FROM LONDON TO LUCKNOW

WITH MEMORANDA OF

MUTINIES, MARCHES, FLIGHTS, FIGHTS, AND CONVERSATIONS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN OPIUM-SMUGGLER'S EXPLANATION OF THE PEIHO MASSACRE.

BY

A CHAPLAIN IN H.M. INDIAN SERVICE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

M.DCCC.LX.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

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TO

THE VEN. JOHN HENRY PRATT, M.A.,

ARCHDEACON OF CALCUTTA,

THIS

Unpretending Book

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

THIS book makes no pretensions to being a history of the Indian Mutiny, or even a chronicle of its events. The writer arrrived in Calcutta at the beginning of the outbreak; and in passing from London to Lucknow he was interested, amused, surprised, shocked, and instructed, by various things which he saw and heard. Believing that every personal narrative, truly told, must always possess attractions of a certain kind to those having sympathies in common with the narrator, he supposes that there may be a class of readers to whom the following letters, memoranda, and notes, based on real occurrences, will prove acceptable. He is further encouraged by having observed that certain of his letters, which were published in the London *Times* and the *Inverness Courier*, excited some attention when they appeared; and that in "The History of the Indian Revolt," a large work proceeding from the press of the Messrs Chambers, parts of the descriptive passages have been quoted in a manner

which implies that they were approved by the clever compiler.

It will perhaps be thought that some paragraphs have been retained, which might have been omitted with advantage; and the writer confesses that he was often at a loss to decide whether to expunge a sentence, or let it stand. He hopes, however, that the off-hand and desultory character of familiar letters, addressed to friends and relatives in America, England, Scotland, and India, will be considered a sufficient apology, if any be needed; and that the pages may perhaps be esteemed the more natural and real, *because* they contain such an *omnium gatherum* as usually makes up the correspondence of persons writing *currente calamo* from one side of the world to the other. A few of the letters were penned with a "manifold writer," which enabled the author to keep copies; some were returned by correspondents, at his request; some have been re-written from the printed columns in which they originally appeared; and the absence of others, not recovered, has been supplied from an ample diary. The pencil-notes taken in the field, and sometimes under fire, in waggons, in tents, among ruins, and even on horseback during the march, might easily have been thrown into the form of letters; but it is believed that this would only detract from the interest which may belong to them in their original shape.

Although honesty and candour have in two or three instances rendered it necessary to mention the public errors of individuals, it is confidently affirmed that the following pages are not disfigured by a single ill-natured remark.

PENANG, *Christmas Eve*, 1859.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

FROM LONDON TO LUCKNOW

IN THE

YEAR OF THE MASSACRES.

I.

BAY OF BISCAY, *February* 6, 1857.

HAVING left London by rail on the 3d, and Southampton on the 4th, in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Ripon*, we are now crossing the most irritable of bays, which happens at present to be as smooth as the bend of the little river near the Rectory, where you and I have rowed and bathed together in sunny days gone by. Well, curiosity being, according to Dr Johnson, one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect, I enjoy exceedingly the prospect of our trip up the classic Mediterranean, across the land of the Pharaohs, down the Red Sea, and round by Ceylon (island of spicy breezes, and father of pearls,) to Calcutta, the golden city of yellow nabobs and palaces inlaid with splendour. But where there are lights, there must be shadows; and the broad black shadow over my fair prospect is the thought that I cannot see my children, and others who are very

dear to my heart, for seven long years, unless serious illness should compel my return before the usual time for furlough. Ladies, of course, can come and go when they please, if their husbands can afford the expense, which is enormous. With heavy hearts we left our beloved ones in Scotland, more than a fortnight ago: but it was painful even to witness the parting scenes the other day, when the steam-tender, with friends of many of the passengers on board, was about to leave us a few miles below Southampton. It is always a melting sight to see husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, tearing themselves from each other when the last bell rings, knowing that for indefinite periods the ocean-tides (like their hopes and fears) must ebb and flow between them, and that there can be no certainty of their ever meeting again on earth. When the little vessel turned her head homewards, and every moment was widening the distance between us, the three farewell cheers that rose from the crowded deck of each of the steamers sent a thrill along one's nerves, flushing the brow and leaving a tingling sensation in the points of the fingers. I have felt a similar effect of emotion when listening to first-rate oratory. This is a subject for an essay on the action and reaction of mind and body. It strikes me that magnetism has something to do with the matter,—a conjecture which will draw up the corners of your mouth, and spread a bland smile over your benevolent countenance. How distinctly I see you, old friend, with my mental eye! Excuse this digression, and pre-

pare yourself for many. Loud and hearty were the cheers, though some of the voices that joined in them were husky; and after the intervening space between the ships had become too great to allow shouts to be heard or persons to be distinguished, white handkerchiefs continued to wave over the bulwarks in token of love and regret.

"Home! home! sweet, sweet home!"

Lord Bolingbroke professed to believe that exile is only an imaginary evil. I beg leave to differ. He says that the secret affection which we are *supposed* to have for our country, is one of the numberless extravagances which pass through the minds of men; and professes to comfort us with the reflection that there is no part of the world from whence we may not admire the sun, moon, and stars—the changing seasons—human creatures like ourselves—an infinite variety of laws and customs established for the preservation of society—and so forth. Such philosophy is to me like the vicinity of an iceberg. *Amor patriæ ratione valentior omni.* I prefer the song to the sage—

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

This is the sentiment uppermost in my heart to-day: and one cannot help observing that the miserable man who scorned the idea of attachment to an earthly home, would also rob us of our only sure hope of a home in heaven.

Among our fellow-passengers are General Sir Henry

Barnard, who goes out to a high command in India, and Captain Moorsom, an eminent engineer, proceeding on behalf of Government to decide as to the eligibility of certain lines of railway in Ceylon. There are also about twenty ladies, (whom I ought to have mentioned first,) civilians, military and naval officers, and merchants, bound for Gibraltar, Malta, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Singapore, Penang, Borneo, and China. I have been reading the third volume of one of the most wonderful books I ever met with, entitled "The Lord's Dealings with George Müller." This Müller is a German who has established an immense Orphan Asylum in Bristol. I wish I had gone to see it before leaving. Have you read the "Autobiography of Heinrich Stilling," the "Life of Professor Francké of Hallé," or the "Life of Lavater?" This narrative of Müller's would remind you of them, if you know them. We have a piano on board, and there is also really good music twice a day from an instrumental band. This, you will believe, is a source of much enjoyment to me. The bandsmen act as stewards or table-servants, and, strange to say, perform their double duties creditably. It seems, however, to be a degradation of art, in the person of the artist, to require a man who delights us with high-class music to bring in the soup and joints, or change our plates. But the subscription among the passengers, added to their regular allowances from the Steam Company, must pay them handsomely, and the dignity of art gives way to higher considerations. Some of them, perhaps, have little groups at home, whose

domestic sunshine, unlike any known in Connecticut, depends on sovereigns. Keep your temper.

All kinds of expedients are resorted to in order to make the time pass pleasantly. Some read; some keep diaries; some write letters; some smoke; some sing; some draw; some talk; some sleep; some pace the deck in silence; and some look through the glass at the white-winged ships that seem to come and go between us and the circling sky. As they vanish from sight, do they not appear to sail straight into heaven, under the blue curtain? Were it not broad day, I might say something fine about starry gates. But sending poetry to you is sending coals to Newcastle. There is, besides, another objection to starry gates: we never see the stars quite down to the horizon in these latitudes.

This reminds me of an occurrence which delighted me on a summer night, several years ago, when crossing from Ostend to Dover. While the full moon seemed to pause upon the water, for a few moments before it began to sink in the west, two sloops in full sail successively crossed its disc. The effect was indescribably beautiful. On another occasion, when crossing the Atlantic, we were very near seeing a similar picture in the sun's disc. A large three-masted vessel, with a cloud of sail, appeared to be only two or three times its own length from the sun, when, like a shield of burnished gold, the orb of day began to descend beneath the horizon. The captain remarked that he had been at sea a great many years, but had never been so near witnessing the transit of a ship across the sun.

Is not that a happy line of Bailey's or Smith's (I forget which)—

"Friendship hath pass'd me, like a ship at sea?"

Do you like the Spasmodics? Reading them is, to me, like dining on sugar-plums, or spending the day at a jeweller's window. All is luscious sweetness or dazzling splendour.

February 7.—We are out of the Bay, and off Cape Velāno. "The dreadful thunder" fortunately slept during our passage across. This Cape Velāno, about five miles distant, is a stack of rocks most picturesquely piled one upon another. Further in than this naze, a convent is perched on the brow of the headland. Unhappy Spain! how suggestive the first sight of thy shores! Hannibal, Cæsar, Trajan, the Moors, the Alhambra, Columbus, Salamanca, Vittoria, Talavera, Badajoz, Trafalgar, Saragossa, Corunna,—what crowds of associations gather around the words! Yet may it not be doubted whether all these put together interest the bulk of living men so much as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza? What a commentary on earthly ambition lies under this reasonable doubt! But, besides valour and romance, dismal thoughts are linked to the name of Spain,—Popery and ignorance, the Inquisition and wretchedness, despotism and degradation. Here, however, I must pause, as I cannot (like Cæsar) do a dozen things at one time. The overture to "Guy Mannering" is being performed by the band, and writing interferes with the pleasure of listening.

February 11, (*Wednesday.*)—*Straits of Gibraltar.*—We have had a tremendous storm. On Sunday morning there was Divine service in the saloon. Nearly all the cabin passengers were present, and the captain led the responses. There are about a hundred persons on board connected with the vessel, including officers, engineers, firemen, stewards, and able-bodied seamen. The wind blew very fresh in the afternoon, and there were indications of foul weather. I stood over the hatchway, looking down into the deep pit where the firemen, half-melted, are shovelling coals all day and all night. What a Sabbath to them! One would need the constitution of a salamander to enable him to bear the heat, and the piety of an apostle to enable him to withstand the demoralising influences of such a pandemonium. Happy shepherds in their bothies on the hill-side! Happy ploughmen! Happy artisans! Happy almost anybody on shore or at sea, in comparison! It is true that a man's real happiness depends more on the state of his mind than upon outward circumstances; but certainly the circumstances of a fireman in front of the furnaces of a sea-going steamer, test severely his religion, or philosophy, or pluck, or whatever *vivida vis* there may be in him. No wages can pay a man for roasting himself. Let us be thankful.

You know that I have crossed the Atlantic four times. On these voyages I have seen very rough weather, but I recollect none worse than the storm of Sunday night. Often during the long and dreary hours of darkness (the cabin lights being extinguished according to regulation) a

wave struck the bows, and made the ship tremble from stem to stern, as if Neptune, or Æolus, or some mythical Titan from the classical dictionary, had struck her with a sledge-hammer as big as a puncheon. Now and then the vessel seemed to stop, after one of those thundering blows; and, rising on my elbow in the berth, I expected to hear that the engine had been broken, or a paddle peeled off. But next morning the storm abated; and the sailors doubtless maintained, as usual in such cases, that there had been a mere capful of wind. For two days, however, the rolling motion of the steamer was most distressing to weak stomachs, and inconvenient to all landsmen. I found it rather difficult to write legibly. Unpremeditated flourishes had to be timeously corrected, and the formation of a loop-letter required uncommon caution. The smells, too, (proceeding, I suppose, from the agitated bilge-water,) sometimes made it disagreeable to remain below. Circumstances of this sort make blanks in diaries. Yet there are always ludicrous scenes to be noted on such occasions at sea. At meals, dishes dance off the table, pirouetting with decanters; passengers approaching the settees tumble violently from side to side of the saloon; waiters staggering from the pantry besprinkle silks, satins, and broadcloth with soup and gravy; and when a very serious lurch comes, everybody seizes with both hands the plates and glasses in front of him, to prevent them from taking wing into the adjoining state-rooms.

We passed Cape St Vincent (the termination of the Sierra Morena, or Black Mountains of Spain and Portugal)

about five o'clock yesterday morning; and now, having left behind Trafalgar and Tarifa, we are at the gateway of the Mediterranean. The consciousness of this is to me most inspiring. The memories connected with the part of the world on which we are now about to enter, stir up emotions deep and strong, but perhaps too vague for expression. In the centre of the strait, a powerful current flows continually from the Atlantic, and it is always a matter of difficulty for sailing ships to get out of the Mediterranean, unless the wind happens to blow pretty stiffly from the east. Some suppose that there is an under-current in the opposite direction, because the fragments of vessels wrecked within the straits are occasionally found, it is said, out in the ocean. But may not the lateral currents, which flow outward along the Spanish and African shores, account for this? On stormy nights the villagers on the African coast have been known to light fires, in the hope of luring ships to destruction among the abounding reefs and eddies, and enriching themselves by the spoils.

The rock of Gibraltar now rises grandly before us. Happy day! I have lived to see this wonder of the world, the key of the Mediterranean, one of the Pillars of Hercules, a spot so famous in the history of Europe, ancient and modern. From this point of view I cannot discover in its outline the slightest resemblance to an urn, to justify the name *Kalpē*, bestowed upon it by the Greeks. Such a monstrous mass of rock, however, must have a great variety of aspects when approached from various

directions, and the urns which were in fashion when it was named may have been shaped differently from those we now see on modern tea-tables and in modern cemeteries. The other Pillar of Hercules, Mons Abyla, on the Barbary coast, has an imposing appearance, even at the distance of twelve miles. The depth of water between the Pillars is in one place upwards of a mile. But this is not the narrowest part of the "gut," as it is called in charts; nor is Europa Point (which is the extremity of Gibraltar rock) the most southern point of Europe. Tarifa is five miles further south, and the breadth between Tarifa and Alcanzar Point is but nine miles. The strait extends lengthwise, from Cape Trafalgar to Gibraltar, nearly forty miles. Now for etymology. In the word *Gibraltar*, one expects to find *altar*, and the appearance of the rock rather favours the conjecture. But the name is a corruption of Gibel Tarif, *the mountain of Tarif*. Then tariff being often used as a synonym for custom-house duty, it might be hastily inferred that Gibraltar is the toll-bar of the Mediterranean. The fact is, however, that when the Moorish invasion took place, in the beginning of the eighth century, the Saracen General, Tarif Ebn Zarca, built a castle on the rock, which has ever since been called after him. General Tarif's mountain, on which the ruins of his castle are still visited, is a promontory about three miles long, and fourteen hundred feet high, wonderfully fortified by nature and art, and usually garrisoned by several thousand British soldiers. We are now steaming up the bay on the west side of the rock, while the town

looks down upon us from the steep slope on which it is built. What a singular impression is made upon the mind by seeing for the first time a place of which you have read and thought a thousand times, and of which your imagination has formed a picture that proves to have no resemblance whatever to the reality! The shape of the rock, as a whole, has been compared to that of an irregular triangular prism, jutting into the sea from north to south. The irregularities are very numerous. There are in all parts gulleys, fissures, precipices, and bits of table-land, these last prevailing towards the southern extremity, behind Europa Point. But the anchor is being dropped, and the passengers, with few exceptions, are preparing to go ashore; so I must cut short this yarn for the present. Adieu! "Ah! what is life? An hour-glass on the run."

II.

En route for MALTA—*February* 12.

We landed yesterday about noon. There was a light breeze upon the water. Two sail-boats, crowded with passengers, and top-heavy with canvas, left the steamer about the same time; so the trip to the shore was a race, and the excitement of all concerned was considerable. Our boat won. The change from our floating prison out in the bay to *terra firma* was delightful. Every symptom of squeamishness vanished before the fruit-market was reached, at the head of the pier. We were in high spirits,

and bent on enjoyment. The one engrossing thought seemed to be, how the greatest number of pleasant experiences could be crammed into one afternoon. The miscellaneous atoms crystallised into groups, which started off in different directions,—some to buy untaxed cigars and suck sweet oranges—some to examine the fortifications—some to play billiards at the Club-house—some to imbibe Spanish wine—and some to ramble over the Neutral Ground fronting the northern extremity of the rock. After calling at the Post-office, in a narrow lane off one of the principal thoroughfares, I hired a couple of ponies at a livery stable; and my other self and I proceeded quietly to ride along the steep zig-zag streets towards the upper part of the town. From the elevated position which we reached, the view of the bay was magnificent. I counted at least a hundred ships at anchor. The northern end of the rock (on our right, as we looked across the house-tops) rises precipitously to a dreadful height, from a sandy plain which connects it with the continent of Europe.

Not very far from the rock, a ditch drawn across the sandy plain divides the Spanish from the British territory. On our side of this boundary, the white tents of a military encampment are pitched within a few hundred yards of the water. Beyond the head of the bay, which is eight miles long, cultivated slopes gradually rise towards the base of San Roque, a shining white spur of one of the mountains of Ronda. Further in the background, range seems to rise above range in broken terraces to the sky.

We returned to the steamer in time for dinner, having enjoyed the day indescribably. About eight o'clock, the paddles began to revolve; the tick-tick of the capstan ceased; and we glided out of the harbour, while the band played and the young people danced on deck by lamp-light. The whole scene was romantic. The town lighted up looked more like a diorama than a reality. The back-ground of rock and the masses of building were visible in the star-light, and also many ships riding at anchor between us and the shore. In almost every house and every ship was a light; and fancy grouped the red points into constellations, as nearly resembling beasts, birds, and fishes as those on the celestial map. During our progress out of the harbour, the apparent shape of the rock continued to change every moment; and as we turned the corner off Europa Point, it had the aspect of a grand group of Doric statuary, representing a matron stooping over her progeny, a hood descending gracefully from her head over her ample shoulders. It was Time, and the senior members of her family, mourning over the ruins of former greatness which line the shores of the Mare Magnum.

III.

OFF MALTA, *February* 16, (*Monday.*)

Since I wrote to you, about three weeks ago, from St John's Wood, we have seen a good deal that was new to

us, and passed into a different climate. On the 3d, there were skaters in Regent's Park when we passed on our way to the Waterloo Station, and I believe there was tolerable ice, although a thaw had set in. At Southampton, the thermometer stood at 30° during the night, and we buried ourselves under blankets, cloaks, and shawls, in our berths on board the *Ripon*. Since we entered the Mediterranean, the weather has been soft and balmy, and to-day it is most enjoyably warm. We spent a very happy afternoon at Gibraltar. . . . .

About eight P.M. on Friday, the second day after leaving the renowned fortress, we passed Algiers, without calling on the Dey. Nothing was visible at that hour but a luminous halo on the horizon, indicating the position of the city. The sky was crowded with stars. On Saturday, as we continued to plough our way through this beautiful sea, off a coast for ages infested by pirates and corsairs, ranges of African mountains streaked with snow were visible far away through the crystalline atmosphere. Yesterday, we passed at a distance the crumbling remains of Carthage, suggestive of Dido, Hannibal, and others known to classic fame; nay, better still, the birthplace of Tertullian, and the honoured see of grand old Cyprian, the soil of whose garden I would go a day's journey to tread. But there was no chance this time of our making a pilgrimage to the ruins on which Valour reared a monument to the younger Africanus, (*cui super Carthaginem Virtus sepulchrum condidit,*) or to the spot in the vicinity where a nobler than Scipio sealed his faith

with his blood,—the learned, the eloquent, the pure-minded, single-hearted Cyprian.

The steamer's course now lay among some dangerous rocks, which kept our vigilant captain constantly on the alert. The Admiralty agent, a gray-haired lieutenant in the navy, and a fine old specimen, entertained me with some curious narratives of shipwrecks in that part of the Mediterranean. This morning early, as we coasted along Pantellaria, (said by some to be Calypso's enchanted isle,) one of the passengers brought me a subscription list, and asked for half-a-crown. I handed him the coin, without having at the moment a very clear idea of the object. It proved to be a kind of lottery scheme, the issue of which depended on the time when the vessel should pass the lighthouse on entering the bay at Malta. The hours within which this event was considered possible, were divided into spaces of so many minutes; and these spaces of time were marked on tickets, one being given to each subscriber. The excitement, I assure you, was intense as we approached the light in the evening. As the time passed, one after another of the ticket-holders saw that his chance was gone. We passed the light at twenty minutes before ten; and somebody won thirty-eight half-crowns.

Although we shall be rather late, several of us are determined to go ashore and get a glimpse of Valetta, as the steamer may leave early to-morrow morning. Good-night! May every blessing abide with you and yours!

IV.

MALTA, HARBOUR OF VALETTA,
On board the *Ripon*, *February* 17.

Since we cast anchor here at ten o'clock last night, I have had six hours of sleep and four of sight-seeing. This island, the most southerly in Europe, (to which, by Act of Parliament, it belongs—not to Africa, as ancient geographers supposed,) is a very interesting place undoubtedly, but hot, bare, and dusty. Last night several of us landed by starlight, and ascended a long flight of very broad stairs, under an archway in the wall, to Valetta. As it was near eleven o'clock, the streets were silent and almost deserted; but I am glad I saw the town at that hour, as its aspect then presented so remarkable a contrast to its appearance this morning. After passing through steep, narrow, and gloomy streets, beautifully drained by gravitation and an abundant supply of water, we reached a large open space where a café was still brilliantly lighted. Having refreshed ourselves with hot coffee at the round marble tables of that establishment, the exploring expedition resumed its labours, and we found ourselves at the door of a theatre or opera-house in a very steep street. The curtain had just dropped, and the audience were beginning to disperse, but we had time to see the interior before the lights were extinguished. There was only a single vehicle at the door, a one-horse turn-out, very like a hearse. The quadruped was standing with his nose to the brae, which sloped at an angle not

far from forty-five ; and it really appeared to be a question whether the horse should draw the carriage, or the carriage the horse. At length the carriage reluctantly gave way, and Rosinante panted on the crest of the ridge, or "hog's back," as it has been called. To clear up this expression, I must tell you that Valetta stands on a tongue of land more than three thousand yards long and some one thousand two hundred broad, sloping on both sides to the water's edge. On the point of this tongue, which bears north-east by north, the citadel and lighthouse of St Elmo are built. Eight streets running parallel, and in the same direction with the ridge, are intersected by about a dozen shorter ones, (some of them with steps of stairs,) which run across it from the main harbour to Marsa Musceit haven. The houses are built of stone, and the thoroughfares paved with flags, or with blocks of lava from Etna. Across the root of the tongue, where the peninsula is joined to the island, five successive lines of fortification extend. Here some of the ditches, excavated in solid rock, are said to be ninety feet deep; and the ramparts consist chiefly of rocks hewn into the required form. Protected on the land side by such fortifications, and on the other sides by water, as well as by a *cordon* of works of immense strength on the opposite shores of the two bays, Valetta is a second Gibraltar for strength.

It was after midnight when we reached the steamer, having had an interesting walk through the town. This morning, about seven, L—— and five other ladies, and a number of gentlemen, went ashore. To the softer sex

the Maltese lace and jewelry were among the chief attractions of the place. We hurried through the crowded markets—a novel and amusing scene to most of us. Such a hubbub! The variety of fruit and vegetables was not very great: but this is February, and Malta is naturally a bare rock. The cultivation is entirely artificial. Yet on this rock farmers raise cotton, wheat, barley, beans, peas, carrots, melons, potatoes, cabbages, cauliflowers, and so forth. The island is mainly a mass of limestone of different kinds, with soft calcareous freestone. To the absorbent power of the latter the soil is supposed to owe much of its fertility. Whence does the soil come? you will ask. Much of it is found ready-formed in the hollows and crevices of the rocks, from which it is removed and laid on level spots. Since, however, the best soils in Malta, and the adjacent island of Gozo, are little better than calcareous marls, containing scarcely any vegetable matter, much manuring is necessary; and the depth of soil is further increased by breaking up the subjacent rock, which is very soft, and soon crumbles under the action of the weather.

I should have liked extremely, had there been time, to visit the "creek with a shore," where St. Paul and his fellow-voyagers were shipwrecked. There can be no doubt that this was the island, and not Meleda in the Adriatic, which is very small, and not likely to have been at any time the residence of a Roman proconsul. The whole sea between Greece and Sicily was anciently named *Adria;* and Malta (which is called Melita by Pliny and

Strabo) has an unbroken tradition in its favour. Besides, a ship sailing from Meleda to Naples or Rome need not have touched at Syracuse before coming to Rhegium.

Next to the fortifications, the wonder of Valetta is the Church of San Giovanni, the approach to which is infested by professional beggars, some of them apparently very wretched. The exterior of the building is not in any way remarkable; but the ceiling, the paintings, the monuments, and the pavement are all of uncommon beauty. In this church each "nation" or "language" of the Knights of St John of Jerusalem had its chapel. The rich profusion of gilded ornament in these chapels—the arabesques, the carvings of flowers and foliage, the ecclesiastical and heraldic devices, almost weary the eye by the minuteness of details. Every compartment of the ceiling, between the pillars of the chapels, is adorned with a picture representing some event in the life of St John. The pavement consists of four hundred sepulchral slabs of inlaid marble of different colours. Some of the monuments are magnificent. The *tout ensemble* reminds one of the Madeleine in Paris, although there are points of contrast as well as of resemblance.

From the heights of the Piazza Regina, where there are many English tombs, the view of the spreading sea leads one's thoughts away in a day-dream to Syracuse, Scylla and Charybdis, the booted-and-spurred peninsula, and the isles of Greece. Then suddenly a red-coated sentinel, moving with measured tread in the shadow of a wall in the foreground, recalls the dreamer to the matter-of-fact

present. The dazzling reflection from the balconied houses, which seem to be at a white heat, is nearly blinding. Here and there, on the shady side of the way as you descend the terraces, may be seen a Maltese lady at a glazed gallery, with a black *faldetta*, or domino, over her head and partly over her face. She may be as beautiful as Hebe, or very much the reverse, for aught a passer-by can tell. Over the entrances of some houses may be seen a bas-relief representing a woman treading among flames. This means the soul in purgatory. Under statues of Madonnas and saints, inscriptions are frequently to be seen which offer so many days of indulgence to anybody who will say a *Paternoster*, an *Ave*, and a *Gloria* in front of the image. Blind black Popery, like a spectre, haunts the visitor at every corner.

When I tell you that we walked round a considerable part of the ramparts, assisted the ladies at their shopping, and spent some time at the Post-office, (waiting for our letters from home, *viâ* Marseilles,) you will not be surprised at my being unable to give you any account of the Palace of the Grand Masters, the Lodges, the Conservatory, the Palace of Justice, the University, the Barracks, and other buildings worth visiting. One might spend a week in Valetta very pleasantly, and perhaps profitably. When returning across the bay to the steamer, we saw the English Protestant Church on an eminence. I think it was built by good Queen Adelaide. We missed seeing, among other things, the library of a hundred thousand volumes, which doubtless contains treasures. But Peninsular and

Oriental steamers, like time and tide, wait for no man. The captain told us he would not wait for his grandmother. Good-bye. We are about to weigh anchor.

V.

ALEXANDRIA, *Saturday, February* 21, 1857.

We left Malta on Tuesday forenoon. The island was below the horizon by three o'clock. On Thursday, after breakfast, land was dimly discernible on our right,—"the parts of Libya about Cyrene." Thermometer 62° in the shade; 81° in the sun. The *Times* of the 5th says, the cold has been unusually severe in the State of New York: spirit thermometer 40° below zero! Very different from our experience, even under an awning. Passengers out in summer suits; some with white cloth shoes, some with rolls of cambric round their hats. The captain had a white cover over his gold-banded blue cap. The glare of the white paint on the paddle-boxes and boats tried one's eyes so much, that it was refreshing to turn to the green-painted gunwale and hencoops. Weather almost too hot for smoking; so games were played on the deck with quoits of rope. Maltese gold-crosses, &c., were brought out, and admired by the ladies. Sailors sat in the rigging, or were suspended from it, mending and splicing. The sails flapped for want of a breeze. It seemed as if all the energy on board had been absorbed by the engine, which, with two thousand tons on its back,

cantered away over the smooth course between Crete and Africa, without turning a hair.

Time, it must be confessed, hung rather heavily on our hands. How true the *Spectator's* remark, that although we regret the shortness of life as a whole, we nevertheless are wishing every period of it at an end! - But is it not within the province of religion and true philosophy to counteract this habit, by determining to enjoy, in the best sense, every hour as it flies? Surely it is. Even in a crowded steamer how much one may find to be thankful for every moment! And one's view need not be confined by the timbers of the ship, or even by the circle of the horizon. The mind, revolving on its axis, turns its face to every part of the universe. If there is grist in the mill, the mill may grind it into meal for the miller, or for others; and if there is no grist, it is pleasure to a healthy man to go and fetch it.

I got up early this morning, and from the deck of the *Ripon* saw the sun rise over this renowned city. With the golden horizon for a background, the outline of the buildings seen through a forest of tall masts had a fine effect. From the harbour the flat coast stretches eastward and westward, till earth and sky and water blend. On the western side—that is, on our right as we entered—I counted about fifty windmills. The *Valetta*, a beauty of a boat, was paddling out of the bay, between us and the shore, while we were coming in; so that we lost the Marseilles mail, and our letter-bag, which had been hanging in readiness beside the mirror in the saloon, must go

back to Malta in the *Ripon*. The first person we saw in thoroughly Oriental costume was the pilot, a handsome fellow, who came out to meet us in his Egyptian boat. As he ascended the bridge between the paddle-boxes, we, who had never seen so picturesque a figure, except in a book or a painting, could not help staring a good deal. He seemed to bear our scrutiny with superb indifference. By the time we had slipped our anchor, in a vacant space within a stone's cast of some ships of war bearing the crescent flag, boats manned by half-naked, tawny, boisterous human animals came alongside. Among them was the Egyptian Transit Company's big barge, into which our luggage was pitched from the gangway, in a style that will remind me, if I live to return, to have thick leather or canvas covers for my trunks, and to have the trunks themselves as nearly as possible of indestructible materials. Suddenly the fierce-looking boatmen started a sort of song,—something between a chant and a war-whoop,—and appeared to keep time to the tune in their manner of loading the lighter. The fate of our boxes was with them quite secondary to the rhythm of the chorus. They hurled them headlong, higgledy-piggledy, like so many oranges, one above the other, in a fashion that appalled the parties interested. Remonstrance was useless. Indeed there was no time for it. Having learned that the train for Cairo was to start almost immediately, we bundled away to the shore, without delay. I had just seen my first trunk—a heavy one—leap from the deck to the barge, and from one end of the barge to the other,

when, casting "a last, long, lingering look behind" upon it, with scarcely a hope of ever seeing it again in its integrity, we were taken to the wharf by a couple of boys, who demanded *baksheesh* as well as a high fare. No landing-place could be more impracticable, especially for ladies. There were no stairs or ladders, and the ascent from the water to the roadway was like clambering up the side of a house. L—— was glad to find herself on *terra firma*, and rode on a donkey to the railway station, where we now are. We are in Egypt! Taking a backward glance toward the slumbering ages, can anything be more interesting, more startling, than the idea of being at a railway station in the land of Egypt, the house of bondage? The retrospect is a pilgrimage into the catacombs of Time, where lie the buried centuries, done up like mummies, with (to the multitude) very unreadable inscriptions on most of the tombs that have preserved their remains to us. Cradle of science! nursery of art! resort of sages, poets, orators, historians! once among the first and proudest of the nations, now a byword for ignorance, vice, and degradation! "Basest of the kingdoms," God is "against thee." Yet the land is covered with solemn and sacred associations. Opening my Bible, I read, "*When he arose, he took the young Child and His mother by night, and departed into Egypt; and was there until the death of Herod.*" Next to the interest of a journey through Palestine is that of a journey through Egypt. Land of the Pharaohs! land of the pyramids! visited by Abraham, governed by Joseph, inhabited by Jacob, by the

patriarchs his sons, and for generations by their downtrodden descendants! Little Moses floats in an ark of bulrushes on the river,—the very Nile we hope to cross to-day. The king's daughter finds him, adopts him, and has him trained in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. Forty years he spends in Egypt; forty more with the shepherds of Midian. Sent by God, he comes back to the Nile, demands his brethren, invokes the ten plagues, marches out of the land of his birth at the head of a nation. A miracle for their deliverance opens a way through the sea, which then unites with all its waves to overwhelm the host of the Egyptians. And I am now passing through the region where these things happened! This is Egypt!

VI.

CAIRO, *February* 21, 1857.

Between Alexandria and Cairo nothing astonished us so much as the swarming population. One wonders how there can be sufficient corn in Egypt to feed them. Villages are scattered over the level country in every direction. Half-a-dozen were sometimes in sight at the same moment. The houses seem to be unfit for human beings. Imagine four walls of mud—for the unburnt bricks seem to be nothing else—with a flat roof of dried rushes, and an irregular hole or two in one of the walls; and then imagine two or three hundred of these as close together as they can stand, and you will have a tolerably correct idea of an Egyptian village. The gray colour of

these clumps of miserable dwellings contrasts with the rich green of the well-irrigated fields, waving with luxuriant crops of wheat and other cereals. The clothing of the peasants is generally of the most wretched description, and looks like ragged sackcloth wrapped round the body, like a Spanish cloak, or Roman toga. But occasionally we saw men very handsomely dressed in blue cloth, elaborately braided, with fine white turbans, and splendidly-worked shoes, and mounted on camels or asses, with saddles and trappings of a superior kind. Sometimes they were followed by women, veiled. As we flew past village after village, crowds, in some instances extending over half-a-mile or more, streamed along the roads, on camels, on horseback, or on foot, as if all the people of Egypt were migrating to new settlements. A swarming hive is the only meet comparison. It was a marvellous sight. We passed several wheels furnished with buckets, for raising water from wells or canals to irrigate the land. These were worked by oxen or donkeys.

The Nile divides into two branches, about fifteen miles below Cairo, and ninety miles from the sea. Between these two streams, of which one enters the Mediterranean near Rosetta, and the other near Damietta, the rich Delta lies. It has a sea-frontage of 187 miles. From the great cataract to its mouths, the fall of the river does not exceed two inches per mile. Nobody knows its length, I believe; but it has been traced for more than two thousand seven hundred miles, into the very heart of Africa, near the equator.

On arriving here, about five o'clock, many of the passengers—and our party among the rest—mounted donkeys, which stood saddled and bridled in great numbers, and hastened to get a glimpse of the city before dinner, knowing that the bazaars would be closed at sunset. I think this was the first time I ever rode on a quadruped of this valuable, though unattractive species, and certainly the first time I ever figured in so extraordinary a cavalcade. Fine ladies and demure gentlemen were hurried along at full speed in the midst of a troop of young officers, civilians, and merchants, who cleared the way through the narrow and crowded streets by shouting, and pushing, and various demonstrations of juvenile energy, which must have entertained, or at least astonished, the inhabitants of the Egyptian capital. And what did we see? Well, we saw, or might have seen, in a city said to contain two hundred and fifty thousand people, spread over an area three miles long, by a mile and a half broad, a great number of men with bright black eyes, beautiful teeth, dark, thin, curly beards, and turbans of various fashions; and a great number of women, with their mouths and noses concealed under white kerchiefs, over which lustrous eyes, shaped like almonds, opened wide on the noisy strangers. We saw narrow streets of shops filled with all sorts of wares, and leaving only room enough for the living stream to struggle through between extended awnings and bales of goods. We saw on both sides of these streets houses so

think there can be only a sort of twilight in the shops even at mid-day. We tried to gain admittance to the Citadel; but the sun had set, and we were shut out. We rode through suburban avenues of sycamores, acacias, and palm-trees, returning to dinner through the grand square and public gardens of Uzbikeh, on one side of which stands the hotel once the residence of Napoleon.

Although it is of no use, I cannot help feeling annoyed that we did not get into the Citadel. It stands on an eminence several hundred feet in height; and within the enclosure is a magnificent mosque, from which one may enjoy a view of Cairo, with its three hundred minarets, the Pyramids, (only ten miles off,) and the valley of the winding Nile.

What! the Pyramids! the Nile! Is this, then, really Egypt? Am I awake? This is a place of dreams. Pharaoh dreamed; so did also the chief of his butlers, and the chief of his bakers. The whole history of Egypt reads like a dream. There is something dreamy about the very atmosphere. Every ripple of the Nile, as it gleams in the sunshine, seems freighted with a dream. But this is no dream. I have just dined in Grand Cairo of the Caliphs, at an English hotel. There were some sixty or seventy persons at table. The landlord's name is Shepherd. Fare excellent—charges Oriental. Our bill has just been presented. There can be no mistake. I am in the East. I am in Egypt; and it is no dream.

By the way, one ought to be on the look-out for discoveries in such a country as this. Who knows what

may underlie that simple sentence, "The landlord's name is Shepherd?" Manetho tells us of the Hycsos, or Shepherd-kings. It is, of course, possible that the landlord may be an Englishman, having no claim to be descended from the Fifteenth or Shepherd-dynasty. Without rushing to hasty conclusions, this one thing, I believe, may be affirmed with confidence,—the Shepherd-kings made their fortunes here very long ago, and Mr Shepherd has made *his* fortune here more recently, and more respectably; for the Hycsos were a cruel set.

To a stranger, who merely steps aside to look at Cairo for a few hours, it seems incredible that the census of 1847–48 can be correct. A population of two hundred and fifty thousand is a fourth larger than that of Edinburgh. Cairo is an irregular parallelogram; and if we include the Citadel, lakes, gardens, and many open spaces, the whole area is about four and a-half square miles, as I have said. Supposing the census to be an approximation to truth, the population of this city must be nearly three times as great, in proportion to the area, as that of the London division of England,—a startling illustration of the common remark, that these Orientals do *pig* together in the most astonishing manner.

As we must begin our journey across the desert at midnight, several of us are going out to ride again, preceded by donkey-boys, with painted paper lanterns containing short candles.

P.S.—Great is the contrast between Cairo at five

o'clock and Cairo after nightfall. At sunset the people get ready for supper, which is their principal meal. To the tremendous bustle and crowding of business-hours succeeds an almost sepulchral stillness. After passing through a few streets, in which nothing was to be seen but tall and gloomy houses, with here and there a mosque, (many of the mosques are splendid,) we galloped along some of the outside avenues. There were ladies of our party, and not a little merriment was excited among them by attempts made to extract information from donkey-boys and watchmen. For instance, on asking a person who appeared to be either a watchman or policeman, how we could reach a spot elevated enough to give us a view of the Pyramids, he invited us to follow him. Turning a corner, he pointed to a minaret of an inferior mosque in the street, and said, with a peculiar solemnity of manner, "Dat de great pyramid of Gizeh." Some of the party proposed to hang the rascal at the adjoining lamp-post, but milder counsels prevailed. I should really like to know whether the fellow was treating himself to a joke at our expense, or doing his best to inform us in English that the great pyramid might be *seen from* the minaret.

Opposite to Old Cairo, on the Nile, is an island-garden called Rodda, planted by Ibrahim Pacha. It is adorned with a great variety of tropical plants and flowers, the soil being irrigated by canals which are flooded every evening. Scotch and German horticulturists have, at different times, had charge of the island. Tradition affirms that here the spot is to be seen where the infant

Moses was found. At all events the Nilometer is there, the graduated octagonal pillar, on which the rise of the river is indicated. A little way out of the town, in a village on the Suez road, fellahs will shew you the pit into which Joseph was cast by his brethren! This is a staggerer. Every Sunday-school boy knows that the Bible represents the pit as being in a wilderness near Dothan, and Joseph as brought into Egypt by a caravan of Ishmaelites from Midian, to whom his brethren sold him, and who sold him again to Potiphar. But Egyptian cicerones cannot be supposed to read the Bible much. Let me say, however, that there are several Christian churches here among the mosques. There is even a Church of England chapel, under the auspices of the British Embassy. Architecturally the Greek church is the finest. You will be surpised to hear that in Egypt any boy may obtain, *gratis*, as good an education as the country affords; which is saying a good deal, for the Azhar, or University of Cairo, is famous all over the East. Tell—— and —— that in this part of the world bachelors and old maids are unknown. Nearly every girl is married by the time she attains her seventeenth year, (some marry at ten or eleven,) and bachelors are, very properly, considered disreputable. Yet the risk is dreadful. Bride and bridegroom are not allowed to see each other before the hour of their wedding. As a natural consequence, divorces are frequent. Fatalism is the root of this monstrous evil. Too late to see the slave-market, even if one had the heart for it.

It is rather tantalising, you may believe, to be so near several famous places, and unable to visit them, even for a few hours. Heliopolis, the Egyptian *Bethshemesh* of Scripture, also called *On*, is within an hour's ride of Cairo, on the north-east. It was the Oxford or Cambridge of Pharaoh-land thirty-three centuries ago. There it probably was that Joseph married, and Moses studied; and there, certainly, Plato spent thirteen years, with Egyptian priests for his tutors. On the Nile, about fifteen miles southward—that is, up the river—from Cairo, is the site of Memphis, the *Noph* of Scripture. This was the capital of Egypt in the days of the patriarchs, and is said to have been twenty miles in circumference. There are, indeed, scarcely any visible remains of these places, as the ruins are buried deep in the soil; but the associations would draw me five hundred miles out of my course, if I could so far indulge myself. Moreover, on the way to the site of Memphis, I should see the Sphinx up to his chin in a sea of sand on the edge of the desert, and backed by pyramids which were centuries old when Abraham visited one of the Pharaohs at his capital. Here all the world may see where the predictions contained in the forty-third and forty-sixth chapters of Jeremiah were fulfilled to the letter, long before the Christian era.

But our van is at the door—a thing not unlike a bathing-machine, but more open at the sides. Around it stand men bearing torches, ready to escort us a little way through the darkness. Now for the desert!

VII.

RED SEA, on board the *Ava*,
Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1857.

On Saturday, at midnight, we commenced our pilgrimage from Cairo to Suez. Each van or omnibus contained six persons, and four vans started together from the hotel, at intervals of a few hours, (to give the horses time to rest,) until all the passengers were provided for. Doctors ought to send bad cases of chronic dyspepsia across the desert in the Transit Company's vans. The excursion, if it did not kill, would undoubtedly cure them. Apart from the sanitary benefits of the ceaseless jolting, the journey in the dark was sufficiently uninteresting, varied only by the necessary stoppages to change our cattle. As a general rule, each van was drawn by two mules and two horses. About four in the morning, we were supplied with coffee and camel's milk. Sunrise on the desert was one of the sublimest sights imaginable. If you would like to dip into the poetry of the desert, read "Eothen."

It was Sunday morning. Across this very desert, and by a route close to ours, if not identical with it, the children of Israel passed—six hundred thousand men capable of bearing arms. Including their families, the number could scarcely be less than three million of souls. "And a mixed multitude went up also with them, and flocks, and herds, even very much cattle." After all that has been written on the subject by Kitto, Wilson, Olin, Robinson, and others, it is impossible now to say positively what course

they took in going to the Red Sea, or at what part of the sea they crossed. The sites of Rameses, Succoth, Etham, Migdol, and Pi-hahiroth are all uncertain. Scarcely any two maps representing this part of ancient Egypt will be found to agree. But somewhere near the present overland route to India, the Israelitish nation passed. "And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them by the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; *to go by day and night.*" That pillar of cloud and that pillar of fire, which were visible throughout a camp containing millions, must have cast their light and shadow on the ground over which we travelled. Surely there is nothing superstitious in regarding, with feelings akin to awe, a place which was once honoured by the visible manifestation of Deity. But any solemnity which may have appeared among us was the result, I fear, rather of fatigue than of serious thoughts befitting the day and the place. At least I speak for myself.

It is open to question whether the king of Egypt and his army took the same road as the Israelites, or came from the capital by a shorter cut. They certainly passed over the same desert somewhere: "The Egyptians pursued after them, all the horses and chariots of Pharaoh, and his horsemen, and his army, and overtook them encamping by the sea, beside Pi-hahiroth, before Baal-zephon." There can be little doubt that Baal-zephon was the ancient Suez, and therefore that Pi-hahiroth was in the vicinity of the place where our wearisome journey ended on Sunday evening.

There are few spots so suggestive in any part of the world as the region between Cairo and the wilderness of Shur, on "the tongue of the Egyptian sea," dreary though it be in its natural features. The desert is very different from what I expected to see. It is by no means level, or covered with fine sand; on the contrary, the surface is uneven and a good deal broken in some places, and covered with firm gravel for the greater part of the way. At a remote period the ocean must have swept over the whole isthmus, making Africa an island. The Mokattam hills generally bounded our horizon on the right, sometimes far off, sometimes comparatively near. Hour after hour not a living creature was to be seen, but here and there a vulture or two tearing away at the carcass of a camel, a wrecked "ship of the desert."

At the half-way house we breakfasted. When perhaps twenty-five miles from Suez, we beheld with delight what we supposed to be the Red Sea. I thought I saw the water and the shore distinctly; but, after straining our eyes for some time, it appeared that there was high ground between us and the water, and that we were the victims of an optical illusion. This was the *mirage*. Long afterwards, towards evening, when we really did come in sight of the gulf, it presented exactly the same aspect as was seen in reflection several hours before. From the time we left Cairo until we were close upon Suez, we saw—if my memory serves me—only four trees; there were some rags on the branches of one, among the scanty foliage. Gipsies hang rags on trees in this manner

in Scotland; and gipsies are known to be of Eastern origin. I suppose, therefore, that these rags have some meaning, which the initiated can read. About sunset, we began to descend from the table-land above the sea-shore, to the miserable town which I believe to be identical with the Baal-zephon of Exodus; and after a continuous jolt of eighty-four miles from the Nile, we found ourselves crowded with strangers into a large, but comfortless hotel, having spent about nineteen hours in getting over the sixteen stages. Everybody delights in abusing Suez. If you meet any one who has been there, the chances are that he will heap strong epithets one above another in expressing the ennui, discomfort, and disgust which afflicted him while a prisoner on the Red Sea shore. Yet a person well read in the history of the neighbourhood, and fond of excursions, might pass a month around the head of the gulf, and feel more interest in the locality at the end of that time than on first arrival. The truth is, that some of the principal advantages of travel can be enjoyed only by those who have prepared themselves by reading up for the occasion.

Yesterday morning, (Monday,) I left the hotel at an early hour to explore Suez. It is indeed a very wretched place at present, but destined, no doubt, to become a place of commercial importance. A telegraph of four wires already connects Suez and Cairo. We were not a little impressed by the sight of this token of advancing civilisation, as it stretched mile after mile on our left, across the gravelly waste abandoned for ages to pilgrims

and robbers. How the telegraph must puzzle the Arabs of the desert! There it stands day and night in the solitudes. Nothing is seen passing along the wires; no one approaches them; they are not musical; and their use must be, to these primitive camel-drivers and muleteers, a very riddle of riddles. A notice is hung up in the hotel, informing the public at what rates telegraphic messages are conveyed to Cairo and Alexandria.

Passing through the lanes leading to the bazaar, I really was afraid that some of the houses might fall upon me. Such tumble-down structures you never saw. They lean in all directions from the perpendicular. Here a key-stone is out of an arch; there the door-posts diverge from one another. The buildings are chiefly of unburnt brick, and rickety in the extreme. Rows of half-naked creatures sat on the ground in sunny corners, half asleep. In what may be called by courtesy the market-place, were sixty or seventy camels, lying down together under their burdens, some of them feeding on what looked very like chaff. The bazaar is a series of little caverns filled with merchandise, on both sides of a street about as wide as a dining-table. These caverns are open towards the thoroughfare, and constitute the ground-floor of edifices two or three storeys high; and as the upper windows project over the heads of the passers-by, a person might jump from the second or third storey on one side of the street to the corresponding storey on the other. The first Mahometan I observed at prayer was a date-seller, who knelt with the Koran or some other book before him, and

rattled through the formulæ with a volubility that might have startled an Italian priest. The people are chiefly Arabs, and all Mahometans. English sovereigns and shillings and Indian rupees are the current coin of the place; but silver being scarce, you are charged a shilling, or at the least sixpence, for the change of a sovereign.

At a wharf close to the hotel is a small steamer belonging to the Egyptian Transit Company. She receives the freight, which has been conveyed across the desert by camels, and takes it to the large steam-ships bound for Bombay and Calcutta. These are anchored at the distance of perhaps two miles from Suez, as the water nearer the town is too shallow during ebb-tide. We ran aground on a sandbank yesterday as we came in a sort of Arab wherry to the *Ava*, from which this is dated. One of the boatmen leaped into the sea, and without much difficulty or delay pushed us off. So after a very short "overland" journey, we found ourselves afloat again on the third day after leaving the *Ripon*.

I may mention that part of the freight which has come with us from England is coined money in boxes. The sum amounts to nearly a million sterling, and for conveying this, the Peninsular and Oriental Company receives, I am told, £16,000. The money is more secure in its transit across the desert than it would be in passing from Liverpool to London. The Arabs know well that no thief could escape with such booty, and that any one caught in the attempt would be bowstrung or shot.

Here the Calcutta and Bombay passengers take differ-

ent steamers, and thus we are now separated from some friends whose agreeable society we should have wished to enjoy longer. The first hand that was held out to welcome me on Sunday night, at Suez, was that of an old schoolfellow, *en route* for Bombay with his young wife —a newly-acquired treasure. They have gone on board the *Ganges*, which rides at anchor not far from the *Ava*. Our engineer is getting up steam; and we expect after dinner to be ploughing the Red Sea. We are disappointed to find that there is no instrumental band here, as there was on board the *Ripon*. There is, however, a silver flute, and some prospect of tolerable glee-singing. We must adopt the wise maxim of the bard—

"Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair."

Wonderful to relate, our luggage has all arrived in safety, except that some of the leather-straps have been stolen. They are a great temptation to the camel-drivers, who in general have nothing better than old ropes for harness.

VIII.

RED SEA, on board the *Ava*,
February 25.

We weighed anchor last evening a little before sunset. How shall I describe the beauty of the scene by which we were surrounded? The purple tints of the rocky masses on the hills contrasted with the deep *blue* of the Red Sea, and the bright gold of the sky. The western

shore, from which these hills rise abruptly, did not appear to be more than a mile distant; yet we saw no human habitations or signs of life. Indeed, there is nothing on the coast to attract inhabitants.

"A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the rest a waste;
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands,
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
Such is Earth's melancholy map! but, far
More sad! this earth is a true map of man."

So sang Dr Young. In "rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands," however, there is a wild grandeur peculiar to themselves. They have also a higher meaning as symbols, (for all nature is a parable,) and it is easy to see many instructive analogies which they suggest. Happy is he who possesses the inner sense which enables him to enjoy aright the teaching of creation—God's picture-book, designed, in part, for the *spiritual* entertainment of His children. Like an ear for music, or a taste for painting, this sense may be cultivated by use. If you doubt it, go to hear Guthrie of Edinburgh some Sabbath morning. His church is at a corner, where two seas meet. Within that building you will feel as if a panorama were passing before you. Although the doctor is up there in his gown and bands, in a big pulpit, you scarcely notice him in a few minutes. You hear his voice and the rich Doric accent of the South of Scotland; but what you behold is a moving series of natural landscapes which he is interpreting for you. The mountains covered with light—the mist rolling along their steeps—the trees of the forest

clapping their hands—ships by thousands on the sea—the depths teeming with treasures—thriving homesteads on the land—glaciers creeping down into the valleys—rivers of water, more precious than rivers of wine—the deep dark Highland tarn far up among the solitudes—day with its sunshine—night with her jewels—the dawn and the gloaming—the lights and the shadows; in short, nature in its various moods and aspects is around you as a lesson-book of spiritual truth. The hour you spend there will be a parenthesis in your life, to which you will look back with pleasure, perhaps after you shall have turned over a new leaf more than once.

Many things we see on board the *Ava* are new to us. At the door of the captain's cabin, a coloured man in uniform, with a cane held up instead of a sword, marches backward and forward with a military air, from morning to night. The sailors are all Lascars, jet-black Mahometans from Hindostan, excepting twelve Chinamen, and one or two petty officers who are Europeans. The number of persons connected with the ship, including officers, engineers, firemen, seamen, &c., is a hundred and ninety-two; so that, with the passengers, there are over three hundred souls in the vessel. The Lascars have no berths or hammocks, but lie anywhere on the forward deck all night, on the bare boards, or on the iron grating over the engine-room and furnaces. They live on rice and curry. Three or four eat out of the same dish, and all with their fingers; the advantage of knives and forks not being appreciated. It is amusing to see two or three dozen of

them at a time squatted on their haunches around the cooking-place, taking their meals in this style, and afterwards passing round from mouth to mouth a sort of cocoa-nut hookah without a stem, which they seem to smoke with unbounded satisfaction, yet moderately, a few whiffs being considered sufficient. The black cook appears to think it *infra dig.* to smoke from the same pipe with the other fellows, and accordingly I have observed him making cigarettes with paper. The Lascars and Chinamen do not like one another, They sometimes fight and have rather serious brawls.

We have now undoubtedly sailed over the place where the Israelites crossed over the Red Sea by miracle. But the interest is considerably diminished by the diversity of opinion as to the precise locality. After what I have read and seen, I feel considerable confidence in the opinion that the event took place about three miles below Suez, that is, about a mile further south than the spot where this steamer lay at anchor. We read, "Pharaoh will say of the children of Israel, They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in." Now, in the hills on the western shore, about three miles below Suez, there is a pass by which a great army might descend to the Red Sea; and if we suppose this pass, or the amphitheatre behind it, to have been the site of Pi-hahiroth, the language quoted will apply very clearly to the actual position of the Israelites. As they had no boats, it must have appeared to Pharaoh that they had become "entangled in the land," because "the

wilderness" to the north-east of Suez had "shut them in." The difficulty of going in that direction with so great a multitude must have seemed to the Egyptians to be the reason why Moses led his people toward the south. Having been "shut in" by the wilderness, they were now "shut in" by the sea. But, by Divine command, "Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind *all that night*, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided. And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground: and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left." Some of the wise folk who explain every miracle away, until it ceases to be a miracle at all, pretend, I believe, that the wind blew back the sea where it was at the time shallow, and, co-operating with an ebb-tide, produced what might be called comparatively "dry ground." But what becomes in that case of the words of Scripture, which occur more than once, "the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left?" "Oh, an interpolation! or Oriental hyperbole! or poetic licence!" they will doubtless reply. Verily, these speculators are "entangled" and "shut in."

At the place where Pi-hahiroth is supposed in the above remarks to have been situated, the sea is about three miles broad. At the other points further to the south, where some think that the passage took place, the sea is *twelve* miles broad, or much more. But it seems to be a necessary inference from the narrative, that the

children of Israel, (whose numbers may be estimated at three millions,) together with their flocks and herds, passed through the sea in one night. The Egyptians "overtook them encamping by the sea, beside Pi-hahiroth." Then the Israelites departed from Pi-hahiroth, and passed through the midst of the sea: "and the pillar of cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them: and it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these: so that the one came not near the other *all the night.*" And "in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire, and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians." "And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared." It is just possible that the multitudes of Israel may have passed in one night through the bed of the Red Sea where it was twelve miles broad; but it is far more likely that three miles of such travelling occupied all the time indicated.

It is also worthy of notice that the distance from Rameses to Pi-hahiroth was traversed in four journeys: the first, from Rameses to Succoth; the second, from Succoth to Etham; the third, from Etham to Migdol; and the fourth, from Migdol to Pi-hahiroth, "by the sea," before Baal-zephon. The sites of these places are uncertain; but the village of Aben-key-shid, about forty miles from Suez, and near the canal which connected the Nile and the Red Sea, is probably the site of Rameses. If

Pi-hahiroth was three miles below Suez, the whole distance travelled in four journeys must have been *at least* forty-three miles, even taking for granted that the route followed was the most direct one. Some writers maintain that the distance was travelled in three journeys. Either calculation is evidently against the hypothesis that the passage of the sea took place *twelve* miles below Suez, and puts entirely out of the question an idea which prevails among our fellow-passengers (or what authority I know not) that the miracle was performed some *forty* miles below that port.

In one map I have seen, Pi-hahiroth and Baal-zephon are placed a long way to the north-west of Suez, on or near the bed of an ancient arm of the sea, which is now dry.

Last night the weather was so lovely that I remained on deck till eleven o'clock, listening to the Crimean adventures of a young captain, who related them with great spirit and equal modesty. On going down to my cabin, I found that the lamp had been put out. Turning into bed in the dark, I knocked my head violently against the beam which crosses my berth. *Mem.* Go to bed earlier.

We are now (eight A.M.) passing out of the Gulf of Suez into the Red Sea proper. The beauty of the mountains at the southern extremity of the tongue of land called "The Tur" is indescribable. We have passed Horeb and Sinai on our left, at a distance of about thirty miles; but an intervening ridge prevented us from seeing them. Read at morning prayers, in the saloon, the fourteenth chapter of Exodus, from verse 13 to the end.

The captain of the *Ava* is laid up with small-pox at Aden, and the first officer is now acting in his stead. Paid some attention to the telegraph by which the commander communicates with the steersman in the dark. On the bridge over the engine-room are three lamps, one red, one white, and one green. Red stands for *port*; white for *steady*; and green for *starboard*. By a slight motion of the hand any one of the three lamps is uncovered, and the steersman instantly answers by a small hand-glass. What an improvement on the old method of bawling across the ship, especially in stormy weather, when even a speaking-trumpet is sometimes useless! As there are no post-offices in the middle of the Red Sea, I am turning this into a diary-letter.

February 26, (*Thursday.*)—At a few minutes before one o'clock, an interesting little girl, daughter of a colonel in the Madras army, died in her cabin, of consumption. A coffin was prepared by the carpenter, and as the weather is very hot, the funeral took place at the gangway at half-past five, in presence of the assembled officers and passengers. I read our Burial Service; and at the words, "We therefore commit her body to the deep," the sailors removed the flag which had been laid over the coffin, and launched the dear child's body into the sea. It was a solemn and affecting moment. The mother and two sisters of the deceased are on board. Of course, no one with a spark of right feeling could help sympathising deeply with the bereaved. All boisterous merriment has ceased, and the ship is shrouded in gloom. The child

was within a few days of completing her twelfth year. I saw her on deck yesterday. I cannot help thinking of him who is now looking forward to the arrival of his family. Instead of having the happiness of welcoming his little daughter, he must hear the sad, sad news, that she was buried in the Red Sea.

But here let me tell you that the Red Sea is not red, but on the contrary the very bluest sea I ever saw. Some think that it is called *Red* on account of the red coral reefs which stretch out from its shores, and give the shallow water a reddish appearance where the coral shines through. Others insist that it takes its name from Edom, which means *red*. It is the Edom Sea—that is, the Red Sea. However this may be, it is as blue as indigo when looked at from the shore, although colourless in a tumbler; and when looked at from the deck, it is nearly as transparent as glass in shallow soundings. The ship rolled very disagreeably to-day. Thermometer only 78° at one P.M.

February 28, (*Friday.*)—About eight o'clock this morning, it actually rained,—a rare phenomenon here at this season. The shower seemed to be a heavy Scotch mist that had lost its way. At a few minutes before nine, while the thin, warm rain was still falling, and we were seated at breakfast, the engines stopped. The queer, blank, dumbfoundered expression in every face was for an instant comical. One lays down his knife and fork, and looks like an interrogation-point. Another holds his spoonful of curry before his parted lips, and seems at a

loss what to do with it. Perhaps a score of mouths are open, and as many pairs of eyes fixed on the officer at the head of the table. He quietly withdraws. Then everybody speaks at once. Then some active-minded gentlemen follow the commander. Then we are aghast at the announcement that the machinery is broken. The countenances and attitudes of the party, at the moment when the engines stopped, would have made a striking picture had they been photographed at the nick of time. Who knows but the day may come when a traveller may carry in his waistcoat-pocket a photographic apparatus no bigger than a watch, and so constructed that by placing it in front of any scene, and touching a spring, he can secure an instantaneous impression?

During the greater part of the day, we continued to progress with one engine, but at nine P.M. it was found necessary to stop the machinery altogether, to avoid straining.

March 1, (*Sunday.*)—Read service and preached in the saloon in the forenoon, and in the fore-cabin in the evening. The engineers were mending the machinery all night, and up to half-past two this afternoon. Fortunately the weather has been fine, and no difficulty was found in keeping the ship steady. By dint of extraordinary exertion, the ponderous iron mass which was at fault has been righted, and we are steaming away, at a good pace, as if no interruption had occurred.

March 2, (*Monday.*)—This morning, after passing Mocha (so famous for its coffee) on our left, and the

mountains of Abyssinia on our right, we came through the Strait of Bab-el-mandeb, (a beautiful name, signifying *the gate of tears.*) From October to May a current flows into the Red Sea, and from May to October outward from the Red Sea. The highest temperature of the surface-water in the Indian Ocean, 87·4°, is found not far from Bab-el-mandeb. In the strait is an island, long, low, brown, and barren, but important on account of its commanding position. Our attention was directed to the flags of a surveying party of British officers. A few batteries on this island could sink any vessel that might attempt to force a passage into the Red Sea. The thermometer stood at 84° to-day, yet I did not suffer from the heat. We have had a pleasant breeze nearly all the time since we left Suez, and this of course makes one feel the change of temperature much less. Then we have a single awning on the forecastle, which is the coolest part of the ship, and a double awning over the quarter-deck. In the saloon, from one end to the other, is a punkah, or long fan suspended from the ceiling, and two black men keep this moving over our heads during meals. Besides all this, we have changed our clothes to suit the climate. When we left Southampton on the 4th of February, there was fair skating, and I wore a thick great-coat, more or less, over warm woollen clothes, until we reached Gibraltar. Now, on the 2d of March, white jackets, white trousers, white stockings, white shoes, no waistcoats, and wide awakes covered with white muslin in rolls *à la turban*, are the order of the day.

March 3, (*Tuesday.*)—*Aden.*—We arrived here last night, and at an early hour this morning I went ashore to see the place, which is indeed well worth visiting. The cantonments are about three miles from the coaling wharf. Mounting Arab ponies, which were offered for hire, several of us galloped along the shore of the land-locked bay in the direction indicated by the natives, and soon perceived on the right a narrow pass through the rocks. The ascent to this pass is steep. At the entrance, several cannon are planted in a commanding position, and British sentries stand on guard. The scene within is an extraordinary one. In the middle of an immense natural basin, (not unlike the wide-mouthed crater of an extinct volcano,) and surrounded by battlements of rock reaching almost to the clouds,—rock exhibiting the most picturesque and fantastic varieties of outline,—the quarters of the European troops and the bazaars of the Adenites occupy a stronghold apparently impregnable. The serrated heights are mounted with guns. In one direction these rocky peaks look like a series of irregular pyramids; in another, they resemble basaltic pillars, such as may be seen on the banks of the Hudson or at Staffa, with huge superincumbent masses of every conceivable shape, the whole suggesting the idea of a bundle of sheaves. By half-past seven the sun became very powerful, and we made all haste back to the steamer, having satisfied ourselves that there was nothing worth looking at in the cauldron but the cauldron itself. The hour of wonder spent there none of us can ever forget. Soon after

leaving the cantonments, on our way to the pass by which we had entered, one of the most cheerful and agreeable of my companions fell from his horse, the animal having tripped on some rubbish and rolled over. He narrowly escaped a broken neck, as he was stout and heavy, and fell on his face and hands. But after washing in a stone-basin of cool fresh water, which stood near the spot, he was able to proceed. We saw to-day some of the most beautiful boys in the world, half-naked Arabs, with features and figures that appeared to be perfect. As they grow up to manhood, the expression of countenance becomes harsh and unpleasant, if I may judge from the adult specimens we met.

Aden is very bare and very hot, but healthy. It belonged successively to the Portuguese, the Turks, and a line of independent sultans. In 1837 the crew and passengers of a ship sailing under the British flag were cast ashore here, their vessel having been wrecked. They were ill-treated, and our Government demanded satisfaction. The reigning sultan agreed to cede Aden and its port to the Queen of England for a sum of money; but afterwards, when the ratification was to have taken place, the sultan's son (who had in the interval succeeded his father) insulted the British officer who came to conclude the business, and refused to cede a post of such importance. Ships of war and troops were sent to enforce the fulfilment of the old sultan's promise, and we took the town in January 1839. Within three years from that time, the population increased from one thousand to nearly twenty thousand.

The port is free. All the coal at Suez and Aden is brought round the Cape from Newcastle. We have shipped four hundred and fifty tons this morning. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's account for fuel must be an enormous item. The mail bag is about to be closed. *Vale!*

IX.

CEYLON, POINT DE GALLE, *March* 12, 1857.

After a charming run of nine days across the Indian Ocean, in smooth water, and under a clear sky, we have landed here, and enjoyed a very happy afternoon. Forming a party, we drove cut in carriages to the Cinnamon Gardens, through luxuriant tropical scenery. During our drive along the coast, a refreshing sea-breeze, blowing quite cool among the palm-trees, fanned us most agreeably, and made the short journey really a pleasure-trip. The natives wear scarcely any clothing, and many of the children go about stark naked. Their huts are frail-looking tenements, but, like their dress, suited to the climate. Their agricultural implements look as simple as those of the Shetlanders; yet the best soils, after being prepared with these implements, yield sometimes forty-fold. Rice is the principal crop. The Singhalese also grow for their own use cotton, arrow-root, cassava, and yams. Tobacco and chillies (a species of capsicum) are articles of export; but the tobacco is badly cured, and therefore of inferior quality. Nearly all the good cinnamon used throughout

the world goes from this island. Even here, where the sun is so warm and the earth so generous, one sees the advantage of high farming. In some instances, the yield of cinnamon per acre has been raised from 50 lb. to 500 lb. The best is produced in gardens which formerly belonged to Government.

In the gardens which we visited to-day, the soil is light and sandy, but watered by a sluggish stream, which loiters as if enamoured of the "spicy breezes" that rustle among the branches. In such land, and in a hot, damp atmosphere, cinnamon is said to thrive best. Ceylon is as famous for cinnamon as Penang is for nutmegs. (One of our friends on board the *Ava* is a rich planter from the latter island, and his enthusiastic description of its climate, scenery, and other advantages, makes me hope for an opportunity of seeing it some day.) The *laurus cinnamomi*, from which the fragrant bark is obtained, does not come to maturity before its twelfth year; but none can say how long it may continue to bear. Bushes planted by the Portuguese two centuries ago are still vigorous and profitable. The trees in their wild state are sometimes seen thirty feet high, and about a foot in diameter, with large spreading horizontal branches; but trees cultivated for the sake of their bark are not allowed to exceed ten feet in height. These shoot out many sprouts, from half an inch to three quarters of an inch in diameter, which are cut off when three years old. The outside pellicle of the bark is then scraped off; the true bark beneath is ripped up with the point of a knife, and thus loosened; and the smaller tubes are inserted into

the larger when taken off, and spread out in the sun to dry. So much for cinnamon. Cassia-bark and cassia-buds, from China, Singapore, Mauritius, and other places, although inferior in every respect to true cinnamon, are so much cheaper that cooks and confectioners use them largely as substitutes. Cassia-bark is coarser, thicker, and has a less pungent taste. The obliging owner or lessee of the gardens informed us that oil of camphor is sometimes procured from the root of the cinnamon-tree. After having looked also at mango, pomegranate, and orange trees, and partaken of a sumptuous luncheon, including various fresh fruits,—novelties to us,—we returned to Point de Galle, from which the gardens are distant about four miles.

On our way back, we saw quantities of cocoa-nuts growing in green and brown clusters under the tufted tops of the cocoa-palm, (*cocos nucifera,*) which is a native of the island, and the most valuable of its many valuable trees. It furnishes the villager with almost everything he requires.

MEM.

Cocoa-nuts, when green, furnish food and drink.
Cocoa-nuts, when ripe, furnish oil.
Cocoa-tree sap furnishes toddy and arrack.
Cocoa-nut fibre, woven, furnishes ropes and mats.
Cocoa-nut shells furnish cups and spoons.
Cocoa-nut leaves furnish plates, dishes, and thatch.
Cocoa-nut flower-stalks furnish torches.
Cocoa-nut leaf-stalks furnish garden fences.
Cocoa-tree trunks furnish canoes.
Cocoa-tree trunks furnish coffins; and, in short, anything that can be made of common wood.

The toddy mentioned in this category is different from that which is so well known in Scotland. An incision is made near the top of the trunk of the cocoa-tree, at the place where the fruit grows when there is no interference. The sap, which would naturally go to form and nourish the fruit, flows out at this incision, and is collected in earthenware vessels. When fresh, the juice is rather a pleasant drink,—cool, and transparent like water. After a few hours it ferments, and becomes intoxicating. Bakers use it instead of yeast. Arrack may be made from rice alone, or from rice and cocoa-sap mixed.

In the bazaar, which is rather extensive, the ladies bought various ornaments of ebony, tortoise-shell, &c., mounted with silver. As it was too late, and we were too tired to go into the fort which commands the harbour, we proceeded to the hotel, where some of our fellow-passengers were lounging and others dining. Here we have been plagued again by the importunity of trinket-sellers, who often ask for their goods four or five times as much as they expect to get. Some of the wares are evidently of "Brummagem" manufacture. The famous pearl-fishery has ceased for nearly twenty years. At one time the rental was worth from £100,000 to £140,000 a-year to the local Government. In 1836, through some blunder, the wrong oyster-beds were fished, and the fishery was destroyed. But it is thought that now the pearl-producing bivalves have probably recovered from the effects of mismanagement, and great hopes are entertained that this source of revenue may be again available.

The pearl-oyster, the *Mytilus Margaritiferus*, is found in banks at the bottom of the Gulf of Manar, scattered over seven hundred square miles or more, between Ceylon and the mainland of India. There are fourteen beds, one of which is ten miles long and two broad. The inside of the shell, which is an imperfect oval, and nearly ten inches in circumference when at maturity, is brighter and more beautiful than the pearl which it encloses. The latter is usually found in the thickest and fleshiest part of the oyster, near the hinge. It often happens that one oyster contains several pearls, and that not one pearl worth a shilling is found in scores of oysters. The divers continue under water, seven fathoms deep, for about a minute, and a clever man may bring up from a rich bed as many as a hundred oysters at a dip. After being brought ashore, they are allowed to remain in heaps for ten days, until they become putrid. Then the pearls are separated from the corrupt matter, washed with salt water, dried, and sorted according to size. The best are of a clear and brilliant white, without flaws or specks; but I learn that there are such things as brown and even black pearls. Rubies, amethysts, sapphires, and topazes are also found and sold here; but their quality is said to be generally inferior.

The *Madras*, a Peninsular and Oriental steamer, now in the bay, sails to-night with the passengers for Penang, Singapore, and China, who form a considerable proportion of those landed to-day from the *Ava*.

It would be scarcely possible to convey in words an

adequate idea of our delight when we were approaching the shore this morning. From the hour of leaving Gibraltar we have seen nothing (I may almost say) but seas, rocks, and gravel. It is true, we did fly over some green fields in Egypt at railroad speed, and we saw what appeared to be green forests on the Maldives as we passed the island-clusters at a distance. But of these we had mere glimpses. While nearing Point de Galle, and especially after entering the bay, we feasted our hungry eyes on broad, dense, magnificent masses of green, of every shade, and in great variety of combination.

Steam-ship *Ava*, BAY OF BENGAL,
Saturday Night, March 14, 1857.

My last was dated from Galle on Thursday. The *Madras* and the *Ava* both started at midnight on their respective courses. Hearty British cheers were exchanged by the passengers at parting. It is often sad, and even painful, to separate from fellow-voyagers after a few weeks' acquaintance. How few of those who shook hands that night can expect to meet on earth again!

The coast of Ceylon continued in sight all yesterday. We passed a ship wrecked on the shore near the "Basses," dangerous rocks on the south-east of the island. Through the glass I saw boats moving to and fro between the wreck and the beach. Adam's Peak was pointed out to

us in a range of mountains, in which European residents may enjoy almost any climate, the most romantic scenery, and the most invigorating wild sports.

On the forecastle, in the evening, I watched the rising of the moon through a mass of low-lying clouds on our right, which looked like trees and brushwood on the banks of a river. Before the moon appeared, a block of light projected from under the clouds, as if from a cavern, presenting a singular appearance. Over the opposite horizon the evening star shone brilliantly and sheet lightning flashed continually between it and the horizon. At table we have had admirable fresh fish, which I consider equal to American shad,—that is to say, nearly as good as Inverness salmon. We are now off the Coromandel coast, about the latitude of Tranquebar or Pondicherry, but far out of sight of land.

March 16, (*Monday.*)—Yesterday morning at eight o'clock, we anchored off Madras. The steamer was soon surrounded by Masoolah boats, made of planks sewed together with cocoa-nut fibre, and each rowed by about a dozen natives, naked, except a strip of cotton round the loins. Catamarans laden with fruit, vegetables, and fish, also came out to the steamer, and even water-ices were vended on board. I could not prevail on the men in our boat to put up the awning while they rowed ashore, and the heat was so overpowering that I felt giddy on reaching the beach. Everybody has heard of the tremendous surf at Madras. In March it is comparatively moderate, yet some got a ducking in passing through it: and certain

young cadets in white trousers, were much disgusted at having to leave the boats on the backs of dripping coolies, who pitch a man ashore like a bale of cotton, and then jump into the water for another, and so on. There seems to be no good reason why a chain-pier, like the one at Brighton, should not be erected at Madras. The expense would be large, but I should think the traffic must be sufficient to justify Government in undertaking the work. Madras is a long straggling city, stretching over a low flat shore. Large tanks or ponds, and fine old trees, relieve the eye as one rides through it; but from the deck of a vessel in the harbour, its appearance is extremely dreary and uninteresting. Eight miles to the south of Fort St George is St Thomas's Mount, the principal station of the Madras Artillery. The total population of the city and cantonments is estimated at 450,000, of whom the Europeans are a mere handful.

After remaining a few hours to deliver and receive the mails, the *Ava* resumed her course towards Calcutta. The number of passengers is now greatly diminished. While we were reclining on the forecastle to-day,—some reading, some smoking, some sleeping,—Sir Henry Barnard told some very interesting anecdotes of occurrences which took place during the occupation of Paris in 1815, after the battle of Waterloo. His recollection of these scenes, witnessed by him in early youth, is clear, and he describes vividly. The watery horizon seems jagged and broken, owing to some optical cause which I do not understand. Since we left Madras, the Bay of Bengal has

been like a mirror. Nothing disturbs the glassy surface but our ship's hull and screw, and myriads of flying-fish, which produce a curious effect, as if invisible fingers were scratching the bosom of the deep. In order to be perfectly accurate, I ought perhaps to say, that from time to time a cat's-paw, caused by a deviation of the atmospheric current from its horizontal direction, may be observed in *spots* at varying distances, while the expanse around continues as smooth as if covered with a film of oil. When voyaging in this part of the globe, one's thoughts are attracted to the tides, as the tides are to the moon. At the equator, the tide-wave follows the moon at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. But there is a distinction to be noted between *wave* and *stream*. A bird is not carried forward on the surface at a thousand miles an hour. If the water itself were to move at such a rate as that, (viz., ten times as fast as the wind in a hurricane,) not only would navigation be impossible, but islands, and even continents, must be destroyed by the sea dashing against them with such inconceivable momentum. But in the open ocean the tide is merely an alternate rise and fall of the surface, and a bird floating upon it scarcely changes its longitude in a day. Every undulating motion has been shewn by Mr Scott Russell to consist of two things—an advancing form and a molecular motion. If the particles always advanced with the form, then the tidal wave would be a stream; and it is impossible to conjecture what changes would be produced on the surface of the globe if such a stream were to exist for a single hour. It is certain, at

all events, that in such a case the *Ava* could not be gliding like a swan up the Bay of Bengal. But the truth is, that the tides are a department of physical geography in which very much remains to be discovered. We have large statistics, based on long observation, concerning the marginal tides which sweep along the shores of continents and islands; but how or where these marginal tides branch off from the great equatorial tidal wave is not yet known. No doubt the encroachment of the sea upon the land on some coasts, and its retrogression from the land on others, may be accounted for in part by the periodic variation in the mean distance of the moon from the earth. If this remark is correct, you will kindly consider it original, or undeceive me by mentioning where it may be met with, as I do not profess to know the contents of the "Transactions" of all the Royal Societies. It is well known that at present the moon is drawing nearer and nearer to the earth—(don't be alarmed!)—and that, in consequence, the mean height of the tides is increasing, although not to an extent likely to endanger the Peak of Teneriffe. After a time, the moon will begin to recede from the earth, and then the mean height of the tides will diminish, and go on diminishing for ages. But I dare say that your patience, which has been diminishing far more rapidly during the perusal of these pages, is now completely exhausted. I pause for a reply.

XI.

CALCUTTA, *March* 31, 1857.

On the 18th inst., the third day after we left Madras, the Calcutta pilot came on board, at a part of the bay called the Sandheads. There the pilot-brig cruises about, looking out for ships, and the pilots take duty by turns. I find that the Queen of Oude's post-runner is on board. She is too great a personage to entrust her correspondence to the ordinary mail-bags. Cooled myself by reading Scoresby's "Arctic Regions," and looking at the pictures of ice-fields, ice-floes, icebergs, &c. On our way up the bay, we have observed occasionally large turtles floating on their backs. They look perfectly happy. Their shape, qualities, and destiny (when caught) are suggestive of *Punch's* ideal of a London alderman. "Ah!" exclaimed an Irish officer, as an uncommonly big fellow rolled by, "there goes no end of a turtle!"

Soon a very flat island became visible on the northern horizon. Then we passed two tug-steamers and two Indiamen. By and by more land, lying very low and covered with bushes, was seen on our starboard bow, and the water became discoloured and clayey. Soon afterwards ships and native boats in numbers hove in sight, and we entered the Hoogly, which is very wide at its mouth. When it grew dark we were obliged to anchor in the river, as the navigation is difficult and dangerous. Another large steamer crowded with troops from Burmah anchored near us. The scenery on the banks, as we pro-

ceeded on our way next morning, was new and strange. The villages, the trees, the boats, the natives—all attracted our gaze. European houses, buried in masses of foliage, now studded the left bank of the river ; and at length after passing Bishop's College, on the opposite bank, we arrived at the "City of Palaces," or rather at a place three miles below it, called Garden Reach, where the Peninsular and Oriental steamers land their passengers. Friends crowded on board to welcome friends. One case struck me painfully. I never can forget it. I saw a cold, phlegmatic father meet his warm-hearted son, whom he had not seen for years. It was an icy welcome ; gloomy Winter shaking hands with rejoicing Summer. The poor young fellow felt that it was a frigid greeting. At least so it appeared to me. I may be doing the father injustice. He may be one of those people who live in a shell and never shew emotion, however much it stirs within them. But the circumstance touched me. Is it thus, thought I, that Indian parents meet their children after long years of separation ? Does the climate dry up the springs of natural affection ?

It was about noon when we left the *Ava ;* and the drive into town, along a dusty road and under a scorching sun, certainly put our power of endurance to the test, especially as we had to go at a snail's pace, lest the naked proprietor of the bullock-waggon, which followed with the luggage, should take it into his head to decamp with our outfit.

"City of Palaces" is a high-sounding name, and I

expected to find, on a large scale, a facsimile of one of the model cities built of white pith, and set out upon green baize, which one sees at the Crystal Palace or British Museum. Calcutta, therefore, disappointed me. There is nothing beautiful about it, except the gardens around Government-house, (an ambitious and perhaps rather handsome edifice,) and an immense green stretching between Fort-William and the fashionable part of the town, which is called Chowringhee. The river is filthy and unwholesome. Naked corpses are constantly to be seen floating past the wharves. The "palaces" are built of brick, plastered over and whitewashed. Wretched native huts are to be seen here and there among them: and the native town, which is of course the principal part of Calcutta, is dirty, ill-drained, ugly, irregular, and overcrowded,—in fact, a conglomeration of mud-hovels. The Cathedral, however, is a fine building in its way, although very different from any structure of the kind in Europe. It is charmingly situated (oh that St Paul's had such a site!) in the far-stretching green to which I have alluded, and immediately opposite to the Palace of the Bishop, who has laid out a fortune upon it.

During the week we have spent under his lordship's hospitable roof, I have been struck by the quaint originality of his character, combined with fervent piety and apostolic zeal. At family prayers he mentions the names of his friends and of prominent officials when offering up petitions in their behalf. He never forgets Mrs Ellerton and Dr Spilsbury, two intimate friends of his, long and

honourably known in Calcutta, and now supposed to be dying. One day, after asking a good many questions about Dr Tait, the new Bishop of London, he prayed with affectionate earnestness for him and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Although his own opinions are very decided, catholicity of spirit is a distinguishing feature of his character. He prays as earnestly—perhaps I may say, as lovingly—for those who differ from him as for those who agree with him. Mingled with occasional severity, there is a winning gentleness in his manner and conversation, and a tender regard for the feelings and anxieties of others, which must often touch the heart of a stranger. On one occasion his lordship made some inquiries about my congregation, my successor, and my children. At our next gathering for family worship he prayed for them all specifically. There is something very loveable in all this. Every morning at seven he drives over to the Cathedral to service, and I think he is not very well pleased unless his guests go too. Frequently there are not more than eight or ten persons present. The dear old man is an able preacher. I heard him in the Cathedral on the morning of Sunday the 22d. He was lately brought to the brink of the grave by an accident, and this was his first public address after recovery—a circumstance which added greatly to the effect of a discourse on the text, "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." He came out as Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India some five-and-twenty years ago, on the nomination of Lord Glenelg, who was at that time President

of the Board of Control. His work on the "Evidences of Christianity," originally addressed in the form of lectures to his parishioners at Islington, is admirably adapted for popular use. I cannot tell you how kind this good Bishop is to us. He asks one or both of us out to drive with him every evening, and takes pains to make the drive interesting, by varying the route and explaining the novelties which strike us on every hand. He has given me a great bundle of volumes and pamphlets written by himself, inscribing on the title-pages of several my name and "With author's love." On Thursday evening, when he heard that I had ordered a hired vehicle to take me to Government-house to dinner, his lordship in the most obliging manner ordered his own carriage to be got ready for me instead. All this, as you may suppose, is very pleasant and very gratifying to strangers in a foreign land. I have preached twice in the Cathedral.

There must have been fifty or sixty persons present at the dinner-party at Government-house. The officers of a Sardinian frigate lying in the harbour were among the guests. There was a blaze of uniforms. Most of the ladies looked pale. A hot climate and late hours soon bleach an English complexion. On arriving, each guest was presented by an aid-de-camp to the Governor-General and Lady Canning. Sir Henry Barnard was there, and seemed to be much pleased with his appointment (to a division, I suppose,) at Umballa. The plate and the drawing-room carpet are magnificent. The latter is all one piece. Behind the chair of every guest stands a

native servant in Oriental livery. None but the servants of the house are allowed to wait at table. The punkah is kept swaying to and fro overhead, and ice from Boston is circulated freely; yet at such a gathering in such weather as this, one is oppressed with the misery of woollen clothes. It would move your compassion to see men buttoned up to the chin in tight-fitting scarlet or blue coats, and melting away like snow-balls at a kitchen-fire. My own dress-clothes for India, which in London seemed to be so thin that they could not safely be put on in a hurry, here are like blankets. At one time it was customary for gentlemen in all parts of India to dine in suits of white linen, and the custom still prevails in some places. But in Calcutta, in the present day, that sensible arrangement is looked upon as a relic of a barbarous age. Full dress at Buckingham Palace at Christmas, with the thermometer between zero and the freezing point, is full dress at Government-house in March, with the thermometer at 100°. Of course, everybody, from the Governor-General downwards, feels like a boiled cabbage. Yet we all seemed to enjoy the party, although we were all rather glad, I imagine, when it was over, not excepting the noble host and hostess, to whom the frequency of these things must be wearisome in the extreme. On such occasions one cannot help thinking how much every man owes to his tailor, although mere pecuniary claims may be regularly settled. Suppose that we who were there assembled had been attired like bazaar coolies, how different the effect upon our minds would have been! Physically, no doubt,

we should have felt far more comfortable in that spare costume; but then, instead of going to bed with the impression that we had spent the evening with magnates at a state banquet, the picture on our memory must have been that of a menagerie of human animals at feeding-time. *Ergo*, the tailor, while he unquestionably adds to the miseries of a hot climate, adds at the same time to the pleasures of imagination, which always invests with importance persons who wear clothes of a certain style.

On Friday I accompanied a lady friend to the Free Church Assembly's School and the Armenian Girls' School, both of which greatly interested me. At the former I had the pleasure of meeting Dr Duff, who kindly examined the senior class of Hindu lads before we left. It was very evident that they had not been merely crammed with facts, but that their reasoning faculty had been awakened and exercised to a surprising extent. The work going on in that crowded school is a great work, and worthy to engross the time and talents of a great man. But at a period in which Christian orators of the highest order are so rare, and so much needed, does it not appear to be a waste of power to make such a man as Duff the head-master of a mission school? Don't misunderstand me. Far be it from me to convey the idea that I think it beneath the dignity of any man to devote his life to an enterprise which contains within itself all the elements of moral grandeur. The object aimed at in maintaining this school is the Christianisation of India,—the eternal salvation of millions; and although the pro-

gress has been lamentably slow hitherto, I have no doubt that Christianity will one day be the religion of India, and that it is the present duty of believers in Jesus to establish such educational institutions. I am only saying, that by the arrangement existing in this particular case, the mighty eloquence of a good man is lost to the Church.

The Bishop has appointed me to Ghazeepore, a station on the left bank of the Ganges, forty miles below Benares; and to-morrow morning we intend to proceed on our journey in the steamer *Bombay*.

P.S.—Seven P.M.—We have just returned with the Bishop from Fort-William. The chapel has two finely-painted windows.

XII.

SUNDERBUNDS, on board the *Bombay*,
Thursday, April 2, 1857.

Yesterday morning, we set out for the steamer in a garry, which is a sort of cab with venetians all round it. The heat was intense. As it was low water, we found, on reaching Thompson's Ghât, or wharf, that fifty yards of clay and mud intervened between the place where our vehicle stopped and the brink of the Hoogly—a charming state of affairs. Our transit across that *longum intervallum* of alluvial deposit, under a blinding, blazing

sky, is not a subject to be dwelt upon. On the wherry which conveyed ourselves and our luggage to the steamer, was a very low-arched canopy. Under this we crept, over boxes and portmanteaus, remaining half-smothered until we got on board the vessel, in which we now are. She has eight roomy cabins in the forecastle, and some others less desirable in the stern. The deck is not more than four feet above the surface of the water, and is roofed over from end to end like a house. Instead of steaming up the Hoogly, as I expected, to enter the Ganges, we came down the stream in the direction of the Sunderbunds, as there is not sufficient depth of water at this season of the year to enable vessels drawing four feet to pass into the Ganges by the upward route. Our river-voyage will thus be lengthened to nearly a thousand miles. In the middle of what, I suppose, must be called our quarter-deck (although it is in the forepart of the ship) is a large dining-table over the cuddy skylight. Here our meals are served. Since we started from Calcutta, a delicious breeze has been blowing, so that the temperature is quite moderate. I see by a Calcutta newspaper (for which I paid two shillings) that the temperature on Saturday was 100·2°. As there are only three passengers, ourselves included, we have as much room as we can desire, and, under the circumstances, a more delightful mode of travelling cannot be imagined. The deck is as clean as the table. All the chairs are arm-chairs. The captain, an intelligent and agreeable man, and his two officers, together with the

passengers, make up a party of six at dinner. The *Bombay* carries no cargo, but has two other vessels in tow, each about as large as herself,—one abreast, and attached by huge cables, and the other astern, and attached by an iron-shod beam moving on pivots. These "flats" are filled with cargo, and are named the *Hoogly*, and the *Lutchmée*. Each of the three has a captain, and the captains of the "flats" have their wives with them. The commander of the *Hoogly*, which is bound to us on our right, has also his family of children around him, and seems to enjoy a placid sort of physical existence. There he sits, dressed in white duck, in his great arm-chair, melting away. The Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Bengal* passed us in the river on her way up to Calcutta. It seems hard that we could not have delayed our departure a few hours longer, as we might thus have got our letters from home, which we probably shall not now receive until we reach Ghazeepore three weeks hence. A little after sunset, we cast anchor, and swung round with the stream as the tide ebbed. In September, a wave about twelve feet high, called a "bore," rolls up into the Hoogly, and sweeps almost everything before it. The same phenomenon is observed periodically in the Amazon.

This morning we moved at daylight, and passed the telegraph station at Diamond Harbour. During the afternoon, the steamer left the river Hoogly, and entered the Sunderbunds, the great labyrinth of islands, intersected by lagoons, forming the Delta of the Ganges.

These alluvial islands are covered with a low, dense jungle—a favourite haunt of tigers and fevers. It is very warm here, and as night approaches the mosquitoes are beginning to sing.

There has lately been considerable disaffection among the Company's sepoys in Lower Bengal. The Bishop repeatedly alluded to this, and shewed some anxiety as to the possible consequences. It is believed that the native soldiers at Dum Dum and Barrackpore have been tampered with by some designing fellows at Calcutta, of the Hindoo religious faction called Dhurma Sobha. There is a school of musketry at Dum Dum, (eight miles north-east from the metropolis,) at which the new Enfield-rifle practice has been taught; and it appears that an attempt has been made to give the sepoys a notion that Government intends to make them Christians. The religion of the Hindoos at the present day seems to consist mainly in observing certain rules with reference to eating, drinking, and smoking. The cow is sacred among them, and the use of any part of the animal for food is considered sacrilege. A Hindoo will no more put bullocks' fat to his lips, than a Mahometan or a Jew will eat pork. The regulation concerning the use of the Enfield rifle requires, that when the recruit receives the order to load, he shall bring the cartridge to his mouth, holding it "between the forefinger and the thumb, with the ball in the hand, and bite off the top." A sepoy from one of the regiments at Barrackpore happened to be at Dum Dum. When walking to his *chowka*, or cooking-place, to prepare his food,

with his brass pot full of water, he was met by a low-caste man, who asked leave to drink from the *lotah*. The sepoy being a Brahmin replied, "I have scoured my lotah; you will defile it by your touch." The other rejoined, "You think much of your caste, but wait a little; the *sahib-log* (master-race) will make you bite cartridges soaked in beef-and-pork fat, and then where will your caste be?" Some of the depôt-men, conversing with a brevet-captain of the 70th Regiment on the 21st of January, said that the report had spread throughout India, and that when they visited their homes their friends would refuse to eat with them. He assured the men (believing what he said) that the grease used was composed of mutton fat and wax. The fat of mutton or goats is not objected to. They replied, "It may be so, but our friends will not believe it. Let us obtain the ingredients from the bazaar, and make it up ourselves. We shall then know what is used, and be able to assure our fellow-soldiers and others that there is nothing in it prohibited by our caste."

Between the 24th and 28th of January, the telegraph-bungalow and some officers' houses were burned down at Barrackpore; certainly by incendiaries, for a Santal arrow, with lighted match adhering to it, was taken out of the thatch of his own bungalow by an ensign of the 34th Regiment. This created some alarm. A court of inquiry was held at Barrackpore, the proceedings of which were sent to Government. Strong picquets were posted, and patrols constantly sent through the lines of

thatched bungalows. Incendiary fires occurred also at Raneegunge; and as Santal arrows were used in setting fire to the bungalows there, the 2d Grenadiers, who had been employed in the Santal district, were suspected of being implicated. Towards the end of January a report was circulated among the sepoys, that the cartridge-*paper* contained the fat of cows and pigs.

When these circumstances were transpiring, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir George Anson, was at Meerut, attended by the Adjutant-General and other officers of the staff. As a rifle-corps existed at that station, it was suggested by Colonel Abbott, Inspector-General of Ordnance, in accordance with the recommendation of General Hearsay, commanding the Presidency division, that cartridges made in the depôt of instruction there should be supplied to the practice depôts without grease of any kind upon them, and that the sepoys should be allowed to apply with their own hands whatever mixture they might prefer. Telegrams and official letters now flew in all directions, between Colonel Birch, Secretary to the Government of India, and Major Mayhew, Deputy Adjutant-General of the army, both residing in Calcutta, and the principal military officials at Barrackpore, Dum Dum, Berhampore, Meerut, and other stations.

On Tuesday, the 6th of February, as Lieutenant Allan, of the 34th Native Infantry, was sitting in his verandah at Barrackpore, after sunset, a sepoy of his company came up and requested a private interview. This having been granted, the man stated that a plot was being arranged

among the men of the four regiments at the station; that they were afraid of being made Christians by force; and that therefore they were determined to rise against their officers, and after plundering and burning the bungalows at Barrackpore, to proceed to Calcutta for the purpose of seizing Fort-William, or at least taking possession of the Treasury. Delegates from the different regiments, he said, were to assemble that very evening at a large tree close to the station-magazine, and concert what their future proceedings should be. He added that the electric-telegraph office had been burned down to prevent Government from receiving speedy information of what was going on; and that the men of other regiments were expected to co-operate with their comrades, the affair being one which equally concerned them all. Lieutenant Allan communicated this extraordinary story to his Colonel, who went with him to the Brigadier, who joined them in proceeding to the Major-General at nine o'clock the same night. By direction of his superior officers, Mr Allan, accompanied by Mr Harris, Adjutant of the 70th, rode round by the spot where the sepoys were expected to meet, but saw no one in the direction of the magazine, except the sentries, who challenged as usual. Four days afterwards, a jemadar of the 84th Native Infantry voluntarily made the following deposition at Barrackpore, in presence of Brigadier C. Grant, Colonel Wheler, and other officers:—On the night of the 5th of February, soon after eight o'clock roll-call, two sepoys made him accompany them to the parade-ground, where he found a great crowd

assembled, composed, he thinks, of about three hundred men of the regiments at the station. They had their heads tied up with cloths, having only a small part of the face exposed. They asked him to join them, and he inquired what he was to join them in. They replied that they were willing to die for their religion, and if they could make an arrangement that evening, they would plunder the station next night, kill all the Europeans, and then go where they liked. He told them that they had better go to their lines, for if they did anything of that kind they would not get such good masters in future. He remained from a quarter to half an hour with the crowd before they dispersed, but could not recognise individuals, because their heads were tied up. He thought he recognised the voice of a drill-havildar of the 34th Native Infantry. He did not know why the proposed assembly had not taken place the following night.

After much correspondence, it was decided by Government, that as the practice of biting the cartridge is a mere remnant of the platoon exercise introduced in the days of the flint-and-steel firelock, it would be an improvement to direct the sepoys to twist off the end with the left hand. On inquiry as to the composition used for the cartridges, it had been found that a contractor supplied the tallow, and that no sufficient precautions had been taken in the arsenal to insure the absence of all materials which might be objectionable to the sepoys. But the cartridge-*paper* had been carefully analysed by the Government chemist, who reported that it "had not been greased

or treated with any oily or greasy matters," during or since its manufacture.

On the 26th of February, Lt.-Col. Mitchell, commanding at Berhampore, ordered the 19th Native Infantry, the only infantry regiment at that station, to parade on the following morning with fifteen rounds of blank ammunition. It has been the custom in the 19th Regiment to serve out the ammunition to the men in the morning, and the percussion-caps on the evening of the day previous to the parade. When the quantity of ammunition for the following day was taken to the lines, the men objected to the paper of which the cartridges were made as being of two colours; and when the pay-havildars assembled the men to receive the percussion-caps, they refused to touch them. Lt.-Col. Mitchell, on hearing of this conduct, went to the lines at eight P.M., called the native commissioned and non-commissioned officers together, and explained that the cartridges were unobjectionable. He instructed them at the same time, to inform the companies that the cartridges would be served out in the morning, and that any man who refused to take them would be tried by court-martial. Rather more than two hours afterwards, a rush was made by the sepoys to the buildings where their arms were kept; the doors were forced open; and the men carried off their arms and accoutrements. Colonel Mitchell ordered out the 11th Irregular Cavalry, and the guns. When the cavalry reached the parade, between twelve and one o'clock at night, the mutinous sepoys rushed out of their lines with their arms, shouting, and some loading

their muskets. Voices from among them called out, as the European officers approached, "Do not come on: the men will fire." The guns having been loaded by the artillerymen, the native officers were called to the front. They made excuses for the men. Colonel Mitchell addressed the mutineers, and told the native officers that they must order them to lay down their arms immediately. The answer was, that the men would not do so in the presence of the artillery and cavalry, but that if these were withdrawn they would go quietly to their lines. Colonel Mitchell states, that when four companies had given up their arms, and the rest were following their example, he ordered away the artillery and cavalry. All this, be it remembered, was going on at about three o'clock in the morning, by starlight. The mutineers now dispersed, and three hours afterwards the regiment turned out to parade as if nothing unusual had occurred. But it was found, on examining the arms and ammunition, that some of the men had in their pouches only nine rounds instead of ten, and that in other cases when the ten rounds were complete, one of them bore the mark of the worm in the bullet, as if it had been drawn from the musket. The reason assigned by the men for their conduct is, that they feared the arrival of the artillery, cavalry, and European troops, for the purpose of coercing them, and that they were prepared to die rather than lose caste. In short, it is clear, whatever plea may be advanced, that by refusing obedience to their European officers, seizing arms with violence, and assembling in a body to resist the authority

of their commander, the regiment has been guilty, as the Governor-General says in his orders published a few days ago, of open and defiant mutiny. Accordingly the 19th Native Infantry was to be disbanded on Tuesday last at Barrackpore. This is a strong measure, but necessary. The native commissioned and non-commissioned officers, as well as the privates, are discharged from the army without a farthing of pension.

I have picked out the above facts from a voluminous public correspondence, so there need be no doubt as to their accuracy. As all friends at home will be deeply interested in the narrative, I make no apology for its length. We cannot receive letters or papers from Calcutta until we reach Rampore Beaulieu, about this day week.

Saw an immense alligator asleep a few feet from the water.

April 3, (*Friday.*)—We are still steaming away through the endless Sunderbunds, through one lagoon into another, surrounded by perpetual verdure, the sameness of which would be tedious if we were in a hurry; but anything like a hurry is unsuitable to the climate. It seems wonderful that even the captain should be able to remember the windings of such a labyrinth as this. An unassisted stranger, without chart or compass, might wander here for years without being nearer his destination than when he set out. We see from time to time numbers of deer on the green slopes, and a few shots have been fired, but without effect. One of these islands is called "Palmer's Folly." It appears that a Calcutta merchant determined

to cultivate it. He built a house and brought natives to clear the jungle, but the tigers picked off some, and jungle-fever others, until the project was abandoned. So saith my informant. Crossed the river Mutlah, which wanders through the islands on its way to the sea. It is navigable to a place within twenty miles of Calcutta; and as it is much safer than the Hoogly, which is so dangerous that it requires an expensive pilot-service for itself, our captain thinks Mutlah will be preferred as soon as a railroad is made across the twenty miles. Our steamer and one of the flats rubbed shoulders in passing the Mutlah, and the flat got scratched. This last word suggests the remark that the mosquito-bites which cover my hands, forehead, and ankles, are almost unbearable. People who have been in India for some time do not suffer in this way. It is said that the blood becomes impoverished by the climate, and that the mosquitoes prefer devoting their attention to those who have newly come out.

April 7, (*Tuesday.*)—Rose at one o'clock in the morning by mistake, supposing it to be five. Walked for an hour on deck among the sleeping "darkies," wondering that nobody got up, not even the sun. Two bells had struck; but two bells have three meanings, as I might have recollected, representing one, five, or nine o'clock. A glance at the timepiece hanging on the mast opened my eyes, and sent me down-stairs to close them again.

Between noon and three P.M. torrents of rain deluged the decks and pelted the ladies into the cuddy. We have a capital roof, but the wind swept the rain in under it

almost horizontally. Yet "it's an ill win' that blaws naebody guid," and accordingly the ducks in the coops quacked and gabbled in their happiest strain. Had the torrents descended vertically, the decks might have been dry, but the ducks must have been miserable.

April 8, (*Wednesday.*)—We have been a week on board to-day. Really this is a very delightful kind of holiday-life, barring the mosquitoes, which worry us chiefly at night. Up before the sun—tea and a biscuit—exercise on deck—refreshing bath—hearty breakfast—reading and writing—tiffin and talk—Hindustani and alligators—dinner and talk—more exercise—more Hindustani—more talk—fragrant cheroots to keep off the mosquitoes—tea by starlight—meditation—bed:—these are the signs of our daily zodiac.

Read in the *Friend of India* an interesting petition from Bengal missionaries on behalf of the Bengal ryots, (cultivators.) Surely there must be something wrong when so many good men make such remonstrances.

The ship's butler (whom we should call *steward* in Europe) has been struck with paralysis. Poor old Ibrahim is a Mahometan. He seems to be dying. As he understands English, I explained to him the gospel in a few simple words. He agreed that Jesus Christ was a prophet, but he would go no further. The only hope in such a case is that God may, by a miracle of grace, and in answer to prayer, shine into the soul through the thick darkness, and make His own Word the seed of eternal life, even *in articulo mortis.* Undoubtedly, a word in

season may be the means of saving a soul. However discouraging, therefore, the circumstances may be outwardly, no Christian is justified in keeping silence when he has a fair opportunity of declaring the "good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

April 9, (*Thursday.*)—About half an hour after noon, we anchored at Rampore Beaulieu, to take in coals and cargo. I forgot to say that we passed from the Sunderbunds into the Ganges yesterday forenoon. So we are now in the "holy Gunga," worshipped by the Hindoos. I have had a walk of about a mile in the sun, and although I was protected by an umbrella, the heat nearly overcame me. My object was to procure fresh fruit from the bazaar. I have succeeded only in getting a parcel of tamarinds, which make nice sherbet.

We have just received from the post-office here three home-letters, sent after us from Calcutta. This is great happiness. We have not heard from home since the day we left Malta. These letters have come by the mail-steamer that followed ours.

XIII.

GANGES, on board the *Bombay*,
April 10, (*Good Friday*,) 1857.

Yesterday, at Rampore Beaulieu, Calcutta papers were received by the captain.

On the 31st ult., the day before we left Calcutta, the 19th Mutineers, as they are now called, were disarmed by General Hearsay at Barrackpore, paid up to that date, marched out of cantonments as far as Palta Ghât, and conveyed across the river in steamers ready for the purpose.

The General managed this critical business admirably. He speaks Hindustani fluently, which undoubtedly gave him a great advantage. All the troops at Barrackpore were paraded at a quarter after five in the morning. General Hearsay, accompanied by two officers, rode out to meet the condemned regiment as it marched into cantonments. It had come from Berhampore, a distance of about a hundred miles. On reaching the parade-ground, the regiment was formed into open column of companies, which were closed to quarter-distance. They were then brought in front of two field-batteries of artillery, facing them within eighty yards. After the General had briefly addressed the 19th, informing them of the reason why they had been ordered to Barrackpore, Lieutenant Chamier read with a loud voice, in their own language, the orders of Government for their disbandment. Colonel Mitchell requested General Hearsay to permit the native officers to address a petition to Government. The General replied that he could receive no petition until the regiment had laid down their arms, and obeyed such orders as he might give. The ranks were then opened, and the order was given by Colonel Mitchell to "pile arms." This having been done, the next order was to take off their belts and

hang them on their bayonets. This also was immediately complied with. The colours were then brought to the front of the column, encased, and left resting on a pile of three muskets. The sepoys having retired at the word of command, about a hundred and fifty paces from their arms, the column was halted and fronted; the tumbril containing the arrears of pay was drawn up; and Colonel Mitchell was directed to see each man paid to that date.

General Hearsay now stated to the native officers that he would forward to Government any petition they chose to send to him, but that he could give them no hope. The sepoys were informed that all clothing belonging to the State must be given up, but that Government did not wish to disgrace them by publicly stripping them of their uniform. It is said that the infatuated men loudly bewailed their fate. The Government orders disbanding the 19th were then read by the interpreters to the four other native regiments present; and the General addressed the brigade, pressing on their attention that no attempt had been made from any quarter to injure their caste or interfere with their religious prejudices. He pointed out to them that the men of the disbanded regiment, in which there were four hundred and nine Brahmins and one hundred and fifty Rajputs, were now being sent to their homes, paid up to the uttermost farthing of their claims, at liberty to visit any shrine they pleased, or to go and worship without hindrance or molestation at the temples of the villages where they were born, and where their

fathers had worshipped before them. He appealed to them whether this was not a proof that the reports so industriously circulated, of the intention of Government to interfere with their religion, were base falsehoods, intended by their enemies to ruin their prospects in life, and take the bread from the mouths of their parents, the widows of their lost companions, and their own wives and children. He added that the European officers of the army were Christians of "the Book," and that no adult person could be baptized into our religion but with his own full consent, and even then only after being strictly examined as to his knowledge of the truth written in the Book. All this was listened to attentively.

The morning continued cool, with a fresh breeze. A little before nine o'clock, the mutineers had received their pay to the last fraction. The 19th and their escort left the parade cheering the General, and wishing him long life as they marched away. The European officers of the disbanded regiment were sent to the river to see them safe across, and five companies of the 84th Queen's were posted on the other side to prevent any disturbance. There is, indeed, great cause for thankfulness that this ugly affair has been wound up in a manner which appears to be so satisfactory. But will these disbanded sepoys, thus thrown upon the world with only a few rupees in their pockets, and no further prospect of Government employment or Government pay, settle down quietly in their villages? Many think that they will now be desperate and dangerous. At least an open enemy is little to

be dreaded in comparison with traitors in our own ranks This is equally true in Church and State.

On Sunday afternoon, the 29th ult., a sepoy named Mangal Pándi, of the 34th Native Infantry, at Barrackpore, armed himself, when under the influence of intoxicating drugs, with a sword and loaded musket, and fired at Lieutenant Baugh, the Adjutant of the corps, missing the officer, but hitting his horse. The Serjeant-Major went to Mr Baugh's assistance, and was also wounded. A court-martial sentenced Mangal Pándi to be hanged on the 8th inst.—*i. e.*, the day before yesterday.

People are wondering whereunto all this will grow.

This has been a lovely day. I have been writing out my Hindustani on the Ollendorff-Manesca principle of constant repetition of words and phrases in new combinations. I see considerable resemblance between Hindustani and some European languages, even at this early stage of my progress. Let me give a few instances which I have noted :—

About,	gird,	(to gird; or, a gird, *Scot.*)
Above,	oopur,	(over.)
Across,	par,	(per, *Lat.*)
Aloe,	ood,	(wood.)
Angry,	khafa,	(chafe.)
Another,	doosra,	(δευτερα) $\sigma = \tau$.
Answer,	jawab,	(jaw, *slang word.*)
Ashes,	rakh,	(to rake.)
Ass,	gudda,	(cuddie, *Scot.*)
Bad,	bad,	
Bread,	rotee,	(rota, *Lat.*) a wheel.
Barrel,	pupa,	(pipe.)

Bathe,	naha,	(*ναω*) I swim.
Bell,	ghunta,	(canto, *Lat.*) I sing often.
Below,	niche,	(niche.)
Bill, of a bird,	chonch,	(*κογχη*) a mussel-shell.
Bind,	bandh,	(band.)
Bird,	chiriya,	(chirrup) cheery.
Black,	kala,	(*καλα*) beautiful.
Boat,	nao,	(*ναῳ*) *dat.* to a ship.
Boil,	oobul,	(bubble.)
Break,	tor,	(tore) did tear.
Bridge,	pool,	(pool) of water.
Bucket,	dol,	(dh'ol, *Gaelic*) he drank.
Bullock,	byl,	(bull.)
Cane,	bed,	(bed) couch, often of cane.
Clean,	saf,	(safe.)
Clever,	chatŏŏr,	(chatter.)
Coat,	koorta,	(kirtle, *Scot.*)
Cold,	surd,	(surdus, *Lat.*) deaf.
Cold and cough,	surdee,	(surdus, *Lat.*) deaf: cold and cough cause deafness.
Corn (on toe,)	ghutta,	(gutta, *Lat.*) a drop: a corn looks like a drop.
Cover,	dhamp,	(damp.)
Cow,	gaë,	(kye, *Scot.*)
Crooked,	terha,	(thraw, *Scot.*)
Cruel,	sangdil,	(sang, *Fr.*) blood: dil = heart; sang-dil, bloody-hearted.
Cry or weep,	ro,	(*ῥεω*) to flow: tears flow.
Cut,	kat,	(cut.)
Dark,	undhera,	(under.)
Daughter,	betee,	(pet, Betty?) Eliza-betee = Eliza-daughter?
Dead,	mara,	(marbh, *Gaelic*) dead.
Dew,	os,	(ros, *Lat.*)
Grandpapa,	dada,	(daddy, *Scot.*)

The above list is sufficient to shew you what I mean. Of all the Indian languages Hindustani is that most gene-

rally used. It includes two dialects, Urdu and Hindi; the former derived in a great measure from Persian and Arabic, the latter from Sanscrit. I wonder whether old Corriemony's Gaelic derivation of the word Sanscrit, from *seann* and *scriobh*, (the *ancient writing*,) is correct. The structure of Hindustani is very simple, and it is quite easy to learn to speak it intelligibly in a colloquial way. But I understand that when spoken by well-educated natives it is highly idiomatic, and as different from the vulgar dialects used by servants as the English of Dr. Johnson is from that of scullery-maids and stable-boys. The sound of some expressions is so nearly identical with that of English phrases, that it seems impossible to forget them. *There was a banker O*, is Hindustani for *Shut the door*. *Darwaza band karo*, is the proper spelling. *Darwaza* = door; *band* = shut; *karo* = make. You see that there is some inversion. What are pre-positions in English are post-positions in Hindustani. Thus *the man's foot* is *admi'ka paon, man of foot*. But one soon gets accustomed to noveltics of this sort when hearing the language constantly spoken.

The Rajmehal Hills are now visible in the distance, the first we have seen on the continent of India. From the mouths of the Ganges up to this district the country is so nearly a dead level that we can scarcely tell which way the river is flowing.

Rajmehal, April 11, (*Saturday.*)—The Ganges, at this part of its course, is continually changing its bed. We saw to-day an indigo-factory in ruins on the left bank,

the encroaching flood having swept away great masses of masonry in the rainy season. Such spectacles are not uncommon, I am informed. A fellow-passenger who joined us some days ago walked with me to the palace, about two miles up the river from the landing-place of Rajmehal. Having arrived here by four o'clock, we had two hours before sunset. I have not had so long a walk since we left Scotland. My Gazetteer says that Rajmehal is considered a place of great antiquity, and identical with Rajagriha, built by Balarama, brother of Krishna, who is supposed to have flourished three thousand one hundred years before the Christian era, that is to say, more than seven centuries before the flood,—a very respectable antiquity, it must be confessed. Others maintain, however, that the place is of recent date, owing its origin to Maun Singh, the Rajput viceroy of Akbar. The great railroad from Calcutta to Delhi is to pass here. We saw large quantities of rails this evening during our stroll, and numbers of Santal prisoners in chains,—clanking memorials of the insurrection which took place in this neighbourhood about two years ago. Passing through one of the bazaars, we came to an open space, in the middle of which a tall pole had been erected. This was intended for the Charrak Puja, or wheel-worship. A great crowd had assembled, and the most boisterous merriment prevailed. The half-naked and dirty-looking creatures capered, danced, and shouted, while the wretched victim, the lion of the hour, acted like a lunatic of the most violent type. He had been drugged with *bhang*, and was

intoxicated. Two iron hooks were to be thrust into the fleshy part of his back immediately below the shoulders; and by these he was to be suspended to one end of a strong bamboo, balanced and pivoted at the top of the pole, while by ropes fastened to the other end persons in attendance were to swing him round. This is part of the worship of Siva, "the Destroyer," and the person who submits to the torture is reckoned in consequence an eminent saint. We proceeded to the palace of Cossim Ali, once the Subadar of Bengal. It is rather an extensive ruin close to the river. My companion told me that at one time the bed of the Ganges was five or six miles from this palace. But I presume that the river has ceased to make further encroachments, otherwise the railway engineers would not bring the line so near it at this point. On our way back to the steamer we found that the Charrak-Puja pole had broken, and that the bhang-fed Hindoo was therefore not to be swung till to-morrow morning. The noise of drums and cymbals had now ceased, and only a few loiterers remained on the spot.*

* The author of "Scenes and Sights in the East," says, "I have repeatedly seen this singular spectacle, which is one of the most extraordinary religious exhibitions in India. My servant would give me intimation of one in the neighbourhood, and with the greatest joy in his face, being a worshipper of Siva, invite me, 'nothing loth,' to be a spectator. I have never seen this spectacle produce any other effect on the thousands of men, women, and children witnessing it, than wonder, delight, and joy—just the effect that a circus-performance produces on young people in England. I have a sickly sense of suffering at seeing pain inflicted on man or beast, but in the case of this self-martyrdom, in which the martyr appeared to feel quite comfortable himself, I could

Siva is one of the three principal gods of the Hindoos. He is represented variously. In the meditation-book used daily by the Brahmins, he appears with five faces, three eyes in each face, four arms, and a robe of tiger's skin. His worship is in many respects abominably indecent, and not unlike the orgies of Bacchus.

We are now in front of the hills. They remind us of other Highlands to which our hearts are turning ever.

XIV.

River Ganges, on board the *Bombay*,
April 14, (*Tuesday*,) 1857.

In my long letter of April 10, to my dear ——, I mentioned that Mangal Pándi, a sepoy of the 34th Bengal Native Infantry, had attempted to murder the Adjutant, Lieut. Baugh, and had actually wounded the Serjeant-Major, who came to that officer's assistance. The sepoy has since been hanged.

It now comes out that the jemadar and his quarter-guard were standing within a few paces of the two European officers when this affray took place—that a large number of sepoys who had come from their lines at the beginning of the disturbance were also spectators—and that of all who were present only one unarmed sepoy

never help catching the infection of the prevailing gladness around me; and *I never missed attendance* on one of these exhibitions when I had time to spare, and the performance was within a reasonable distance." —P. 54. No comment is necessary.

came to the rescue. But the worst has not yet been told. During the hand-to-hand fight between Baugh (backed by Serjeant-Major Hewson) and Mangal Pándi, several scoundrels in uniform rushed forward to assist the aggressor, and beat the two Europeans with the butts of their muskets. The crowd of faithful soldiers looked on complacently, without lifting a finger to prevent this cowardly and brutal conduct. It is thought that the Hindoos of the regiment were more to blame than the Mussulmans. The whole of the 34th Native Infantry is not at Barrackpore. Three companies are at Chittagong, a rainy place from which Lascars come, on the north-eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal.

On Sunday (Easter-day) we had morning service in the cuddy. There were then seven passengers on board, of whom some left us yesterday. We have now felt the breath of the "hot wind" once or twice. As we ascend the river we may expect to become better acquainted with this native stranger, who has greeted us so warmly. On Sunday evening we anchored at *gloamin'*, in a reach of the Ganges, as smooth as a lake, and beautiful in the moonlight. Yesterday we arrived at Bhagalpore about half-an-hour before sunset. It is a straggling place, dotted with clusters of miserable huts, and is chiefly remarkable for two round towers in its neighbourhood. Each of the towers is about seventy feet high, it is said: but they are enigmas to Oriental antiquaries. They resemble the *pyrethra* of Afghanistan, Persia, and Syria, and the round towers of Ireland. Given these facts, what

is your theory? To help you, I may add, on the authority of Thornton, that the site of the ancient Palibothra is supposed to be near Bhagalpore.

The hot wind is hotter to-day. It warps the backs of my books, and fills everything with fine dust. The notorious dust of Melbourne cannot be more penetrating. It gets into one's eyes, ears, nostrils, and waistcoat-pockets. I should scarcely be astonished if some were to find its way into my watch. The broad areas of sand on both banks of the river look in the sunshine like snow. You could not turn out more natural-looking *snaw-drifts* at Yule, than I see now stretching for miles on my right and left, the thermometer being—nowhere! Probably the good captain has put it out of the way, lest we should begin to get frightened. Or perhaps it is not long enough for the "hot wind." I wonder how long the thermometers must be at Cawnpore and Delhi, where the wind is heated! Oh for a lump of Boston ice! Alas! it would be easy in comparison to procure here a lump of gold.

I have no doubt but you will be interested in the following memoranda of conversation between a lady and an indigo-planter:—

Lady. "What do you think is the meaning of the cakes the natives were sending from village to village some time ago?"

Planter. "That question is not easily answered, madam. But depend on it, such secret signals (as I take them to be) bode nothing good. But what seems most

inexplicable at present is, that the chupatties were circulated chiefly, if not entirely, in the North-west, whereas these sepoy-troubles are confined to Lower Bengal."

Lady. "I hope they will not spread; but some people in Calcutta took rather a gloomy view of the state of the country, I thought."

Planter. "The history of India shews the necessity of acting promptly in such circumstances as have lately arisen; and disbanding a regiment without pensions is a very strong measure. The sepoys may not love the Company much, but they love the Company's rupees, and I imagine that the native officers and men of the 19th have by this time discovered their mistake. But they will be mischief-makers wherever they go."

Lady. "Do you think they really cared about the greased cartridges?"

Planter. "I have no doubt the Brahmins did. But the chupatties were in motion before we heard a word about greased cartridges. My opinion is, that the annexation of Oude has given dissatisfaction to the army. Great numbers of the sepoys are natives of Oude, and under the old *regime*, which was very corrupt unquestionably, these men enjoyed advantages on returning home which have been curtailed since the Company took possession of the country."

Lady. "Was the annexation of Oude a just measure?"

Planter. "Lord Dalhousie thought it was; and many other clever men, and, I may say, honourable men, who knew the history of our connexion with Oude, agreed

with him. But hundreds of equally clever and honourable men think differently. I fancy, therefore, that the question will be debated for the next century by those who may think the matter worth discussing. My own idea is that 'the right divine of kings to govern wrong' is a contradiction in terms—exploded nonsense; and that *the greatest good to the greatest number* ought to be the motto of every Government. The Government of Oude was nearly as bad as it could be. Annexation was for the good of the people, and on that account I approve of the annexation."

Lady. "But I heard a gentleman say that the Company broke a solemn treaty."

Planter. "Oh, as to that, everything depends on the interpretation of the document, and the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of the conditions. The truth is that the whole affair is complicated enough to puzzle a dozen lawyers. But, for my own part, I cannot help thinking that treaties often stand in the way of civilisation as insurmountable obstacles, when they might be, and ought to be, set aside."

Lady. "But is it not as dishonourable for a nation to break a treaty, as it is for a gentleman to break his promise?"

Planter. "National responsibility is no doubt as real as personal responsibility. But suppose that England and France had mutually pledged themselves four hundred years ago, to back the Pope through thick and thin in all time coming, should we be bound in 1857 to stand to such a bargain as that?"

Lady. "Why, no; I think not. Certainly not. Yet if the parties to a treaty are not to be bound by it, of what use is it to make one?"

Planter. "I fear, madam, that we are getting into deep water. Even when two gentlemen enter into an agreement which concerns themselves alone, there are always certain conditions implied, if not expressed. For instance, a person with £10,000 a-year says to a scholar with nothing but his brains, 'I will give you £300 a-year for acting as my private secretary, as long as you choose to remain with me.' The scholar answers, 'I accept your offer.' At the end of six months, through some unforeseen occurrences, the rich man becomes bankrupt. He is no longer able to fulfil his part of the contract. Or, take a stronger case. Two gentlemen have a passion for angling. One has a good salmon-river on his property, and the other has a good pike-pond on his. The former says, 'If you will allow me and my friends to fish for pike in your pond, I shall be glad to let you and your friends angle for salmon in my river.' The latter says, 'Agreed.' But, owing to some unknown cause, the salmon become fewer and fewer until at last they desert the river entirely. The owner of the pike-pond now says, 'I can no longer abide by our agreement as to the angling.' Would not that be perfectly fair? Could the river proprietor reasonably complain?"

Lady. "No; I should say he could not."

Planter. "Well, if it is justifiable for one of two gentlemen to withdraw from a bargain when the implied

conditions cease to be fulfilled, this is still more justifiable in the case of nations."

Lady. "*More* justifiable? Why?"

Planter. "Because the personal identity of an individual is continuous, whereas the personal identity of a nation is not. Britain is the same island now as it was four centuries ago, speaking geographically. But the people of England are not only a new set of individuals, but they are circumstanced differently in a variety of respects from the people of England who flourished four centuries ago. Even our *laws*, which in theory are binding as long as they continue on the statute-book, become gradually obsolete as new circumstances arise; and the men who framed them, if they were now living, would be the last to enforce them. All this illustrates the wisdom of my maxim—*the greatest good to the greatest number.*"

Lady. "But is it true that the implied conditions of the treaty between the East India Company and the kings of Oude were not fulfilled by the kings?"

Planter. "The case is stronger than that. Not only implied conditions were infringed, but expressed conditions, in my judgment."

Lady. "I suppose, however, you hold that 'the greatest good to the greatest number' is an implied condition in *all* national treaties?"

Planter. "It ought to be so considered."

Lady. "Would not this theory lead to the frequent infraction of treaties, and a great deal of fighting?"

Planter. "Perhaps so; but tyranny is a greater evil even than war."

Lady. "I fear that this is Radicalism. Every revolution might be excused in this way."

Planter. "If Radicalism means cutting away the roots of misgovernment, who would not be a Radical? Every honest man ought to be. The history of revolutions is the history of human progress."

Lady. "Oh! oh! The French Revolution?"

Planter. "It was inevitable. The atrocities were diabolical; but they were the natural consequences of social madness brought on by oppression."

Lady. "Have the natives of India nothing to complain of?"

Planter. "Without being the apologist of the Company, I may truly say that they have much more to be thankful for. Compare their history before the battle of Plassey with their history since."

Lady. "But do you make no allowance for patriotism, and the irksomeness of subjection to conquerors?"

Planter. "Patriotism, in the European sense of the word, does not exist in India. During a long residence in this country, and constant intercourse with the natives, I have never seen a trace of it among high or low."

Lady. "Strange! How is that to be accounted for?"

Planter. "India is a conglomerate of nations and races differing widely from one another. Civil liberty was unknown in Hindustan before the arrival of the British. A people without traditions of liberty, and of

heroism shewn in achieving it, can have no sentiment of patriotism. The natives here have a local attachment to the villages where they were reared—nothing more."

Lady. "Then you think it is for the greatest good of the greatest number that we should continue to govern India?"

Planter. "Who can be so blind as to doubt it?"

Lady. "Then of course we ought to annex as much Indian territory as we can?"

Planter. "Yes, when political circumstances arise which demand a change."

Lady. "Why not annex China?"

Planter. "Because we are not strong enough, and because it would not be for the greatest good of the greatest number, if we were."

Lady. "Would not British rule be better than that of the emperors of China?"

Planter. "When empires become unduly extended, they are in danger of falling to pieces. The *Leviathan* may sail safely perhaps, but probably a ship ten times as big would not. An empire, like a ship, may be too large to be manageable. It would not be for the greatest good of the greatest number that the British empire should go to wreck."

Lady. "Oh, surely not! But I am a Tory; all my friends are Tories; and your political philosophy makes me feel very much at sea."

Planter. "Well, madam, we are all at sea: power is the helm, conscience is the compass, experience is the chart, the winds are changing circumstances, politics are

the sails, Revelation is the sextant, and Reason is the captain, who ought to ascertain his position by daily observations of the Sun. God rules the winds, and, if we trust in Him, He will enable us to guide the ship."

Lady. "Ah, that is indeed beautiful! I have not a word to say against Radicalism of that stamp, Tory though I am."

The dressing-bell rang. The thermometer, I find, was not higher than 96½° to-day, in the shade.

We expect to be at Monghyr this evening, if we do not stick on a sand-bank.

XV.

River Ganges, Steamer *Bombay*,
Thursday, April 16, 1857.

We reached Monghyr at nine o'clock on Tuesday night, and scarcely slept a wink. A rat in the cabin, and innumerable mosquitoes, (which somehow or other always get inside the curtains,) kept us awake hour after hour. It seemed as if day would never dawn. I came on deck in the middle of the night, and tried a cheroot; but this remedy for sleeplessness did not succeed. I don't know that I slept five minutes. Went ashore very early yesterday, and explored the station. It is the prettiest place we have yet seen in India. Upon a rock, jutting into the Ganges, the fort is built. It contains a beautiful mosque of black marble. On the landward side, it is defended by a rampart and large ditch. I walked through

the gate as far as the church, which is painted flesh-colour. Next to it is a low thatched bungalow, which I took to be the parsonage. There are also other residences within the walls, occupied by officers and civilians. One house on an eminence is quite picturesquely situated, with a fine view of the river and neighbourhood. After calling at the Post-office, I returned through the gate, having passed a large tank, (of which there are three in the fort,) and came to the Bible Society's depository, outside the wall. It contains a large collection of Bibles in various languages and types. The agent received me very courteously, and gave me some information about the distribution of Bibles in this part of India. I bought a New Testament in Romanised Hindustani. The native town is famous for the manufacture of inferior fire-arms and hardware. It seemed a busy place. The native dwellings are roofed with red tiles, and some of the gables are ornamented in a rude style with earthenware figures. The rock on which the fort stands is considered sacred by the Hindoos. At certain seasons this part of the river is resorted to by crowds of pilgrims for the purpose of ritual ablution. Among the manufactures of Monghyr are platters of blue slate, of all sizes. I bought four, as trays for water-jugs. They look so cool. The price was one rupee four annas, *i. e.*, half-a-crown. After breakfast, the steamer left the wharf, and had a very hard struggle with the stream below the rock. For some twenty minutes the issue continued to be doubtful. At length steam beat the stream.

To-day the hot wind and clouds of dust sweeping over the decks have driven me down-stairs to the cuddy, where I am half stifled by the heat. Had the state-rooms been all occupied by passengers, I cannot imagine how we could have endured this temperature. My heaviest writing dries almost as soon as the ink touches the paper, so eagerly does this furnace-atmosphere suck in moisture. The steamer is built of iron, and the iron plates which form her outside shell have no internal covering of wood. So hot have these plates become that it is not pleasant to touch them. Does it not seem wonderful that we should retain the solid form in our berths in front of such radiation? Common flies have become very troublesome in the daytime, so that they divide the twenty-four hours very fairly with the mosquitoes. At present *Cui bono?* is to me a question of painful interest with reference to these winged tormentors.

April 18, (*Saturday.*)—*Dinapore.*—Yesterday afternoon we passed Patna, which has a river front of several miles in length. The temples, mosques, ghâts, and masses of a better class of native houses than we have yet seen, present an imposing appearance. The effect is increased by the height of the buildings above the water in the present low state of the river. The ghâts, or bathing-wharves, descend from the top of the steep bank to the bed of the stream. They are simply huge flights of steps, protected and supported at the sides by walls, which are often in a dilapidated state. At least fifty men might walk abreast up and down the largest of these ghâts. As

we were passing, I jotted down the most striking novelties for the amusement of my children. They will be delighted with the account of the immense elephants, with mahouts (drivers) on their backs, bathing in the Ganges. Patna was the scene of a horrible butchery of Britons in 1763. Disputes had arisen between the Company's servants and the natives on the subject of transit-duties. Meer Cossim Ali seized some English boats in the river. Mr Ellis, chief of the English factory, suddenly took possession of the city. Meer Cossim Ali, however, expelled the assailants, killing some, and making prisoners of the remainder, except a few who effected their escape. This happened in June. In October the British took Monghyr, Meer Cossim's capital. This so enraged him that he ordered all the prisoners in his possession to be murdered in cold blood. In Patna and other places under his control, two hundred defenceless persons were shot or cut to pieces under the direction of a villain named Sumroo, a European by birth. The grave of the butchered prisoners is to be seen in the city, and is marked by a pillar of stone and brick; but the steamer did not stop at Patna, and therefore we had no opportunity of going to see it.

We reached this important military station soon after passing Patna, from which it is distant only ten miles. I went ashore although the evening was hot and dusty. Saw for the first time "two women grinding at the mill." The mill is composed of two circular stones about twelve or fourteen inches in diameter, the one revolving on the other. In the centre of the upper one is a round hole to

admit the grain, and near the circumference a handle fixed vertically in the stone. The two women having spread a cloth under the mill, sit on the ground, and from opposite sides lay hold of the handle, by means of which they turn round the upper stone rapidly, and grind the dall, gram, wheat, or other grain. This primitive machine is the same, or nearly the same, as the old Scottish quern, which may still be met with in remote parts of the Scottish Highlands and Islands. I also saw for the first time the potter and his wheel. The man sits on the ground, or on his heels like a monkey, (this is a favourite posture with the natives,) and whirls round a millstone which is nicely balanced on a pivot underneath. This requires but little exertion of strength. The clay comes up through the hole in the centre of the stone, and the potter shapes it cleverly with his hands, cutting off the finished cylinder by drawing a string across it horizontally. There must be, I suppose, a cross of iron over the hole underneath, and the wheel must be balanced on a point at the intersection of the iron bars; otherwise I do not see how so slight a force sets the heavy stone in motion. I stood for some time watching the process and admiring the workman's dexterity. The potter makes various kinds of earthenware, and also digs wells, which is a great business in a pumpless land like this. He also makes bricks, tiles, spouts, balustrades, birds, horses, elephants, and gods, all of clay.

Seven P.M.—We have been here all day discharging cargo, and there is a busy scene between the cargo flats

and the top of the bank on such occasions. Two naked corpses floated past the steamer a few hours ago, and there are two others festering in the water between us and the bank of the river, close to the cable which moors the steamer. No promise of *baksheesh* will induce any one of the crew to remove these dreadful objects, which are most offensive when a breath of wind blows over them towards us. Yet, with all their notions of outward purity, hundreds of Hindoos have been bathing in the water close to the spot where these bodies are rotting. Hideous-looking swine are also in the vicinity, picking up offal; and they do not scruple to feed on human flesh.

Ghazeepore, April 25, (Saturday night.)—At last we have reached our station, and we are thankful. This is not weather in which unseasoned strangers ought to be travelling. Since last Sunday morning we have been aground on sand-banks in the Ganges, I am afraid to say how often. In proportion to the distance, the journey from Dinapore to Ghazeepore in April, by steamer, may be called the "overland route" with as much propriety as the voyage from Southampton to Calcutta. Almost immediately after leaving Dinapore, we stuck for eight hours on a sand-bank; again on Tuesday we were aground once or twice; again on Wednesday, from noon till near sunset; again on Thursday, all day and all night; and again on Friday, at Buxar, for several weary hours. It has thus taken us nearly a week to steam one hundred miles. Why, in a week and a half one may cross the Atlantic. If India belonged to the Americans, this crawling style of

progression on a great river never would be tolerated. They would dredge the river, or cut canals, or have rail-road at the bad places, or hoist the steamer over the shallows by some mechanical appliance. They might have a blow-up now and then, but ahead they would go. How do you suppose our people take a vessel over a sand-bank? By throwing out an anchor at some distance from the bow, and then, by means of the capstan, dragging the flat-bottomed leviathan over the obstacle! The thing is done by sheer strength of human muscle. Our captain shewed no little skill, and a thorough knowledge of his business as regards the appliances now in use. But the system is wrong; and it is important, to the interests of commerce at least, that something should be done to remedy the existing defects. I ventured to suggest the practicability of helping the vessel over places where a few inches more of water would float her, by placing large air-cushions of India-rubber on each side, joined with hawsers under the bottom, and pumping air into them when under water. The air-pump for filling the cushions might, of course, be worked by the engine. If I am not mistaken, some arrangement of this sort succeeded in floating the *Great Britain*, when she ran ashore in Bantry Bay, several years ago. I believe that a Ganges steamer or flat provided with such floats might sail over all the shallows between Calcutta and Ghazeepore without being aground for a moment, even in the driest season.

On our arrival here at four this afternoon, the senior

civilian of the station (the *Burra Sahib*, or great master, as the natives style him) very kindly sent his carriage for us, and we are to be his guests for a few days, until we can find a bungalow and furnish it. It is an unspeakable comfort to be in a cool house and cheerful society, after the heat and loneliness of the last ten days in the steamer. The late chaplain of this station has gone down to Calcutta to be the Bishop's chaplain,—a very pleasant appointment for a single man. I expect to officiate here to-morrow.

XVI.

GHAZEEPORE, *May* 12, 1857.

We have found a house and bought some odds and ends of furniture. Such an establishment as a cabinet-maker's wareroom is unknown here: new furniture, therefore, is not to be had. But chattels are procured thus. When a person is about to leave the station, he sends round to every house a list of his chairs, tables, bedsteads, chests of drawers, crockery, glass, cooking utensils, stores, &c., with the price marked against every article. The purchasers put down their names opposite to the things they wish to buy, and send the money in a bag by a servant, with a *chit* inquiring when the furniture, &c., may be sent for. Almost all sorts of business are done in India by chits, or notes. Few servants understand English; and this, together with other considerations,

renders it inexpedient to send oral messages. Then, as to money, it is a burden. There is no gold currency, and Bank of Bengal notes are at a discount in the North-west: so that when you make a purchase, you go to your bag of rupees, count out the number required, and send them by a *chuprassie*, or messenger, — so called because he wears a *chuprass*, or brass-plate with his master's name engraved upon it. This plate is attached to a broad belt worn across the shoulders, and represents a certain degree of trustworthiness.

We have made our calls. The custom in India, with reference to this, is peculiar. A stranger, on arriving at a station, is expected to call on all the residents who are "in society." They return the calls, if they wish to be on visiting terms; and if his wife is with him, the ladies call on her, with their husbands, brothers, or papas. The stranger and his wife then return these visits, and social intercourse is established. In up-country stations, as a general rule, everybody knows everybody, although the acquaintance of persons who have no tastes or sympathies in common continues, of course, to be superficial. The arrangement seems to be convenient.

To-day we received painful news of an insurrection, involving many shocking murders, in Borneo. You will see all about it in the *Times*.

The rent of the house I have taken is to be sixty rupees a-month, that is, about seventy guineas a-year. It is not half the size of the house I had at home for forty guineas: but it is quite large enough for two persons and

two guests. It has a flat roof, on which one can walk before sunrise, or after sunset. Moreover, (and this is a great point with me,) it stands on the bank of the river, and commands a good prospect. You never saw such trash as the stuff that is used for carpets here. It is thin, coarse cotton cloth, stamped with some figure, in one or two colours, or dyed all of one colour. Sometimes alternate breadths of blue and yellow are sewed together, and, as you will readily imagine, the effect is rather "loud." The carpets for six rooms cost me only about two pounds sterling, but they will probably be consumed by white ants within the next six months. One advantage of a yellow carpet (the only one in my opinion) is that snakes, or centipedes, or scorpions are easily seen upon it. Cobras and other snakes are often seen in all parts of Ghazcepore, I believe: but they are doubtless as much afraid of man as man is of them, and accidents are rare. Still, the necessity of being on the look-out for them wherever you walk, is unpleasant. Old Indians seem never to think of them.

This place is famous for its rosewater (*gulâb*): hundreds of acres in the outskirts of the station are planted with rose-bushes, which must be a most beautiful sight when in bloom. As good Bishop Heber says that "Ghazeepore is celebrated throughout India for the wholesomeness of its air," you will congratulate us on living in an atmosphere which is always salubrious and sometimes perfumed.

XVII.

GHAZEEPORE, *May* 15, 1857.

On the 4th instant Lord Canning published a General Order, disbanding the seven companies of the 34th Native Infantry stationed at Barrackpore, together with their native officers of all grades, excepting eleven individuals who are supposed to have been faithful, and a few others who were absent. His lordship again reminds the army of Bengal, "that the Government of India has never interfered to constrain its soldiers in matters affecting their religious faith," and assures the troops that "the Government of India never will do so." This order, which is in all respects admirable, "is to be read at the head of every regiment, troop, and company in the service."

It appears that a delicate and difficult question has arisen with regard to Colonel Wheler who commanded the regiment. He was accused about six weeks ago of having "held language to the men of his regiment, indicating that it was his expectation that they would, sooner or later, be converted to Christianity." Brigadier C. Grant, to whom an official inquiry was addressed, states that when the disaffection first made its appearance among the sepoys at Barrackpore, Colonel Wheler reported his having addressed the men of his regiment on parade, on the subject of religion, and, as well as he (Brigadier Grant) can recollect, nearly as follows:—

"That the British Government did not interfere with the religion of its servants, and never had done so. He

then explained that no person could be made a Christian by force, as it was first of all necessary to understand and give your assent to the Christian religion before anybody could become a Christian." The Brigadier adds, "This is the only instance that I know of Colonel Wheler speaking to the sepoys on the subject of religion."

Colonel Wheler himself, on being officially questioned, says,—"There is no foundation whatever for my having held language to the men of my regiment, indicating that it was my expectation that they would, sooner or later, be converted to Christianity. To entertain such an expectation on right and solid grounds would afford me the highest gratification, both as regards my own regiment, the whole army, and every native in the country, as we should then no longer witness such opposition as has been lately manifested towards the Government: all would be deeply impressed with the principles of our religion, particularly as regards their conduct to their superiors, as laid down in the first part of the 13th chapter of Romans.

"During the last twenty years I have been in the habit of speaking to the natives of all classes, sepoys and others, making no distinction, since there is no respect of persons with God, on the subject of our religion, in the highways, cities, bazaars, and villages, (not in the lines and regimental bazaars.) I have done this from a conviction that every converted Christian is expected, or rather commanded, by the Scripture to make known the glad tidings of salvation to his lost fellow-creatures, our Saviour having

offered Himself up as a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, by which alone salvation can be secured. He has directed that this salvation should be freely offered to all without exception."

Again, in a second letter, Colonel Wheler says—

"It has been my invariable plan to act on the broad line which Scripture enforces, that is, to speak without reserve to every person. When I, therefore, address natives on this subject, whether individually or collectively, it has been no question with me as to whether the person or persons I addressed belong to this or that regiment, or whether he is a shopkeeper, merchant, or otherwise, but speak to all alike as sinners in the sight of God; and I have no doubt that I have often in this way (indeed, am quite certain) addressed sepoys of my own regiment, as also of other regiments, at this and other stations where I have been quartered. . . . .

"On matters connected with religion, I feel myself called upon to act in two capacities,—'to render unto Cæsar (or the Government) the things that are Cæsar's, and to render unto God the things that are God's.' Temporal matters and spiritual matters are in this passage clearly placed under their respective heads. When speaking, therefore, to a native upon the subject of religion, I am thus acting in the capacity of a Christian soldier under the authority of my heavenly Superior; whereas in temporal matters I act as a Government officer under the authority and orders of my earthly superior. In carrying out these duties towards my heavenly Superior, I am

reminded by the Saviour that I must count the cost, and expect to meet persecution."

I have quoted from the letters only those passages which are necessary to give a correct idea of Colonel Wheler's statement and argument in self-defence. Much of what I have not quoted appears to me to be more or less irrelevant, and too sermon-like for an official answer addressed to Government by the commanding officer of a regiment. I should like to have looked in and seen the countenances of Lord Canning, General Low, and Messrs Dorin, Peacock, and Grant, when these epistles were read in the Council. Anger, no doubt, flushed their troubled brows, and bewilderment looked out from their wide, open eyes. The Colonel was not judicious in crowding materials for a good orthodox tract into his answers to a plain question from Government. He might have stated his defence clearly, and far more effectively, in a dozen lines. But, apart from style, a most important principle is involved in this correspondence. Colonel Wheler has been acting as a zealous Christian missionary among the heathen, in various parts of India, for the last twenty years. Are the proselytising efforts of an officer, though made in his private capacity, likely to be regarded as authorised by the Government, whose servant he is? Is such a course as Colonel Wheler and many other like-minded officers have pursued, contrary to the rules and regulations of the Indian army? If so, how has this breach of military law been winked at so long, unless it has been found in practice that no inconvenience re-

sulted to the service? If no inconvenience has resulted to the service, ought not the rule to be abolished? Or if inconvenience and even danger be likely to result in future, because the fears of the natives concerning caste have now been awakened, can Christian officers imbued with a missionary spirit consistently remain in the army, when they are no longer permitted to continue their missionary labours? If they conscientiously think that they cannot, then undoubtedly they ought to leave it; and perhaps follow the example of Colonel Martin at Peshawur, who, having retired from the army, devotes himself exclusively to missionary work. If the direct missionary work of officers paid by Government were to arouse a suspicion of the interference of Government, more harm than good would be done. There is every reason to believe that such well-meant efforts would in that case rather retard than promote the spread of the gospel in India. A vast deal of missionary work might still be done by Christian officers, without personally addressing the heathen. They can contribute liberally, according to their means, to the support of regular missionaries. They can exert a powerful influence upon their brother-officers, as well as upon the natives, by Christian example, which is often better than precept. They can instruct and pray with the "Christian drummers" of their regiments, and their families, who are in general a neglected and degraded class. They can devote some of their many hours of leisure to Christian correspondence with friends in India and at home, and thus do ten times more good than they are at all likely to

do (judging from the experience of the past) in speaking to sepoys. To the appointed ministers of the gospel were the words addressed, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." If I were an officer in the Company's army, I should reason thus:—I must not overlook the providence of God in placing me in my present position. I am bound to do all I can to extend to others the blessings which I myself derive from Christ's gospel, so far as the position in which God's providence has placed me will permit. If the rules of the service do not allow me to preach to the heathen, I must either obey the rules or leave the service. I cannot expect to glorify God by breaking a law which I have promised to obey, and which is not obsolete or a dead letter in the eyes of the Government of India. But am I likely to be more useful out of the service than in it? I can do much to testify my love to Christ here, in my present position, without infringing any regulation. Have I reason to think that I could testify my love to Him more effectually, all things being considered, in some other position? "We must obey God rather than men," *when we cannot obey men without disobeying God;* but my opinion is, that a Christian may remain in the Indian army, and obey the regulations, without thereby disobeying God. I am very far from wishing, by this reasoning, to cast any unkind imputation on the course pursued by Colonel Wheler, whose letters lead me to believe that he is a conscientious Christian. I presume that he and others have considered the regulations prohibiting attempts at proselytism to be

a dead letter, just as half the old University statutes are regarded at home.

But in order to test the principle involved in a matter of this kind, one must reflect what consequences might be anticipated if *all* officers in the Indian army were to adopt Colonel Wheler's views of duty. I know that God might, by His omnipotent grace, bless such a crusade for the conversion of India. But this would be a miracle of grace, quite contrary to ordinary experience. At present I know very little of the country or the people, and have scarcely a right to express my opinion. Yet I think that if I were Governor-General, I should be very cautious about sanctioning anything that might be mistaken for Government interference with the religion of the natives. We Europeans are but a few drops in the surging sea of population around us. If the people of Ghazeepore were to take it into their heads to eat us up, the Europeans of the place would not be a mouthful a-piece to them; though it is to be hoped that even that would disagree with them; and in all probability it would, for the Hindoos are not carnivorous animals.

There are two hard-working German missionaries here, Messrs Ziemann and Höppner: indeed, I may say three, for Mrs Ziemann, a good kind soul, has the care of a number of native orphans. This is one of the most economical missions in India. It is supported in some measure by contributions from the Europeans of the station, communion-offerings, &c. Everybody likes these happy missionaries, who are continually going about

doing good; preaching in bazaars, distributing Bibles and tracts, and feeding the hungry: or if any person does not like them, so much the worse for him.

XVIII.

GHAZEEPORE, *Monday, May* 18, 1857.

You will be startled by the dreadful news which goes home by this mail. But "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

On Saturday it was rumoured here that a mutiny had broken out among the sepoys at Meerut, a large military station about forty miles north-east from Delhi. Yesterday, on returning from morning service, between seven and eight o'clock, we were informed that all the Europeans at Meerut, men, women, and children—excepting those who escaped for their lives—have been murdered by the native soldiery; and also that Mr Simon Fraser, the Commissioner, Mr Tregear, of the Educational Department, Captain Douglas, and Miss Jennings, the chaplain's daughter, have been butchered at Delhi. At noon to-day our host shewed me a letter from Mr Tucker, the Commissioner of Benares, stating that Delhi is in the hands of the insurgents.

How strange it seems that we should have come out to India at such a time as this! I endeavoured to follow what I believed to be the leading of Providence, and I

trust all will be well. We have just received the children's letters.

[As one object of this book is to convey a distinct idea of the progress of the mutiny in Bengal and the North-west Provinces, the writer has introduced into the previous pages, in preparing them for publication, some facts which were not known to him until after the dates of the letters. As it will be necessary, in order to avoid chronological confusion, occasionally to take the same liberty in the subsequent pages, the epistolary form is retained merely as a matter of convenience. Although the text is based on real letters and a diary, the writer is unwilling to be fettered by them. To prevent misapprehension, it may be proper also to say, that the conversations introduced are not to be regarded as *verbatim* reports of words actually spoken, but simply as vehicles for conveying to the reader some notion of the prevailing tone of opinion in certain circles. Distinctness of impression being, therefore, a main object, it is further deemed expedient to introduce here a series of public documents and telegrams which were very properly kept private by the authorities at the time.]

No. 1.

Colonel Abbot to Brigadier Grant.

CALCUTTA, *February* 19, 1857.

MY DEAR GRANT,—A report is, I am told, current at Barrackpore, to the effect that the native regiments at Meerut have mutinied, and have been attacked by the

Europeans. This is totally false, and has no doubt been invented with a view to excite the sepoys. No such report has been received by Government, to whom it would instantly have been communicated by electric telegraph.

I hear from Meerut every second day. My latest, of 13th, from Johnson, mentions Wilson being very ill with small-pox. Not a rumour of discontent among the men.

The 60th Royal Rifles are practising with Enfield rifles, but do not quite like the ammunition. They find it difficult to ram home the charge, the ball having only 1-100th of an inch of windage, and the paper passing twice round it.

So many scoundrels are just now endeavouring to unsettle the minds of our sepoys, that it is necessary to keep a brighter look-out, and to contradict the falsehoods that are circulated.—Believe me, &c.,

A. ABBOT.

No. 2.

Memoranda of Incendiarism at Umballah.

March 26, 1857.—Depôt Musketry (late 28th Regiment Native Infantry Lines): attempt to fire the house of Subadar Hurbans Singh, 36th Regiment Native Infantry, attached to Musketry Depôt.

April 13.—Depôt Musketry: Europeans necessary—Chuppar burnt.

15*th*.—60th Regiment Native Infantry Lines: Riding-master Boucher's out-houses set on fire.

16*th*.—Hospital, (late 28th Regiment Native Infantry,) in which the European Musketry Depôt were located, but empty when fired.

No. 3.

The Secretary to the Chief Commissioner of Oude to the Secretary to the Government of India (Mr Edmonstone).

LUCKNOW, *May* 4, 1857.

SIR,—I am directed to report, for the information of the Governor-General in Council, that on the 2d instant, the 7th Oude Regiment, stationed seven miles from the Lucknow cantonments, refused to bite the cartridge when ordered by its own officers, and again by the Brigadier. It was ordered to parade on the 4th. On the 3d, several symptoms of disaffection appeared. At four P.M., the Brigadier reported it in a very mutinous state. Instantly a field-battery, a wing of Her Majesty's 32d, one of the 48th and 71st Native Infantry, and of the 7th Cavalry, the 2d Oude Cavalry, and 4th Oude Infantry, marched against it. The regiment was found perfectly quiet; formed line from column at the order, and expressed contrition. But when the men saw guns drawn up against them, half their body broke and fled, throwing down their arms. The cavalry pursued and brought up some of them. The arms were collected and brought away, and the Regulars were withdrawn. The disarmed 7th were directed to return to their lines, and recall the runaways. They were informed by Sir Henry Lawrence that Government would be asked to disband the corps; but that those found guiltless might be re-enlisted. The corps had, before the arrival of the troops, given up two prisoners to Captain Boileau and Lieutenant Hardinge, and had offered to give up forty more. During the day a treasonable letter had been brought by a subadar of the 48th Native Infantry to the authorities, from these two

16*th.*—No. 9 European Infantry Barrack, in which were four hundred and forty-two casks of beer for European soldiers.

17*th.*—50th Regiment Native Infantry Lines: Lieutenant Whiting's bungalow fired; attempt to fire Lieutenant Walker's stables, 60th Regiment Native Infantry.

19*th.*—36th Regiment, Ross; 9th Regiment, Corfield; 3d Regiment, officers attached to the Musketry Depôt, stables burnt; fired also the house of Seu Marain Singh, Subadar, 3d Company 5th Regiment Native Infantry Lines, and a Civil Police Chowkee, on the Grand Trunk Road.

20*th.*—Attempt to fire the houses of the Jemadar and Havildar, 5th Regiment Native Infantry Lines, both attached to Musketry Depôt.

21*st.*—Six or seven houses, 6th Company 60th Regiment Native Infantry, fired, in which was the property of sepoys proceeded on furlough.

22*d.*—5th Regiment Native Infantry Mess-compound sheep-house set on fire; European Infantry Lines, Major Laughton's stable attempted to be fired.

23*d.*—9th Lancers' Lines: attempt to fire Captain Sanders' house, 41st Regiment Native Infantry, attached to the Musketry Depôt.

25*th.*—9th Lancers' Lines: Bandmaster's house, Her Majesty's 9th Lancers, regimental property, burnt.

26*th.*—Attempt (during the day) to fire Lieutenant and Riding-master Shaw's house, 9th Lancers' Lines.

May 1.—Bojeenath sepoy's hut (5th Regiment Native Infantry Lines) burnt.

E. W. E. HOWARD,
Cantonment Joint-Magistrate.

UMBALLAH, *May* 4, 1857.

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prisoners and others of the 7th, instigating the 48th to mutiny. All the corps displayed the best spirit, and in three hours the troops from three quarters were concentrated opposite the mutineers. During the night everything was perfectly quiet in the city, through part of which the troops marched. They returned at one A.M. on the 4th.—I have, &c.,

GEORGE COUPER.

No. 4.

From Major Waterfield to the Adjutant-General of the Army (Colonel Chester).

(*Telegraphic.*) MEERUT, *May* 10, 1857.

Native troops in open mutiny. Cantonment south of nullah burnt. Several European officers killed. European troops defending barrack.

No. 5.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the North-western Provinces (Hon. Mr Colvin) to the Secretary to the Government of India.

(*Telegraphic.*) AGRA, *May* 11, 1857.

Last night at nine o'clock, a telegraph message was received here by a lady from her niece, sister of the postmaster of Meerut, to the following effect:—"The cavalry have risen, setting fire to their own houses and several officers' houses, besides having killed and wounded all European soldiers and officers they could find near their lines. If aunt intends starting to-morrow evening, please detain her from doing so, as the van has been prevented from leaving the station." No later message has been

received, and the communication by telegraph has been interrupted; how, not known. Any intelligence which may reach will be sent on immediately.

No. 6.

Brigadier Graves, commanding at Delhi, to Colonel Chester, Adjutant-General.

DELHI, *May* 10, 1857, 4 P.M.

Cantonment in a state of siege. Mutineers from Meerut, 3d Light Cavalry—numbers not known, said to be one hundred and fifty men—cut off communication with Meerut; taken possession of the bridge of boats. 54th Native Infantry sent against them, but would not act. Several officers killed and wounded. City in a state of considerable excitement. Troops sent down, but nothing certain yet. Information will be forwarded.

No. 7.

Major-General Hewitt to the Adjutant-General of the Army (Colonel Chester.)

MEERUT, *May* 11, 1857.

SIR,—I regret to have to report that the native troops at Meerut broke out yesterday evening in open mutiny.

About half-past six P.M. the 20th Native Infantry turned out with arms. They were reasoned with by their officers, when they reluctantly returned to their lines, but immediately after they rushed out again and began to fire. The 11th Native Infantry had turned out with their officers, who had perfect control over them, inasmuch as they persuaded them not to touch their arms until Colonel Finnis had reasoned with the mutineers, in doing which he was, I regret to say, shot dead; after which act the

20th Native Infantry fired into the 11th, who then desired their officers to leave them, and apparently joined the mutineers.

The 3d Light Cavalry at the commencement mounted a party and galloped over to the jail to rescue the eighty-five men of the corps who were sentenced by the native general court-martial; in which they succeeded, and at the same time liberated all the other prisoners, about one thousand two hundred in number.

The mutineers then fired nearly all the bungalows in rear of the centre lines south of the nullah, including Mr Greathead's, the Commissioner, and my own, together with the Government cattle-yard and commissariat officer's house and office. In this they were assisted by the population of the bazaar, the city, and the neighbouring villages.

Every European, man, woman, and child, fallen in with was ruthlessly murdered. Amongst those who are known to have fallen are Colonel Finnis, 11th Native Infantry; Captain Taylor, Captain Macdonald, 20th Native Infantry, together with the wife and three children of the latter; Cornet Macnab, Veterinary-Surgeons Philips and Dowson, together with the wife of the latter.

The above particulars I have learned from different parties.

As soon as the alarm was given, the Artillery, Carabineers, and 60th Rifles were got under arms, but by the time we reached the Native Infantry parade-ground, it was too dark to act with efficiency in that direction; consequently the troops retired to the north of the nullah, so as to cover the barracks and officers' lines of the Artillery, Carabineers, and 60th Rifles, which were, with the excep-

tion of one house, preserved, though the insurgents (for I believe the mutineers had at that time retired by the Allygurh and Delhi roads) burnt the vacant Sapper and Miner lines. At break of day the force was divided,—one half on guard, and the other taken to reconnoitre and patrol the native lines.

The guard from the 20th Native Infantry, at the pension pay-office and cantonment magistrate's, remained at their posts; two native officers and some twenty men of the 11th Native Infantry remained with their officers; also about fifty men of the 3d Light Cavalry, who came in with their respective troop-officers, whom they had aided and preserved.

I am led to think the outbreak was not premeditated, but the result of a rumour that a party was parading to seize their arms, which was strengthened by the fact of the 60th Rifles parading for evening church service.

Efficient measures are being taken to secure the treasure, ammunition, and barracks, and to place the females and European inhabitants in the greatest security obtainable.

Nearly the whole of the cantonment and zillah police have deserted.

The electric wire having been destroyed, it was impossible to communicate the state of things except by express, which was done to Delhi and Umballah.

His Excellency will be kept daily informed of the state of things, and a more detailed account will be furnished as soon as circumstances permit commanding officers to furnish the necessary reports.—I have, &c.,

W. H. HEWITT,
Major-General, commanding Meerut Division.

No. 8.

The Chief Commissioner of Oude (Sir Henry Lawrence) to Major Bouverie.

(*Telegraphic.*) LUCKNOW, *May* 12, 1857.

Fifty-seven men of the 7th Regiment, including two subadars and one jemadar, are prisoners. The court of inquiry is over; not much elicited. I will not disband.

No. 9.*

Major Abbott to the Assistant Adjutant-General, Meerut Division.

MEERUT, *May* 13, 1857.

SIR,—As the senior surviving officer of the Delhi brigade, I have the honour to report, for the information of the Major-General commanding the Meerut Division, the following circumstances connected with the massacre at Delhi.

On Monday morning, the 11th instant, the city of Delhi was entered by a party of the 3d Light Cavalry, who possessed themselves of the bridge of boats. This party proceeded towards cantonments, but were met by a wing of the 54th Native Infantry, under the command of Colonel Ripley; but neither this detachment, nor the guard of the 38th Light Infantry, on duty at the Cashmere gate, fired on the attacking party. The 54th excused themselves on the score of not being loaded. During the hesitation, or, more properly speaking, the direct refusal of the 38th men to open fire, and the interval taken up by the 54th men in loading, five officers of the 54th Native Infantry fell — viz., Lieutenant-Colonel Ripley, mortally wounded; Captain Smith, killed; Captain Bur-

rowes, killed; Lieutenant Edwards, killed; Lieutenant Waterfield, killed; Lieutenant Butler, wounded.

To explain the nature of the 38th men refusing to fire, I beg to state that Captain Wallace, 74th Native Infantry, the field-officer of the week, took command of the main-guard, and distinctly ordered the men of the guard to wheel up and fire. They would neither wheel up nor fire; but met the orders of Captain Wallace with insulting sneers. He urged them by every means in his power, but to no purpose. It was during this time the officers were shot down by the insurgents. These people, seeing the state of affairs, were entering the Cashmere gate of the city, when, providentially, the guns under the command of Lieutenant Wilson arrived, which had the effect of causing them to retreat into the city. About this time, Major Paterson, having taken command of the detachment on the spot, directed Captain Wallace to proceed to cantonments to bring down the 74th Native Infantry, with two more guns.

About eleven o'clock, I heard that the men of the 54th Native Infantry had refused to act, and that their officers were being murdered. I instantly rode off to the lines of my regiment, and got as many as there were in the lines together. I fully explained to them that it was a time to shew themselves honest, and that, as I intended to go down to the Cashmere gate of the city, I required good, honest men to follow me, and called for volunteers. Every man present stepped to the front; and being ordered to load, they obeyed promptly, and marched down in a spirited manner. On arriving at the Cashmere gate, we took possession of the post, drawn up in readiness to receive any attack that might be made. Up to three P.M. no

enemy appeared, nor could we during that period get any information of the insurgents. Suddenly we heard the report of heavy guns, and shortly afterwards a violent explosion announced the blowing up of the magazine in the city. This was done by Lieutenant Willoughby, who, seeing all hopes of keeping the magazine gone, adopted this last resource, by which gallant act an immense number of the insurgents, who had effected an entrance into the magazine by scaling-ladders brought from the palace, were killed. Lieutenant Willoughby estimated the number killed to be little short of one thousand men. I immediately sent round a company under Captain Gordon, but nothing could be done.

Captain Gordon told me he thought the men hesitated, but I could not see this. About this time, I received an order to send back two guns to cantonments. This order I was on the point of carrying out, when Major Paterson told me if I did he would abandon the post, and entreated me not to go. He was supported by the civil officer, a deputy-collector, who had charge of the Treasury, who said he had no confidence in the 54th men who were on guard at the Treasury. Although I strongly objected to this act of, as it were, disobeying orders, yet as the deputy-collector begged for a delay of only a quarter of an hour, I acceded to his request. When the quarter of an hour was up, I made preparations for leaving the main-guard, and was about to march out, when the two guns I had sent back to cantonments, under Second Lieutenant Aislabie, returned to the main-guard with some of the 38th Light Infantry. I inquired why they had come back, and was told, in reply, by the drivers, that the gunners had deserted the guns, therefore they

could not go on. I inquired if any firing had taken place in cantonments. My orderly replied he had heard several shots, and said, "Sir, let us go up to cantonments immediately." I then ordered the men to form sections. A jemadar said, "Never mind sections; pray go on, sir." My orderly-havildar, then called up and said, "Pray, sir, for God's sake leave this place; pray be quick." I thought this referred to going up to the relief of cantonments, and accordingly gave the order to march. I had scarcely got a hundred paces beyond the gate, when I heard a brisk firing in the main-guard. I said, "What is that?" Some of the men replied, "The 38th men are shooting the European officers." I then ordered the men with me, about a hundred, to return to their assistance. The men said, "Sir, it is useless; they are all killed by this time, and we shall not save any one. We have saved you, and we are happy; we will not allow you to go back and be murdered." The men formed round me, and hurried me along the road on foot back to cantonments to our quarter-guard. I waited here for some time, and sent up to the saluting-tower to make inquiries as to what was going on, and where the brigadier was, but got no reply. The sun was setting, and the evening advancing, when my attention was directed to some carriages going up the Kurnaul road, and I recognised two or three carriages belonging to the officers of my regiment, including my own. I asked what could be the meaning of the carriages going that way. The men of my regiment at the quarter-guard replied, "Sir, they are leaving the cantonment; pray, follow their example. We have protected you so far; it will be impossible for us to do so much longer; pray, fly for your life." I yielded to their wishes,

and told them, "Very well, I am off to Meerut. Bring the colours, and let me see as many of you at Meerut as are not inclined to become traitors." I then got behind Captain Hawkey on his horse, and rode to the guns, which were also proceeding in the direction the carriages had taken, and so rode on one of the waggons for about four miles, when the drivers refused to go any further, because, they said, "We have left our families behind, and there are no artillerymen to serve the guns." All I could do I could not persuade them to come on. They then turned their horses, and went back towards cantonments. I was picked up by Captain Wallace, who also took Ensign Elton with him in the buggy.

Ensign Elton informed me that he and the rest of the officers of the 74th Native Infantry were on the point of going to march out with a detachment, when he heard a shot, and, on looking round, saw Captain Gordon down dead. A second shot, almost simultaneously, laid Lieutenant Revely low. He then resolved to do something to save himself, and making for the bastion of the fort, jumped over the parapet down into the ditch, ran up the counterscarp, and made across the country to our lines, where he was received by our men, and there took the direction the rest had, mounted on a gun. Up to this time, the sole survivors of the Delhi force, known to be such, and at Meerut, are Major Abbott, 74th Native Infantry; Captain Hawkey, 74th Native Infantry; Captain Wallace, 74th Native Infantry; Ensign Elton, 74th Native Infantry; Captain De Teissier, Artillery; Second Lieut. Aislabie, Artillery; Farrier-Sergeant Law, Artillery. I saw some other officers going up the Kurnaul road, and recognised Capt. Tytler, 38th Light Infantry, and Captain Nicoll, the

Brigade-Major. The party with me went up the Kurnaul road until we came to the cross-road leading to Meerut, *viâ* Bhagpatta Ghaut, which we took, and arrived at Meerut about eight o'clock last night.

With the exception of about five individuals, the whole of the European inhabitants of Delhi have been murdered. I understood from a native, who declared that he had seen the dead bodies, that the King ordered the slaughter of all the Europeans in the palace, including Mr Simon Fraser, Captain Douglas, Rev. Mr Jennings, his daughter, and some others. From all I could glean there is not the slightest doubt that this insurrection has been originated and matured in the palace of the King of Delhi, and that with his full knowledge and sanction, in the mad attempt to establish himself in the sovereignty of this country. It is well known that he has called on the neighbouring states to co-operate with him in thus trying to subvert the existing Government. The method he adopted appears to be to gain the sympathy of the 38th Light Infantry by spreading the lying reports now going through the country, of the Government having it in contemplation to upset their religion, and have them all forcibly inducted to Christianity.

The 38th Light Infantry, by insidious and false arguments, quietly gained over the 54th and 74th Native Infantry, each being unacquainted with the other's real sentiments. I am perfectly persuaded that the 54th and 74th Native Infantry were forced to join the combination by threats that, on the one hand, the 38th and 54th would annihilate the 74th Native Infantry if they refused, and *vice versa*, the 38th taking the lead. I am almost convinced that had the 38th Native Infantry men not been

on guard at the Cashmere gate, the results would have been different. The men of the 74th Native Infantry would have shot every man who had the temerity to assail the post.

The Post-office, Electric Telegraph, Delhi Bank, the *Delhi Gazette* press, every house in cantonments and the lines, have been destroyed: Those who escaped the massacre fled with only what they had on their backs, unprovided with any provisions for the road, or money to purchase food. Every officer has lost all he possessed, and not one of us has even a change of clothes.

Captain De Teissier, commanding the Artillery at Delhi, will make a separate report, detailing the facts connected with the loss of his guns, No. 5 Light Field-battery, 3d Company, 7th Battalion Artillery.—I have, &c.,

H. E. S. ABBOTT, Major,
Commanding 74th Regiment Native Infantry.

No. 10.

Colonel Birch to Major-General Hewitt.

(*Telegraphic.*) CALCUTTA, *May* 13, 1857.

Reports have reached Government about the conduct of the 3d Light Cavalry on the 10th instant and subsequently. Pray state by telegraph what has occurred, and what measures are being taken.

No. 11.

Hon. Mr Colvin to the Governor-General.

(*Telegraphic.*) AGRA, *May* 14, 1857.

We have authentic intelligence in a letter from the King that the town and fort of Delhi and his own person are in the hands of the insurgent regiments of the place,

which joined about a hundred of the troops from Meerut and opened the gates.

The Commissioner, Mr Fraser, and his assistant, Capt. Douglas are mentioned in the letter to be killed, and also Miss Jennings. We have made all our plans here, and shall act vigorously, and look confidently for success should the insurgents, as is likely, march down on this.

I have communicated with the native corps, and their tone appears satisfactory to me.

No. 12.

General Order by the Governor-General of India in Council.

FORT-WILLIAM, *May* 14, 1857.

The Governor-General in Council is pleased to authorise every general officer commanding a division, every brigadier, and every officer commanding a station, being the senior officer on the spot, to appoint general or other courts-martial, as occasion may require, for the trial of any of the officers, or soldiers, or followers in the service of the East India Company, being natives of the East Indies, or of other places within the limits of the said Company's charter, who may be charged with any offence which, in his judgment, requires to be punished without delay; and to confirm and carry into effect at once, or to mitigate, or commute, or remit, all sentences of such courts-martial; or, in case he shall deem it necessary, to refer any such sentence to the Commander-in-Chief for his orders thereon.

General courts-martial assembled under this authority shall consist of not less than five native commissioned

officers, and shall have the full powers of a general court-martial, as specified in the 75th Article of War.

This order is not intended to apply to the Presidencies of Fort St George and Bombay.

No. 13.

Sir Henry Lawrence to the Governor-General in Council.

(*Telegraphic.*) LUCKNOW, *May* 16, 1857.

All is quiet here, but affairs are critical. Get every European you can from China, Ceylon, and elsewhere; also all the Goorkas from the hills. Time is everything.

No. 14.

Colonel Birch to the officiating Superintendent of Marine.

FORT-WILLIAM, *May* 16, 1857.

SIR,—I am directed to request that you will detain at the Presidency every Government river-steamer and flat, including those employed on the Assam line.

No river-steamer is to quit Calcutta without express orders from this department, the vessels being required for the conveyance of European troops to the North-western Provinces.—I am, &c.,

R. J. H. BIRCH, Colonel.

No. 15.

Colonel Birch to Major-General Bell, commanding Pegu Division.

FORT-WILLIAM, *May* 16, 1857.

SIR,—I am directed by the Governor-General in Council to request that you will, without delay, on the receipt of this letter, issue the necessary orders to prepare for the

immediate embarkation of the depôt of her Majesty's 84th Foot, and every available man of Her Majesty's 35th Regiment at Rangoon. The steamer *Oriental,* by which you will receive this letter, will then proceed at once to Moulmein, for the detachment of Her Majesty's 35th Regiment at the station, returning *viâ* Rangoon, to embark the troops there, and bring them on to Calcutta; care being taken that the steamer shall on no account be delayed longer than is absolutely necessary.

I am to repeat that Her Majesty's 35th Regiment must be sent up as strong as possible. If you *must* detain any portion of the corps at Rangoon, pray keep as small a portion as you can.—I have, &c.,

R. J. H. BIRCH, Colonel.

No. 16.

Sir Hugh Wheeler to Colonel Birch.

(*Telegraphic.*) CAWNPORE, *May* 16, 1857.

The following is just received from the Lieutenant-Governor:—

Telegraphic communication with Meerut re-opened. Troops marching down from the hills. Sirmoor Battalion arrived at Meerut to-day. Arrangements are being made for the recapture of Delhi. All quiet here.

No. 17.

General Order of the Governor-General of India in Council.

FORT-WILLIAM, *May* 16, 1857.

In pursuance of Act No. 8 of 1857, passed this day, the Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council is pleased to authorise every general officer commanding a

division, every brigadier, and every officer commanding a station, being the senior officer on the spot, to appoint general or other courts-martial, as occasion may require, for the trial of any of the officers, or soldiers, or followers, in the service of the East India Company, being natives of the East Indies, or of other places within the limits of the said Company's charter, and amenable to the Articles of War for the native troops, who may be charged with any offence which, in his judgment, requires to be punished without delay; and to confirm and carry into effect, immediately or otherwise, any sentence of such court-martial, or to mitigate, or commute, or remit any such sentence; or, in case he shall deem it necessary, to refer such sentence to the Commander-in-Chief for his orders thereon.

General courts-martial assembled under this authority shall consist wholly of European commissioned officers, or of native commissioned officers, the number of such officers not being less than five, and shall have the full powers of a general court-martial, as specified in the 75th Article of War. The officer appointing the court-martial shall determine whether the court-martial shall be composed of European officers or of native officers.

This order is not intended to apply to the Presidencies of Fort St George and Bombay.

R. J. H. BIRCH, Colonel,
Secretary to the Government of India.

No. 18.

Sir H. Lawrence to Mr G. F. Edmonstone.

(Telegraphic.) LUCKNOW, *May* 16, 1857.

All is well here. Give me plenary military power in

Oude; I will not use it unnecessarily. I am sending two troops of cavalry to Allahabad. Send a company of Europeans into the fort there: it will be good to raise regiments of irregular horse under good officers.

No. 19.

Mr G. F. Edmonstone to Sir H. Lawrence.

(*Telegraphic.*) CALCUTTA, *May* 16, 1857.

You have full military powers. The Governor-General will support you in everything you think necessary.

It is impossible to send a European company to Allahabad. Dinapore must not be weakened by a single man.

If you can raise any irregulars that you can trust, do so at once. Have you any good officers to spare for the duty?

No. 20.

The Governor-General to Major-General Hewitt, Meerut.

(*Telegraphic.*) CALCUTTA, *May* 16, 1857.

Send an express to the Commander-in-Chief, and tell him that it is of the utmost importance that Delhi should not remain an hour longer in the hands of the insurgents than can possibly be avoided. Every exertion must be made to regain the place without delay. Send this message immediately.

I beg that you will keep me informed daily of the state of things at Meerut, and of what you hear from Delhi.

No. 21.

The Governor-General to Lord Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay.

(*Telegraphic.*) *May* 16, 1857.

Two of the three European regiments which are returning from Persia are urgently wanted in Bengal.

If they are sent from Bombay to Kurrachee, will they find conveyance up the Indus?

Are they coming from Bushire in steam or sailing transports?

Let me know, immediately, whether General Ashburnham is going to Madras.

No. 22.

Major-General Hewitt to the Governor-General.

(*Telegraphic.*) MEERUT, *May* 17, 1857.

Your message will be sent to Commander-in-Chief. Sappers mutinied yesterday; shot their commanding officer; left cantonments with their arms; when followed, dispersed, and fifty cut up; about a hundred and fifty, who were on duty, have been disarmed, and are working as sappers only. A force from Pultiallah and Jheend Raja assemble at Kurnaul on the 20th, supported by Her Majesty's 75th, 9th Lancers, and Horse Artillery. The mutineers are said to be still at Delhi; 75th and 1st Europeans left the hills on the 14th instant.

No. 23.

The Governor-General to Sir John Lawrence.

(*Telegraphic.*) *May* 17, 1857.

You may take the fifty-four companies from the eighteen infantry regiments, as you propose, and raise as far as a thousand if necessary.

If you are in want of officers, take any that are in civil employ and fit for the work.

You will be supported in every measure that you think necessary for safety.

Keep the Government informed.

No. 24.

The Commander-in-Chief at Madras (Sir Patrick Grant) to Colonel Birch.

(Telegraphic.) MADRAS, *May* 17, 1857.

. . . . I most earnestly recommend the despatch to Singapore of the swiftest steamer obtainable, with an earnest request to Lord Elgin to forward on to you the whole of the troops intended for China: whether China is coerced now or months hence is of no moment. The moral effect of such a force being brought to the spot would be incalculable, and be regarded as something miraculous and supernatural. It should be done with the utmost secresy to secure this effect. We receive regular intelligence from Agra, and of later date than that sent from Calcutta.

No. 25.

Lord Harris (Governor of Madras) to the Governor-General.

(Telegraphic.) MADRAS, *May* 18, 1857.

If you require more Europeans, could you not send for regiments from Ceylon? Fusiliers leave this evening.

No. 26.

The Governor-General to Lord Harris.

(Telegraphic.) CALCUTTA, *May* 18, 1857.

Thank you for your great expedition. It is of the

utmost importance that you should keep all quiet at Madras.

I send an officer to Ceylon by to-morrow's mail. He will call on you at Madras.

Steam conveyance for the troops from Ceylon will be the difficulty.

No. 27.

The Governor-General to the Hon. Mr Colvin.

(*Telegraphic.*) CALCUTTA, *May* 18, 1857.

Send on the following message to the Commander-in-Chief by the quickest and surest means:—

The Madras Fusiliers left Madras for Calcutta on Sunday.

The *Oriental* has been despatched to bring up the 35th from Moulmein.

An officer goes to Ceylon by to-morrow's mail, to bring European troops from there.

A European regiment has been ordered from Kurrachee by steam to Mooltan, and will be brought up from there in boats.

Two European regiments and some artillery will come round to Calcutta from Bombay, where they are expected immediately from Persia.

I hope to catch the regiments that are on their way to China.

But time is everything, and I beg you to make short work of Delhi.

No. 28.

Sir H. Wheeler to Colonel Birch.

(*Telegraphic.*) CAWNPORE, *May* 18, 1857.

All at Cawnpore quiet; but excitement continues

amongst the people. Copy of messages received this morning from Agra:—"All goes on excellently here. Levies of light horse will soon clear the Doab of plunderers. Troops are hurrying from the hills and Punjaub, and the final advance on Delhi will soon be made. The insurgents can only be about three thousand in number, and are said to cling to the walls of Delhi, where they have put up a puppet king. I grudge the escape of one of them. Disorder has not now come below the Haupper, and the country around Meerut will soon be restored to order. In our lower districts they are watched, and calm and expert policy will soon reassure the public mind; the plague is indeed stayed." Copy of message just received from Sir H. Lawrence:—"All's well."

No. 29.

Colonel Birch to the Officers commanding at Cawnpore and Allahabad.

(*Telegraphic*). CALCUTTA, *May* 19, 1857.

You are requested to begin immediately to make all preparations for the accommodation of a European force, and to let it be known that you are doing so.

No. 30.

Sir Henry Lawrence to Mr G. F. Edmonstone.

(*Telegraphic*). LUCKNOW, *May* 19, 1857.

All very well in city, cantonments, and country.

No. 31.

Sir Henry Lawrence to Mr G. F. Edmonstone.

(*Telegraphic.*) LUCKNOW, *May* 20, 1857.

All very well at Lucknow and in the districts. Our

position now is very strong. In case of necessity no fears are entertained.

No. 32.

Sir Hugh Wheeler to Colonel Birch.

(*Telegraphic.*) CAWNPORE, *May* 20, 1857.

All well here, and excitement less. Herewith I send copies of messages just received from Agra. Very few days will now see the end of it, unless the mutineers shut themselves up at Delhi and a siege be necessary, whence some little delay must occur, but a cordon or investment will be formed round Delhi by Pultiallah, Jheend, Ulwar, and Bhurtpore troops, who are acting most loyally: this must force them out, then it must all end.

No. 33.

Sir Henry Lawrence to Sir Hugh Wheeler.

LUCKNOW, *May* 20, 1857.

MY DEAR WHEELER,—I have been so much engaged that I have been unable sooner to answer your kind and interesting letter. I entirely agree in your sentiments. You are a tower of strength to us at this juncture. We are all right now. We had eight posts; as Sir C. Napier would say, we were like chips in porridge. We have given up four posts, and greatly strengthened three. In the centre of the three we have a post of four hundred men, with about twenty guns; including eighteen-pounders. The post is in three platoons. In the upper are a hundred Europeans and as many sepoys. In No. 2 is the mass of our powder, quite under No. 1 command. The eighteen-pounders command both bridges leading to cantonments; a hundred and thirty Europeans and six

guns and two hundred sepoys are at the Treasury; the sepoys, as usual, guard the Treasury tent; the guns are in and about the Residency, above but not threatening them. The old magazine, which was guarded by thirty men, had in it all the train spare waggons and ammunition, six field-guns, and numberless old Oude guns, and mountain-guns, bomb-works, &c. The latter were yesterday spiked, and the trunnions knocked off, and all the former have been removed or destroyed. It is now guarded by three hundred men of several regiments, and forty-eight hours hence the old magazine will have little in it to invite attack. Six guns and two squadrons of the 2d Oude Irregular Cavalry are at the Dak bungalow, half way to cantonments; and in cantonments we have about three hundred and forty of Her Majesty's 32d, close to twelve guns, six of European battery and six of the Oude Light Field-battery. Yesterday, a false alarm of the 71st Native Infantry arming—quite false; in the evening I rode through the Native Infantry lines, and was everywhere very well received, especially by the 48th, with many of whom I have struck up a dostee kindly.

No. 34.

Hon. Mr Colvin to the Governor-General.

(*Telegraphic.*) AGRA, *May* 22, 1.18 P.M.

Three or four companies of the 9th at Allygurh, after being very well for some time, strangely rose against their officers, who were compelled to leave them, and they and the civil officers were obliged to quit the station. No officers were injured. This in reply to your message of this morning.

No. 35.

Hon. Mr Colvin to the Governor-General.

(*Telegraphic.*) AGRA, *May* 24, 1857.

All quiet here, and the news we have good. The companies of the 9th Native Infantry at Mynpoory mutinied, but the treasury, jail, and station were bravely defended by Mr Power, the magistrate and collector, with the jail guards and some zemindars. Lieutenant De Kantzow, of the 9th Native Infantry, kept back his men for a time, with great presence of mind, and at much risk to himself.

No. 36.

Sir Hugh Wheeler to Colonel Birch.

(*Telegraphic.*) CAWNPORE, *May* 24, 1857.

All is quiet here, but it is impossible to say how long it will continue so.

No. 37.

Colonel Birch to Sir Hugh Wheeler.

(*Telegraphic.*) CALCUTTA, *May* 27, 8.30 P.M.

The Governor-General in Council thanks you for your very effective exertions. Your anxious position is well understood by the Government, and no means have been neglected to give you aid. Detachments will be despatched from Calcutta daily to Benares without intermission, and will be forwarded to the points at which they may be most needed.

No. 38.

Sir Henry Lawrence to Colonel Birch.

LUCKNOW, *May* 26, 8 P.M.

I strongly advise that as many extra dâks be laid as

possible from Raneegunge to Cawnpore to bring up European troops. Spare no expense.

No. 39.

Colonel Birch to Sir H. Lawrence.

(*Telegraphic.*) CALCUTTA, *May* 27, 1857.

Every horse and carriage, bullock and cart, which could be brought upon the road has been collected, and no means of increasing the number will be neglected.

No. 40.

The Governor-General to the Hon. Mr Colvin, Agra.

(*Telegraphic.*) CALCUTTA, *May* 27, 1857.

Continue your efforts to communicate with the Commander-in-Chief, and endeavour to keep him thoroughly informed of the state of things on this side of Delhi.

Urge him to avoid all parleying or negotiation with the mutineers.

No. 41.

The Hon. Mr Colvin to the Governor-General.

(*Telegraphic.*) AGRA, *May* 25, 6.30 P.M.

Eight troopers of the 1st Gwalior Cavalry, out of a party of two hundred on outpost duty at Statrass, yesterday openly deserted, in spite of the exertions of their officers, and took the road to Delhi. This is my only effective horse. My position is seriously complicated by this defection. Wherefore, impressed by the knowledge of the

feelings of the native population as communicated in my message of yesterday, and supported by the unanimous opinions of all officers of experience here, that this mutiny is not one to be put down by indiscriminating high-horsed authority, and thinking it essential at present to give a favourable turn to the feelings of the sepoys who have not yet entered against us, I have taken the grave responsibility of issuing, on my own authority, the following proclamation. A weighty reason with me has been the total dissolution of order and the loss of every means of control in many districts. My latest letter from Meerut is now seven days old, and not a single letter has reached me from the Commander-in-Chief.

"PROCLAMATION.

"Soldiers engaged in the late disturbances who are desirous of going to their own homes, and who give up their arms at the nearest Government civil or military post, and retire quietly, shall be permitted to do so unmolested.

"Many faithful soldiers have been driven into resistance to Government only because they were in the ranks and could not escape from them, and because they really thought their feelings of religion and honour injured by the measures of Government. This feeling was wholly a mistake, but it acted on men's minds. A proclamation of the Governor-General now issued is perfectly explicit, and will remove all doubt on these points. Every evil-minded instigator in the disturbance, and those guilty of heinous crimes against private persons, shall be punished. All those who appear in arms against the Government after this notification is known, shall be treated as open enemies."

I earnestly solicit the confirmation of this act.

No. 42.

The Governor-General to Hon. Mr Colvin.

(*Telegraphic.*) *May* 26, 1.30 P.M.

Your message and proclamation have been received.

Use every possible means to stop the circulation of the proclamation, and send word immediately how far this can be done, and at what distance from Agra it has already become known.

Has it reached Delhi?

Do everything to stop its operation, except in the cases of any who may have already taken advantage of it.

The proclamation is not approved, and the embarrassment in which it will place the Government and the Commander-in-Chief will be very great.

My message of last evening conveyed to you the rules by which punishment should be guided.

No. 43.

Colonel Birch to Major-General Sir H. Wheeler.

CALCUTTA, *May* 29, 1857.

Pray send the following message and proclamation to the Commander-in-Chief by the route of Futtehgurh, by the speediest conveyance possible:—

"MESSAGE.

"The proclamation of the Lieutenant-Governor, issued on the 25th instant, offers means of escape to the men who murdered their officers.

"This must not be.

"Therefore, the following proclamation, by the Governor-General in Council, is to be issued by you upon your arrival at Delhi.

"It will then supersede the proclamation of the Lieutenant-Governor.

"It is not issued at once in the North-west Provinces, in order that the authority of the local Government may not be weakened at a critical moment.

"It will be for you, in any proclamation which you may think necessary to issue yourself, to specify the regiments which come under the free pardon."

"PROCLAMATION.

"The Governor-General in Council, having reason to believe that amongst the mutineers in Delhi there are many who have been constrained against their will, or deceived into taking part in the proceedings of those around them, proclaims as follows:—

"Every soldier of a regiment, which, although it has deserted its post, has not committed outrages, will receive a free pardon, and permission to proceed to his home, if he immediately delivers up his arms to the civil or military authority, and if no heinous crime is shewn to have been perpetrated by himself personally.

"This offer of free and unconditional pardon cannot be extended to those regiments which have killed or wounded their officers, or other persons, or which have been concerned in the commission of cruel outrages.

"The men of such regiments must submit themselves unconditionally to the authority and justice of the Government of India.

"Any proclamations offering pardon to soldiers engaged in the late disturbances, which may have been issued by local authorities previously to the promulgation of the present proclamation, will cease to have effect; but all per-

sons who may have availed themselves of the offer made in such proclamations, shall enjoy the benefit thereof.

"By order of the Governor-General in Council."

No. 44.

Sir H. Lawrence to Mr G. F. Edmonstone, Calcutta.

(*Telegraphic.*) LUCKNOW, *May* 29, 3.4, P.M.

All quiet, but great uneasiness at Lucknow. Disturbances threatened outside. A tusuldar killed in settling a quarrel. Tranquillity cannot be much longer maintained unless Delhi be speedily captured.

No. 45.

The Hon. Mr Colvin to the Governor-General.

(*Telegraphic.*) AGRA, *May* 31, 6 A.M.

Two companies (relieving and relieved?) of the two Agra regiments over the Cutchery and Treasury at Mutra, having mutinied and plundered the Treasury yesterday afternoon, it was thought necessary at once to disarm the two regiments here, which can no longer be trusted. This has been quietly completed this morning.

No. 46.

Sir H. Lawrence to the Governor-General.

(*Telegraphic.*) LUCKNOW, *May* 31, 2 P.M.

Most of the houses in the cantonments have been burnt at the outbreak. The mutineers, consisting of half of the 48th Native Infantry, about half of the 71st, some few of the 13th, and two troops of the 7th Cavalry, have fled towards Seetapore. We followed them seven miles, with four guns, and two companies of Her Majesty's 32d, and three

hundred horse. The latter evinced no zeal, and we could only get within round-shot distance of the mutineers. We took thirty prisoners. I write in great haste after return.

All quiet. My anxieties are for Cawnpore and the districts.

No. 47.

The Governor-General to the Hon. Mr Colvin.

(*Telegraphic.*) CALCUTTA, *May* 31.

Pray send the following message to the Commander-in-Chief by the quickest means :—

I have heard to-day that you do not expect to be before Delhi until the 9th.

In the meantime Cawnpore and Lucknow are severely pressed, and the country between Delhi and Cawnpore is passing into the hands of the rebels. It is of the utmost importance to prevent this, and to relieve Cawnpore, but nothing but rapid action will do it.

Your force of artillery will enable you to dispose of Delhi with certainty; I therefore beg that you will detach one European infantry regiment, and a small force of European cavalry, to the south of Delhi, without keeping them for operations there, so that Allygurh may be recovered, and Cawnpore relieved immediately.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of shewing European troops between Delhi and Cawnpore. Lucknow and Allahabad depend upon it.

No. 48.

The Commander-in-Chief (Sir George Anson) to Colonel Birch.

(*Telegraphic.*) KURNAUL, *May* 25.

Came to Kurnaul this morning: all the troops, except

two European troops of Horse Artillery waiting for equipment of nine-pounders, have left Umballah. Great difficulty in getting what was absolutely necessary to enable the troops to march. The detachment that was at Kurnaul sent towards Panneeput last night, but the tents were not come up; they follow to-day. All the force will not get away from Kurnaul before the 31st instant. The heavy guns will hardly be up by that time. Have sent a hundred and fifty-four irregulars, which arrived here yesterday; part to Moozuffernuggur and part to Meerut. Pultiallah are not so many as reported. I heard about six hundred. If instructions from Governor-General are to be followed,—namely, advance to be made with a strong British force,—it cannot be at Delhi before the 8th proximo.

No. 49.

Colonel Chester to Colonel Birch, Calcutta.

CAMP, KURNAUL, *May* 27, 1857.

SIR,—I deeply regret to have to report, for the information of the Governor-General in Council, the death, at half-past two this morning, of his Excellency the Honourable General Sir George Anson, Commander-in-Chief in India, from cholera.

2. Major-General Sir H. Barnard, K.C.B., is now in command of this force, and Major-General T. Reed, C.B., commanding in the Punjaub, is the senior officer serving in the Bengal Presidency.

3. The head-quarters staff of the army will remain in attendance on Major-General Sir H. Barnard during the present operations, unless orders to the contrary should be received,—I have, &c.,

C. CHESTER, Colonel.

P.S.—A telegraphic message has this instant been received from Major-General Reed, in reply to the announcement of the Commander-in-Chief's demise, intimating his intention of joining this force.

XIX.

GHAZEEPORE, *May* 30, 1857.

We arrived at this beautiful place, forty miles below Benares, on the 25th of April. Since that date events have occurred which will make Britain tremble for her Indian empire.

On Sunday evening, May 10, the native troops at Meerut mutinied, cut to pieces all the Europeans they could find, set fire to the dwellings, liberated twelve hundred prisoners from the jail, and then set out for Delhi. There they were joined by other native regiments, and a general massacre took place, the details of which have not yet reached us. Neither age nor sex was spared. The cities and towns of the North-west Provinces and Bengal, with two or three exceptions, are garrisoned almost entirely by native troops. Accordingly, the Europeans at Agra, Cawnpore, Allahabad, Benares, Azimgurh, Ghazeepore, and other places, doubtless, from which there is no intelligence, have been preparing for the worst. The Governor-General acted very promptly, and despatched European soldiers from Calcutta as soon as possible: but an outbreak was expected in the capltal itself, and revolvers and

arms of every kind were selling at fabulous prices. Last Monday (May 25) was a Mahometan festival, and a general massacre of Europeans throughout India was said to be arranged for that night. But, through God's mercy, it passed off quietly. About forty European soldiers arrived by steamer from Dinapore, and passed through this station last evening *en route* for Benares. The magistrate had collected all sorts of vehicles to take them by land, as there are shallow places in the river above Ghazeepore as well as below it, and an hour's delay may produce irreparable mischief. But what are forty men, or four hundred? If India is to be retained as a British possession, white troops must be sent out by thousands overland forthwith. Some Madras troops are already on their way up. Bombay troops have also been sent for, and the Rifles from Ceylon. But these places will be unsafe, I fear, when left comparatively unprotected. We are well, and in good spirits, all things considered. In the native city of Ghazeepore, about ten minutes' walk from this house, the daily ravages of cholera are at present frightful; but the danger from mutiny is so imminent, that not a word is said about cholera. A circular, drawn up by some of the authorities, has been sent through the station, intimating to all Europeans that the Opium Factory is to be the place of rendezvous, in case of disturbance. The judge, our host, Mr W——, and myself, have been appointed to take charge of the ladies, and get them down the river in boats, if necessary. No news from Delhi. This suspense tries our patience. The wires are cut,

and the dâks are stopped. Heard to-day of the death of old Bishop Skinner of Aberdeen. On Thursday I issued a marriage licence, and administered the oath as a Surrogate for the first time. The happy bridegroom is a young officer of the native regiment. Wedding on Monday, D.V. (Never was the D.V. more necessary or more significant.) Pray for us all.

XX.

GHAZEEPORE, *June* 4, 1857.

The troops at Azimgurh, about five hundred men of the 17th Native Infantry, mutinied yesterday. Two companies of the regiment were at Goruckpore, and the remainder absent on furlough. Major Burroughs commanded at Azimgurh. When the news of the massacres at Meerut and Delhi reached that station, (which is only forty-three miles from us,) the minds of the sepoys were unsettled; and soon afterwards, the magistrate (Mr Horne) discovered that plots were being hatched. On the 23d of May, the officers and civilians met at the mess-house, and, apprehending an outbreak, determined to defend the Treasury. The two post-guns were moved to the Cutchery; and next day (Sunday) something was done toward fortifying the building with sand-bags. On Sunday night, a little before midnight, many men of the 7th and 8th companies pelted with brickbats the Havildar-major, who escaped for his life into the Adjutant's bungalow.

tival,) the magistrate reported to the Commissioner (Mr H. C. Tucker) at Benares, that the 17th Native Infantry was in a state of incipient mutiny; but the commanding officer still held a different opinion, although several acts of insubordination had been committed. Having his family around him, he was naturally enough unwilling to believe that serious danger threatened; and the persistency with which each commanding officer maintains, in the teeth of facts, that his corps is incorruptible, appears to be a prominent feature of this extensive and extending mutiny. Dacoities (robberies on a large scale) now became frequent in the villages of the surrounding district, and constant gatherings of the sepoys were observed in their "lines." Last Monday night, at a late hour, fifty men of the 13th Irregular Cavalry reached Azimgurh, after marching more than thirty miles at a stretch. This effort, in such weather, I take to have been a proof of good-will, as they appear to be really stanch. Yesterday these irregulars were sent out to meet a party on its way from Goruckpore to Benares with treasure, and escorted the tumbrils into Azimgurh safely. But the love of money is the root of all evil; and this treasure, added to that belonging to the station, excited the cupidity of the 17th Native Infantry. The thirteen tumbrils, containing in all seven lacs, (£70,000,) stood in the court-yard of the Treasury. The magistrate and joint-magistrate, having sent off the treasure to Benares, and received assurances of fidelity from the guards, proceeded about nightfall to the house of Major Burroughs. While

they were there a bugle sounded; two shots were fired as a signal; and the sepoys, snatching up their muskets, cross-belts, and powder, rushed pell-mell through the bazaar, killing several unoffending persons by random shots, right and left, and let loose more than a thousand prisoners from the jail. The native gunners, set over the post-guns, now helped some of the sepoys to drag them from behind the parapet which had been thrown up, and awaited the arrival of their comrades. Having all come together, they marched off with the guns, drawn as usual by their bullocks, in pursuit of the treasure-party. In passing the Cutchery, where the Europeans and other Christians had assembled with their families, (the ladies and children having been placed on the roof,) they fired about a dozen musket-shots; and one scoundrel of the light company (for whose apprehension two thousand rupees have been offered) killed Lieutenant Hutchinson, the Quartermaster of the regiment. It is said that he had a grudge against him. The same sepoy had already dangerously wounded Quartermaster-Sergeant Lewis, and the Havildar-major. The authorities remonstrated with the forty gunners and sepoys, who had been selected (half Hindoos and half Mussulmans) from every company, as a guard of honour over the guns. They replied, after taking time to think, "We shall never leave the guns, or obey our officers. If you never heard before of disobedience to officers by sepoys, you hear it to-day for the first time." The mutineers now continued their march in pursuit of the treasure-party.

Having no means of defence left, the Europeans mounted their horses, or jumped into their buggies, and fled to this place during the night, leaving everything behind,—plate, furniture, books, clothing, equipages, &c. The judge (Astell), the magistrate (Horne), the joint-magistrate (Simpson), Major Burroughs and his officers, together with the ladies and other females, and seven children, are now here. It is ten o'clock P.M., and some kind people of our acquaintance have gone up to a vacant bungalow occupied by those of the fugitives who have no friends here, to distribute clothes among them; for their flight was so sudden, that few, if any, have brought even a change of linen. We ourselves may be similarly situated before the end of the week. There is a good deal of alarm here to-night.

The Azimgurh sepoys overtook the treasure-party, and returned with the money to the station, where the Cutcheries and several bungalows have been burned, and the goods and chattels of Europeans destroyed or plundered.

Lieutenant-Colonel Neill reached Benares yesterday, with three officers and sixty men of the 1st Madras Europeans. The Commander-in-Chief, General Anson, is dead.

XXI.

GHAZEEPORE, *Monday, June* 8, 1857.

On Thursday last, a sanguinary *emeute* took place at

Benares. In the morning, a trooper was executed for rebellion. The sepoys looked on quietly, but sullenly. In the course of the day, news arrived of the rising at Azimgurh, and the seizure of the treasure. Providentially, Colonel Neill, with a draft of Europeans, had arrived on Wednesday. Brigadier Ponsonby, Colonel Neill, and Colonel Gordon agreed to disarm the 37th Native Infantry at once, on hearing what had happened at Azimgurh. Indeed, the Commissioner and the Judge (Mr Gubbins) had previously come to the conclusion that such a precaution would be necessary, in consequence of mutinous symptoms. Accordingly, at five on Thursday afternoon, Colonel Neill appeared on the parade-ground with one hundred and fifty men of Her Majesty's 10th Foot, and his sixty Madras Europeans, together with three guns and thirty artillerymen. There they were joined by Colonel Gordon with the Sikhs, and about seventy of the Irregular Cavalry. The native regiment, guessing what was about to be done, rushed to arms, loaded, and fired. Several of our men were wounded; and at this most critical moment a *coup de soleil* put Brigadier Ponsonby *hors de combat*. The mutineers made a dash at the guns, but were beaten back. Colonel Neill assumed command, and ordered his men to take possession of the sepoy lines. Now, to his astonishment and that of everybody, the Sikhs, considered all along as good as Europeans, turned against us, wounded several of their officers, and vanished. Torrents of grape were now poured out upon the mutineers, most of whom took to

their heels, throwing away their muskets; others, however, got behind walls and pillars, and the fight lasted for nearly an hour and a half. At length, all who were in a condition to run, decamped. Some of them, in their flight, entered the European Hospital, and murdered a number of helpless invalids. This atrocity has excited public indignation to the highest pitch. Anything more unsoldierlike, more brutal, it is difficult to conceive.

During the affray, the civilians with their wives and children took refuge on the roof of the Treasury, when the admirable management of Messrs Gubbins and Lind, aided by Surat Singh, a Sikh gentleman, was attended by the happiest results. The guard at the Treasury was composed of Sikhs. When they learned that their comrades had been fired on by the British, they were terribly excited, and would doubtless have mutinied, and, at least robbed the Treasury, had not Surat Singh, their countryman, persuaded them to stand firm. The Rajah of Benares and Rao Deo Narain Singh, the principal native nobleman at Benares, are our steadfast friends.

During the night, all the European residents were obliged to leave their bungalows, which are widely scattered, and take refuge in a large building called the Mint, where they still remain in the greatest discomfort. A clergyman who has long laboured at Benares as a faithful missionary, thus writes (though not to me) with reference to the crisis and their position in the Mint:—"The heat is terrific—the noise is almost deafening—the place is full of

their servants. I doubt if there be one unarmed person here. Such a scene I have never seen, and I trust I may never see again. There was a report that the Azimgurh rebels were marching on us, but it is now considered certain they have gone in another direction. The fugitives from Benares are not likely to encourage them to come, as yesterday two thousand native soldiers were completely routed by two hundred and forty English soldiers. In almost every place now there has been a sepoy rebellion, but what the end will be no one knows. One thing is certain: God reigns, and He will be exalted among the heathen.

"As to ourselves, we had just finished dinner, when a watchman rushed into the house, exclaiming, 'Flee, sahib, flee; the sepoys have mutinied.' He had scarcely spoken when we heard the sharp rattle of musketry, and immediately afterwards the boom of the cannon. Five minutes afterwards saw us all hastening to Rajghât on the Ganges as fast as our horses could carry us. There we went to the house of an old friend, Mr Gordon. We were now nearly four miles from the scene of the action, and yet we continued to hear most distinctly every discharge from the cannon.

"As it was thought likely sepoys or marauders might attack us, it was resolved to get into a boat, and get out into the stream. There we were for a considerable time, —the Burgesses, Ballantynes, Gordons, and Kennedys. We were in a state of most painful suspense, when the news at last reached us of the result. It is reckoned that

above two hundred of one regiment were killed, and sixty of another. Of the Europeans three have been killed and five wounded, besides those murdered at the hospital. We came back to Mr Gordon's, intending to stop there for the night, when the Brigade-Major, accompanied by a number of troopers, galloped into the compound to tell us that we could not safely remain where we were, and must proceed to the Mint. Very opportunely, early in the evening eighteen European soldiers arrived, and then seventy more were every moment expected. They did arrive; and escorted by them and the troopers, we went to the Mint. What a scene of confusion was there! It was indescribable. Sleep was out of the question. We arrived about midnight, and did not attempt to sleep. I did not get even comfortable sitting room. The soldiers lay many of them on the bare ground, quite overcome by fatigue, but ready to start at a moment's notice. The alarm was only given once in the course of the night, and every one was in a moment under arms. The sharp rattle of musketry was kept up the whole of the night and morning, between, I suppose, the police and parties of mutineers. The head native magistrate of the city sent in word this morning at three o'clock that he could not hold the city longer without help. All the reply he got was, 'Do your best; we cannot spare a man.' He seems happily to have held out against the mutineers and marauders.

"Another hundred European soldiers have just arrived as I write, so that there is nearly twice the number of

European soldiers there was when the engagement took place yesterday; but we trust not in man—we look above to God himself, and our faces are lightened."

I have seen a letter from Mr Tucker, our excellent Commissioner, to one of the civilians here. He also speaks of the miserable manner in which the Europeans are huddled together in their temporary fortress, the Mint. The conduct of the Sikhs is a paradox hitherto unsolved. If all the Sikhs go against us, the prospect will be gloomier than was supposed. But we expect every hour to hear of the capture of Delhi. When that news arrives, the waverers will probably declare for the victors.

This outbreak at Benares took place, as I have said, on Thursday last. On Friday, the Loodianah Sikhs at Jaunpore, under Lieut. Mara, mutinied most unexpectedly, murdered their officer and Mr Cuppage, the joint-magistrate, and plundered the station. Ghazeepore and Jaunpore are at the extremities of the base of an isosceles triangle, Benares being at the third angle. The length of each side is a little over forty miles, and that of the base somewhat more than fifty. You will see, therefore, by referring to the map, that there have been mutinies at three stations within a radius of about forty miles from Ghazeepore. Poor Mrs Mara died of apoplexy soon after her husband was killed; but it is hoped that the remaining Europeans have escaped to some place of safety. At present it is not known here or at Benares what has become of them. Since Friday morning we have been expecting almost hourly the arrival

fantry. All sorts of horrible rumours, the offspring of fear and heated imaginations; have been flying from house to house; and there can be no doubt that some extensive robberies have taken place in our immediate neighbourhood. The Government property at Ghazeepore, including treasure, the opium-factory, this year's opium, and the stud, is estimated at a million sterling,—a rich booty for the marauders now scouring the country. Most people, therefore, packed up their clothes and valuables, and kept themselves in readiness for a sudden flight down the river. Yesterday morning (Sunday) the carriage was at the door as usual, a little before seven, to take us to church; but a message arrived from our indefatigable magistrate, Mr Ross, informing us that it would be dangerous to go to church, or even to remain at the station, as several thousand insurgents and budmashes were said to be coming down upon the station. The steamer *Benares*, and her flat, were fortunately at hand, and during the day nearly every Christian at the station, except the officers of the regiment, took refuge on board one or other of these vessels. Some carried swords, some double-barrelled fowling-pieces, and some pistols. Many, however, were unprovided; yet it was not considered prudent to serve arms from the barracks to the civilians, lest the sepoys should suppose we distrusted them, and make this a pretext for mutiny. In the afternoon it was stated that seven hundred budmashes had come into the city with evil designs, and we heard some firing. You may conceive the anxiety of the officers' wives. All knew that what had

happened at Azimgurh, Benares, and Jaunpore, might happen in our own cantonments. Mrs Bush, however, the wife of the commanding officer, came on board with their little daughter most reluctantly, and expressed indignation at the suspicions entertained regarding the fidelity of her husband's corps. We all hope the good lady may be right. Major Bush is a first-rate man for his position, and it will not be his fault if anything untoward happen. But how is it possible to trust *any* native corps, after what occurred the other day at Jaunpore? The mutineers there had been loud in their protestations of fidelity to Government within an hour of the outbreak. Lieutenant Mara, being told that the 37th had mutinied at Benares, and might be expected immediately at Jaunpore, said, "The 37th! What have we to fear from the 37th? Are not our own men here to defend us?" or words to that effect. He had scarcely spoken, when he was shot through the body by one of his own men.

The flat in which we are now quartered is an enormous iron barge, with a wooden deck, and thatched from end to end. It looks like a floating barn, open at the sides, the roof being supported by pillars. One end of this capacious vessel is our present residence. We are still the guests of Mr Hamilton, C.S., whose hospitality has been truly Oriental. When Ghazeepore began to be threatened, we had been a month under his roof; yet he would not listen to our intention of going to our own house, which is in an exposed position at the other end of the station. We have come on board this flat with his

family, including Mrs Hamilton, two daughters lately arrived from England, two little children, and a European nurse. We men slept last night in our clothes in the open air, for the first time in our lives. The ladies and children have two cabins. The servants bring our meals ready cooked from the house on shore; and, although the heat is very great, (about 100° in the shade,) the comforts outweigh the inconveniences. The hot wind is blowing, but even this has been made subservient to our wellbeing by a large *tattie*, or frame of sweet-scented grass, which is drenched on the outside by buckets of sacred water from the Ganges. The wind passing through the wet grass becomes fragrant, cool, and refreshing. The large water-jars of burnt clay are covered with wet cloths, the evaporation from which makes the water drinkable; and the quantity consumed by each person is astonishing. Some of the groups one sees at all hours of the day or night might be transferred to canvas or paper with striking effect; a photograph of the whole crowd on the deck of the flat would be a very remarkable production. There are Parsees in native costume; Hindoos and Mahometans of various classes; ladies and children; officers and civilians; half-caste familes, or Eurasians, as they are called; and the two worthy German missionaries, with the kind-hearted wife of one of them, and her flock of black native Christian children. All are huddled together like emigrants. A sort of mutiny took place in the jail to-day. Fifty prisoners have been allowed by their overseer to escape, while at work on the road, and

the eight hundred and fifty who remain were naturally inclined to join their friends. A party of sepoys marched down to the jail to fire upon the prisoners in case of a rush, but nothing more than the appearance of the armed force proved necessary.

XXII.

June 13, (*Saturday.*)

Yesterday the steamer *James Hume* arrived here, crowded with refugees from places further up the river, and brought appalling news from Allahabad. Every day brings heartrending tidings, but this seems to be one of the worst of possible cases. The 6th Native Infantry was paraded on Friday of last week, for the purpose of hearing a complimentary message addressed to the native officers and sepoys by the Governor-General. They had volunteered to march against the insurgents at Delhi, and Lord Canning thanked them through their commanding officer, Colonel Simpson. On the evening of the following day, (Saturday, June 6,) when the officers were at mess, the alarm bugle sounded. They, thinking that some disturbance was taking place in the bazaar, hastened from the dinner-table into the open air. Fourteen were murdered, and among the fourteen several were mere boys, lately arrived from England, who had been appointed to do duty as ensigns with the 6th Regiment. We learn that these poor fellows were bayoneted in the mess-room, to

which they probably returned on hearing the shots outside. Some frightful stories are told of tortures subsequently inflicted upon the European residents who had not succeeded in reaching the fort. About fifty Europeans in all have been massacred, it is said, and the bungalows are in ashes. The Fort of Allahabad, however, which stands at the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna, and is about two miles from the sepoy lines, was still in our possession when the steamer left Benares.

This news, of course, makes us more doubtful than ever of our own 65th. Perhaps no native regiment in the Company's service was more thoroughly trusted than the 6th. Yet what a result! The roads all around Ghazeepore are infested with robbers, who murder without scruple. One of the passengers by the *James Hume* says that they passed in the river about sixty corpses, three of them whites, ten or twelve miles above this station. Intelligence has arrived that Sir Henry Lawrence with difficulty holds his perilous position in the capital of Oude. Martial law has been proclaimed here, and every man found stealing a penny or a spoon will be shot or hanged without ceremony. Major Bush recommends that we should not hold services in church at present. The edifice stands immediately in front of the lines of the 65th; and it is the general opinion that an assembly of unarmed Europeans might be a temptation too strong to be resisted. On the Sunday before last, at Shahjehanpore, nearly the whole congregation and their minister were murdered in church.

As it is quite plain that affairs wear a threatening aspect here, and everywhere throughout the North-west, we made up our minds yesterday that it is best for L—— to go in the *Benares* to Calcutta, with several other ladies from Ghazeepore. But the steamer must first go up the river to Benares to discharge her cargo, and as it appeared that the only way to secure cabins was to take possession of them at once, we left the flat yesterday forenoon for the steamer. L—— and another lady got a cabin between them; but the heat was so great that nearly everybody slept on the upper deck, on mattresses or in chairs. I remained on board all night, and about midnight we were aroused by the sound of cannon. After listening for some time, I fell asleep. This morning I went with Captain Elder, the commander of the steamer, to get an order from the station-staff for fifty loaves, as there are no means on board for supplying such a multitude. A number of sheep, and several cases of beer, were sent by residents to the captain, who is indefatigable in his endeavours to make the passengers as comfortable as possible. Our host embarked his family to-day on the steamer, to go to Benares in the meantime, and, if need be, to Calcutta. This separation is very painful at such a time; but what could we do? The *Benares* left this afternoon at half-past two. We lift up our hearts unto the Lord, who alone can protect us.

XXIII.

GHAZEEPORE, *June* 20, 1857,
(*Saturday evening.*)

Another anxious week has passed, and we are all safe, thanks be to God. On Sunday, as the church was closed, I held Divine service and preached on board the *James Hume*. The events which are taking place around us render such an occasion peculiarly solemn. People cannot help feeling that they may never have another opportunity of attending public worship on earth. When I awoke on Monday morning on the deck of the little steamer, I saw two other steamers near us, and Europeans landing from one of them. This was unexpected. An order had arrived from the Commissioner to send the treasure to Benares in the *Mirzapore*. The order was backed by British bayonets. Would the sepoys resist? This was a severe test. If they had designs on the treasure, as everybody suspected, now was their time. The 65th Native Infantry behaved well. Our Europeans were merely landed at the water's edge, and paraded there, ready to act, if necessary; but the sepoys obeyed orders, and escorted the treasure to the Ghât. So, away it went to Benares; and glad were we all to get rid of it so peaceably. My belief is, that half the mutinies are caused by the prospect of plunder, or *loot*, as the natives call it.

About a hundred Madras Europeans remained with us when the treasure left; and they have since been

quartered in the Opium Factory. The *James Hume* left for Calcutta; and on Thursday forenoon the *Benares* arrived with the ladies, who preferred coming ashore to going to Calcutta; as we have now a few European soldiers to help us in case of emergency. The joint-magistrate in the kindest manner invited us to be his guests, until it may be safe to occupy our own house; but our former host and hostess generously urged us to remain with them. We are, therefore, in our old quarters again. I cannot help revolving in my mind what a predicament we should have been in, as strangers ignorant of the language, had our lot been cast among less hospitable people at this juncture. Such a place as a hotel does not exist here.

*Old General Kennedy and Mrs Kennedy—loved and venerated wherever they are known—came down in the *Benares* on their way to Calcutta. They told us that Mr and Mrs Dumergue and family escaped from Allygurh with only the clothes they wore, but reached Agra in safety. Lady Outram escaped at the same time. Postal communication between Agra, Delhi, and all the places in that region has been interrupted, so we know little of what has been doing up country. Very small notes are sometimes enclosed in quills, or bits of bamboo, sent by *cossids*, special bearers who travel almost naked, and enclose the messages in the folds of their turbans, or in the cloth worn round their loins. We think we may now sleep on shore for the present. Yet security is out of the question. The Opium Factory, in which the European

soldiers have their temporary barrack, is three miles from some parts of the station ; and in the event of an outbreak at night, half the residents might be beyond the reach of help before our armed countrymen could be aware of the danger. Nevertheless we keep up our spirits. The cheerfulness even of the ladies is, indeed, a remarkable illustration of the elasticity of temperament which may prevail during periods of harassing anxiety. Lord Elgin has sent on to Calcutta the troops intended for China ; and you will all be glad to hear that Sir Patrick Grant is to be Commander-in-Chief in Bengal. He knows the natives of Upper India well, speaks their language fluently, and understands their prejudices. The whole country is in confusion. I have a letter from a relation in Calcutta, who says that a lady of her acquaintance practises shooting every day. The Rev. Mr Milne had to arm himself with a revolver and mount guard near the metropolis a few days ago, when an attack was expected. A plot had been discovered among the sepoys. It is said that they had made arrangements for the murder of all the Europeans in the churches on Sunday last. A metropolitan newspaper thus describes the occurrences :—

"Calcutta and its suburbs have gone through a series of panics, varying in intensity. On Sunday last, June 14, the whole of the native troops at Barrackpore and Calcutta were disarmed, even to the militia corps, usually considered as warlike as the Brook Green volunteers. The inhabitants of Serampore were warned, on Saturday night, that the 70th and 2d Grenadiers, with the portions

of the 34th and 43d brigaded across the river, were to rise at four A.M. next day and murder their officers, taking their chance, of course, of being able to slaughte a few women and children in the ordinary sepoy way. An express, armed to the teeth, went to Chinsurah to call out the Highlanders; a second was despatched to Calcutta to obtain sanction for disarming the whole of the native troops. Morning dawned on the anxious faces of the residents, and shewed them a strong detachment of the Highlanders, some without shoes and stockings, and others in their sleeping-drawers—the whole force weary and foot-sore from having been led four miles out of the way by a rascally guide. They would have been too late to hinder the outbreak, and could only have avenged it; but the conspirators saw that they were suspected, and resolved to wait a more favourable opportunity. The chance was not allowed them. At four o'clock in the afternoon, they were suddenly warned for parade. Her Majesty's 78th and 35th loaded their muskets before leaving their quarters, and in a few minutes the suspected sepoys found themselves drawn up in square, with six twelve-pounders in front, loaded with grape, and on their flanks the Queen's regiments, each man of whom was praying audibly that they might offer resistance. But here, as elsewhere, when face to face with the dreaded English, the heart of the sepoy failed him, and the order to pile arms was universally obeyed. The guards were relieved and disarmed, and in little more than an hour the muskets were on the way to Calcutta,

and the authorities breathed freely. Monday passed over quietly; but the following morning the disarmed sepoys deserted in masses, and before the Highlanders could march to the native lines, the regiments were melting away, with the chance of finding their way to Delhi, or of looting the surrounding country. The Grenadiers and 70th were two of the finest corps in the service, and if loyal to their salt, their loss would have been a subject of much regret.

"Whilst the work of disarming was going on at Barrackpore, precisely the same process was being carried through at Calcutta, where it was rumoured that murder and mutiny was triumphant at the former place, and that a strong force of rebels was marching down upon the city from Delhi. The infection of terror raged through all classes; Chowringhee and Garden Reach were abandoned for the fort and the vessels in the river. The shipping was crowded with fugitives, and in houses which were selected as being least likely to be attacked, hundreds of people gladly huddled together, to share the peculiar comfort which the presence of crowds imparts on such occasions. The hotels were fortified; bands of sailors marched through the thoroughfares, happy in the expectation of possible fighting, and the certainty of grog. Every group of natives was scanned with suspicion. The churches and the Course were abandoned for the evening. A rising of Hindoos or Mussulmans, or perhaps of both, was looked upon as certain to happen in the course of the night. From Chandernagore, the whole body of Euro-

pean and East Indian inhabitants emigrated to Calcutta. The *personnel* of Government, the staff of the army, all, in short, who had anything to lose, preferred to come away and run the risk of losing it rather than encounter the unknown danger. Many years must elapse before the night of the 14th June 1857 will be forgotten in Calcutta. There is reason to believe that the natives were equally afraid of being slaughtered by the Europeans, and as much rejoiced at finding their necks sound on the following morning."

At sunset yesterday three budmashes were hanged outside our garden. The rope broke with two of them; and there was a rush; but no rescue was attempted. An immense crowd stood around the gallows. This evening five more have been hanged on the same spot. I have seen a long letter from Allahabad, giving a detailed and very graphic account of the mutiny at that station. It appears that apprehensions of an outbreak had for some time been entertained by the residents; but whether the danger lay in the direction of the town, which swarmed with budmashes, or of the sepoy-lines, where professions of fidelity and loyalty were loudly made, nobody could determine. As a precautionary measure, it was recommended by the authorities that all females should go into the fort. The suggestion was immediately attended to. Days passed quietly away, and even timid persons began to think that the danger was over. The magistrate felt confident that nothing was to be feared from the town's-people, unless the troops took the initiative. The officers of the

6th Native Infantry and of the Irregular Cavalry were equally confident that their men might be thoroughly trusted. Ladies now returned daily to their bungalows, but continued to sleep in the fort. It was thought that in a few days more they might safely return to their homes altogether. Then *emeutes* occurred at Benares and Lucknow, and it was rumoured that rebels from each station were marching on Allahabad. All non-military persons were ordered into the fort. This was on Friday, the 5th of June. At six o'clock on Saturday evening the regiment of Native Infantry was paraded to receive the thanks of Government for haying gallantly volunteered to go against the rebels. They appeared to be delighted with the compliment, and declared their readiness to die for the "Kampani."

To prevent the Benares rebels from crossing, two guns had been sent down to the bridge of boats over the Ganges. About nine o'clock the same night, the discharge of fire-arms was heard in the direction of the bridge, and three rockets flashed high into the air from the same quarter. The occupants of the fort hastened to the ramparts to ascertain the cause. It was about full moon. The volunteers, numbering about eighty,—chiefly railway people,—had just been told off to their respective duties for the night. All were on the alert. The wives of the officers of the 6th would not listen to a word against the regiment. Had not the sepoys handed over to the authorities two men who came to stir them up to

says one of the missionaries, that the ladies of the station had not all assembled in one building, and placed themselves under *their* protection, instead of going into the fort. In about half an hour, an officer rode up to the glacis of the fort, and called out that the sepoys of the 6th Regiment at the bridge had mutinied and carried off the guns. Captain Alexander, a first-rate officer, who commanded about a hundred and seventy irregular troopers in the Alopi Bagh, between the fort and the bridge of boats, ordered his men to charge the sepoys of the 6th. The poor fellow fell mortally wounded when leading the squadrons. His men, with the exception of about twenty-five, joined the mutineers. Between two and three thousand prisoners were soon afterwards released from the jail.

The commanding officer of the 6th was leaving the mess-house when the first shots were fired near the bridge of boats. He and his officers set out for their lines. Seven of them were killed, and the remainder escaped, through a shower of bullets, to the fort. These were the volleys which had been heard on the ramparts. Six unposted ensigns lived at the mess-house: every one of these boys were murdered. Three officers swam across the Ganges, made a detour, and then swam across the Jumna to the fort, which they reached perfectly naked. They had blackened their bodies with mud. The sepoys, the jail-birds, and the budmashes from the city, spread themselves over the station, plundering and murdering. They carried away £190,000 in silver from the Treasury, cut down or

shot as many Europeans as they could find, and set fire to the bungalows. All night long the sky was illuminated by the blazing houses. The Europeans in the fort watched the fearful sight from the ramparts, unable to do anything for the protection of their property. Not a man could be spared from the fort. A very delicate affair had to be attended to there, as soon as it was known that the 6th had mutinied. About a hundred men of that regiment were on guard in the fort. It was necessary to disarm them at once, and who could tell what the four hundred Sikhs within the walls intended to do? The only European soldiers were sixty-five invalid artillerymen from Chunar. These with volunteers and other non-military persons made up nearly two hundred. Happily two guns loaded with grape had been placed a few days before in a position commanding the main gate, to guard against an attack from the Benares rebels then expected. At this gate the sepoy-guard was posted. A fuse having been lighted, the guard were ordered to pile arms. The volunteers stood with loaded muskets ready to fire in case of resistance. After the fellows had actually yielded their arms, some seemed to change their minds and rushed back to them; but they were immediately turned out of the fort. Their muskets, it now appeared, had been capped contrary to orders,—a circumstance which plainly revealed their intentions. At the moment of disarming, the Sikhs wavered; and had it not been for the cool courage and self-possession of Captain Brasyer, their commandant, there can be little doubt but they would have joined the

mutineers. But Sikhs love loot above all things; and as they were allowed to loot the stores of the European merchants and others, there was no sufficient motive I suppose for rebellion. The whole number of persons murdered at the station and in its neighbourhood is believed to be twenty-seven. So closely were the Europeans shut up in the fort for several days after the mutiny, that it was not until the 18th that the remains of seven officers killed on the parade-ground were collected and buried. The chaplain read the service over them in the evening.

The loss of property has been very great. There are not more than six or seven bungalows and other houses standing, out of about eighty. Every home was plundered. About ten or twelve thousand pounds' worth of property belonging to the American Mission has been destroyed. The Rev. Messrs Owen, Munnis, and Hay have lost all they possessed, except perhaps a few volumes and some changes of raiment. The chaplain lost all his furniture, (except some articles brought into the fort for use there,) his carriage, buggy, four horses, five cows, and nearly all his books, glass, crockery, &c. The loss sustained by the owners of houses is, of course, still greater. In short, numbers of persons must have been ruined by this outbreak. I wonder whether Government will feel bound to make compensation for property thus destroyed by its servants?

"We have great cause," says Mr ——, "to be thankful to the Disposer of all events for our preservation. His providence has been manifested in many particulars,—in

none more than in our taking refuge in the fort on the very day the outbreak occurred." The fear of rebels from other stations proved altogether groundless; but it had the effect of bringing the Allahabad residents into the fort, out of the reach of the real, though unsuspected enemy.

Those within the fort were in considerable distress, however. The rebels, afraid to attack, attempted to starve them. Any one caught taking provisions to the fort was at least imprisoned; in many instances the hands or feet of the offender were cut off. There was, therefore, great scarcity of food, and for several days famine seemed to stare the refugees in the face. On the 1st of June, Colonel Neill arrived from Benares, with forty-three men and an officer of the Madras Fusiliers. His arrival soon altered the aspect of affairs.

He found the fort almost completely invested, and the bridge of boats over the Ganges in the hands of the mob. The sepoys had gone away with their booty in various directions. On the day after his arrival, Colonel Neill drove the enemy out of the villages, and placed guards at each end of the bridge, thus securing free communication with the road from Benares. Those who travel by that road may have to fight their way for the next few weeks, until more troops arrive from Calcutta. Neill says, in a public letter, "The destruction of property has been very great, that of the railway in particular; and I regret to say, before my arrival, the Sikhs, who are most difficult to control, had taken to plundering, had got into the

godowns of some of the merchants and the Steam Company, and taken away large quantities of liquor, wines and spirits; and the consequence was, I found drinking to excess among all the soldiers, European and Sikhs, the latter in addition supplying the former with liquor. Total disorganisation would soon have ensued, and the consequence to us and the safety of the fort been fatal. With some difficulty I have got all the Sikhs out of the fort; they occupy the houses and godowns of the Steam Company on the Jumna, and I have either destroyed all the liquor, or what has been seized or bought from the Sikhs has been handed over to the commissariat. By this means I have checked drunkenness, and had the good fortune to get the Sikhs out of the fort, into which they shall never again enter with my consent. It appeared to me that the Sikhs were coaxed into loyalty; that they had become overbearing and knew their power; and I feel assured had not European reinforcements arrived when they did, Allahabad would not now be ours. I am assured by the civil authorities that we are certain of not wanting for supplies, and the steps I am taking to deal blows on the insurgents will have the effect of inducing the well-disposed to return to their usual occupations in supplying the garrison with all that it requires. Had it not been for the unfortunate breaking open of the spirit and wine stores, I could ere this have attacked the chief rebels; but I will do so as soon as possible. The heat is also intense; no European can exist in it; and with the almost total want of dooly-bearers, it would be madness to attempt

anything I could not carry out with energy. The consequence of men falling down from sun-strokes, and the inability to carry them away, would be serious, and give these people something to boast about. As it is, I am dealing a blow every morning or evening, and although not to the extent that I would wish, consequent on the little time allowed to inflict it, yet I am doing a good deal more than the enemy like. The Government may now rest assured Allahabad is safe, but it will require a garrison of five hundred infantry (Europeans) at the lowest, besides artillery.

"I have no intelligence from Cawnpore, except that it is safe. Having secured this, I will push on to Cawnpore with all the European troops I can."

I give you as much news as I can, knowing that every item will be considered interesting at this crisis. We all hope that Her Majesty's Government is wide awake to the necessity of sending out large bodies of troops without the unnecessary delay of an hour. Although we have very little communication with other places, we have every reason to believe that the mutiny is spreading, and that unless it be speedily checked, all India will soon be in a blaze.

XXIV.

GHAZEEPORE, *June* 24, 1857.

A period like that through which we are now passing

reveals and develops character in the most remarkable manner. Coolness, courage, decision, the power of combining and of anticipating instantly the probable results of combinations, while perceiving possible contingencies which must be guarded against,—these rare endowments are now discovered where they were never known to exist, and are found wanting where they were supposed to be. In one place you see ten heads not worth ten turnips, as far as the safety of the community is concerned; in another, you see one head worth ten regiments.

Those Lawrences are wonderful men. An article on Army Reform by Sir Henry, published in the *Calcutta Review* of September last, shews that he shrewdly foresaw in Oude the imminent danger which has now burst upon us in actual calamity. Before quoting a few of his warning words, let me say that nine-tenths of the Bengal Infantry are high-caste Hindoos. The regiments are supplied by voluntary enlistment, from a population of perhaps ten or twelve millions, inhabiting the kingdom of Oude, the country immediately east of the Ganges, the district of Benares, and the territory between the Ganges and the Jumna, called the Doáb, (pronounced *doe-awb*, and derived from *do*, two, and *áb*, a river.) No man of low caste is suffered to intrude into the ranks. The army is a preserve for the Jove-nurtured princes of Hindustan. No dogs! no vermin! no poachers! About a tenth of the whole force, however, is composed of Mahometans, between whom and the Hindoos there cannot be, I imagine, much real sympathy. But we ought to remem-

ber that, on an occasion which the page of history or the lapse of time never can parallel, Pilate and Herod were made friends together.

"Oude," wrote Sir Henry Lawrence in his article published last year, "has long been the Alsatia of India. In that province were to be met, even more than at Hyderabad or at Lahore, the Afreedee and Durukzye of the Kyber, the Belooch of Khelat, and the Wozaree of the Sulimani range. There also congregated the idle, the dissipated, and the disaffected of every native state in India. Added to these were many deserters from the British ranks, yet the contingent of twelve thousand men has been almost wholly filled from the old Oude army. The reason assigned for the different line of conduct is that the Punjaub was conquered, but that Oude fell in peace. In this there is a fallacy, but little understood, but not the less a fallacy. Proportionally few of the instigators of opposition at Lahore, and in the Sikh army, were Sikhs. They were British subjects, many of them British deserters. The general feeling of the Sikhs was hardly hostile. Many of the Sikhs were friendly; decidedly so, compared with the Hindustanee in the Punjaub service.

"The King of Oude employed fifty thousand soldiers; his chiefs and officials at least as many more. Of these vast numbers, one-fifth at the utmost have found employment in the police and irregular corps. Yet these levies, with half-a-dozen regular corps, form the whole army of occupation. This seems a grave mistake. Why not at least make a change? Why not move some of the Pun-

janb regiments, that have been keeping a constant watch and ward on the Indus for seven years, to Oude, and send some of the King's people to the North-west? The King had some eight thousand artillery; of these about five hundred may have obtained employment, the rest, old and young, are on the world. Surely if there was danger in employing Sikhs in 1849, it would be well to remove some portion of the Oude levies from Oude, where such materials for mischief still remain. In the province are two hundred and forty-six forts, besides innumerable smaller strongholds, many of them sheltered within thick jungles. In these forts are four hundred and seventy-six guns. Forts and guns should all be in the hands of Government, or the forts should be razed. Many a foolish fellow has been urged on to his own ruin by the possession of a paltry fort; and many a paltry mud-fort has repulsed British troops.

"The eighty or ninety thousand disbanded Oude soldiers are the brethren of the British sepoys."

Do you remember my mentioning in a letter written about the time of our arrival at Calcutta that the Queen of Oude's post-runner was on board the *Ava* with us, and had come from England with her letters, because (as I presumed) she could not trust Queen Victoria's mail? It would be interesting now to know what may have been the nature of correspondence so jealously guarded. I see by the Calcutta papers, from which almost exclusively we at present obtain information of what is going on at a distance, that the ex-King of Oude has his quarters over

the Cooley-Bazaar gate of Fort-William. He formerly lived in a fine house at Garden Reach; but he is now under *surveillance*, on suspicion of being concerned in the mutiny. A correspondent of the *Calcutta Phœnix* says that Major Bird, at a meeting held on the 1st of May at the Athenæum, Manchester, to take into consideration the case of the King of Oude, gave utterance to the following expressions in the concluding part of his speech :—

"'When the King of Oude gave up the throne without a struggle, the native soldiers in the service of the Company said that if he had resisted, they would have thrown down their arms and fought for him. If these wrongs (done to the King by the East India Company) were not inquired into, *retribution would sooner or later overtake the country.*'

"The italics are mine, to which I would beg to draw your particular attention, and ask you how Major Bird has managed to prove so good a prophet as the stirring events which are now occurring around us fully testify."

This does not at all prove that the ex-King of Oude or Major Bird knew anything of an intended mutiny. Indeed, it is incredible that a British officer would mix himself up with treason in so horrible a form, and Major Bird's expressions may be easily accounted for without any imputation of criminality. But the whole affair, to say the least, demands inquiry, and especially with reference to the conduct of the ex-King.

In a number of the same paper I notice the following paragraph, which is not particularly encouraging to Ghazeeporeans :—

"From a Ghazeepore letter which we publish to-day, it will be seen that the 65th Native Infantry, on the arrival of a detachment of European troops from Benares, did condescend to give up the Government treasure. This regiment is still, we believe, considered loyal by its officers, but with these gentlemen we beg to differ. Government should regard no regiment as untainted which refuses to implicitly obey the orders of its officers. It is all very well to say that the men of the 65th Native Infantry were hurt at being distrusted, but no trust can be reposed in a regiment which takes upon itself to canvass the propriety of the orders it receives, or which refuses unconditional obedience to orders. There are perhaps some few regiments in the Native Army which are as yet faithful to their salt, as the 10th Light Cavalry proved themselves at Ferozepore, but the exceptions cannot be many in number."

As an army, the Native Bengal Army is at an end. The poison of mutiny and disaffection has circulated more or less through every corps in the Bengal service.

Lord Canning has sanctioned the formation of a Volunteer City Guard for Calcutta, and in one day a thousand volunteers enrolled themselves for infantry, cavalry, or artillery. It is stated that the Governor-General has thus reassured "sixteen thousand poor affrighted females in Calcutta."

Yesterday, June 23, was the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Plassey. The Brahmins and others have for some time circulated a report that an old prophecy limits

the British rule in India to a century precisely. Their object must have been to make the pretended prophecy work out its own fulfilment. But each one of the last twelve hours has given the lie to that prophecy. There appeared to be some excitement in the villages yesterday, our active magistrate told me; but he added that he considered himself prepared. The night was tempestuous. I confess that I lay awake for hours, fancying all sorts of horrors when the wind howled and shook the venetians. Then those brazen-throated *chowkeydars* (watchmen) kept bawling and screaming to each other, from compound to compound, the livelong night. Never did I greet the dawn with more sincere satisfaction than this morning.

XXV.

GHAZEEPORE, *June* 26, 1857.

What can I do, in our present circumstances, but write letters? Study is out of the question, or nearly so. We are shut up in the house all day, on account of the cruel heat. The glass-doors and windows are closed as tightly as possible to keep out the hot wind. If one goes from under the punkah to look for a book, or to mend his pen near the light—for the rooms are kept rather dark on purpose—he comes back to his seat in such a state that his linen might almost be wrung. I wonder whether we could survive, if punkahs were abolished. Think of the

poor ladies and children who have lately, in so many instances, had to fly for their lives under the torturing rays of an Indian hot-weather sun! But it must have been the excitement, which, as a means, enabled them to pass through such an ordeal; and I fear that many have already perished under the reaction, when the tightly-strung nerves relaxed. I have not been repeating to you the vague rumours which reach us from other stations at a distance, because they are often contradicted or much modified a day or two afterwards. Delhi is taken about once a week. But we think, or rather hope, that postal communication will now be speedily re-established; then reliable narratives will come in from all quarters. You will learn many things from the *Times* before the news can reach us, because the Bombay mails will give you an idea of what is going on in the Punjaub, and perhaps at Delhi. Concerning the state of that vast region beyond Allahabad, westward and southward, we are almost entirely in the dark. The Madras Presidency seems to be all right. The military system there is different from ours, and probably much better. The wives and children of the sepoys follow the Madras regiments, and are some security for the good behaviour of the men. The Bengal sepoys leave their families in their native villages. The following document has spread satisfaction throughout the country, and will gratify Sir Patrick Grant's numerous friends in Scotland:—

"*General Orders by his Excellency the Acting Commander-in-Chief, Head-quarters, Calcutta, 17th June* 1857.

"By the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India in Council.

"FORT-WILLIAM, *June* 17, 1857.

"With reference to Government General Order of the 5th instant, Lieutenant-General Sir Patrick Grant, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, having arrived at this Presidency, the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India in Council is pleased to direct that all reports of the Bengal Army shall be made to his Excellency from this date."

(Signed) "R. J. H. BIRCH, Colonel,
Sec. to the Govt. of India, Military Dept."

"By the Commander-in-Chief.

"With reference to General Order by the Governor-General in Council, of the 17th instant, Lieutenant-General Sir Patrick Grant, K.C.B., has this day assumed the command in chief of the Bengal Army.

"2. Sir Patrick Grant has been attached to the Bengal army for upwards of six-and-thirty years. He has served with it in quarters, and in the field; he has fought and bled in its ranks; and he had a heartfelt pride in believing it to be second only to the unequalled British army in every soldierly quality, and inferior to none in its loyalty and devotion to the State, and attachment to its officers. These illusions have now been most painfully

dispelled. Many regiments have broken into open and defiant mutiny, and, forgetful of their oath of fealty to the State and their former well-won high reputation, they have steeped themselves in crime, and committed a series of cowardly murders and cold-blooded atrocities, so cruel and ruffianly as to be almost beyond belief. A heavy retribution awaits those miscreant traitors. Many of them have already paid the penalty, and all will ere long have it made manifest that the Government, which treats its good and faithful servants with unexampled liberality and unbounded consideration, is all-powerful to punish as well as to reward.

"3. As Adjutant-General of the Army for a period of many years, Sir Patrick Grant had the best opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with every regiment of every branch of the service, and he has the satisfaction to feel that he has never done an injustice to a soldier, nor refused to have any complaint (if preferred in a respectful, becoming manner) inquired into, and, if well-founded, redressed; and the army may rest assured, that the same principle which guided him as Adjutant-General, will continue to govern the Commander-in-Chief in his present high position. If any soldier has a complaint or representation to make, the Commander-in-Chief calls upon him to come forward manfully and respectfully and prefer it, and he shall be listened to. All will receive even-handed and impartial justice; but his Excellency warns the turbulent and ill-disposed that he will pursue, with unrelenting severity, all who offend against disci-

pline, and bring disgrace upon the army to which they belong.

"4. The Governor-General of India has twice assured the native troops that there is no intention on the part of the British Government to interfere with their religion, and the Commander-in-Chief now repeats that assurance. In former times, the Mahometan rulers of India tyrannically compelled thousands upon thousands of Hindoos, of the highest castes, to abandon their own religion and embrace Mahometanism; and under Hindoo Governments, even of recent date, the outward and public observances of the Mahometan religion were proscribed and forbidden. But the British Government never has interfered, and never will interfere with the religion of any class of its subjects. There is, and ever has been, universal toleration for all; and all are free to worship as they please, secure from molestation or hindrance. This is well-known and understood; and the native troops are again emphatically warned not to allow themselves to be duped and fooled into believing aught to the contrary.

"5. The Commander-in-Chief now calls upon the European officers of all grades, and the native portion of the army which has remained true and faithful to their oath and their colours, cordially and heartily to unite with him to re-establish order, and efface the memory of the foul stain which now unhappily attaches to the once-honoured reputation of the Bengal army.

"This order is to be read and carefully explained at the head of every regiment, troop, and company in the service."

Then follow the appointments on the Commander-in-Chief's personal staff. Lieutenant-Colonel Bannatyne Fraser Tytler to act as Aid-de-Camp until "further orders."

XXVI.

GHAZEEPORE, *June* 27, 1857.

We called last evening, before dinner, on Colonel Lennox, of the 22d Native Infantry, Mrs Lennox, and Miss Lennox—the family of whom you have often heard dear L—— speak. They have just arrived from Fyzabad; and such a series of hairbreadth escapes as they have had on the way, would seem to exceed the limits of probability, if narrated in a romance. On the evening of the 8th inst., it was understood that the 17th Mutineers, from Azimgurh, might be expected in Fyzabad next morning. Colonel Lennox used every precaution to prevent surprise. But his own regiment and the 6th Oude Irregular Infantry mutinied that night. I had better give the narrative in the Colonel's own words:—

"Every officer was at his post in the lines of the regiment, myself at the quarter-guard, and the troops by their arms. Two companies were told off for the support of the 13th Light Field-battery Artillery, and every precaution was taken for defensive operations. At ten P.M., an alarm was sounded in the lines of the 6th Oude Irregular Infantry, and taken up by the 22d Regiment of

Native Infantry. The battery prepared for action, loaded and fusees lighted; when the two companies in suppor of the guns immediately closed in and crossed bayonets over the vents, preventing the officers of the Artillery from approaching the battery. This was reported to me by Major Mill, commanding the Artillery. I then went to the guns, and explained to my men that the bugle-sound was a false alarm, and ordered them to return to their respective posts, and leave only one sentry over each gun. I then returned to the lines of the 22d Regt., with a view to dismissing the regiment. I found the Light Cavalry had surrounded the regimental magazine, in order, as they said, to protect it. It appears this was a preconcerted scheme; for the fifth troop of the 15th Irregular Cavalry sallied out, and instantly planted patrols all round the lines. I again visited the guns, but was refused admittance—the Subadar (the prime leader of the mutiny, Dhuleep Singh,) telling me it was necessary to guard the guns, and he would take care of them, requesting me to go to the quarter-guard, and take my rest, and that nothing should happen to myself and officers so long as we remained with the regiment. A guard with fixed bayonets surrounded me, and escorted me to my charpoy. The officers also of the regiment were not allowed to move twelve paces without a guard following them. Two officers, trying to escape, were fired at by the cavalry patrols, and brought back into the lines. About sunrise, on the 9th, the officers were allowed to take to the boats, myself and family alone remaining in cantonments. At ten A.M.,

Subadar Dhuleep Singh visited me, having previously placed sentries all round my bungalow. He stated he was sorry at what had occurred, but such was our fate, and he could not prevent it; that the Rasseldar of the fifth troop of the 15th Irregular Cavalry was the leader, but that not a hair of our heads should be touched; and that he (the Subadar) had come to order us a boat, and get it prepared for us, and he hoped we would pass down the river in safety, for he could not be answerable for us when the 17th Native Infantry arrived at Fyzabad.

"We left Fyzabad by boat at two P.M., and, in nearing Adjoodhea, were hailed by a cavalry patrol, who, after looking into the boat, suffered us to pass on. We had not proceeded far when another scout hailed us, ordering us to bring to, or we should be fired on. He also suffered us to pass, the sepoys with us, Thacur Missir and Sunker Singh, explaining to the scout that we were sent off by the Rasseldar. At about half-past ten at night, we passed the camp of the 17th Regiment, but, in rounding a sand-bank, came upon a picket of the mutineers, and were advised by our sepoys and boatmen to leave the boat and creep along the side of the sand-bank, and that the boat should be brought round to meet us. We accordingly did so, and crossed the sand-bank, being out nearly two hours; when the boat came round at midnight, we crossed over the river to the Goruckpore district. In the morning, about daybreak, some men coming down to bathe told us there were men on the look-out for Europeans, and advised us to leave our boats as soon as we could, and follow some

sahibs (officers) who the day before had gone towards Goruckpore. We were about leaving the boat, when a party of men came down and inquired who was in the boat; being satisfied by the boatmen, they went away, and we then immediately quitted the boats, leaving our remaining property, which the Subadar had directed to be given us at Fyzabad, and which was now plundered by the villagers.

"We began our flight towards Goruckpore on foot, with only the clothes we had on. Our *ayah* (woman-servant) and *kidmutgar* (table-attendant) accompanied us. We stopped often under trees and at wells, and had proceeded about six miles, it being now about ten o'clock, when we halted at a village, and having got a draught of milk, prepared to rest during the heat of the day. We were, however, soon disturbed, for a horseman advanced over the country, armed to the teeth, having a huge horse pistol in his hand, which he cocked, and levelling it at my head, desired me to follow him to the camp of the 17th Native Infantry, and make no delay, for he was to get a reward of five hundred rupees for each of our heads! We had not retraced our steps for more than a mile, when a lad joined us, who was known to the horseman, which determined the horseman to quicken our pace. The lad, however, persuaded him to let us drink water and rest near a village, and while so doing he sent a boy to bring men to our rescue. It appears that a Nazim, Meer Mahommed Hossein Khan, had a small fort close by, about three quarters of a mile off. The Nazim immediately sent

out ten or twelve footmen armed, who, on coming up, directed us to follow them, and also led the horseman by the bridle, having disarmed him. One of the men sent out for our rescue greatly abused me, and, looking at his pistol and priming, swore he would shoot those English-men who had come to take away their caste and make them Christians. About mid-day we reached the fortified dwelling of the Nazim, and were ushered into the place where he was holding a council. He bade us rest and take some sherbet, assuring us that no harm should happen to us; and he rebuked his insolent retainer for hinting that a stable close by would do for us to dwell in, as we should not require it long, he being prepared to kill the dogs! The Nazim again rebuked him, and told us not to fear, for he would not suffer us to quit till the road was open, and we could reach Goruckpore in safety. On the second day, the Nazim, fearing the scouts of the 17th would give intelligence that Europeans were hid in his fort, made us assume native dresses; the zenanah clothed my wife and daughter, and the Nazim clothed me. He then dressed up a party in our English clothing, and sent them out with an escort about nine at night, to deceive his outposts and also the villagers; they returned about midnight in their proper dresses, and it was supposed by all except the confidential person of the Nazim's household that he had sent us away. We remained in captivity in rear of his zenanah, in a reed hut, nine days, treated very kindly and considerately, having plenty of food, and a daily visit from our keeper.

"After we had been in captivity seven days, the Nazim

came to me and said he had just heard that the Collector of Goruckpore was at the station, and if I would write a letter to him he would get it safely conveyed. On Thursday, the 18th of June, an alarm was given that an enemy was in full force coming against the fort; my wife and daughter were immediately hid in the zenanah, and myself in a dark wood-godown. The horsemen, however, on nearing the fort, were found to be a party sent by the Collector of Goruckpore for our rescue. The Nazim furnished my wife and daughter with palkees, and the rest of us on horses left the noble and considerate nazim at eleven A.M., and, passing Amorah, reached Captaingunge at four P.M., where I found Farrier-Serjeant Busher, of the Artillery, who also had been rescued from captivity by Mr Pippy, with a guard of the 12th Irregular Cavalry."

The Lennoxes arrived here in a state of perfect destitution; but their present wants have been promptly supplied by friends, and they intend to proceed to Calcutta by steamer. I suppose they will go home. Their hearts overflow with gratitude to God.

MEMORANDA.

May 3, 1857.—Mutiny at Lucknow, 7th Oude Infantry.

10*th*.—Mutiny and massacre at Meerut, 3d Native Cavalry, 11th and 20th Native Infantry.

11*th*.—Mutiny and massacre at Delhi, 38th, 54th, and 74th Native Infantry.

May 14, 1857.—General Anson starts from Simla.

20*th.*—Mutiny at Murdan, 55th Native Infantry.

20*th.*—Mutiny at Allygurh, 9th Native Infantry.

24*th.*—Mutiny at Hattrass, part of Gwalior Cavalry.

27*th.*—Death of General Anson at Kurnaul.

28*th.*—General Reed succeeds as provisional Commander-in-Chief.

28*th.*—Mutiny at Nuscerabad, 15th and 30th Native Infantry.

30*th.*—Mutiny at Lucknow, 7th Native Cavalry and parts of 13th, 48th, and 71st Native Infantry.

30*th.*—Wilson defeats Delhi rebels at Gazeeoodeen Nuggur.

31*st.*—Wilson defeats Delhi rebels near the Hindun.

31*st.*—Mutiny and massacre at Shahjehanpore, 28th Native Infantry.

June 1.—Disarming at Agra, 44th and 67th Native Infantry.

3*d.*—Mutiny at Azimgurh, 17th Native Infantry.

3*d.*—Mutiny and massacre at Scetapore, 41st Native Infantry, 9th and 10th Oude Irregular Infantry, and 2d Oude Mounted Police.

3*d.*—Mutiny at Moradabad, 29th Native Infantry.

3*d.*—Mutiny at Neemuch, wing of Native Cavalry, and 72d Native Infantry.

4*th.*—Mutiny at Benares, 13th Irregular Cavalry and Loodianah Sikhs.

4*th.*—Mutiny at Jhansi, 14th Irregular Cavalry and 12th Native Infantry.

June 5, 1857.—Mutiny at Cawnpore, 2d Native Cavalry, 53d and 56th Native Infantry.

5*th.*—Mutiny at Jaunpore, wing of Loodianah Sikhs.

6*th.*—Mutiny at Allahabad, 6th Native Infantry.

7*th.*—Mutiny at Jullundur, 6th Native Cavalry, 36th and 61st Native Infantry.

8*th.*—Mutiny at Fyzabad, 22d Native Infantry and 6th Oude Irregulars.

8*th.*—General Barnard defeats rebels at Badulla Serai.

9*th.*—Mutiny at Sultanpore, 15th Irregular Cavalry.

11*th.*—General Neill relieves Allahabad.

13*th.*—Mutiny at Ferozepore, 45th and 57th Native Infantry.

14*th.*—Disarming at Barrackpore, 2d Native Cavalry, 43d and 70th Native Infantry.

14*th.*—Mutiny at Gwalior, Gwalior Contingent.

18*th.*—Mutiny at Futtehgurh, 10th Native Infantry.

23*d.*—Disarming at Nagpore, Nagpore Irreg. Cavalry.

26*th.*—Disarming at Phillour, 33d and 35th Native Infantry.

27*th.*—Massacre of Cawnpore Garrison at the Ganges.

30*th.*—Defeat of British at Chinhut, near Lucknow.

30*th.*—Mutiny at Moozuffernugger, 4th Irreg. Cavalry.

XXVII.

GHAZEEPORE, *July* 3, 1857.

The Magistrate has received from Cecil Beadon, Esq.,

Secretary to Government, official news of the fall of Delhi —seven thousand of the enemy slain. The natives in the bazaars confidently maintain that Delhi has *not* fallen. Twelve men hanged this evening outside the garden, three at a time. This is very awful, but at present necessary. Murder, assault, and robbery are everywhere rife. A very shocking affair has occurred at Rohnee, in the Santal Pergunnahs, about half-way between this place and Calcutta. Sir Norman Leslie, Adjutant of the 3d Irregular Cavalry, was murdered by his own men on the 12th instant, and Major Macdonald and Dr Grant but narrowly escaped. They are both wounded. The following communication was sent by Major Macdonald to the *Hurkaru* :—

"*Rohnee, June* 14, 1857.—As it is probable that exaggerated accounts will reach you of the tragedy enacted here on the night of the 12th instant, I send you in a few words a true account of the same, to allay anxiety on the part of the friends of the survivors.

"On the evening of the 12th instant, Lieutenant Sir Norman Leslie and Dr Grant joined me in front of my house, as usual, to take tea, and about a quarter to nine o'clock Dr Grant got up to go into my house to wind up the clock before leaving. On his rising from his chair he said, 'Who can these fellows be?' and at the same instant we heard a rush of feet towards where we were sitting. I had just time to jump up, when I received three sword-cuts on the head in quick succession. I seized my chair by the arms, and defended myself successfully from three

other cuts made at me, and succeeded in giving an ugly poke to my opponent which seemed to disconcert him, and he at once bolted, followed by the others, (three of them in all.) I was streaming with blood, and made for the house, followed by Dr Grant, to stanch my wounds. I found Dr Grant severely wounded, one deep cut on the arm and a second fearful gash on the hip. We then went back to see after poor Leslie, whom we found stretched on the ground in a dying state. He must have received his death-blow the first cut, and have fallen forwards on his face, for he was cut clean through his back into his chest, and breathing through the wound in the lungs; also many cuts on the head. He was quite sensible, and said as I bent over him, 'Oh, Macdonald, it is very hard to die in this manner!' and added, 'My poor wife and children, what will become of them?' I told him he had only a few minutes to live, and to make his peace with God, and that all should be done for his poor wife and family that could be done. Under such fearful circumstances he then applied himself to make his peace with God, poor fellow! and breathed his last in about half an hour afterwards.

"It was a dark cloudy night, the moon had not got up, and the scoundrels had easily got within a few paces of us before we heard the rush upon us. A sentry was placed to the north, and we were sitting to the east of the house; and as we were attacked in silence, and the whole affair did not last one minute, even our servants were not aware of the attack till we appeared before them covered

with blood; and they were so astonished that I could scarcely get them to run to the lines to turn out the regiment, or rather the small portion of it left at head-quarters. Next moment we had every man off duty around us, the poor fellows evincing the greatest sympathy, and expressing the greatest horror of the deed. There was no tracing the miscreants on account of the darkness of the night. A small party of the sowars galloped off to Deogurh, (two miles off,) but found all quiet there; and Lieutenant Cooper, commanding detachment of the 32d Regiment Native Infantry, came over in a very short time with fifty of his men; but I requested him to return with them, as the hundred armed men in my lines were more than a match (as they said themselves) for any odds composed of such miscreants.

"Dr Grant says that we are not dangerously wounded, though I was scalped by one of the cuts, and my scalp found next morning on the scene of action! I can write no more, being rather weak and shaky. The murderers looked like sepoys in undress, and I have to-day heard that some of the disbanded men are in the district trying to talk over the Santals, and probably they thought, if they could only kill the European officers, the men of the regiment might get disheartened, and either join them, or that they would not act so effectively without their officers. The doctor and myself had a most miraculous escape. I can't account for the fellows running away, and we in such a helpless condition."

The following extract from a subsequent letter written

by Major Macdonald, gives the result of a search for the murderers :—

"Two days after, my native officer said he had found out the murderers, and that they were three men of my own regiment. I had them in irons in a crack, held a drum-head court-martial, convicted and sentenced them to be hanged next morning. I took on my own shoulders the responsibility of hanging them first, and asking leave to do so afterwards. That day was an awful one of suspense and anxiety. One of the prisoners was of very high caste and influence, and this man I determined to treat with the greatest ignominy, by getting the lowest caste man to hang him. To tell you the truth, I never for a moment expected to leave the hanging scene alive; but I was determined to do my duty, and well knew the effect that pluck and decision had on the natives. The regiment was drawn out; wounded cruelly as I was, I had to see everything done myself, even to the adjusting of the ropes, and saw them looped to run easy. Two of the culprits were paralysed with fear and astonishment, never dreaming that I should dare to hang them without an order from Government. The third said he would not be hanged, and called on the prophet and on his comrades to rescue him. This was an awful moment; an instant's hesitation on my part, and probably I should have had a dozen of balls through me; so I seized a pistol, clapped it to the man's ear, and said with a look there was no mistake about, "Another word out of your mouth, and your brains shall be scattered on the ground." He trem-

bled, and held his tongue. The elephant came up, he was put on his back, the rope adjusted, the elephant moved, and he was left dangling. I then had the others up, and off in the same way. And after some time, when I had dismissed the men of the regiment to their lines, and still found my head on my shoulders, I really could scarcely believe it."

In the commentaries and notes left by Sir Charles James Napier, whose life has lately been published by his brother, Sir William Napier, some passages occur which surprise us at this juncture by the foresight they exhibit. Sir Charles was absurdly eccentric, and met with some severe rebuffs for his odd way of doing things: but he was a man of genius, and could see further in the dark than most of his censurers. Read this:—

"The Delhi King within the palace is a mere effigy; yet he forms a moral rallying-point round which gather the dreams of discontented princes feeding upon prophecies! . . . In the present case, they are only rendered dangerous by the existence of the phantom-king, whom we there maintain at vast expense. . . . Nought now remains but ruins, and the cherished feculence of Eastern debauchery and crimes, within the great and beautiful palace of Delhi." "The brave men of the 35th Native Infantry lost caste because they did their duty as soldiers at Jellalabad; that is, they fought like soldiers, and ate what could be had to sustain their strength for battle. There never was a stronger proof, than the annoyance which this noble regiment is said to have since received,

of the injury which high caste in a soldier does, and the Brahmin is the worst. Having two commanders to obey, Caste and Captain, if they are at variance the last is disobeyed, or obeyed at the cost of conscience and misery.

"Military rules sit light on the low-caste man. He obeys his captain. He may be, yet probably is not, inferior in morals to a high-caste man, and as a soldier is superior. If caste chimes in with duty, he is glad of it; if not, he snaps his fingers at caste.

"When it was made known that the Brahmins were at the head of the insubordinate men of the 13th and 22d, and that in the first regiment alone there were no less than four hundred and thirty, the necessity of teaching that race they should no longer dictate to the sepoys and to the Government struck me, and my thoughts turned to the Goorkas at once, whose motto was, 'Eat, drink, and be merry.' Their tenets are unknown to me. It is said they do not like cow-beef, yet a cow would not be long alive with a hungry Goorka battalion; they mess together, these Goorkas, and make few inquiries as to the sex of a beef-steak. These, therefore, are the men with whom to meet Brahmins of Bengal and their bristling prejudices of high caste.

"While reflecting on this I was told by the commander of one of the Goorka regiments, that the residence of the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief at Simla made the necessaries of life so dear that the very small pay of the Goorka soldiers did not afford them sufficient food, —they were starving. My course of action was then

clear. It was to adopt the Goorka regiment into the line, abolish their limitation of service to the hills, and give them pay and allowance as sepoys. Now, said I, the time is come to win the Goorka's heart by money and the red uniform, which he longs to wear; and not alone the hearts of our Goorka soldiers, but those of all the Nepaulese soldiery: so that in a war with that dangerous power the enemy's army will likely come over to us. However, Goorkas will fight Goorkas readily. 'No pay, no Goorka,' and the King of Nepaul cannot, as to money, compete with the Company. We may thus set the Brahmin at defiance if he behaves ill. The Goorka will be faithful, and for low pay we can enlist a large body of soldiers whom our best officers consider equal in courage to European troops. Even as a matter of economy, this will be good; but the great advantage of enlisting these Hill-men will be, that with thirty or forty thousand Goorkas, added to thirty thousand Europeans, the possession of India will not 'depend on opinion,' but on an army able with ease to overthrow any combination among Hindoos or Mahometans, or both together."

I infer from the following flights, that Sir Charles, like some other geniuses, had "a bee in his bonnet."

"Were I Emperor of the East, and thirty years of age, I would have Constantinople on one side and Pekin on the other before twenty years, and all between should be grand, free and happy. The Emperor of Russia should be *done*: freedom and the press should burn along his frontier like touch-paper, until half his subjects were mine

in heart, and then I would smite him under the fifth rib. The Baltic should be my North-west Province. Odin went from India to Scandinavia: so would I, and crack the ice under his throne at St Petersburgh." Again, "Scinde might be the richest of kingdoms. Were I King of it, Kurrachee would be my capital for a very little while: my troops should reach Babylon, and Candahar should be my capital, or Babylon itself." And again, "I could conquer up to Constantinople as easily, or more so, than Alexander did, for he had Greeks to fight against."

There is a certain epic loftiness about the style of this nonsense. One's thoughts pass from it easily to the speeches of Agamemnon, king of men, and shepherd of the people. But there was always some cloud-compelling Jupiter in Sir Charles's way—a Governor-General, or Prime Minister, or some other obstructive.

XXVIII.

GHAZEEPORE, *July* 10, 1857.

We heard yesterday that there has been an awful massacre at Cawnpore. One family here had eleven near relatives at that station. Our magistrate considered the report a fabrication. Certainly many of the stories we have lately heard were highly-coloured by the narrators, and, in some instances, circumstances were mentioned which had not even any foundation in fact. But there is now no longer a doubt as to the truth of the report which

reached us yesterday. General Havelock, a few days ago, sent to the officer commanding at Benares a message in these words:—"News has been received both from Lawrence at Lucknow, and from cossids, who state that they witnessed it, that the force at Cawnpore has been destroyed to a man. It therefore becomes necessary to send off all the ladies from Benares by the first steamer or any other safe method. Continue entrenching your position as quickly as possible; lay in supplies, and take every possible precaution to ensure your safety in case you are attacked, as the fall of Cawnpore will exercise a great influence on the country in general. A column starts to-morrow to retake Cawnpore. Press on your reinforcements, especially artillery. Don't keep back a single soldier." Colonel Neill corroborates this by a telegraphic message from Allahabad dated July 5, 10.25 P.M. Here is part of it:—"Note from Renaud, dated last night, the 4th instant; had the day before sent men on into Cawnpore, who returned on the 4th, and report, that on Sir H. Wheeler's being shot through the leg, and afterwards mortally, the force had lost heart, and sued for peace; the Nana allowed them to get into boats with all they had, and three and a half lacs of rupees; that after getting them on boats, fire was opened on them from the bank, and all destroyed. One boat got away ten miles down the river, was pursued, brought back, and all in her taken into barracks and shot. One old lady was alive on the 3d at Futtehpore, from Cawnpore."

It is clear that unless troops arrive very soon in large

numbers, there is great danger of our losing for a time possession of the North-west Provinces. What will become, in that case, of the crowds of women and children at the various stations from Simla downwards?

Another telegram from the Commissioner at Nagpore, dated the 2d instant, contains the following appalling intelligence of a massacre at Jhansi:—"All were horribly murdered, men, women, and children, but one of the ladies was dishonoured. This event has thrown Colonel Cumberledge, commanding here, and his son, my personal assistant, into great affliction; Mrs Skene, who was murdered with her husband, the Superintendent, and their children, having been the Colonel's daughter. No packet from Calcutta was received with the mail from Benares to-day. A private letter from Secunderabad received to-day reports all perfectly quiet there. The sowars in the city have received letters *vid* Indore, sent them by cossids, reporting a revolt of the Contingent at Gwalior. The cantonments plundered and burnt; some officers killed, others had escaped to the city. I hear the Rewah news is too true."

My old pupil John S—— is in the list of "casualties" which took place at Cawnpore before the massacre. He was probably killed in the entrenchments. A few weeks ago, on hearing of our arrival here, he wrote me such a pleasant affectionate letter. The poor fellow had been a few months in India. Most sincerely do I mourn for him. Alas! the question may soon be,

"Who hath not lost a friend?"

To-day (Friday) I have received from Captain ——, at Allahabad, a reply to a letter of mine despatched on Tuesday last. It is, therefore, evident that the dâks pass and repass without interruption as far as Allahabad. Chaos beyond.

We are very much at a loss as to whether we ought to send the ladies to Calcutta. It is doubtful whether they would be safer there than here. The hotels and boarding-houses are crowded to excess; and almost every day there is a panic in the metropolis. If we must send them away at all, home would be the safest place for them. But—but that view of the subject suggests nothing but *buts*.

XXIX.

GHAZEEPORE, *July* 11, 1857.

A detachment of the 78th Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs) has arrived here this evening, and relieved the company under Captain Hincheliffe. I saw the elephants carrying the baggage. Hurrah for the tartan!

More bad news. On the last day of June, Sir Henry Lawrence was defeated in a pitched battle at Chinhut, near Lucknow. Many of the cavalry and artillery on our side deserted to the enemy *during the engagement*. Several officers were killed and wounded, and the rebels are now besieging the Europeans.

The report that Delhi had been taken turns out to be false. It is defended by works of great strength, and the

quantities of ammunition and stores inside are enormous. The modern city, representing the ancient capital of the Moguls, was built by Shah Jehan in 1631, on a rocky ridge surrounded by a sandy plan. It stands on the right bank of the Jumna, about half-way between Calcutta and Bombay. We cannot suppose it to be an easy matter for a small force of Europeans to dislodge one hundred thousand armed rebels from a city which is five miles in circumference and fortified by high granite walls with a loop-holed parapet. Each of the eleven gateways is, I believe, a small fortress.

I wish very much that I had seen Delhi before this unhappy outbreak. Public opinion seems to be in favour of destroying it utterly and ploughing the foundations. If this should be considered by Government to be necessary as a matter of policy, for the sake of impressing the native mind, it will be a very sad necessity. Many of the buildings are magnificent. The king's palace is one of the finest royal residences in the world. People who have been there talk in the most rapturous style of the throne-room, its white marble columns, its mosaics, and its däis, on which the Great Mogul once swayed the destinies of millions from his peacock-throne. The Jumna-Musjid, the great mosque of the city, standing on a platform of rock, is also bepraised in a manner which makes one regret, from the merely æsthetical point of view, the prospect of its speedy destruction. But there are a few interesting questions to be answered before we plough the foundations of Delhi and sow salt in the furrows: 1st,

When shall we be able to take it? 2dly, What are we to do with its one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants? 3dly, What will it cost to level the buildings and remove the materials? 4thly, Where is the money to pay the bill? As it is true that a man ought to count the cost before he begins to build, so it may be necessary for a Government to count the cost before it begins to destroy.

All Oude is up in arms against us. Bad news from Futtehgurh.

XXX.

GHAZEEPORE, *July* 14, 1857.

In our own house at last! Not, however, the one which I rented on our arrival here. It is in too solitary a position, being the last bungalow in the station, with nothing beyond but a deserted hospital, and, at some distance, a village in bad repute. So I have taken a furnished house, for the present, more agreeably situated, and rather less remote. We have the Ganges in front, a surgeon on one side, a captain on the other, and the sepoys a quarter of a mile off in the rear. But we are nearly three miles up the river from the Opium Factory, where the Highlanders have their barracks, and only a little less from our kind friends with whom we have hitherto been. This is our first day at house-keeping in India, and our kitmutgar assumes the air of major-domo, or khansaman, *i.e.*, responsible caterer, who furnishes everything for the table, pays the bills, pockets his per-centage, looks after the crockery and plate,

superintends the cook, and prepares with his own aristocratic hands the pastry, jellies, chutnies, and so forth. We are going to join the Mutton-club. This is one of the great social institutions of the Mofussil, that is of all Northern India except Calcutta. The mutton-club consists of those residents at a station who unite for the laudable purpose of supplying their tables twice a-week with joints of gram-fed mutton. A shepherd is hired; sheep are bought; gram (a sort of pea) is supplied to the animals in a long trough two or three times a-day; and the club's butcher every week selects from the stock for slaughter as many sheep as may be required. The members receive in regular rotation a fore-quarter, a hind-quarter, a saddle, &c., and always arrange their dinner-parties, if possible, for hind-quarter or saddle day. At the end of each month, the secretary (usually an active-minded lady) adds up the expenses, divides the sum by the number of members, and receives from each his share of the cost. When a new mutton-club is started, each member deposits a sum, commonly £5; and when he leaves the station, his successor in office, or some other person, buys up the share at the price originally paid for it, provided the club be in a flourishing condition. Alas! mutton-clubs as well as banks, are sometimes wound up in a manner anything but satisfactory to the shareholders.

As the suspension of ordinary business confers leisure on a multitude unaccustomed to it, almost everybody who is not in authority considers it his duty to spend a good deal of his time in grumbling at everybody who is.

All the big-wigs in Calcutta are a set of snobs and bunglers, because they don't send up at least a regiment per day. Why isn't the telegraph mended the moment it is broken? Why isn't the mail as regular as a chronometer? Why isn't Lucknow relieved? Why isn't Delhi taken? Why?—Answer, "Red-tape! Optimism! Nepotism! Seniority! Storks! Pipeclay! Milk and water!" My own opinion is that everybody, from the Governor-General downwards, is doing his very best; and that there is as much talent now at work in maintaining and restoring British rule as there ever has been at any one time in this country since it became a part of the British Empire.

Thursday, 16th.—You will be sorry to hear that our gallant townsman, Major Shirreff, fell at Gwalior. I have no particulars. Happily his widow and family are at home.

Astonishing to relate, the Punjaub continues all quiet. It is difficult to understand how this has been managed. Sir John Lawrence and Colonel Edwardes are in that quarter. The ladies and children at Simla, Subathoo, Kussowlie, Nynee-Tal, and the other hill-stations, are all safe. So also are the children in the Lawrence Asylum, numbering nearly four hundred; but how long this may continue to be the case it is impossible to foresee. The mutiny appears to be spreading every hour. We hope that the Home Government will not underrate the magnitude of the crisis. By this time you are all aware of what happened at Meerut and Delhi. The thing to be

troops will take a long time to reach Delhi, and the other districts now in a state of anarchy. It is possible that the needless delay of a fortnight, or even a week, may cost us thousands of lives, millions of treasure, and the necessity of re-conquering the half of India at a further expenditure of blood and money. Let every person, therefore, who can put three sentences together, stir up the Queen's Government, through the press, to send out at least twenty thousand men directly, and as many more as can be spared as soon as possible afterwards. Surely the Pacha will not object to the transit of troops through Egypt at such a time as this. If he should, there is no time for argument. The only alternative is, to send by fast steamers round the Cape, and punish the Pacha when you have nothing else to do. Of course there will be more or less sympathy between Mahometans. May not all this have something to do with the *drying up of the Euphrates?*

XXXI.

CHANEEPORE, *July* 20, 1857.

Cholera has broken out among the Highlanders in the Opium Factory. I have buried two of them since sunset: one of the two was an Inverness man named Macbean. Buried two on Wednesday, victims of the same disease.

A message of an old date from Agra to Benares in-

forms us that Delhi was not taken on the 24th of June! Our arms had been successful so far, but owing to the immense number of the enemy, the strength of their position, and the awful heat, our troops had suffered severely. A steamer arrived here to-day from Benares. She returns to Allahabad for her flat, which was left behind for some reason.

On Wednesday, I read to L——, Bishop Wilson's admirable sermon, entitled "Prayer the Refuge of a Distressed Church." The dear old man writes as vigorously as he did thirty years ago. It is quite clear that we are authorised to expect direction from God in answer to our prayers, especially in a season of perplexity and danger. How, then, may we expect to be directed? Not by a miracle—not by an audible voice—not by an apparition. It would be fanaticism to look for anything of that kind in the present day. But we know that our Lord Jesus Christ, omnipotent God, governs the universe and controls everything. He, therefore, may at any moment surround me by outward circumstances which ought to direct me; and this without such interference as we call miraculous. And since He acts upon my mind by His Spirit, He may impress upon it some passage of His Word in such a manner as to satisfy me that the passage answers my prayer, and that God is, indeed, speaking to me through it. To what, then, must I mainly look for Divine guidance in answer to prayer during temporal perplexity? 1st, To God's providential dealings—*i. e.* to the circumstances which are arising

around me. 2dly, To God's Word, any clause of which He can so light up to my mind that in a moment the darkness shall vanish, and give place to a vivid and joyous consciousness of Divine direction. If anybody doubts this, and demands modern evidence, we can refer him to the autobiography of almost any earnest Christian. But may I not misinterpret the directions given me by circumstances which arise in my path? Yes, doubtless I may; but here again I must pray God to lead me, and believe that He does lead me step by step. But is it not possible that this belief may be a delusion? Impossible, if the promises of God are true, and I have a single eye to His glory, submitting my will wholly to His, and using diligently such light as I have. Yet it may be His will to lead me, not out of danger, but into it. It may be His will that I should die: and if it be His will, it ought to be mine.

Again, as to guidance from texts of Scripture, can I be sure that the vivid impression made by certain words from the Bible is of Divine origin, and is really an answer to prayer? Satan can quote Scripture; may he not use it to mislead me? He will not be allowed to mislead me, if I watch against him, and wait in confidence upon the Lord. But how am I to find the particular words of Scripture, which God will illuminate to my mind, in answer to prayer? God sometimes impresses them upon the mind of the petitioner while he is on his knees; sometimes they strike the mind in a new light during the ordinary reading of Scripture in private, or at family prayer; and some-

times, when the petitioner awakes in the night, or at morning, holy words come knocking at the door of the soul, before anything else has found admittance; and *they will not go away until attention has been awakened, and they have delivered their message.* Then the petitioner is filled with wonder, love, and gratitude.

On Wednesday I concluded that it will be best for L—— to remain here, and *not* to go to Calcutta as was proposed. She cordially agrees.

The day before yesterday (Saturday) there was an engagement at Azimgurh. On our side were Captain Robertson and Lieut. Battye, with one hundred and sixty sepoys of the 65th, the Ghazeepore regiment; Lieut. Havelock, with one hundred and sixty of the 12th Irregular Cavalry; and several officers *en route* to join the Goorka force at Goruckpore; Messrs Astell, Horne, Simpson, and Pomeroy, of the Civil Service; Messrs Venables and Legge, two brave indigo-planters; and Mr Catama, with his levy. On the other side were two thousand rebels from Oude, including a few sepoys of the 17th Mutineers. The Irregular Cavalry charged the enemy, but were compelled to retire. Lieut. Lewis was afterwards wounded by a musket-bullet in the knee, and Mr Astell's horse was shot under him. The whole of our force returned to camp, as the numerous rebels attempted to cut off their retreat. Mr Venables, assisted by Lieut. Hay, then turned their only gun, and met the assailants with some rounds of grape. This kept the rebels at a distance;

council of war was held, and it was considered necessary to fall back on Ghazeepore, as the town was occupied by the enemy, and Mr Venables could supply only one day's provisions. Mr Simpson, however, proposed barricading and defending the town; and Lieut. Havelock would hold the place at any price. An express was sent to Benares for assistance. Towards evening the attack ceased, and Lieut. Havelock with a party of sowars galloped down the main street. They found the town deserted, and about one hundred bodies lying in the road. This, of course, altered the aspect of affairs, and our force continues to hold Azimgurh. This account of the matter has been given me by Mr Horne, Civil Service, who was present. The result cannot be considered very satisfactory.

XXXII.

GHAZEEPORE, *July* 24, 1857.

I called to-day on Lieutenant Lewis, who was wounded at Azimgurh. He is in bed at Dr Gibbon's, in the adjoining compound. As the doctor is a bachelor, and his heavy duties at present require him to be much from home, I asked Mr Lewis to come over to us. He accepted the invitation, and intends to be moved in his charpoy to-morrow evening. Cholera still prevails among the European soldiers. Funerals are frequent. Yet the soldiers have one of the largest and best buildings in the Factory for their barrack, and Mr Hamilton has done everything

in his power to make them comfortable, even supplying them with quantities of newspapers and magazines, to keep their minds occupied during the hot hours of the day, and quoits to amuse them in the evenings.

July 31.—The dreadful Cawnpore news which we received some days ago has been confirmed, and we hear that there has been a second massacre of ladies and children.

On the 5th of June, at two o'clock in the morning, the 2d Light Cavalry and 1st Native Infantry suddenly left their lines under command of Teeka Singh, a Subadar of the 2d Cavalry. Having set fire to the Staff-Serjeants' bungalows, they burned the empty huts of the 2d Native Infantry on the old site of the cantonments, to the west of the canal. Then they proceeded with thirty-six Company's elephants to the Treasury, which stood beyond the city, and near the other end of the station. Having taken possession of about £90,000, found at the Treasury, and also of the magazine, they entered the jail, released the prisoners, and burned the offices of the Judge and Collector, with all the public records.

Before the breaking out of this mutiny, Nana Dhoondhoopunt,—adopted son of Bajee Rao, who resided at Bithoor from 1818 till his death in 1852, receiving £80,000 a-year from Government,—promised the Collector, Mr Hillersdon, that he would protect the Treasury in the event of an outbreak: and in order to satisfy that gentleman of the sincerity of his professions, he took up

Treasury-buildings, with two or three hundred of his armed retainers, and three guns. This treacherous villain now received the mutineers with open arms, and joined them as their chief. Having cleared out the magazine, and put the greater part of the ammunition in carts, they marched to Kulianpore, the first stage on the road to Delhi, and about nine miles from Cawnpore. There they were joined before noon by the 53d and 56th Regiments of Native Infantry, and the Native Artillerymen of the Oude Battery. Their intention was to set out for Delhi next morning; but the Nana persuaded them that they ought first to return to cantonments, kill all the British and other Christians, and destroy the bungalows. Accordingly the numerous bungalows and other houses of that large station, with scarcely an exception, were converted into heaps of ruins before twenty-four hours had elapsed. On the 6th, when this work was going on, Mr C. Mackintosh, a wealthy and respectable East Indian, and a very old resident of Cawnpore, who owned several bungalows, was murdered, with his wife and son, by the troopers; and on the same day or the next, Mr Dugama, a merchant, was also murdered, with several others whose names are unknown.

On the 6th of June the mutineers formed their camp on the plain of Savada, in the centre of which stands, on high ground, the large building formerly occupied as a school for native Christian girls. Operations were now commenced against the English officers and soldiers, who, with a large number of refugees, occupied the entrench-

ment near the seven unfinished buildings intended for barracks. This entrenchment had been thrown up by Sir Hugh Wheeler around the hospital barracks, and it was hoped he would be able to hold out against Nana Sahib and the sepoys until succour should arrive from Allahabad. Day after day the siege continued. The rebels lost several hundred men killed and wounded. The British astonished the people of Cawnpore by their almost unparalleled bravery; but the enemy kept increasing as fresh mutineers arrived from other stations, while the numbers on our side were diminishing from the extreme heat and direct exposure to the sun and all kinds of privations. The misery endured by the garrison, and especially by the ladies and children, must have been such as no pen can describe. There were about eight hundred souls within the walls. Cooped up for two-and-twenty days in a very small space, under constant fire, without servants, without changes of clothing, without the commonest comforts, and at last without sufficient food or water, their numbers rapidly decreased, and the survivors must almost have given themselves up to despair. At last they surrendered, after receiving a solemn guarantee, with oaths, from Nana Sahib and his principal officers, that they should be provided with boats and allowed to proceed in safety by the Ganges to Allahabad. No sooner had Wheeler and most of the others who remained (about four hundred and fifty souls) got into the boats, to which they had been conveyed on elephants, hackeries, &c., than a heavy fire was opened

upon them from a masked battery, the boatmen having been called to the shore as if to receive their wages before starting. This was at eight o'clock A.M. on the 27th of June. Many were killed on the spot. The mutineers of the 17th Native Infantry from Azimgurh stood on the opposite bank to prevent any from escaping. About one hundred and twenty women and children were then taken away to the premises of the Medical Depôt, near the Theatre, on the other side of the canal. There they were kept in close custody for more than a fortnight, receiving scarcely any refreshment. Two or three chupatties and a little dál formed the daily allowance of each, and they had to sleep on the bare ground in their old clothes. After a time they received rather better treatment; some clean dresses were provided, some meat was allowed; and a few kitmutgars received orders to wait upon them. No doubt this improved state of things encouraged the poor sufferers; but what they thought or said will, in all probability, never be known. It appears that one boat escaped for a considerable distance down the river; but the rebels followed on both banks, and continued firing on the fugitives with cannon and musketry. At length the Nana's emissaries succeeded in boarding the boat, and conveying the exhausted passengers in carts to Cawnpore. There were eighty-nine, including twenty-five women and four children. The bloodthirsty Rajah himself gave the order for shooting the men. The women were dragged away from their husbands, all except one, who clung to her partner and

would not be separated. Then, after the Rev. Mr Moncrieff, the chaplain, had read prayers aloud, the unhappy victims shook hands with each other, and calmly met their doom. The sepoys fired, and then despatched with their swords those who were not killed by the bullets. The females were afterwards taken to the house near the Theatre, where so many of their countrywomen already lay imprisoned.

But, alas! this is not all. On the morning of the 4th of June, several missionaries and others with their wives and families left Futtehgurh by boat. A few miles below Futtehgurh the villagers came out and annoyed them. Some persons landed and went to the stronghold of Hurdea Buksh; but most of these afterwards returned to Futtehgurh. The greater number remained in the boats, and proceeded down the Ganges towards Cawnpore. After passing Bithoor, they were seized and conveyed to the Rajah, Nana Sahib, by whose order they were drawn up in a line on the parade-ground, and shot or put to death by the sword.

The *Mofussilite*, published at Agra on the 16th of June, contains the following communication from Futtehgurh, dated the 8th of June:—

"On the afternoon of the 3d, information was received of the arrival of a party of insurgents at Goosaingunge, where they burnt the dâk-bungalow and the house of the tessildar. The civil residents all rushed to the boats. Colonel Smith and the officers of the 10th Regiment Native Infantry went into the lines to be with their men,

and resolved not to leave them a moment. The roads were blocked up with hackeries, &c., and the regiment was ready to turn out and proceed to any point at which danger might appear. The night passed over quietly. When the sun rose, the station was deserted, and the fleet of boats was gone. About twelve P.M., a village was seen burning on the other side of the river, and the natives say that then were the anchors weighed and the sails shaken out to the wind. It was necessary to make arrangements for the care of public property. The treasury, with two and a half lacs, was taken care of and removed to the fort. The Clothing Agency, containing stores of clothes worth several lacs of rupees, was looked after, as well as the jail, containing upwards of a thousand prisoners. News came in during the day that the mutineers had advanced about six miles towards Futtehgurh, but on hearing that the 'old Duffels,' who are looked upon almost as infidels for having volunteered to proceed to Burmah, were anxious 'to look them in the face,' they turned off towards Chikamow for Delhi. The treasure was conveyed to the fort about nine A.M., when, from some misunderstanding, or contrary orders, or something, we cannot tell what, there was a little disturbance in the lines, and down rushed a party to bring it back *vi et armis*, the officers accompanying trying to restrain them. Colonel Smith had ridden down with the treasure. When he saw the excited state of the men, he very wisely gave way. They merely said they would protect it and the regimental colours in 'the open,' but would not be cooped up in the

fort. All went back, men, officers, and treasure, without any mischief having been done, but not without creating alarm, as we shall see presently. It had been arranged between the Magistrate and Colonel that the men should have an advance of pay, but Monday and Tuesday having been native holidays, they had not received it. Captain Vibart, of the 2d Light Cavalry, who was on his way from the hills to Cawnpore, volunteered his services to Colonel Smith, and he was put in charge of the Treasury and Jail. The business of getting an advance of pay gave employment to the minds of the men. And when they were a little quiet, the Colonel mounted a rostrum, and addressed them on their conduct in the morning. The old sepoys hung their heads with shame, and laid the blame on the young lads of the regiment. All promised nothing of the kind should occur again. Towards afternoon, the men were once more shaken by discovering that during the *tamāsha* in the morning, no less than four of their officers had disappeared and deserted their posts in the hour of danger, when the commanding officer required all the assistance which could be rendered to him. The sepoys became suspicious of being deserted by all their officers, and watched their movements like cats watching mice. Everything was done to reassure them. The officers walked about and talked. Some of the ladies drove on the parade to shew that they were not gone with the fleet, and the men became satisfied once more. Had the regiment behaved ill, it would have been caused by the civilians deserting their posts; and that they were kept

quiet was entirely through the admirable coolness, tact, and discretion shewn by Colonel Smith, and the fact of the officers having never left their men for a moment since Wednesday evening. We have had alarms and reports without end; but, through the blessing of God, all is quiet, and if He gives quietness, who then can make trouble? We expected that the budmashes from across the river and the neigbouring villages and the city, would take advantage of the unprotected state of the station, and fire the bungalows. Nothing of the kind has occurred. A few things from Maharajah Dhuleep Singh's estate have been plundered, as the park-ranger bolted, leaving everything to its fate; and we have sustained an irreparable loss in our poet, who is gone we know not where. Perhaps our fugitives may turn up in time at Cawnpore; and they may be glad to hear, through your columns, that their property is, up to the present moment, all safe. We have had no dâks for several days, and know nothing of what is going on in the neighbouring stations.

"*June* 6.—All right. Sepoys this morning of their own accord, on the parade, swore on Guniga Panee (Ganges water) and the Koran respectively to be true to their salt, never to desert their four colours, and to protect the officers who have been faithful to them with their lives.

"The names of four officers have been removed from the rolls of the regiment as being 'absent without leave.'

"A considerable quantity of the Maharajah's property has been found in the possession of his mootsuddie. He

stole the property, and then said the place had been looted by the sepoys.

"*Six* P.M.—All quiet. The old sepoys have come to an understanding with the young hands, informing them that if they do anything to injure the character and name of the regiment, they will themselves shoot the youngsters without ceremony.

"The few disaffected have succumbed, and are 'cheery,' as Home would say.

"Sunday passed over quietly. Heard that some of the fugitives had taken refuge with Hurdeo Buksh, a zemindar of Kussowra, and that the rest had gone on to Cawnpore.

"*Monday morning, 8th.*—The prisoners have refused for several nights to be locked up. Many have got rid of their irons, and some of the worst characters were exciting the rest to resist authority. They pulled down some brick-work, and were pelting the sepoys when Captain Vibart went down. He told them to go into their sleeping-cells, or he would make them. They begged him to try it, and saluted him with a shower of bricks, and called down blessings on himself and family in the native fashion. The sepoys fired, and after compelling them to take refuge inside, they brought out the ringleaders and shot them. Two were under sentence of death, and the object was attained at the smallest possible expenditure of life—only sixteen killed; but these were the greatest budmashes in the jail. The prisoners are all quiet, submitting to be

The sepoys were as obedient as a well-ordered family. They fired when ordered, ceased firing when bidden, and would have shot every prisoner there at the command of their officer. No dâks since the 3d instant.

"I enclose a list of persons now at Futtehgurh, all well, as I fear some unfavourable reports regarding us may get abroad, and our friends at a distance will be glad to know the truth regarding us.

"Sixteen of the greatest badmashes have been killed. Jail continues quiet. We are all, sepoys, officers, ladies, and children, in good health and spirits, and are truly grateful to God for all His late mercies vouchsafed to us.

"*Present at Futtehgurh on the 8th of June* 1857.

The 10th Regiment Native Infantry.

'Faithful still amongst the faithless.'

Colonel Smith and family.
Major Munro.
Major Phillott.
Captain Phillimore.
Lieutenant Simpson.
Lieutenant Swetenham.
Ensign Henderson.
Surgeon Heathcote and family.
Captain Vibart, 2d Light Cavalry.
Major Robertson and family.
Colonel Goldie and family.
Mr Sutherland and family.

Mr Jones and family.
Serjeant Rohan and family.
Serjeant-Major, and Quartermaster-Serjeant.
All the rest *non est.*

"*P.S.*—Lieutenant Fitzgerald and Ensign Eckford have returned, and are under arrest. Captain Bignell and Ensign Byron have not yet turned up."

The following information has been obtained by Mr Hamilton, chiefly from two respectable servants:—

The 10th Regiment Native Infantry, stationed at Futtehgurh, was supposed by many to be loyal, yet great uneasiness prevailed among the residents. Several of them, therefore, accepted the protection of Hurdeo Buksh, a respectable zemindar residing about twelve miles from Futtehgurh, on the Oude side of the river. There the refugees remained for ten days, and were kindly treated, until threats from the Oude mutineers and budmashes compelled the zemindar to send his guests back to cantonments, excepting Mr and Mrs Probyn, and their children, who were placed in concealment. It is said that after this Lieutenant Vibart took charge of the Treasury, which was defended by one gun, in the hands of the 10th Native Infantry, on the parade-ground.

A few days afterwards, it was announced that the 41st Regiment from Seetapore, accompanied by a host of budmashes, and furnished with ten guns and a large stock of ammunition, had arrived at the opposite bank of the

river in front of the station. Hearing this, the sepoys of the 10th rushed out of the fort, and the officers and residents outside hastened into it. Lieutenant Vibart flew to the parade-ground, and spiked the gun. This greatly infuriated the sepoys. The mutineers crossed the river, and asked the 10th to fraternise and share the Futtehgurh treasure with them. This the 10th resolutely declined to do. A fight ensued, in which the 10th Regiment, having no guns and little ammunition, was severely cut up. During the affray, all the bungalows and public buildings were set on fire; and the Nawab of Furruckabad, who seems to have been very active in seizing and destroying property, gave particular directions that the electric-telegraph posts and wires should be demolished. The villagers of Hossainpore, adjoining the fort, rendered him prompt assistance in this work. Nothing has been left standing in cantonments. The rebels and budmashes having divided the treasure among themselves, besieged the fort without intermission for nine days and nights. The Nawab seeing no prospect of surrender on the part of the Europeans inside, became impatient, as the insurgents had promised to take the fort in six days, and they were fed and paid by him. Fresh efforts were made, and scaling-ladders used, but all to no purpose. The four gentlemen who acted as gunners, Colonel Tudor Tucker, two brothers named Jones, and Mr Edward M. James, assistant in the Opium Department, never left their guns day or night during the whole period. But on the day before the fort was evacuated, Colonel Tucker was shot in

the head when looking through an embrasure, and one of the Messrs Jones shared the same fate. They were buried together that evening. The 10th Regiment, it is alleged, took no part in the attack on the fort; and it is believed that few of them escaped with any booty they may have collected, as the villagers waylaid them in all directions.

During the nine days' siege, a ball grazed the head of Colonel Goldie, but did not hurt him much. Mr Thornhill, C.S., injured his arm accidentally with his pistol; and some of the ladies were wounded, among whom were one of the Misses Goldie, and a girl about twelve or fourteen years of age. The insurgents had taken up a strong position on the roof of a high two-storey house in Hossainpore, overlooking the fort. The Nawab seems to have done all he could against the English, and he holds possession of money, carriages, horses, and other valuables belonging to them. There appears to have been a sufficiency of meat, flour, tea, rice, &c., within the fort, but the want of milk and light food for the children was felt severely.

The immediate reason for abandoning the fort is not known, but on or about the 4th of July, all the survivors embarked in two of three boats which they had kept in readiness at the river's bank, within the precincts of the fort. (The outer walls are like a bow, and the river is the string.) At two o'clock in the morning, the ladies and children were placed in the boats, and all the others then came on board, and pushed off. There were only

cult on account of shallows. The third boat contained only property belonging to Colonel Goldie, and was abandoned during the night. At dawn they reached a village about four miles from Futtehgurh, and advanced some money to the boatmen, who were sent on shore there to procure men to help them in rowing. The boatmen, instead of returning, gave notice to the Nawab's people, and a strong force came down to the Ganges to seize the fugitives. There was then a good deal of fighting. Lieutenant Simpson was shot dead, and four females of the party were carried off by force to the Nawab. One of the boats was then left behind empty. In the other, which had been well provisioned and armed, two kitmutgars and four syces assisted the gentlemen in pulling the oars, under the direction of a faithful old boatman from Futtehgurh. Although the rebels followed the boat all the way, and continued to fire on the party, they managed to push on as far as Bithoor. There the old boatman was shot; the boat went aground; and all who were in it found themselves prisoners of the Nana. The children were conveyed in vehicles to Cawnpore, but the ladies and gentlemen and all adults were obliged to proceed thither on foot. There they were confined in the Assembly Rooms, and fed on bread, water, and salt. To the last moment they and the few servants who had remained with them expected to be released.

Alas! our troops who had just arrived under General Havelock, after fighting their way with admirable gallantry, and enduring the most harassing fatigue, halted on

the night of the 15th July at the other end of the long and straggling station. Nana Sahib, finding himself worsted, gave orders for the immediate massacre of all the Futtehgurh and Cawnpore prisoners, men, women, and children; and his orders were carried out with unrelenting barbarity. "The cries and agonies of the ladies," says the person to whom we owe much of the above information, "were such that it was exceedingly shocking to hear an account of the same from the spectators. Most of my informants shed tears when detailing the circumstances to me." Next morning, when the wretches came to the spot, slippery with blood, where they had committed those foul murders, they found among the corpses a few wounded ladies and a child who were still alive. The dead and the living were thrown together into the well. It seems as if a legion of devils had taken possession of these sepoys, and rendered them more ferocious and cruel than the wild beasts of their jungles. Surely God is visiting us for our sins as a nation; and yet many of those who have already suffered were amongst the excellent of the earth.

I subjoin a telegraphic message from General Havelock:—

"CAWNPORE CANTONMENT, *July* 17, 1857.

"By the blessing of God I recaptured this place yesterday, and totally defeated Nana Sahib in person, taking more than six guns, four of siege calibre.

"The enemy were strongly posted behind a succession of villages, and obstinately disputed for a hundred and forty

minutes every inch of the ground, but I was enabled, by a flank movement to my right, to turn his left, and this gave us the victory. The conduct of the troops was admirable.

"Nana Sahib had barbarously murdered all the captive women and children before the engagement. He has retired to Bithoor, and blew up this morning, on his retreat, the Cawnpore magazine. He is said to be strongly fortified.

"I have not been yet able to get in the return of killed and wounded, but estimate my loss at about seventy, chiefly from the fire of grape."

XXXIII.

GHAZEEPORE, *August* 24, 1857.

I have been so unwell for some time, that on two Sundays I was unable to officiate. Yesterday morning, however, thanks be to God, I was strong enough to preach as usual in the house in the Opium Factory, where the Sunday services have been held for the last ten weeks. Our morning service begins at half-past six. On Sunday evening I have had a special service for the soldiers in the hospital or the barrack. Last night it was in the barrack. The poor fellows always listen most attentively. I try to speak to them in a familiar and even colloquial style, and I know that most of them prefer these simple addresses to the regular sermon in the morning. We have had a wing of Her Majesty's 37th here for some

time, under Colonel Dames. He and his officers appear to like the station, and they contribute much to its cheerfulness.

I grieve to say that the young officer who has been with us for the last four weeks is in considerable danger. His wound proves to be much more serious than we supposed, and he has been greatly reduced by liver complaint and confinement. Of course, he has never been out of bed, but his bed is moved when he pleases into the verandah, from which the view of the flower-garden and river is refreshing to an invalid.

The evening of Monday the 10th was an anxious time at Ghazeepore, although *we* knew nothing of the crisis until it had nearly passed. Some European troops, part of the 5th Madras Fusiliers, arrived by steamer, and the officer in command agreed with Colonel Dames that the sepoys of the 65th must be instantly disarmed. During the afternoon all necessary arrangements were made and precautions taken. A few minutes after five o'clock I received from a friend a hurried note, saying that he sent his carriage to convey us to the steamer-ghât, where the non-military Europeans were to assemble, as the disarming would take place at five. This was startling, for it seemed highly improbable that the sepoys would submit to such degradation without a struggle. I persuaded L——, who was very reluctant to go by herself, to get into the carriage and drive with all speed to the rendezvous. As my eye followed her down the avenue, I could not help speculating as to what might

happen within the next hour or two. My duty was plain. I could not leave our helpless guest.

Before six o'clock I saw Mr Horne, C.S., armed with sword and revolver, riding up the road at a rapid rate towards our house. He kindly came to tell us that the danger was over; the sepoys had piled arms. L—— soon afterwards returned, and we were thankful.

Lord Elgin and Sir Colin Campbell have arrived at Calcutta. Part at least of the China force is coming up to India to help us.

Sir James Outram and Her Majesty's 90th Regiment arrived here to-day. We were down at the lower end of the station visiting some friends when the steamer passed up to the ghât. All of us, including the ladies, went out to the bank of the river, and gave them a hearty cheer, as the vessel struggled up against the stream, keeping close to the land. Great things are expected from General Outram.

You will be glad to hear that our townsman, Mr William Edwards, Collector of Budaon, who was said to have been murdered at Futtehgurh, is safe at Agra.

XXXIV.

GHAZEEPORE, *September* 2, 1857.

From the date of my last letter, Lieutenant Lewis continued to sink day after day. Yesterday, the doctor, who has been exceedingly attentive throughout, was here

nearly all day. The poor patient was too weak to be able to articulate. A little after five o'clock, when we were at dinner, his bearer came into the dining-room, and said in Hindustani that "Master's breath was gone." We hastened to his bedside, and found the report true. He died without a groan. When he was carried into this house a few weeks ago, I little anticipated such a result. God's will be done! I trust that it is well with the departed. We had conference from time to time on the highest of all subjects, and I believe he joined earnestly in prayers offered at his bedside, and listened with deep interest to the reading of the Bible. Among the other books from which I read to him was the "Life of Hedley Vicars" and "Come to Jesus." This morning there was a *post-mortem* examination. The bullet was found in the knee-joint, but I suppose that liver complaint caused his death. A committee of officers came to seal up his effects, as is customary in such cases. At sunset we buried him. There was a large gathering of people at the funeral. The number of new graves in the cemetery cannot fail to impress any one who sees them, unless he drowns all reflection. Fever, cholera, and dysentery have been the most frequent messengers of death. In general they give short warnings.

The Ganges in flood is a wonderful sight. The sides of the steep banks, which in the dry season tower above the water, are now invisible, and the mighty stream sometimes makes it impossible for a steamer to stop at the ghât. The *Leviathan* might float over places where in

April and May a flat drawing three feet can hardly pass. I have been again very unwell; the doctor advises me to go to sea for a short voyage. I intend to try, in the first place, what a trip on the river will do.

XXXV.

GHAZEEPORE, *September* 5, 1857.

I was sent for this morning to see Mrs Mill, the widow of Major Mill who was murdered after the Fyzabad mutiny. Her two surviving children, a boy of three and a girl of seven, are here with their mamma. I have seldom listened to such a story of suffering and privation as she told me to-day in a few touching sentences. She wandered on foot from village to village, under a blazing sun, with her three children, one of whom was an infant. Often she begged in vain for a little rice or milk, or a place of shelter. Her poor infant died. It was a merciful release. The pale and grief-worn mother has but an imperfect recollection of what happened during part of this awful time. Her firm trust in God appears to have given her supernatural strength, and He brought her through. She was not aware of her husband's death for weeks after he had been killed. Her description of the first night's exposure with her three children on the bank of a river, and of their last night under a tree, in a thunderstorm, would melt the sternest heart. We joined in thanking God on our knees for this marvellous deliverance. Poor

Mrs Mill looks pale and sickly. She and her little ones are, of course, going home.

At Dinapore, a hundred miles further down the river than this station, the native troops, under command of General Lloyd, mutinied on the 25th of July. This General is said to have been a brave man in his day, and a good officer, but the infirmities of age have overtaken him. The troops at Dinapore on this melancholy occasion were the 7th, 8th, and 49th Bengal Native Infantry, the greater part of Her Majesty's 10th Foot, two companies of Her Majesty's 37th Foot, and two troops of European Artillery. It is quite clear that there were Europeans enough to disarm the sepoys; and the people of Calcutta petitioned the Governor-General that this might be done. The Dinapore Division embraces an immense tract of country, and its condition must affect all Bengal. Lord Canning, doubtless remembering that General Lloyd had been selected by Lord Dalhousie to suppress the Santal rebellion, and that the result had justified the selection of that officer, left it to his discretion to disarm the sepoys or not as he might judge to be best. The General did not disarm the men, but satisfied himself with bringing the percussion-caps from the magazine on the west side of the sepoy lines to the European barracks on the east side of them. When this was being done, great excitement prevailed among the native regiments, but no disturbance actually took place till the sepoys were ordered to give up the caps already in their possession. Some obeyed, and some resisted. Shots

were fired. The 10th Queen's was ordered to advance to the native lines. They arrived in time to see the three native regiments in full flight, with their arms and accoutrements. General Lloyd was on board the steamer at the ghât with some men of Her Majesty's 37th and others; and before orders could be received from him the mutineers had escaped. A few were shot in the Ganges, from the steamer and from the shore, as they attempted to cross the river or go down to Patna in boats. The greater part of the three regiments set out for Arrah, a place on the river Soane, about twenty-four miles from Dinapore. The few Europeans at Arrah, hearing that the mutineers were marching upon them, entrenched themselves in a house belonging to Mr Boyle, a railway engineer. On the second day after the mutiny, General Lloyd sent a party of Her Majesty's 37th to disperse the sepoys and relieve Arrah. The steamer conveying this party got aground. The steamer *Bombay* was passing Dinapore on her way down. General Lloyd sent her with more troops to ascend the Ganges to the mouth of the Soane, and then to go up the Soane to a point as near Arrah as possible, after taking on board the force in the grounded steamer. All this was done on Wednesday, the 29th July; and more than four hundred men, under Captain Dunbar, were landed at Behari Ghât on the left bank of the Soane. As there was a good moon, they marched forward to a bridge about a mile and a half from Arrah. Captain Harrison proposed to wait here till morning, darkness having now gathered around them,

about ten o'clock, after the setting of the moon. But Captain Dunbar thought it best to move on. This proved to be a great mistake. The enemy had left the bridge unguarded on purpose, and planted a strong force in ambush, among some trees at the side of the road; in the outskirts of the town. No scouts had been sent out on the right and left of our force, as is usual in such cases, to reconnoitre. The consequences were dreadful. A very heavy fire was opened upon the advancing column in the dark. During that night, out of the four hundred, a hundred and seventy officers and men were killed, and a hundred and twenty wounded.

Major Vincent Eyre, an artillery officer, arrived here on the 28th of July, with some guns, *en route* for Allahabad. In a fine spirit of gallantry he asked and obtained leave to go back, with his thirty-five men and three guns, to the relief of the Europeans besieged at Arrah. The Ghazeepore authorities also gave him twenty-five Highlanders. At Buxar, on his way down, he met Captain L'Estrange and a hundred and sixty men of Her Majesty's 5th Fusiliers proceeding up the Ganges. The officers and men of this detachment were eager to join Major Eyre. He sent back the Highlanders, lest they might be required here; and on the 30th of July (the morning after the disaster, of which we then knew nothing) set out with the Fusiliers, a dozen mounted Cavalry Volunteers, his own thirty-five men, and three guns, for Arrah. When he had marched some eight-and-twenty miles he heard of the ruinous defeat sustained by the force under

Captain Dunbar, who was himself among the killed. The Major did not hesitate, but pushed on, single-handed, to meet, not only three regiments of mutineers, but also an armed force of villagers, under Koor Singh, an influential zemindar, who had joined the rebels. Eyre managed admirably. On the 2d of August he encountered the enemy, there being two thousand five hundred trained sepoys among the number, and totally routed them after a regular battle. Strange to say, our side had only two killed and fourteen wounded, after fighting for eight or nine hours. The civilians and others shut up in Mr Boyle's house were now relieved, after having held out, with undaunted bravery, and in the midst of severe privations, against overwhelming numbers.

After this brilliant success, Major Eyre was reinforced by two hundred European soldiers, and a hundred Sikhs from Dinapore. He has since taken possession of Koor Singh's castle at Jugdespore, with quantities of grain, ammunition, and other property, and that rebel chief has been hunted from place to place, while the sepoys appear to have spread like water in all directions. I imagine that nine out of ten of the survivors now begin to see what fools they have made of themselves by deserting the "Kampani's" service, with good quarters, plenty of food, and regular pay, for the sake of such perilous freedom as mutiny confers until justice can overtake the guilty. Of course, it is always easy to be a critic after the event, though the critic might have been a weak counsellor before it; but really one cannot help saying that the

officer invested with such a command as that of the Dinapore Divison, ought to be a man as to whose energy and capacity there can be no mistake.

We have come down to spend a few days with our old friends. Last night, the ladies amused themselves with archery in the compound. Some capital shots were made. A stranger walking into the house during the day, and seeing everything going on as usual,—ladies embroidering, painting, sewing, reading, singing, or playing the piano, and gentlemen engaged about their ordinary reading, or writing,—would see nothing to remind him of the state of the country. It is scarcely necessary to add, however, that this is only what appears on the surface. I cannot but think it important that everything of a proper kind should be done to promote cheerfulness in this trying climate, and especially in such trying times. Mental gloom affects the body, and induces or promotes tendencies to disease. There must always be a substratum of seriousness in every healthy mind, and its depth will be increased by the presence of continual danger; but despondency is no part of Christ's religion. On the contrary, what class of persons can have such good reason to be cheerful as His disciples?

The Government *Gazette* orders all European women and children of every class to proceed as soon as possible to Calcutta, or at least to some station below Rajmehal. This proves either that, in the opinion of Government, the prospect is darker than ever, or that large military operations are about to be commenced in the North-west.

XXXVI.

GHAZEEPORE, *September* 24, 1857.

The disturbed condition of the country is producing a vast deal of misery in the districts around us. Clusters of starving beggars line the thoroughfares. Children are offered for sale by their parents, at prices as low as six-pence or ninepence sterling. And they are sometimes bought. Kitmutgars buy little boys to run messages for them. The thing cannot be legal, and I should imagine that making such bargains must be a punishable offence. But the poor children are glad to remain, for a time at least, where they can obtain sufficient food. - A person connected with the mission informs me that infants are left to perish in the open fields, where the pigs find them alive, and eat them. Vultures, adjutants, ravens, jackals, and pigs are the scavengers of India.

Part of the Naval Brigade, under Captain Peel, R.N., (a son of the late Sir Robert,) arrived here last night. After landing the men this morning, and settling them in the old mess house, he started off down the river to bring up the remainder of the brigade, now on board the *Mirzapore*, which has been disabled somewhere below this place.

The greatest anxiety is felt about Lucknow. We can obtain no trustworthy intelligence. Havelock has won several victories since the capture of Cawnpore. Details not known.

Mr Colvin, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west

Provinces, died at Agra on the 9th instant. He was a good man. His brother, the Judge here, is so ill that but slender hopes are entertained of his recovery.

XXXVII.

GHAZEEPORE, *October* 3, 1857.

The news received yesterday and to-day is of the greatest importance. Delhi was stormed and entered on the 14th of September, and was completely in our possession on the 20th. On the 23d of September, Generals Outram and Havelock took the Alum Bagh fortress at Lucknow, and on the 25th they entered the Residency. So the poor ladies and children and their brave defenders are relieved. But, alas! Sir Henry Lawrence and General Neill are dead. This is a loss—a very great loss. The names of these men will live in history. On the 2d of July, Sir Henry was wounded by a shell in the thigh, and on the morning of the 4th, after intense suffering, he expired. Neill was killed during the advance through the rebels to the Residency. He was an Ayrshire man, and certainly one of the finest officers in the service. Sir James Outram and Colonel Tytler are among the wounded. The latter, who is of the Aldourie family, has greatly distinguished himself by his skill and gallantry as Havelock's Quartermaster-General.

Now that Delhi has been taken and Lucknow relieved,

we may reasonably hope that, with God's blessing, our prospects will brighten all around. Is it not astonishing that so small a force of Europeans, spread over such an immense extent of country, and surrounded on all sides by unrelenting foes, should have been enabled to do what has already been done? Had there been anything like union and organisation among the natives, they must have made short work with the white faces. Let us pray that all the miseries attending this horrible mutiny may be overruled for the good of Great Britain, India, and the world!

This morning I rose at a quarter before five by moonlight, and a party of us drove up to the other end of the station to see the sailors drilled. They march very well, keep the step beautifully, and look ready for anything in the way of fighting. This must be a very new sort of life to them.

P.S.—Dr Brydon has been severely wounded at Lucknow. He and Mrs Brydon have been in the Residency since the commencement of the mutiny.

XXXVIII.

GHAZEEPORE, *Saturday, Nov. 9*, 1857.

We have been nearly a month in the new house. Although the sepoys of the 65th were disarmed here on the 10th of August, it has been rumoured again and again that they express their determination to avenge them-

selves. Deprived of their swords and muskets, they cannot be very dangerous, one would think, especially as there are some eighty-six European soldiers here and twenty-four officers; but to this it is answered that the sepoys have arms and ammunition concealed in the bazaar, and that they might murder the residents and burn the bungalows any night, before the Europeans who are in the Opium Factory could come to the rescue. This sort of talk, although probably without foundation, keeps people on the alert; for many of the ladies, having declined to go to Calcutta, continue to reside in their bungalows as usual. A short distance behind this house, great numbers of bullocks and hackeries have been collected for the Commissariat Department; and when they happen to arrive during the night the unusual noise may be interpreted according to fancy. The apprehensions referred to are now greatly increased by the arrival of an order, requiring Colonel Bush to proceed to Allygunge-Sewan, to command the Goorkas. The Colonel has been thirty years with his regiment; and his great influence, in my opinion, has hitherto prevented the 65th from yielding to strong temptation. It does seem, therefore, a very unwise thing to take him away from his own men at a time when his presence here is so important. Surely there must be many officers out of employment, from whom one might be selected to command the Goorkas. &c.

It is now so cool that I can wear a suit of woollen clothes all day. The mornings and evenings are really

cold. You may imagine how much we enjoy the change. Our troops will be able to do double work in such delightful weather as this, and I observe that the natives shrink from the frosty air, and like to sit with their chins on their knees, and quilted coverings over their heads and bodies.

A singular thing happened here at a very early hour this morning. I awoke and saw through the mosquito-curtains of our bed a native squatted on his haunches in the corner of the room, and making a fire on the floor. Doubting for a moment the evidence of my eyes, I continued to stare at this unusual phenomenon. The man's back was towards me. Springing to the floor, I seized a heavy ebony ruler, about a yard long, which lay near the head of the bed, and with the other hand took firm hold of the unexpected visitor by the back of the neck. He was actually spreading his open palms before the newly-made fire, as if to warm them. I held the ruler suspended in the air over him, and was about to deal a blow which might have broken his head when another thought flashed across me. I thank God for that thought. It struck me that there was an idiotic expression in the black face. Yet this might be assumed, and anybody looks rather foolish when detected in a crime, and taken prisoner. The servants who sleep in the verandah could not get in when called, as the doors were closed: so I had no alternative but to let go my hold and open the door of the adjoining room, leaving the fellow for an instant. When the house-servants, including our vigilant watchman, came

in and saw the fire and the culprit, they could scarcely be restrained from giving him Jedburgh justice by Lynch law. I ordered them not to strike him, but to pinion his arms behind his back. He roared and screamed in the most deafening manner, and said in Hindustani, "There are more of us." This alarmed the servants, who thought it likely there might be any number of sepoys in the garden round the house; and there was some difficulty in persuading any of the men to take the incendiary through the darkness to the *tannah*, or police-office. His whole behaviour, however, confirmed me in the opinion that he must be an idiot. Yet he had been sharp enough to find the only door which was insufficiently bolted. We keep a lamp lighted all night in the dining-room, and another in the bed-room, lest a snake or scorpion should come crawling across the floor. At one of these lamps the fellow had ignited some straw and attempted to make a fire in the dining-room. Remnants of half-burnt straw were scattered about in both apartments. No harm was done, as the house is paved with flags. L—— naturally felt alarmed during the few moments of suspense, when, being suddenly awakened, she saw me laying hold of a native in the corner of the room, and flourishing the ebony over his head. We both walked over to the tannah early in the morning, and the Magistrate informed us, as soon as he saw the man, that the poor creature was a known idiot, and that he should be sent to the Asylum at Benares. It is just possible, however, that he may have been the tool of some designing scoundrels who

expected to cause a riot by setting our bungalow in a blaze.

The Archdeacon wrote to me a short time ago, saying that my services may perhaps be required as a military chaplain in the field; and on Friday I received a letter directing me to hold myself in readiness to proceed to Cawnpore.

Since the 20th of October, we have had a meeting for prayer and the reading of Holy Scripture, on Tuesday evenings, at the missionaries' bungalow; from twenty to thirty persons, including a few officers, have assembled on these occasions. Such meetings, I know, sometimes degenerate into theatres for display; but there can be little danger of that in this instance. After prayers selected from the Evening Service, I read a portion of the New Testament, and offer some plain observations on the passage. Then I usually ask one of the missionaries to pray, which he does extemporaneously; and we sing once or twice during the hour. I cannot but believe that this little gathering does us all good by God's blessing.

XXXIX.

BENARES, CHARLES HOTEL,
Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1857.

We left the Judge's door before two o'clock in the dog-cart, and arrived here safely at nine A.M. As we met no rebels, and the night was fine, and we had five capital

horses for the forty miles, the drive was most pleasant. For some time before sunrise, we felt quite cold, and warmed our feet at the stages by trotting about while the syces were changing horses. On the right, as we approached the city by a magnificent avenue of old trees, I observed some ruins at a little distance. I should be glad to visit them at leisure some day; but one's head is filled with too many matters of greater importance at present to allow time for antiquarian researches. The Sanscrit name for Benares is *Varanashi*, from two rivers, the Varra and the Nashi, between which it stands. They both flow into the Ganges, which runs in front of this "holy city" of the Hindoos. On our way to the hotel we crossed a bridge defended by cannon, so placed as to command the approach to cantonments. The stream that runs under the bridge passes this house, and comes winding down through a little valley, which looks rather picturesque from the verandah. A Hindoo is baking chupatties under a tree in the foreground.

At the *table d'hôte* we hear all sorts of news, and all sorts of opinions. We cannot get away before to-morrow afternoon. Address to me at Allahabad.

P.S.—November 18.—There are three large elephants at the door for General Dupuis, who has come out to command the artillery. Mr Horne and his subordinates in the Commissariat Department are in a large house surrounded by thousands of sheep, bullocks, and carts. Coolies bawling, oxen lowing, sheep bleating, hackeries creaking—such a noise! The place is like Smithfield

market; and these civilians and military officers, accustomed to every comfort, are obliged to do the work of drovers, and rough it from day to day as they best can. About half the carts appear to be broken or rickety. I drove with Horne to a second cattle establishment, and from the roof of an adjoining building enjoyed a good view of the colleges, cantonments, and part of the city. But by far the finest view of Benares is from the Ganges, along which it stretches for three miles. The masses of building rise in a very imposing manner above the flights of broad steps which reach to the water's edge; and above the ordinary buildings tower the pinnacles of Hindoo temples, and the minarets and domes of the great mosque of Aurungzebe. There are in all about a thousand Hindoo temples in Benares, and more than three hundred mosques. But the streets are narrow and filthy, and nine-tenths of the population appear to be miserable. I have been much assisted in my preparations for departure by the kindness of Mr Kennedy, the missionary.

XL.

GOPEEGUNGE, *Nov.* 19, 4 P.M.

We arrived here at two o'clock, after spending twenty-one hours in travelling thirty-five miles. Having obtained official permission from Colonel Gordon, commanding at Benares, to take advantage of the escort of one hundred

and fifty men of the 2d battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and one hundred and two men of Her Majesty's 88th, ("Connaught Rangers,") my two fellow-passengers and I joined the cavalcade in our hired garry at five o'clock last evening. We started from the Mint. I presented my card and the Brigadier's order to Colonel Woodford, whom I found a most courteous and agreeable person. He and three or four other officers were reclining in a huge four-wheeled waggon, drawn by bullocks. The turn-out would astonish Hyde Park on a review-day. I counted twenty-five waggons, six carts, and four private vehicles. Officers and men had come up from Calcutta in this style, and looked dusty, way-worn, and haggard. Most of them were stowed away in waggons with canvas curtains, while those on guard walked beside the vehicles at intervals along the line. The fatigue-dress of some of the soldiers is a short white smock, which they must find incomparably more suitable for marching than their tight, hot uniforms. When European troops come out to India, they ought to be allowed to leave their cold-climate uniform at home. For such a country as this nothing surely can be more oppressive than thick red woollen cloth, stiff stocks, and shakos. Although it is often cold now during the night, the sun is very hot half an hour after sunrise; and during the day, a soldier on the march ought to have a thin covering for his body and a thick one for his head. I wonder that pith-helmets were not adopted half a century ago for the Company's Europeans. Besides being good non-conductors, they are very light and very cheap,

and they give one quite a martial air. If I were Commander-in-Chief, I would dress the whole army in cotton blouses, cotton trousers, and solah-topees. The blouses might be red, blue, green, yellow, &c., plain, striped, checked, &c., to distinguish different corps. The helmets, too, might be of various styles and colours, yet all so shaped as to protect the eyes, the temples, and the back of the neck. If I am two minutes in the sun without sufficient protection, I feel immediately a dull pain at the top of the spine. The hot sun, woollen uniforms, and ration-rum will kill more of our men than the sepoys will. We have twelve coolies to draw our garry during the day, and eleven coolies, with a torch-bearer, during the night. Turnbull and I slept pretty comfortably inside, on a mattress drawn across the seats, and supported by luggage in the middle, and Gennoe lay on the roof. There were frequent halts. Carts fell behind, and must be waited for; bullocks grew restive, and must be unyoked; wheels went to pieces, and must be replaced, or the hackery must be unloaded and left behind. At half-past seven A.M. a pair of bullocks ran away with a waggon, and threw the native driver from his seat. The poor creature was run over by at least one wheel, and died soon afterwards. Some of the carts were filled with ammunition, and others with commissariat stores. Two boy-buglers, dressed in white, were made to regulate the progress of the cavalcade by their bugle-calls. One flourish means *go-ahead;* another, *stop.* The road for a great part of the way was covered with fine dust, several

inches deep, which made the work very hard for the cattle, and made us all as white as millers, our hair and whiskers being prematurely gray.

We are here in an open space, in a tope of trees by the road-side. On my right is a shed of basket-work for the men, and on my left another for the officers. Our garry is under a tree. On our arrival, Turnbull's brass chilumchee was set upon the walking-stick tripod, and filled with cool water for our use in succession. Then we changed our linen in this airy dressing-room, and I accepted an invitation to join the officers' mess at breakfast. It was to me an amusing scene. Around the clothless, dirty-looking table, we sat on various articles of furniture, chairs being scarce. Notwithstanding some grumbling about the breakfast, which was inferior and half cold, and the difficulty of procuring the loan of a knife, fork, or spoon—articles rare as diamonds—the hungry party soon cleared the dishes, and made up for deficiencies by "junks" of loaf-bread. After the last grumble had died away in a sigh, and we were getting out our cheroots, a servant entered and announced dinner! Presently one dish after another was brought in—a nice joint, fowls, and other things—smoking hot and savoury. Imagine the universal chagrin! We had breakfasted uncomfortably but sufficiently, and now not a man could touch this ill-timed, but otherwise attractive repast. The disappointment was ludicrous. I have been listening to the only thing like melody I have yet heard among the natives. A boy came to entertain the soldiers with his

singing and a guitar accompaniment. The music may be called tolerable of its kind, and is very unlike the bawling and howling that generally greets our ears in the bazaars when tom-toms are beaten. We are off again. Excuse pencil. I tried to write with a Hindustani pen—a reed with a broad point, but found it unmanageable.

XLI.

ALLAHABAD, *November* 20, 1857.

We started from Gopeegunge last evening after a short rest, and arrived here to-day at noon. The dust on the road was at times almost suffocating, and the men on duty seemed to suffer from the heat. On reaching the bank of the Ganges, the waggons were unloaded, as they are used only on the Benares side of the river, it being all but impossible to drag such heavy vehicles across the bridge of boats. You have heard of the corduroy-roads in Canada, formed by laying unhewn logs side by side across the track. The difficulty of getting a wheeled vehicle across the bridge of boats reminds one of those roads in the wilderness. Large lighters are laid side by side across the stream, and anchored. Huge planks are laid in a rough way over these. A heavy waggon in its progress sinks each boat a little, thus rendering the road uneven by displacing the planks. When half-a-dozen carts are crossing at the same time, these ridges and

furrows in the roadway give the traveller a jolting. The river is very low at present, and winds through a desert of sand which it covers in the rainy season. The difficulty of descending the bank on one side, and ascending on the other, is got over by doubling the number of coolies to each garry: but it is cruelty to animals to set either men or bullocks to such work in the heat of the day. On arriving at this side, we saw the place where the sepoys of the 6th Native Infantry commenced the mutiny at the station. The fort stands in an angle at the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges, and looks not unlike Fort-George, near Inverness; with its high walls mounted with guns, its deep ditch, drawbridge, and all the details of fortification. We received a cordial welcome from Captain Innes and Lieutenant Martin. The officers' quarters are a range of lofty apartments with vaulted ceilings, overlooking the Jumna. From the balcony we see the salient angles of the lower part of the fort standing on a foundation of solid rock; and, indeed, no other foundation would be sufficient at the junction of two streams, one of which at least is notorious for the caprice with which it changes its beds. The main gateway is a fine and very ancient specimen of native architecture. The Ellenborough barracks, an extensive and handsome range of buildings, stretch across the green in the interior; and beyond them, a little above the confluence of the rivers, are the old palace, the great armoury, and the offices and workshops connected with the Ordnance Department. One can walk about two-thirds of the way round the fort on

the roofs of the officers' quarters and the ramparts. The gravel walks are kept beautifully clean, and there is an air of military neatness about the whole place. In front of the Ellenborough barracks, and in the centre of the green, stands a magnificent monolith, covered with inscriptions which have never been deciphered.

I have just heard Captain Impey read a message from Sir Colin Campbell. There has been at Lucknow the hardest fight that the Commander-in-Chief ever witnessed. Five officers have been killed and thirty wounded. Amongst the killed is Midshipman Daniels; and among the wounded, Midshipman Lord Clinton, whom you saw at Ghazeepore.

The Rev. Mr Spry and his family live a few doors from here in officers' quarters. They have only one large room and an entrance-hall, yet everything is so nicely arranged that the dwelling looks pretty comfortable. They have sustained heavy losses and endured many privations.

November 21.—This morning I walked to the top of the main gateway, which is surmounted by a dome, and saw the whole country for miles covered by a sea of smoke. Through the almost level surface the trees thrust their tops into the clear atmosphere. Green birds with dark-tipped wings (parroquets, I suppose) were sailing and screaming around. On the plain outside the fort, I observed rows of soldiers' tents, and numbers of elephants moved about with their mahouts on the bank of the Jumna. Mr Spry kindly drove me in his buggy down to cantonments, and shewed me the mess-house where the

officers were murdered, and all the other buildings in ruins—a very dreadful and suggestive sight. I could see from the remains of his flower-garden what a very pretty place his own home must have been before the mutiny. We also went into the church, which the rebels injured as much as they could, but were unable to set on fire, as it is a *pucka*-building, with a lofty ceiling. They defaced the monumental slabs, and carried off all the wood-work. The wreck of the pulpit, reading-desk, and organ lay on the gravel behind the church. We also went through the city, a wretched concatenation of dirty houses, to the Sultan Khusru's serai and garden. The serai, a large square surrounded by uniform cells, and approached by four noble gateways in the Gothic style, is for the accommodation of travellers. The garden behind the serai abounds in mango-trees, shrubs, and flowers, and contains three immense tombs. These mosque-like tombs, erected in honour of a princess and two princes, are beautifully ornamented with carvings of a chaste but elaborate description. There is a vaulted apartment under each of them. Mr Spry pointed out to me the shallow rectangular pit in the garden, where Ensign Cheek, and Gopi Náth, the native pastor, with his wife and children, were kept as prisoners by the Moalvie for a short time after the outbreak. The poor young officer died in the fort, soon after his escape. Gopi Náth and his family are still alive.

The Archdeacon's letter received to-day directs me to proceed to "Army Head-quarters;" that is, wherever the Commander-in-Chief may be. So I must go to Lucknow

after reaching Cawnpore. I hope my two camel-trunks and the bearer will arrive here to-night, that I may get away on Monday morning. The civilians cannot collect the revenue in this district. It is said that there are four thousand rebels on the other side of the Jumna, within a few miles of the fort.

P.S.—The Lucknow ladies have been brought away from the Residency, and will doubtless be escorted to Cawnpore without delay.

XLII.

ALLAHABAD, *Monday, Nov.* 23, 1857.

This morning I walked to the railroad station, and saw the train getting ready to start with troops on their way to Cawnpore. Afterwards I went to the entrenchment to look at the Clothing Depôt, which contains mountains of all sorts of military costume. These mountains are piled up in what was once a Mahajun's house—a really exquisite specimen of old Indian architecture. A perfect imitation of it in plaster would be a great attraction in the Sydenham Palace.

I spent some time in admiring the marble ornaments. On our return to the fort, distant about half a mile, Captain Russell kindly shewed us the arsenal, the armoury, the workshops, and the cannon. The primitive simplicity of the tools with which the natives, seated on the ground, do many sorts of work in iron and steel, greatly surprised

me. The armoury is large, and well arranged, and the quantity of ordnance stores of every kind appeared, to my unaccustomed eyes, enormous. There are three powder-magazines in the fort; and Captain Russell had a train laid on the 6th of June for the purpose of blowing up the principal one, and, as a consequence, the greater part of the fort, in the event of the Sikhs joining the mutineers of the Native Infantry Regiment. He did not tell me this, but it is true. Had the four hundred Sikhs mutinied that night, there can scarcely be a doubt that the few Europeans in their power would have been massacred, and the quantity of artillery and ordnance stores in the fort must have enabled the enemy in possession of Allahabad to shut us for a time out of the North-west.

My camel-trunks have come, and the cart has been made over to the Commissariat officer here, according to promise. I expect to start in the morning for Lohunda, the terminus of the railroad for the present. No special news, except that kind Mrs Spry has given me a bag of biscuits for the journey.

XLIII.

FUTTÉHPORE, *November* 25, 1857.

We left Allahabad yesterday at eight A.M. by train, and after a run of forty-five miles to Lohunda, breakfasted in a tent, with two officers stationed there, who treated us most hospitably. How the engine astonishes

the natives! I am told that many of them think it is alive. The railroad system will soon revolutionise the country. Punctuality, commercial spirit, the English language, and a general awakening of the slumbrous native intellect ought to follow. The accounts given of the state of the road between Lohunda and Futtehpore were not very satisfactory, but we left at three o'clock by horse-dâk, and reached this place in safety at eight. The civilians and officers had just finished dinner in the mess-tent, but they immediately ordered some for us, and the evening passed away pleasantly. Among those present were Mr W. G. Probyn, C.S., who made such a narrow escape from being massacred with the Futtehgurh fugitives; Major Babington, commanding the 17th Madras Native Infantry, which occupies the little entrenchment here; Mr M'Naghten, C.S.; and Captain Mills, of the Commissariat. I slept in my clothes on a native charpoy, in a corner of the mess-tent. This morning, I walked over to look at the ruins near the entrenchment, and on the opposite side of the road. After defending themselves from the budmashes for ten days, the Europeans who were here left for Banda, excepting Mr Robert Tudor Tucker, the judge. At length, seeing that he could not preserve order, as the people were bent on mischief, and the jail had been thrown open, he ordered a horse-dâk to be laid to take him to Allahabad. The native deputy-collector, instead of doing as his superior had ordered, surrounded the cutchery with armed men. Tucker stood at the top of a stairway, it is said, and

kept the murderers at bay, until he had killed with his own hand sixteen of them. He was, I am told, not only a brave but a truly good man—a most upright judge, and very kind to the natives. When his assailants had overpowered him, they cut off his head, hands, and feet, and then plundered and burnt the bungalows and the cutchery.

I saw the Madras regiment at parade this morning. The sepoys marched out in good style, with the band playing.

It is now noon, and an Ensign of the 78th, Mr Gennoe, and myself have made up our minds to go on at once. The road is not exactly safe it is thought, but we hope to overtake the bullock-train and its escort on this side of Cawnpore. The distance to that station is over forty miles. It appears that the Gwalior rebels are near Cawnpore at a canal, and there must be a fight before they retire or pass over the Ganges into Oude. No news from Lucknow. The ladies have not yet come to Cawnpore.

Turnbull has lent me one of his revolvers, with five charges in it. This is an uncommonly civil thing, as men up here are not willing to part with such weapons in the present state of affairs. I hope I shall not have to use it, but if I do use it I hope I may hit. The telegraph wire is cut between Lucknow and Cawnpore. I have written almost every day since I left, and you may expect a letter from Cawnpore, dated to-morrow morning, D.V. Ghazeepore letters are perhaps waiting me there.

We have consulted and considered a good deal as to

the propriety of going on. It is of no use to wait for the troops which may be here to-day on their way to Cawnpore, as they will take perhaps three days to march the forty and odd miles, and we must go fast with a horse-dâk, the only means of transit at our disposal. May God bless and keep you!

P.S.—Since the above was written and folded for the post, a change has taken place in our plan. We were actually in the garry, and on the point of starting at half-past one o'clock, when Mr Probyn walked over from his cutchery tent and stopped us, saying we must not go on, as the road was now certainly unsafe. The tent has arrived.

XLIV.

FUTTEHPORE, 2 P.M., *Nov.* 26, 1857.

Our party slept last night in Turnbull's tent. He and I walked this morning to the Telegraph Station, nearly a mile from the entrenchment. The man in charge told us that it would be dangerous to go to Cawnpore to-day, and impossible to-morrow. This information, whether correct or not, has a certain dogmatic definiteness about it. Had a consultation with the authorities in the mess-tent at breakfast. They think we may go on with the bullock-train, and after leaving it take our chance of overtaking the Rifles. From half-past ten to half-past

twelve the heavy booming of cannon at Cawnpore spoke to us distinctly, as we stood listening and deliberating, first in a shady place in the entrenchment, and then in the tent outside. We think it best to go. Ensign B——, who has not yet seen his regiment, is full of fight, and anxious to join immediately. His military zeal has greatly entertained us. At half-past three we leave Futtehpore by horse-dâk, intending to creep along during the night with the bullock-train, which has already passed through the station.

PENCIL-NOTES ON THE ROAD.

November 26.—Overtook the bullock-train about four P.M. The military escort, consists of one hundred and two men of the 3d Battalion Rifle Brigade, under Captain Atherley and Lieutenants Percival and Vaughan. There are about eighteen waggons. Our commissariat has *rascal* written in every line of his face.

November 27.—Left the bullock-train early in the morning, as our horse could not be induced to go slowly. At a quarter-past nine stopped at a tope of trees where Colonel Fyers and his Riflemen are encamped. They have made a forced march of thirty-two miles, and the men are nearly all foot-sore. Saw Colonel Fyers and several of his officers under the trees, lying on their backs asleep—their uniforms, hair, whiskers, and moustaches all white with dust. They look thoroughly done-up. The

Riflemen are scattered here and there in the tope, sleeping, eating, or smoking. The elephants are walking about, crunching the branches of trees, and there are some camels. Amused ourselves with an English-speaking Bengali, who has charge of the camp commissariat. He says he was educated at Chinsurah College. He repeated the first lines of Pope's "Homer," and the enunciation of the *Pons Asinorum*, (turning it into a problem by mistake.) He says, "I do not believe in poojas, only in one Existence."—"Cow does not agree with my constitution."—"I drink no rum; port formerly; to that I have no objection even."—"Soldiers call me Johnny, John, Jack—anything. I also say, 'Well, John.'"—"This does not suit me, to be exposed in the sun and dew, and not have a place for rest." He is quite disgusted with his appointment, and wishes himself back in Calcutta. He says the allowance for each soldier per day is as follows:—1 lb. meat, 1 lb. bread, 4 oz. rice, 2½ oz. sugar, 5-7ths oz. ghee, 1 oz. salt, and 3 lbs. firewood. This Bengali is a very handsome fellow, graceful in his carriage and manners, and dressed in a white turban, white waistcoat, green quilted coat, and loose native pyjamas. He wears a moustache and says he has studied modelling and industrial arts.

Seeing Colonel Fyers awake, I walked over and introduced myself, saying that we should feel obliged if he would allow us to accompany him to Cawnpore (now only eight miles distant), as there were armed rebels about. He replied kindly, that of course he would be glad to afford us any protection in his power, but that he had an

important message which he wished to send to General Wyndham, and he should feel greatly obliged if I would drive on as fast as possible and deliver it. He heard at seven o'clock this morning that an engagement took place at Cawnpore yesterday; and he thought it prudent to halt here, and allow his worn-out soldiers a little rest and food before entering the station. Held a consultation with my fellow-travellers in the garry, and agreed to go on with the message. I have taken it down in my note-book:—

"10½ A.M.—Message from Colonel Fyers to General Wyndham:—'I arrived at 7 A.M. at a place eight miles from Cawnpore, after a forced march. Left Futtehpore on Wednesday, at 11 P.M. I marched sixteen miles. On Thursday, at 6 P.M., moved on, and marched twenty-four miles. My men are foot-sore. All heavy baggage left this side of Futtehpore, with four burkundazes in charge; only some picked elephants and camels brought on.'"

Colonel Fyers expects that a telegraphic message will be sent from Cawnpore to Futtehpore concerning the baggage which was left behind, because orders were received to push forward as rapidly as possible.

The Riflemen have now formed on the road, ready to march. Several have their feet so badly blistered that they are unable to walk, so they are riding on the elephants. Many of the poor fellows in the ranks are quite lame.

We are galloping on to Cawnpore

END OF VOL. II