were eager to go at A in broad day, and while the enemy were on the top! My intent was not to order the storm of F, but to let the soldiers advance voluntarily, firing; for I judged their natural ardour and the excitement of noise, smoke, and combat, would get up their blood that they would by degrees approach and finally dash into the chasm of their own accord. Meanwhile the attack was to have been aided by the diversion on the left, and by the simultaneous assault of Ali Moorad and Beatson on the northern entrance; not a false attack, but one with a will, led by 300 volunteers of the 13th, Jelalabad men, the veterans of Sale and Dennie! Who could have turned them back? Who stand before them in fair battle? Let me give a proof of their mettle.

"When Beatson first reached the northern entrance, he pushed in, but a sergeant and ten men of the 13th got on the wrong side of a small ravine, and came to the foot of a rocky platform crowned by the enemy, and where the ravine suddenly deepened to a frightful chasm. The sergeant saw his officer and the main body beyond gesticulating, because they saw the enemy above; they were beckoning to retreat, he thought it was to go on, and at once the stern veterans climbed the rock. As they leaped on to the platform, the enemy, eighty in number, fell on them sword in hand, and the fight was desperate. Seventeen hillmen were slain, six of the soldiers, and the rest, wounded and overborne, were dashed over the edge and rolled down. Such are British soldiers! Where mortal men can stand in fight they will. Every man of these had a medal, two of them had three on their breasts! They died gloriously, but uselessly, on that sad cliff in the Cutchee hills."

Their heroism was not unrecognised. Sir William Napier tells the sequel as follows:—

"There is a custom with the hillmen that when a great champion dies in battle his comrades, after stripping his body, tie a red or green thread round his right or left wrist, according to the greatness of his exploit—the red being most honourable. Here those brave warriors stripped the British

dead, and cast the bodies over; but with this testimony of their own chivalric sense of honour and the greatness of the fallen soldiers' courage, each body had a red thread on both wrists! They had done the same before to the heroic Clarke, whose personal prowess and intrepidity had been remarkable."

The foregoing plan for the storm of Trukkee was afterwards submitted to the Duke of Wellington, who expressed his strong approbation and belief that it would have succeeded. Indeed, he studied with avidity everything he could obtain bearing upon this remarkable expedition. Having read extracts from Sir Charles Napier's Journal of the campaign, he asked Sir W. Napier for all that could be given of his correspondence. Sir William said, "But there are many queer rough things in his correspondence, your Grace." "So much the better, that is what I want," was the reply.

Happily the storm of Trukkee was avoided. The unexpected discovery of the mysterious stronghold, the prompt blockade, the growing terror of the Sheitan-ka-Bhace, worked upon the robbers' minds. Trukkee had been found on 28th February. "On 4th March Beja Khan Doomkee, Islam Khan Bhoogtee, Deriah Khan Jackranee, Hussein Khan, and another chief of small tribes, came to my tent, with the Koran on their heads and fear in their hearts. Beja is a very fine-looking old man of great size. Islam is also a handsome man. I think I never saw a set of bigger fellows. Deriah is not so, but has a good countenance, and is called a good man. My terms were explicitly laid down, and they went back to consult their tribes, who apparently are not disposed to accept them, for they have sent new proposals. Their real leader, Mundoo Khan, is the bearer, but I refused even to listen." Next day some of the chiefs came in and gave up their swords, but Beja and others fled, and were finally captured without bloodshed on 9th March.

Thus ended the war after fifty-four days of incessant exertion. "Great has been my anxiety and labour in this difficult warfare," writes the victor; "I know not if I shall get credit, but think it has been well done. However, the play is over, and Hardinge and the public must decide on my work. I have done my best, and want to hang up my sword and live quietly." From Hardinge he received enthusiastic praise, but not a word of recognition reached him from the authorities in England. His despatches, which are remarkable, among other things, for the first mention in our military history of private soldiers by name, were long withheld from the public. When they were at last called for in the House of Lords, Lord Ripon, in answer to a complaint at the delay, replied that he had forgotten them! It has been seen that the Duke of Wellington had followed the whole campaign with the ardour of a student. He expressed particular admiration for the spirit Napier had infused into his officers and men in spite of their despondency as to success, and of the extraordinary hardships they were called upon to endure without the satisfaction even of a fight. On this point Napier had himself made some interesting reflections in the midst of his difficulties.

"I long for rest to my mind; to get up and feel that there is no work, and that there will be no neglect of duty. Now every moment that the traces feel slack, the whip of conscience cuts to the bone, and convulsive exertions follow. I do not make the most of my tools either, for all my life the idea of making soldiers do what I did not do myself has been odious to me, and hence my own weakness is the measure of exertion. As a young man I would not ride on a march, and often carried a weakly man's musket, sometimes two. Young officers always ride now, and heap their own comforts on the horse-keeper, who runs on foot at their horse's tail. Such men may be very good fellows, but they are incapable of leading men;

a commission puts them at the head of men, but they do not lead them; nor will they ever distinguish themselves in history; it is an ignorance of human nature, which is a veto on their ever being great men. They are not, perhaps, worse than men of other days, but those men of other days did not distinguish themselves; I mean those who preferred comfort to military spirit.

"There are two essential qualities necessary to make a soldier—courage and zeal; and rather would I see a man without the first than the second. Position, discipline, a hundred things may remedy a failure of courage; but want of zeal is a floorer; it is at one jump to reach the point where age and long service place worn-out men. To this point it is absolutely disgusting to see a man arrive at twenty-five, nay, some at sixteen! There are boys in this camp who require and have more luxuries than myself, who am sixty-three, and Governor of Scinde! The want of beer and wine is absolute misfortune to them. These men, or boys, are unfit for war, the essence of which is endurance; and not only that, but a pride and glory in privation, and a contempt for comfort, as effeminate and disgraceful. The private soldier cannot have luxuries, and if he sees his officer despise them he does the same; but if his officer sacrifices everything to enjoyment, he is not a fool, and holds that officer in contempt. Every reprimand he receives from the gentlemanly Sybarite disgusts him, not only with the fop, but with the service.

"Regimental officers should not be allowed horses on the field, or to ride on a march; it is offensive to the men, and ought to be so to the pride of the officer himself. Sir John Moore forbade it; Frederick the Great and Napoleon did not allow it. The Duke of Wellington did permit it, but I believe he repented; for he said, after two years' experience in Spain, that it deprived him of 10,000 cavalry on account of their forage. It is therefore probable he was not satisfied with his plan, but could not easily do away with his order. No service but ours permits it, and we shall in time allow sergeants and corporals to ride, and then privates, and so

return to the dark ages when all were cavalry. This is the course of human nature. One man is allowed to ride though his duty does not require it, why should not another?"

He returns again and again to the same subject.

"In the field I work very hard, but it tries me sorely, and I am told not to do this; but you, William, know it is the great secret of success, for if a chief is lazy, everybody becomes so. 'When I see that old man incessantly on his horse, how can I be idle, who am young and strong? By ——, I would go into a loaded cannon's mouth if he ordered me.' This was the speech of a young officer on the hills, and when told me was ample reward for my work. . . . The great art of commanding is taking a fair share of the work. Muley Bey and Marshal Saxe won battles from a litter; but solitary examples will not shake a principle."

As another illustration of this principle I may give an anecdote related to me by General Harley Maxwell, one of the ablest and most devoted of Sir Charles Napier's subordinates. When preparations were being made for an assault of the robbers' position, Sir Charles sent for an engineer officer and told him he must have a mantlet to cover his assaulting party. It was ten o'clock at night, and the assault was to take place at five next morning. The engineer had no means at his disposal and said plainly to the chief that it was impossible. "Impossible!" said he; "I don't know such a word. Get out of my tent"—with an inclination to lift one of his boots. The officer made off, thinking he was disgraced, but had not gone far before he was called back. "Can you forget a thing, sir? do so now, and forget what I said just now. You would never have said what you did unless you had some reason: tell me all about it." The matter was soon explained, and it was arranged that a gun limber should be used with two charpoys (camp-beds) turned on their sides and lashed, with a space between them filled in with sandbags stuffed with

grass or anything else that was light and would stop a musket shot. Sir Charles was most energetic. He gave up his own charpoy, and pulled from under it an old portmanteau containing all his belongings, which might help as a buffer!

During the campaign Sir Charles Napier had not neglected his civil functions. He had also found time to furnish the Indian Government with a long and closely-reasoned memorandum on the reformation of the Indian articles of war. Attentive to everything that would develop the natural resources of the country, he had been negotiating with the Iam of Beila for the purchase of some rare fruit-trees, and had directed a collection of geological and mineralogical specimens for transmission to the London Society.

On his return to Scinde the conquered tribes were dealt with in the following manner: One portion was settled on fertile government land near the Kusmore desert. Deriah Khan, their chief, was allowed to reject those whose character was too violent to be easily tamed to agriculture; and these rough spirits Napier took at once into pay as policemen in the districts farthest from the scenes of their former pursuits. Deriah's people were compelled to build houses and till the land, being fed by Government until their first harvest was gathered. Then land was granted them on their undertaking to oppose the incursions of any of their kindred who might still be in arms. The redoubtable Beja, after lying some time in prison, was settled with his followers, under Ali Moorad's supervision, on the east side of the Indus. "Little picnics," said the Governor, "we must expect, but no bands of thousands with sword and shield will fret the border again,"—a prediction justified by experience.

By the end of March Sir Charles Napier had returned to his ordinary administrative duties. While pursuing these with his usual ardour he gave the closest attention to the approaching Sikh war, which actually broke out in Decem-

ber of that year. Having now had three years of Indian war and government, and of correspondence with some of the most eminent Indian statesmen, his opinions on imperial politics had assumed very definite shapes. Like most people interested in Indian affairs he had something to say about the question of a Russian invasion, though he was no more scared at the prospect than indifferent to it. "I have always thought Russia will take Constantinople. She will then soon become mistress of the sources of the Euphrates and Tigris, the heads of the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. . . . The moment Constantinople is conquered it becomes the capital of Russia, and her resources in ships and sailors will then be available against India. If England thinks there is danger to India from Russia, let her look to Egypt betimes."

In any case he was convinced that "Russia cannot attack India until a man arises to lead her," and that the route by the Oxus would "require an Alexander." As to the line at which Russia should be met, he often feasted his imagination with visions of an Anglo-Indian host extending the Indian empire to Babylon, and fighting Russia on the shores of the Caspian. As to Babylon, "We could reach it more easily than Alexander. Hedge on the borders of the Gedrosian desert lately offered me its sovereignty, and Burpoor on the confines of Persia surrendered simply to a forged letter with my name! We shall go slowly, but one hundred years will see us at Babylon. If I could do as I pleased, that should be my road home, despite of the Russians. . . . A little good management would give Russia her quietus and us the line of the Euphrates." Such was the dream of the potential conqueror. Then follows the forecast of what might actually happen with a due regard to existing political facts. "Yes, India could meet Russia on the Caspian shore with 300,000 admirable troops; but she would of course wait for her on

the Indus, with a large field artillery which elephants draw about like 3 lbs. and at a rapid pace. Imagine fifty 24-lb. guns working before a Russian army, and shifting position faster than their 6-pounders could be drawn by horses, half-starved and winded by their long march from Khiva! Again, fifty regiments of irregular horsemen in high order, all desperate swordsmen, cantering round a Russian army in all directions. And then 200,000 good infantry in line as a wind-up! Verily, Count Dolgoroucky, you would sweat, even though the sun did not touch up your northerners, which it would do unmercifully, while a stiff division of British troops acted as a polisher."

Russia and dreams of world-conquest apart, Napier was averse to any extension of territory. There was already too much to be done within our empire. In the administration of the army alone, in the want of the proper number of European regimental officers, he saw a danger which might some day prove subversive of our power. Besides, "We ought to put down our load of interior princes, and establish one concentrated just system before extending our sway." The policy of allowing native states to preserve their independence, real or theoretical, within our frontiers might, he thought, have the most terrible consequences in case of a great repulse by the Sikhs or others. "The doctrine was, I suppose, formerly found useful and safe; but it appears to me now replete with danger, when our great extent of territory divides our forces." Akin to this evil, and more wide-reaching in its effects, was what he considered the error, both political and moral, of accommodating our system of government to the claims of the privileged classes, from the prince to the zemindar, instead of going straight to the door of the ryot.

"The Indian system seems to be the crushing of the native plebeian and supporting the aristocrat, who, reason and facts

tell us, is our deadly enemy. He always must be, for we step into his place; he descends in the scale of society, and we stand on his head. The ryot is ruined by us, though willing to be our friend; yet he is the man to whom we must trust for keeping India, and the only one who can take it from us if we ill-use him, for he then joins his hated natural chief! The peril attending strangers and conquerors of one hundred and eighty millions of people cannot be wholly put aside. Yet English and Indians may be amalgamated by just and equal laws, until we are no longer strangers; then, having power, we shall never be attacked before all distinctions are worn out by intermarriages and blended habits of life: the great operations of nations work changes which man cannot, or at least does not, command. The final result of our Indian conquests no man can predict; but if we take the people by the hand we may count on ruling India for ages. Justice, rigid justice, even severe justice, will work miracles; it has its basis in the desire of man for protection against cruelty, and cannot be shaken: India is safe if so ruled."

Here was a great deal to be done before the Punjab ought to be taken. But, meanwhile, the whole Sikh population, armed and drilled as no other hostile native force had been, was in a state of anarchy; ready at the beck of the first military adventurer to pass the Sutlej and pour itself over India like a horrid pestilence. "Such a state," said Napier in December 1843, "is a public nuisance, against which no frontier state can provide securely, otherwise than by seizing the misgoverned land. Where might is right the most mighty has the most right. I am therefore of opinion that the Punjab must soon be taken by us."

If he had merely predicted that a collision with the Sikh power was inevitable his words would not have been singular at the time, or worthy of notice now; but he said much more. He said the war would be difficult, and rendered still more so by our contempt of the enemy. When the

Governor-General thought the dangerous symptoms were subsiding Napier was urging him to form his plans so as not to be taken by surprise. Not less interesting in the light of subsequent events is his fear that Gough's tactics as illustrated by the war in Gwalior would cost him dearly on the Sutlej, and that Hardinge would have to take the field in person. In June 1844 he writes:—

"I believe possession of the Punjab is not desirable for the Company. In my opinion the Hyphasis forms a better frontier for our Indian territory than the northern or upper Indus, as being more compact now that we have Scinde. Nevertheless, the Punjab must be ours." In the same month he says to his brother: "Mark! there must be a war in the Punjab. It is not we but they who will make that war. It is impossible to have a regular Government there; the Sikh army won't allow it; so the result is evident. If we attack the Punjab I am all but certain we shall take it, but it will not be an easy conquest. My impression is that Hardinge will now have his talent proved, and Gough also. The public here give me the command, but that is an error, and I do not want it—nay, would much rather not unless in supreme authority. Hardinge should command the army himself; it will be a perilous war, and a repulse dreadful in its results." For Gough personally he entertained the warmest feelings, but his distrust of him as a General will be best understood by his criticism of the battle of Maharajpoor. "The management of the battle appears defective. I have had no time to examine details, yet to have brought neither cavalry nor artillery to bear, and the hurrying of our infantry into action without support, or even knowing where the enemy was posted, seems bad." His anxiety increased as he saw how differently the Government estimated the danger. "If we have a Sikh war I suspect they will fight hard; they

are very well armed, tolerably drilled, and have lots of artillery. Hardinge says we shall easily thrash them, and he probably has good information from the wise men of the East. . . . However, it is no longer a matter of choice; we shall be forced to take the Punjab; but whether we shall 'shilly-shally' till millions of money are expended or strike at once, God only knows. Doing it now would be less expensive, but Hardinge should command in person. Gough's soldiers will fight him through, but he will not find Chinese, nor have superior numbers as at Maharajpoor. The Sikhs are brave troops, and there will be more than mere fighting: it will be a campaign of more than one battle." In June 1845 British troops were being collected on the Sutlej, and it was considered certain that the Governor-General would take an active part in the campaign. This only suggested a new danger: "My fear is that our having two chiefs will do mischief; the real commander has ability and power, but is not the chief General." On the 1st December he heard with some incredulity from the Governor-General that there would be no war during that season after all, and three weeks later he heard from the same quarter that war had broken out on the 13th December.

Meanwhile he had long been trying in vain to extract from his superiors some idea of their plans, in order that he might form his own, so as to make the assistance they expected from him as effective as possible. Six months before the war broke out he submitted to Sir H. Hardinge his scheme for the employment of the Scinde force. He proposed to seize Mooltan, and make it a base for such diversions as the movements of the main force should make desirable. He had the satisfaction of learning afterwards that this scheme exactly corresponded with the Duke of Wellington's advice to Sir H. Hardinge. If the closing words of Napier's memorandum had received the attention

they deserved, how much bloodshed and misery might have been avoided! He says: "Such are the difficulties to be prepared for, and the best preparation is the discussion of them; and I think, if my arguments are just, that you will enable me to march with at least 10,000 men, if I am to march at all. However, I need not tell you that I am ready to march with a corporal's guard, if you think it enough! The fate of India may at any moment hang upon your sword; and it is the duty of your distant lieutenants to tell you what they want, and what they think they can do. My plan is always to consider every possible difficulty well, and then to work heart and hand to overcome them; it is only when not foreseen, and not prepared for, that difficulties become really fearful and insurmountable."

In September he sent to the Sutlej pontoons for bridges, and in order to have his army in such a state that no call could be too sudden he pushed on with all speed the organisation of the camel baggage-corps, which had been a favourite design of his since he had seen with his own eyes the baggage of an Indian army.

The evils of the existing system, or want of system, were numerous and obvious; indeed, the nature of the climate and country rendered some of them inevitable. Many things which in a European army would be condemned as luxuries are, especially to Europeans, really necessary. The proportion of camp-followers to combatants was commonly as five to one. Sir Charles Napier, with all his exertions, was unable to reduce it lower than three to one. But the usual method of coping with these difficulties is calculated to promote neither efficiency nor economy. For each new war or threatened war a sufficient number of camels has to be hired by contract. The Government's necessity is the contractor's opportunity. Heavy prices are demanded, and become heavier as the war goes on.

The camel-drivers, though generally under the orders of the Commissariat, are not subject to any effective supervision. Camels are overloaded, ill-fed, ill-used, and die in great numbers, while their owners have to be compensated by Government. The result is as ruinously expensive as it is cruel. In Lord Keane's short and successful campaign in the first Afghan War the number of camels lost was estimated at 50,000. In the more recent campaign of 1879 as many as 60,000 are said to have perished. The evil is no less from the military point of view.[1] Napier says: "Place the animals as you will, the encumbrance of this unwieldy mass is immense; for the animals and their burdens must have room. Here they are jostling—crowding in now—spreading widely then—at times the strong animals far in front—the weaker as far in rear—some dying—some throwing their loads and running away—the tired servants labouring after, and often, very often, getting slain, or, losing the column, perishing miserably—thousands of camels dying, not only from fatigue, but from ill-usage by both soldiers and the drivers, and from being always overloaded. Such is the picture of the baggage of an Indian army; Smithfield market alone can rival it!" Here again is an illustration from life: "In the hills a large valley was quite choked with baggage on the 22d of February. We had marched at daylight for Deyrah, and the baggage followed a guard which went forward to secure a difficult pass. I remained on horseback from 4 A.M. until 2 P.M. before the baggage had passed me, and from my place to the camp, a valley of 3 miles, was so jammed, that hardly could an order get sent to the troops; and the cavalry, with a battery, were forced to take another route! Such fixes are formid-

[1] See on the whole subject, *A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir J. Hobhouse on the Baggage of the Indian Army*, by Sir Charles Napier; written in 1848, and reprinted in 1880 by M. Walbrook, 180 Brompton Road, S.W.

able close to an enemy." Summing up the evils from the strategical point of view, he says: "If pursuing an enemy, the commander quickly outmarches his baggage, and finds himself without food or tents, and perhaps without water; for in the deserts of India the wells are few, and may be poisoned. In short, the baggage of an Indian army shackles the General in all his movements, which, instead of being rapid and assisted by his baggage, are rendered slow and uncertain; thus, in place of all things being made secondary in importance to what ought to be the first great object—that of beating the enemy—the first object becomes that of protecting the baggage."

Sir Charles Napier's treatment of this difficult question was based on the following propositions:—1. That an Indian army requires more baggage than any other army in the world. 2. That the Europeans of an Indian army require more baggage than other parts of that army. 3. That the officers carry a great deal more baggage than is necessary. 4. That the line which divides necessaries from luxuries must be drawn with much care, for in India luxuries and necessaries are near akin, especially among Europeans. 5. That the baggage allowed in war should be much less than that allowed in peace. 6. That all private baggage should be carried by the public; because an officer, who is allowed money by the public to provide his own means of carrying his baggage, may lose his animals without any fault of his own or of his servants.

"No regimental officer," he said, "should be allowed more than three camels in the field. I speak from experience. When I took the field in the Hill Campaign against the robber tribes, I had but five camels. I was then not merely Commander of the Forces, but also Governor, and one camel out of the five was loaded entirely with official documents, stationery, maps, books, and correspondence,

civil and military. If I could do this (and on the march to Emaum-Ghur in 1843, I and my aide-de-camp had but three camels between us), a regimental officer can do with three camels, whatever be his rank. What does he want? His tent, his bed, a canteen, a second pair of breeches, a second pair of shoes, half a dozen shirts, a second flannel waistcoat, a couple of towels, and a piece of soap; all beyond is mere luxury, and not fit for a campaign. His regimentals he carries on his back. An Indian campaign lasts five months. No man takes the field for comfort; he goes to win renown, and no Sybarite wins renown in war."

The new camel baggage-corps was to be organised, maintained, and drilled with as much care as any other branch of the service, and was to be self-protecting, so as to relieve the General of the necessity of detaching troops to guard his baggage when he wanted every man to attack.

"My organisation is this. An elephant is to carry a large flag by day, and by night a large lantern fixed in a howdah.[1] Each company is to have a camel with its own smaller flag of its own colour, and a lantern of same colour; and all the trappings of all the animals of each company are to be of one colour, that of their flag. The drivers are so to be dressed also, if I find no inconvenience as to transfers, which may possibly be.

"This forming of baggage in regiments will make it more wieldy; and by arming and drilling the drivers, and giving every camel its driver, instead of one man to three animals, which is now the practice, I shall get rid of the baggage-guard; one man will lead two camels, the other man will flank them, and both will load and unload. I also attach five elephants,

[1] In a letter to Sir W. Napier he says:—"Your desiring me to thank Moses amused me, for really he was in my mind when I thought of the great lantern. I may probably thank that old soldier of the deserts in person yet, before you can, for his lesson: the Sikhs may settle that question next autumn, and so introduce me to the best general that ever was—for such I really think Moses was."

to apply their force to baggage or guns as necessity demands. My general order of march, where possible, is to have the baggage on the reverse flank. With this new organisation the lumber may go to any place, and form a living redoubt, defended by the drivers against the wild cavalry of the country, which sweeps round you like a storm and settles on your rear."[1]

The baggage-corps was, after Napier's departure from India, abolished by the authorities, and no adequate attempt has since been made in India to deal with this important subject. The "Land Transport Corps," organised in the Crimea by Sir Charles Napier's son-in-law and pupil, Colonel (now General Sir M.) M'Murdo, is a reproduction of the principle, though much restricted in its action.

The camel baggage-corps was not the only improvement by which, in Sir W. Napier's words, he had "given wings to his army." He had created the fighting camel-corps, thoroughly reorganised the Scinde Irregular Cavalry, and so horsed his batteries that they were capable of any exertion. "The army of Scinde," says Sir W. Napier, "was emphatically an army of movement; swift to assail, terrible to strike; and if the formation of the Belooch battalions, now well organised and fit for service, be added to the institutions mentioned above, the military creations will be found to have kept pace with those of the civil administration in Scinde." The General's own observations on his reforms are worthy of attention: "It is to me a strange thing to see, yet I do see it daily, that men of good sense in ordinary matters—ay, even clever men—overlook the sure though apparently trivial points on which the success of their projects essentially depends. On this very point of movement they fancy galloping of guns and setting of soldiers running are to ensure a rapid operation; it never seems to enter their heads, that the only good of double quick is to train men

[1] See Appendix.

to health and exertion, not to obtain results by the superior quickness of running over walking. They do not see that horse artillery need not go faster than columns can march. Nor, that it is arrangement and incessant care that make an army rapid—care to raise the moral feelings, care to support the physical strength of the weak, not galloping and trumpeting and running."

The Sikh war broke out in December 1845. Sir H. Hardinge was taken by surprise. A fortnight before the battle of Moodkee he had written to Napier to say that he would give him six weeks' notice of hostilities. On 24th December Napier heard from him that hostilities had commenced on the 13th, and ordering him to assemble at Roree, with all possible speed, an army of 15,000 men with a siege train. A large portion of this force had to come from Bombay; but he set to work with his usual vigour. "I only heard of the war on the 24th; this is the 26th, and already my siege train has advanced 100 miles towards Roree; that is not bad, and I give myself a month to assemble all at Roree, 400 miles off—*i.e.* 26 marches, which are regulated by water. Hardinge promised me six weeks' notice! But my work is to remedy mishaps: it is half the glory of war to rise over the wave like a ship." He set to work on the 24th December, and on 6th February he was at Roree, "at the head of 15,000 men, with 86 pieces of cannon and 300 yards of flying bridges, consisting of pontoons, native boats, with rafters and planking; the whole ready to march, carriage and everything complete, and such a spirit in the troops as cannot be surpassed." The whole force to be provided for, including non-combatants, was 50,000 men. He had two months' provisions in camp, and an armed flotilla of steamers on the Indus loaded with fresh supplies; in addition to which he had made ample provision for the peace and security of Scinde

during his absence. Such preparations could not have been made without the most extraordinary exertions on the part of every man connected with them. Sir George Arthur, Governor of Bombay, sent up the reinforcements with a promptness and attention to their needs that drew from Napier repeated acknowledgments of gratitude. "Another steamer is in sight from Bombay! Well, that Arthur wins my heart; he does give me such thorough support in war." His own staff worked night and day; but next to their devotion he attributed his success to the Scinde baggage-corps. He had been forbidden to collect camels before the war, and only started with enough for a column of 3000 men. Major Jameson, to whose able hands the corps had been intrusted, had to collect and train both men and camels while actually on the march. He now felt the full advantage of the hill campaign, but for which the fierce robber tribes would now have been able to dash at pleasure upon any point of his long line of communication. His general plan of operations was as follows: The first position of importance in front of him was Mittenkote, situated at the confluence of the Punjab rivers; the Sikhs had recognised its importance, and were actually fortifying it at the time. Ali Moorad was directed to march up the eastern bank of the Indus upon Dera Gazee Khan, a rich town. "His desire to plunder it will induce him to make a few marches, and then his fears will make him halt and perhaps fall back. But the demonstration will do what I want—viz. distract the attention of the enemy, occupy his troops, and draw him from the defence of the Sutlej." He himself meant to attack Mittenkote with his whole force of artillery. "This appears like killing a gnat with a sledge hammer; but Mittenkote must be crushed at once, and a moral effect produced upon Soojuabad and Mooltan." The army was to move against Mittenkote up both banks of the river,

accompanied by the flotilla. When Mittenkote was captured the left column was to cross to the left side of the river, and the whole force was to march to Ooch. "At Ooch I shall form a *dépôt* and fortify it; then cross the Sutlej, the passage of which will probably be opposed; but I have taken the guns from the steamers and made a good many gunboats, under whose fire and that from batteries on the bank, where my heavy guns will be placed, the passage shall be forced. If we get across I shall form a strong *tête de pont* and occupy it with the Nawab of Bhawulpoor's troops; and then putting all my hurt people and sick on board the steamers, advance on Soojuabad and Mooltan, taking my siege train in boats or by land according to circumstances." Had he been allowed to make preparations for executing this well-devised plan in time many of the calamities of that terrible war would have been avoided. Even at that late hour he felt he could strike a decisive blow. With an army of 15,000 men, admirably equipped, disciplined, and mad to fight under his eye, he would have met any odds. But it was not to be. While he was in the midst of his preparations the battle of Ferozashur had been fought. The heroic courage of the Governor-General had saved the army, but the contending forces were still face to face. At this terrible crisis, with the fate of India in the balance, Hardinge ordered Napier to direct his force upon Bhawulpoor, and to come himself with all speed to headquarters. His disappointment was bitter. To be thus summoned in the hour of need was, perhaps, an honourable testimony to his military reputation; but he was taken from a post where his own immense exertions had placed him in a position to render undoubted service, in order to take his place in a council of war—an institution for which he ever had the heartiest dislike.

Leaving his army on the 10th of February he travelled

across the enemy's country with extraordinary speed, thanks to his camel-corps, and reached Lahore on the 3d of March, only to find that Sobraon had been fought and that the war was over. The Governor-General greeted him as an old comrade, while to the whole army he was an object of the liveliest interest and enthusiasm.

"I cannot enter into the cause of being ordered up here, but it is very honourable; and in all things Hardinge has behaved towards me with extreme personal kindness, and in the most flattering manner. His answer to those who, on the terrible night of the 21st, wanted him to retreat was, 'No! we will abide the break of day, and then either sweep all before us or die honourably!' This was worthy of the man who saved Albuera." After hearing the account of the battles he says of the Commander-in-Chief: "Gough is a glorious old fellow, brave as ten lions, each with two sets of teeth and two tails." Very painful was the contrast between his personal feelings for these noble soldiers and the judgment which he could not help passing upon their conduct as responsible leaders.

"The passage of the river by the Sikhs was unexpected, unprovided for; yet it had for years, I may say, assuredly for months, been a matter of common expectation, not only in India, but in Europe. This was the Governor-General's first error. Every step the Sikhs took ought to have been known beforehand and prepared for. The second error was even greater. A small body of 6000 was left at Ferozepoor, and the Sikhs should have destroyed them, and then Ferozashur must have been fought with 10,000; for the 6000 would not have been there; and the Sikhs, flushed with victory over them, would probably have won Moodkee also. Well, Ferozashur followed, and still the struggle was made by 16,000 against 60,000, less their several losses in the previous actions. Generalship had not diminished the disproportion, though bull-dog fighting had taken the enemy's guns.

"The last of the three days' fighting was a mere repulse; we stood victorious, but were unable to move: no provisions, no magazines. Thus we remained till the 26th, I believe, paralysed! And this after such displays of courage by officers and soldiers, and but 40 miles from the enemy's capital! The censures of history must fall heavy here. Let us come to the second act of this bloody drama. While we stood inactive the enemy again crossed higher up and fought us on our own territory, near Loodhiana. . . . But he did more: he poured his battalions over the river in sight of our army, and fortified 70,000 men in a position! and our strength was then 40,000. The Governor-General had no right to expect a successful storm of such works, if time were given to strengthen them, and he should have assailed them at once. He could not. He was without ammunition for his guns; yet such attacks depend more on muskets and bayonets. History will make no allowance for this."

The result of the campaign showed, in his opinion, that the statesmanship was no stronger than the generalship, and he took occasion once more to raise a warning voice which was as amply justified as were his former predictions. "Hardinge is ordered to treat, and himself approves of treating, not annexing, and—*the result will be another war.* . . . Meanwhile India has lost much blood and money, and the tragedy *must be reacted a year or two hence.*"

In spite of the kindness of all his old friends and the attentions paid him by strangers, he was glad to leave Lahore and return to his Government. "I am afraid to say what I think," he writes. "First, it would look like a desire to censure Hardinge, whom I love, for he is a noble fellow. Second, it would look as if my wish was to get Gough's place, which would be false: he also is a noble fellow, but he owes Hardinge a debt of which he is not aware. Third, it would appear boastful; but until at Lahore I had no idea of how much could have been done.

Yet will I also say that, taking all things into consideration, the bad state of the army, the want of discipline, mass of baggage, etc., Hardinge could not have done more. His long absence from all military work made him, I am sure, feel unable to take full command; he felt he had, and he has, the great principles of war all right, but not the details, which spring from practice, and are required to do good work: there is no Aladdin's lamp for discipline."

With regard to his own exertions in the war two points are worthy of notice, not only because they show how inadequate was the judgment of those who have regarded him as another Peterborough, whose success was due to flashes of an irregular and eccentric genius, but also because they declare once more what are the essential conditions of all good work. In spite of his success in war, in spite of the contrast between his own careful preparations and the blunders and unreadiness of his superiors, he never took credit to himself for genius or pre-eminent talent in war. "I am not of great ability," he says, when in the midst of his preparations; "I am a *painstaking* man, working diligently, but without any of that astounding power of mind like Napoleon or the Duke."

The second point is still more instructive. Charles Napier, at the age of sixty-three, an officer of fifty years' standing, the most brilliant soldier in India, and overwhelmed with business, was still trying hard to improve himself by the study of books. In a letter to his brother, Sir William, relating his preparations for war, he makes a suggestion on this subject which, unfortunately for the military world, never bore fruit.

"There is a work wanted, and you are the man to do it when you have time—namely, a compendium of maxims by great commanders, without examples, such as your observations after chapters in your history, and Napoleon in his

memoirs. A man at the head of troops wants to refer to such things and keep them fresh in memory; he does not want examples but principles, and such a book is not to be put together by an ordinary writer ignorant of war. I have found Frederick of Prussia's instructions very useful. I cannot tell how, except that they are practical, and bring many things before me as I work; and they are in one little volume; whereas I have to hunt through your six volumes, and Napoleon's nine, which are therefore useless to me; for I cannot carry them, and would not have time to hunt out passages. Even Frederick's little book might be much less, and thus be better. *Jomini* is too voluminous; the Archduke Charles is better, but not altogether what I want and mean; Fred. is the man. But my book should not be Fred., nor Nap., nor any one, but able extracts from all, by a man able also to give his own, as you are: the Duke is not now likely to do anything of this nature. I have long wished for a work of this kind: ever since I have had a command, and a pamphlet of 100 pages will do."

For a man who tackles his profession in this way, reading the best that is known with pen in hand, even though his abilities be but moderate, the bugbear of modern examinations will have no terrors.

Early in April Sir Charles Napier was back at Kurachee, having travelled so rapidly that he arrived as soon as the news of the peace. Scinde had remained perfectly tranquil during the war, and the Governor found his reputation with the Beloochees rather greater than before. His kismet, they said, was a cubit longer than that of any man then living, and when he was ordered to headquarters they had exclaimed, "Now all will be settled at once." In all other respects the war had given him little cause for satisfaction. He had felt keenly the disappointment of seeing his masterly preparations rendered abortive, and the long ride of 1800 miles to Lahore and back in the heat had sown

the seeds of a disease which ultimately proved fatal. Havelock wrote, after seeing him at Lahore, "It is impossible to conceive, without seeing it, a frame so attenuated and shattered, and yet tenanted by a living soul, as this old soldier's." He had hardly resumed his duties under these depressing conditions when a still heavier trial fell upon him. Cholera, which had appeared in a few cases among the natives, suddenly burst out with the greatest violence among the troops and the European community, attacking the finest and strongest men. Its worst fury was of short duration, and its disappearance was as abrupt and inexplicable as its coming; but in that short time 7000 persons died in Kurachee, and nearly 50,000 were said to have perished in the country; 800 soldiers died. The Governor separated the troops at once, and organised seven hospitals. Some of these were 2 miles asunder, and the nearest more than a mile from his house, but he inspected every hospital twice every day, speaking some word of encouragement to every sufferer. His own home was not spared. John Napier, his favourite nephew, had one little daughter, and his wife, Sir Charles Napier's step-daughter, was in delicate health. On the 6th of July the little girl died; on the afternoon of the 7th John Napier, an ardent and able soldier, was attacked by cholera, and before night was dead; on the following day a second daughter was born. This double burden of public and private sorrow was hard to bear, how hard no one might know, for in that dark hour he felt that only his calm and undaunted defiance of adversity stood between his people and despair. Only when alone with his Journal is a sharp cry of pain suffered to escape. "I have lost my Journal from the 26th of April, and since then nothing but great suffering has been my fate. John's first illness; then his child's; and then the terrible cholera which swept off my soldiers; and, O God! its last blow

struck down my beloved nephew after he and I had laid his child in its grave. I laid him by her side; him whom from his infancy I had saved and cherished, and whom I so loved. Merciful God! how heavily the hand of the evil spirit strikes! but we go to Thee, and the struggle ends! My time cannot be very distant."

The state of his health made him conscious that he must soon choose between leaving Scinde and dying at his post. He had undergone four years of great responsibility and labour in a trying climate, and without any rest or relaxation. He felt that another year would be as much as he could bear. His choice was hastened and to some extent determined by his unpleasant relations with the Court of Directors. When Lord Ellenborough left India a considerable portion of the ill-will borne him by the East India Company had been transferred to the most brilliant exponent of his policy, who, it must be confessed, did not take much pains to avert it. From the day Napier set foot in India he had spoken freely in disparagement of the Company's rule; the Government of Scinde had been organised without the least reference to the tastes or wishes of that body; while the controversy between his brother and Major Outram had introduced a personal element into the conflict of political opinions. He could, however, say for himself that, if he had used hard words about the Directors, he had still been a valuable servant. In the war in the Punjab the difference between Scinde as a turbulent and treacherous neighbour, and Scinde as a loyal and strongly-ruled province menacing the Sikh flank, had been of the first importance. Again, in another direction, the acquisition of Scinde had put a stop to the smuggling of opium through the Portuguese colony of Demaum into Bombay, and had thereby enormously increased the revenue of that presidency. Nor had Scinde proved a bad bargain in itself. In the first

four years after the conquest little short of £800,000 surplus was paid into the treasury of India in spite of war and pestilence. When, therefore, Napier found himself exposed to every sort of annoyance and misrepresentation, and when he remembered that the only reward he had received for his services was the promotion from K.C.B. to G.C.B., he felt that he was a marked man. Putting aside his services in the settlement of Scinde, nothing had been done for his staff after the hill campaign, and he received absolutely no recognition of his exertions in the Sikh war. He had warned the Government that war was inevitable, and had asked leave to prepare for it; this had been refused on the ground that it would alarm the Sikhs. When war broke out, he was ordered without any warning to organise, equip, and concentrate at a distance of 400 miles an army of 15,000 men with a heavy siege train—a task which he completed in forty days. Then, in his own words, "There are Hardinge's letters calling me up from Roree to his headquarters, because things were in danger, and he thought I was the man to pull them through. I am not so vain as to think they had no other; but they thought so, and the army thought so, and I have the Governor-General's letters saying so. The Government at home have, of course, copies, for the letters were official." He had obeyed this call with extraordinary promptitude and at the cost of great personal suffering, and yet, when ministers at home thanked the officers by name who had taken part in the campaign, from the Governor-General down to a gallant captain, Sir Charles Napier was not considered worthy of even a passing notice. Unfortunately he experienced something worse than neglect from the Court of Directors.

After the conquest of Scinde the prize money was vested in the Directors as trustees for its proper distribution; which, it was wittily said, was like making the wicked

uncle trustee for the babes in the wood. They decided, against all precedent, that Sir Charles Napier was only entitled to one-sixteenth as a Major-General, instead of one-eighth as Commander-in-Chief of the troops concerned. Sir Charles Napier received no official notice of this decision, but the Lords of the Treasury permitted his friends to appeal on his behalf, and the decision was reversed. Another instance of the unfair treatment he met with at their hands was of a much more serious nature than a dispute about prize money. If there was one thing that he had more at heart than another in his government it was the removal of every restriction on the production or importation of food. One of his first administrative acts had been the abolition of a tax upon imported grain, known as transit-duty. With his experience of the amenities of the Anglo-Indian press he was not much surprised to find the *Bombay Times* denouncing him for having dared to re-establish this same transit-duty, and making all India ring with circumstantial accounts of his infamous attempts to make up a sham revenue.

"As I never, he says, "put one single tax upon the people of Scinde, good, bad, or indifferent, and took off a great many taxes, I laughed at what I knew must be in due time found pure inventions. But could I laugh when I found, by a mistake of a clerk at Calcutta in sending a wrong letter, that the Bombay Government had transmitted a secret note of council to be registered at Calcutta against me! accusing me of making up a false revenue, not alone by levying taxes, for as I recollect the Minute of council only hinted at that, but by a monopoly of grain! the price of which was first raised, it said, by my command, and then sold at the enhanced price to the troops, so as to make the loss fall on the Bombay Government; in short, that I had perpetrated so infamous an action, that if there had been an iota of truth in it, hanging would be too good for me.

"Well, I answered their Minute when it reached me by the mistake noticed, and disproved by document after document every lie they had told. Did this suffice? Was this all the result of the *Bombay Times'* falsehoods about the taxes? No! Enough in all conscience, but not all. I got a letter from Lord Ripon, to say he had heard of my taxation, but hoped it was not true; and then he gave all sorts of reasons to prove I ought not to put on the transit-duty, showing that he was convinced I had done so—as a nurse says to a naughty child, I hope you have not been doing so and so, when she knows it has. . . . No sooner had I answered Lord Ripon than down comes from Calcutta a letter from the secret committee of the Court of Directors—Lord Ripon's colleagues—to know why I had restored the transit-duty, which they heard I had done from various sources."

It will be observed that the authorities had condemned him without asking for any explanation from himself. But this was not the worst. Sir Charles Napier's charges against his official superiors have often been smiled at as the inventions of an irritable and egotistical imagination. An instructive comment on that view will be found in the sequel to the business of the transit-duty. In the year 1857, when Sir Charles Napier had been four years in his grave, a motion was made in Parliament for a return of Land Tenures in India. The return, when presented, contained the direct charge, as made by the Bombay Government in 1846, that, contrary to the established law and in order to give a fictitious importance to his conquest, Sir Charles Napier had created a monopoly of grain to sell at famine prices. On a motion being made for the production of Napier's refutation of the calumny thus reiterated by the Company after his death, it was answered by those Directors who had seats in the House that no such refutation had been found!

Grieved and provoked as he was by such treatment, of

which the cases given above are but prominent instances, he was determined not to give his enemies an easy triumph by resigning, at any rate until the structure of his Government had been carried on to such a point that it could not easily be shaken after his departure.

The first point he was anxious to see settled was a large reduction of the military force in Scinde. He had always maintained that a large force there had been necessary to watch the Punjab and not to overawe Scinde. The latter could be held, he said, by his 2500 policemen; but if the Central Government would not allow that, he was urgent that he should not be left more than 5000 men, the number intended for the occupation under Lord Auckland's *régime*. He did not get all that he wanted. "Hardinge will not reduce my force below 8000; yet he says my reasoning is 'close and sound;' but that all would be right while I am here. This is not well founded. The people are not quiet because I am here; they were so at first, but now they are quiet because they are getting rich and enjoy the fruits of their labours; because justice makes them happy."

In the administrative department a system of irrigation held the first place in his thoughts.

"From the first," he says, "I have been forming a canal department; it has cost much pains and money, but has taken surveys and levels all over Scinde for the thorough organisation of canals and irrigation of the land. In October it will take the whole of the canals out of the hands of the kardars, who are the natives employed in each district to do everything relative to revenue. Hitherto the Indus has created and destroyed the harvests at its caprice. In June and July the country is one great expanse of water, and the grain shoots up like magic; suddenly down goes the river, and all is parched up by the terrible sun. The grain bears this for some time, the earth holding moisture, and if a second rise of water comes, grows rich and heavy; but if the river does not

rise in time, or enough, or perhaps not at all, the crop perishes altogether. Now, with our system of sluices, all the great feeders will become long tanks, plentifully supplying the grain by little field drains till ripe, when the sluices will be opened and the canals cleaned out. The water spreads now wildly over the whole surface of the land, and where that happens to be a low level it lies until the sun of August and September dries up the swamp; then a rich mixed vegetation of grain and weeds springs up with a full crop of fever! . . . I thus hope next year to see the first action of my sluice system begun, and in ten or twenty years it will be thoroughly understood, and make Scinde a vast farm for cotton, indigo, wheat, with various other grains, and timber also. I defy any man to doubt the riches of an alluvial soil, with a hot sun and good scientific irrigation."

Of the legislative work the most important was that relating to land tenure. It has already been explained that all the land of Scinde was held at the will of the Government and subject to military service, and that by the durbar held in 1844, the jaghires, or crown-grants, had been given on life-tenancy, or for a long term of years, subject to a rent instead of service. This system had worked well and was spreading; for it must be remembered that the change of tenure was voluntary. It was now determined to complete the destruction of the feudal tenures in the following manner: The jaghirdars, or holders of the old crown-grants, were offered absolute unconditional ownership of as much of their holdings as they had cultivated. This amounted in most cases to about one-fourth of the whole. The remaining three-fourths were resumed by the State in order to be let to ryots and immigrant settlers at very low rents, and with the advantage of being free from both rent and taxes for the first two years. This was a bold step, but it was executed without commotion or remonstrance.

"My motives," he said, "are that a host of poor ryots,

hitherto slaves not only to the Ameers but to the jaghirdars, will be enfranchised, and enabled to live in comfort and industrious; and I know that the nobles can never be good or contented subjects unless we give them public employment and honour them. When civilisation advances, they will, under this system, find themselves rich, and they will embark in mercantile pursuits and agricultural improvements, because they will find their property safe, and need not as heretofore make themselves formidable as military chiefs to retain it. . . . Even under my system they will become very powerful; but I have established a counter-check by opening a way to raise a race of independent farmers attached to the Government. This is all I can now do for Scinde and its fine people."

In connection with the provision for the creation of small holdings he had jotted down the following rough notes:—

"All land ought to be let by Government on leases of seven, fourteen, and twenty-one years; the best land—that is, land where water is most easily supplied—on the shorter leases.

"The produce being divided into three portions, Government should take a third; the remaining two-thirds going to the occupant, who takes all the expenses of cultivation.

"If the occupant cannot supply his land with water the Government is bound to do so for him; but he must keep the canal or well, as the case may be, in repair, under a penalty.

"Government should give a premium for every new well dug, if the water be good, and the well a Pukkur one—*i.e.* built with burnt bricks. The well should be valued and paid for when the tenant quits the land, unless he be turned out for misconduct.

"All waste land on lease shall be let for twenty-one years, and the first two years rent free. If at the end of two years the whole is not in a state of cultivation the Government will

mulct the tenant to the amount which the land ought to have paid had rent been demanded, unless he satisfies the collector that there was adequate cause for the neglect.

"If a man takes a lease he shall be bound to cultivate the land until the expiration of his lease; and he must pay full rent in cash quarterly for his leasehold; if he does not cultivate the same he must go to prison, and there labour until Government is remunerated by the market price of his labour, deducting only the expense of his keep.

"All leases are to explain clearly—1. The term of the lease. 2. The extent of the leasehold. 3. The forfeit in case of breach of contract."

One more act of his administration shall be recorded, as it illustrates his attitude towards one of the fundamental questions of our Indian policy. He held strongly enough that our rule in India depended on our might as conquerors, but he never considered that view as conflicting with the duty or necessity of developing the native capacity for self-government. "Seize every point of strength by arms," he says, "keep them by arms, and show ourselves resolved to rule the empire we have won. It is true we have won that empire most unjustly, but it is now impossible to abandon our position. We may not retreat, and can only hold our ground by skill and courage. It is not by moderation but by victory that we must hold India; and we must mix with the people, give them justice, give them riches, give them honours, give them share of all things, until we blend with them and become one nation. When a half-caste, or a full native, can be Governor-General, we shall not hold India as a colony or conquest, but be part inhabitants, and as numerous as will be required to hold it as our own."

To show that he meant what he said, Mohamed Tora, one of the greatest sirdars who fought at Meeanee, was made a magistrate. Napier is very frank in his justification of the appointment.

"The nobles of Scinde must have the road of ambition opened to them, or they will not have their rights in the honourable sense of my proclamation—that is, if they qualify themselves for the offices demanded. But in questions of general interest like this, even qualification should not be required before enjoyment—we must give first, we can turn out afterwards for incapacity. The class-right will be thus acknowledged while the man is removed; and if one Beloochee gentleman becomes a magistrate, many will qualify themselves. I want to go beyond this, if the Indian system will allow me; but that system, a rotten fabric of expedients for the supporting of robbery, is equally destitute of humanity and knowledge of human nature, and will, I suppose, certainly debar the Scindian gentlemen of the rights possessed by Englishmen. I will, however, give them all I can. The Beloochee gentleman may likely enough abuse his power for ten years to come; but we who have conquered the country can surely keep half a dozen of such persons in order; and the great men of the land must have a door open for their ambition, their virtues, and their industry, or they will become rebellious or vile; I know not which is worst, but the Government which produces either is a detestable tyranny."

With these words, the fearless generosity of which is a striking contrast to the illiberal fears of many who sneered at his administration as a barbarous military despotism, we must take leave of Scinde. It has been impossible in these few pages to give more than a rough outline of his actions, military and civil. Many points have been barely touched upon, some have been omitted altogether; but the aim has been not so much to give a history of his government as to indicate the originality, the inexhaustible resource, the versatility, the subtle knowledge of human nature, and the stern devotion to justice and duty, which enabled him in five years to conquer, conciliate, and render happy a warlike and half barbarous people. "He has proved himself," said Lord Ellenborough, "to be the ablest, at least the most

successful of all administrators, if the success of an administration may be tested by the confidence it gives the people. . . . These matters are, however, so very little understood in this country, even by the few who attend to them at all, that I fear it may be long before his merits are justly appreciated; and people here may discover, only when it is too late, that Sir Charles Napier has possessed that rare combination of military and civil talent, both excellent in their kind, which is the peculiar attribute of a great mind."

In testimony of the prosperity and happiness he had brought to the people he governed, two facts may be cited. Early in 1847 Sir Charles Napier offered to send from Scinde 11,000 tons of wheat for the use of starving Ireland, at one-third of the market price of wheat in England, and showed at the same time that enough would be left in Scinde to form a reserve in case the next harvest was bad. The other fact is the anxiety of his neighbours to be admitted to share the benefits of his rule. The whole people of Cutch Gundava in the north, and the tribes of the Gedrosian desert on the west, asked to be received as his subjects; while on the east the ruler of Bhawulpoor asked to be placed under the control of the Governor of Scinde instead of a political agent. There was also a large immigration of individuals. One man, who had been driven from Scinde by the tyranny of the Ameers, returned, bringing with him a body of 1500 cultivators, with their families, who were all settled by the Governor at old Kurachee.

In his own criticism of his government he modestly enumerates the difficulties he had met with as an excuse for his deficiencies. "Though the officers with me and myself might have done more and better, no one will deny that we have had many and great difficulties to struggle with—war, and pestilence in its utmost virulence, the

destruction of a whole harvest by locusts, etc. In the midst of an extensive military command I have had to construct the entire machinery of a civil government, assisted by young officers, who had, at first starting, little or no experience, but whose zeal and abilities have enabled them to serve me well." Of his two immediate successors, both of whom were civilians trained in a system in many respects most unlike that of Scinde, the first, Mr. Pringle, said, "I can wish nothing better for the interests of our newly-acquired provinces in the Punjab, than that they may have the benefit of the same just and strong government which was so successfully applied to the introduction of order here." The late Sir Bartle Frere, who ruled Scinde for seven years with equal benefit to the country and credit to himself, has repeatedly expressed to the present writer his admiration of the political capacity and foresight displayed in the settlement of Scinde, and fully endorsed Sir William Napier's summary of his brother's rule: "He left a united regenerated people rejoicing in a rising civilisation, the work of his beneficent genius."

CHAPTER IX.

HOME—COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA—LAST YEARS.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER resigned the government of Scinde in the beginning of July 1847. His wife had fallen dangerously ill, and it was necessary to take her home. "I am a man smothered with women and children," he writes, "like a duck with onions. Would that my next four months were well over and I clear of this grand India and all its glories, and wants, and bad governments." On 1st October he embarked and journeyed without accident to Nice, where he stopped some time to recruit his strength. The Journal contains some characteristic reflections on the passage from Asia to Europe.

"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, and 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. Petersburg. What stuff is all this! Here am I, sixty-six years old and in bodily pain, fit for nothing but the grave, contemplating conquest and wise government! Vanity! vanity! begone!

"Well, the Indian is now rising in the scale, and Christianity is on the spread everywhere, for the Christian is the

master. We have got footing in China; we are paramount in India; Persia is pressed on all sides, and Mahomed reels about; Jerusalem beats Mecca. The Bombay army laughs at high caste already; the Bengal and Madras men will soon do so; and then Vishnu's race will be run. Mahomed already drinks brandy, and his women are getting out of the harem as fast as they can. Everywhere the Cross prevails; we are letting Jews into power, and being no longer persecuted they will in time turn Christians. A thousand years may pass before these things are completed—ay, ten thousand!—but the universality of the Christian religion progresses plainly, if men will only look at great facts. Protestants and Catholics and Greeks by their nonsense delay the progress of their creed, but Jesus Christ is too strong for all their folly; His words, His deeds, His life, are known, and will overthrow all their absurdities in time. Priests of all religions are at a discount, while religion is spreading and growing strong: this alone tells us that monopoly in the trade is going down. Men are now setting up for themselves—that is to say, religion grows universal.

"As to politics we are going to the bad: Parliament is influenced by petty interests. In the days of Fox and Pitt, whether right or wrong, there were commanding minds and determined wills; now we wince under the lash of every editor of a newspaper. We are no longer like a fine picture, presenting two great masses of light and shade, all is broken and trivial. Every petty mercantile interest is advocated, while that of the State in mass is lost sight of in the conflict of these minor concerns—the timber line, the railroad line, the devil's line! We are all for moderation, too! A little blessed, a little damned, like souls in purgatory; but only souls and balloons go upwards; so if we make a slip in this purgatorial moderation down we go to the devil in politics."

At Nice he stayed for some months, very weak and suffering in body, but happy in the society of his brother, Sir George Napier, who had recently relinquished the government of Cape Colony. On 16th January he says,

"George and I are going to dine together this day, just thirty-nine years after he turned every dead body on the battlefield of Coruña looking for mine." On his way home (May 1848) he had an interview with Marshal Soult in Paris, another reminiscence of Coruña. "He paid me the highest compliments, as he had studied all my operations in *China*, and entirely approved of them. This was flattering. Depend upon it that when a French soul is damned, it puts on a greatcoat and compliments the devil on his fine climate, though '*un peu froid.*'"

On reaching London he found that, in spite of the hostility or coldness of the official world, he was to be treated as a "Lion," and put through the orthodox series of dinners and speeches. "How I hate these effusions of fish and folly!" he exclaims; but his striking appearance and quaint speeches made him a prominent and popular figure.

Among the celebrities of the day there were few whose attention gave him genuine pleasure. It was a proud moment for him when he again stood face to face with the Duke of Wellington and heard his sincere words of congratulation and answered his short eager questions. Lord Ellenborough had been up till then personally unknown to him, but their long and intimate correspondence put them at once on the footing of old friends. In the parliamentary world the only man for whom he had a great admiration was Sir Robert Peel. Their meeting was thoroughly cordial on both sides. "Sir Charles Napier," said Peel, "were I to begin life again, and be a soldier, I would enlist under you in preference to any other General." All Whigs were, as ever, an abomination to him, not excepting even so doubtful a member of the species as Lord Brougham. He tells his brother how he disconcerted that eminent man with evident relish. "Lord Brougham is a queer fellow.

He was talking something about burials at Miss Coutts's, of being buried alive, and finished by saying, 'However, I don't know; I never was buried.' 'You ought to have been,' said I, 'for your Lordship was dead once, you know.' He looked hard at me, and then said in a low voice, 'Yes, yes; I was dead.'[1] He did not seem to like the joke, and the less so as the old beau"—the Duke of Wellington—"opened his mouth and gave a deep guttural laugh, while the others broke out aloud."

There was one man in London with whom, had they ever met, he would have found himself in entire harmony. Eight years later Mr. Carlyle, in thanking Sir William Napier for his *Administration of Scinde*, took occasion to record his estimate of Charles Napier's character with unrivalled insight and vigour.

"To Sir William Napier.

"CHELSEA, *12th May* 1856.

"DEAR SIR—I have read with attention, and with many feelings and reflections, your record of Sir Charles Napier's administration of Scinde. You must permit me to thank you in the name of Britain at large for writing such a book, and in my own poor name to acknowledge the great compliment and kindness implied in sending me a copy for myself.

"It is a book which every living Englishman would be the better for reading, for studying diligently till he saw into it, till he recognised and believed the high and tragic phenomenon set forth there. A book which may be called 'profitable' in the old scripture sense: profitable for reproof, for correction and admonition, for great sorrow, yet for

[1] On the 22d of October 1839 all the morning papers, with the exception of the *Times*, announced the death of Lord Brougham and gave full obituary notices, more or less flattering—chiefly less. It was generally believed at the time that Lord Brougham was not wholly innocent of the propagation of the rumour. See Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. viii. pp. 505-510.

'building up in righteousness' too—in heroic manful endeavour to do well, and not ill, in one's time and place. One feels it a kind of possession to know that one has had such a fellow-citizen and contemporary in these evil days.

"The fine and noble qualities of the man are very recognisable to me; his piercing, subtle intellect turned all to the practical, giving him just insight into men and into things; his inexhaustible, adroit contrivances; his fiery valour; sharp promptitude to seize the good moment that will not return. A lynx-eyed, fiery man, with the spirit of an old knight in him; more of a hero than any modern I have seen for a long time. A singular veracity one finds in him, not in his words alone, which, however, I like much for their fine rough *naïveté*, but in his actions, judgments, aims; in all that he thinks and does and says—which, indeed, I have observed is the root of all greatness or real worth in human creatures, and properly the first (and also the rarest) attribute of what we call *genius* among men.

"The path of such a man through the foul jungle of this world,—the struggle of Heaven's inspiration against the terrestrial fooleries, cupidities, and cowardices,—cannot be other than tragical; but the man does tear out a bit of way for himself too, strives towards the good goal, inflexibly persistent till his long rest come; the man does leave his mark behind him, ineffaceable, beneficent to all good men, maleficent to none: and we must not complain. The British nation of this time, in India or elsewhere—God knows no nation ever had more need of such men in every region of its affairs! but also perhaps no nation ever had a much worse chance to get hold of them, to recognise and loyally second them, even when they are there. Anarchic stupidity is wide as the night; victorious wisdom is but as a lamp in it shining here and there. Contrast a Napier even in Scinde with, for example, a Lally at Pondicherry or on the Place de Grève—one has to admit that it is the common lot, that it might have been far worse!

"There is great talent in this book apart from its subject. The narrative moves on with strong weighty step, like a

marching phalanx, with the gleam of clear steel in it—shears down the opponent objects and tramples them out of sight in a very potent manner. The writer, it is evident, had in him a lively glowing image, complete in all its parts, of the transaction to be told; and that is his grand secret of giving the reader so lively a conception of it. I was surprised to find how much I had carried away with me, even of the hill campaign and of Trukkee itself; though without a map the attempt to understand such a thing seemed to me desperate at first.

"With many thanks, and gratified to have made this reflex acquaintance, which if it should ever chance to become a direct one might gratify me still more,—I remain always yours sincerely, T. CARLYLE."

After a short visit to Ireland, where he received an enthusiastic welcome, Sir Charles Napier settled down at Cheltenham. He was in very bad health; suffering much from the effects of the ride to Lahore, and also from the old Busaco wound in the face. "I am again suffering from a threatened renewal of the suffocating feeling in my nose, or rather my palate. I am obliged to get up at night and light a candle, and if I remained in the dark I should go mad; the light relieves me, yet I live in terror lest it should come on violently." His chief occupation was the composition of a pamphlet advocating the organisation of a baggage-corps for the Indian army, which has already been referred to. Before it was finished the fulfilment of his predictions about the Punjab commenced: Agnew and Anderson, for the latter of whom he had a great liking, were murdered at Mooltan, and the second Sikh war burst out. After Edwardes' brilliant exploit things did not go well; and the doubtful victories of the last war were recalled with all the more anxiety that Lord Hardinge was no longer at hand in case Lord Gough's headlong style of generalship should again put India in peril. In such a

crisis the eyes of the public were more and more turned to the conqueror of Scinde, and his sayings about the Punjab were rife. His friends told him he would have to go out. "I see no chance of this," he replies; "for before the Directors would consent the danger must be made plain by some disaster; not danger in perspective and estimated by forethought, but actual disaster which must happen two months before the court can know of it; two more would pass before I could reach the scene of action, and then all would be over or beyond remedy."

Early in January 1849 want of confidence in Lord Gough had become so general that there was a loud call in England for a change in the command. The Directors asked the Duke of Wellington to recommend them a General for the crisis, and he named Sir Charles Napier. But, as Napier had said, nothing short of necessity would make them swallow such a bitter draught. The Duke next named Sir George Napier. The Directors were shy of the name, but reluctantly assented. Sir George, however, refused—"from other causes," says Sir W. Napier, "but he loved his country and his brother too well to step into the place of the best man." Sir William Gomm was finally hit upon, and actually sailed from Mauritius. Sir Charles Napier had left Cheltenham for London at the Duke's summons; but when he reached Apsley House his services had already been refused.

"29*th January*.—I saw the Duke this morning. 'How do you do? very glad to see you. Sorry I sent for you up from Cheltenham; thought I could employ you, but can't; that quarrel with Hogg! it has upset everything. Sorry I gave you the trouble to come. Well, I am very glad to see you, and shall keep you in my eye all the same: another time, perhaps.' 'I don't think I could have gone to India, my lord duke!' 'Eh! Why? Ain't you well?' 'Yes, quite

well, but I have too many enemies there.' Duke, laughing very much, — 'Pooh! Pooh! Pooh! Enemies! don't care for enemies! Pooh! Pooh! Well, good-bye, very glad to see you.'"

After this laconic interview Napier returned to Cheltenham, and the Directors rubbed their hands over their escape. But their triumph was short-lived. Late in February came the news of the battle of Chillianwallah. With a cry of indignation the people claimed their right to override the personal feelings of the Directors, and demanded the appointment of Sir Charles Napier. The necessary disaster had come, and the Directors yielded. It was a splendid vindication of Napier's character. He had been slighted by ministers and ill-treated by the Directors, but his countrymen had recognised his great qualities and instinctively turned to him in the hour of danger. But if he was proud of such testimony in his favour, he was still more indignant that the call for himself should be coupled with an unjust and ignoble outcry against Lord Gough. "Lord Gough," said Sir W. Napier, echoing his brother's sentiments, "was a noble soldier of fifty years' service, and had always been victorious, whether obeying or commanding; no man heard, because no man dared to say, that personal comfort, or idleness, or fear, had induced him to shrink from danger, responsibility, or labour. What then was his crime? He had fought a drawn battle—the enemy was not crushed." Charles Napier was shocked to think that, while curious crowds were following him about, his old comrade in the Peninsula could hardly have shown himself in the streets of London without risk to his life.

On his own account he felt great hesitation in accepting the call. "When the Duke of Wellington first told me of my appointment I objected that my many enemies in

India would mar all usefulness; he laughed, pressed the matter home, and concluded thus: 'If you don't go, I must.'" Still reluctant, he asked for twenty-four hours for reflection, and went to his brother William for counsel. To him he expressed his unwillingness to go again to India in the face of the opposition which he knew he would experience; he only yielded at last to the argument that India was in danger, and the people of England thought he could ward it off; if he did not go, and disaster befell, it would be charged on his refusal to act, and be imputed to personal feelings.

The anticipated hostility was not long in declaring itself. As soon as he had said he would go the Directors made an effort to exclude him from the seat in the Supreme Council which his predecessors had almost invariably enjoyed. They did not choose to inform him of their intention themselves; that disagreeable task fell to Lord John Russell, who hinted to Napier that the Directors were hunting for a precedent, and would probably find one, for his exclusion. The General was naturally indignant. "Six years I had served in the East with success, as a military commander and as a civil governor; I had received the approbation of my sovereign, and the thanks of Parliament for victories which the public voice had applauded: I had been again called to command in the same country by the sovereign and the public, and the expectation of my submitting to such an insult from the Directors was preposterous." The result was a very stormy interview. Lord John Russell was "shy and not explicit, I was explicit and not shy, and spoke with such vehemence as to settle the matter at once—for jumping to my feet and extending my clenched hand, I said, 'Look here, Lord John! If they can't find a precedent for going out with a seat, I will, by God, find one for a Commander-in-Chief not

going out when offered the situation. 'Oh,' said he, 'they will, I am sure, find one.' 'My Lord, I do not care whether they do or not, but to India I will not go without a seat in Council.'"

The Directors having been once more obliged to yield, there remained one more uncomfortable scene to be gone through—the usual banquet given by them to the outgoing General. The speeches on the occasion had an interest of an unusual sort. The chief guest did not attempt to blink the facts. "I go to India," he said, "by the command of Her Majesty, by the recommendation of the Duke of Wellington; and I believe I go also with the approbation of my countrymen." In allusion to the past, he said with emphasis that "least said was soonest mended." The Duke of Wellington's words had also much hidden meaning in them. "I have frequently enjoyed your hospitality on occasions of festivals, which you have given on the appointment of governors-general, governors, and commanders-in-chief, but I have never attended with so much satisfaction as on the present occasion. The officer whom you have now selected to command your armies in the East Indies has been distinguished already in that country by public services. He has conducted most important and difficult operations under most trying circumstances with the utmost ability; he has with uniform success fought general actions extraordinarily well contested by the enemy: he has shown that he deserved the confidence of the Government he served and the troops he commanded."

Now came the worries of preparation, hampered by the curiosity of the fashionable world and solicitations for his patronage, the most remarkable of which, perhaps, was the offer of a stranger to become his secretary on the specific ground that the General must be too illiterate to write his own despatches. It is needless to remark that his prepara-

tions had no reference to his personal wants. His wardrobe was as scanty as ever. Having received the Queen's gracious command to dine at Osborne, with only a few hours' notice, his attention was drawn to the fact that a somewhat ancient drab waistcoat was hardly appropriate to the occasion. He had no other, but suddenly recollecting that his valet, a foreigner, was a dandy, he exclaimed, "Oh, I daresay Nicholas has a fine waistcoat; I'll borrow it," and so he did. For the few days which elapsed before he sailed he felt all the inconveniences of popularity; he was followed about and cheered whenever he left his house, and streets and shop-windows were filled with prints, caricatures, and squibs, all dealing with the absorbing topic of the day. The most amusing of these was the product of Thackeray's pen, entitled the "Story of Koompanee Jehan," a mighty prince who ruled India "from the seven mouths of the Ganges to the five tails of the Indus," but whose favourite residence was called the "Hall of Lead, and stood at the foot of the Mountain of Corn, close by the verdure-covered banks of the silvery Tameez, where the cypresses wave, and zendewans or nightingales love to sing." After a description of Koompanee Jehan's military policy, and of the effect of the news of Chillianwallah, it proceeds:—

"Now there was, when the news came to the city of Lundoon that Goof Bahawder had been beaten upon the banks of the Chenab, a warrior who, though rather old and as savage as a bear whose head is sore, was allowed by all mankind to be such a Roostum as had never been known since the days of Wellington. His name was Napeer Singh. He, with 2000 men had destroyed 30,000 of the enemy; he despised luxury; he had a beak like an eagle, and a beard like a Cashmere goat. When he went into a campaign he took with him but a piece of soap and a pair of towels; he dined off a hunch of bread and a cup of water. 'A warrior,' said he, 'should not care for wine or luxury, for fine turbans or

embroidered shulwars; his tulwar should be bright, and never mind whether his papooshes are shiny.' Napeer Singh was a lion indeed, and his mother was a mother of lions.

"But this lion, though the bravest of animals, was the most quarrelsome that ever lashed his tail and roared in a jungle. After gaining several victories he became so insolent and contemptuous in his behaviour towards King Koompanee Jehan, whom he insulted, whom he assailed, whom he called an old woman, that the offended monarch was glad when General Napeer Singh's time of service was out, and vowed no more to employ him. . . . When the news of Goof's discomfiture came to Lundoon and the Hall of Lead, and the Queen of Feringhistan, all the Ingleez began to quake in their shoes. 'Wallah! wallah!' they cried, 'we have been made to swallow abominations! Our beraks have been captured from our standard-bearers; our guns have been seized; our horsemen have fled. How shall we restore the honour of our arms? What General is there capable of resisting those terrible Sikhs and their sirdars?'

"The voice of all the nation answered, 'There is but one chief, and his name is Napeer Singh!' The twenty-four vizeers in the Hall of Lead, remembering the treatment which they had received from that General, and still smarting uneasily on their seats from the kicks which he had administered, cried out, 'No; we will not have that brawling samsoon—take any man but him. If Goof Bahawder will not do, take Goom Bahawder. We will not have Napeer Singh, nor eat the pie of humility any more.'

"The people still roared out, Nobody can help us but Napeer Singh.

"Now, Napeer Singh was as sulky as the twenty-four vizeers. 'I go,' said he, 'to serve a monarch who has been grossly ungrateful, and whose nose I have tweaked in Durbar? Never, never!'

"But an old General, nearly a hundred years old, very old, brave and wise, the great Wellington, came to Napeer Singh and said, 'O Khan! in these times of danger men must forget their quarrels and serve their country. If you

will not go to the Indus, I will go—one of us must.' They were two lions, two Roostums, two hooked-beaked eagles of war; they rushed into each other's arms, and touched each other's beaks. 'O Father!' Napeer Singh said, 'I will go;' and he went forth, and he bought a piece of soap, and he got two towels; and he took down from the wall his bright and invincible tulwar."

The vizeers in the Hall of Lead after some debate come to the same conclusion.

"When the Ingleez heard of this elmzshedeh or good news, they all rejoiced exceedingly; and the Queen of the Ingleez clapped her hands for joy. And as for Napeer Singh, he took his two towels and his piece of soap, and his scimetar, and he went away to the ship which was to carry him to the sea."

He left England the night of the 24th of March, the anniversary of his victory at Dubba, reached Calcutta the 6th of May, assumed the command forty-three days after quitting London—and found no war! He writes to his brother: "You will have heard that the war is over in India, and Lord Gough has come off with flying colours. Both these things rejoice me much. . . . I like that noble old fellow Gough more than ever. I told him my wish was that he would order me home; it would be a kindness, and so saying I told him the truth. . . . For myself I have no wish but to go home. I have too much knowledge, and too little power over things here. I have, however, received honest support from Lord Dalhousie; and he shall have my support with all zeal for the service, and all possible desire to be of use to him. And again let me express my delight with old Gough; he is so good, so honest, so noble-minded. I do rejoice in the promotion that made this brave and high-minded veteran so happy and content, that all which has past is forgotten."

This strong wish to escape from the position in which he now found himself was as reasonable as it was genuine. A second time in his career he had been summoned to save our Indian empire when for the moment it tottered. He arrived to find that the task for which he had been specially selected, and for which alone he had consented to leave England, was already happily accomplished. Instead of war he found the ordinary routine administration of the Indian army before him, and for that work he was fully conscious that he was not the right man. This was no new feeling occasioned by disappointment. Early in 1846 he had written in his Journal: "I do not want to be Commander-in-Chief; it is an empty name. Mischief will be vigorous, and I shall be weak, encountering it with handcuffs on my wrists and chains on my ankles! And then the evils which cannot be prevented will be laid at my door and cast in my teeth by the very men whose want of ability has produced them." As he said of himself, he "knew too much;" with his strong feeling of the necessity for great reforms in the administration of the Indian army, and his equally strong convictions as to what those reforms should be, he felt he would be miserable in a post which conferred very little initiative power, where he would not only be subject to the ordinary official checks imposed upon administrative departments, but would have to work in concert with an institution which in every shape and place he thoroughly detested,—a Military Board. These considerations would have deterred him from undertaking the ordinary duties of his office at any time; but now, when he was in his sixty-seventh year, in bad health and longing for England, when he was conscious of having incurred the hostility of many powerful persons, and feared that their ill-will would most probably find vent in thwarting and baffling his attempts to do good, they pressed themselves upon him with double

weight. His suspicion that the hostility of the Directors, smothered for the moment by the popular outburst in his favour, would follow him to India, was strengthened by his first interview with the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, who told him, laughingly, "In letters from England I have been warned against your endeavouring to encroach upon my power, and I answered that I would take d——d good care you should not." This was not an auspicious commencement; and, although nothing happened for some little time to disturb the harmony of their relations, it was not likely that two men so autocratic in temper and so different in age, training, politics, and every other respect, would continue to work long together without a conflict.

In spite of such gloomy reflections, duty was duty, and he lost no time in setting himself to work. He could not lead the Indian armies to victory, but he cheerfully accepted that most ungrateful and unpopular of tasks, the advocacy of extensive military reforms, including the creation of a higher moral tone, a stricter standard of discipline and duty than had hitherto prevailed in the Indian army.

The most pressing problem in the Commander-in-Chief's department was that of the distribution of troops, especially in regard to the newly-annexed Punjab; and its solution not only led him to pronounce a very decided opinion on the merits of the new system there established, but served to bring into the clearest daylight the latent antagonism between himself and the Governor-General. Constant intercourse with Lord Dalhousie had created a very definite impression of that imperious nobleman's capacity. "He is quick, and catches up small things, but has no great general views, and his mind cannot grasp them, . . . his quickness makes him lose time in small matters, which he should leave to his shoes, and not trouble his head with. He does not see what small things

are of importance, and what are of none; and he is clever enough to beat those under him in details, and then thinks himself, and they think him, very clever; but, while he is unravelling minute points, great ones are smouldering in mischief." Nevertheless he concludes that, though "Hardinge was more able, more experienced, yet Lord D. will do best in the long run."

If Napier had any fault to find with the administration of the Punjab he soon found an opportunity without going beyond the sphere of his own department. The employment of the military power for civil duties had always incurred his severest condemnation. "Rendering the civil power," he says, "dependent on the military for protection in ordinary cases, is of all evils the greatest. I speak from nearly fifty years' experience. I saw it in Ireland in 1798, and again in 1803. I saw it in the Ionian Islands. I saw it in the Northern District. I saw it in Scinde." He saw it once more in the Punjab, where he found "1800 men as guards, of whom neither the Commander-in-Chief nor the Adjutant-General knows a word, and they are from 16 to 100 miles distant from any military station! Had there been a sudden insurrection of Sikhs, the first knowledge of the matter would have come to me with an account of the destruction of those detachments!" Nor was the danger of such a catastrophe the only objection; small detachments were, in his opinion, most injurious to the discipline of the army; and, further, the habit of reliance on the troops made the civil government careless, by rendering it less dependent on its own alertness. "The great principle as regards the forces of India" he declares to be this,—"Have a large well-organised police to do all those duties for the civil branches of the Government which require armed men; such as occasional guards for civil servants, escorts of treasure, putting down robbers, arresting men for the