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LETTERS FROM
PERSIA AND INDIA



Edith Sprague pers.

Yours sincerely
Edith Sprague

Emery Walker Ph.D.

LETTERS FROM PERSIA AND INDIA

1857-1859

A SUBALTERN'S EXPERIENCES IN WAR

BY THE LATE GENERAL
SIR GEORGE DIGBY BARKER, G.C.B.



EDITED BY LADY BARKER

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INTRODUCTION

THE following letters written by General Sir George Digby Barker, while serving as a young Lieutenant with the 78th Highlanders, have lately come to light. Those to his Mother were in a little locked letter-case among a mass of papers that had doubtless never been sorted since her death. Others were found among the papers of his sister, Mrs. Jarvis, and the whole make a collection of such interest that they are now printed for the sake of many friends and relations, and also in the hope that they will be especially acceptable to the officers and men of the regiment he loved so well. There are many others in the collection beside those printed in this book—letters which it is hard to omit, for they are vivid and full of interest, but if all were included they would throw out of proportion the value of those written during the Persian War and Indian Mutiny: therefore it seems best to leave them out, and to include only a short epitome of their contents together with a few biographical notes which will serve as an introduction to the letters that follow.

George Digby Barker was the second son of John Barker of Clare Priory, Suffolk, and Georgiana, his wife, daughter of Colonel Weston of Poslingford. He was born the 9th of October 1833, and the earliest and happiest recollections of his childhood were connected with Clare Priory, where he spent the first few years of his life, together with his brothers, John, Thomas Weston, and Walter, and his sister Mary to whom so many of his letters were addressed. His father died in 1837, and three years later his Mother married again and left Clare. The "little brothers and sisters" referred to in the letters were the children of her second marriage, Stephen, Arthur, Anna and Selina Jenner, and Suttle was the faithful old nurse who brought up the whole of both families, and remained a trusted and valued friend to the end of her days.

The family lived for some years at Camberwell, and the brothers attended the Clapham Grammar School, which at that time was under the head-mastership of the Rev. C. Pritchard and ranked high among the schools of the day.

In April 1853 George Digby Barker was gazetted to a commission in the 78th Highland Regiment. There had been some question the previous year as to his height, but his Uncle, Colonel George Baker, 16th Lancers, who served at Waterloo, had happily been able to persuade the Commander-

in-Chief that his nephew, being so young, would probably grow, as he himself had done, after joining his regiment. Four months later Ensign George Digby Barker set sail for India to join the 78th at Poona.

His early letters home describe the sailing-ship "Earl Balcarres" and the long sea voyage round the Cape of Good Hope before the days of the Suez Canal. After three weeks' voyage he wrote:

"This is, as you may suppose, a very monotonous and idle life; however, I manage to pass away the time by reading and studying. I have begun to learn Hindustani from a cornet in the 10th Hussars, in return for which I teach him German. There are very few lady passengers, and most of them are unsociable and not the most agreeable. Four of them belong to the family of a Bombay tradesman—a baker I think—and hold their heads very high in consequence: they are the colour of my new portmanteau which you got at Levy's."

Nearly three months later, when nearing Cannanore, he says:

"We have now been out 100 days from Gravesend. Fresh provisions failed ten days ago, the crockery is all smashed, and there is hardly a cup or tumbler or anything to drink out of, people are all getting tired of each other and there are

rows without end. I am rather a great man in my way, not in size but in position—having been made about three weeks ago acting-adjutant to the commanding officer, an office with no pay, a little honour perhaps, and a great deal of bother. The former adjutant resigned his commission on account of a row with the Captain.”

The “Earl Balcarres” dropped anchor in Bombay harbour, the 1st of December 1853, and young Barker’s military career then began in earnest.

He went at once to Poona to join his regiment, but before long was back in Bombay to attend a court of enquiry. He gives the following description of the return journey to Poona :

“I and three others are taking the marching time to which we are entitled and are riding up the country gently on our own horses. Yesterday we rode 30 miles, which has made me rather tired to-day. We rode 12 miles before breakfast, halted till 4 o’clock when the sun began to be bearable, and set out for the remaining 18, the last six of which was the ascent up the Ghauts. I and an officer of the 86th who had ridden on in front of the rest, reached the foot of the Ghauts as it got quite dark. We plucked up courage and had rather an exciting ride. Not having a guide with us we were obliged to go very slowly, as in some parts the overhanging trees and rocks made it so

dark that we could not see a yard before us, and we were continually on the look out for either falling over the ravines and precipices, or being attacked by wild beasts or something of that kind. Our horses were very nervous and thought every stone they saw was a tiger, and this continued for about six miles. When we had ascended about four miles, we came suddenly on a hut with a lamp in it, out of which emerged a dozen or more natives, one or two armed with muskets and bayonets. They surrounded us and muttered some words perfectly unintelligible to us which we supposed to mean, "Your money or your life." Using the native language as well as I could, I suggested that I was not a proud man, but that I really had an objection to give away either. Upon this one of them produced a book entitled "Rules and Regulations for Levying Tolls on Cattle and Carriages passing from the Deccan to the Concan," by which I was made aware that it was neither my money nor my life that was required but three-halfpence as a toll for my horse. I remarked that one man could have obtained this quite as well as twelve, and proceeded up the hill considerably relieved."

Exactly one year after landing in India Ensign Barker obtained the appointment of Interpreter in Hindustani to the 10th Royal Hussars. He

joined the regiment at Kirkee, went through the riding school, and thoroughly enjoyed a short experience of cavalry life. But three months later the 10th Hussars were ordered to the Crimea and as, unfortunately, no excuse could be found for including an interpreter in Hindustani among the staff of the regiment, he had to return to Poona. Here he set about studying Marathi in the hope of one day obtaining the Interpretership of his own regiment. Indeed his energy and enthusiasm in the study of native languages seemed unbounded, and he even thought at one time of starting to learn Turkish, on hearing that there was an old Jew in Bombay who said he could teach the language.

In a letter to his Mother, replying to a question as to how he spent his time, he gives the following table :

“ The way I employ myself just now is somewhat as follows:—

5½	a.m.	Get up.
6 -7	„	Drill.
7 -8	„	Take a stroll, nap or book, etc.
8	„	A cold shower bath.
8½	„	Breakfast.
9½	„	Prepare Hindustani in anticipation of—
10-12	„	Moonshee (native instructor).

12 -1 p.m.	Prepare for Moonshee No. 2.
1 -2 „	Moonshee No. 2.
2 -4 „	Study drill books, Queen's Regulations, Articles of war, standing orders, etc. etc., preparatory to examination for Lieutenancy.
4 -5 „	Read the papers.
5½-6½ „	Drill.
7½ „	Mess.
9½ or 10 p.m.	Retire to rest to dream of Moonshees, their physiognomy and other peculiarities, of Queen's regulations and pipe-clay—sleep as sound as a top, until I hear a voice calling 'Sahib! Sahib!' and see through the darkness the hideous face of my servant poked through my mosquito curtain."

In a later letter, when the time of examinations was approaching, he wrote:

"I am studying Marathi nine hours a day, which, together with one's military duties, does not leave much time for letter-writing. I daresay you will make an exclamation of horror when you read this, about the nine hours, but don't think that I am killing myself, as I have plenty of exercise

besides in the way of parades and walks or rides every day; an occasional dinner-party or ball also diverts one's mind, and prevents one from becoming a Marathi maniac, and as I never open a Marathi book on Sundays, I get altogether quite enough relaxation from it."

As the result of all this industry, Sir George held the following appointments during the years he spent in India:

Interpreter to 10th Hussars, November 1854-February 1855.

Interpreter to 14th Light Dragoons, May 1855-January 1857.

Interpreter to 78th Highlanders, January 1856-April 1859.

Early in 1856 there were rumours of trouble with Persia, and the letters of that year have constant reference to the subject, as the following quotations will show:

"*October 2nd*, 1856. The great topic of the day is the expedition to the Persian Gulf, preparations for which have been carried on with a zeal and activity, and a reckless expenditure that looks as if the authorities had little doubt about dispatching it. Several Regiments are under orders, amongst others H.M. 64th and the Company's 2nd European Regiment. We fully expected to be sent, but it appears we are not to go. I am not very sorry,

as I fancy there will be little honour or glory gained by it, the force being only sent for a demonstration, which, if it fails, will be followed up by a much larger force from Bengal through the Khyber Pass. A ridiculous incident took place in connection with this affair the other day. A steamer was sent up to Bushire by the Government of Bombay, with a despatch box supposed to contain an important despatch, in fact, a sort of ultimatum for the Shah of Persia, but when on arrival the said despatch box was with all due formality opened, behold, it was empty! And the steamer had to return to Bombay to find it. It seems that someone thought that someone else had put it in, and between them all, the important despatch on which the question of peace or war mainly rested, was quietly lying in some office in Bombay."

"*December 15th, 1856.* After all our false alarms, letters of readiness, etc., here we are still quietly located in our old snug quarters at Poona. Our future movements seem to depend on the nature of the intelligence that may be received from General Stalker on his arrival at Bushire, but the authorities do not expect to hear any news of the expedition till about Christmas day. We are the first to go if more European troops are required, and the Commander-in-Chief has refused all leave

of absence to our Regiment for more than a few days at a time, as he says we may be required to march at any time, at an hour's notice, so don't be surprised if you hear of the old Ross-shire Buffs sailing up the Persian Gulf to win some laurels at last. At first I did not care about it, but I am rather anxious to go now, as I think it will not be the peaceable trip that was at first expected. From all appearances the English will have their hands pretty full of fighting in all directions. You will hear by this mail of our fleet bombarding Canton and commencing another Chinese war."

From this time on the letters are so full of interest that, with very few exceptions, they will be found printed complete. Such omissions as are made relate almost entirely to matters which have long ago lost their interest, such as the constant repetition of the dates of despatch and arrival of mails. As these omissions do not in any way affect the substance of the letters, the reader has not been troubled with little rows of dots whenever a sentence is left out.

It may be a cause of surprise to many, that any young officer should have been able or willing to write such long and careful letters home, hardly ever missing a mail through all the stress and strain of continuous fighting. But probably the explanation of this completeness may be found

in his great affection for his Mother, who at the time was gradually becoming blind, and whose chief source of happiness lay in the receipt of these letters from abroad. Some of her letters are also still in existence, and to read them side by side with her son's, is to let light into the past, and to understand what each meant to the other. On 1st June 1857 she writes: "I see by the Indian paper to-day that you are again mentioned as one of 'that excellent little band.' I like to feast my eyes on your name as long as I can, for I sometimes fear I may not be able to see you when you return, if it pleases God to spare you, for I have not liked to tell you before how my eyesight is failing. It has been getting bad for the last two years, but it has lately become so much worse that I have been induced to take the opinion of one of the best oculists. . . I tell you this because I am forbidden to write much, as it tries my eyes a good deal, so I fear I must write you rather shorter letters. I am writing this a little at a time. But pray don't shorten your letters to me. It is one of my greatest pleasures to receive them, and I can always get them read to me if I cannot read them myself."

Writing after the receipt of his long budget describing the Relief and Defence of Lucknow, she sends a little note which is hardly legible:

“ My dearest dear George, I have been trying to write to you but find my eyesight will not allow me to accomplish a letter, but I must just thank you gratefully for the most interesting budget I have received this morning in two parts. . . I am very sorry not to be able to write to you more fully, but I hope you will continue to write to me, as your letters are one of my greatest pleasures. What a mercy to hear of you preserved through so many perils and dangers; I seem to receive you as a fresh gift every time I hear from you! . . . ”

Of the later life and long and honourable career of Sir George Digby Barker, I do not propose to give any detail in this book, beyond a few dates and facts, and a list of the appointments that he held. These will suffice to inform those who did not know him personally that the promise of early years was fulfilled in later life.

During the Persian War he took part in the Battle of Koosh-ab, Bombardment of Mohammerah and Expedition to Ahwaz, and was mentioned in despatch by Sir James Outram, published in Bombay G. D. No. 396 of 1857.

In India he was with General Havelock's column from first to last, and was present at Futtehpore, Aong, Pandoo Nuddee, Cawnpore, Oonao, Busseratgunge (29th July), Busseratgunge (5th August), Boorhea-ke-Chowkee, The Relief

of Lucknow, the Defence of Lucknow for two months, engaged in several sorties (wounded), Defence of Alum Bagh, Capture of Lucknow, Campaign of Rohilcund, Capture of Bareilly.

Lieutenant Barker held the post of Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, 1st Division of the Army, at the Capture of Lucknow, March 5th to 29th 1859, and was honourably mentioned in Sir Colin Campbell's despatch as "having given every assistance to Sir James Outram." He was appointed Adjutant of the 78th in 1858.

On returning home the 78th were given a right hearty welcome in the Highlands. They were stationed first at Fort George on the borders of Ross-shire (the original home of the regiment) and the northern counties vied with each other in entertaining officers and men. A great banquet was also given at Brahan Castle, by the Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, daughter of the Earl of Seaforth who raised the regiment. And on their removal to Edinburgh the 78th had such a magnificent reception that the streets of the city were almost impassable from the thousands who thronged to witness their arrival.

It may be well here to mention that the regiment, which was raised by the Earl of Seaforth, was first known as the Ross-shire Buffs, afterwards as the 78th Highlanders, and is now combined

with the 72nd Foot to form the Seaforth Highlanders. This accounts for the fact that Sir George served in the 78th in his younger days, and was Colonel of the Seaforths in later life, it also explains his reference in letters home to "the old Ross-shire Buffs."

In 1861 Lieutenant Barker was promoted Captain (without purchase) to fill a death vacancy in the 19th Regiment; he exchanged to the 64th (North Staffordshire) Regiment and received the rank of Brevet-Major in recognition of his services as D.A.Q.M.G. at the Capture of Lucknow.

He entered the Staff College, 1864, and was first on the list of those who passed in. Two years later, his name once more appeared at the top of the list of those who passed out. After graduating at the Staff College he held the following appointments:

1868-1873. Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General at Portsmouth, and on the Staff of the Duke of Cambridge at the first Autumn Manœuvres, 1872.

Jan. 1874-Dec. 1876. Professor of Military Art at the Staff College.

Jan. 1877-Oct. 1884. Assistant Director of Military Education at the War Office.

1884-1887. Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, Western District.

1884. Promoted Major-General by selection.

1890-1895. Commanded troops in China and Hong Kong. Acting-Governor 1891.

1896. Promoted Lieut.-General.

1896-1902. Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bermudas.

1900. Promoted General.

1905-1911. Colonel, Prince of Wales (North Staffordshire Regiment).

1911. Colonel, Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buff's, The Duke of Albany's).

He was created C.B. (military) 1889, K.C.B. 1900, and G.C.B. 1912.

Sir George married twice; firstly, Frances Isabella, daughter of George Murray, of Rosemount Ross-shire, by whom he had one son (who died 1899), and two daughters, Helena Augusta Victoria, wife of Sir F. H. May, K.C.M.G., the Governor of Hong Kong, and Mary Caroline, wife of Major-General J. C. Dalton, R.A.; and secondly, 1902, his cousin, Katherine Weston, daughter of Edward Golding Elwes.

In 1902 Sir George Digby Barker retired from the army, and settled in his old home, Clare Priory, where he spent the last eleven years of his life. He was a member of the West Suffolk County Council, a Justice of the Peace for Suffolk and

Essex, and interested himself keenly in all the affairs of the county and neighbourhood.

On the 15th of April 1914 his long and useful life came peacefully to an end. He was laid to rest in the family vault beneath the Priory Chapel in Clare Church, and once more the memory of old days was revived as the sound of the pipes was heard in Clare, and the Sergeants of the Seaforth Highlanders carried him to his last resting place.

KATHERINE W. BARKER.

CLARE PRIORY,
SUFFOLK,
1914.

LETTERS FROM PERSIA AND INDIA

PERSIAN CAMPAIGN

Camp Poona,
January 1st, 1857.

MY DEAR MARY,

We are off to the wars at last! On Christmas day news was received in Bombay of the capture of Bushire by our troops, but I am sorry to say not without loss. Brigadier Stopford of the 64th Regiment was shot whilst leading on his men to the attack, and Colonel Malet, who was commanding the cavalry, was killed by a brute whom he had just saved from being cut to pieces by his men. Three officers of the 20th Native Infantry were severely wounded, and two of them died shortly afterwards. A few men were killed and wounded, but in small proportion to the officers. The Indian Navy, who were co-operating with the force and took a large share in the fight, had not a man wounded, strange to say.

Two days after the arrival of this intelligence, an order was issued for the despatch of the 14th Light Dragoons, ourselves, the 26th N. I., and the Light Companies of ten native regiments, also a troop of Horse Artillery, a field battery, and a

Regiment of Irregular Horse. We are making all preparation and expect to march in a few days. The destination of this new force is kept a secret, but it is thought probable by many that we are to go by sea to Kurrachee, up the Indus to Sukker, and strike off through the Bolan Pass to Kandahar, and thence on to Herat. A large force is to go from Bengal with whom we shall probably unite. The other supposition is that we are to strengthen the force at Bushire, and with them march on to Shiraz. I rather hope the former plan will be the one, though the march will be rather a harassing one, I fancy. I wrote to Bury by last mail asking for a Colt's revolver, but I fear it will not reach me in time, if they do send one, unless they could manage to send it by one of our officers, who are all ordered to leave England immediately and to join the Regiment.

I don't know what address to give you for my letters, but the safest plan, until I can give you the proper one, will be to address them "to the care of the Brigade-Major, Queen's Troops (Bombay), to be forwarded." You had better not pay them as they may never reach me, especially if we go far inland. My next will probably be written on the march, as all the troops stationed further away from Bombay than we are, have commenced their march already, having received their orders by Electric Telegraph, and one of them (the 26th N. I.) has reached Poona to-day.

I am writing this on New Year's day, and wish

you all a happy New Year—it promises to be an eventful one. I will send this by Marseilles that you may get the news as soon as possible, and I will send a newspaper to the Vicarage which will give all the details of the fighting. Good-bye, give best love to all

And believe me

Ever your affectionate brother

G. D. BARKER.

Camp Khandalla,
January 11th, 1857.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

My last letter will have prepared you to hear that we have commenced our march for the Persian War. We were warned on about the 28th of last month that our Regiment was to be sent, but we were not quite prepared to receive the sudden order to start, which we got about sunset on the 6th, that the left wing was to march at 3 a.m. the next morning, and the right wing the morning after. I belong to the left wing, but as the Interpreter is always supposed to remain at Head Quarters, I was transferred to the right and thus got one day extra—which you may imagine was not more than I required seeing that I had to sell all my furniture, pay all bills, wish good-bye to all friends, perambulate Poona to find some public-spirited individual to succeed me as Honorary Secretary and Treasurer to the Poona Gymkhana Club, and having caught him hand over all the accounts,

stores, kit, and funds belonging to it, to have our Officers' Library, of which I am Secretary, packed up and placed in Store, to pack up my marching kit, and what is called by good ladies in England to "go shopping" for various articles necessary for a campaign.

It seems we were ordered off by a telegraphic message from Bombay; what is up no one knows except the Government, who are keeping it all very secret.

According to orders the left wing started at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 7th and we followed on the 8th. A bright moonlight morning, the men in capital health and cheerful spirits, excepting the poor fellows who were leaving their wives and children crying and sobbing behind them, we marched out of Poona with the band of the 3rd European Regiment who played us out for two miles, when our own commenced.

At Kirkee we were met by the band of the 14th Dragoons who took us another two miles, after which our own alternately with the bagpipes enlivened us with several national airs, and rendered our first march as lively and pleasant a one as we are likely to have.

On passing through Kirkee we found the officers of the 14th under some trees near the high road with coffee and biscuits prepared to refresh us. We all fell out for a few minutes and took some, and left our old friends with a full expectation of meeting them in Persia before long. We

arrived this morning here, having accomplished four days' march.

Here we found our left wing halted, and we all expect to remain two or three days. We are encamped in a beautiful spot, on a plateau between two grand ravines which together with the hills behind us form a fine sight.

We are to go by railway from here, or rather from the bottom of the Ghauts, and embark immediately we arrive in Bombay. The "Precursor" and "Kingston" (two P. and O. steamers), are to take us, and from all we can learn our destination is the Euphrates. The 14th Dragoons I hear are to start in three days and two Regiments of Native Infantry are on their way in our rear.

Jan. 15th. We are still at Khandalla, the ships being not quite ready for us; they need not have been in such a desperate hurry to send us off after all. Exactly this time two years ago I was halted here with the 10th Hussars, then, as you may remember, on their way to the Crimea. We got our English letters yesterday, ten days later than usual; we had begun to be alarmed for the safety of the mail, but it seems the delay was owing to a severe storm encountered by them in the Bay of Biscay which obliged them to put in to Corunna. I was surprised but most happy to hear of Mr. Bickersteth's appointment to the Bishopric: there seems to be no particular news except this, people in England seem to have little idea of the increasing magnitude and extension of the Persian War,

which to all appearances will in a very short time grow into another Russian War; so far as we can see we have a sharp campaign before us.

I had expected to finish this on board ship, but as the post goes out to-day I must close it here; our halt is again prolonged for two or three days and we expect to leave on the 18th or 19th at latest. As we have to send on our heavy luggage the day before we shall have our first experience of sleeping in the open air, and at the top of these cold bleak hills it will give us a good insight of what we are to expect. I have just written to the office of the Bombay Telegraph and Courier and entered my name as a subscriber to their Overland Summary, ordering them to send it by every mail via Marseilles to your address, so when you do not hear from me, which may be very often the case, especially if we march into the interior, you will always have the latest news of the war, received in Bombay up to the time of the departure of the mails. This paper I wish you to send to Mary who is to forward it to my Aunt Juliana; please tell her not to forget it.

Thank Weston for his letter. I will answer it when I have time, also Anna, in answer to whose enquiries after the health of my little pony, say I have sold it some time ago and have not heard of it for a long time.

Government are liberal enough to allow passage for one horse for every officer going to Persia, but as mine was rather too good for knocking about

in a campaign I have sold it and intend taking my chance of getting one on landing—report says they abound up there. The Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Bushire, who were taken prisoners in the first fight, passed through here the day we arrived, on their way to Ahmednuggur, but I did not see them. You had better direct your letter to

G. D. B.

78th Highlanders

Bombay,

with Persian expedition
to be forwarded.

I will write again as we leave Bombay harbour, when I may perhaps be able to tell you more definitely the track laid out for us—all we know at present is that our first rendezvous is Bushire, whence we proceed higher up to take some fort the name of which I forget. Good-bye and with love to all

Believe me, Ever your affectionate son

G. D. BARKER.

Steamer "Precursor,"

Bombay Harbour,

January 19th, 1857.

MY DEAR MARY,

Here commences the last scrawl I shall write from India for many a long day, as we expect to sail this afternoon.

The day after I wrote my last from Khandalla, just as we had received an official order putting off our departure from that place for three days longer,

we suddenly received an order to strike tents and send them off immediately, bivouac on the plain till midnight and start at half past 12; accordingly the tents were all struck and we had the pleasure of experiencing our first bivouac on the ground, with the sky for our tent and the turf for our bed; however we had not long to enjoy it as the rouse sounded at midnight and we commenced our march down the Ghauts, travelled by rail to Bombay, and embarked about 10 o'clock, weary and exhausted. I had the pleasure of carrying the Colours, which, though all very fine in its way, is not exactly the thing to be desired under the burning sun of India.

We are embarked on three ships, two steamers ("Precursor" and "Pottinger") and a sailing ship (the "Kingston") and our horses and the recruits which have just arrived from England, on board another ship. The 26th Native Infantry and the Light Battalion are also embarked and we shall sail out quite a grand fleet.

1 p.m.—Steam up, all ready to start. We are going off all in capital spirits; now that we have been joined by the recruits, we have about nine hundred men altogether and you will hear of our doing something to the Persians before long. We expect to touch at Bushire, and then proceed to the Euphrates. I believe we are to storm a fort called Mohammerah and then advance inland to Shuster, and if that doesn't satisfy them we quietly walk on to Teheran.

We are rather crowded on board the Head Quarter ship—460 men and 20 officers—but we shall soon be on land again. I fancy a fortnight or three weeks will take us to our destination, and now we are off—band playing, colours flying. Hurrah for Persia! Pray for our success and safety, and Adieu, with best love to all.

Ever your affectionate brother

G. D. BARKER.

Steam Ship "Precursor,"
Entrance to Persian Gulf.
Scene of Moore's "Fire-Worshippers."
January 28th, 1857.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

After closing my last letter our little fleet left the harbour of Bombay, our steamer (the "Precursor") towing two ships containing the 26th N.I., and the "Pottinger" (carrying most of our left wing) towing two others containing our recruits, heavy baggage and horses. We kept in sight of each other for the first three or four days until one of our ships having broken loose in the night we had to stop several hours to get the ropes fastened again and by this delay lost sight of our friends, whom we have not seen since. We have had a very favorable passage hitherto, with only a little rough weather and the general accompaniment, sea-sickness. We first caught sight of the enemy's shores yesterday afternoon, and a wild desolate looking coast it is, as well as the opposite coast of Arabia,

both of which as far as the eye can reach consist of ranges upon ranges of barren and rugged hills, terminating in steep and rocky cliffs at the sea-side. We are just passing the Cape Mussendom at the entrance to the Gulf and expect to reach Bushire in two days. The climate is delightful, and we could not have had better weather.

Jan. 29th. Spied a few fishermen on the beach—the first sign of life, either biped or quadruped, we have yet seen on this outlandish shore. All going on well, hope to see Bushire to-morrow evening. The captain of our ship has instructions to put in there to receive further orders, but whether we are to disembark and reinforce the army there or are to be sent elsewhere is quite unknown to us. Brigadier Wilson of the 64th Regiment is with us. He has been sent to take command of poor Colonel Stopford's Brigade.

Jan. 30th. Were surrounded by several water-spouts this morning, none of which, happily, came close to us, though they were not far off. High wind has risen from them and is dead against us, this will delay us again.

Camp near Bushire.

Feb. 3rd. I have just time to give you a few lines in haste, to say that we anchored off Bushire on Sunday afternoon, got orders to disembark at once for a run on shore for two or three days, to leave most of our baggage on board and take as little as possible with us. We are now encamped with

the force about two miles from Bushire and in the middle of the night received orders to march this afternoon towards the enemy who are encamped about thirty-five miles off. I hear we are to march all night and take them by surprise if possible. All the other Regiments (the officers) have their horses to ride, but we have nothing, as the horses are all on board ship.

The mail leaves to-day or to-morrow and you will not hear the result of our excursion till the next. We are all well and ready for action, but rather dread this forced march. We are to take nothing but our cloaks, march all night and rest by day. We are ordered off so suddenly that I have no time to write to any one else—will you, therefore, send on this when you and Mary have read it, to Bury, as they will be anxious to hear.

We are to take two days' cooked provisions in our haversacks, and two more are to be sent out by the commissariat. They expect we shall return in four or five days. We leave all the tents standing here and also the sick. I believe all three European Regiments are to go, Cavalry, Artillery, and two native Regiments, somewhere over 5,000 in all.

At present the climate is very good, bitterly cold at night, the hills in the distance are all covered with snow, the first snow I have seen for many years. We are now encamped on a large sandy plain, the intense glare is rather painful to the eyes and the clouds of flies are by no means

agreeable. I must now say Adieu and hope to be able to send you a good account of our adventures by next mail.

Camp near Bushire.

Feb. 11th. I have returned from the expedition, fought my first battle, gone through numerous fatigues and dangers and thank God have returned safe. The following extract from my diary will give you some idea of it.

Tuesday, Feb. 3rd. The army paraded outside the entrenched camp at Bushire at half past 4 p.m. marched off a little before 6, and, with nothing but a cloak and blanket and two days' cooked salt provisions carried by each, proceeded along the sea-shore. First few miles good walking on hard sand, after this a long salt marsh, very heavy to drag through, in this way we went on and on and on, all through the long night, ten, fifteen, eighteen twenty miles passed and still obliged to go on. Just as day was breaking we came to a river knee-deep, with muddy banks which we had to walk through, and at last came to a halt at past 7 in the morning, ate our salt provisions and lay down on a sunny bank to sleep, but rest was denied us by a dreadful wind and dust-storm, which lasted all day. Marched again at 4 in the afternoon. The road here took us for several miles through deep sand most tiring to march in, but there was no help for it and on we must go till we dropped. Men at last began to fall by dozens, worn out from fatigue, till

the General found it necessary to halt for fear of having no army with him. We halted about 10.30 p.m. and threw ourselves down on a sandbank to sleep, but we had hardly laid down when a violent thunderstorm came on, rain poured in floods and soaked us to the skin; thus we lay all night.

Thursday, 5th. Rose at 5 a.m. Wet and unrefreshed and marched at 8. Rather cheered in spirits by the hope of seeing the enemy shortly. Marched on through the wet ground and under a hot sun for about twelve miles and came in sight of their camp. As soon as they saw our army, they bolted, greatly to our disgust, and got among their hills where our cavalry could not follow. They managed to fire upon and wound slightly a few of our cavalry, but nothing to speak of.

A horrible act was committed by some of their horsemen who were lurking about. They killed two native Dhooly-bearers of our Regiment who were a short distance in rear, cut off their heads, and laid them across the road for us to see when we returned.

We took possession of their entrenchments, found an immense quantity of ammunition and stores left by them, but could not succeed in finding their guns, which were supposed to be buried somewhere in the neighbourhood. A large village was close by, from the inhabitants of which we got lots of fresh provisions, oranges, dates, etc., the latter seem to be the chief article of consumption by the natives here and grow in abundance all

round. Here we had our first real night's rest, notwithstanding we were lying on the open ground and the cold wind was bitter and cutting.

Friday, 6th. Got orders to march on and try to catch the enemy and their guns before they got up the passes—this order was fortunately rescinded—I believe Sir James Outram was dissuaded from carrying it out by the whole of his staff, who, as the event proved, were wiser than he, had we gone I believe not a man would have returned to tell the tale. The Persians were all ready for us, and wished only to entice us to their hills where they would have massacred the whole of us. The mountains overhanging the camp were stupendous, and the passes up them leading to Shiraz I fear are terrific. All they wished was to get us there. Remained in camp another night and in the dead of night were roused by the alarm of an attack by the enemy, stood to our arms, for an hour or two, shaking with the cold and lay down again as we were, accoutred and ready for action; roused again an hour before day-break by another alarm, but the enemy never came or else saw that we were too well prepared, and when the sun was up, we dispersed eager for a breakfast.

Saturday, 7th. Received orders to march this evening back towards Bushire. Set off at 8 o'clock. We were now better off than before, as the General placed a few horses we had taken at this place at the disposal of our officers, on condition that we return them on arrival at Bushire.

Continued our march for about fifteen miles and at half past 1 a.m. on the morning of Sunday, 8th, came upon the halting ground. Just as we halted, however, firing was heard in the rear, and news brought up that our rearguard was attacked. We were marched back to their support, but on our way the enemy opened a battery on our right, another in our rear, musketry firing seemed to come from all sides of us and the war-shouts of the Persians echoed through the hills in all directions. The moon being hidden by thick watery clouds we could not see more than a few hundred yards and knew not where we were or what kind of ground we had to manœuvre upon. To make matters worse, Sir J. Outram in galloping towards the rearguard fell with his horse and remained insensible for some hours: the command thus devolved upon General Stalker.

The Persians it seems had intended to attack us to-night in the entrenched camp, but finding we were gone they moved round by a shorter way and chose their ground where they knew we must pass.

Our artillery opened fire upon them and skirmishing was carried on on both sides for some time. At last we ceased firing, finding that it was too dark to find out the exact position of their batteries, and having formed two long lines with our baggage in the centre we waited for the dawn. The enemy had now got the exact range, for their guns and round shot came with extraordinary precision thick amongst us—this was a most helpless state

to be in, obliged to stand where we were, unable to answer to their fire and expecting to be mowed down every instant. Most of us threw ourselves flat on the ground, and never was daylight more anxiously waited for than by our army on this morning.

At last the enemy's guns ceased firing and, wearied out and almost falling down with drowsiness, we saw the welcome tinge of dawn in the East. And now came the time for the enemy to shake in their shoes. One hour of light was sufficient to examine their position and determine on the plan of attack; the infantry was formed in two lines, Highlanders and 26th N. I. in front, and 64th and part of 20th N. I. in rear. The other infantry brigade was some distance to the left, cavalry and artillery advanced on our left, guns on both sides began to roar, some of our cavalry charged the enemy's guns, and some broke through their squares. The infantry advanced at the double march amid showers of grape and canister shot, and yet our line kept as steady and cool as if advancing on the Poona plain; the Persians could not stand, away they fled in all directions, leaving us thirty of their guns, and the battlefield strewn in all directions with their dead and wounded; it was a fearful sight to see for the first time the mangled bodies, dead and dying, as we advanced over them. I have not heard or seen the list of casualties on our side or that of the enemy; the latter is supposed to have been seven or eight hundred

killed, and upwards of a thousand wounded. Poor Frankland, an officer of the 2nd Europeans, whom I knew, was killed, two of the 64th were wounded, and ten of their men killed or wounded. I have been prevented by the fatigues we have since undergone from ascertaining the number in our whole force, but it is not many, and you will see it probably in the papers.

Strange to say, my own Regiment, though exposed nearly all night to the round shot which was falling thick around, and though the most advanced when attacking the enemy, had *not one officer or man* killed or wounded. Hearing the sound of the deadly shot so close, I was afraid to look on either side, feeling sure I should see some of us smashed to pieces, and I could not believe, when we halted, that not a man had been touched. The Persians must have suffered most severely.

We had a few cooks and other camp followers killed and wounded in our Regiment, and also some horses led by servants were knocked over, but this was all. It is very strange that this affair took place on Sunday, which seems to be the day when all actions take place.

We were now, as you may suppose, fairly tired out, having been up nearly all the previous night in expectation of being attacked, no sleep in the day, marching half the night till half past 1, under fire and driving back the enemy till half past 8. We then marched off the ground and halted on a high sandy plain for the day; but here again rain

came on, and after a few hours' sleep we were all wet through again. The rain bid fair to continue all night, and it was thought better to be dragging our legs over the ground at a slow march, though already tired out, than to allow us to pass the night on the wet ground in the pouring rain; accordingly we set off at 8 p.m. this evening and marched on and on all through the night, the greater part of the way through deep mud, raining all the way.

Monday, 9th. Daylight this morning found us still wending our way at the pace of about one mile per hour through salt marshes deep with mud and water; at 8 a.m. arrived at a small fort in our possession, about sixteen miles from Bushire, where we were halted for breakfast and grog to be served out to the men; tried to sleep in the rain and mud for two or three hours, and at 3 p.m. set out again for the remainder of our march, the whole of this was through the deep salt marsh getting deeper and more difficult at every step. By some mistake we (the 78th) got the order to move on too late to go with the rest, and we set out by ourselves finding our way across the marsh by seeing the main body in the distance, but when evening came on we lost sight of them, got out of the track and found ourselves knee-deep in mud and salt water. Our poor men could hold out no longer, and dropped down in the mud and rain and fell asleep. About this time we were alarmed by a report that our rearguard was attacked, which was not very cheerful news seeing that we were all alone on a dark

night, one third of our men having fallen out from fatigue and lying about in the bay, we not knowing where we were, and up to our knees almost in water; however, it turned out to be a false alarm and we pursued our march to Bushire, which we reached about 10 or 11 at night, having been almost without sleep for three days and nights, and in wet clothes for upwards of six and thirty hours. As this is the first experience our Regiment has had of campaigning it is astonishing how we have all survived it. I am thankful to say that I am quite well, at least I think so, I fancied I was in for a fit of ague, but the symptoms have gone off and I am as well as ever, with the exception of my foot, which has been very troublesome on the march and not improved by it. Instead of thirty-five miles our march out proved to be near fifty.

Poor Frankland and the others who were killed were buried here this morning, and our attention is now being turned to the next expedition, which is to be sent to take Mohammerah at the mouth of the Euphrates, and then proceed on to Ispahan by way of Shuster. A few of the Staff have been up there to reconnoitre and say that the cold is intense, the decks of the ships being all covered with ice; the town is being fortified. I believe the 14th Dragoons are to join us before we go, which we expect to be in about a week; it is still rather miserable weather, raining all day, and we are unable to dry our clothes yet. Our own tents are all on board ship, and we are living under thin pieces

of canvas, pitched for us by the commissariat, which let in most of the rain. However, after our last week's experiences anything is a luxury.

We have just had the General Order from Sir J. Outram sent out thanking the army for what even he terms "their almost incredible exertions."

With best love to all

Believe me

Ever your affectionate son,

G. D. BARKER.

Camp Bushire, Persia,

February 25th, 1857.

MY DEAR MARY,

Nothing of importance has occurred since I last wrote. The expedition to Mohammerah having been delayed by the non-arrival of the remainder of our army from India, the 14th Dragoons, a Regiment of irregular cavalry, and two more Regiments of Native Infantry being still wanting to complete our force. Anxiety is begun to be felt about them, and a steamer is to be sent down the Gulf to-day to look after them. Even when they do arrive we shall not have nearly the number we ought to have for the work cut out for us. The English papers have a report of eight Regiments being sent from England via the Mediterranean, which I hope may be true though it is improbable. We have had some unpleasant windy weather, filling the air with thick clouds of sand for days to-

gether, but it has now moderated and has become much more agreeable—still, very cold, clear healthy weather, the army all in good health, working away at three large redoubts, which are being thrown up for the defence of our position in front of Bushire. When they are finished it will require not only a very numerous but an exceedingly plucky army to venture to attack us.

This cold weather is rather strange to us after Indian heat, especially when on picket all night, it being sometimes only a few degrees above freezing point. However, the Government have plenty of warm clothing, blankets etc. in store, of which we can purchase as many as we like.

A march through the passes to Shiraz is still talked of as likely to take place on our return from Mohammerah, but nothing certain is known as Sir J. Outram manages to keep his plans in perfect secrecy.

26th. Have been out all the morning on a working party and am just come in, in time to close for the mail. No more news, fine clear weather. The mountains in the distance are still covered with snow. If we go to Shiraz we shall have to pass over them. Good-bye, in great haste.

Your affectionate brother

G. D. BARKER.

Love to all.

H. C. Steamer "Berenice,"
River Euphrates,
March 16th, 1857.

MY DEAR MARY,

Little did I think when I left home four years ago that I should ever write a letter to you from this ancient river. I find I can send this direct to England via Bagdad, so it will very probably reach you before my last which is travelling round by Bombay. I may as well therefore tell you that the substance of it in a few words was to the effect that since our return from the expedition to Brásjoon we have remained "in statu quo" and busily engaged in throwing up entrenched works for the defence of the 1st Division in front of Bushire and preparing ourselves (the 2nd Division) for the expedition to Mohammerah. Most of the Native Regiments were embarked first and each ship sailed as soon as it was got ready and anchored in the Euphrates about sixteen miles from the mouth. On Friday the 13th the 78th embarked in two steamers, the "Berenice" and "Pottinger," two companies having left in a sailing ship a few days before, and three companies being left in Bushire to strengthen the 1st Division. The 1st detachment of the 14th Dragoons arrived in Bushire just as we were leaving, and several ships conveying the Scinde Irregular Cavalry and the remainder of the Dragoons were daily expected. We left Bushire about 12 noon on Friday, passed close to Karrack, and anchored amongst the shipping here at 2 p.m.

the next day. Steamers and ships are daily arriving, and we expect Sir James Outram with all the remainder to-day or to-morrow.

Altogether we shall have about thirty-five or forty large steamers and ships, carrying an army of about 6,000 men of all arms. The river here is about one mile and a half broad, lined on both sides with densely thick date groves. The ships are anchored near the Turkish bank, and we see numbers of the Persian cavalry every morning and evening who come down to the river on their side, to look at us. This morning we have heard heavy cannonading in the distance and imagine it must be the Persians practising their ranges at Mo-hammerah, which is about twenty miles up the river. We expect to have some sharp fighting when we get there, but as the river communication with Bagdad will not be open until we have taken possession of the place, I shall, I hope, be able to send you an account of the action and its results, by this letter. We are now amusing ourselves by rowing about in the ship's boats amongst the shipping; the climate is good, rather hot in the daytime, and the health of the force excellent.

March 17th. Most melancholy intelligence has just reached us from Bushire. General Stalker, the second in command of the force, was to have been left in command of the troops at Bushire, and made several remonstrances to General Outram against being left with so small a force for the defence of the place, but not succeeding in obtaining an increase

he seems to have been overcome by the responsibility of his position and put an end to himself with a pistol. A general panic almost seems to have taken place there, and an order has been received for the whole of our cavalry and a troop of Horse Artillery to be sent back immediately. An attack is evidently expected.

21st. The cavalry have all been countermanded and most of them stopped on their way to Bushire and sent back. General Outram has started and will probably arrive to-morrow. You will hardly believe it when I tell you that this steamer has brought us intelligence that the Commodore of the Fleet has followed General Stalker's example and shot himself; as you may imagine, the two events have thrown a gloom over us all.

22nd. General Outram arrived yesterday evening bringing with him the cavalry and the three companies of our Regiment which had been left behind, thus still further weakening the force at Bushire. A council of war was held to-day, and it was decided that the fleet shall move on early in the morning of the 24th and anchor about four miles this side of Mohammerah; in the evening the sappers are to be landed to construct mortar batteries on an island at the junction of the two rivers, Euphrates and the Huffer [?]. These mortars are to open fire on the Persian batteries before daybreak, and four large war steamers with two sloops are to move up at the same time and open fire, at first at a distance of 800 yards, getting gradually nearer.

When these batteries (which command the mouth of the Huffar [?] on both sides) are silenced we are to move up and endeavour to effect a landing, covered by the fire of the shipping; this is an outline of the intended plan of attack.

24th. The whole fleet got under weigh according to orders, after daybreak this morning, and advanced up the river, each steamer towing two ships, and a splendid line it formed. The river winds through date-groves on either side, which in some places are very thick and green. Our friends the Persian cavalry, who have been watching us every day, seemed to be greatly astonished at the appearance of the fleet on the move, and galloped off in the direction of Mohammerah to warn them of our approach.

On coming to the place of anchorage we saw part of the batteries in the distance which appeared to be rather formidable, but we had not much time to spy at them as we got orders from the flagship to return down the river to the assistance of the "Assaye" steamer, which has had an accident of some kind or run aground. We have now been steaming back for two hours and have seen nothing of her. It is 4 o'clock and dinner is ready, so here goes for our last dinner before the grand attack.

March 25th. Found the "Assaye" a long way down the river: she had got all right again and was proceeding slowly up; anchored again at the place of rendezvous at 9 p.m. The attack was put off for one day on account of the delay of the

“Assaye” and twenty others. During the day the cavalry and artillery have all been transferred from the big ships to small steamers and flats to be ready to land. The grand attack is to take place to-morrow. I fear there will be great loss of life as the enemy are very strong. Good-night, the lights are being put out. I will finish this after the battle if I survive. All in good spirits and ready for action.

April 6th. For the last twelve days I and my kit have been separated; I have thus been prevented from writing from day to day the history of our doings.

At daybreak on the morning of the 26th ult., the war-steamers and sloops advanced and commenced their attack on the enemy's formidable batteries in accordance with the plan laid out as detailed above. By half-past 6 or 7 a.m. the action was at its hottest, and a splendid sight it was,—the Persians stood to their guns like bricks, and for a long time the firing was equal on both sides. About 8 o'clock we got the signal to advance, our Regiment in the “Berenice” leading the way, some Horse Artillery opened fire upon us with round shot, to which we replied with grape and shell, but as we had only one twelve-pounder gun on board we did them but little harm. We now came within range of the large batteries and advanced between our war-steamers and the enemy's guns, the former ceasing fire as we passed. We were most fortunate in escaping with a few shots in the rigging and boats,

a shot, well aimed, passing over the deck would have probably brought down at least twelve or twenty of us at once, so thick were we crowded. Passing on beyond the batteries we commenced our landing, followed shortly after by the remainder of the army. It took about two or three hours to complete the landing of cavalry and artillery, after which we commenced our march to attack the Persian camps, of which there were three, but to our great disappointment we found they had made use of the time taken up by us in disembarking to cut and run!—leaving their tents, provisions, and ammunition, and eighteen or nineteen guns, in our hands—one of the guns is a Russian one, and is I hear to be sent home to the Queen. It was evening by the time we reached their furthest camp, and we were not sorry to lay our limbs on the ground for the night. The next day (the 27th) we moved into the date groves, to bivouac until our tents and kit should be landed. On the 28th hearing a mail was to be sent and not being able to get at this letter, which I had left on the steamer, I sent a short scrawl to my Mother which may or may not reach before this, as I believe I shall have to send this by Bombay after all.

The next morning (the 29th) three hundred picked Europeans from the 64th and 78th Regiments, chiefly armed with the Enfield Rifle, embarked in three small flat-bottomed steamboats, on a rash expedition to endeavour to take some stores and ammunition at the village of Ahwaz, upwards

of 140 miles up the river Karoon upon which the Persians were retreating, three officers of the 64th and five of ours (of which I was one) and a few others accompanied the expedition, the whole of which was under the command of Commodore Rennie of the Indian Navy. We took three gunboats with us, each armed with two twenty-four-pounders, and each steamer had two twelve-pounders. We started at noon on Sunday the 29th, everyone looking upon it as the maddest affair yet attempted. The country we passed through was wild and desolate in the extreme, one flat desert. In the first two days we found traces of the Persian encampment on the banks of the river and on the evening of the second day we learned from the Arabs that one of the guns of their army was being pulled up the river in a boat which had passed the village only four hours before. We also heard that Ahwaz was garrisoned by 600 men and that the whole of the retreating Persian army amounting to 7,000 or 8,000 men were encamped opposite to it on the other bank, with five or six guns which they had taken with them from Mohammerah; this was exciting news, and our commanders consulted for some time as to the expediency of advancing, but the plucky alternative was adopted, and early the next morning (April 1st) Forward! was the word. About 10 o'clock a.m. we came in sight of Ahwaz and thousands and thousands of the Persian army lined the crest of the hills about two miles in front of us, but within a thousand yards of the village,

—the river intervening. Captain Hunt of our Regiment, who commanded the troops, now landed his little band of 300, formed them into three divisions, making them spread over as much space as possible with the intention of deluding the enemy into the idea that we were a brigade of three Regiments instead of a small detachment of three companies, and, poor dear little April fools, they believed it, as the sequel will show.

Our three little columns, with the height of impudence, now advanced, covered by a row of skirmishers—the latter commanded by your humble servant in *propria personâ*.

At the same time two gunboats advanced up the river and opened fire upon the army on the opposite bank. As we approached the village we found the garrison had made a bolt of it and crossing the river higher up had joined the main force, who were now to be seen in full retreat, their columns covering the ground for miles and miles. The gun we had tracked up the river fell into our hands and proved to be a handsome brass fourteen-pounder. Fifty mules, 150 stand of arms (brand-new *from England*), four native vessels laden with corn and flour, several entrenching tools, and extensive granaries filled with barley and wheat and also 200 sheep and some ammunition—such was the prize taken by 300 soldiers and 100 sailors, from an army of 7,000 or 8,000, 2,000 of which were cavalry—and this at a distance of seventy-five miles from our main army

(or by the river 150 miles) without the loss of a single man killed or wounded.

We wanted to pursue them fifteen miles further up where they would cross the river on their way to Shuster, but could not get the boats over the rapids, which make the river Karoon unnavigable beyond Ahwaz.

From the scene of our exploits, which was the first range of hills we had seen, we got a glorious view of the Bakhtiyari mountains—which even now are white with snow—the heat of the sun where we were and also at Mohammerah being almost unbearable—returned on Sunday morning (the 5th) into camp with all honours. Sir James Outram is highly pleased at the result of our expedition, which he had begun to repent of having sent so far away unsupported.

We had not been in camp above an hour, however, when the news spread about that the game is up—and peace settled.

It seems that General Outram has received a telegraphic despatch via Bagdad that peace has been concluded—most people look upon it as joyous news, but I would almost as soon have had one more campaign, as we should then see the better parts of Persia, whereas we have now seen only the wild and sandy deserts of the low country. I fancy we shall very soon be on our way to India again, as Mohammerah is not habitable in the hottest season, which is now fast approaching—it is doubtful if we return to Poona

or go elsewhere—probably Belgaum will be our destination until January next, when all are looking forward to that life-supporting hope of Indian exiles—"Embarkation for England."

I am very sorry to see the death of poor O'Neill mentioned in the papers. We lost an officer named Sinclair at Bushire just before coming to Mohammerah, he had only just arrived from England and I fancy could not endure the climate so well as those who have been acclimatized in India.

This hot climate makes one feel desperately lazy and not inclined to indite any more nineteen-pager-despatches to all one's correspondents—I shall therefore write short notes telling them that you will forward this—by them, I mean Camberwellites and Buryites and any other "ites" who may care to read it. We hardly ever get letters or papers here—there must now be three English mails in Bombay which have not yet reached us. Adieu, with best love to all

I remain

Ever your affectionate brother,

G. D. BARKER.

Camp Mohammerah,

17th April, 1857.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Our Persian hunting is all over and peace re-established, and we are now waiting in daily

expectation of a steamer from Bagdad with orders for our future movements.

At present nothing is known here, beyond the bare fact that we are not to advance into the interior of the country which we were upon the point of doing, as the wise heads in Europe have been putting a stop to the war without knowing what has been done out here in the meantime.

The conditions of the peace, how long we are to remain here, what we are to keep or give up, or where we are to go, is at present unknown. Some say we are to pass the fearful hot weather at Bushire, others that we shall be sent straight to Poona, and some imagine that the war will break out again before we have all left, but this I look upon as very improbable.

I have just returned from a visit to Bussorah in Turkey, where I went on four days' leave in company with a few other officers. We were most agreeably surprised with what we saw, as we had heard very poor accounts of it before we went.

It is about twenty-five miles up the river from this, situated on both banks of a long creek and extending about two miles up. The greatest part of the town is in ruins and shows signs of having been a magnificent town some years ago, but it has been several times depopulated by sickness, and what sickness has left undone, is fast being brought about by the indolence of the inhabitants, who spend their

whole time sitting in the bazaars, smoking and drinking coffee.

They were very civil to us, and seem to be in great hopes that the English will some day be masters of the country; they are delighted at our having taken Mohammerah chiefly, I fancy, on account of our rupees, which find their way in abundance to Bussorah, most of our supplies being drawn from there.

The gardens in and near Bussorah are beautiful, full of date, fig, orange, pomegranate, grape and mulberry trees, with roses in abundance.

We fell in there with another party of officers who had left here a few days before, and the two parties having joined resolved to proceed higher up the Euphrates to see the supposed site of the Garden of Eden at the junction of the Tigris with the Euphrates, but fortunately we were prevented by heavy rain (being in open boats) and one or two other difficulties, as in all probability we should have been attacked by the Arabs, and if not murdered, we should at all events have returned from the garden of Eden in the same "light marching order" in which our first parents entered it. These Arab tribes infest the banks, and plunder everyone that passes, unless the party should be too strong for them. Plunder is their only object, and if you will only quietly let them take everything you have with you, including clothes, they let you pass. This I hear was done a short time ago to some Europeans, and even now we have

just had to send a man-of-war up the river to protect the baggage animals which are being brought down for the army from Bagdad, news having arrived that the Arabs have attacked them and plundered some of the grain vessels.

When at Bussorah we had a frightful hail-storm, and I only refrain from telling you the size of the hailstones, from fear of its being looked upon as a "traveller's tale." Suffice it to say I never saw anything like it before, and though the storm was four hours before dinner, we were enabled to luxuriate that evening with all our wines and beer iced with the hail that had fallen.

We borrowed some handsome Arab mares from one of the rich merchants and took a ride to see the great desert. Our leave being up we returned to the boats, and rowed down the Euphrates by moonlight, back to Mohammerah.

The weather is getting hotter, and it is very oppressive in our tents in the middle of the day; we are still, however, I am happy to say, very healthy.

I have heard from the agent in Bombay that my revolver has arrived, and am expecting a letter from Bury by the next mail. I am sorry it is too late, but it may be useful yet, in fact they are always useful things to have even in times of peace. We are now busily engaged in blowing up and destroying all the Persian redoubts and fortifications, or rather I should say Russian, as they are the work of Russian engineers, and most strongly thrown up.

And now I must say adieu, and remain with
best love to all,

Ever your affectionate son,
G. D. BARKER.

Remember me kindly to Suttle. I suppose she
won't be sorry to hear we have done fighting.

Camp Mohammerah,
Persia,
May 2nd, 1857.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Here we are, contrary to all expectation, alive
at Mohammerah in the month of May.

In consequence of the reported unhealthiness
of the place, General Outram had determined to
push on towards Shuster as soon as sufficient
carriage could be collected, but the news of peace
having arrived, this of course could not be done.
All preparations were then made for embarking
our division on the instant the order from England
should arrive to that effect. The ships were all
provisioned and everything ready, when the steamer
arrived from Bagdad with orders that not a man
was to be moved until the treaty is ratified. So
here we are helpless, the weather getting fearfully
hot, and no hopes of hearing of the ratification or
otherwise for two or three weeks. The thermo-
meter has already risen to 104° in our tents, and
we are told that in another month or so we shall
have it up to 140°. The authorities have sent ships

up the Euphrates to buy date-trees and matting with which they intend to cover the tents of the men. But the officers are told to get what they can for themselves, which is simply nothing. Some people are burrowing into the earth like so many rabbits, thinking it will reduce the temperature. But then again it is extremely doubtful whether the whole plain will not be flooded soon by the rise of the river, in which case the burrowing system would be objectionable. However, all we can hope is that the thermometer will not reach quite so near to boiling-point as they say it will, or that the Shah may let us know what he is going to do, at once. If he ratifies the treaty off we go—it is generally supposed to China. If he does not we shall push on to the hills.

I am happy to say we are very healthy considering the circumstances, and only trust we may remain so.

This place has one disagreeable peculiarity which I had read of in two different accounts before we came, and since here found to be true, viz., many people are sick after meals, chiefly after breakfast.

May 22nd. However, we don't much care about that now, as here we are in

Bombay Harbour
on board transport "Raby Castle."

On arrival in Bombay we got the startling intelligence that the Bengal Native Army has mutinied, risen against the Europeans, murdered

helpless women and children, seized the town of Delhi with our large arsenal, destroyed the telegraphs, and proclaimed a king of their own.

News is daily received of outbreaks in fresh places, and I fear it is likely to be a most troublesome affair.

On anchoring in this harbour, we and the 64th, who arrived from Persia with us, were ordered to get provisions and water with all haste and set out for Calcutta immediately. Some of our ships have sailed, and we are expecting to go this afternoon. The monsoon will commence with its grand burst in a day or two, and we shall have a nice tossing about. We may get round in a fortnight, or it may take a month, as we are going in sailing ships.

We had a good passage from Mohammerah, touched at Muscat, and arrived here in eleven days. It was very kind of you to ask for my name to be remembered at the Chelsea Meetings. I have much to be thankful for in the extraordinary escapes that I and all my Regiment have had from the shot flying about our ears on two or three occasions at Koosh-ab (though the papers are pleased to say that the infantry were not engaged). I was so sure that my comrades were falling thick on all sides, that I did not like to look on either side of me. And when I heard after the battle that not a man was wounded, I could not believe it possible.

I fear we shall have terrible work in Bengal.

Nothing but the harshest and most severe measures will put an effectual stop to this mutiny, and blood will flow in torrents before it is quelled.

I have got my revolver, which I am much pleased with. If any more news arrives before the pilot leaves the ship, I will add a postscript.

With best love to all

Believe me

Ever your affectionate son,

G. D. BARKER.

I have much to say and write about, but this hurried movement, with only a few hours to go on shore, has sent everything out of my head.

May 25th. Sailing out of Harbour our departure was delayed yesterday on account of medical stores not being ready. Accounts from Bengal are worse.

Good-bye.

G. D. B.



ENSIGN GEORGE DIGBY BARKER
78TH HIGHLANDERS (1853)

INDIAN MUTINY

Barrackpore,
Bengal,
June 16th, 1857.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

In the present times you will be anxiously looking out for news from India, I have no doubt, but we are being so knocked about here, there, and everywhere, that it is only now and then I can find a spare moment to write. We left Bombay in three sailing ships about the 25th, met the burst of the monsoon, and had very rough weather for a few days, after which fair winds brought us round to Calcutta, which we reached in fourteen days. We passed Ceylon at a short distance, and had a very narrow escape from being wrecked near the southern coast. When sailing under full sail one morning two hours after daybreak, we suddenly saw rocks a few hundred yards ahead of us. They were the dangerous reefs called Great and Little Bassos, which the captain thought he was twenty miles clear of. He was in a most anxious state of mind until he got clear of them, and confessed afterwards that we were in a most perilous position. I was much pleased with the scenery on the Hoogly, which is much prettier

than Bombay scenery in general. We reached Calcutta by moonlight, and found the European inhabitants coming down to welcome us. They are all in a dreadful state of alarm, and almost worship the Queen's troops. Accounts of more horrible atrocities committed by these savages are daily arriving, and some of them committed on European ladies make one's blood run cold to hear them. The mutiny seems to have spread over the whole of India nearly, and unless large reinforcements are sent immediately from England, we shall be in a dangerous position.

We have most of us been suffering from the effects of Mohammerah during the voyage down, and about a third part of our officers have had jaundice, myself amongst the number. I have been unwell almost since I left Persia. On reaching Calcutta we were ordered not to land, but to be transhipped to small steamers and taken up to Chinsurah, a station about thirty or forty miles up the river, from which place we were to be sent on to Benares by bullock dawk and horse dawk in small parties of about ninety each. The next day we steamed up to Chinsurah, a very pretty place with a fine barrack, more like a large park than a soldier's barrack. The day after arriving the Regiment was told off into parties to proceed by dawk daily, and I was to have gone in command of about thirty men, but I was too ill, having caught a feverish cold from sleeping in a draught, and the jaundice being rather worse, this also

prevented me from going into Calcutta to dine with Lord Canning on Friday, and with Mr. Le Seyt, a member of council, on Saturday, both of which I had been looking forward to. On Saturday evening, however, I was just getting into a comfortable sleep, when I was awoke by another officer rushing into my room, and telling me that we were ordered to march on the instant to Barrackpore, about sixteen miles off, where the native regiments had mutinied. Weak and seedy as I was I had to jump up, put on what clothes I could find in the dark, and snatching up the revolver and some ammunition, to rush out where all the regiment were just falling in. Three or four other sick officers fell in with the men, but were obliged to be sent back to their quarters, being too ill to march. In the dead of night we gave the order to load, and marched off about eleven o'clock. Marched all night, and reached Serampore (opposite Barrackpore) by daylight. Crossed in boats, and found the place all quiet, no open row having taken place. There are four native regiments here, and it was known that they contemplated mischief. The 35th (Queen's) and the artillery had been on the watch the whole night with the horses harnessed to the guns. Our timely arrival put the rebels in a fright, they could not imagine where we came from, and seeing our men all covered with ferocious beards they call us the "devil's sons."

The officers of the 35th regiment performed

the offices of good Samaritans to us, took us in and fed us and clothed us. In the evening the whole brigade was ordered to parade, H.M. 35th on the right, a battery of guns in the centre, and ourselves on the left, and the four native regiments to be drawn up in front of the guns, which like ourselves were loaded. The General came on to parade and ordered all four Sepoy regiments to lay down their arms, or the battery would open upon them, and we were to cut them down. They were taken greatly by surprise, but saw the necessity of complying, and having given up all their arms and accoutrements, we packed the latter upon carts and took them down to the steamer, which has taken them to Calcutta this morning. We are off again to Chinsurah to-day by steamer, and I suppose the old arrangements for going on by dawk will be carried out. About three hundred had already gone before we left Chinsurah, and I am anxious to hear about them, as they are nearly all isolated.

It is fatiguing work this, always on the alert, sleeping with a loaded revolver and sword by my side. All the ladies of the place have taken refuge in the officers' quarters, and all up the country it is the same. The natives fix the 23rd of this month as the day on which they are to kill every European in the country, as they have been always taught to believe that our reign was to last exactly 100 years and no more. I have just heard that the king of Oude, who was living in Calcutta,

has been taken prisoner. The next time you hear of me will in all probability be from the Holy City of Benares, if I ever get there.

My feet are all blistered from the march here; just after disembarking one's feet are always rather tender. The steamer is here to take us up to Chinsurah and I want to be off. I am getting all right now so don't be alarmed about me. Good-bye.

Best love to all

From your affectionate son,

G. DIGBY BARKER.

Benares,

July 1st, 1857.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Here I am, arrived safe and sound in the sacred city of the Hindoos, and the scene of one of the numerous mutinies that have taken place, and a few days ago very nearly having been the scene of a most frightful and horrible massacre of every European in the place. Shortly before our arrival, when only a handful of English troops were quartered here, the three regiments of Native Infantry had drawn out a plan for a general massacre; everything was arranged, a certain number of men being told off to each Bungalow, and all was to have happened at night; it was happily discovered by the authorities the morning before, and a parade was ordered to disarm the disaffected regiment. A row took place, the Sikh regiment charged the

guns, the 37th N. I. rushed to their arms and fired at the officers, a shower of grape shot from the guns brought down numbers of them and the rest dispersed in all directions.

Ladies are coming in here from all parts, waiting for a steamer to take them to Calcutta, as the Governor-General has recommended all ladies to proceed to Calcutta and has ordered that a free passage be given them in all Government steamers going down the river. As there is only a small barrack here, we are quartered in all kinds of places; some in the church, some in the theatre, others in the mint, where most of the ladies in the station go every night to sleep for safety. As you may suppose we were not sorry to get to the end of our fatiguing march, 300 miles in seven days, in springless bullock carts, travelling all day and night at two miles an hour. We came in here on Sunday evening, in a deluging shower of rain; by-the-bye it was your birthday, it is rather late to wish you many happy returns of the day.

I am off again to-night for Allahabad with the head-quarters and 70 men of our regiment, and some Royal Artillery men just arrived from Ceylon; we are to go in bullock carts, and to get there if possible in two days; it is about eighty miles. There have been great disturbances there, and a movable column has been ordered to collect there. General Havelock commands the division; one brigade consists of ourselves and the 64th (the bearded troops from Persia) and the other of the

84th and the Madras Fusiliers, both from the Madras Presidency. We shall be collected in a few days and are in, I expect, for a nice marching time of it, all through the Monsoon, as we are to be the "fighting movable column."

A detachment of three of our companies with a few native cavalry and Sikhs under Major Hali-burton have been scouring the country round for the last three days, burning villages and hanging men by the dozen, after trial by drum-head court martials. This is the way we ought to treat all the murderous rebels, but the Government are a great deal too lenient and seem afraid to act with proper severity.

The people on the Bombay side are getting alarmed at the state of things there, but I still think the Bombay army will remain true; it appears to be only the wild ruffianly robbers and low tribes who are inclined to be troublesome, as they know there are so few European troops left there, but all this you will see by the Telegraph and Courier which I hope you receive still.

My jaundice is all gone and I am all right now. It is very strange that ten or twelve of the officers of my regiment have had this disease (some very badly) since leaving Persia, but none of the men have had it. We have lost a few men by cholera, but it appears to be not prevalent, only a few solitary cases. I am anxious to hear about Teddy Baker, as Neemuch and Nusserabad have been

the scenes of much bloodshed. I can't remember which place he is at, but hope he is all right.

You may as well direct my letters to me at Benares to be forwarded, but at present all postal communication is cut off beyond Allahabad. The telegraph has been cut by these murderous hounds and made into slings to fire at us. Their horrible atrocities make the blood run cold to listen to—at one place the other day, where some Europeans were in their power, they promised to escort them to a place of safety, and when out of the village they turned round and first murdered all the children in the presence of their mothers, after which they slaughtered the parents; it is all Musulman fanaticism—they are taught that a man who kills a Christian is sure to go to heaven. We (the officers) are living in three empty bungalows we found here; we are obliged to have sentries round us all night for safety, but as long as we have all our men together we have little to fear from the thousands of Sepoys. I hear we have retaken Delhi, but no details have reached us.

With best love to all,

Ever your affectionate son,

G. D. BARKER.

Allahabad, Bengal,

July 4th, 1857.

MY DEAR MARY,

I left Benares on the 1st and travelling as before in carts all day and night, halting only at one

place, half way, for four hours, we reached the bank of the Ganges opposite to this place at about 10 in the morning of the 3rd. Here we found that the bridge of boats had been cut up by the mutinous Sepoys and we had to wait for boats to be brought from the other side of the river, which is here about a mile broad, to convey us across. We had had no breakfast, and the heat of the sun was greater I think than I had ever felt it.

The fort of Allahabad, which is built on the bank of the river below the town, has an imposing appearance, with its dark frowning walls and towers, and on the land side it appears to be very strong; it is now full of troops and the few remaining European inhabitants of the place. On reaching the bank at midday we found no one to give us any orders where we were to go, and the heat being intense and the men half-starved, we determined to march away at once to the Judge's house, where we were told the two detachments of our Regiment which had preceded us, were quartered—instead of being one mile, as we were told, it turned out to be more than two, and how we managed it in our hot red jackets under a burning hot midday sun, and being half-starved, I know not. On entering what *was* the European station, a scene of desolation presented itself—nearly all the bungalows are burnt to the ground, the gardens strewn with broken carriages and furniture, and a few houses, which have escaped being burnt, have every window-pane smashed and all the furniture broken to

pieces. The brutal rebels have even gone to the trouble of tearing up all the books they could find. I believe it was chiefly officers who were murdered here, the ladies and children having been sent into the fort before the outbreak.

The 6th N. I., who were supposed to be better inclined than other Regiments, and who were warned to be ready to assist in putting down a rebellion expected in the villages round, waited until all the officers were at mess in the evening, when they sounded the alarm bugles. The officers, of course, immediately ran out and found the men under arms and as they approached the parade were all shot down by the Sepoys. I hear that only one escaped. The native officers then took command, and commenced the work of devastation. Having left the whole station in ruins and ashes they proceeded to the bridge of boats, which they demolished, hoping thereby to hinder the advance of European troops.

I have said that no ladies had fallen into the hands of the mutineers, but I am sorry to say that I have just heard from an officer who was here at the time that several were killed by them, and not only killed but mutilated and tortured to a horrible extent—situated as we are, getting hardly any newspapers or letters, we only know by report what is going on or what has happened at different places. I daresay you will read in the papers much more than I can tell you.

Yesterday a report was received here by General

Havelock that the fort, or rather the entrenched barracks, at Cawnpore had fallen to the immensely superior forces of the rebels, and General Wheeler with his small garrison and all the ladies who had taken refuge with him there, had been allowed to retire safely to a steamboat on the river with the promise that they should be unmolested, but that when all were on board, the fiends had opened the guns upon them and massacred all—of course this report comes from a native source, and it is still to be hoped it may be false—however, the order was issued two hours after our arrival yesterday for a force to proceed at once from this by forced marches to Cawnpore, consisting of all of ours who have arrived here (*viz.* 220), 700 of the 64th and 300 of the Madras Fusiliers, the 84th being left to garrison this place. This was rather pleasant news to us who were tired out with our march in the sun—as from here to Cawnpore we shall have to go on foot the whole way—however, a counter-order was issued in the evening, as a siege train has to be formed to accompany us, and Government has to serve us out with fresh tents, ours being all on the steamer which is coming up by the river from Chinsurah with all our baggage and tents, and will not arrive for ten or twelve days.

We may march now at any hour, and when once we leave this I may not be able to write for a long time, as no postal communication exists. Having retaken Cawnpore, if the rebels have got

it, which it is to be sincerely hoped they have not, we are to push on to Lucknow, the capital of Oude, and the hot-bed and chief seat of the whole rebellion. I will write when I can, but don't be alarmed if you receive no letters for some time.

How I am to march I know not—my feet are already blistered, and not even a pony is procurable here; they say we are to go twenty miles as a quiet morning march and ten miles in the evening every day, and this at a time of year when troops are never marched on account of the extreme heat, and rainy weather. The cholera, you will be glad to hear, has almost disappeared. It has been bad here, but our Regiment is the healthiest of the lot, and for this reason General Havelock is determined to take as many of us as possible with him—greatly to the indignation of the 84th, who having arrived here before us, and already sent a detachment on, think they ought to be chosen first.

I forgot to tell you that one barbarous deed perpetrated by the ruffians here, was to pick out all the bakers (who are countrymen of their own) and cut off their hands, to prevent the Europeans getting any bread, and it is in consequence very difficult to procure a single loaf—other supplies are equally scarce.

July 7th. Moved into tents on 5th. Heavy rain all night, everything soused and floating. Monsoon set in and we shall be wet to the skin every day for the next month, and no change of clothes. I

was ordered down the river yesterday with thirty men to bring over carts—all afternoon out in heavy rain and thick mud—order just come to march at 2 p.m. (now 1 o'clock), good-bye. Fatal news I mentioned from Cawnpore only too true, alas! it has been confirmed almost without a doubt; our column moves off at once.

Received your letter dated May 25th, many thanks. To-day received one from my mother dated April 2nd, via Bombay, Mohammerah, Calcutta, etc., thank her for it. News is arriving from Bombay most unsatisfactory, they seem to be following example of Bengal. I will write when I can, but don't expect a letter for the next month or more. Direct to "Benares via Bombay, to be forwarded." Tell mother I have had no time to answer hers—very sorry—will do so soon.

Love to all, and kiss the little sisters when you see them.

Ever your affectionate brother,
G. D. BARKER.

Camp Cawnpore,
July 19th, 1857.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

By God's mercy I am spared to write you an account of our victorious march, in which we have in the space of nine days at the most unseasonable time of the year, first through deluging showers of rain and latterly through intense heat, accomplished a march of 125 miles, been engaged in

action four times, and retaken from the hands of the rebels the towns of Futtehpoore and Cawnpore. But alas, all feelings of exultation and joy are drowned in gloom and grief for the horrible fate of our unfortunate countrymen who have fallen victims to perpetrators of the darkest and bloodiest deeds that have ever been related in history.

On the afternoon of the 7th inst. we marched out of Allahabad, with about a thousand Europeans and 300 Sikhs, the former made up of the detachments of the different regiments belonging to the movable column. Our head-quarters with 300 men, was all we could muster, the rest being on the way from Benares and Calcutta. This first march was performed through heavy rain, and we encamped for the night in a muddy field.

For the first four days nothing remarkable occurred. The road was one scene of desolation, every bungalow pillaged and burnt to the ground by the natives, in return for which all their villages are burnt down, and the bodies of the rebels are hanging by half-dozens from the boughs of the trees on the roadside, and have now become so common that the soldiers call them "acorns"; all this was done by a party of 430 Europeans and 300 Sikhs who went in advance of us and who were now waiting for us about sixty miles from Allahabad. On the 11th we arrived within four miles of this detachment and hearing that the fiend Nana Sahib's army was at Futtehpoore, thirty miles ahead, General Havelock sent on an order to them to be

ready to march with us the next morning. Though we did not arrive at this halting ground till near 12 o'clock in the day, we were ordered to march again at midnight, the rouse to sound at 11 p.m.

Accordingly, after three hours' sleep we rose at 11, and marched at 12, picked up the detachment on our way, consisting of 230 84th and 200 Madras Fusiliers, besides 200 Sikhs, and thus reinforced, proceeded to a plain about four miles on our side of Futtehpore. Here we halted at 8 or 9 a.m. and commenced to pitch tents, when we heard sounds of firing in front, and it became evident that the rebel army was moving on to attack us. The men flew to their arms, and without a morsel of breakfast advanced to meet them. The plain over which we had to advance was nearly covered with water, and the sun above began to strike rather fiercely. We soon repulsed the enemy and pursued them for four miles to Futtehpore, where they made a short stand, but were soon driven out, with the loss of twelve guns, which were all captured by us. We then had to scour the town of any hiding ruffians, and at 2 p.m. were glad to throw our weary limbs on the ground in the shade of some trees, having been on the move since 11 the previous night, marching twenty miles with nothing to eat and exposed to the hot sun. One regiment alone lost seven men by sunstrokes and another lost five; our loss from the enemy's fire was very trifling. Strange to say, this day was Sunday, which seems to be regularly their fighting

day. To give us all rest after our extreme fatigue the General gave us a halt for the next day, refreshed by which we again pushed after the enemy on the morning of the 14th, but we did not see them on that day.

On the 15th we came up with their entrenched position across the road, which we carried and took two guns (Aong). A few hours after we reached a bridge (Pandoo Nuddee), which they had defended, and after some fighting, in which one of our men (78th) was killed, we carried it, and took two more guns; the loss on this day was, I believe, about thirty-six killed and wounded, but the grand action took place on the 16th. Having received information that they were strongly entrenched in a position sixteen miles from us, we marched at daybreak to within two miles of them, where we halted in a wood about 10 a.m. to get some breakfast and rest; at 1 or 2 p.m. we advanced, leaving the baggage and ammunition in charge of a guard. The sun now shone out with intense heat, greater than I have ever felt, and in one hour more than a dozen men fell down on the roadside, most of them never to rise again.

On nearing the enemy's position we turned off the road to the right, with the intention of taking their position in flank; their guns soon opened fire, and in a short time the action became general. When the line of infantry had been pretty well pounded by the enemy's cannon, the 78th were ordered to advance and charge the batteries

at the point of the bayonet; on we went with deafening cheers, and in a few minutes the guns were ours; on we went past the batteries, and fired into the retreating foe, until we were halted for a few seconds to form again compactly for another charge at some guns further to the rear. General Havelock at this time came up, and called out "Well done, 78th! you shall be my own regiment in future, another charge like that and we shall win the day." Upon this off we went through pools and mud, cheering and screeching, and the next battery was ours, but this was almost too much for human exertion. The sun was now at its hottest, and rushing on like madmen with the weight of arms and ammunition, everyone was completely done up.

At last we were halted just as, so far as I was concerned, nature was exhausted, and from the double influence of the sun and extreme fatigue I fell down on the ground, almost senseless; some of our men got water and bathed my head, and covered it with wet towels, which relieved me in time, and I found I was not the only one, by any means, in that state; one unfortunate man who fell by my side has since died, and numbers were covering their heads with wet cloths to counteract the burning sun. The enemy's guns were now firing at us with so deadly a range that we were obliged to move to one side and lie down flat again. After half an hour's refreshing rest (if rest can be called refreshing when the ground on all sides is being ploughed up by shot) we again advanced to the

right flank, which was threatened by the enemy, and after driving them out of another village we all lay down on the ground, round shot and grape came thick around us from one side, and rifle shots from another. After allowing them to exhaust their ammunition while we rested, we again advanced and drove them off the field. By this time we had followed them to Cawnpore, which fell to our hands, and darkness covered the field of action. Our own regiment lost three killed and fifteen wounded, besides two or three killed by the sun. I believe the total loss of our force is 100 killed and wounded.

After the battle we buried our dead by moonlight, digging their graves with bayonets. Poor Beatson, our Adjutant-General was taken ill of cholera during the battle and died this morning. He was much liked by everyone. General Have-lock has presented the Cross of Valour to each of the Regiments engaged; one man has to be chosen by all the rest to be the recipient of it, but this is rather difficult where no one has done anything more than his neighbours, and I don't know how they will settle it. After the fighting was over we were rewarded for all our fatigues and dangers by a speech from the General, conveying an amount of praise which I suppose seldom, if ever, a Regiment got before. It was to this effect: "Gentlemen, I am glad to have the opportunity of saying a few words to you which you may repeat to your men. I am now upwards of sixty years old, I have

been forty years in the service, I have been engaged in action about seven and twenty times, but during the whole of my career I have never seen any Regiment behave better, nay more, I have never seen one behave *so well* as the 78th Highlanders this day. I am proud of you. If ever I have the good luck to be made a Major-General the first thing I shall do will be to go to the Duke of Cambridge and request that when my turn for the Colonelcy of a Regiment arrives I may have the 78th. This, Gentlemen, you hear from a man who is not in the habit of saying more than he means."

But I must now tell you the sad news which has made even our victories painful. The stories which we had heard of all the Europeans having been cruelly massacred has proved true, but the women and children, amongst whom were many ladies of the station and of our 32nd Regiment, were kept alive, though in a wretched state of destitution, all huddled together in a small dark room to the number, I believe, of nearly 100, fed upon flour and water, and subjected to every insult. We had heard of their being alive, and everyone had been most cheerfully enduring all fatigues in pursuing the enemy and fighting our way up with all speed in hopes of being able to rescue and save these unfortunate helpless ones, but what was our rage and indignation to find on our arrival that the day before the action they had all been most horribly murdered, and, their bodies stripped of everything, all thrown down a well. Can you believe that these

devils (I can call them nothing else) threw down the innocent babes *alive* into this well to die on the massacred bodies of their mothers. The scene of this tragedy is the most painful sight that ever was witnessed, and if ever revengeful feelings against one's enemies were allowable I should think they were so now. Every British soldier in this place is fired with indignation and longing to avenge the slain.

Nana, the fiend of all fiends, who is the chief man in all these movements, has retired to his palace at Bithoor, about ten miles from here, which is said to be very strongly fortified, but a report has arrived this morning, that his army have lost confidence in him since his grand defeat, and have deserted him and moved to Delhi, and that he himself has taken poison. A small force has gone out to reconnoitre and find out the truth of this.

We expect a reinforcement of 600 or 800 Europeans from Allahabad to-morrow, on the arrival of which, I believe we are to push on to Lucknow to relieve the besieged garrison, leaving 600 men entrenched here. They have, I believe, provisions in the fort of Lucknow for some days more, but we have heard that Sir Henry Lawrence, commanding the garrison, has been killed in an attack made on the fort by the rebels. It is said we are to march up there by forced marches without tents or baggage, which are to be left here.

With best love to all believe me

Ever your affectionate son,

G. D. BARKER.

(To Miss Weston).

Village of Mungulwar,
Oude,
August 2nd, 1857.

MY DEAR AUNT,

Since I last wrote to you from Shergotty on the 23rd June, I have passed a most exciting sort of life, chiefly among cannon shot and musketry, and have had little time for letter-writing. I hope, however, that my epistles have been duly forwarded to you from Camberwell and Chelsea, by which, and still more from the published dispatches, you will have obtained an idea of the troublous times which have come upon our Indian Empire, and the efforts which are being made by the small armies of Europeans to force back the overwhelming wave, until the anxiously expected reinforcements from England and elsewhere shall arrive to crush the wide-spread mutiny, and blot out from the face of the land every vestige of the foul species of humanity known by the name of the Bengal Sepoy.

Of my arrival at Benares, and subsequently at Allahabad, the march from thence to Futtehpore, and the series of engagements with the enemy between that place and Cawnpore, together with the grand fight at the latter place, you will have heard. I have now to tell you of two more fights in which we have lost more men than in any action before.

After passing some days in Camp, near the desolate ruins of Cawnpore, my Regiment was sent across the river with five guns to cover the passage of the force. We were thus the first to enter the Oude territory. In consequence of the expected opposition from the myriads of armed villagers in addition to the regular troops moving down to meet us, we were ordered to cross the river without tents or baggage, a bed being the only thing allowed us, and even that has since been reduced to a blanket, a great-coat, and a change of clothes for each man. This in the hottest months in India, and in the rainy season, is rather a risk to run, but Lucknow *must* be relieved, and its gallant defenders saved at any price.

The Ganges being wide and rapid it took a long time to cross the Artillery and Commissariat, and it was not until the 29th that we moved out from this. We left at daybreak and in one and a half or two hours found the enemy occupying a fortified village (Oonao) on the road. They fought behind their mud walls with desperation, and it was not without loss on our side that we dislodged them. They then drew up on the plain behind, and were repulsed again. It being now 12 o'clock, and a hot sun, and having been out for two hours above our knees in water, we halted on the field to get rest and breakfast. After resting for three or four hours, we moved on again and commenced attacking the town of Busseratgunge, to which they had retired. After being exposed to a heavy fire, we charged

the gateways, and drove them out of the town, and darkness coming on we lay down armed and accoutred to sleep after the fatigues of the day.

Our force of 1,100 Europeans lost in the two attacks about 110 men killed and wounded. In my own Regiment, out of about 230 we had two officers and eighteen men wounded and three killed. For some reason known only to himself, the General ordered us to retire the next day to this village, where it is supposed we must wait for reinforcements.

A strong army is in front of us, another is trying to turn our flank and to get between us and Cawnpore, and the whole country of Oude is up in arms against us. Under these circumstances I think it is the wisest plan for us to remain here. As though one European may be a match for twenty natives or more, he is scarcely a match for 100, which seems to be about the odds against us. We have been out on the plain under arms since 1 and 2 this morning expecting an attack, but it turned out to be nothing. I should have told you that we captured twenty guns from the rebels, including those of a whole troop of Horse Artillery.

Not half the details of the horrible massacres at Cawnpore are known, and many never will be known. I was speaking to a native this morning who was present at one dreadful scene; when the boats were fired into from the banks, one of them was cut adrift, and floated down the river unharmed; but a party of Sepoys were sent after them the next morning and brought them back.

They were all brought on shore, the gentlemen all tied with ropes, and their wives and children clinging to them. Two companies of Sepoys were drawn up to fire upon the men, and the ladies were told they were to be saved, but some of them clung to their husbands and begged to be shot with them. The Sepoys had to drag them away by force, and the order was given to fire. One of the party was a clergyman, who begged that a short time might be allowed them for prayer, which was granted. They then all shook hands and took their places in front of the soldiers. The firing commenced and they fell, wounded and killed on the ground. The Sepoys then took up their swords, and finished the work by hacking them to pieces.

One young lady, daughter of poor General Sir Hugh Wheeler, was forcibly taken away by one of the ruffian horsemen, but in the dead of night, when she found all were asleep, she rose and drawing the fiend's sword she buried it to the hilt in his bosom; she then killed his wife and his two sons, and threw herself into a well, where her body was found the next morning. Her father, mother, sister and two brothers, were, I believe, all murdered in the general massacre.

I trust we shall be able to resist, and punish all attacks made upon us here, and shortly receive reinforcements sufficient to enable us to push on to Lucknow. The 5th Fusiliers from Mauritius are on their way up, and the 90th has arrived in Calcutta, 500 or 600 of our own Regiment are on

their way up. They have been fighting all over the Country.

I have to go on picket for the next twenty-four hours, and must now say good-bye.

Best love to all from

Your ever affectionate nephew,

G. D. BARKER.

Cawnpore,

August 15th, 1857.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Here we are back again in Cawnpore, having found it utterly impossible to save the unfortunate garrison of Lucknow, the whole country of Oude being up in arms against us, and some 50,000 if not 80,000 men, regulars and irregulars, and armed countrymen, with fifty guns, disputing every inch of ground against our handful of troops, latterly reduced by sickness, wounds, and death, to nearly half, and with several small reinforcements, numbering less than 1000 men of all arms. The excessive fatigue, exposure, and hardship endured by our force, exceeds, I suppose, anything known in India for the last half century. For upwards of three weeks we have been exposed to all extremes of heat and rain, with no tents or baggage, and only now and then the shelter of a native village.

I will write next mail, I hope, all particulars, as also of another fight (Boorhea-ke-Chowkee) in which the Highlanders distinguished themselves by charging the enemy's redoubts under a deadly fire, drove them out, took two out of the three guns,

and turning them round on the enemy fired shell and grape on them, and ended the battle. I say the regiment, but it was the small body of 150 men which now represents the head-quarter wing. I am thankful to say I sustained all the fatigues till the end, but human nature will not bear everything, and I am now in bed with a slight fever. The doctor ordered me not to write more than two lines, so I must stop; he says I shall be all right again if I take perfect rest for two days, so I hope to write all details next time. The whole China force has arrived in Calcutta, and I trust will push up at once.

Ever your affectionate son,
G. D. BARKER.

Copy of part of a letter to Miss Weston.

Cawnpore,
August 29th, 1857.

* * * * *

You probably heard of my being sick and will be glad to hear that it was only a slight fever and extreme fatigue, which after a week's entire rest left me all right, and able to resume my duties.

Since I last wrote to you (July 15th) we have had three more engagements with the rebels; two in Oude, in which I was present, and one at Bithoor, on this side of the Ganges, which took place when I was sick in Cawnpore. You will see by the newspapers and dispatches that the 78th have not been behindhand, and that it generally falls

to our lot to charge the guns; it is an exciting sort of amusement, especially when the enemy are firing showers of grape and round shot with a deadly range, and men are falling on all sides. I think I told you about the action of Oonao and Busseratgunge on the 29th July, and how we had fallen back to the village of Mungulwar; there we remained until the 4th August, when we marched out to the front again in the afternoon, halted for the night on a flat marshy plain, with the sky for our covering as usual, and marched at daybreak.

On coming near Busseratgunge, the right wing of the force made a flank movement to the right, to turn their position, which was very successful, and numbers of the rebels were killed. They were in great numbers, and their guns annoyed us a great deal. Our Colonel's horse, which he had bought for £80 a few weeks before, and which received a musket wound at Cawnpore, was killed under him by a round shot. We pursued them beyond the village, and across a small river, where they again stood, and from which we drove them. We rested a couple of hours to breakfast, or rather to eat our hard biscuit and have some tea made, about 12 noon, and at 2 or 3 o'clock we fell back again about twelve miles, to our old village of Mungulwar. The next day we commenced sending the commissariat carts, extra ammunition and heavy guns, down to the bank of the river, six miles to our rear, whence they were sent across. We were thus left in the lightest marching order

possible, the men not having even their great-coats, and for some five or six days, we lived day and night armed and accoutred ready to take advantage of any movement of the enemy who were now moving towards us, and exulting in the idea that they would annihilate us in crossing the river at Cawnpore.

On the 11th, after expecting to get the order to march every hour, we were suddenly called out at about 3 p.m. and marched for the third time along the Lucknow road. Came up with their outposts at 5 or 6, drove them in, and lay down for the night under some trees. It rained a little in the middle of the night, but we did not get very wet. Marched out at 3 a.m., an hour before daylight, and found the Rebels in a strong entrenched position half a mile on this side of Busseratgunge. The fire on their side was kept up with a most extraordinarily correct aim, and mowed us down; they were behind redoubts and mounds, and we on a flat open plain, partly swamp, every inch of which had been previously measured by them, and this enabled them to fire correctly. My Regiment was moved opposite to the most troublesome redoubt, and thinking it rather too much of a joke to be slaughtered by dozens, we set up a howl and charged the redoubt, without any orders, took it in glorious style, captured the two guns in it, and turning them round on the enemy fired shot and shell in the midst of their retreating thousands; this decided the day, and having rested for two

hours to eat the food we had in our haversacks, we retired again towards the river, which was now pretty safe for us to cross. We slept during the night in our old village, and set off for the river early in the morning, crossed the whole force during the day, and were not sorry to find ourselves again in Cawnpore, where we could get a little rest, after our three weeks' incessant hard work.

In three days the small portion of the force which remained healthy (for by this time about half of our 1300 or 1400 were either killed, wounded, dead of cholera, or sick in hospital,) marched out, and gave the rebel army on this side a severe licking, and having thus put to flight our enemies on every side, we commenced to enjoy a short, but much needed interval of rest, and here we are still waiting for reinforcements before we can again attempt the relief of Lucknow. Out of 300 men of my own Regiment, upwards of sixty have died or been killed, and seventy more sent away sick and wounded to Allahabad. The General tried to do more than could possibly be done by mortal men, and this is the result. We have lost one officer from cholera, and three have been wounded out of our wing here and besides this, two of our officers have died. We were delighted at getting a reinforcement of 250 of our own men from Allahabad yesterday, and the other Regiments expect to be increased in a few days, the 5th and 90th also are expected here soon, and I hope it will not be long before we again cross the Ganges with 4,000 men

and relieve that brave garrison, who have at the present moment nothing but a Cawnpore fate staring them in the face. We did them one grand benefit by crossing—we drew away all the besieging army, and kept them employed, while the garrison came out of their fort and collected provisions for several days. If Delhi has not fallen when we return from Lucknow, I imagine that and Agra will be our next destination—it is 260 miles from here.

I forgot to tell you that the General promised to recommend for the Victoria Cross the officer or man of my Regiment who first went into the battery the other day, but as it is rather difficult to decide, I suppose no one will get it.

We have got up games and races here, which commence to-day, and I ought to be out there now, so will say good-bye.

With best love, believe me,

Ever your affectionate nephew,

G. D. BARKER.

Cawnpore,

September 13th, 1857.

MY DEAR MARY,

Thanks for your letter of the 18th July, which by good luck has reached me safely. Fancy my only this morning receiving my Mother's letter dated 1st of June. Either the Brigade Major of Bombay, or the Post-Master must have kept it for two months—such carelessness is too bad.

I hear that the letter-bags which left this on two days at the beginning of last month were plundered and everything lost, and I fear my English letters written at Mungulwar may have been amongst them. We are still living in the cavalry stables here, it being much cooler and dryer than living in the tents, which are all standing empty.

The sickness has decreased, but at the best of times this is considered a most unhealthy station. By the arrival of our remaining companies and those of the other three Regiments our numbers are now increased to 1,700 Europeans of all arms. The 5th Fusiliers and 90th are within three marches of this place, and in three or four days will increase our numbers by 1,400 or 1,500, total about 3,100; of these we shall have to leave 400 or 500 to defend the entrenched camp, containing arsenal and hospitals, and we shall probably cross into Oude with 2,500 in less than a week. The rebels are actively engaged in throwing up batteries to prevent our crossing, and can be seen from our side of the river in thousands, working away like ants.

September 14th. Hearing the sound of heavy guns I left off writing yesterday to go and see what fun was going on.

On reaching the entrenched camp on the river bank, I found our Artillery were firing the large guns across the river to disperse the rebels, and drive them from the works. This having suc-

ceeded, a hundred riflemen were put on board the steamer and sent across to knock down the pallisades, etc.

September 16th. The 5th Fusiliers and our remaining company arrived yesterday, and spent the day with us. The 90th came in this morning, and we are entertaining them also. General Outram came in yesterday evening, and affairs are becoming warlike. The Artillery guns were all embarked in boats yesterday, and an order was issued for all tents to be struck and sent with the baggage to the entrenchment here, and the force to be ready to march at 2 a.m. with blanket, great-coat and change of clothes. At 11 o'clock at night we were countermanded, and we may now go at any hour. The Engineers are throwing a bridge of boats across the Ganges, but the fighting part of the force will not, I fancy, wait for it, as it will not be finished for a day or two. Our force is now divided into two wings: Right wing 5th Fusiliers, Madras Fusiliers, and 84th Regiment; Left wing, Highlanders, 90th Light Infantry and Sikhs. A messenger arrived from Lucknow this morning, but I have not yet been able to ascertain the news brought by him to the General. I hope it is good. The English mail, via Calcutta, has just arrived and with it two letters from Brighton, from Mother and Steenie. I am glad to see he has so much recovered and hope he will not take to his studies again too soon. Walter on his way to China, and Tom to Calcutta—such is the startling news. I

shall not have the least chance of seeing either of them, I am sorry to say.

You may receive later news from Cawnpore by Bombay, but I don't like to trust to that mail at present, as it has been stopped for some days.

Best love to all from

Your affectionate brother,

G. D. BARKER.

Journal

Cawnpore,

September 17th, 1857.

SIR JAMES OUTRAM having arrived with Eyre's battery (consisting of heavy guns drawn by elephants), the 5th Fusiliers and 90th, and the extra companies of our regiments, thereby increasing our numbers to upwards of 3,000 men, orders were issued to the force to hold itself in readiness to move. The Engineers had thrown a bridge of boats three-quarters across the river Ganges as far as a sandbank, but were obliged to leave the rest to be finished when an advanced party should hold the island in their front, and thus cover them from the enemy's fire. The following order was issued by Sir James on his arrival.

"The force collected by General Havelock which will march to relieve the garrison of Lucknow will be constituted and disposed as follows:

Infantry	1st Brigade	{ 5th Fusiliers 84th Regiment 1st Madras Fusiliers }	Brigadier General Neill
	2nd Brigade	{ 78th Highlanders 90th Light Infantry Regiment of Ferozepore Sikhs }	Brigadier Hamilton
Artillery	Brigade	{ Capt. Maude's battery, R.A. (bullocks) Capt. Olphert's battery, B.A. (horses) Major Eyre's battery (elephants) }	{ Major Cooper
	Cavalry	{ Volunteer Cavalry, about 120 Irregular Cavalry, about 60 }	{ Captain Barrow

Engineer Department, etc., etc.

Major-General Havelock to command the force.

“The important duty of first relieving the garrison of Lucknow has been intrusted to Major-General Havelock, C.B., and Major-General Outram feels that it is due to this distinguished officer and the strenuous and noble exertions he has already made to effect that object, that to him should accrue the honour of the achievement. Major-General Outram is confident that the great end for which General Havelock and his brave troops have so long and so gloriously fought, will now under the blessing of Providence be accomplished. The Major-General therefore, in gratitude for and admiration of the brilliant deeds of arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on this occasion, and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner in Oude, tendering his

military services to General Havelock as a volunteer."

About twelve o'clock at night we got a sudden order to turn out and march down to the bridge of boats, a distance of nearly two miles. Leaving our kit to be packed by our servants, off we trudged, glad to find ourselves, though at such an unseemly hour, actually started again for Lucknow.

On arriving at the river, however, we found that the 90th (a regiment of Crimean recruits), had caused a false alarm that the rebels were crossing the bridge, and in the confusion of turning out had wounded two of their own men, the Sepoys all the time being perfectly innocent of any such rash intention, or at any rate not having the pluck to carry it out. Such being the case we were ordered to pile arms and lay down on the wet ground to sleep if we could during the remaining hours, as we expected a hard day's work.

September 18th. At dawn we rose from our muddy beds and saw the rebels collecting in some numbers. The Sikhs and two companies of our regiment under command of Major McIntyre advanced across the bridge, and thence by boats to the opposite bank, which was a low flat island covered with long grass about six feet high. Maude's battery of Artillery also having crossed opened fire upon the enemy, who soon brought down three guns and shoals of matchlock-men to reply to it. These were soon silenced by two twenty-four pounders on the Cawnpore bank of

the river and withdrawn. During the forenoon I was engaged with my company on a fatigue party pulling the guns across the bridge and placing them on the boats, after which, for two or three hours I had a capital view of the scrimmage across the river from the high banks on our side.

My company and another were then sent under command of Major Haliburton to relieve the first party and hold the island. Heavy rain came on and wetted us to the skin, but we had not much firing, and lost only one man (a Sikh). After dark we were ordered to withdraw quietly all the guns and troops off the island on account of its extreme unhealthiness. This was a work of some labour, and it was midnight before we had arranged the guns on the sandbank in the middle of the river, to which we had retired. We then received orders to push on and occupy the second island before daybreak.

September 19th. Accordingly, having slept for three hours on some wet straw, we rose before dawn and pushing on to the second island, and from that to the mainland, formed the advance guard of the army which crossed over in our rear. The enemy gave us little opposition most prudently retiring their skirmishers as ours advanced. As they had been busy for a month in preparing to resist our crossing, we were surprised at not meeting with more opposition but they are arrant cowards and cannot face us, however small our numbers, on an open plain. Having thus effected

a crossing we halted, and now wait for our heavy guns, commissariat and tents, for this time, grown wiser by experience, the authorities have furnished a few small tents sufficient to protect the men from the inclemency of the weather.

September 20th, Sunday. Paraded as usual half an hour before daylight, and at daylight had the Church service read. Instead of having an organ to play us out of church we were greeted with the boom of the enemy's guns which were being fired on our cavalry who were reconnoitring in front. There is not a clergyman of any sort, so far as I know, in our whole force here or at Cawnpore. This is not very creditable in these times of danger and death. We advance to-morrow at 5 a.m. to attack the rebels' strong position about a mile in our front—our Brigade leads.

It is getting late and I must postpone this until after to-morrow's fight, if I survive to give you an account of it.

Old Palace at Lucknow,
September 28th, 1857.

UNTIL this morning I have not had one minute's leisure to write and continue my narrative of events.

The night of the 20th was one of continual rain, which was still falling at 5 a.m. when the force commenced its onward march, in hopes of giving the rebel army a sound thrashing before an hour

was over. We had not advanced far when we discovered the enemy strongly entrenched on a rising ground, their numbers appearing to be very great; the rain had now cleared off, and deploying into line we commenced the attack. They were driven from their position more easily than was expected, and we being pretty fresh were enabled to pursue them hotly; the cavalry following them cut down numbers and took two guns, making in all five taken on that day. Over hill and dale we went till out of breath, when we halted for a few minutes, and now came on a terrifically heavy rain which continued all day and hardly ceased till we reached Lucknow. In ten minutes the fields and country round had become one deep swamp of mud and water, so forming column of route we took the road and marching on through Mungulwar and Oonao, and the other well-known scenes of our previous fights, we reached Busseratgunge at 3 or 4 p.m. wet to the skin and quite ready for breakfast after marching fifteen miles in the pouring rain. It being too dirty to pitch the little tents we had with us, we managed to stretch our weary limbs in the native houses and Mosques. Our loss, I believe, was slight in the skirmish of this day.

September 22nd. At 4 o'clock I awoke after eleven hours deep sleep and found it still dismal and rainy. The order was to march at 8 a.m. and we expected to find the rebels in a strong position at Bunnee bridge, fifteen miles off. On starting the rain again increased and fell during the whole

day with a pelting force. Still the spirits of all were high, and the hope of relieving Lucknow made every discomfort and hardship cheerfully borne. At 3 p.m. we reached Bunnee and found the Sepoys had abandoned it and thus saved us the trouble of a fight. At 4 p.m. we made our single meal, which constituted breakfast, dinner and supper, and getting shelter from the pelting rain as best we could (some getting into broken-down huts and some into cowsheds) took the last quiet night's rest we were destined to enjoy for several days. By this time all the things in our possession, including beds, were soured with rain.

September 23rd. Day dawning showed us a fair sky and a promise of a dry day. A good wind soon dried the road, and at half past 8 a.m. we found ourselves started on the last march for Lucknow, now only eighteen miles distant. The spirits of many a man, now no more, were high, and all were looking forward to the proud moment of entering the beleaguered garrison.

I should have mentioned that last night on our arrival at Bunnee we heard a dreadfully heavy firing in the direction of Lucknow, and it was evident that the rebels were making a desperate effort to overcome the garrison before we could arrive. To give them confidence and inform them of our near approach, our heavy guns were taken to the front, and a royal salute fired in hopes that it might be heard by them.

The sun was hot to-day, and we had a very

tiring march, every one's limbs being numbed from the effect of the last two days' sousing. In the afternoon we came in sight of their army drawn up in a plain near Lucknow, numbering several thousands. They quickly opened fire upon us with their artillery, and the first shell bursting over my regiment wounded my syce who was by my side and two or three others. The action which now commenced was short and decisive. By sunset we had driven them back into the thick woods around Lucknow, where it was impossible to follow them that night, and having taken six or seven guns we halted on the position we had gained. Night came on and no baggage being up we had to lie down on the wet ground just as we were, and to complete our grief rain commenced and fell for some time. Occasional shots were exchanged on both sides, and the boom of the heavy guns firing shot and shell into the Residency (about four miles off) was distinctly heard at intervals all through the night.

September 24th. It was determined to halt this day to reconnoitre—in the morning the enemy brought their guns nearer, and opening them upon us killed and wounded several of our men, upon which the General retired his line a short distance, to be out of range. Here we remained for the day just outside the city, four miles from the Residency where the garrison have entrenched themselves.

During the day I was commanding an advanced picket in an unenviable situation, exposed to a

cross fire of artillery and musketry, but luckily had no one wounded. We lost a few men on other pickets but had not many casualties altogether.

The rebels made a show of attacking our camp at sunset, but were immediately driven back. During the day their cavalry got round to our rear and fell upon our baggage, killing an officer and several men of the 90th and numerous camp followers. Our own loss this day was about thirteen, but I have not been able to ascertain the total amount of casualties in the force. At night we were taken by surprise at hearing a round shot whizzing through our camp. We got up, and finding it was merely a stray shot (which, however, killed Major McIntyre's charger) lay down to sleep again.

September 25th. Preparations having been made for a bold attack on the entrance to the city, and all the baggage and camp followers being collected in a large walled garden called Alum Bagh, and defended by 300 men and four guns under Major McIntyre, the advance commenced about 9 o'clock.

The slaughter which now began was terrible. Some 20,000 men arrayed against us occupied every house and stood behind every wall firing showers of musketry on our advancing troops, and their batteries dealing fierce destruction amongst us. Our artillery here lost upwards of one third of their numbers and all suffered severely; however, we succeeded in driving back the hosts

across the bridge, which they were vigorously defending, and which they had fondly deemed impregnable, and took most of their guns. The force now instead of proceeding straight through the city as we had made a feint of doing, and which would have been nearly, if not quite, impracticable, turned back and took a bye-lane which circled round the town to the right by the banks of the canal. The 78th were ordered to hold the position at the bridge until the whole force with commissariat and ammunition had passed on, and then to protect the rear, and hard and hot work we had of it.

As soon as our true intention was perceived, and when all our guns and most of the Infantry had left us, the enemy returned in force and opening two guns plied us with shot and shell in a most disagreeable manner, to say nothing of musketry which was filling the air like a swarm of bees.

These guns were a few hundred yards up the street, the houses of which on both sides were lined with musketry; however there was nothing for it but to make a dash at their guns, so, forming up by ourselves, now about 350 strong, we dashed up the street and, killing numbers on both sides, took the two guns, one of which we spiked, and the other, dragging along with us to the canal bridge, we hurled down the steep bank into the water. In this charge we had several officers and men killed and wounded, and it was a work of great difficulty to carry on the latter, nearly all

the carriage having gone on to the front previously.

The enemy had now found out that we were alone in rear, and obliged to march at a snail's pace on account of the carts and ammunition waggons getting stuck in the bad road, and they began to surround us on all sides, and, with numbers twenty or thirty times greater than ours, harassed us most dreadfully. They brought another gun on to the bridge to enfilade our road, and the musketry fire thickened upon us at every step. At every available place we made a stand and drove them back for a short time. A cavalry man who was sent up with a request for reinforcements to the main body, who were a mile or two in front, alarmed them by declaring that we could not hold out, and that in a short time we should all be cut up. Far from this, however, we were destined yet to have the honour of leading the way into the beleaguered fort.

Not having a guide we took the wrong road, which turned out to be a shorter one than that taken by the army, but at the same time a hotter one, and having run the gauntlet of a lot more street firing we came up to the place where the main body was halted about half a mile from the Residency. The 90th being sent to the rear to take our place, the 78th were ordered to the front, and with Sir James Outram leading the way we hastened through the streets followed by the Sikhs, at every turn encountering a fresh volley and being fired at from the houses on either side,

and now and then peppered with grape. At the end of half a mile the large gates of the Residency appeared in view, and the tops of the houses inside were covered with the waving caps of the garrison who were cheering us on. They had not expected us quite so soon, and some delay took place in opening the huge gates, seeing which Sir James Outram made for the embrasure, I followed close behind him, and being on foot and he on horseback I managed to get in before him. I believe I have the honour of being the first in, though another disputes it. As I went up the hill inside, my hand was half shaken off by the delighted garrison, and everyone vied in attending to our wants. The ladies insisted on waiting on us and showing us every kindness. This was a proud moment, but all feelings of pride or pleasure were drowned in grief for the large numbers of killed and wounded and in thankfulness to the Merciful Hand that had guided us, the survivors, in safety through a day of such fearful perils. On this day alone my Regiment lost nine officers and 130 men killed and wounded, out of little more than 400. Ours was the heaviest loss, though all suffered much. Out of the nine officers one was killed, two are since dead, and two more are most severely wounded. The number of casualties in the whole force has not been made known, but they must be considerably more than 500. It is only wonderful how so many escaped.

September 26th. The next morning I was sent

out with fifty men to hold a house near which two of our heavy guns were sunk in the mud—had hot work all day, four guns playing on the house, knocking down the walls and the supporting pillars, and musketry flying in at every window. In the evening the remainder of the Regiment came to assist us, and a place was agreed upon for saving the guns and waggons by a secret march out at night past the rebels' post into our own.

Some of the 5th and two other Regiments who had been protecting the guns all day were to join us. Accordingly we set out in the dead of night and got some way before we were heard by the enemy, but as soon as they perceived us they sounded their bugles around their walls and commenced a thick firing. We then raised a cheer and got through into the old Palace (which had been taken the day before by the first Brigade) without much loss. On the way we found several of our wounded men and officers who had been forsaken by the dhooly-bearers on the 25th, and for thirty-six hours had been exposed to the attacks of the Sepoys. Six men gallantly stood by them and defended them all this time, and by their heroic conduct, saved the lives of several, a young officer of ours amongst the number, who has been shot in four places, and I fear will not survive long.

September 27th. We (the Infantry) now took up our quarters in the old Palace, not far from the

Residency, the Artillery and Cavalry being in the latter. The picket duty is very heavy as we are so reduced in numbers, and the places to be guarded so many that we are continually on duty and under fire.

September 29th. All the available fighting men, after deducting sufficient to defend our positions, were ordered to parade before daylight this morning at the Residency, under the Engineers, to rally out and take some guns which had greatly annoyed the garrison. It was a work of danger, but succeeded. The 78th charged a gun and killed all the gunners, blew up the house, and destroying the carriage, brought the gun in. We lost one killed and seven wounded, but the total loss was upwards of 60, the other corps getting hotter work than we in taking the guns assigned to them. Firing still continues on both sides. It is impossible to get our baggage up to us, and though we have nominally relieved Lucknow we appear to have become in our turn the besieged army. Provisions are short and there is nothing but water to drink.

September 30th. Have been to see our poor wounded fellows in Hospital, the first time I have had an hour to spare. Most of them are going on well, I am happy to say, though everything is against them. The air is whizzing with bullets and shot night and day, and several men have been wounded since we came to these quarters.

October 1st. Again on picket, the rebels have

been mining, and just blown up our outer wall. They seem determined to hold out, and I do not see how we are to drive them out with our small force. Our whole Infantry force exclusive of guards can only muster about 600 men, and I hear it is decided that we are to remain here upon half rations until the arrival of a fresh force from Calcutta. It is also said that it is the General's intention to storm the new Palace, where it is hoped we shall find large stores of grain, but I expect it will not take place as we are too few.

The poor ladies and children in the garrison are looking pale and thin, and show they have been for the last four months shut up without exercise and with little food. They say we all look the picture of health, which I daresay may be the case in comparison with them. I find sleeping out in the open air in rain and mud is much more healthy work than one would imagine.

October 7th. Fighting still day and night. Nearly all the available Infantry were sent out on the 1st to take some guns and destroy houses and batteries, but I did not join them until relieved off picket on the 3rd. Commanded by Major Haliburton they pushed on from house to house, knocked down batteries, and captured guns which had long annoyed the garrison, and were on the eve of making a grand attack on a strong mosque, when poor Major Haliburton, who had proved himself a valuable officer in the field, and was the very life of this sallying expedition, was

shot at the head of his men and died the next morning. He had just got the temporary command of the Regiment in consequence of Colonel Stisted being made Brigadier *vice* General Neill, killed on the 25th. After Major Haliburton's death the operations in the town were carried on with less vigour, and on the same night the advanced post which he had gained was abandoned by his successor. The next morning the General ordered it to be retaken, and after three officers and several men being wounded and some killed in assaulting it, the attack was given up and nearly the whole position abandoned, my Regiment alone remaining to hold a sort of square which was the key of the position, against some thousands of natives who are now mining and dodging all around us.

Every day we have had some men killed or wounded, and the only wonder is that so many escape. Night and day the air is filled with shot and shell, and about twice in the 24 hours they make a show of attacking us, which generally and, indeed, always they must regret, as they invariably get the worst of it.

Though we have relieved the garrison by destroying numerous guns and batteries, killing vast numbers of the enemy, occupying a long row of palaces along the bank of the river on one side of them, and last, though not least, by bringing in some hundreds of bullocks, still we are half in a state of siege ourselves, as we cannot get at our

baggage, and provisions are not to be had. As it is we are feeding on the grain which remained in the garrison, and for meat are eating our artillery bullocks, which I believe will last us three weeks or still longer, as we are to commence on half rations in a day or two, and by that time we hope to have Sir Colin Campbell with reinforcements to put us all right. But after our frightful losses we have not men enough to clear the city by ourselves, and at the same time protect our women and children and wounded men. Another of our poor wounded officers has died in Hospital, where everything is against recovery, rooms crowded, ventilation bad, medical attendance insufficient, and hardly such a thing as medicine or plaster to be had, most of the little we brought having been lost on our forcing our way through. We have hard work, every officer and man on continual duty night and day. We have loopholed and barricaded our houses all round, and are getting good hands at street fighting.

October 9th. I little thought a year ago that I should spend this birthday in a state of half siege at Lucknow. Instead of the usual wish of "many happy returns of the day," everyone hopes I may "ne'er see the like again." We are now living on water, coarse flour, and $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of quondam artillery bullocks, now yclept beef. Tea and sugar are luxuries not to be thought of, and water is the strongest liquor obtainable. However, all thrive very well at present on the scanty fare, and it is

astonishing how all keep their health. I imagine this must be one of the healthiest parts of India. It is a great mercy to be spared the horrors of sickness such as raged at Cawnpore, and as the cold, healthy weather is just setting in, I hope we may be free from it entirely. There are still many bodies of natives unburied, though we have buried a great number or sent them in true Hindoo fashion floating down the river Goomtee, which flows into the Ganges. We found the body of one of our officers who was killed on the 25th in the final rush. His head had been cut off, and was found with the heads of four of our men in a neighbouring outhouse. This is a barbarity our fiendish enemy delight in, but these recitals are more horrible than interesting.

October 12th. For the last four days I have been too busy to write. We have fortified and loopholed our houses so well that the rebels found they could not drive us *out*, and took to mining in hopes of driving us *up* instead! It is rather unpleasant to sleep in a house which you know is being undermined, and where you have heard the dull sound of the pickaxe and spade going tap-tap day and night. We have set all our men who know anything of mining to work at countermining the rebels, it is very tiring work for them, but they are well paid, receiving 5 rupees or so per diem in addition to their pay. We generally manage to blow in their mines, but in one place they were before us, and blew ours up, killing one of our men.

October 13th. The natives have got two guns, a 9-pounder and a 24-pounder in position about 400 yards from us, and pound our houses most unmercifully. Luckily they do little mischief beyond smashing the outer wall, but their big cannon balls are objectionable things to be flying about one's head all day. I hear the last drop of chloroform was expended yesterday in amputating the arm of a 90th officer who was shot on picket. This is cheerful news for those who may be unfortunate enough to be wounded after this. Several Victoria Crosses have been conferred, as you will see by the despatches. Our Regiment appears to have a good share. One was given to each Regiment after the deeds of the 25th, and others separately.

We have had cheering news during the last few days brought in by a native messenger. Delhi entirely in possession of our troops, Delhi rebels mustering 6,000 or 7,000 making for Lucknow and pursued by 3,000 British—part of them fallen in with and thrashed by the latter at Boolundshaur, and that the British force had arrived near Futtehghur, about eleven or twelve marches from this. In addition to which two or three detachments of a few hundred have arrived at, or are on the way up to, Alum Bagh. Altogether things are looking up. I hope we shall not, after all, have to fall back upon our camels and horses, which is our only resource when the gun beef is done, if any of them survive so long, but many have been starved to death.

October 23rd. The last ten days have passed in much the same way, strengthening our post here and there, turning out nearly every night to repulse a threatened attack, getting news of reinforcements being near, which is generally contradicted next day, and mining and counter-mining with vigour. The enemy are mining all round us like so many rats; they have done little harm, however, as yet, as we have prevented them from coming too close. During the last ten days we have had only three men and two officers wounded. One of the latter was myself. I had gone into an upper room the wall of which was riddled with 24 lb. shot, for the purpose of looking through one of these warlike windows, to endeavour to get a sight of the black rats who were mining under our walls.

A man fired at me from a loopholed house about thirty yards off, and most fortunately aimed an inch too high, or I should not be here to write the tale. The bullet must have struck a loose brick close to my forehead, and sent it with great force on to the upper part of my face, blinding me for a few hours, and cutting my unfortunate nose in a most unkind manner. For a few moments I thought I was done for, and after feeling about to find whether the ball had entered my eye or head, or where, to my great relief I found there was no ingress for him, and he could not be in. I am now on the sick list with a bulldog sort of countenance, and two ferocious-looking black eyes, but

I shall be all right in a day or two. I have had many narrow escapes, but this is the narrowest.

October 25th. The enemy have still several guns playing upon all our positions, and they every now and then bring out a new one. They seem to have an inexhaustible supply. The Hospital is in a very exposed place, several round shot have found their way into it. One of our poor fellows who had nearly recovered from his wounds was struck at the door, and had both legs carried off. He died the next day. One of the apothecaries was killed the same day inside the Hospital.

We were gladdened a few days ago by the sight of a London paper of the 26th August, which a native servant smuggled over from Alum Bagh in a bundle of hay. I suppose all our home letters are at Alum Bagh, and yet there is no chance of getting them for a few weeks. It is expected that immediately the reinforcements arrive we shall make an assault on the new Palace, a splendid building in which the so-called King of Oude held his Court before he retired to Fyzabad. It is being strongly fortified, and we shall have some work to take it if they do not give in before.

Fyzabad is, I hear, a strong fort at the junction of two rivers, where the rebels intend to make a grand stand against us, and whither the King and numbers of his forces have already betaken themselves from this place.

October 26th. Glorious news just circulated by Sir James Outram to the troops. He has received

news from Agra of the Delhi force, which was on its way down to Cawnpore, having defeated the native army near Agra and killed 1,000 of them. Also nearly 2,000 of the China force arrived at, or near Cawnpore, so that we may reasonably hope for 6,000 or 7,000 to be up here between the 6th and 10th of November.

November 7th. At last the long expected news has arrived of Sir Colin Campbell's departure from Cawnpore with 5,100 bayonets, 600 Cavalry, and 36 guns, amongst which it is hoped are Captain Peel's 68 pounders with the Naval Brigade. They are to be at Alum Bagh about the 10th. This is, indeed, glorious news! A telegraph has just been established between this and Alum Bagh, a tower in the latter being visible from the top of the Residency. We are thus able to communicate with them, and plans of the city and its neighbourhood have been sent out for their guidance.

November 13th. We yesterday heard the glad sound of Sir Colin's heavy guns booming near Alum Bagh, and by telegraph we learn that he arrived yesterday morning, and intends to advance to-morrow on the Dilkoosha, a large Park belonging to the King to the right of the town; from thence he will make his attack in two columns, a third column, formed of all the available troops of our garrison, going out to make a simultaneous attack on the enemy's rear, and, it is expected, to assault the King's Palace.

November 15th. While Sir Colin's force was

carrying destruction before it, gradually nearing our position, we carried into execution our own share of the assault. Several days past had been spent in erecting batteries for breaching the buildings intended to be stormed by us, and driving mines under them in several places. At the time agreed upon, 12 noon, all the Infantry that could be spared from the defences were assembled and formed into three columns of attack. The centre attack fell to our share, and for once we had the easiest work. After two or three hours cannonading, the mines were sprung and the advance sounded, and the three assaulting columns issued forth with a cheer to the several points of attack. The buildings were soon in our possession and one gun captured. The force now marched back to their respective quarters, leaving sufficient guards to hold the newly captured houses, and greatly rejoiced at having had once again a run at the villainous Sepoys.

November 17th. After defeating the enemy with a fearful slaughter, the army under Sir Colin formed a junction with us to-day. The two commanders have met, and all are curious to know what is to be the next move.

November 18th. Walked up to see the scene of slaughter where the 93rd Highlanders and Sikhs had killed 1,700 Sepoys in one garden. It was a scene not to be forgotten, and it is hoped it will have its due effect upon Pandys.

November 20th. To the surprise of all we hear

that Sir Colin has decided to evacuate Lucknow for the present, and not attempt to take the city. Various surmises are afloat as to the reason of this, but it is generally supposed that the state of affairs in the neighbourhood of Cawnpore is such as to demand the immediate return of a large force to that place. The sick and wounded and women and children have all been taken out of the Dilkoosha Park, the treasure removed, and all preparations made to evacuate the town.

November 24th. The time fixed for retiring was 12 o'clock on the night of the 23rd, and all arrangements were made for an orderly retiring, the 78th being told off for the rearguard to protect the retirement of all. Accordingly, in the dead of night, with the utmost silence, the guards were successively withdrawn from their posts, and all the buildings in our possession one after another abandoned. It was done very quietly, and the enemy were completely deceived. Before we quitted the last Palace Square, Sir James Outram, who was riding with the Regiment, addressed us in a low tone of voice and said he had selected our Regiment for the honour of covering the retirement of all as we had the post of honour on entering to relieve the garrison, and none were more worthy of the post of honour on leaving it.

At about 3 a.m. we halted at a Park outside called the Martinière Park, and lay down till daylight, and next morning were formed up around the camp at Dilkoosha. You have no idea what

a glorious sensation it is to breathe the fresh air in the boundless plain after being shut up in stone walls and closely besieged by tens of thousands of blood-thirsty rebels week after week and month after month. But if we feel this, how much more must they experience it who for six months have been besieged, and after long hope deferred been brought to realize the approach of starvation, or a still more horrible fate as the only alternative. How favoured have we been that against all disadvantages, paucity of numbers, disease and sickness, and inclement weather, such as generally is considered impossible for troops to campaign in, we have been allowed to be the instruments of saving them at last! But alas! he¹ who has led us to all our victories, and who three times advanced his little band (the last time reduced by sickness and the sword to 800 men) against the legions of Oude, and when reinforced by a few hundred more, led us again across the Ganges, and after a successful and rapid advance, dashed with us through their strongholds into the very midst of some 50,000, determined that we should rescue our isolated countrymen or perish in the attempt. Alas! this brave man is now no more! Honours, I have no doubt, are now and will be showered thickly upon him by a grateful country, but he will never hear of them. He was just allowed to live to see the end for which he had fought so gloriously, and under the Divine blessing accomplished. All the

¹ General Havelock.

beleaguered garrison safe in the open fields, and breathing the free air of Heaven, with grateful thanks for their deliverance—this accomplished, and his troops having safely evacuated the city, he died a few hours afterwards.

England has lost one of her bravest sons, and our little band mourns for its noble chief.

Camp near Alum Bagh.

November 26th. Here I am again encamped on the plains where we fought the mutineers on September 23rd. The day before yesterday Sir Colin Campbell, with the Division under General Grant, left the Dilkoosha, taking with them most of the wounded and the garrison, and encamped here. We (Sir James Outram's Division) remained until 11 o'clock yesterday. The enemy annoyed us a little with some long shots which they managed to pitch into our camp, but did little injury. In the direction for forming the final retreat from the Parks, the 78th were again given the post of honour. We consequently came in for the last parting shots of the enemy.

They made a show of following us up for a short distance, but soon thought better of it. We then continued our march to this plain. To-day Sir Colin has gone to Cawnpore with all the troops which he brought, and taking with him the sick and wounded, and the garrison of Lucknow.

We are left here in front of Lucknow, and it is supposed we are to remain here until Sir Colin re-

turns with the Regiments now arriving from England. When unencumbered with wounded and non-combatants we shall attack the city of Lucknow.

A large force is threatening Cawnpore, and this, I have no doubt, was the chief cause which prevented Sir Colin from expending time and men in capturing and retaining the whole of Lucknow. The enemy have brought a few guns round us and fire upon our outposts, but I doubt very much if they will dare to come out to us on this open plain, though twenty or thirty times our numbers.

December 1st. The weather is getting very cold, and much more pleasant for campaigning than our last six months. I send with this a small map¹ of Lucknow which I copied by way of amusement the other day. The last two mails from here have been cut off. I hope this may share a better fate.

G. D. B.

Camp before Lucknow,
3 *January*, 1858.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

As a mail is to be despatched to Cawnpore to-day, I must not let it leave without a few lines for you. First and foremost allow me to offer you and all the good folks at home all the kind wishes of the season. A merry Christmas I hope you've had, and a happy New Year may it be to all! How we shall enjoy a Christmas fireside in England, if we are spared to return. Of course we are any-

¹ See map at end of book.

thing but festive here. Work, stern work is before us, and much has to be done before we can think of rest and ease. We are still in the same position at Alum Bagh, our pickets daily exchanging shots with those of the enemy, who are erecting formidable batteries all along their position. We made a very successful little trip the other day to a village on our right front, where the Sepoys had detached a force of 3,000 men and eight guns.

Our party consisted of 1,100 infantry, six guns, and 250 cavalry. Starting an hour before daylight we came upon their pickets at dawn, took them completely by surprise, captured four guns, and most of their ammunition, and scattered their force to the winds.

Of Sir Colin's movements and intentions we have but scanty information. I believe he has marched up towards Meerut, leaving a brigade at Cawnpore. It is generally supposed he will take Futtehghur and drive the enemy before him in the direction of Lucknow, while in the other direction a large force of English aided by nine thousand Goorkhas (hill tribes) are advancing upon Fyzabad. The Sepoys will thus be driven in from East and West, to meet their final deserts in the doomed city of Lucknow, at the hands of the three forces combined.

We have heard a report of poor Havelock's having been created a Baronet, which I hope is true. His son is well worthy of all the honours which he will inherit from his father. He is a

smart, intelligent officer, and has been at his father's right hand through all.

Believe me

My dear mother

Ever your affectionate son,

G. D. BARKER.

Best love to all.

You will see that the Government of India have granted six months' donation batta to Havelock's force, and also to the Lucknow garrison. A Lieutenant's share is about £70.

Camp Alum Bagh,
near Lucknow,

13 January, 1858.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I am delighted to hear by your letter from Grafrath, dated November 4th, that you have hopes of your sight being improved.

You say that you were in a state of anxious suspense in the absence of letters from me, and I am sorry to think how much longer that suspense must have lasted, as for two whole months there was no possibility of my sending a letter. I trust however that you received *one* if not all, of my hasty ones written when our siege was ended, and also the long account of our doings in those two months, which I posted here on the 1st of December in two envelopes.

I know that my accounts are very imperfect and scanty, but you can easily imagine that I have not

much time to sit down quietly and write a long detail of everything which takes place.

Since my last we have been going on quietly in the same way as before, exchanging long shots with the rebel force which seldom do much harm on either side, but now and then take off one of us.

Matters had gone on in this way until the 11th when a spy brought intelligence from the enemy's camp, that orders had been issued, and all dispositions made for a grand attack upon our camp at daybreak the following morning.

Accordingly General Outram issued orders for the force to be under arms at daybreak, and for every available man (such as bandsmen, clerks, and other men, struck off duty for various purposes) to be present.

The morning of the 12th was more than usually cold, and a bleak cutting wind was dreadfully against the hopes of the black rebels. Their bugles, however, were distinctly heard by us, calling the legions to arms, and the whole army could be seen from our pickets forming up in preparation for our destruction. At length, about 8 a.m. their advance commenced, our force was under arms in a few minutes, and hastening to the front and flank pickets were soon disposed in the most admirable manner by Sir James Outram.

The enemy's line must have been several miles long, as they extended from our right flank, all round the front and reached even opposite to our

left-rear. They were met everywhere with a deadly fire, and were soon in full retreat, leaving numbers of dead on the field, their loss was estimated at a few hundred while we had only about six wounded.

Another attack is expected to-morrow.

January 26th. The second attack took place on the 16th and ended in a like result.

The enemy approached rather nearer to our batteries, and were punished accordingly. The grand attack of the enemy's entire force was to have come off on the 19th, and as we had good reason for supposing that we should be opposed to upwards of 50,000 we busied ourselves in strengthening all our outposts. The village in our left front in which I was placed, the garrison of which was nearly 250 men under a field-officer, was made quite a strong fort, and having made ourselves very snug in it, we were quite anxious to be attacked. The rebels, however, had received such a lesson on the two previous occasions, that they feared to face us, and contented themselves with keeping up rather a fiercer cannonade upon the village than usual.

In the second attack the rebels were headed by a man who wore a council cap and a long tail, as a representative of the Hindoo god of war.

Unfortunately for them and their mythology he fell in front of our line, severely wounded, and is now lying a prisoner in our camp, more dead than alive, his leg smashed by a musket ball and both eyes cut out by a sword.

I was dining a few evenings ago with Sir James Outram, who said he knew from good information that the army in Lucknow numbers 91,000 men and ninety guns, of these 31,000 are mutineers of our own Regiments and 60,000 are the irregular armed men of Oude.

From all we can hear Sir Colin Campbell is defeating and dispersing all large bodies in the direction of Agra, Meerut, Futtehghur and Bareilly, and easily and rapidly re-establishing order in those parts.

The finishing stroke will probably be at Lucknow, where all the mutineers are preparing for their final struggle. We expect soon to hear of the advance of Sir Colin in this direction with an army sufficiently large to enable us to do our work completely.

It is to be hoped he will not long delay, as the cold weather will not last for ever, and in six weeks or two months we shall find the hot season coming rapidly upon us.

Our Brigade was paraded this morning to witness the presentation of good conduct medals to six of the 78th men. Sir James Outram was present, and previous to presentation of the medals addressed the Regiment in terms which made us feel rather proud. This pride, you may imagine, was not lessened when the following letter addressed to Colonel Hamilton a few hours afterwards was read to us.

SIR JAMES OUTRAM'S LETTER 103

Letter addressed by Major-General Sir James Outram, G.C.B., commanding 1st Division of the Army to Brigadier Hamilton commanding 2nd Brigade 1st Division before Lucknow.

"Camp Alum Bagh,
"28 January, 1858.

"MY DEAR BRIGADIER,

"I should be very sorry that the 78th should attribute anything I said to-day to the excitement of the moment, and therefore somewhat more, perhaps than what I would deliberately record.

"What I did say is what I *really feel* and what I am sure must be the sentiment of every Englishman who knows what the 78th has done during the past year—and I had fully weighed what I should say before I went on parade.

"While fresh in my mind, I will here record what I did say, in case you may think my deliberately and conscientiously expressed testimony to the merits of your noble regiment of any value.

"The following is the spirit and I think almost literally what I said:

"78th Highlanders

"I gladly seize the opportunity of the Brigade being paraded to witness the presentation of good conduct medals to some of your deserving comrades, to say a few words to you.

"To tell you of my high estimation of the very admirable conduct of the whole regiment during the year, completed to-morrow, that I have been

associated with you in the field commencing in Persia.

“Your exemplary conduct, 78th, in *every* respect throughout the past eventful year I can truly say and *I do emphatically declare* has never been surpassed by any troops, of any nation, in any age; whether for indomitable valour in the field, or steady discipline in the camp, under an amount of fighting, hardship, and privation, such as British troops have seldom if ever heretofore been exposed to.

“The cheerfulness with which you have gone through all this, has incited my admiration as much as the undaunted pluck, with which you always close with the enemy whenever you can get at him, no matter what his odds against you, or what the advantage of his position.

“And my feelings are but those of your countrymen all over the world who are now watching your career with intense interest.

“I trust it will not be long before the campaign will be brought to a glorious conclusion by the utter destruction of the hosts of the rebels in our front, on the capture of this doomed city, their last refuge.

“And I am sure that you, 78th, who will have borne the brunt of the war so gloriously from first to last, when you return to Old England will be hailed and rewarded by your grateful and admiring countrymen, as the band of heroes, as which you so well deserve to be regarded.

SIR JAMES OUTRAM'S LETTER 105

"Good and glorious as your conduct has been, 78th, your goodness and your glory has been nobly emulated by all the troops of this division, which have shared your dangers and triumphs.

"To them also my acknowledgements are due and they will be gratefully tendered when opportunity offers, especially to the gallant 90th now at your side, as they have ever stood by you, fought with you, and suffered with you, since we crossed the Ganges together.

"The great and brilliant services performed by the 90th in the Crimea, even they have been eclipsed by what it has already done in India.

"Nor must we forget, 78th, your gallant comrades of the 64th, though no longer with us, who served with you in Persia, served with you here, and have suffered as you have done.

"No! I shall not forget the 64th in a hurry, nor shall I forget you.

"Very sincerely yours

(Signed) "J. OUTRAM.

"To Brigadier Hamilton, Commanding 2nd Brigade, Oude Field Force."

January 27th. I have made a copy of the above mentioned letter, and enclose it on a separate sheet. If all our generals go on praising us in this way, I'm afraid there will be no standing us.

We have at last seen Havelock's and Outram's dispatches relating our entry into Lucknow and are rather disappointed with them. Havelock says

very little of the severe fighting in the earlier part of the day, near the canal bridge, and the feats of our own Regiment there after the advance of the rest of the force, are not even mentioned. The reason of this I suppose is that there was no General, Brigadier, or Staff-officer of any kind with us to see what was done, and we were too modest to sound our own trumpets regarding it.

I dare say you never saw my name amongst the wounded, at all, as I find the nominal lists of killed and wounded between October and 16th November have never been published from some oversight, so as it happens I need never have alarmed you by mentioning it.

I ought to apologize for never paying my letters now; the fact is that stamps are not to be got and they will not take cash in payment. I have sent, however, to see if stamps are to be obtained at Cawnpore.

Ever your affectionate son,
G. D. BARKER.

Camp Alum Bagh,
Near Lucknow,
9 *February*, 1858.

MY DEAR MARY,

I have this day received your letter written on Christmas Day. Many thanks for it, and for three others for which I am indebted to you.

You have been very good in writing so often—any letter from home is a great prize. I am so

sorry to have been unable to write for so long and relieve your anxiety, but I had not even the chance of sending a line by the medium through which Moorson sent his note to his mother. I was delighted to see that note in the public papers, and even *he* finds no fault with its being published, as he knows it was the cause of partially relieving the anxiety of hundreds.

So Arthur is excited as ever, is he? and still feels martially inclined. He will have lots to read soon about the war, as the great Russell of "special corresponding" notoriety is now at Cawnpore and expected here in a few days.

It is odd that what you tell me about our dear Father and General Havelock being schoolfellows at the Charterhouse never occurred to me before. I wish I had thought of it, as the knowledge of the fact might have been of great use to me before poor Havelock died.

You say that Sir Henry was to be made a Peer, but from all that I can gather from the Parliamentary debates it was only intended to give him a Baronetcy and £1,000 a year, a pittance which, when compared with what he has done, and with the honours showered down upon men who have done nothing in comparison to this, is, I consider, disgraceful to England.

I see that Sir John Pakington in seconding the grant in the House of Commons, expressed a hope that some distinguishing *honour* and *reward* would be conferred on the small remnants of those two

little bands, who have either gone through the entire siege of Delhi, or have followed Havelock from the beginning to the end of his marches; for he says "to them the country owes a debt of gratitude, which it is impossible to over estimate."

At present we do not see much hope of this most correct proposal being carried out, and we begin to fear that the only reward we shall get from a "grateful country" is that "which costs nothing—viz., praise." Considering there are only 30 surviving Officers of the whole of Havelock's force who have followed him from first to last, I think that a step of rank and a pension of £100 might easily be given to each. This would cost the country £3,000 a year for one generation, a sum which was granted to *one* man for *three* lives for taking Ghuznee.

The great event is now drawing near. Troops are rapidly being concentrated, and in a fortnight or three weeks we expect to commence a terrific cannonading upon the city. We hope to find cool quarters for the hot weather in the Palaces of Lucknow. I have entered my name as a subscriber to some sketches of Lucknow taken during the siege and to be published in London. I have directed the publishers to send my copy to Chelsea, and hope if it ever reaches, that you and Henry will accept it as a trifling present from an absent friend. I have not seen the sketches, but am told that they are very correctly and well represented.

We have lately had games and races and lots of fun, interspersed with occasional attacks from the enemy, who still exchange shots with our batteries at every hour in the day.

With best love to all

I remain

Ever your affectionate brother,

G. D. BARKER.

Camp before Lucknow,

March 2nd, 1858.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

The 2nd Division having moved on to the Dilkoosha Park this morning as a preliminary step to the grand siege, I must send you a few lines before it is too late, as we may be ordered to move at any moment.

While I write Sir Colin's guns are booming away on our right, and by their direction he must now be in possession of the Dilkoosha Palace. The army in Oude has been formed as follows: An Artillery, a Cavalry, an Engineer, and three Infantry Divisions, of which latter ours under Outram is the 1st, Lugard has the 2nd, now manœuvring on our right, and Colonel Walpole has the 3rd a few miles in rear, at a place called Buntera, where the Chief has been quietly collecting all his troops and awaiting Franks's arrival from the East, and the Bombay column from the South to secure his rear.

While all this has been going on, the rebel army

has been growing desperate and making continual attacks on our Division, with increased daring in proportion as they find themselves hemmed in. These attacks have taken place almost daily and harassed us a good deal. But though we have had few casualties, the enemy's loss on several occasions has been very severe.

Two days ago, however, we sustained a loss of thirty-five killed and wounded, and were engaged in repelling their onsets from early in the morning until 10 at night with intervals of a few hours now and then.

March 10th. Since commencing this I have fallen into a temporary staff appointment, which has prevented my writing the long letter I had intended. On the 5th of March Sir James Outram got sudden orders to join the Commander-in-Chief, taking with him his personal staff and Moorson his D.A.Q.M.G., and leaving the 1st Division under the command of Brigadier Franklyn, the next senior.

I was put in orders to officiate as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, pending the confirmation of the Commander-in-Chief, which has not yet arrived, and perhaps never will, as he may have some one else he intends to give it to, or Moorson may return.

So much as regards myself, and now to return to more important topics. Sir Colin Campbell is going very cautiously to work. Having assembled all the siege train, and the two infantry Divi-

sions under Walpole and Lugard near Dilkoosha, he bridged the Goomtee, and throwing over cavalry and guns and the 3rd Division, gave Outram the command of the north bank. If you received, as I trust you did, my map of Lucknow, you will be able to trace these movements. Outram has had several encounters, and got possession of the Cantonments by crossing the Kokral river, some way up from its junction.

Sir Colin has taken the Martinière, and has had as yet but little loss. Our information of his doings is rather scanty, so I cannot tell you much more.

Franks's column has joined from the East, and on our left we have a large force of cavalry.

I will write again soon, but have no time now. So good-bye, and with best love to all,

Believe me

Ever your affectionate son,

G. D. BARKER.

Lucknow,

March 26th, 1858.

MY DEAR MARY,

You will be happy to hear that this immense city is ours, and that, for the first time for upwards of six months, we are out of range or sound of a hostile gun. Ruined grandeur reigns in solemn silence, and the din of war has ceased for a brief space.

The dispatches will give you all details of the

three weeks' operations by which this result has been effected, and I will now write a brief account of my own share in them.

A day or two after I last wrote we lost one of the best officers in the force. Poor Moorson, in showing the way to the party who attacked the iron bridge, was shot dead. I have seen many friends knocked over at my side, but never felt the loss of any so much as I did of him. He was a great friend of mine, and had been with us through almost every fight since we left Allahabad. He was universally respected and esteemed, and many a quiet tear was shed on hearing of his sudden death.

As the siege progressed, the enemy in our front at Alum Bagh appeared to reduce in numbers, and as troops were urgently required on the western side of the city, Sir Colin withdrew regiment after regiment from us, until we were at last reduced to two weak regiments, the 5th and 78th and some guns; having, however, very near us a large body of cavalry under Brigadier Campbell we were pretty safe. This cavalry was ordered by telegraph on the night of the 14th to set out at once in pursuit of some retreating rebels. This movement being found out by the enemy, and they, seeing that we had only two small regiments to defend the extensive position lately held by 5,000, (including the defence of Jellalabad and Alum Bagh), collected their forces in immense masses in our front and threatened to overwhelm us. We

had had no previous intimation of their intention from spies, as we usually had, and the first we knew of it was seeing them advancing upon us. Our force was immediately turned out and made the most of in lining the batteries, etc., and an officer was sent off to the Goorkha camp to request immediate support from them. Such, however, is the slowness and red tapeism with which they act that their help in the shape of 4,000 men did not arrive until 6 p.m., nine hours after they were called and six after there was any need of them. We were thus left to make the best of it by ourselves. The masses of the enemy's infantry now appeared to menace our front and left front, while their cavalry with standards flying rode round to our left, and forming up behind a village, advanced in two long lines at a charge, which, if it was composed of men of any spirit, must have swept us all off the face of the earth.

A well directed fire from all our guns and rifles, however, was too much for them, and they turned and fled, leaving the ground strewn with their dead. Only one man came right up to the batteries, who managed to cut off the hand of one of our men before he was killed.

Seeing their cavalry fail on our left, the rebel infantry thought it prudent not to advance, and opening some 24 pounders on us, contented themselves with playing at long bowls.

This was the last we saw of our friends who had been our vis-à-vis for the last three months.

The next morning their entire position in our front along the canal was abandoned.

On the evening of the 18th an order was received for the 5th and 78th, and the horse battery and cavalry (which had returned) to move off at 3 a.m. next morning, and skirting the west of the city move up to Moosa Bagh (*vide* my plan), now the last stronghold of the rebels, and to make an attack upon it in combination with a force which was to advance upon it through the city under Sir James Outram. The Staff of the 1st Division were ordered to join the General (Outram) as soon as they could.

At 3 a.m. on the morning of the 19th the force marched westward, leaving a small garrison in Alum Bagh and Jellalabad, and our old dusty camp was deserted.

We (the divisional staff) set off at the same hour, under the escort of a few Sikh horsemen, and marching eastward, wound through the dark along the old country road leading to Dilkoosha.

As day broke we saw the well-known outline of the Dilkoosha and Martinière houses, and about half-past 5 reached Banks's House, where we found General Outram's horse saddled, so we were just in time.

He told us that after our ride he did not wish us to accompany him unless we liked, but of course we went. Riding on through the length of the city, we passed the Kaiser Bagh, with its huge fortifications, the Furreed Bukhsh, and old palaces, the

ruins of the Residency, and keeping along the river passed the iron and stone bridges, the fort of Mutchi Bhowan, the splendid Rumi Darwazah and Imambara, which surpass everything I have seen in India.

This was the limit of the city cleared by our troops, and here we found drawn up the force destined for the clearance of the remainder and the capture of Moosa Bagh. This force consisted of the 9th Lancers, Horse Artillery, Heavy guns, 79th Highlanders, 23rd, 1st Bengal Fusiliers and Sikhs.

This force being set in motion, skirmishers were pushed out to the front, and soon became engaged with some rebels who were defending a large house belonging to the Prime Minister. However, the guns were brought up and four round, shot into the Prime Minister's front door, followed by a charge of Highlanders up his centre garden walk, soon gained us admittance, not without the loss of a few men however. We followed up this quiet morning call on his Excellency by pulling down his garden wall to get our guns through, in which we were delayed for an hour or more. While thus engaged the enemy came back and attacked us, but were soon driven back with loss.

The remainder of the city was now clear, and on gaining the open plain we saw the enemy's force drawn up in great numbers round the Moosa Bagh, which is a large house with a high-walled

enclosure, standing by itself on high ground about half a mile from the end of the city. We were more fully convinced of their presence by the discharge of round shot from their guns on the head of our column, as it made its appearance in the plain.

And now came the old story of guns in the centre, infantry on right and left, skirmishers to the front—guns open, advance, open again—force presses on—enemy gets alarmed, his fire gets weaker, the bullets cease to whiz about your ears, on we press—they have turned and left their guns—we come up to their guns, and without waiting to inspect them on we press and open fire again. They drop more guns, and the pursuit now gets exciting—the lancers are after them like greyhounds after hares. After a chase of a few miles the halt is sounded, and the weary lancers come straggling in, some, alas, bringing the bodies of wounded comrades.

But “where is Campbell?” is the question asked by all, where is Campbell with his cloud of cavalry, who was to have been ready on our left to follow up the pursuit? No one could tell, and no one has yet been able to tell, except that the plan of combination was spoilt, and our force did all the work.

Collecting our cavalry and giving them a slight rest, we recommenced the pursuit with them, the guns and a few infantry, in hopes of catching two more guns which they had contrived to run off

with, but the country was rough and difficult, and we did not go farther than six miles beyond Moosa Bagh. Our trophies were twelve guns and lots of baggage and ammunition taken, and a few hundred of the enemy killed, and retracing our steps we returned to the town, reaching Banks's House at 7 p.m., I and two others having been in the saddle since 3 a.m. or 16 hours.

One of Sir James's A.D.C.'s had his horse killed under him, and the other nearly broke his leg by his horse falling over him.

The 5th and 78th coming up in the evening under Campbell, were left to garrison Moosa Bagh, and Lucknow was entirely in our possession, with only a few rebels here and there in corners to be driven or burned out.

Cawnpore.

April 2nd. I was prevented from finishing this letter by catching a severe cold, which brought on fever and laid me up for a few days; I was then very busy and had no time for writing. The 78th and 5th were ordered down to Cawnpore to escort the captured guns (70 in number). The Divisions were all broken up on the 29th and three new forces formed, one the Lucknow force, the second a force for service in the North and North-west of Oude, and the third the Azimgurh force, in which place the hydra-headed monster has again raised his head.

By the break up of the Division I lose my

appointment, and joined my Regiment at Bunnee, on the march, two days ago. We entered Cawnpore this morning and know not our destination; we are to move either up country or down, in a few days, and report is in favour of the former. I hope they intend to put us in quarters for the summer, which is now fairly set in.

April 3rd. The Queen-Mother of Oude, with the young puppet-king, is supposed to have escaped towards Bareilly, where I fancy they will give us more trouble. Sir James Outram goes down to Calcutta in a day or two to take his seat in Council. I hope he will be well rewarded for his military deeds, as he deserves everything he can get. He certainly has shown himself to be one of our best generals, and the final capture of Lucknow was chiefly effected by him. Mr. Montgomery, of the Bengal Civil Service, is the new Chief Commissioner of Oude, and has a most important task before him.

One of the most joyful events in the capture of Lucknow is the rescue of the two ladies Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson, who have been imprisoned by these wretches since the 23rd September. On that day a party of four or five ladies and gentlemen (the above two, and Captain Orr and Sir M. G. Jackson, respectively husband and brother of these,) who were under the protection of a native zemindar, hearing of our being at Alum Bagh not far from where they were, tried to escape to us, but unfortunately were caught on the way and

taken into Lucknow. All the time we were in the old Palaces, we knew that they were in the Kaiser Bagh, but it was impossible to rescue them, and it was most painful on evacuating Lucknow to think we were leaving these unfortunate people to certain death. On that very day (the 23rd November) Mrs. Orr's husband and Miss Jackson's brother were blown from the muzzle of a gun, and the ladies were left to linger on a little longer in misery. Nearly every day these fiends used to visit them, and tell them that they were to be killed at a certain hour; but for some providential reason the threat was never carried out, and for nearly six months they continued to exist in what must have been a living tomb.

I forgot to tell you that there was also with them Mrs. Orr's little girl, about eight years old, who was the first rescued. About a month ago she was smuggled out of the Kaiser Bagh by a friendly native, in a bag, and was brought into our camp at Alum Bagh, where her uncle was. The Orrs at Alum Bagh, who were in the Intelligence Department, had formerly been in the King of Oude's service, and managed somehow or other to get some friendly natives near the captives, who ultimately succeeded in getting them removed from the Kaiser Bagh to another part of the city, where they were found by two officers attached to the Goorkha force.

During their captivity they often tried to get a Bible brought to them, but could not succeed as

a strict watch was kept over them, to prevent their getting anything which might enable them to correspond secretly with our camp. One day, however, the little girl was ill, and an apothecary was allowed in to see her. After making up some physic for her to take, he accidentally tore a small piece of a leaf of a Bible to wrap it in, and this scrap contained on one side the 11th 12th 13th and 14th verses of the 51st chapter of Isaiah, and on the other side were the 22nd and 23rd verses of the same chapter. They looked upon this as a special message to them, and even now cherish this little piece of paper as a most precious treasure. They are now all safe in a house in Lucknow and will shortly be sent to Calcutta.

No news yet of our destination.

Best love to all,

Believe me,

Ever your affectionate brother,

G. D. BARKER.

Camp near Futteghur,

Oude side of the Ganges,

April 24th, 1858.

MY DEAR MARY,

I fear I have for the last three months rather lost the character which I believe I had once established of being a frequent correspondent. My excuses are the cares of office, the fatigues of a continued march, and the excessively intense heat, which is enough to prostrate one's energies altogether.

With Sir Colin at the head of affairs I can only write of what is past, all future movements are involved in impenetrable gloom.

We left Lucknow knowing that we must reach Cawnpore as the road went nowhere else, but for no other reason. We were told that we were to go to Meerut, to go into docks for the bad weather, but we saw a suspicious looking siege train being equipped, and whispers began to float about that it was destined for the siege of Bareilly, and that we were to conduct it as far as Futtehghur, where Walpole's column would take it on. Arrived at Futtehghur, we were ordered to cross the bridge of boats and park the train in Oude, and our little force was increased by the 82nd Regiment.

Sir Colin arrived here yesterday from the other side of Hindoostan somewhere, and we have just got orders to march at 9 p.m. to-day to join General Walpole. To all appearance we are to go on and be in at the death of Bareilly, but it is just as likely that we shall find ourselves the day after to-morrow on the high road to Seringapatam.

Walpole made a mess of it a few days ago, and lost one of our best men, Brigadier Hope.

I am glad the Chief is with us, bear though he be.

Direct to Futtehghur to be forwarded.

Good-bye,

Ever your affectionate brother,

G. D. BARKER.

Camp Bareilly,
May 12th, 1858.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I was indeed grieved to see your last short letter which proved to me that the sad reports I have from time to time received of your failing sight have been by no means exaggerated, and that it must have become almost impossible for you to write. It was very kind of you to add a few lines to Steenie's letter, but I am sure that it must have pained your eyes much to do so, and I am sorry you should in any way risk their recovery for my sake, much as I shall miss the oft longed for sight of your kind letters.

I send you a copy of a *private* sort of supplement to the Lucknow Dispatches. I think I mentioned to Mary that I was rather annoyed on their first publication at finding my name was not mentioned by Sir James Outram in his dispatch, though, as you may have seen, it was amongst those deemed worthy by him of "honourable mention" in the separate list. As I knew for certain that it was an unintentional omission, I took the liberty of writing to Sir James, who had gone to Calcutta to take his seat in the Council. His answer, as you will see by the enclosed, was most satisfactory.

Copy (enclosure)

Calcutta,
April 26th, 1858.

MY DEAR BARKER,

I am very greatly obliged to you for bringing to my notice the omission of your name from my dispatch, and I

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can only hope that this accidental oversight may not militate against your future interests. Had I any excuse for writing another dispatch, I would gladly avail myself of the opportunity to render you what is a simple act of justice; but the utmost I can now do, is to solicit the Commander-in-Chief as a personal favour, to make up for the omission, and I enclose you (privately) a copy of a letter I have this day addressed to General Mansfield on the subject.

Believe me, my dear Barker, it will ever afford me very sincere pleasure to hear of your success, and should at any time a favourable report from me be calculated to promote your interests, I shall be most happy to testify to the courage, zeal, and intelligence you displayed while under my command.

Believe me ever,

My dear Barker,

Very truly yours

(Signed) J. OUTRAM.

To Lieutenant G. D. Barker,
78th Highlanders.

Copy (enclosure)

Calcutta,

April 26th, 1858.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

I have a favour to ask of you, and shall feel very deeply indebted to you, if you can confer it on me.

It is that you will bring to the notice of the Commander-in-Chief, that by a mere oversight I omitted in my last dispatch, the name of Lieutenant Barker of the 78th Highlanders, who succeeded poor Moorson as my Deputy Quartermaster-General, and who acquitted himself of his duties in a manner to demand my warmest public acknowledgements.

Would it be possible to rectify this unintentional, and injurious omission, of the name of a brave, zealous, intelligent, and most estimable young officer, in some of His Excellency's future dispatches, or orders?

If so, I should esteem your doing so, a very great personal favour.

Believe me, my dear General,

Yours very truly and obliged,

(Signed) J. OUTRAM.

To General Mansfield,
Chief of the Staff.

I must now give you a short account of our hot weather campaign on which we have now been engaged for one month.

On leaving Lucknow for Cawnpore at the beginning of April, we were deluded into the idea that we were destined to take up our quarters in some Cantonment, and rest awhile from our labours during the hot season and monsoon. This idea arose partly from the fact of our Regiment not being assigned to either of the three armies which were formed for service, out of the broken up grand army of Lucknow, and partly from demi-official whispers which reached us from different quarters. However, all doubt seemed to be set at rest by our getting the route for Meerut, and we began to congratulate ourselves upon the prospect of a few quiet months at the end of a four weeks' march.

But after some days' detention at Cawnpore we were told that we were to take charge of a siege train as far as Futtehghur. This being only two or three marches out of our road seemed

all very well, and we expected to leave it at Futtehghur and continue our way to Meerut. On arrival at the former place, however, we immediately got an order to escort the siege train across the Ganges into Rohilcund and await further orders.

Things began to look suspicious, and it gradually dawned upon us that we were intended to join General Walpole's force and to march through Rohilcund to the few remaining strongholds of the enemy.

This surmise became a certainty when on the morning of the 25th we were marched off, together with the 82nd who had joined us at Futtehghur and a Sikh Regiment, in the direction in which Walpole was encamped.

That day we joined him, and the next the whole force moved on.

General Walpole had not inspired his force with much confidence in his generalship, by his unfortunate affair with the enemy about ten days before, where he had lost upwards of one hundred officers and men, besides one of our best leaders, Brigadier Adrian Hope, in a vain attempt to take a village. We were therefore delighted to find Sir Colin Campbell himself arriving to take the command.

We found Shahjehanpore evacuated by the enemy. Halting there one day we had time to ride over to the Cantonments, where one of the most wholesale massacres of our countrymen took place last year.

It is a pretty place, very like a large park with the houses of the European inhabitants dotted about here and there amongst the trees, and in the centre of all, under the shade of large spreading mango trees, stands the pretty and picturesque little church, all silent now and deserted, partly in ruins.

It quite made one shudder to think of the horrible deeds that were perpetrated in this quiet and peaceful-looking place. One Sunday morning, when all the residents were assembled in this little church, they were suddenly attacked by the mutinous Sepoys, and, unarmed and defenceless, nearly every soul was slain. A few only escaped and took the road to Lucknow, but were met by the mutineers from Seetapore and were all murdered by them.

From what has occurred since we left, I believe some of these very fiends were concealed in the town when we were there, but these dens of murderers are religiously preserved from plunder and destruction.

The enemy, commanded, it is generally supposed, by the Nana, always retreating before us, we came before Bareilly on the morning of the 6th. Here they made a stand, and the whole of that day we were exposed to the fierce heat of the sun. Our Brigade being in reserve we did not come into such personal contact with the enemy as the 42nd did. The latter were charged by a body of fanatics sword in hand, but in a few moments the 42nd

annihilated them and the ground was covered with their dead. During the next two days they were driven out of the town and are now at a respectable distance.

I forgot to tell you that we were joined, a day or two before we attacked this place, by a force which under the command of General Renny had been acting in concert with us; two days before, the General had been killed at a village where an ambush had been laid, and thus another of our smart generals is lost to us. In that column were our old friends the 64th who once more are brigaded with us, and fighting by our side.

As we attacked Bareilly on this side, General Jones with another force was pounding them on the other—he has since joined us.

We are now anxious to hear what is to be done with us. We still hoped to go to Meerut, but at present appearances are in favour of our being stationed here.

It is a very pleasant place, but not a single house has a roof on, nor is there any barrack for the troops. Most of the residents here were murdered, but one lived for a worse fate. In a dark and filthy prison cell a European has been found, in a miserable state, his body still retaining life, but his reason entirely gone. I believe he is an officer.

At a village a few miles from this, two mail bags were found with letters for the Bareilly residents bearing postal dates of a twelvemonth

ago; strange to say, they were unopened and uninjured.

So we are to have a medal and clasp for Persia, and the papers say a medal for India, and clasp for Lucknow; but surely they are going to give a few clasps for some of our earlier, and hard-won fights, to say nothing of some distinctive mark for the garrison of Lucknow, and Havelock's relievers. If only one clasp is given, then a man who came out from England in February of this year, and joined the army in time to hear in the distance the boom of the guns attacking Lucknow in March, will get the same reward as he, who after numerous fights, first saved, and then relieved the garrison, and finally joined in the siege.

But I should hope they will be more just than this in the distribution of honours.

It is said that the Lucknow prize fund has grown to a pretty considerable sum, but a poor sub. comes off with but little at the best of times.

It is curious that five lacs of rupees (£50,000) have been found in the wall of the very room we lived in for several days in Lucknow.

A terrific storm passed over here three days ago, and blew down nearly all our tents; everything was saturated by a two hours' pelting rain, and we were the picture of misery. It came upon us very suddenly, and as it approached, like huge volumes of smoke rolling over and over and darkening the whole sky, it was the most grand sight I ever saw. The lightning was beautiful, but the

desolate scene presented by the camp after it had passed, was most piteous.

I must now conclude, and with best love to all
Remain,
My dear mother,
Ever your affectionate son,
G. D. BARKER.

May 13th. Chances of going to Meerut are looking a little more bright, but still no certainty.

Part of a letter to Colonel George Baker.

Bareilly,
June 10th, 1858.

MY DEAR UNCLE

* * * * *

The papers speak very confidently of our return to England next winter, which I hope may be the case, though I rather doubt if we can be spared, unless the authorities are prepared to send over more Regiments to replace us.

The rains have now set in, and thanks to the praiseworthy exertions of the Engineers, all the troops are under cover.

Rohilcund appears to be as quiet as could be desired, and the cause of the rebels has nearly everywhere become hopeless.

The last month has been a most successful one.

Sir Hugh Rose has wound up his brilliant campaign by the restoration of Scindia to his throne, and dispersing the usurpers to the winds.

The Ranee of Jhansie, has been killed, the Lucknow Moulvie's head adorns the entrance to the town of Shahjehanpore, and several important rebel chiefs have surrendered themselves into our hands. The tempest is over, but it will be long before the swell and disturbance left by it subsides into the calm of order and peace.

With kindest regards to all your circle.

Believe me,

Ever your affectionate nephew,

G. D. BARKER.

Camp Bareilly,
June 22nd, 1858.

MY DEAR MARY

Many thanks for your letters of April 17th and May 3rd. I have also to acknowledge with best thanks a note from dear Mamma enclosing two others from Anna and Selina.

I find that some of my letters must have gone down in the "Ava." One of them containing an order for £15, which I suppose has never reached the Vicarage, as I have had no acknowledgement of it from that quarter.

I hear also that the Lucknow sketches by Lieutenant Meacham, a copy of which was to have been sent to you, were also in the ill-fated

ship, so it is not to be wondered at that you have not yet received them. However it may not be the case and I will endeavour to ascertain the publisher's name (which I have forgotten) before I close this, that you may learn all about it from him.

You say that you often look in the Gazette in the hopes of seeing my promotion, but I fear you will have to look at a great many more yet before my name appears.

I do not think there is anything in my Lucknow letter which Mr. Marshman would care for, but if you think so I have no objection to his seeing it, and making use of the contents.

I hope to hear that Arthur succeeds in getting his Naval Cadetship.

When I last wrote to you we were grilling in tents. The Regiment is now under cover of temporary barracks very well thrown up by the Engineers, and the officers have got a pretty fair house to live in during the rains; it is one of the few which were left uninjured by the rebels.

I hope we shall be pretty comfortable. The 93rd Highlanders are quartered in the jail, which makes very good barracks, now that they have knocked down all the surrounding walls.

A wing of the 42nd has gone to Moradabad, and the other wing remains here.

We have laid low about one fourth of the city and erected three gallows to act as a warning to the population generally.

At present the district around us appears to be quiet and peaceful, and I trust it will remain so. The news of the last week has been very cheering. Gwalior, which had fallen into the hands of the Calpee rebels, has been retaken by our forces. The Moulvie, our great enemy at Lucknow, has been killed by a native prince and his head now adorns the highest pinnacle at Shahjehanpore. The Ranee of Jhansi, who, but for the detestable cruelties and murders committed under her orders last year, would be admired as a heroine, has been killed (I believe heading a charge of cavalry) and Tej Singh the Rajah of Meinpoorie and other rebel chiefs have surrendered themselves voluntarily. I also hear that Grant has gained a decisive victory near Lucknow.

I have heard to-day that my name has been sent in to Government as an Irregular Dragoon to be attached to the 1st Punjaub Cavalry, but I have written to get it withdrawn, as in the first place our Regiment has only one Officer per Company and the Commanding Officer would not allow me to leave, and in the second place we shall leave the country so soon, that I should not derive much advantage from it. Nor have I much desire to command natives, be they Sikhs or Hindustanis.

If the Lucknow despatches were published in full in England you probably saw my name "honourably mentioned." If not the enclosed order will show you how I got in the way of being mentioned. After all it was a melancholy sort of pleasure to

reap the honours which should have been poor Moorson's had he lived.

I must now close this and remain

With best love to all

Ever your affectionate brother.

G. D. BARKER.

Bareilly,

July 10th, 1858.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

It is very painful to realize the fact that you are actually too blind to read the letters I write, and that all you can do is to hear them read. But as it is, alas, too true, and as Mary consequently becomes my chief correspondent, I shall have to address most of my letters to her in future, but they will be always written for you to hear, though not always in your name, so do not think that I write less frequently to you.

This campaign is over now, and the army will rest for the wet season. We are stationed in a very pleasant place, the country round us is quiet, and I hope the next four months will be spent in taking rest.

I have this morning heard from Tom at Calcutta, he arrived a few days ago and he expects to sail on the 1st of August. I wish I was returning with him, as I feel that I want the benefit of a little English air. I think five years is enough to remain in India at a time, in ordinary years, but with a campaign like that of the past twelve months

added to it, there are few who would not be the better for a return to England.

However, I begin to think it probable that the 78th will return next cold weather, and if I am spared I hope to return with them.

With best love to all

Believe me

Ever your affectionate son,

G. D. BARKER.

Bareilly,

August 8th, 1858.

MY DEAR MARY,

I have this morning received your letter dated June 25th, and now write a line in reply, in hopes that it may reach Bombay in time for the mail.

The country in our immediate neighbourhood appears perfectly quiet, but the rebels still have large forces in the field which require us to be on the *qui vive*. A few days ago the 93rd Highlanders were under orders to march with two guns to Philabeet, about thirty miles off, where we have a small Sikh outpost, but the rebel force hearing of the move, I believe, drew in their horns and the 93rd remained in their snug gaol quarters.

We still hear and read rumours of our return to England, but I am not very sanguine about their being realized, unless the news of the defection of Scindia's troops and fall of his capital should cause the authorities to send out more Regiments,

in which case we might be spared, but otherwise I doubt it.

Whatever may be said or thought at home, India cannot with safety spare a European soldier for two or three years to come, and our only chance of getting out of it, is by being relieved by more Regiments from home.

Thanks for your news about Walter, it is the the only piece of intelligence I have heard of or from him—how strange it is that he will not write. You can tell him that I have a higher price set upon my head than he has, 1,000 Rs. or £100 is the sum at which I am valued by Nana Sahib.

I am sorry to disappoint your expectations of Cashmere shawls and precious stones, etc. It was only a small portion of the besieging army who had the good luck to participate in the scramble, so brilliantly described by Russell. My duties were in another spot, and in many cases, if not most, the man who remains in his proper place and performs his duty has the satisfaction of seeing the plunder carried off by idlers and interlopers. The 78th, I am proud to say, has been famed more for performing its duty than for its luck in plundering.

With best love to all

Believe me

Ever your affectionate brother,

G. D. BARKER.

Stoneleigh,
Nynee Tal,
August 23rd, 1858.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I little thought when I last wrote from the hot plains of Rohilcund that my next would be written by a fireside on the Himalayas, but I will explain this sudden shifting of scenes.

For some time I have been weak and unwell, and, I expect, rather done up by the fatigue and exposure of the last eighteen months. I don't know if I mentioned in my last having been on the sick list with dysentery; after recovering from that I got an attack of fever which left me very weak, and our surgeon, who had been very kind to me during my sickness, strongly recommended that I should be sent at once to the hills. I at first objected, as I knew I could be ill spared from the Regiment where the officers are so few that already we have two companies without an officer at all, but as he still urged it and told the Colonel that I ought to go, I agreed to go before the Medical Board, who recommended that I should be given six weeks leave to Nynee Tal.

Our doctor had asked me if I was strong enough to drive my buggy to this Board and take him with me. I did so, and on the way met an officer sitting in his buggy holding on like grim death as his horse was running away. Just before he came up to us, however, his buggy went against a cart, and the whole entertainment—driver, horse and

trap, as a natural consequence, came to grief. Having pulled the driver, who turned out to be an officer of the 42nd, out of the ruined smash, and extricated the horse by cutting his traces, etc. with our swords, my medical friend found that no bones were broken, and with some difficulty having hoisted his aching remains into my buggy I drove him to his house and returned for my medico.

We then proceeded before the Board, and on our return, strange to say, came across another smash. At a turn of the road we found the broken remains of a curricule with poor Campbell of the 93rd groaning with a broken leg in one ditch, and a doctor howling with a dislocated knee in the opposite ditch. Two grey horses, one with a broken knee, stood quietly by contemplating the scene.

Campbell was got into a dhooly and I was asked to take the broken-knee'd doctor home.

I felt too weak to drive any more, but I could not refuse, and had to drive him about a mile away to the other side of the station. All this excitement was too much for me, and brought on the fever again, but I had not the tormenting pains with it, which I had the first time. This was the 16th of August, the very day on which I was attacked with fever last year and prevented from accompanying my Regiment to Bithoor.

Having got leave to the 30th of September at the recommendation of the Medical Board, I laid a dawk of eight bearers, a torch-bearer, and

a baughy-bearer (alias a man who carries a couple of trunks slung at the ends of a bamboo) to a place called Kalee Dungee at the foot of the hills, via Moradabad, a roundabout way, but the only road deemed safe to travel by just now, and on the afternoon of the 19th I set off in my palki, accompanied by an escort of two armed native horsemen, and a well loaded revolver, which I doubt if I should have had strength to use had it been required. I travelled on all night, my escort and bearers being relieved by fresh men at about every sixth mile, and reached Moradabad at 8 o'clock the next morning; here I halted for the heat of the day, and at 4 in the afternoon continued my journey, unaccompanied by an escort, however, which I could not obtain here.

In the middle of the night, as we neared the foot of the hills, the rain came down in torrents, and at last when I was in the middle of the vast jungle of the Terai, my bearers said they could go no further as the rain was extinguishing the torch and they could not see the way. So putting me down at the side of the road they all took shelter in a small deserted hut, and left me to make the best of this cheerful position. Daylight at length enabled us to proceed onwards, and at 8 o'clock I arrived at the travellers' Bungalow at Kalee Dungee, at the foot of the hills, where my palki bearers all took leave of me. I was close to the hills, but could see nothing of them in consequence of the clouds and mist with which they were en-

veloped. Having breakfasted on such fare as this miserable establishment could supply, I hired an open chair carried by four bearers on two long poles, and with three reliefs, or twelve men, started on my upward journey through the clouds at about 11 o'clock.

The ascent was very tedious and the rain continued incessantly; the path, winding round the hills and sometimes cut through the rocks on the side of precipitous cliffs, gradually ascended for fifteen miles; the scenery was magnificent when now and then the clouds rolled away and left a clear view, but nearly all the way I was in thick clouds. At last, however, we crossed a ridge and began to descend into the vale of Nynee Tal, which is the most picturesque little spot of fairyland you can possibly imagine.

At the bottom of the valley is a large lake from the edges of which on all sides, thickly wooded hills rise to a height of some 2,000 feet, bungalows being dotted about here and there amongst the trees on the hill sides. It is very cold here, and we have fires in every room.

I arrived here at 5 or 6 o'clock thoroughly wet and tired, and found Mr. Master, one of our Assistant-Surgeons, living in a very good house about half-way up the hill, with a doctor of the 79th named Roberts and one of General Walpole's A.D.C.'s named Eccles of the Rifle Brigade. I found a couple of rooms ready for me and here I have settled down.

I feel better already, but not strong enough to walk up and down the hills much yet.

There are a great many ladies here, this being a most secure refuge from the mutineers.

With best love to all

Believe me

Ever your affectionate son,

G. D. BARKER.

Nynee Tal,

Himalayas,

September 9th, 1858.

MY DEAR MARY,

My last will have explained to you the reason of my visit to the mountains.

I have already derived great benefit from it and feel better in health and spirits than I have done for the last six months or more. In fact, I feel quite recovered and as well as ever. Our doctor, with whom I am living, in speaking yesterday of my appearance when I first came up here, said "You looked quite horrible," and I certainly felt so.

The rains have nearly ceased and we have fine clear days, with a magnificent view of the hill scenery around, and the plains nearly as far as Bareilly. To the north, about seventy miles off, is the snowy range, one of the grandest sights imaginable.

We have several times been to the tops of the hills near here, to witness this grand sight, and

intend in a few days to take our military cloaks and a small tent to the top of one of the highest peaks and remain there for the night, to see the view both at sunset and sunrise. This is such a healthy and delightful place that I dread to think of going back to the plains, which, however, I must do in less than three weeks, when my leave is up. Nothing decisive has yet been heard regarding our return to England, but I begin to fear that it will not be so soon as we had expected.

There has been a brilliant little fight at Philabeet near the foot of the hills, in which a small force of our Sikhs and new levies beat a force of 3,000, took their guns and killed 300, but unfortunately every English officer engaged (four or five in all) was wounded.

Give my love to all,
And believe me ever
Your affectionate brother,
G. D. BARKER.

Bareilly,
October 10th, 1858.

MY DEAR MARY,

After a delightful stay of five weeks in the hills I returned to Bareilly on the 1st instant, feeling quite fresh and ready for campaigning work again. I found the plains already much cooler and more pleasant than when I left them, but still uncomfortably hot.

Boyle, our Adjutant, has just heard of his promo-

tion into the 13th Foot, and as he has got leave to go off at once I have taken over his duties to-day, and my name has been sent by the Colonel to the Horse Guards, recommending me for the appointment, so unless any unforeseen circumstances should occur you will probably see me in the Gazette shortly after you receive this.

I am afraid I am not so fit for the position as I might be, but I hope I shall be able to acquit myself satisfactorily in my new office.

October 13th. Have been very busy and had no time to write. The rains are over and the war's alarms have recommenced. The 93rd are off to Shahjehanpore and the 42nd go under canvas to-day ready to march at a moment's notice—it is supposed to be in the direction of Philabeet. The 78th are left to garrison Bareilly and move into the 42nd barracks to-morrow morning to be nearer the small fort and artillery park. Mails between this and Bombay have twice been robbed within the last few days, so it is no use writing long letters even if I had time.

Walter has written at last, but as his letter came from China via London it was of rather old date. It consists of six large pages, crossed. I have read bits here and there which appear interesting but though it arrived two days ago I have not had time to read it through.

Adieu, in haste,

Ever your affectionate brother,

G. D. BARKER.

(Re-opened)

October 28th. I am very sorry for my carelessness, in not having sent this in time for the last mail, but I was dreadfully busy having (in addition to all the new duties of Adjutant) to aid in superintending some Highland Games which were got up to compete for prizes to the amount of £100 presented to the Brigade by the Nawab of Rampoor, who was so delighted at seeing the three Highland Regiments at a parade assembled for his inspection, that he adopted this generous mode of evincing his pleasure. The 78th took off the largest share of prizes, the 93rd next, and the 42nd (of whom, however, a wing was absent at Moradabad) last.

I first left this letter on my table unstamped, but remembering it in time I sent a man back for it, got it stamped, and rode off towards the post office; on the way I met some people who lugged me off to the games, I forgot the letter, and to my horror found it in my pocket at mess-time. I again dispatched a servant with it, but it was too late.

October 29th. I was interrupted yesterday and hoped to have been able to write to my mother to-day, but I find I have too much to do—official letters the length of my arm to be written before post time, so I must reluctantly put it off till next mail. Be at ease about our campaigning, unless the rebels attack Bareilly, which is not likely, I do not think *we* shall see any fighting this cold weather.

The campaign is going on in earnest in all directions, but we are left to garrison this place, having three companies in our old Barracks; two in the jail, vacated by the 93rd; and Headquarters and five companies in the 42nd Barracks. Our return home seems more distant than ever.

Best love to all from

Your ever affectionate brother,

G. D. BARKER.

Bareilly,

November 12th, 1858.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

Our neighbourhood is perfectly quiet, and it is very possible that we may leave India without seeing another shot fired.

The Proclamation was read here on the parade ground on the 1st November, on which day the Queen's gracious pardon was proclaimed at every station throughout the land. The effect on the natives, so far as we have yet seen, has been very satisfactory, but we have yet to see what result it will have as regards the forces still in actual arms against us.

The Proclamation was everything that could be wished, and seems to have given almost universal satisfaction.

The column from Shahjehanpore under Brigadier Troup, composed of 60th Rifles, 93rd Highlanders, and Punjaubies, etc., having engaged the rebels in a few slight skirmishes, is slowly ad-

vancing into the heart of Oude. The Commander-in-Chief has taken the Field, and accompanies a force from the other direction.

I hope the end of the cold season will see the entire dispersion or annihilation of all those who are foolish enough to refuse to accept the offered pardon.

I think there is every chance of our Regiment arriving in England during the next summer. I wish I could get my Company in the Regiment before returning, but I must not grumble. You will, I hope, ere this have seen me gazetted to the Adjutantcy of the Regiment. This is far better than if I had accepted the irregular cavalry appointment, which was offered to me some months ago, for that would have entailed a pecuniary loss, and would have lasted only while the Regiment remains out here, probably only a few months, whereas this brings in an increase of pay, and is always a thing to be proud of, and will not have to be relinquished till I get promotion.

I have a very busy time of it at present, but the more work one has to do in this country the better one's health is, and what with the bracing I got at Nynee Tal, and the cool weather which has now set in here, I am happy to say I am as well as ever.

I should much like to return to England for many reasons, but other and stronger reasons exist to prevent my returning before the Regiment.

First my appointment as Adjutant, and secondly

the paucity of officers present are both sufficient to prevent the possibility of my obtaining private leave, and were it not so, after having shared in every action, and all the fatiguing campaigning in which the Regiment has been engaged for the last two years, I am anxious to remain with them to the last, and participate in whatever may befall them, until they are allowed to return home, but this permission, as I said before, I have great hopes of our obtaining within the next two or three months.

With best love to all, and wishing you all a happy Christmas,

Ever your attached son,

G. D. BARKER.

Bareilly,

November 27th, 1858.

MY DEAR MARY,

You say that there seem to be no stated days for the departure of the Bombay mail, but I think you will find that all letters for Bombay or Calcutta via Southampton should be posted on the 9th or 25th of the month, and via Marseilles on the 2nd or 17th.

I see that the Lucknow pictures are not at the bottom of the sea as I had thought, but on the contrary are in a fair way of being shortly published. I think it possible that the publisher in sending you the work may make the mistake of

presenting the bill to you; if so, kindly give him the enclosed.

Although I believe Rohilcund has just been declared freed from Martial law, still the tide of war (such as it is, in its last struggles) has within the last few days, been rolling near us.

Part of the Shahjehanpore field force drove the rebels in the direction of Philabeet, and we had to send out guns and cavalry from here to strengthen that post. The 42nd who were there have moved out towards the Gogra to prevent the rebel force turning the position.

We have had no official news regarding our return to England, and I do not expect we shall leave Bareilly much before the end of the year, as it will be necessary to send up a Regiment to relieve us.

I see my friend Adelaide Barry's husband has got his company. How did she like going out to India? It is not half such an objectionable quarter of the world to reside in as many people think it.

I have for a long time wondered whether a letter I received from Sir J. Outram about my name being accidentally omitted in the body of his Lucknow dispatch, a copy of which I sent to Camberwell, was ever received, as not a soul has ever mentioned a word about it, and I thought it would have been read with interest. Was it ever received, or did you ever see it?

With regard to the Indian Cavalry appointment it was not worth my while to think of taking it

for a moment, as I could not hold it on the return of my Regiment to England, and I should have thus given up my prospects of getting the Adjutantcy of the 78th, in addition to losing a lot of pay, and all for the gratification of doing a little cavalry duty for four or five months.

If I liked to stay in India I had a better berth offered me the other day, viz., to be second in command in an irregular infantry corps, but of course it is out of the question my thinking for a moment of taking any of these appointments while I hold my present rank, as it would necessitate my exchanging and thereby ruining my prospects of Regimental promotion.

Besides I flatter myself that the Adjutantcy of that illustrious and renowned corps, the 78th Highlanders, is a prouder position than the command of all the native soldiers of India, by far!

There is a report that we are to return by the overland route, which I think is very probable, as all the preparations for conveying troops to and fro have been made. If this is true we shall not be very long on our voyage, even from Bareilly to Edinburgh.

November 28th, Sunday. No more news. Love to all.

Believe me,

Ever your affectionate brother,

G. D. BARKER.

Camp Bareilly,
December 29th, 1858.

MY DEAR MOTHER.

I have just time to write a few lines to say that I am well and very busy—having just taken over the office of Brigade Major of Bareilly in addition to my own duties of Adjutant and Interpreter of the 78th. General Walpole, who commands this brigade, has moved out this morning towards the Gogra—as the 1st of January approaches when I presume a general advance of all our troops will take place. Lieut.-Colonel Hamilton, our present Commanding Officer, consequently assumes the temporary command of the brigade, and I act as his Brigade Major.

I hope we may have a chance (though it is improbable) of having a dash at some part of the rebel force, which may endeavour to escape in this direction.

I have heard from pretty good authority that the 1st of February will be fixed for the volunteering of our Regiment to other Regiments in India, after which we shall of course immediately return to England. I think that the month of April is almost sure to see us out of India.

Your letter dated November 11th, which reached me a few days ago, was written so legibly that I began to hope your sight was greatly improved until I read towards the end of it that the improvement was due to practice in the writing frame—I cannot imagine how you manage to write so dis-

tinctly. It is very very sad to think of you having lost the precious gift of sight—I do hope you will try Grafrath again if there is the slightest chance of success.

I am sorry to write such a hurried note, but even this may be too late for the Bombay mail.

Ever your affectionate son,

G. D. BARKER.

Camp Bareilly,
January 29th, 1859.

MY DEAR MARY,

Before this reaches you, you will probably have seen Lord Clyde's despatch announcing the complete success of his combined movements and consequent entire suppression of the rebellion in Oude.

The armies, with a few exceptions, are broken up—Regiments distributed to all the different stations and cantonments, and something like peaceful times appear to have recommenced.

Tantia Topee is still at large, it is true, and may give some little trouble yet, and an engagement has taken place not far from this on the banks of the Sardah, between a small force of ours and a large band of fugitives from Oude, in which we lost about 50 killed and wounded, and the enemy suffered about seven times as much. General Walpole was in command and had the satisfaction of killing his old enemy Murput Sing of Rooya,

and several of his family, in addition to taking all his guns and scattering his forces to the winds.

You may expect to hear of skirmishes such as these, now and then for some time to come, but the war on the whole may be considered at an end. The 78th, together with the 32nd, 10th and 84th Regiments and Maude's Company of Artillery are under orders for England, and the 1st of February is fixed for the volunteering.

When a Regiment returns from India to England the authorities always endeavour by giving bounty of £3, etc., to induce as many men as possible to volunteer into Regiments which are remaining out, as it costs a good deal to bring a man out from England, and is much more economical to retain men who are in the country already. Sometimes nearly a whole Regiment accepts the offer and a mere skeleton of a Corps goes home, but I think we shall not lose more than a couple of hundred at the most. However, three days more will decide it.

I think it likely that we shall leave this about the middle of February and embark at Calcutta about the end of March.

Best love to all,

From your ever affectionate brother,

G. D. BARKER.

Bareilly,
February 14th, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

A few days after I wrote to Mary that we were to embark at Calcutta, a telegram arrived from Headquarters to say we were to march in the other direction to Gwalior and thence by Bullock Train through central India to Bombay.

This change in our march is a great boon to the married men, who have been separated from their families for upwards of two years, as they will now accompany them home. But it has caused great inconvenience, as on receiving the first order to embark at Calcutta we had ordered all our stores and baggage which remain at Bombay to be shipped round to Calcutta; which was done before we had time to countermand it—and now they will all have to be taken back again.

Our volunteering took place on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of this month, 156 men only have volunteered into other Corps and we shall take home about 530. I have been very busy during the last fortnight in preparing and despatching all the transfer documents of these men.

We did hope to have left this some days ago. The Headquarter wing of the 42nd Highlanders was on its way to relieve us, and had arrived within two days' march when an order was telegraphed from Lord Clyde that they were to return to the river Sardah immediately, Brigadier Horsford having crossed the Nepaul frontier after

the rebels, who will only have two ways of escape, one of which is in this direction.

This delayed our march for some days. A wing of the 82nd was sent off from Shahjehanpore to Moradabad, to relieve the other wing of the 42nd, who are in their turn to relieve us at Bareilly. They will probably be here on the 18th or 19th and we hope to march about the 20th.

February 15th. I think we shall leave this on Monday, the 21st. We march to Agra, thence via Gwalior, Indore, Ahmedabad, Nassick, etc., to Bombay. I have not been able to ascertain correctly the number of days this long hot march will take, but I do not expect to reach Bombay before the 10th of April. There will be no use in sending letters from England after the mail which leaves via Marseilles on the 2nd of April.

Love to all, from

Your ever affectionate son,

G. D. BARKER.

Camp Agra,

March 5th, 1859.

MY DEAR MARY,

I write a hurried line to tell you that we reached this place yesterday morning, after a pleasant march from Bareilly, which we left on the 28th February. Our march lay through Rohilcund, the garden of India, with its rich cornfields and fertile gardens, encamped one night on an island in the middle of the Ganges, where we had lots of amuse-

ment in shooting hares and crocodiles, the latter existing there in shoals. Crossed the Doab by an unmade country track, and at sunrise yesterday got a view of the fine city of Agra, the far-famed Taj, the frowning walls of the Fort, and the various minarets of the city, crossed the Yumna by a bridge of boats, and encamped in the old cantonments of Agra, near where Greathed's splendid victory was gained in 1857. By one of the frequent mistakes of the Post Office, the letter containing our report of our intended arrival on the 4th had never reached the authorities at Agra, and not expecting us until the 5th they had made no preparations to receive us.

The officers of the Rifle Brigade, 3rd Battalion, now quartered here, asked us to witness the lighting up of the Taj by blue lights last night. It was a most magnificent sight, and one not to be described in a hasty scrawl of this kind. Suffice it to say, we saw one of the greatest wonders of the world under its best aspects.

More of Agra in my next.

Of our future movements I have gathered the following information. We are to go by Bullock train from this to Bombay, waggons are being collected and relays of bullocks established at intervals along the road, and all is expected to be ready for the first detachment to start about the 10th inst. About two officers and sixty men will leave daily, and continue travelling from 3 p.m. to 10 a.m. every day.

There may be some delay at Mhow, where the Bengal arrangements cease and the Bombay authorities take us under their care, but I hope if all goes well, we shall embark at Bombay before the end of April.

General Walpole issued a most complimentary order regarding our Regiment, previous to its leaving Bareilly. They get so much praise both for their conduct in the field and in cantonments, from all the Generals under whose command they serve, that I fear they will grow too conceited.

Lord Clyde has also issued his farewell order to us and the other Regiments now going to England. (Three of cavalry, and seven of infantry.)

I am sorry to send such a hasty note, but I have much to do.

Ever your affectionate brother,
G. D. BARKER.

Goonah en route to Bombay,
March 17th, 1859.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

Many, many thanks for your kind letter dated 8th January. I hope, however, it will not be the last you write, but that I may find another waiting for me at Bombay.

My last to Mary will have informed you of our march from Bareilly to Agra.

We are now on our way thence to Bombay in twelve daily detachments, the first of which left

Agra on the 8th inst. I started with Headquarters in the fourth detachment on the 11th, and have just finished our sixth day's journey, or about 200 miles. It is slow and weary travelling at the rate of one and a half or two miles an hour in bullock carts, without springs, all day and all night, but with England as our direction, much greater fatigue would be willingly borne. Not that I am so very anxious to get out of India, or that I dislike the country so much. On the contrary, I have much to be thankful for in the benefits I have gained, and the good health I have had, the experience which I have obtained, and, altogether for the five years' residence which I have had in India, both in peace and war. Five or six years, however, is enough at a time for any one to spend in India, away from friends and kindred, and from the invigorating climate of England.

We are now travelling through a very bleak and desolate country, but I believe in a few days we get into a wooded and more fertile province.

We hope to reach Mhow (Indore) in five or six days, and thence to Bombay in about twelve more, where if all be well, you will hear again from me by next mail.

With best love to all,

Ever your affectionate son,

G. D. BARKER.

Camp Mhow, en route to Bombay,
April 6th, 1859.

MY DEAR MARY,

I said in my last, that it was possible our fast travelling might receive a check at this place, and unfortunately my expectations have been realized.

On arriving here, we found that the 64th Regiment, who had marched from Agra on foot, had reached this place, and commenced to proceed onwards in the Bullock Train, so we had to halt until they had all passed on. They being 1,000 strong, and the carts in a most dilapidated condition, it has taken a long time to start them all. Their last detachment, however, leaves to-day, and we hope to commence our onward move to-morrow.

The Colonel and Staff are going with the first detachment this time, so I hope to be in Bombay in about eight or nine days, unless we are again stopped at Malligaum, which I hear is not unlikely.

This is the frontier station of the Bombay Presidency, and we have reason to be highly gratified at the warm reception we have received on entering our old Presidency. The residents, civil and military, of the station gave a banquet to the 64th and 78th, on their return from the field. The entertainment was well got up, and went off very well.

The inhabitants of Bombay have been holding meetings to consult upon the best way of doing

honour to us all, and, I hear, have decided upon giving a banquet to the soldiers of the three Regiments, 64th, 86th, and 78th Highlanders, and another to the officers of those Regiments.

I do not quite see how they intend to manage it all in one, as our orders are, not to start from Malligaum until the whole of the 64th have embarked for Kurrachee.

I am afraid you good folks in England will be too busy with Reform Bills, elections, and so forth, to pay much attention to the war-worn soldiers of Havelock, when they land in England, as I hope they will, somewhere about the month of August.

It is getting very, very hot, and our next five days' travelling is over an almost impassable road which smashes two out of every three carts which travel on it. Please convey my thanks for two letters, which I received a few days ago, one from my Mother, and the other from Tom. I wish we could get the "Golden Fleece" to go home in. At this time of year I fear there will be no large ships homeward bound, and we shall have to content ourselves with several small ones.

You must excuse my not filling up this sheet; I will make up for the omission by enclosing an extract from the "Poona Observer."

With best love to all,

Believe me, my dear Mary,

Ever your affectionate brother,

G. D. BARKER.

P.S.—The Commander-in-Chief in India, and Sir Henry Somerset have both issued a farewell

address to us, which you will probably see in the home papers.

Copied from "The Poona Observer" (enclosed in previous letter).

THE AMERICAN DIVINE AND THE
78TH HIGHLANDERS.

The Reverend Dr. Butler, Superintendent of the Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, thus writes to the Secretary of the American Methodist Missionary Society on the 30th of August.

"On entering Bareilly, I went first of all to my own residence (that was some fifteen months ago). Nothing was standing but the bare walls; the floors were all grown over with deep grass. I called a coolie, and dug up the rubbish in my once comfortable study, and we soon came on the charred remains of my precious books. All had been destroyed by fire. I enclose you samples of the sad remains. We shall begin again, and that, too, under brighter prospects than India ever saw. I wandered all over Bareilly. I love the people now better than I ever did. Yesterday (the Sabbath) was a blessed day here. The English Troops (2,700 men) now stationed at Bareilly are all Scotch Regiments. The Chaplain was sick; and immediately on our arrival, the Brigadier Commanding (our good friend Colonel Troup) sent to request, that we would undertake the Chaplain's duties for the Sabbath. Of course we did so. Mr. Pierce preached for the 93rd, and 42nd Regiments, and I for the 78th. My own opportunity was one I shall never forget! I arrived on the parade ground, and found the Regiments drawn up. I took my stand. The men were formed into a hollow square; the big drum of the Regiment was placed before me, and a Bible lay upon

it. The Colonel and his Officers stood beside me, and the band behind. I gave out the one hundredth Psalm, and the music and voices rose upon the evening air to heaven. I then prayed with an overflowing heart, and stood up to preach the glorious liberty of the sons of God. My emotions almost overwhelmed me when I looked at my audience, for who were the men that stood around me? These were Sir Henry Havelock's heroes! These were the illustrious warriors who first relieved Lucknow! Yes, these brave men performed one of the greatest military feats known to history, and did it, too, notwithstanding they lost nearly one half of their number in its execution. When I looked at their sun-browned faces, I thought of the manly tears they shed when, covered with blood and smoke, they rushed through the last street, and into the Residency, among the men and women they suffered so much to rescue, and snatching up the children in their arms they thanked God, that they were in time to save them! Noble men! Their fame belongs to our nation as well as their own. And I shall ever esteem it one of the highest privileges of my life, that I was permitted to preach to the men that Sir Henry Havelock led to the relief of Lucknow."

Bombay,

April 16th, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Thus far I have reached in safety. I arrived here, after a very fatiguing journey, on the 16th and have not had one moment to myself since. The mail closes in one hour and I must write hurriedly.

We sail in two ships, the "Mary Shepherd" and the "Caroline Coventry." The Headquarters

I think will join the latter, which may not start until the 15th or 20th of May. The "Mary Shepherd," however, hopes to sail about the 5th.

You heard of the dinner given by the station of Mhow to us. The Bombay people are making great preparations to do us honour. A large dinner is to be given to the N. C. officers and men of the Regiment in the Governor's Durbar Tents, which are being fitted up in grand style. It takes place on the 28th.

Mr. Cook, the Scotch chaplain in Bombay, preached a sermon specially to the 78th on Sunday, and made us all cry. But what made me almost cry, before the sermon, was the delightful sound of the little school children's voices, so innocent and tender and so utterly at variance with the harsh sounds which have rung in our ears for the last two years. I feel quite strange in decent society again, and as to those dear little voices they quite enchanted me.

The next mail will give you an account of our great feast and if possible I will drop a line to Mary. I think I never mentioned my great loss at Agra. A large-sized box containing most important documents belonging to my office as Quartermaster-General of Outram's Division, and for which I may have to account to the tune of—I'm afraid to say what—thousands of rupees, was most daringly carried off from my tent in broad daylight when I was in my office. I made every enquiry after it, but in vain.

Unfortunately, nearly all the little souvenirs I had brought from Lucknow, some taken at the Relief and some at the Capture, were in this box, and are lost. I had several little presents for my absent friends taken at Lucknow (none very valuable except from association), and I was very sorry to lose them, but the most important loss was that of the official papers. There were also my maps and plans of Lucknow and Alum Bagh which I shall not now be able to show.

Good-bye for the present,

Best love to all from

Your most affectionate son,

G. D. BARKER.

Don't alarm yourself at what I said about being answerable for large sums in consequence of the loss of the papers.

I have reported the robbery and loss of papers to the Quartermaster-General of the Army, and am not likely to be made to suffer, it will only give some extra bother.

Esplanade,
Bombay,

May 12th, 1859.

MY DEAR MARY,

The banquet to the 78th came off with great success. Every European, from the highest to the lowest, was there to greet us, and gave us a most hearty welcome. Great pains had been taken to make the whole affair as gratifying to the soldiers

as possible, and as you will see by the account of it in the *Telegraph* and *Courier*, it succeeded admirably. I will not describe it, as the newspaper has an excellent account of it. It was a proud reception for us, and it will be very long before we forget it.

The Governor has ordered a royal salute to be fired from the saluting battery on our embarkation.

The ships "Caroline Coventry" and "Mary Shepherd" have been fitted up for us, and were to have been ready to receive us on board to-day, but a soldier's life is one of continued change and uncertainty. After waiting for years for our return home, and at last reaching the sea-side, where we have received a hearty welcome and a solemn farewell, when the ships are all ready to receive us, the very next day a mysterious telegram arrived from the Commander-in-Chief that, as you may suppose, almost made our hearts sink; it ran as follows: "Suspend the embarkation of the 78th, 61st, and 14th Regiments until further orders."

Various rumours began to spread regarding the cause of this sudden change; some thought it was a mutiny of the Sikhs in the Punjab, others imagined that it was in consequence of the insubordinate conduct shown by the old Company's European troops at Meerut, news of which had reached us that day, but the more general impression was that the state of affairs in Europe had something to do with it, and that in all probability

we were to be sent overland to Malta. Such were the various rumours afloat, but whichever was the correct one there was the alarming fact staring us in the face, that our long-looked-for embarkation is postponed on the very eve of its taking place, perhaps for a few days only, perhaps for years; however, we will hope for the best; we are now hourly expecting to receive some explanation of the matter which may decide our fate.

If the war in Europe has anything to do with it, I hope it may merely alter our line of passage from the Cape route to that by the Red Sea, in which case we ought to start in a few days or the monsoon will break out and prevent it altogether. On the other hand, if the cause lies in India, I fear our case is a bad one, and that hope must be again deferred.

It will be a very, very great disappointment to all of us if we are kept here, but we have taken the shilling and must not grumble. It will, I have no doubt, be ordered for the best. Do not let this intelligence dispirit you, as everything now is an unknown mystery and for all we know may not retard us, it may even hasten our arrival if, as some suppose, we are to go overland. I will keep this open until the last moment in hopes of hearing something decisive.

In the meantime, as I know not when I may show myself to you, and as you have often asked me to send you my photograph, I have got a picture taken for you of G. D. B. as he appeared



LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT GEORGE DIGBY BARKER
78TH HIGHLANDERS (1859)

at the Capture of Lucknow, on the staff of the 1st Division, in the fighting costume, with big boots, revolver and telescope. It is villainously done, but I could not spare time to sit till the photographer could produce a good one; such as it is I will send you by next mail. A friend was to have taken it by this, but his departure has been delayed, or if I can get it sent by post by the steamer which leaves to-day I will do so, but I fear it is too late.

I have at last got the pretty picture of the dear little girls. I am perfectly charmed with it. In looking at it I almost fancy I am home already. They are much smaller than I fancied. I hardly recognized Anna; but I thought I remembered Selina's little face.

Ever your affectionate brother,

G. D. BARKER.

VOYAGE HOME

Ship "Caroline Coventry,"
May 18th, 1859.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

Herewith the last hurried line I shall ever write from India.

After an unpleasant suspense, a telegram was received yesterday morning, stating we were to go, but that the unfortunate 14th Dragoons and 61st Regiment are to be retained. We embarked this morning under a royal salute from the fort, have weighed anchor and are now sailing out of the harbour. The pilot leaves in a quarter of an hour or so. I had hoped to be able to write a last letter to many, in fact all my correspondents, at home, but up to this last moment I have not even had time to fit out myself or my cabin.

The mail which takes this, also takes a very miserable photographic caricature of myself to Mary's address. I am sorry indeed to think that you will not be able to see it.

Farewell. Best love to all,

From your ever affectionate son,

G. D. BARKER.

Ship "Caroline Coventry" at Sea,
June 19th, 1859.

MY DEAR MARY,

After 31 days at sea our anchors are being prepared for anchoring in Mauritius harbour which we hope to reach at daybreak to-morrow.

As I sit down land has just been descried on our weather bow, as the sailors say, but it will be too late to enter the harbour to-night. It was not originally intended to stop at Mauritius, but we have been unfortunate in meeting with light winds and several days' calm, and our fresh water having been put into bad casks in Bombay, has half leaked out, and thus rendered a stoppage here necessary. We are pretty comfortable in our ship, which has no passengers besides our own officers, who are eleven in number.

Generally a sea voyage is a very monotonous affair, but I have not felt it so in the least as yet, the great secret being this, I have plenty to do, in writing out the history of the Regiment's services for the last two and a half years, and completing the numerous records and Regimental books of all sorts, which have fallen greatly into arrears during the campaign, some indeed having been lost altogether at the Cawnpore disaster, and therefore requiring to be made out entirely new. I hope I shall be able to get everything ship-shape by the time we arrive in England.

Hotel Masse, Mauritius.

June 20th. We anchored this morning at 10

o'clock and I have come on shore with the Colonel to report ourselves to the General in Command. It appears that the mail leaves for England this afternoon, so it is fortunate that I crammed this half finished note into my pocket before leaving the ship.

We have received here the intelligence of War having been declared between Austria and Sardinia, and of the Emperor of France having gone to the assistance of the latter at the head of 100,000 men. England, I am glad to see, has as yet taken no part in the affair, and I hope we shall manage to keep out of it.

This island has a very picturesque appearance from the harbour but I have not had time to see much of the town; the little I have seen of its interior has not prepossessed me in its favour.

We hope to start again on our voyage the day after to-morrow and if anything should occur worth writing about before we sail, or if our departure is delayed beyond that time, I will write a line before sailing. The mail only leaves this once a month, and takes about 40 days to reach England, so I hope that we shall be somewhere near our destination by the time the next mail from this arrives. We shall probably touch at St. Helena.

Give best love to all at home, and send the same to my good friends at Bath and Bury.

And now Farewell.

Believe me

Ever your affectionate brother,

G. D. BARKER.

P.S.—Much as I shall long to see you all, you must not, I fear, expect to see me immediately we land in England (if we are permitted to reach it in safety), as with all the work that falls to my lot, I shall find great difficulty in getting a few spare hours. But we are not there yet, and it will be time to talk of this two or three months hence.

St. Helena,

Sunday, August 31st, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

You will be glad to hear of my safe progress thus far to the land I have so long looked forward to. We dropped anchor only half an hour ago, and I have not yet been on shore.

I think it better to write at once as the steamer is hourly expected to arrive and will start again six hours after.

They have received no English news here of later date than the 5th of May, which has rather disappointed us, as we got English papers of May 18th at Mauritius; the mail, however, daily expected, will bring news to the 5th of June. We experienced very bad weather off the Cape, toss-

ing about for a fortnight without making any progress, an interesting process technically called, I believe, by sailors, "beating round the Cape." I hope to land this afternoon or to-morrow and pay a visit to Longwood, that standing lesson to ambitious men, which as yet I have only seen from the Eastern Coast.

I have got over this part of the voyage, I am thankful to say, very happily and in good health, but we cannot expect to reach England under the four months from Bombay, which will be about the 20th of September.

Adieu. Give my best love to all at home, and believe me ever

Your affectionate son,
G. D. BARKER.

Ship "Caroline Coventry,"
Off Isle of Wight,
September 10th, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER

Here I am safe in sight of the cliffs of dear old England again, after having been mercifully preserved through all the perils and dangers to which I have been exposed, by land and sea, since last I left you six long years ago.

We have had a very fair voyage from St. Helena, from which place, as also from the Mauritius, I sent a letter, which I hope you received. We sighted the Lizard at sunset yesterday and are dashing along the waves with a fair westerly wind, which if

it continues will take us to Gravesend by to-morrow evening or Monday morning. We suppose we are to disembark at Gravesend, but do not know for certain. Our destination afterwards is of course still more uncertain, but I will let you know immediately we receive our orders.

I shall be dreadfully busy for the first few weeks after landing, and fear that leave of absence will be out of the question. I hope, however, to snatch a few hours to run up and see you all before many days are over. As I intend to entrust this to the first pilot we fall in with, I shall content myself with having thus briefly "reported my arrival." And remain, ever my dearest Mother,

Your very affectionate son,

G. D. BARKER.

11 p.m. We are now off the Downs and hope to anchor at Gravesend to-morrow.

Gravesend.

Sunday Afternoon, 5 p.m. Just arrived, we had no opportunity of sending letters on shore.

H.M.S. "Vulcan" waiting to take us to Inverness to-morrow. Is it not a hard case? So near and cannot see you. At daybreak to-morrow my work commences in transferring the men. We shall probably steam off at 11 a.m. and reach Fort George in three or four days.

I hope I may see you soon.

Ever yours,

G. D. B.

Gravesend,
Sunday Evening,
September 11th, 1859.

MY DEAR MARY,

You will probably have heard from Camberwell of my safe arrival at this place to-day. We made such an excellent run up the Channel that I had no opportunity of making a report of my arrival before reaching this. I posted a short letter to my Mother this afternoon and also sent her a telegram which she probably received as she was coming home from Church. My letter from St. Helena informed you of our intended visit to the tomb of Napoleon. Accordingly on the morning of the 1st of August we disembarked in full Highland costume, and marching through James Town toiled up the long winding hill to the little secluded nook where the great man was buried. After giving the men a slight refreshment we descended the hill and reached the ship by four o'clock in the afternoon, after having received a flattering reception from the inhabitants.

The next day I, with a brother officer, ascended and descended the famous Ladder Hill, consisting of 654 steps, of which I retained for some days a painful recollection in the shape of aching limbs. From St. Helena we had a very fair voyage and here we are.

Off the coast of Scotland.
H.M.S. "Vulcan."

Wednesday 14th. Immediately on arrival at Gravesend the Commander of H.M. Steamer

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GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS

From a photograph taken in Edinburgh shortly after their return from India

1 Lt.-Colonel J. A. Ewart, C.B. (?)

2 Lieut. R. P. Butler (?)

3 Bt.-Lt.-Colonel Bowrie

4 Bt.-Colonel H. Hamilton, C.B.

5 Bt.-Major T. R. Drummond Hay

6 Asst.-Surgeon McMaster, V.C.

7 Lieut. and Adj. G. D. Barker

"Vulcan" came on board and told us he had orders to take the 78th to Fort George forthwith.

This was a great disappointment to many whose homes are in the South of England, and to me it seemed like entering on a new expedition into a wild uninhabited country.

I suppose, however, the authorities thought we should like it; at all events a soldier has no business to consider whether he likes or dislikes an order—all he has to do is to obey. Arrangements were therefore made to transfer the baggage to the steamer at daybreak on Monday morning. By 10 o'clock the Regiment with baggage was got on board the "Vulcan" and the "Caroline Coventry" proceeded on her way to London. About this time I saw Colonel Hamilton (who commands our Regiment) approaching the steamer in a boat, in company with a man in a demure wide-awake. Not knowing who it was I said to some of the officers who were standing by me, "Look at this rum fish that the Colonel has got hold of!" They were rather surprised to see me a few minutes afterwards shaking hands with the object of my remarks, who turned out to be the veritable step-pater-familias.

He brought me most welcome news, viz., that my mother, sisters and Suttle were in the town waiting to see me, having come down by the earliest train from London in consequence of my telegram. I hastened on shore with him, and had an affecting meeting with them all, as you will have heard from them long before you get

this. I thought my poor mother much altered. I recognized Anna but not Selina, indeed I think Suttle is the only one I should have known at once if I had met them all in a strange place. Having only two hours to stay on shore before the steamer weighed anchor I had only time to gather an outline of the general home news—from the whereabouts of John to the health of Vic and the shape of Selina's pigeons, etc.

We were on the look out for you, but I hardly expected to see you, as I felt sure you would not get the news of my arrival soon enough.

The happiest moments of my life soon came to an end, and my two hours having flown quickly by, I was obliged to tear myself away from those darling little girls, and after bidding adieu to my mother, to return to my sterner duties of disembarkation returns and Horse Guards reports. Half an hour afterwards the "Vulcan" steamed down the Thames on her way to Inverness, and I passed the night in dreaming of two charming little sisters with merry voices laughing at Georgy's beard.

We hope to reach Fort George to-morrow morning, where our depot was sent several days ago to await our arrival.

Ever your affectionate brother,

G. D. BARKER.

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