at night with two troops of horse-artillery, two 18-pounders, 2 howitzers, 4 Cohorn mortars, 900 cavalry, and four regiments of infantry, for a small town called Koorsie, twenty-five miles from

Lucknow. When we came in sight of Koorsie, we perceived a cavalry patrol of 50 men, but they soon disappeared. I took the cavalry and artillery round the town out of fire, and ere long we saw a large body of the enemy in full retreat. A few shots were sent amongst them, and two squadrons of the Punjab cavalry, under a most excellent officer, Captain Browne,[1] and a party of Watson's Horse, under Captain Cosserat, were launched against the Pandies.[2] Captain Browne, who commanded, seeing some guns moving off, charged the rebels in the most magnificent style. Five times he rode clear through them, killing about 200 and taking 13 guns and a mortar. His unfortunate adjutant, Lieutenant Macdonald, was shot dead in the act of cutting down a sepoy. Captain Cosserat was shot through the face, and died shortly after. A noble Sikh cavalry man was mortally wounded in the stomach and fell from his horse. In a short time he rallied sufficiently to mount again, galloped into the thick of the enemy, killed two of them, and then dropped from his horse, dead. After this we returned to Lucknow.

Sir Colin placed me in command of the town, where I expected to remain quietly for some time at least. However, on the morning of the 9th April

[1] Now General Sir Samuel Browne, V.C., G.C.B. He afterwards greatly distinguished himself during the Afghan wars of 1878-79.

[2] "Pandy," a habitual nickname then in use in India, derived from Mungul Pandy, the original rebel who set the example of open insurrection.

the Chief sent for me and told me that he intended to start for Allahabad that night, and that I must march with a column to a village called Baree, twenty-nine miles from Lucknow, on the Seetapore road, to clear away a body of rebels, who had congregated there under the Moulvie — a Mussulman priest, the head of a religious sect—an active, intelligent man, who, some time before the Mutiny, had been giving us a great deal of trouble. He had been put in irons by us for preaching sedition, but during the recent disturbances had made his escape, and now displayed, in every possible way, the inveterate hatred he bore us. After I had finished my business at Baree, I was to march eastward to Mahomedabad, and from thence to reconnoitre the banks of the Ghogra, where it was joined by the Chokra.

On the 11th April I marched from the cantonments at Lucknow. On the 13th April, on the road to Baree, we came up with a force of about 6000 infantry and 1000 cavalry, which had taken up a position on the banks of a stream with hills on either side. The latter were all strict Mahomedans, and, as such, hated us with all their heart.

On 12th April, at dead of night, a troop of these sowars got inside our line of pickets. A man of Wales' Horse challenged them, but they replied that they belonged to the 12th Irregulars, and he did not fire. They contented themselves with recon-

noitring, and then slipped away again. The 12th Irregulars, commanded by Captain Holmes, was a cavalry corps which had behaved well for some time after the outbreak of the Mutiny, but at last killed their officers and went over to the enemy.

On the 13th April we marched at daybreak, but had scarcely gone three miles on our way when I heard the advanced-guard commence firing. The road, or rather track, had been very bad, and I had remained behind to see the heavy guns brought across a nullah. I immediately galloped to the front, and found that a strong cavalry picket of the enemy had attacked our advanced-guard—had surrounded a troop of Wales' Horse, wounding one of the officers, Prendergast[1]—and would have taken the two guns which were with it,—when they suddenly perceived a squadron of the 7th Hussars, which the dust had hitherto prevented them from seeing, ready to charge them, whereupon they wheeled about and galloped off. When I reached the scene of the conflict I saw this hostile force, which now amounted to some thousand men, working round our right flank, evidently bent on attacking our baggage, which extended over a line of nearly three miles. I instantly brought up 300 cavalry and two of Mackinnon's guns to protect our flank, and fired several shots at them, but without effect. In addition to our rear-guard, I ordered

[1] Now Major-General Prendergast.

the Bengal Fusiliers to cover our right flank. I sent a troop of the 7th Hussars to patrol along both flanks, and another squadron to watch the movements of the sowars. The enemy came round in rear of a village, and were in the act of charging upon our baggage when the troop of the 7th Hussars, who were ready prepared for them, dashed down and galloped through them, putting them to flight and sabring many of their number. Captain Topham, who commanded the troop, and who had run a native officer through the body, was wounded by a lance. He had two men mortally, and six men slightly, wounded. A little after, another body of the rebels charged down upon our baggage, but were met by two companies of the Bengal Fusiliers, who poured a volley into them when within 30 yards distant, which rolled a number in the dust. Thereupon they desisted from further attacks, and retreated as quickly as possible. The infantry were then ordered to advance. The enemy occupied a village on a hill in front of us, at the base of which a stream flowed. Large columns were posted on both sides of this valley. I threw out the Rifle brigade in skirmishing order, supported by the 5th Punjab corps. The main line in rear advanced close up to the village under a heavy fire and stormed it gallantly, capturing two colours. We afterwards advanced and took the higher ground, the rebels bolting without firing a shot. The cowardly fellows might, with a little resolution, have defended the position

for some time, as the banks and honeycombed ground would have delayed us under fire considerably; but they had no confidence either in themselves or in their leaders. Whether they had artillery or not I cannot say. Our cavalry on the right captured a waggon filled with ammunition, but no guns opened on us.

On 22d April, when near Mussoulie, I heard that there was in the neighbourhood one of the strong Oude mud forts, surrounded by a jungle which was almost impenetrable, and traversed by few roads. This fort belonged to a chief of the name of Rajah Ruzzug Bukkut, who had been playing a double game throughout the Mutiny, and I thought it would be well to teach him a lesson. The same morning he came into camp with profuse protestations of good behaviour and fidelity, and offered to hand over to us the only three guns which he said he had in his possession. I took with me two squadrons of cavalry, and after picking our way for some time through the jungle, we came to the gate of his stronghold, which we entered. Inside was a dense jungle of bamboo, and a thick thorny plant, through which it was impossible to advance except by a narrow tortuous path. At last we came up to a miserable mud house, which he called his palace. The people were very civil, and told us that the guns had been sent away to the commissioners; but one of our Sikhs, who are famous hands at making discoveries of concealed property, found out two guns in an enclosure

where no one had thought of looking. We immediately caused the gate to be burst open, and secured a 9- and a 6-pounder. I sent for some bullocks of the worthy Rajah, and found that they were Government animals, which the old scoundrel had stolen. A native also informed me that there was another gun close to the gate by which we entered; and on further search we found a 9-pounder, most skilfully masked, facing the road along which we had travelled, double-shotted with grape and round-shot, ready primed, and having a slow-match fixed and lighted. All this looked very suspicious, especially as at the same time an officer reported that he had found a number of treasonable papers in the Rajah's house. I therefore resolved not to let the old gentleman off; and the next day I sent a force, under Brigadier Horsford,[1] from Nawabgunj, to destroy the place. This was thoroughly carried into execution. The jungle was burned, and the palace levelled to the ground.

I now received an order from the chief of the staff directing me to proceed to Cawnpore. Accordingly, I left my troops for the moment at Nawabgunj,[2] and with my personal staff rode to Lucknow. My main body had been ordered to return from Nawabgunj, and in consequence of information I had received,

[1] General Sir Alfred Horsford, G.C.B., died 1885.

[2] It must be borne in mind that there are several towns so called. Indeed the constant reduplication of names, and the variations in their spelling, are sources of endless perplexity to the student of Indian military operations.—H. K.

without any further delay we crossed the Goomtee by a bridge of boats, close under the Dilkoosha. On 1st May we reached Poorwah.

We first made for a small fort surrounded by jungle, called Puchingaum, where a Bais Rajpoot held sway — an influential man — but he did not show fight. We took possession of some matchlocks, swords, shields, a 4-pounder gun, and two 1-pounder wall-pieces. Presently I saw my Sikh orderly coming out of a building carrying a sack; and as these black gentlemen were great hands at looting, I stopped him. The sack was found to contain nothing but fine flour; but every sort of plundering was considered a great misdemeanour, and could not be tolerated. It was therefore emptied all over his head; and the contrast between his dark skin and the white powder had a most ridiculous effect, and acted as a useful warning to his comrades.

I now set off for Doondeakeira, a strong fort close to the Ganges, and surrounded by a dense jungle, belonging to Ram Buksh, a great villain, who had killed several of our fugitive countrymen and women on the flight from Cawnpore. On our road we destroyed a strong mud fort standing close to a large salt-work. On the morning of the 10th May, the anniversary of the commencement of the Mutiny, we arrived at Doondeakeira, and found it completely deserted. It was one of the most formidable forts I had ever seen in India, with large, enormously thick

mud walls, and surrounded by a jungle so dense as to be imperviable, except where pathways had been cut. Inside this jungle was a small circular work, quite concealed until within a few yards' distance, where a gun had probably been placed: a narrow covered-way communicated with it and the main work. Had the post been disputed, our loss must have been severe. It had apparently been entirely denuded of all means of defence; but when my Sikhs began their search, they found two guns and a French 32-pounder brass howitzer, the latter in an excellent state of preservation, which had been thrown down deep dry wells.

On 12th May, hearing that the enemy had taken up a position in force at Sirsee, I started for that place the same afternoon. The weather was becoming fearfully hot, and to add to our discomfort, a dust-storm was raging, accompanied by a hot wind. Nevertheless we came up to the position at 5 o'clock P.M., and found a strong force of the enemy, estimated at 1500 infantry and 1600 cavalry, with two guns, posted along a nullah, with broken ground around, and a large jungle in their rear. Their cavalry was on our right flank, ready to pounce down on our baggage; but my mind was easy on this point, as I had left it some distance behind, in a secure position, protected by 200 infantry, two guns, and a squadron of cavalry. The ball opened on our part with a shower of shot and shell. The Rifles and Sikhs were

extended in skirmishing order, with the 38th and 90th in reserve, and covering the heavy guns. We soon cleared the nullah of the rebels, killing Amruthun Singh, a wealthy and influential talookdar, or land-holder, and his brother, and taking two guns. The enemy were in full retreat; and as it was becoming dark, I threw out my pickets, and ordered the troops to bivouac. In the middle of the night we were suddenly awakened by a scream, followed by the thud of the hoofs of horses galloping about. We all supposed that the enemy's cavalry had broken in upon us, favoured by the darkness, and a general commotion took place. A bullock-driver was killed, and Captain Gibbon[1] of the artillery was twice knocked down, finally wounding himself accidentally with his revolver. The Rifles also set to work in grim earnest, every one fighting against his neighbour, and breaking each other's heads with the butt-ends of their rifles. Fortunately, at the time none happened to be loaded, or the loss would have been serious. As it turned out, ten or twelve men were sent to hospital. The alarm had been caused by a snake creeping over the face of a Madras sepoy, who, terror-stricken, started up with a scream. The confusion was then increased by several of our horses breaking loose and galloping about. The discomfort of having entire horses on a campaign is not to be told; and yet the Government of India have never had strength

[1] Lieut.-General Gibbon, C.B., died 1893.

of mind to alter the system, though it has been denounced over and over again by every one competent to judge.

The following morning, the enemy having entirely disappeared, we returned to Nuggur, where we bivouacked. The night was hot and murky, and I went to sleep under a tree on my charpoy. Presently I became aware of a most singular sensation in my feet, which projected considerably over my small bed. The feeling was indescribable, yet very pleasant and soothing. I at length awoke, and then I perceived my good old bheestie, or water-carrier, Kulloo, rubbing my feet very gently. When I asked him the reason of his doing so, he told me he had been bitten by a scorpion, and had come to me for some darwei—medicine. The gentle method he had adopted to awaken me amused me much—so perfectly Eastern, and really so agreeable. We then moved to Lucknow. I went straight to Mr Montgomery, the chief commissioner, a particularly nice person, to tell him all that had taken place.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.