



pushed our conquests," wrote General Cotton, "up to the very mouths of the Afghanistan passes, and at this very moment, by God's blessing, our strongest position in India is at the mouth of the Khyber. By our good rule we have engaged the affections (I may say) to a considerable extent of the border tribes, and in the hour of need they (who, not many years since, were our most bitter enemies), relying on our great name and power, have come forward to help us against the disaffection of the very troops with whom we had conquered the Sikhs, Punjabees, and others. A retrograde movement from Peshawur, believe me, would turn all these parties, now our friends, against us. The Punjab Irregular Force, Pathans, Sikhs, Punjabees, and such like, no longer respecting our power, will, in all likelihood, turn against us, and their most valuable services be lost to us for ever. My dear Sir John, our removal from Peshawur cannot fail to be disastrous, and cannot be effected without immediate confusion throughout the whole of this part of the country, and throughout the length and breadth of British India. Hence the measure will seriously injure the interests of our forces in all quarters, whilst the additional strength to be gained would be small, and, indeed, we could afford no timely aid. In handing over the Peshawur district to the Dost (a measure which we may pretend to be a mere matter of expediency and not of necessity), the Afghans will at once see our weakness, and will duly profit by the same against the common enemy. To this frontier, and to the present strength of our position on it, as well as to Calcutta at the opposite end of our territory, we must look for the recovery of our power throughout the intermediate kingdoms of the Bengal Presidency. Our great name is upheld

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Opinions of
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on our frontier, whilst Calcutta and this seaboard, in the plenitude of power, with European reinforcements continually arriving, will afford eventually and more surely the necessary succour. At this very moment six or eight regiments of Europeans must be between Calcutta and Delhi, en route to the seat of war, and treble that amount will be eventually thrown in from home and elsewhere, and by such means must our supremacy be recovered. When could our troops reach the seat of war, and in what numbers and condition? These questions must be duly considered, and by them the loss and gain of our removal from hence be balanced and determined on. I earnestly implore of you, my dear Sir John, to hold to our position on this frontier. The required succour must indeed be thrown in from Calcutta, not from this. When the reinforcements from above and below, at present in progress towards Delhi, have reached their destination, I feel confident that that city will again fall into our hands, and I am very much mistaken if disaffection does not then cease in all quarters, and our power being thus established, mutiny will gradually disappear throughout the land."

Opinion of
Colonel Ed-
wardes.

On the same morning, Colonel Edwardes wrote, with like decision: "General Cotton, James, and myself are all of opinion that you should not go on throwing away your means in detail by meeting General Reed's demands for reinforcements. Delhi is not India, and if General Reed cannot take it with eight thousand men, he will not take it with nine thousand or ten thousand. However important a point, it is only a point, and enough has been done for it. You will serve the Empire better by holding the Punjab than by sacrificing the Punjab and recovering Delhi. You will sacrifice the



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Punjab, if you either withdraw General Cotton's force from Peshawur, or fritter away Nicholson's Movable Column, already too weak. Make a stand! 'Anchor, Hardy, anchor!' Tell General Reed he can have no more men from here, and must either get into Delhi with the men he has, or get reinforcements from below, or abandon the siege and fall back on the Sutlej, leaving Delhi and its dependencies to be reorganised in the cold weather. There are two policies open to you—to treat the Punjab as secondary to the North-West Provinces and go on giving and giving troops to General Reed till you break down in the Punjab, or to maintain the Punjab as your first duty and the most important point of the two, and to refuse to give General Reed any more troops than you can spare. We are decidedly and distinctly of the latter opinion. We consider that if you leave the Peshawur frontier, we shall not hold together for a month, but be demoralised and despised, and reduced to the condition of a flock of sheep. . . . If you hold the Punjab, you will facilitate the reconquest of India from the sea-board. We have only got to hold on three months. Do not try too much. We are outnumbered. Stick to what you can do. Let us hold the Punjab, *coute qui coute*, and not give up one European necessary to that duty. Whatever takes place in Central India, we shall stand in a firm and honourable attitude if we maintain the capitals on the sea and the frontiers here. Between the two it is all a family quarrel—an insurrection in our own house. If we let foreigners in from the frontier, the Empire is invaded. We may pretend to make friendly presents of provinces, but we cannot disguise that we have lost them by weakness. India has not yet recovered from our



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expulsion from Afghanistan. The world ignores our voluntary cession of it after Pollock's expedition, and knows well that we could not hold it. Do not repeat the policy, and give up the Trans-Indus. No words of mine can express my sense of the disgrace and ruin that it will bring upon us. It is abandoning the cause of England in the East. Don't yield an inch of frontier; gather up your resources, and restrict yourself to the defence of the Punjab. It is a practicable and a definite policy, and we will support you to the last. . . . If General Reed, with all the men you have sent him, cannot get into Delhi, let Delhi go. Decide on it at once. . . . Don't let yourself be sucked to death as General Reed is doing. He has his difficulties, and we have ours. You have made vast efforts for him, and no one can blame you for now securing your own promise. . . . The Empire's reconquest hangs on the Punjab."

Opinion of
General
Nicholson.

Whilst Cotton and Edwardes were thus throwing all the earnestness of their natures into their letters to the Chief Commissioner, protesting against the abandonment of Peshawur, Nicholson, who was proceeding to take command of the Movable Column, visited Lawrence at Rawul-Pindee, and orally reiterated the arguments on which the three friends based their opposition to the retrograde movement. Lawrence, however, still clung to his opinion. "Admitting," he said, "which I do, that there is much force in the arguments adduced in favour of the maintenance of our hold on Peshawur, what are we to do when all the British troops which we can scrape together, exclusively of those at Peshawur, have been despatched to Delhi and still more be required?" "Rather than abandon Peshawur," answered Nicholson, "let us give up Murree and Rawul-



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Pindee. Give up every place but Peshawur, Lahore, and Mooltan." To this Lawrence replied "that such a measure would isolate those three places, lock up a fine force in Peshawur, and expose us to destruction in detail." But nothing that Lawrence could urge shook Nicholson's deeply-grounded convictions. They parted. The soldier passed on to his appointed work. The statesman remained to ponder the eagerly enforced opinions of his chief advisers in the Punjab, whilst awaiting the decision of the Governor-General to watch the progress of events, and to do all in his power to avert the necessity, the apprehension of which had so much alarmed and perplexed him.

He had written to Lord Canning on the 10th of June, enclosing the letter which on the day before he had sent to Edwardes; but communication with Calcutta was at that time slow and uncertain in the extreme, and the brief telegraphic message which he had asked for in reply had not arrived in the third week of July. The momentous question was still unsolved. Neither had come the order, "Hold on to Peshawur to the last," nor the permission, "You may act as may appear expedient regarding Peshawur"—in one or the other of which forms he had requested that a telegraphic message might be sent to him. Events, as they were then developing themselves, seemed rather to strengthen the probability of the dreaded alternative being presented to us. He knew little of what was passing below Delhi, but there and in the Punjab itself were awkward symptoms of accumulated danger. The numbers of the enemy were increasing, and with numbers there was increased confidence within the great imperial stronghold. And regiment after regiment was falling away from its allegiance in the territories which John Lawrence



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governed; so that we appeared to be drifting closely and more closely upon the terrible alternative which he had so greatly dreaded. Still, therefore, he felt convinced that the advice which he had given was wise and salutary; and again he wrote to Lord Canning on the 24th of July, saying: "All these reinforcements ought to enable our army to maintain itself in its present position, and allow the mutineers to expend their power against our entrenchments. But should further aid be required from this quarter, our only resource would be to abandon Peshawur and Kohat, and to send the troops thus relieved on to Delhi. It seems to me vain to attempt to hold Lahore, and insanity to try to retain Peshawur, &c., if we are driven from Delhi. The Punjab will prove short work to the mutineers, when the Delhi Army is destroyed. My policy would then be to bring the troops from across the Indus and send them to Delhi; in the mean time to send all our women and children down the rivers to Kurrachee, and then, accumulating every fighting man we have, to join the Army before Delhi or hold Lahore, as might appear expedient. Colonel Edwardes, General Cotton, and Nicholson are for maintaining our hold on Peshawur to the last. They argue that we could not retire in safety, and that the instant we attempted to make a retrograde movement all would be up against us. This I do not believe; but granting that insurrection would immediately ensue, I maintain that the force at Peshawur would make good its retreat. It contains more soldiers, more guns, more power, than that with which Pollock recovered Caubul after forcing the passage of the Khyber. Between Peshawur and the Indus are no defiles, but an open country; the only difficulty is the passage of the Indus, which,



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with Attock in our hands, ought not to be a work of danger. It is for your Lordship to decide what course we are to pursue. In the event of misfortune at Delhi, are we to leave that Army to its fate and endeavour to hold its own, or shall we, by a timely retirement from beyond the Indus, consolidate our resources in the Punjab, and maintain the struggle under the walls of Delhi. I pray that your Lordship will decide one way or the other. If we are left to decide the matter ourselves, time will be lost in vain discussions; and by the time we decide on the proper course to follow, it will prove too late to act effectually."

Whilst this appeal was slowly making its way to its destination, an answer to Lawrence's letter of the 10th of June was circuitously travelling up to the Punjab. It was dated July 15, and it said: "The outbreak at Indore on the 1st will no doubt have interrupted the dawk as well as the telegraph to Bombay. I therefore send a steamer to Madras with this letter and the despatches which accompany it; and I shall request Lord Harris to telegraph to Lord Elphinstone my answer to your question regarding Peshawur. It will be, 'Hold on to Peshawur to the last.' I should look with great alarm to the effect in Southern India of an abandonment of Peshawur at the present time, or at any time until our condition becomes more desperate or more secure." Thus, officially, was the momentous question settled by the "highest authority;" practically, indeed, it had settled itself before Lord Canning's letter was received. The contingency, which had been contemplated, never arrived; it was not left for the nation to discern the evil effects of either the retreat from Delhi or the abandonment of Peshawur. The question never went beyond the

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Decision of
Lord
Canning.



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domain of discussion, and it is of little use now to speculate as to which movement would have been attended with the more disastrous results. But there would have been a grave omission from the pages of this history if there had been no mention of this discussion. For nothing is more significant of the magnitude of the dangers which threatened our Indian Empire in the Summer and Autumn of 1857, than the fact that at a time when the English held fast to the maxim, which Clive had enunciated nearly a century before, that "to stand still is danger, to recede is ruin," the strong spirit of Sir John Lawrence counselled the abandonment of the frontier-station of Peshawur and the adjacent territory to the Afghans, who, not long before, had been our enemies in the field. It must be admitted that, at the time, the weight of authority bore heavily against the proposal; and no man was more willing than Lawrence himself to acknowledge that a measure which met with strenuous opposition from such men as those who set their faces against it, was certainly a doubtful measure.* But time and maturity of reflection

* It ought always to be remembered that the strongest opponents of the measure were the chief Peshawur officers, whose tendency it naturally was to take a local view of the question. Lawrence, years afterwards, with characteristic frankness, wrote that "certainly, in having Herbert Edwardes, John Nicholson, and Sydney Cotton against me, it is clear that there was a great deal to be said on the other side." Indeed, their arguments, as to the danger of abandoning Peshawur, were altogether unanswerable. But so also were the arguments as to the danger of withdrawing the Delhi Field Force. And this danger Sir John Lawrence was more capable of estimating aright than the little

confederacy of military and political officers on the frontier. On the other hand it is to be observed that Neville Chamberlain, who knew well how nearly the siege of Delhi had been raised, confessed after the capture of the place, that he concurred in the views, which Lawrence had declared some months before. It was his belief that to retreat from Delhi would have been absolute ruin. "We should have lost all our heavy guns and matériel; our Native troops and our camp-followers would have deserted us; and our British force would have been worn down and destroyed. The Delhi Force could not have made good its retreat on the Punjab, and, in such circumstances, the Punjabee Force could

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did not affect his original convictions. He remained steadfast to his first opinion; and years have rather increased than diminished the number of adherents to the policy which he enunciated when the crisis was upon us. Our larger and more accurate knowledge of the state of affairs, that existed in the Summer of 1857, has taught us better to understand the arguments by which the Chief Commissioner justified a proposal, by which alone he conceived that in the last resort he could secure the salvation of the empire. Those arguments, as more clearly discerned by the later light of history, may be thus briefly summarised:

The Question
reviewed.

No one knew so well as John Lawrence what, in the months of June and July, was stirring the hearts of the English leaders at Delhi, for to no one did they write so frequently, so fully and so freely, to declare their wants and to describe their prospects. He knew that the thought of raising the siege was present to them; for it was before him in letters, some of which are quoted in these pages. He knew that all depended upon the support which he could give the besieging force. He did not disguise from himself for a moment the fact that the abandonment

not have maintained itself at Lahore. It was doubtful whether, with all its available means it could have retreated on Multan." It must be remembered, too, that Lord Canning, who took a very unfavourable view of Sir John Lawrence's proposal, and attributed this policy to the failing health of the Chief Commissioner, had no accurate knowledge of the state of affairs at Delhi—between which place and Calcutta all communication was cut off, and the capture of which still seemed to be a proximate event of no sort of difficulty to the besieging Force. It should be added that the Lumsdens,

who were at Candahar at the time, looking at the question from the stand-point of Afghan politics, sent an urgent missive in cipher, urging him to hold on to the last. "If Peshawur and Kohat," they said, "are given up at this moment, we shall have all Afghanistan down upon our backs, besides throwing open the gate of Afghanistan, the Khyber, for ever. . . . Don't give an inch of ground; but trust in Providence, fight it out, and recall us sharp to help you."—*MS.* [The extracts preceding are from unpublished letters.]



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of Peshawur would be an immense evil; but those were times in which there was often only a choice of evils, and it seemed to Lawrence that, in a large imperial sense, the retirement of the British Army from Delhi would be the greater evil of the two. He stood pledged to the policy of regaining that great centre of Mahomedanism, and crushing the rebellion rampant there in the name of the King; for he had himself earnestly and energetically, and with an overpowering force of argument, urged upon General Anson, at the commencement of the crisis, the paramount necessity of an immediate advance upon Delhi, at a time when the chiefs of the Army Staff were representing the thing to be impossible. He was bound, therefore, in honour to do all that lay in his power to bring it to a successful issue. The policy which he had so stoutly advocated in May seemed still in June and July to be the policy which the national safety imperatively demanded; nay, every succeeding day had rendered it more apparent to him that our inability to "dispose of" Delhi was creating everywhere an impression of our weakness, which was encouraging our enemies and enervating our friends. All eyes were turned towards that great city, and as weeks passed, and still it seemed that the English, who had gone to besiege had become the besieged, there was a growing mistrust as to the wisdom of holding fast to the English alliance, which would soon have rendered us a friendless and feeble few, to be easily mastered and destroyed. With this knowledge pressing hourly upon him, Sir John Lawrence, the more he thought, was the more convinced that, in the last extremity, if the paucity of British troops before Delhi should render its capture impossible, and necessitate the withdrawal of our Army,

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he would release the force posted in the Peshawur valley, and make over the territory to the Ameer of Caubul.

But it was never intended that this should be a precipitate movement, or that we should prematurely anticipate an extremity which might never arise. It was his design, in the first instance, to move all our women and children to the Lahore side of the Indus, so that our troops might retain their grip of the country unencumbered to the last moment, and then move lightly and rapidly across the river. The cession, it was felt, would be a source of unbounded delight to Dost Mahomed, and it was believed that though it might not secure the permanent fidelity and friendship of the Afghans, it would, for a time at least, hold them in the bonds of a flattered and self-satisfied durance, and afford us the security of the forbearance which we desired.

It has been said that there were increasing signs of general unrest in the Punjab. The most portentous of these were the mutinies at Jhelum and Sealkote. The Jhelum cantonment lies on the bank of the river which bears that name. That the Fourteenth Sepoy Regiment posted there was on the brink of mutiny was well known. Sir John Lawrence, therefore, despatched a force thither to disarm them—a small compact force consisting of some companies of the Twenty-fourth Queen's, some Horse Artillery guns, under Lieutenant Henry Cookes, and a party of Lind's Mooltanee Horse, the whole under the command of Colonel Ellice, of the Twenty-fourth. The Chief Commissioner had prepared a plan of operations for taking the Sepoys by surprise; but the Colonel,

The Jhelum
Mutiny.



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thinking that he knew better than any civilian how to manage an affair of this kind, departed from Lawrence's views, and sketched out a plan of his own. There was, therefore, no surprise. When the Europeans were seen filing down the rising ground opposite the cantonment, the Sepoys knew what was coming.* Happening to be out on morning parade, they saw the English column advancing. Regardless of the orders and entreaties of their officers, they began at once to load their muskets. The officers saw that they had no longer any power over their men, and sought safety with the European troops. Then the Sepoys took up their main position in the quarter-guard. It was a strong brick building, with a battlemented roof, erected for purposes of defence by Sir Charles Napier, and afforded good cover to the insurgents, who threw out a party in advance to guard the approaches to it, whilst others took shelter in their Lines, the mud-huts of which had been loop-holed in expectation of the crisis. Our people were full of courage and enthusiasm, and they flung themselves headlong upon the enemy. Lind's Mooltanees charged gallantly, but were met by a galling fire, which they could not resist. Cookes' guns opened, but within too near a range, and the musketry of the enemy did better execution than our own Artillery at so short a distance. The Sepoys fired from behind the cover of their mud-walls, and our grape was comparatively harmless. But now the British Infantry came up with their intrepid commander at their head, and advanced full upon the quarter-guard. The attack was a gallant and successful one; the quarter-guard

* Mr. Cooper ("Crisis in the Punjab") says Colonel Gerrard, full of confidence in his men, had "in- formed them of the object of the European arrival."



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was carried, and the Sepoys then vacated their huts and fell back upon the empty lines of the Thirtieth, from which they were driven by the bursting of a well-directed shell to a village on the left of the cantonment.

By this time the noon-day sun was beating fiercely down upon our exhausted people. Colonel Ellice had been carried from the field dangerously wounded. Captain Spring had been shot dead,* and we had lost many men and many horses in the encounter. Our troops had been marching from the hour of midnight, and had been actively engaged since sunrise. Nature demanded rest; and it was sound discretion at such a time to pause in our offensive operations. It would have been well, perhaps, if the pause had been longer and the renewed operations more carefully matured. At four in the afternoon, when the heat was still great, an attack on the village was ordered. Colonel Gerrard, of the Fourteenth, took command of the Force that went out to destroy the mutinous regiment, in whose fidelity he had once trusted. The result was disastrous. Again the Sepoys had good cover, and we found ourselves entangled in streets, in which we suffered much, but could do little. The guns were brought up within too short a range, and the musketry of the enemy told with deadly effect upon the gunners. The Europeans, partly from fatigue, and partly, perhaps, from the stimulants which they had taken to reinvigorate themselves and the effect of the slant rays of the afternoon sun, are said to have "staggered" up to the village and to have been easily repulsed. The retreat was sounded,

* He had left Roorkee, as previously stated, with Baird Smith, on the 29th of June (*ante*, page 563), and had only just joined his regiment when his career was thus closed on the battle-field.



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and our troops were withdrawn. Two guns were carried back, but a third, in spite of the gallant efforts of Lieutenant Battye, with a party of Mounted Police, fell into the hands of the enemy, and was turned against our retreating people.

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Nothing more could be done on that evening. At dawn on the morrow the conflict was to be renewed. Both forces had bivouacked on the plain. But when day broke it was found that the mutineers had evacuated their position and fled. Many had been killed in the two engagements; some were drowned in the Jhelum; others fell into the hands of our Police, or were subsequently given up by the Cashmere authorities, in whose country they had sought refuge, and thus surrendered, they were blown away from our guns. Very few of them ultimately escaped; but the manner in which the affair was managed greatly incensed the Chief Commissioner. For, in plain words, with Horse, Foot, and Artillery, we were beaten by part of a regiment of Sepoys. If we had quietly surrounded the village and attacked it in the cool of the evening, it is probable that not a man would ever have escaped from Jhelum.

Mutiny at
Sealkote.

When tidings of the sharp resistance of the Fourteenth reached Sealkote, a still more disastrous state of things arose at that place. The station was commanded by Brigadier Frederick Brind, an Artillery officer of high repute—a man of lofty stature and large proportions, who had done good service in his time, and who was still amply endowed with physical and mental vigour. But seldom was man left by hard circumstances in a position which afforded so little scope for the display of his power. The cantonment had been stripped of European troops for the formation of the Movable Column, and there were

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nearly a thousand Native soldiers—Horse and Foot—all armed and ready for action.* In such circumstances a commanding officer has no choice to make—no discretion to exercise. He must appear to trust his men whether he does or not; for to betray suspicion is surely to precipitate an outbreak. So to all outward appearance Brind had full confidence in his men, and as time went on the quietude of their demeanour seemed to justify more than the pretence. But when, on the 8th of July, the Lines of Sealkote were all astir with the tidings that the Fourteenth at Jhelum had been in action with the white troops, who had attempted to disarm them, it was felt by our people that the beginning of the end had come. And there was another source of excitement on that evening, for a messenger had come from Delhi, bringing a summons from the King commanding them to join the Royal Army. The night was, therefore, one of preparation. On the morning of the 9th everything was ready.

Sealkote was a large, and had been an important military station. In quiet times European troops had been stationed there in large numbers, with the usual results. There were good barracks and commodious houses and pleasant gardens, and more than the wonted number of English gentlewomen and young children. There were a church and a chapel, and other indications of the progress of western civilisation. When, therefore, the storm burst, there was much that lay at the mercy of the enemy, and on our side no possible means of defence. Before the

* "Brigadier Brind protested against the European troops being entirely removed, and desired that two hundred and fifty should remain. In reply, he was requested to disarm. But, to the last, he shared in the belief (almost grievous) in the honour of the Sepoy."—*Cooper's Crisis in the Punjab*.



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sound of the morning-gun had been heard throughout the cantonment, and our people, according to their wont, had mounted their horses or entered their carriages, to proceed to their wonted duties, or to take the air before the sun was high above the horizon, the Sepoys had planted picquets all round the place, to prevent the escape of the Feringhees. And presently the din and uproar of rebellion announced to our people, just waking from their slumbers, that the Sepoys had risen. Our officers were soon mounted and on their way to the parade-ground. The truth was then only too apparent. The troopers of the Ninth were already in their saddles, and the Forty-sixth were under arms. Our people were suddenly brought face to face with mutiny in its worst form. All circumstances and conditions were in the last degree unfavourable to the English. Sealkote was one of the great stations at which there had been a gathering of detachments from different regiments for the new rifle practice, and, therefore, great opportunities of conspiracy. It lay in proximity to the Jummoo territory of the Maharajah of Cashmere, who the Sepoys believed, and our authorities feared, would, in the hour of danger, forsake his alliance; and it was utterly without any defence of European troops. So when the hour came to strike, the confidence and audacity of the enemy had everything to foster and encourage them.

As ever, the Cavalry were foremost in the work of mutiny—foremost in their greed for blood. Mounted on good chargers, they could ride with rapidity from place to place, and follow the white men on horseback or in their carriages, and shoot them down as they rode. For weeks the outburst had been expected, and every English inhabitant of Sealkote had

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thought painfully over the coming crisis, and had calculated the best means of escape. The only place of safety for which they could make was the old Fort, once the stronghold of the Sikh Chief, Tej Singh, and to this, when they saw that nothing could be done to arrest the tide of rebellion, which was already at the flood, they endeavoured to make good their retreat. Some happily reached the Fort. Others perished on the way. A ball from the pistol of a mounted trooper entered the broad back of the Brigadier, and he was carried to the Fort only to die. The Superintending Surgeon, Graham, was shot dead in his buggy, as his daughter sat by his side.* Another medical officer of the same name was "killed in his carriage among his children." A Scotch missionary, named Hunter, on his way to the Fort in a carriage, with his wife and child, was attacked by some chuprassies of the gaol-guard, and all three were ruthlessly murdered. The Brigade-Major, Captain Bishop, was killed, in the presence of his family, under the very walls of the Fort. Some hid themselves during the day, and escaped discovery and death almost by a miracle. Some were preserved by their own men, and concealed till nightfall in the Lines. The officers of the Forty-sixth, who had remained with their men

* His daughter escaped. She was dragged to the Cavalry Guard, where she "found Colonel and Mrs. Lorne Campbell surrounded by a few faithful troopers, who conducted them in safety to the Fort."—There is a significant commentary on this incident in one of Herbert Edwardes's letters to John Lawrence: "These individual stories convey better notions than public despatches. In ordinary times India would have shuddered over Dr. Graham shot dead in his daughter's arms. Now, all we say is, 'What a wonderful escape Miss

Graham has had!'" Habituated, after two months of mutiny and massacre, to horrors of this kind, the recital of them had ceased to create the intense sensations which they had once caused. And so, in this History, it will be observed, as it proceeds, that whilst the earlier tragedies, then novel and strange to the European mind, are dwelt upon in detail, some of the later ones are dismissed with the brevity of a telegraphic message. In this the narrative only reflects the varying temperature of the times.



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until the road between the Parade-ground and the Fort was closed by the enemy, rode off towards Gogranwallah, and reached that place, scorched and weary—but not hungry and athirst, for the villagers fed them on the way—after a mid-day journey of some forty miles. The personal incidents of that 9th of July at Sealkote would fill an interesting and exciting chapter. But there is nothing stranger in the story than the fact that two of our field officers—one, Colonel of a regiment—were invited to take command of the mutineers, and to lead them to Delhi, with a promise of high pay, and a significant pledge, not perhaps without a touch of irony in it, that they might always spend the hot weather on the Hills.

Whilst our people were seeking safety within the walls of the old Fort, and securing their position by strengthening its defences, the Sepoy mutineers were revelling in the work of spoliation with the congenial companionship of the criminal classes. The old story, so often already told, and still to be told again and again, was repeated here: the mutineers made for the Gaol, released the prisoners, plundered the Treasury, destroyed the Cutcherry with all its records, blew up the magazines, and gutted the houses of the Christian inhabitants. If there were any special circumstance about the Sealkote insurrection, it was that the household servants of our English officers, generally faithful, or at least neutral, on these occasions, took an active part against their old masters. That they knew what was coming seems to be proved by the fact that the Brigadier's sirdar-bearer, or chief body servant, an "old and favourite" domestic, took the caps off his master's pistols in the night, as they

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lay beside him while he slept.* And how thoroughly they cast in their lot with the soldiery is demonstrated with equal distinctness by the fact that they afterwards fought against us, the Brigadier's khansaman, or butler, taking an active part in operations which will be presently described. There seems to have been perfect cohesion between all classes of our enemies—the mutineers, the criminals from the gaols, the “Goojurs” from the neighbouring villages, and the servants from the houses and bungalows of the English. From sunrise to sunset the work went on bravely. Everything that could be carried off by our enemies was seized and appropriated; even the old station-gun, which morning and evening had proclaimed the hours of uprising and down-setting. And nearly everything belonging to us, that could not be carried off, was destroyed and defaced, except—a strange and unaccountable exception—the Church and Chapel, which the Christians had reared for the worshipping of the Christian's God.

Before nightfall, all this rabble had made off for the Ravee river, on their way to Delhi, rejoicing in

* This might be supposed to have arisen merely from the instinct of self-preservation if it had not been for the after-conduct of these domestics. It is certain that, in many parts of the country, the Native servants were in a state of deadly fear lest their enraged masters, seeking objects for their revenge, should turn upon them and kill them. There is an anecdote illustrative of this, almost too good to be an invention. It is said that a gentleman in Calcutta, observing one day a strange table-servant waiting at dinner, asked him who he was and how he came there. His answer was, “Hum budlee hain, sahib” (“I am a sub-

stitute”); and he explained that he had come to take the place temporarily of a member of the establishment who was sick—a common practice in Anglo-Indian domestic life. A few days afterwards the old servant returned to his work, looking very sleek and well; and when his master questioned him as to the cause of his absence, he naively replied that he had received secret information that, on a given day just passed, the sahib-logue intended to shoot all their Native servants, in the middle of dinner, and that, therefore, he had thought it prudent to send a “budlee” to be shot in his place.



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July 9—10.

and excited by, their day's work. It was a delightful relief to the inmates of the decayed old Fort, who now thought that if the danger were not wholly past, at least the worst of it was over. It has been said that they "slept more soundly and fearlessly than they had slept for weeks before. The mine had exploded and they had escaped."* It is often so; the agony of suspense is greater than that of the dreaded reality. But there was one there to whom no such relief was to be given. The Brigadier lay dying. A true soldier to the last, he had, whilst the death-pangs were upon him, issued his orders for the defence of the Fort, and for what little else could be done in that extremity. But the ball from the trooper's pistol had done its work, and though Brind lingered through the night, he died before the sun had risen; and all felt that a brave man and a capable officer was lost to the country, which he had so well served.

Nicholson
and the Mo-
vable Column.

The triumph of the Sealkote Mutineers was but brief. Retribution followed closely on their victory. On the 22nd of June, Colonel John Nicholson with the rank of Brigadier-General, had taken command of the Movable Column. That so young an officer should be appointed to such a command, in defiance of what were called the "claims" of many officers in the Division of longer standing and higher rank, was an innovation by no means grateful to the Departments or to the Seniority-mongers in the service, but it startled many with a pleasurable surprise, and to some it was a source of infinite rejoicing. Elderly men with elderly wives, who had never heard of such a thing before, affected to think that there was no great wisdom in the appointment,

* Cave-Browne's "Punjab and Delhi."



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June—July.

and showed their contempt by talking of Mister Nicholson. Of this the young General could afford to speak tenderly. "I fear," he wrote to Edwardes on the 17th of June, "that my nomination will give great offence to the senior Queen's officers, but I shall do all in my power to get on well with them. I feel so sorry for the disappointment they must experience, that I think I shall be able to put up with a great deal of coldness without taking offence." But among the younger officers of the Army, especially among those in the Movable Column, the selection was most popular. The exigencies of the General Staff having taken Chamberlain to Delhi, there was not a man in the Army whose selection would have been more welcome to those who meant work, and were resolute to do it. When Edwardes wrote to John Lawrence, saying, "You have been very vigorous in pushing down reinforcements, and those appointments of Chamberlain and Nicholson are worth armies in this crisis. . . . Amid the ruins of the Regular Army these two Irregular Pillars stand boldly up against the sky, and I hope the Tom-noddies will admire their architecture," he expressed the sentiments of all the bolder spirits in the Army, eager to be led, not by age and rank, but by lusty manhood in its prime, and who could see better hope for a glorious deliverance even in the rashness and audacity of youth than in the irresolution and inactivity of senile command. It was truly a great day for India, when it was decreed that Chamberlain should go down to Delhi and Nicholson place himself at the head of the Movable Column in the Punjab.

The force of which Brigadier-General Nicholson took command consisted of Her Majesty's Fifty-second Light Infantry; a troop of European Horse Artillery,



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June—July.

Disarming of
the Thirty-
third and
Thirty-fifth
Regiments.

under Major Dawes, an excellent officer, who had done good service in the Afghan war; a Horse Battery, also European, under Major George Bouchier; the Thirty-third* and Thirty-fifth Sepoy Regiments; and a wing of the Ninth Cavalry. He joined the force at Jullundhur, and moved thence to Phillour, as though he had been marching down upon Delhi. Then some people shook their heads and wondered what he was doing in thus carrying down with him many hundreds of Sepoys, with rebellion in their hearts, only to swell the host of the enemy. What he was really doing was soon apparent. He was intent on disarming the Native regiments. But as this was to be best accomplished by secrecy and suddenness, he did not blazon his design about the Camp. But in good time, the necessary instructions were given. On the morning of the 25th of June, the Column was under the walls of the fort of Phillour. The guns were drawn up on the road and unlimbered, the Fifty-second taking post on both flanks. The Sepoy Regiments marched on, little dreaming of what was to come. Nicholson had given orders to the Police that, on the first sound of firing, the bridge across the river should be cut away, so as to prevent all chance of escape if the Sepoys should break and fly with their arms in their hands. Leaning over one of Bouchier's guns, he said to that officer, "If they bolt, you follow as hard as you can; the bridge will have been destroyed, and we shall have a second Sobraon on a small scale."† But the Sepoys did not bolt. In the presence of those guns, they felt that it would be madness to resist the

* The Thirty-third, which had been stationed at Hooshyapoor, joined the column near Phillour.

† Bouchier's *Eight Months' Campaign*.

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order ; so they sullenly piled their arms at the word of command.

Having disarmed the two Infantry regiments, Nicholson determined to retrace his steps from Phillour, and to pitch his camp at Umritsur. On the 5th he was at that place, the central position of which recommended itself to him, as it enabled him to afford speedy aid, if required, either to Lahore or the Jullundhur Doab, while at the same time it overawed the Maunjha, and rendered hopeless any attempt to mutiny on the part of the Fifty-ninth Regiment stationed in the cantonment.* On the morning of the 7th, the stirring news of the mutiny of the Fourteenth at Jhelum reached his Camp, and he hoped hour after hour to be comforted by the tidings that Colonel Ellice had defeated and destroyed them. But the day passed, and the night also was spent, and still the wished-for intelligence did not come, but in its place were ominous tidings of disaster ; so on the morning of the 9th, Nicholson, with reluctance which he frankly expressed,† proceeded to disarm the Fifty-ninth. There was a punishment parade that morning. A rebel or a deserter was to be executed, and all the troops, European and Native, were ordered out to witness the ceremony. The ground selected lay between the city and the fort, about a mile from the cantonment, and there the regiments and the guns were drawn up on parade, and the ghastly ceremony was duly performed. This done, the Sepoys of the Fifty-ninth, who only the

Disarming of
the Fifty-
ninth.

* Brigadier-General Nicholson to the Adjutant-General of the Army, July 19, 1857.

† "I feel bound to place on record my belief that both in conduct and feeling this regiment was quite an exceptional one. It had neither

committed itself in any way, nor do I believe that up to the day it was disarmed it had any intention of committing itself ; and I very deeply regret that even as a precautionary measure it should have become my duty to disarm it."—*Ibid.*



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day before had been complimented on their loyalty, were ordered to lay down their arms. Though surprised and bewildered by the command, they obeyed without a murmur; and though many men of the Regiment were not present on parade, and, therefore, a quantity of arms were still left in possession of the Sepoys, they testified the sincerity of their obedience by afterwards voluntarily surrendering them.

Thus were the teeth of another Native regiment quietly drawn, and the danger glaring at us from the ranks of our own Sepoys was greatly diminished. Elsewhere the same process, as Nicholson now learnt, was going on with more or less success. At Rawul-Pindee were the Fifty-eighth Regiment and two companies of the Fourteenth—the regiment which had fought so desperately at Jhelum. A letter from Sir John Lawrence announced that the business of disarming had been done, but in no very satisfactory manner. “We have disarmed,” the Chief Commissioner wrote to Nicholson on the 7th, “the seven companies of the Fifty-eighth and the two companies of the Fourteenth. We had three guns and two hundred and forty Europeans, and were very nearly having a fight. The main body broke and bolted to their lines, and we did not fire on them. After about an hour’s work, however, during which a good many loaded, we got all but about thirty to lay down their arms. The latter bolted, and about half were killed or taken by the Police Sowars. Miller was badly wounded a little above the right wrist; both bones were broken. He had a narrow escape. A Sepoy gave him a dig in the chest with his bayonet, but somehow or other the wound was slight.” At the same time Edwardes was reporting the entire success of his arrangement for the disarming of the Sepoys of

Disarming of
the Fifty-
eighth.



the Twenty-fourth at Fort Mackeson.* By the help of Brougham's mountain guns and some detachments of the Punjab Irregular Force this was accomplished without a hindrance or a hitch; and the disarmed Sepoys were marched into Peshawur, escorted by Brougham's guns, whilst the Fort was garrisoned by some Mooltanee levies, horse and foot. Nothing could have been more adroitly managed than the whole affair.

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Disarming of
the Twenty-
fourth.

But tidings more exciting than these were to reach the ears of the Commander of the Movable Column. The telegraph wires brought news from Lahore that the Sepoys at Sealkote had risen, and that rapine and murder were abroad in the place; another half-hour, and the story was confirmed by a musician of the Forty-sixth, who had ridden in with a few blurred lines from Assistant-Commissioner M'Mahon, begging him to bring the Force to their aid.† Nicholson could now no longer hesitate about disarming the wing of the Ninth Cavalry attached to his column. He had hitherto abstained lest such an act should precipitate the rising at Sealkote, and now the wing at

Movements of
Nicholson's
Column.

* "As day dawned, the two parties from north and south closed in upon the Fort, and threw a chain of horsemen round it, whilst Major Brougham drew up his guns so as to command the gateway. Major Shakespeare, commanding the Twenty-fourth Regiment, and Gun Staff officer, Lieutenant Hovenden, of the Engineers, then rode into the Fort, and ordered the Sepoys to parade outside. They were much surprised and confused, but made no resistance, and when ordered by Major Shakespeare, piled their arms and gave up their belts and pouches in an orderly manner."—*Edwards to Cotton, July 8, 1857. MS. Correspondence.*

† The note, the original of which

is before me, is significant in its brevity: "The troops here are in open mutiny. Jail broke. Brigadier wounded. Bishop killed. Many have escaped to the Fort. Bring the Movable Column at once, if possible. 6½ A.M., 9th July." The name of the bearer of this chit ought not to be omitted. Mr. Cave-Browne says, "A young hand-boy, named M'Douglas, of the Forty-sixth, had galloped off from the regimental parade-ground on a little tat (pony), and by dint of borrowing and seizing fresh ones in the villages as he passed through, he finished his ride of some eighty miles into Umritsur, and hastened to the General's quarters just as the mail-cart brought in the message from Lahore."



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that place was in the fulness of rebellion. Their arms and horses, therefore, were now to be taken from them. The troopers felt that resistance could only bring destruction upon them, so they quietly gave up all that made them soldiers; and then Nicholson prepared himself to march. As the day wore on, fresh tidings of the movements of the Sealkote mutineers reached him. It was obvious that they were marching down on Goordaspore, intent probably on stirring up the Second Irregular Cavalry stationed there, and, joined by them, on plundering the station. Thence Nicholson believed that they would make their way, by the route of Noorpoor and Hooshyapore—at which places they might reinforce themselves with Horse and Foot*—to Jullundhur, and thence march, a strong body of mutineers, down to Delhi. To frustrate this expected movement was now the desire of the Commander of the Movable Column. He was forty miles from Goordaspore, and the Sepoys had two days' start of him. But Nicholson was born to overcome difficulties which would have beaten down other men. He determined on a forced march to Goordaspore, and went resolutely to work to accomplish it. The July sun blazed down upon his camp with a ferocity more appalling than the malice of the enemy. But even that was to be disregarded. Whatsoever the country could yield in the shape of carriages, horses, and ponies was at once enlisted into the service of the Column.†

The March to
Goordaspore.

July 10.

* The Fourth Native Infantry was at Noorpoor. The Sixteenth Irregular Cavalry at Hooshyapore.

† Great praise is due to the civil authorities for their activity in this conjuncture. Mr. Montgomery, in his official report, says: "To the commercial men of Umritsur and Lahore the metalled road offers special ad-

vantages, for it enables hundreds of native gigs or ekas to fly unceasingly between the two cities. On the day I allude to the district officers of both places were ordered so seize every eka, bylee, and pony that was to be seen, and to despatch them, under police guards, to General Nicholson's camp at Umritsur, on

1857.
July 11.

All possible advantage was taken of the coolness of the night; but when morning came they were still some fifteen or sixteen miles from Goordaspore, with the prospect of a sultry march before them.* With all his care and labour, Nicholson had not, even with the aid of the troop-horses of the Ninth, been able to mount the whole of his force, and some weary foot-sore work was therefore a necessity of the conjuncture. So, many were struck down by the heat; yet, notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, they pushed forward in excellent spirits, and even with a strong enjoyable sense of the humorous side of the service they were performing.† It was not until the evening of the 11th that the whole of the force was assembled at Goordaspore. There intelligence was received that the mutineers from Sealkote were then at Noorkote, some fifteen miles from the right hand of the Ravee. There were two courses then open to Nicholson. He might dispute the pas-

urgent public service. These vehicles, on their arrival there, were promptly loaded with British soldiers, and the force started at dusk for Goordaspore, which is at a distance of forty-four miles from Umritsur, reaching it at three p.m. of July 11. It was joined at Battala by Mr. Roberts, Commissioner, and Captain Perkins, Assistant-Commissioner at Umritsur."

* Colonel Bouchier ("Eight Months' Campaign") says that they made twenty-six miles in the night, and had then eighteen miles before them. But General Nicholson, in his official report, says that the entire distance was "over forty-one miles," some three miles less than Bouchier's computation.

† Colonel Bouchier, in his narrative, gives the following amusing account of the humours of the march: "Yet, under these circumstances,

trying as they were, the spirit of fun was not extinct. The Artillery made extemporary awnings of branches of trees over their gun-carriages and waggons, giving them the appearance of carts 'got up' for a day at Hampstead; officers, crowned with wreaths of green leaves, were 'chafed' by their comrades for adopting head-dresses à la Norma. Here might be seen a soldier on a rampant pony, desiring his companion, on a similar beast, to keep behind and be his 'edge de camp'; there a hero, mindful perhaps of Epping on Easter Monday, bellowing out his inquiries as to who had seen the fox (stag?). Privates, never intended for the mounted branch, here and there came to grief, and lay sprawling on mother-earth, while ever and anon some mighty Jehu in his *eka* dashed to the front at a pace a Roman charioteer would have envied."



1857.
July 12.

sage of the river, or he might draw them on towards him, by remaining inactive and keeping the enemy ignorant of his position. He determined on the latter course, and much to the perplexity of some and the dissatisfaction of others, remained quiescent at Goordaspore till nine o'clock on the following morning. Then he learnt that the enemy were crossing the river by a ford about nine miles distant, at a place known as the Trimmoo Ghaut; so he prepared at once to fling himself upon them.

The Trimmoo
Ghaut affair.

At noon he was in sight of his prey, about a mile from the river. The mutineers had crossed over with their baggage, and the grey jackets of the videttes of the Ninth Cavalry were first seen flitting about in our front, and then the Infantry were observed drawn up in line, their right resting on a serai and a dismantled mud fort, and their left on a small village and cluster of trees, with parties of Cavalry on each flank. Nicholson now made his dispositions for the attack. Eager to get his guns within short range of the enemy, he masked his advancing batteries with bodies of mounted Police, and moved on to within six hundred yards of the mutineers, when the Cavalry, excited to the utmost by the artificial stimulant of *bang*, rushed furiously to the encounter, some shouting, some gnashing their teeth. On this Nicholson unmasked one of his batteries, and the maskers went rapidly to the rear.* It was a moment of doubt and anxiety, especially with the Artillery commanders, whose Native drivers might have deserted them at a critical moment, for they had been acquainted at

* Nicholson himself speaks very gently and forbearingly of this rearward movement of the Police Ressallahs: "The Police," he says, "being no longer useful as maskers, and

seeming undesirous of engaging, were ordered to the rear." Colonel Bouchier says that they ran away. "Away scampered the mounted levies back to Goordaspore."

1857.
July 12.

Sealkote with the very Sepoys against whom they had now been brought. One half of the old Brigade was, indeed, fighting against the other. But the suspected men were as true to their salt in the Punjab as they were at Delhi.* The guns were brought into action without a hitch, and the enemy, though they fought steadily and well, and sent in a volley from the whole line with the precision of a parade, staggered beneath the fire of our batteries, upon which some of the men of the Forty-sixth flung themselves with heroic courage. The grape and shrapnel from our nine guns scattered death among the foremost of the mutineers; and presently the Enfield rifles of the Fifty-second began to give deadly proof that the smooth-bored muskets of the Sepoys were as playthings contending against them. Still there were some amongst them to be convinced only by the thrust of the bayonet. In truth, the enemy were terribly out-matched. With all their gallantry in doing and their fortitude in enduring, what could "Brown Bess" and the old station-gun do against our batteries and our rifles? The battle was soon over. The mutineers fell back upon the river, and Nicholson, whose want of Cavalry was severely felt, did all he could in pursuit; but could not inflict much damage upon them. It is said, however, that they had already left "between three and four hundred killed and wounded on the field." And all their baggage fell into our hands—arms, ammunition, clothing, and other plundered property, public and private, the spoil of the Sealkote cantonment.

* Colonel Bouchier says: "I took the precaution to warn my European gunners to watch them. In the reply of my Farrier-Sergeant spoke the whole company: 'If they only attempt to run, sir, we'll cut off their heads.' But in this case, as in every other, my Native drivers nobly did their duty."



1857.

July 12—16.

There was nothing more to be done that day. The mid-day heat had completely exhausted our European fighting men, so, whilst a party of Punjab Infantry was left to guard the ford and protect the baggage, the Fifty-second and the Artillery were marched back to Goordaspore. But the day's fighting had resulted in a "conclusion where nothing is concluded," so conclusions were to be tried again. The Sepoy force was shattered, but not destroyed. Their fighting power was not yet gone. Perhaps the energy that sustained them was the energy of desperation; for to fall back was as perilous to them as to stand still. There was no security for them in any direction. They had not more than half the number that first marched down to the Ravee; but they were brave and resolute men, and, even with such fearful odds against them, they did not shrink from another conflict. The river had risen, and that which had been a ford had now become an island. The old station-gun which they had brought from Sealkote was their sole piece of artillery, and they had no gunners with their force; but the Brigadier's old "khansaman" had lived for too many years at Artillery stations not to have a shrewd conception of the manner of working a gun. And thus planted on the island in the middle of the Ravee, they thought that, for a time at least, they might defy us. The river had ceased to be fordable, and the civil authorities, as a precautionary measure, had sunk all the boats in the immediate neighbourhood. So, when Nicholson again advanced from Goordaspore, he could do little more in the first instance than take up a position out of reach of the enemy's one gun and send to a distance for some boats. At daybreak on the morning of the 16th, the desired means of

July 16.

1857.
July 16.

transport had been obtained, and he was prepared to attack the enemy on their insular stronghold. The Infantry crossed over one extremity of the island, a mile and a quarter from the enemy's position, whilst the Artillery took post so as to cover the advance of the column and to play upon the hostile gun.* The Sepoys were taken by surprise. Not until a large part of the Fifty-second had formed upon the island did the mutineers know that we had even obtained a boat. The Assembly was then sounded; the black troops mustered in haste and moved round their gun to sweep our advancing column. But the piece had been elevated for service at a longer range, and in the hurry of the moment the amateur artillerymen had failed to depress the screw, which was old and rusty, and not easily to be worked; so the shot went harmlessly over the heads of our people. On went the British Infantry, with Nicholson at their head; and though some, stern and steadfast to the last, stood to be shot down or bayoneted at their gun, the rout soon became general. Many were killed on the island; many were drowned in the river; and a few who escaped were given up by the people of the surrounding villages. These were afterwards tried by Special Commissions, and paid the penalty of their crimes on the gibbet.

The Movable Column then marched back to Umritsur; and Nicholson hastened to Lahore, whither Sir John Lawrence had already proceeded from Rawul-Pindee. The General was there on the 21st of July; on the 22nd, the Chief Commissioner wrote, through his secretary, to the Commander of the

Nicholson at
Lahore.

* Colonel Bourchier says that "to silence it at such a distance (twelve hundred yards), whilst it was nearly concealed by grass and an earthen breastwork, was almost impossible."



1857.
July 22.
Reinforce-
ments for
Delhi.

Delhi Force, that "the following troops were on their way to Delhi, or would immediately march:" "The Kumaon Battalion, about four hundred strong, which has passed Loodhianah, and ought to be at Delhi on the 4th or 5th of August; Her Majesty's Fifty-second from the Movable Column, now at Umritsur, six hundred bayonets; Mooltanee Horse, two hundred; and a nine-pounder battery. All these troops should be at Delhi by the 15th, and in an emergency might make double marches. General Nicholson will command the force." And then it was added: "The Chief Commissioner further proposes to despatch the troops marginally noted as quickly as possible, and

Second Punjab Infantry	700	all can be at Delhi by
H.M.'s Sixty-first (a wing) . . .	400	the end of August,
Wing of Belooch Battalion . . .	400	some of them a good
Fourth Punjab Infantry	600	deal earlier. The Se-
Two Companies of H.M.'s Eighth .	200	cond Punjab Infantry
Detachment of Fourth Sikhs . .	100	and Wing of Her Ma-
Dawes's Troop of H. A. . . .	100	
	2500	

jesty's Sixty-first ought to be there by the 15th proximo. The former is now on its way from Mooltan to Ferozepore, whence it will march on the arrival of the detachment of the Bombay Fusiliers, which left this place last night. The wing of the Belooch Battalion has not yet left Mooltan; but orders for its march have been despatched. The Fourth Punjab Regiment is at Peshawur, and will march in two or three days. It can hardly be at Delhi before the end of August. The Two Companies of Her Majesty's Eighth are holding Jullundhur and Phillour, and cannot be spared until relieved by a detachment of Her Majesty's Twenty-fourth, now on its way from Rawul-Pindee. Rothney's Sikhs are at Loodhianah, and will join Brigadier-General Nicholson *en route*. Lieutenant-Colonel Dawes's troop



will be sent or not, as you may desire. It is believed that light guns are not required at Delhi. All these troops are of excellent quality, fully equal, if not superior, to any that the Insurgents can bring against them, and comprise a force of four thousand two hundred men." Thus was Lawrence, who did all things on the grand Titanic scale, still sending down his reinforcements by thousands to Delhi—thousands of Europeans and trustworthy Sikhs, with a young General, whose personal presence alone was worth a Brigade of Horse, Foot, and Artillery.

On the 24th of July, Nicholson returned to Camp. His arrival had been anxiously awaited, for doubt and uncertainty were in all men's minds. Speculation had been rife, and all sorts of rumours of the future movements of the force had been circulated among them. Few had ventured to hope that the order would be given to them to march down to Delhi; for the general feeling was that the Punjab had already been so stripped of European troops that it could not afford to divest itself of another regiment or another battery. But Nicholson had returned to the column with the joyous tidings that they were to set their faces towards the scene of the great struggle. "Our only fear," wrote an officer of the Force, "was that Delhi would fall before we could possibly arrive there." But all felt that if any one could take them down in time to participate in the crowning operations of the siege, Nicholson was the man to do it. He was not one to lose an hour. On the following day the column crossed the Beas, moved down by forced marches to the Sutlej, and thence pushing on with all speed to the Jumna. At Bara, on the 3rd of August, Nicholson received a letter from General Wilson, saying, "The enemy have re-esta-

1857.
July 22.

July 24.
The Column
ordered to
Delhi.



1857.
August 6—7.

blished the bridge over the Nujufgurh Canal (which we had destroyed) and have established themselves in force there, with the intention of moving on Alipore and our communications to the rear. I, therefore, earnestly beg you to push forward with the utmost expedition in your power, both to drive these fellows from my rear, and to aid me in holding my position." On the 6th, Nicholson was at Umballah, whence he wrote, "I am just starting post for Delhi by General Wilson's desire. The column should be at Kurnaul the day after to-morrow, and I shall, perhaps, rejoin it at Paneeput."

Nicholson at
Delhi.

On the following day he stood upon the Delhi Ridge looking down at the great city, taking in all the wonderful suggestiveness of the scene with that quiet, thoughtful, self-contained solemnity of mien, which distinguished him from all his cotemporaries. He had much then to think of in this little breathing-space—much of the past, much of the future. The time which had elapsed since his first appointment to the command of the Movable Column had not been without certain personal annoyances, which even in the midst of the stirring work around him he had not been wholly able to brush aside. It was scarcely possible that, in the position in which he was placed, a man of Nicholson's peculiar character should, on no occasion, give offence to higher authority. It was his nature to steer straight on to independent action; to "scorn the consequence and to do the thing." And so it happened that those above him thought that he was taking too much upon himself, and that he was grievously deficient in those references and explanations which Officialism, in ordinary times, not improperly demands. Even Sir John Lawrence, most emphatically a man of action,

1857.
August 7.

was somewhat disturbed by the fact that Nicholson had disarmed the Thirty-third and Thirty-fifth regiments without previously consulting the Chief-Commissioner, or very promptly explaining to him the "reason why." But afterwards, with the unfailing frankness which relieved all that was outwardly stern and harsh in his nature, he admitted that he "could not expect Nicholson, after knocking about in the sun all day, to write long yarns." "On such occasions," he added, "a line or two semi-officially will satisfy me, until I get your formal report; all I want to know is, what is done and the reason." But no sooner had this little difference with the Commissioner been smoothed down, than another and more serious one arose between the Commander of the Movable Column and the General commanding the Division. Nicholson had taken upon himself to move troops, under the command of the latter, without consulting him, and had been so severely rebuked, that he declared that nothing but the thought of the public inconvenience, which might result from such a step, restrained him from throwing up his appointment. These wounds were still fresh, when he reached Delhi and asked himself whether it were likely that, in the work which lay before him, he would be able wholly to avoid collisions with his fellow-workmen. He felt that much had been done of which he could not approve, and that much had been left undone which he would have earnestly counselled; and he knew that all this might come over again, and that his resolute freedom of speech and independence of action might bring forth much that would be painful to himself and embarrassing to others. But he had written a few days before to Sir John Lawrence, saying: "I might have preserved



1857.
August 7.

silence, but when in a great crisis an officer holds a strong opinion on any matters of consequence, I think he fails in his duty if he does not speak it out, at whatever risk of giving offence.* And now he was determined that, cost him what it might, he would suffer his convictions to declare themselves without restraint, regardless of everything but the good of the Empire.

His coming had been eagerly looked for in Camp. As day after day tidings of the rapid approach of the Movable Column, under Nicholson, were brought in, men began to see clearly before them the consummation of the final assault, and their hearts were gladdened by the prospect. The approach of this column was, indeed, as the promise of a great deliverance; and when it was whispered through the camp that Nicholson had already arrived, it was as a cordial to men's souls, for a great reputation had preceded him, and it was felt among our people that a mighty warrior had come among them, who was destined to lead our troops into Delhi, and to crush the power of the Mogul. His personal presence

* See the following extract from a letter written to Sir John Lawrence from Umballah, August 6. Lawrence had written to Nicholson, saying, half-seriously, half-jestingly, that he was incorrigible, and suggesting that he might do more good by carrying others with him than by running counter to them. To this Nicholson had replied: "I am very sorry to hear that General Gowan has taken offence again. I don't wish to ignore him or any other superior; I dislike offending any one, and, except on principle, would never have a disagreement. You write as if I were in the habit of giving offence. Now I cannot call to mind that since my return to

India, upwards of five years and a half ago, I have had any misunderstandings, except with — and —. The former, I believe, is conscious that he did me wrong, and I trust the latter will eventually make the same admission. . . . I fear that I must have given offence to you, too, on the Rawul-Pindee question. I can truly say that I opposed my opinion to yours with great reluctance, and had the matter been one of less importance, I might have preserved silence; but when in a great crisis an officer holds a strong opinion on any matter of consequence, I think he fails in his duty if he does not speak it out, at whatever risk of giving offence."



1857.

August 7.

did much to generate in men's minds the sublime idea of a Hero—a King of Men; of the Megistos who was to reign among them. He had come on in advance, by Wilson's request, to take counsel with him; and he was soon passing from picquet to picquet, taking in with a soldier's eye all the points of our position, and looking down critically upon the defences of the enemy. He did not at once make his way into the hearts of men, but he impressed all with a sense of power. On the evening of the 7th of August, on which day he arrived in Camp, he dined at the Head-Quarters Mess, and the silent solemnity of his demeanour was unpleasantly apparent to men whose habitual cheerfulness, when they met together for the social meal, had been one of the sustaining influences of Camp Life, during all that long dreary season of waiting and watching. Next morning, accompanied by Norman, he visited the great position at Hindoo Rao's house, which for two long months had borne the brunt of the enemy's attacks. Baird Smith at that time was in consultation with Reid.* The brave commander of the Picquet, who had done such good service, could not help inwardly resenting Nicholson's imperious manner. But when, after the visitor had passed on, Reid complained to

* The following description is from the "History of the Siege of Delhi." "About this time a stranger of very striking appearance was remarked visiting all our picquets, examining everything, and making most searching inquiries about their strength and history. His attire gave no clue to his rank; it evidently never cost the owner a thought. Moreover, in those anxious times every one went as he pleased; perhaps no two officers were dressed alike. It was soon made out that this was General Nicholson, whose person was not

yet known in Camp, and it was whispered, at the same time, that he was possessed of the most brilliant military genius. He was a man cast in a giant mould, with massive chest and powerful limbs, and an expression ardent and commanding, with a dash of roughness; features of stern beauty, a long black beard, and deep sonorous voice. There was something of immense strength, talent, and resolution in his whole gait and manner, and a power of ruling men on high occasions that no one could escape noticing."



1857.
Aug. 7—12.

his companion of Nicholson's haughty, overbearing style of address, the Chief Engineer answered, "Yes, but that wears off; you will like him better when you have seen more of him." And never were words of good omen more surely verified, for afterwards they became "the best friends"—bound together by an equal desire to do their duty to their country, and, if God willed it, to die the soldier's death.

Eager to be at his work, Nicholson made ready offer of his column to perform any service that might be required on its first arrival. He saw at once that there was something to be done. The enemy had established themselves at a place on the left of our position, known as Ludlow Castle, and had planted a battery there, from which they contrived greatly to harass our picquets, especially that known as the "Metcalf Picquet;" and it was desirable in the extreme to dislodge them. This attack upon the enemy's new position Nicholson would have gladly undertaken. But the activity of the mutineers was so great, and their fire was so annoying, that it was found to be inexpedient to wait for the arrival of the Movable Column. The work was to be done at once, and Brigadier Showers, a right good soldier, always cool and collected in the midst of danger and difficulty, was commissioned to do it.

August 12.
Affair of
Ludlow
Castle.

Before daybreak on the morning of the 12th, Showers led down his men, along the Flag-staff Road, upon Ludlow Castle. Covered by the darkness, they marched quietly on, and took the enemy completely by surprise. A rattling fire of musketry roused them from their sleep, and numbers were shot down, scared and bewildered, before they could realise what was upon them. The Golundauze rushed



1857.

August 12.

confusedly to the battery; but our attack was so sudden and impetuous, that they could hardly fire a shot before the First Fusiliers were among them, bayoneting the brave fellows at their guns. Many, unable to work their pieces, drew their swords, and with their backs against the wall, sold their lives as dearly as they could. Masters of the battery, our men pushed on, in the grey dawn of the morning, following the mutineers into the houses, where they had endeavoured to find shelter, and shot them down like beasts in a cage. Some cried for mercy, and were answered with a laugh and a bayonet-thrust. By sunrise the work had been done. The enemy had been driven from Ludlow Castle, and four of their six guns had been taken. The victory, however, had been dearly purchased. The intrepid leader of the assailing party had fallen severely wounded; and Coke, who had led the Punjabees to the attack, had shared the same fate. It was in the confusion attending the fall of Showers that two of the enemy's guns were suffered to escape; and when Colonel Edward Greathed was afterwards sent to bring the force out of action, he did not know that these trophies of victory were to be recovered, or we may be sure that he would not have returned without them. Enough, however, had been gained to make the return to Camp a triumphal one. To secure the success of the surprise, the expedition had been rendered as secret as possible. When, therefore, the sound of the firing broke through the morning stillness the British Camp was aroused, and men wondered what was the meaning of it. The truth was soon apparent to them, and then numbers went out to meet the returning force, and welcomed them, as they came



1857. in with the captured guns, rejoicing exceedingly that so good a day's work had been done before the breaking of the morning's fast.*

Arrival of the
Movable
Column.

August 14.

It may with truth, I think, be said, that at this point of the long and weary siege the great turning-point was attained. The siege-train, which was to remedy our deplorable want of heavy ordnance, was labouring down from Ferozepore; and on the 14th of August, Nicholson, who had ridden back to meet his column, marched into the Delhi Camp at the head of his men. It was a sight to stir the spirits of the whole Camp. Our people turned out joyously to welcome the arrival of the new comers; and the glad-some strains of our military bands floated down to the rebel city with a menace in every note. Braced with action, flushed with victory, Nicholson was eager for new exploits. And he did not wait long for an opportunity to demonstrate to the Delhi Force that they had not over-estimated the great qualities of the Punjabee warrior. The enemy had gained tidings of the approach of our siege-train from Ferozepore, and they had determined to send out a strong force to intercept it. No more welcome task could have been assigned to Nicholson than that of cutting this force to pieces. A well-chosen, well-equipped force of all arms was told off for this service, under his command; and, with full assurance of victory, he prepared himself for the encounter.

August 25.
Battle of
Nujufgurh.

In the early morning of the 25th of August, amidst heavy rain, the force marched out of Camp, and took the road to Nujufgurh, in which direction it was believed that the Bareilly and Neemuch Brigades

* Hervey Greathed says, that on this occasion we lost nineteen men killed, and ninety-four wounded. He adds: "Nobody would have supposed the force had suffered at all, from the jolly way in which they marched back, except for seeing the litter."

1857.
August 25.

of the Rebel Force had moved on the preceding day. It was a toilsome, and, for some time, a dispiriting march; for the road, little better than a bullock-track at best, was sometimes lost altogether in swamps and floods. At many points our gun-wheels sank in the mud up to their axles, and needed all the strength of the Artillerymen to extricate them from the slough. The Infantry, slipping and sliding on the slimy soil, could scarcely make good their footing, and toiled on laboriously, wet to the skin, and draggled with dirt; whilst the horses of the Cavalry struck up the mud blindingly into the troopers' faces; and the camels, ever so serviceably adroit on arid soil, sprawled hopelessly in the mire, and often fell with their burdens by the way. Many a lusty oath was sworn on that morning; but if temper was lost, hope and heart remained; and when, after a halt, and some renovation of exhausted nature, news came that they were upon the track of the enemy, and would soon be amongst them, the difficulties of the road diminished, or appeared to diminish, and they moved on with cheerful eagerness. The sun was sinking when our leading column espied the enemy, and at the same time came upon a stream, which the rains had flooded into the depth and dimension of a river. The mutineers were posted along the line of Nicholson's advance, to the left. Divided into three bodies, they occupied two villages and a serai in front of them—all protected by guns. As our troops passed the ford—the water even there breast-high—the enemy opened upon the British column with a shower of shot and shell from the serai. But advancing steadily under this fire, Nicholson took in the situation with his quick soldier's eye, forecast the action in his mind, and when his force had crossed the



1857.
August 25.

water, at once made his dispositions. The foremost point of attack, and the most perilous, was the serai. Against this Nicholson determined to fling the strength of his European troops, whilst he provided for the attack of the villages by other components of his force. Then, having ordered the Sixty-first and the Fusiliers to lie down, so as to be clear of the enemy's fire, he drew himself up in his stirrups, and addressed his men. He told the Sixty-first that they knew well what Sir Colin Campbell had said at Chilianwallah, and what he had again told the Highland Brigade before the battle of the Alma. "I have now," he said, "the same words to say to you, and to you, my friends of the Fusiliers. Hold your fire till you are within twenty or thirty yards of the enemy, then pour your volleys into them, give them a bayonet-charge, and the serai is yours." Then Tombs and Remington opened a smart fire on the serai; and up the Infantry sprang with a ringing cheer, and, sinking ankle-deep in the swampy ground, steadily advanced, Nicholson at their head, in the face of a shower of grape and musketry. Then holding back their fire—the hardest of all possible tasks—they carried the serai, and captured the guns.*

But the resistance was resolute, the conflict desperate. The heroism which was displayed by our people was emulated by the enemy. The Sepoys fought well, and sold their lives dearly. There was a sanguinary hand-to-hand encounter. Many of the gunners and the drivers were bayoneted, or cut down in the battery, and those who escaped limbered up and

* "Poor Gabbett of the 61st, a fine brave soldier, twenty yards in advance of his men, made a rush on one of the guns; his foot slipped, and he was bayoneted by a gigantic Pandy; but Captain Trench, of the 35th N.I., who was A.D.C. to General Nicholson (that moment rising from the ground, his horse having been shot under him), quickly avenged his death by bringing down the rebel with his revolver."—*Cave Broune*.

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August 25.

made, in hot haste, for the bridge crossing the Nujufgurh Canal. But the attacking party pressed closely upon them. The swampy state of the ground was fatal to the retreat. The leading gun stuck fast in the morass, and impeded the advance of those in the rear. Then our pursuing force fell upon them, and before they had made good their retreat, captured thirteen guns and killed eight hundred of their fighting men.*

In the mean while, the Punjabees, having swept on to the attack of the village on the right, and gallantly cleared it, crossed over by the rear to do like service on the other village, against which a brisk fire of artillery had been directed; but here they met with a stubborn resistance. Lumsden, who led them to the attack, was shot down; and not until a party of the Sixty-first had been sent in support, were the despairing energies of the mutineers suppressed. Night had by this time fallen upon the scene. Nicholson was master of the Field, and the enemy were in panic-flight. But our circumstances were not cheering. Our baggage had not come up, and our people were compelled, hungry, weary, and soaked as they were, to bivouac in a morass, without food, or anything to console and sustain them, except the thought of the victory they had gained. Next morning, having collected their spoil, and blown up the Nujufgurh bridge, they commenced their march back to Delhi, carrying their trophies with them. It was ascertained afterwards that it was the Nee-much Brigade which Nicholson had thus routed. The Bareilly Brigade had not come up to take part in the action. It was a mortifying reflection to the

* The enemy had four guns at the serai, and three at the bridge over the canal, three at each of the villages.



1857.
August 26.

British leader that this information had not been communicated to him at an earlier period. "I do not exaggerate," he wrote afterwards to Sir John Lawrence, "when I say that had I had a decent political officer with me to get me a little information, I might have smashed the Bareilly Brigade at Palam, the next day. As it was, I had no information—not even a guide that I did not pick up for myself on the road; and had I obeyed my instructions, and gone to Behauder-gurh, the expedition would have been a fruitless one. I feel very thankful for my success; for had these two brigades succeeded in getting into our rear, they would undoubtedly have done much mischief."

The news of the victory, first conveyed to Delhi by young Low, Nicholson's aide-de-camp, who had ridden on in advance of the returning force, caused great rejoicing in Camp, and there was strong desire to give the victors an ovation as they marched in with their trophies. But Nicholson's men were weary and in sorry plight for any needless spectacular display, so they made all haste to their quarters, and as evening had closed in upon them before the whole force had arrived, the ovation would have been impossible, if they had been inclined to receive it. But there were hearty congratulations next day freely tendered to Nicholson, who had done his work right well, and secured the safe advance of the siege-train. It was believed, too, that he had weakened the enemy's force, not merely to the number of those who were killed and wounded in action, for the whole brigade was broken and dispersed, and many never again showed their faces in Delhi.* Since the battle of

* "According to all accounts, the with) only numbers six hundred men
Neemuch Brigade (the one I dealt now. Many of those who fled would



Budlee-ka-serai on the 8th of June, the English at Delhi had gained no such victory as that which crowned the action at Nujufgurh.

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August 25.

• Congratulations upon this brilliant achievement poured in from all sides; but from none came they with greater heartiness and sincerity than from Sir John Lawrence, who wrote to him, saying: "Though sorely pressed with work, I write a line to congratulate you on your success. I wish I had the power of knighting you on the spot. It should be done. I hope you destroyed no end of villanous Pandies."*

To this Nicholson replied, August 30, 1857: "Many thanks for your kind letter of the 27th. I would much rather earn the good opinion of my friends than any kind of honorary distinction. I enclose, for your perusal, and Edwardes's, the rough draft of my report. The field was of such extent, that it was not easy to estimate the mutineers' loss. I think, moreover, that they suffered more severely from the fire of our Artillery, after they had bolted across the bridge, than they did on the actual battle-field. . . . Except where poor Lumsden was killed, they made little attempt to stand. Most of the killed were Kotah Contingent men. We took the Nee-much troop of artillery complete, three light field battery guns, and four of the King's Own. I wish sincerely that they had had as many more, as, after their flank was turned, they could not have used them, and must have lost them all."

August 30.

appear never to have returned to Delhi. Most of the officers with me in the action rated them at six, seven, and eight thousand men. My own idea is, that they were between three thousand and four thousand."
—*Nicholson to Lawrence, August 30, 1857.*

* In this letter Lawrence writes: "Don't assault until you have given the mutineers all the powder and shot which the siege-train can spare, and then go in, and may God be with you all. I think if all the troops were warned not to disperse, it might have an effect upon them."



1857.
August,

After this there was quiet for a little space in Camp. All men were looking eagerly for the arrival of the siege-train, and for those last reinforcements which Lawrence was sending down from the Punjab. Reports were floating about to the effect that the Barreilly Brigade was going out again, under Bukht Khan, to make another effort to intercept our convoys; but if this design were ever entertained it was soon abandoned, for it never developed into even the semblance of a fact; and all again was composure. There was not a soldier in camp who did not then feel that the time of waiting and watching had well-nigh passed—that we should soon assume the offensive in earnest, with ample means to secure success. Delhi now seemed to be in our grasp, and the spirits of men rose with the thought of the coming triumph. Then was it that the mess-tents of our officers rang with the loudest laughter; then was it that our military bands sent up their gayest music; then was it that the inactivity of a disheartened enemy gave unaccustomed repose to the besieging force; then the healthy could enjoy their books or games, and the sick and wounded could be brought to the doors of their tents to inhale the pleasant evening air, or take in the marvellous beauty of the “view from the Ridge.” For nearly three months the great city, with its wealth of ordnance, had defied the best courage and the best skill of the English nation. We had been beaten by the material resources of an enemy, whom, without such aids, we could have crushed in a day. But now, as our Engineers brought all the appliances of their craft to bear upon the strengthening and securing of our positions, as the space between our siege-works and the city-walls was narrowed by their efforts, and breaching-batteries

CSL
1857.
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were rising under their hands, no man doubted that the coming month would see Delhi prostrate at our feet, and the consummation of our hopes gloriously accomplished. Again the supremacy of the English race in India, obscured only for a little while, was to be re-asserted and re-established; and there was not a white man in camp who did not long, with a great hunger of the heart, for the day when the signal would be given, and it would be left for our English manhood to decide for itself whether any multitude of Natives of India, behind their walls of masonry, could deter our legions from a victorious entrance into the imperial city of the Mogul.



APPENDIX.

THE LAST NUZZUR TO THE KING OF DELHI.—Page 12.

[From Mr. William Edwards' "Reminiscences of a Bengal Civilian"—a work which contains much interesting and suggestive information relating to the rebellion in the North-West Provinces.]

"As soon as the camp arrived at Delhi, the Government durbar records were produced, in order that reference should be made to the etiquette followed as regarded the Emperor, on those previous rare occasions in which Governor-Generals had visited the imperial city. It was found that although the relative position of the Governor-General and the Emperor did not admit of their exchanging visits, yet that a deputation had been sent on the part of the Governor-General to ask after the health of his Majesty, and tender him a 'Nuzzur' of a certain amount of gold mohurs, which in reality amounted to an expression of submission and fealty on the part of the British Government to the Great Moghul, and an acknowledgment of holding our Indian possessions as his feudatory. As, however, this had been the usual practice, no question was raised as to its propriety; and therefore, without any previous intimation to the Governor-General of what was about to be done, Mr. Thomason and myself, accompanied by Colonel Broadfoot, proceeded to the palace on elephants, each being provided with a silk bag full of gold mohurs for presentation to the King. We were required to proceed without any shoes into the immediate presence—such having been in all ages in India the usual mark of respect on



the part of an inferior on approaching a superior. On this occasion we compromised the matter by putting short worsted cashmere socks over our boots, and thus entered the hall of audience. On a curtain being drawn aside, we saw the old King, then apparently a very feeble old man above seventy years of age, seated on his throne, which was elevated so as to have the royal person, as he sat cross-legged, on a level with our faces. We made a low obeisance to the Emperor, and on approaching the throne, each in succession presented his bag of gold mohurs, and inquired after his Majesty's health and prosperity. I confess to a feeling of awe and solemnity passing over me as I stepped up and addressed this representative of a long line of kings and of a once powerful empire, and presented my Nuzzur to his Majesty's acceptance, which was remarkable as being the last that was ever offered on the part of a British subject to the imperial house of Timour. The King simply received it, and ordered us to be robed in dresses of honour, and to have turbans bound round our heads. This was done in due form; we made our obeisance to the King, and departed. We remounted our elephants, and were paraded through the chief streets of Delhi as "those whom the King delighted to honour." The ridiculous transformation we had all three undergone, clad in these robes of tinsel tissue, drove all feelings of solemnity and respect out of my mind. I contrived to get ahead of my party, and stripping off my own finery as I sat on the howdah, made my way to the Governor-General's tent, to beg his lordship to come and see the chief secretary and Colonel Broadfoot as they arrived in camp, and before dismounting from their elephants, as these two estimable gentlemen looked as if they had gone suddenly mad, and decked themselves out in a manner worthy of 'Madge Wildfire.' The Governor-General begged me to explain what we had been doing, and on my informing him, his lordship's indignation and surprise were extreme; and then, for the first time, I myself became alive to the impropriety of an act which, in reality, made Queen Victoria, in Eastern estimation at least, hold her Indian possessions as a mere feudatory and vassal of the imperial house of Delhi,



The Governor-General immediately issued instructions, forbidding the presentation in future to the King of any offerings by British subjects, and directed me to ascertain the average annual amount of gifts received by his Majesty for the past ten years, in order that an equivalent amount should be added to the royal stipend from the British treasury in future. The Governor-General's measure was without doubt right and politic. The misfortune was that it had not been adopted years before."

CAPTAIN ROSSER AND THE FLIGHT TO DELHI.—Page 67.

[THE following extracts from letters, addressed to the author, with reference to the statement referred to in the text, frequently made and never before, I believe, publicly contradicted, that the late Captain Rosser, of the Carabineers, had, on the 10th of May, proposed to take a squadron of his regiment and a troop of Horse Artillery, to cut off the flight of the mutineers to Delhi, afford a curious illustration of the difficulties which beset the path of the historical inquirer.]

Sir Archdale Wilson.

"It is certainly not true that Captain Rosser offered to take his squadron in pursuit of the mutineers bound for Delhi on the evening of the 10th of May, 1857—at least, to my knowledge—the first I ever heard of such a story being shown to me in some rough sheets of your History. Captain Rosser was a good and gallant officer, and may have made such an offer to his own immediate commanding officer, Colonel Custance, though I do not believe that any one of the force knew that evening that the mutineers had made for Delhi. I did not until the next morning."—Dec. 6, 1868.

Mr. Charles Raikes.

" I had the good fortune to become well acquainted with Major Rosser during the voyage from India to Suez early in 1858. He told me in so many words what I asserted



in my little work. It was not possible for me to doubt the statement of a man so modest, grave, and straightforward, of such high principle and solidity of character, and I, therefore, asserted as a fact what I believed and still believe to be true."—Dec. 17, 1868.

Colonel Custance.

"The late Major Rosser was a gallant and good officer, but he did not offer to take a detachment of Dragoons and Horse Artillery in pursuit of the mutineers escaping to Delhi on the 10th of May, 1857. Had he done so I must have known it, as I was his commanding officer."—Dec. 21, 1868.

[It was not thought necessary to pursue the inquiry any further. If the offer were not made by Captain Rosser to the commanding officer of his regiment or to the Brigadier commanding the station, it cannot have been made at all in any military—any public—sense, and certainly the proposal cannot have been officially recognised. But that, on the night of the 10th of May, Captain Rosser expressed his willingness to lead a mounted detachment to cut off the mutineers (though the offer may never have taken the regulation-shape), can hardly, I think, be questioned.]

SERVICES OF SYUD MEER KHAN.—Page 69.

"The Sirdar Behaudur, Syud Meer Khan Sahib, a pensioner receiving six hundred rupees a month, for aid rendered to the Caubul prisoners and good conduct in Afghanistan, who had, on hearing the disturbance, immediately joined the Commissioner, and offered to escort him to the European lines; but it was decided that there was no hope of the lady escaping through the crowd. He then went out to hold back the mob, and was shot through the thigh, and his horse mortally wounded. This fine Afghan was obliged to retire to the city. He came to the Dum-Dumma the next morning in spite of his wound, and was at the battles of the Hindun. When the mob attacked the house, the Commissioner and his wife, with



the wife of one of the residents of the station, retired to the roof; when asked where their master and mistress were, the servants said that they had gone to church: though drawn swords were put to his throat, the Jemadar, Gholab Singh, persisted in this statement, and the other servants were faithfully silent regarding their master's presence."—*Report of Mr. Commissioner Williams.*

THE MURDER OF MR. FRASER.—Page 79.

[The following is the evidence of Buktawuss, or Bukhtawar Singh, Chuprassy, as given at the trial of the King of Delhi.]

"I was the servant on duty supervising the repairs of the Fort ditch, and was going with the account book for Captain Douglas' inspection. I was on my way, when a trooper came galloping up from the direction of the Calcutta Gate. The trooper had not reached the Palace Gate when I observed that Captain Douglas was standing there. I saw Captain Douglas speaking to the man; but before I reached the Palace Gate myself the trooper turned his horse and rode off. Captain Douglas told me to go up to his apartments, and said that he was going to the interior of the Palace and should return immediately. Captain Douglas did so, and I stayed at the gate, Makhan, Kishan Singh and others accompanied him. Captain Douglas had hardly gone when Mr. Fraser arrived in his buggy and inquired for him. Mr. Fraser alighted and walked on through the covered way up to the opening. He then said to me he was going to the Calcutta Gate, and that I was to tell Captain Douglas so on his return. I then myself proceeded in the direction of the King's apartments and met Captain Douglas returning in a state of excitement. I gave him Mr. Fraser's message. Captain Douglas went to the Lahore Gate of the Palace, and told the Native officer on guard there to close it, which was done. Captain Douglas at the same time gave orders that no crowd was to be allowed to assemble on the bridge leading into the



Palace. Just about this time an officer of the King's, styled a captain, also came there from the direction of the main street of Delhi. The gate had been closed and Captain Douglas' buggy was inside, so he directed me to ask this Native officer for his buggy that he might go in it as far as the Calcutta Gate, whither Captain Douglas proceeded in it, I occupying the seat behind. At the Calcutta Gate we found Mr. Fraser, Mr. Nixon, head clerk, and four or five other gentlemen. The gate was closed after a short time. Mr. Fraser and Captain Douglas got into the buggy together, and were returning to the Palace accompanied by the other gentlemen on horseback, but had not proceeded far when four or five troopers came galloping up at full speed from the direction of the Ellenborough Tank. About this time, there was a general cry that the troopers had come. On reaching the party of gentlemen, one of the troopers wounded Mr. Hutchinson in the arm with a pistol shot; the others also fired, but without effect. On this Mr. Fraser and Captain Douglas both got out of the buggy and went out of the way of the mutineers, and stood by the guard-room of the Constabulary Force at the gate: two more gentlemen joined them there. Mr. Fraser got a musket from the Constabulary Force, and shot one of the troopers. This checked the others, and they turned and fled. A great crowd had by this time collected, and Captain Douglas and another gentleman jumped into the Fort ditch, along which they came on to the Palace Gate, Mr. Fraser and others coming by the road; but there was such confusion at the time, I can't say how. Captain Douglas was in a fainting state from the injuries he had received from jumping into the ditch, and we accordingly laid him on a bed in the Kuliya Khana. In a short time Mr. Jennings, the clergyman, came down, and at his suggestion Captain Douglas was taken up to the apartments above the gate, where he was placed on a bed, Mr. Jennings sending the servants away, and telling them not to crowd about the place. We then received an order to go for the King's physician, and Abdulla Chuprassy fetched him accordingly. The physician, Ahsan Ullah Khan, had just left, when we servants who were sitting there saw some five



Mahomedans, King's servants, coming along the covered way calling out, 'Din, din!' Just at this time Mr. Fraser happened to come down to the foot of the stairs, and these men immediately attacked him and killed him with their swords. While this was happening on the north side of the gate, a mixed crowd, armed with swords, bludgeons, &c., ran up the stairs on the south side, and gained the apartments above, those assembled on the north side joining them there."

THE CIS-SUTLEJ CHIEFS.—Page 162.

[The further note on the loyal bearing of the Cis-Sutlej chiefs will be given in volume iii.]

REMOVAL OF CAPTAIN HODSON FROM THE GUIDE CORPS.—

Page 182.

[The following passage from a letter written to Hodson's biographer by the Military Secretary to the Punjab Commissioner, explains fully the circumstances referred to in the text. After speaking of the question of the regimental accounts and the action of the Court of Inquiry, the writer proceeds to say:]

"Still, in so far as the inquiry was concerned, Major H., had he survived, might perhaps have commanded the Guides to this day. His removal was entirely another affair. In addition to the command of the Guides, Lieutenant H. held the office of Accountant Commissioner in civil charge of Euzofyze. Lieutenant Godby, of the Guides, was severely wounded by an assassin at Murdan, the Guides Corps station in December, 1853. The assassin was cut to pieces on the spot by some men of the corps. His body was identified, but all efforts to discover the motives of the miscreant or his abettors proved fruitless. Lieutenant Hodson's suspicions, however, fell upon Kader Khan, the Mullik of Tooroo (four miles distant from Murdan), the most wealthy and influential chief in Euzofyze. He even further entertained the hope of being



able to convict this Kader Khan of having caused the murder of the late Colonel Mackeson; but finally, and after a lengthened imprisonment of seven months in the Peshawur gaol, Kader Khan was arraigned by him in the Commissioner's Court on one charge only, viz. that of having instigated the attack upon Lieutenant Godby. The case completely broke down, and the trial ended in a full acquittal. Lieutenant Hodson's proceedings were strongly condemned by Lord Dalhousie, who directed his dismissal from civil employ, and that he should not retain command of the Guides, it being incompatible with the public interests that he should ever again hold any position of authority in the district of Euzofyze, and that his getting another command thereafter should depend upon the result of the Military Court of Inquiry. The inquiry had not, however, closed so far as to produce any result, when the Court of Directors took notice of the trial of Kader Khan of Tooroo, and in conveying their approval of the Governor-General's decision upon it, they added their 'desire' that Lieutenant Hodson should not 'again be entrusted with any command whatever.' "

THE PUNISHMENT OF ALLAHABAD.—Page 270.

[From the "Travels of a Hindoo," by Bholanauth-Chunder. Edited by a Government Secretary, and dedicated to the Governor-General of India.]

"They speak of it as a fearful epoch of unexampled atrocities on the one side, and of an unparalleled retaliation on the other. There were the Sepoys with the blood of murdered officers on their heads, and budmashes and bullies, and cut-throats and cut-purses, all acknowledging a fraternal tie, and holding a bloody carnival. But it was impossible that twenty uncongenial parties, divided by quarrels about caste, quarrels about religion, quarrels about power, and quarrels about plunder, could long act together in an undisturbed concert. Soon as batch after batch of Englishmen arrived to re-establish the Saxon rule, they were driven like chaff before the wind. Then followed a dreadful sequel—the



horror of horrors. The martial law was an outlandish demon, the like of which had not been dreamt of in Oriental demonology. Rampant and ubiquitous, it stalked over the land devouring hundreds at a meal, and surpassed in devastation the rakhasi, or female carnival of Hindoo fables. It mattered little whom the red-coats killed; the innocent and the guilty, the loyal and the disloyal, the well-wisher and the traitor, were confounded in one promiscuous vengeance. To 'bag the nigger,' had become a favourite phrase of the military sportsmen of that day. 'Pea-fowls, partridges, and Pandies rose together, but the latter gave the best sport. Lancers ran a tilt at a wretch who had taken to the open for his covert.' In those bloody assizes, the bench, bar, and jury were none of them in a bland humour, but were bent on paying off scores by rudely administering justice with the rifle, sword, and halter, making up for one life by twenty. The first spring of the British Lion was terrible, its claws were indiscriminating.

"One's blood still runs cold to remember the soul-harrowing and blood-freezing scenes that were witnessed in those days. There were those who had especial reasons to have been anxious to show their rare qualifications in administering drum-head justice, scouring through the town and suburbs, they caught all on whom they could lay their hands, porter or pedlar, shopkeeper or artisan, and hurrying them on through a mock trial, made them dangle on the nearest tree. Near six thousand beings had been thus summarily disposed of and launched into eternity, their corpses hanging by twos and threes from branch and sign-post all over the town, speedily contributed to frighten down the country into submission and tranquillity. For three months did eight dead-carts daily go their rounds from sunrise to sunset, to take down the corpses which hung at the cross-roads and market-places, poisoning the air of the city, and to throw their loathsome burdens into the Ganges. Others, whose indignation had a more practical turn, sought to make capital out of those troublesome times. The martial law was a terrible Gorgon in their hands to turn men into stone, the wealthy and timid were threatened to be criminated, and they had to buy up their lives as best they could under the circumstances."



PROCLAMATIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NANA SAHIB.

Page 351.

[The following extracts from the correspondence of Doondoo Punt, Nana Sahib, illustrate the means by which he endeavoured by a succession of boastful lies to stimulate the animosity and to sustain the courage of his followers. These papers were sent in by Nana Nerain Rao, of whom mention is made in the text, and placed in the hands of General Neill, who commissioned Major Gordon to translate them. The following is from the journal of that officer :]

"A relative of the Nana sent in a quantity of the Nana's property and ten of his horses from Bithoor this morning, and came himself and called on General Neill in the forenoon. He had been confined by the Nana. In the evening two boxes were brought in containing the whole of the Nana's correspondence, and his letter-book containing copies of all his orders, written in the Persian language. They have been made over to me, which is a rich treat; and I sat poring over these letters until eleven o'clock at night, and finished with the one in which he ordered the destruction of all Europeans who left in boats."

PROCLAMATION, DATED JULY 6TH.

"A traveller just arrived at Cawnpore from Calcutta, had heard that previous to the distribution of the cartridges, a council had been held for the purpose of depriving the Hindoostanees of their faith and religion. The members of the council came to the decision, since it was a matter affecting religion, it would be right to have seven or eight thousand European soldiers that fifty thousand Hindoostanees might be destroyed, and all (the rest) become Christians. This resolution was sent to Queen Victoria, and received her approval. Again another council was held, at which the English merchants assisted. It was here determined that the European force should be made equal to the Hindoostanee army (in numbers) so that when the contest took place there should be no fear of failure. When this representation (from the council) was read in England, thirty-five thousand soldiers were embarked in all haste and despatched to India, and the



news of their departure has reached Calcutta. The Sahibs of Calcutta ordered the distribution of the cartridges with the especial object of making Christians of the Native army, so that when the army became Christians there would be no delay in making Christians of the ryots. These cartridges were rubbed over with the fat of pigs and cows. This fact has been asserted by Bengalees who were employed in the manufacture of the cartridges, and of those who related this, one has been executed and all the rest put into confinement. They (the Sahibs) made their arrangements here. This is the news from thence (Europe). The Turkish Ambassador wrote from London to the Sultan to inform him that thirty-five thousand men have been despatched to Hindoostan for the purpose of making Christians of the Hindoostanees. The Sultan of Room—may God perpetuate his sovereignty!—despatched a Firman to the Pasha of Egypt to this effect: ‘You are an ally of Queen Victoria. But this is not the season for amity, inasmuch as my Ambassador writes that thirty-five thousand soldiers have been despatched to Hindoostan for the purpose of making Christians of the Native ryots and troops. Therefore, in this case, whilst a remedy is in my power, if I should be negligent, how shall I show my face to God? And this day (i.e. conjuncture) may some time or other be my own [meaning this may some day be his own case] since, if the English make the Hisdoostanees Christians, they will make an attempt on my dominions.’

“When the Pasha of Egypt received this Firman, he, previous to the arrival of the (English) force, assembled and organised his troops at Alexandria, which is on the road to Hindoostan. The moment the soldiers (English) appeared, the Pasha’s troops opened an artillery fire upon them from all sides, and destroyed and sunk their ships, so that not a single soldier escaped.

“When the English at Calcutta had issued their order for the distribution of the cartridges, and the disturbances had arisen, they anxiously looked out for the troops from London to aid them. But the Almighty, in his perfect omnipotence, had already disposed of these. When the news of the slaughter of the army from London became known, the



Governor-General was greatly afflicted and distressed, and *thumped his head*.

“Persian Quatrain.—In the beginning of the night he possessed the power over life and property.—In the morning his body was without a head, and his head without a crown.—In one revolution of the cœrulean sphere neither *Nadir* (Shah*) remained nor any sign of him.

“Issued from Painted Garden of the Peishwah.”

“*To Holas Sing, Cotwal of Cawnpore.*

“You are hereby ordered to make known within your jurisdiction, that whoever may have in his possession any property plundered from the English, such as chairs and tables, china and metal dishes, arms, buggies, medical apparatus, horses, and wood, or railway officers’ property, such as beams, iron, wire, jackets, coats and trousers, goats and sheep, must, within four days, produce such property. Should any one secrete such things, and they be found hereafter in his house when searched, he will be visited with condign chastisement. Should any person have in his house an Englishman or any children (*baba logue*), he must produce them, and will not be questioned; but any person concealing the above, will be blown into the path of destruction from the cannon’s mouth.

“Dated 4th Zikad, or 24th June.”

[The following appears to have been written after the massacre at the Ghaut.]

“*To Rughoonath Sing, Bhowany Sing, &c.,*

“Officers of the Regiment at Seetapoor (Forty-first N. I.), and Wahid Ali Khan, Naib Ressaldar, First Irregular Cavalry, at Sikandra.

“Greeting,—Your petition, presented by Meer Punah Ali, has been received. Its contents have become known to me. The report of your bravery and gallantry has given me great

* Play upon words—“Nadir,” if I remember rightly, is the zenith.—*Translator.*



pleasure, 'much praise be yours, thus should you ever act, thus let men act.' Here (Cawnpore) this day 4th Zikad (27th June), the white faces have fought with us. The whole of them, by the grace of God, and the destroying fortune of the Jing, have entered hell. A salute in honour of this event has been fired as usual. It behoves you also to celebrate this victory with rejoicings and peals of artillery. Moreover, your request for permission to fight with the infidels has given me great satisfaction. In a few days, when order shall have been restored in this district, the victorious force which has now swelled to a large army, still daily increasing, will cross the Ganges, continue to hem in the infidels until the arrival of my camp. This event will take place shortly; and then display all your valour. Bear in mind that the people pertain to both faiths. They must be neither molested nor injured in any way. Have a care to protect them, collect supplies, and keep them in readiness.

"Dated 4th Zikad St. 1273, 27th June, 1857."

"To Holas Singh, Cotwal."

Whereas, by the grace of God and fortune of the king, all the English at Poona and in Punna have been slain and sent to hell, and five thousand English who were at Delhi have been put to the sword by the royal troops. The Government is now everywhere victorious; you are, therefore, ordered to proclaim these glad tidings in all cities and villages by beat of drum, that all may rejoice on hearing them. All cause for apprehension is now removed.

"Dated 8th Zikad, 1st July, 1857."

"To Baboo Rambuksh, Talooqdar, Dhondia Khera, Oude."

"Greeting.—Your petition dated 6th Zikad (29th June), reporting the slaughter of the English, and the deaths in battle of your brother Sudhainan Sing, with two officers, and also begging for my favour as a reward for your self-devotion, has been perused. You are hereby informed, that I also am grieved at your loss, but the will of God must be submitted to. Moreover, this event (the death of his brother) has



happened in the cause of Government, and you will ever remain the object of my protection. Have no manner of fear, Government will certainly befriend you.

“Dated 10th Zikad, or 3rd July, 1857.”

“To Holas Sing, Cotwal.”

“Whereas sundry persons of the town, on hearing the report of European troops having marched from Allahabad, are abandoning their homes and seeking shelter in villages, you are hereby ordered to have proclaimed throughout the town that infantry, cavalry, and artillery have marched to repel the English. Wherever they may be met, at Futtehpore, Allahabad, or wherever they may be, the revenging force will thoroughly punish them. Let all remain without fear in their homes, and pursue their usual avocations.

“Dated 12th Zikad, or 5th July, 1857.”

“To the Officers of the Army.”

“I have been greatly pleased with your zeal, valour, and loyalty. Your labours are deserving of the highest praise. The organisation and scale of pay and rewards established here will have likewise to be established for you. Let your minds be at rest, all promises made will be fulfilled. Troops of all arms have this day crossed the Ganges *en route* to Lucknow; you will be aided in every possible way to slay the unbelieving Nazarines, and despatch them to hell. The greatest reliance is placed on your readiness and bravery to secure victory. On receipt of this order, certify to me, under your hand and seal, that you have learned its contents, and are ready to co-operate in the destruction of the infidels. Have no fears as regards ordnance stores. Any amount of ammunition and heavy guns is available. Shurf-ood-Dowlah and Ali Reza Beg, Cotwal of Lucknow, have been ordered to supply provisions. They will do so; but should they fail in this duty inform me, and a conspicuous example will be made of them. All of you display valour and fortitude. May victory speedily crown your efforts, thus shall I myself be at liberty to proceed towards Allahabad. There can be no hesi-



tation on your part or on mine. After this rapid success, march to Allahabad and conquer there.

“Dated 14th Zikad, 7th July, 1857.”

“*To Kalkapershad, Canoongoe—Oude.*”

“Greeting. — Your petition has been received, stating that seven boats containing Europeans were going down the river from Cawnpore, and that two parties of your men who were at the spot joined the Government troops and fired on them so unremittingly that they proceeded, slaying the English the whole way, as far as the villages of Abdool Azeez, when the horse artillery and yourself in person joined the rest, and sank six of the boats, the seventh escaping through the force of the wind. You have performed a great deed, and I am highly pleased with your conduct. Persevere in your devotion to the Government cause. This order is sent you as a mark of favour. Your petition, with which a European was sent in, has also reached me. The European has been sent to hell, thus adding to my satisfaction.

“Dated 16th Zikad, or 9th July, 1857.”

“*To the Thanadar of Sirsoul.*”

“The victorious army of Government had marched towards Allahabad to oppose the Europeans, and it has now been reported that the latter have deceived the Government troops, attacked and scattered them. Some troops are said to remain there; you are, therefore, ordered to instruct the landholders in your jurisdiction and in Futtehpoore, that every brave man should join heart and hand to defend his faith, to put the Europeans to the sword, and send them to hell. Conciliate all ancient influential landholders, and persuade them to unite in the cause of their religion to slay and send to hell all the infidels. Moreover, tell them that Government will give every man his due, and that those who assist it shall be rewarded.

“Dated 20th Zikad, 13th July, 1857.”



"To the Bahadoors and Officers of Cavalry, Artillery, and Infantry at Lucknow.

"Greeting.—A force of about one thousand British, with several guns, were marching towards Cawnpore from Allahabad. To arrest and slay these men an army was despatched. The British are advancing rapidly. On both sides men fall wounded or killed. The Europeans are now within seven koss of Cawnpore, and the field of battle is warmly contested. It is reported that Europeans are coming up the river in steamers, and strong defences have consequently been constructed without the town of Cawnpore. Here my troops are prepared, and at a distance the battle rages; you are, therefore, informed that the aforesaid British are opposite the district of Baiswara, on this bank of the river. It is very probable that they may attempt to cross the Ganges. You must, for this reason, send some troops into the Baiswara country to shut them in on that side. My force will press them from this direction, and by this combined action the slaughter of the infidels may be achieved, as is most desirable.

"Should these people not be destroyed, there can be no doubt they will press on to Delhi. Between Cawnpore and Delhi there is no one that could stand against them. We must without fail combine to destroy them root and branch.

"It is also said that the British may cross the Ganges; some English still remain in the Bailey Guard and maintain the fight, whereas here there is not a living English person left. Send troops immediately across the river, at Sheorajpore, to surround and cut up the Europeans.

"Dated 23rd Zikad, or 16th July, 1857."

[This is the last of the series. On that same evening Have-lock's force encamped near Cawnpore, and whilst victory was being proclaimed by the Nana's order in the city, he himself was flying for his life, and his followers were being dispersed in all directions.]



RECRUITING AT PESHAWUR.—Page 492.

[The following is the paragraph in Colonel Edwardes's Mutiny Report, to which reference is made in the text. There is no contribution to the history of the great Crisis in the Punjab more valuable or more interesting than the document from which this extract is made:]

“Delhi was not to be recovered by a *coup de main*. The Hindoo Sepoys, having mutinied about a cartridge, had nothing to propose for an empire, and fell in of necessity with the only policy that was feasible at the moment, a Mahomedan King of Delhi; and certainly no other policy could have given such life to the coming struggle. Hitherto the question had been purely domestic between the English and their Hindoostanee army, a quarrel in which the Afghan tribes would merely desire to be on the conquering side. But a war between the Moslem and the Christian for empire must needs agitate every village in which there was a mosque and a moollah; and the city of Peshawur in particular, with its sixty thousand inhabitants, had always been a hotbed of intrigue. Humanly speaking, I consider that the border at this critical period was mainly kept under by the levying of a militia. Afghans are fanatical, but avarice is their ruling passion. Every idle vagrant, every professional robber, every truculent student in the mosques, at whose finger-ends fanaticism was beginning to tingle, found a market for his sword. The population of the Peshawur Valley had never been disarmed. Being liable to raids from their neighbours, they had been allowed to keep arms in their houses; though none but outside villagers might wear arms abroad. It was not difficult, therefore, to collect any number of armed footmen at a short notice. Good horses are not plentiful in this irrigated country; but the head men of every village have two or three hacks, and the enlistment of their farm servants on these ribs, attached all the hamlets, one by one, to our cause, and got up quite a hearty feeling, such as certainly I never saw before among them. One can smile now at the scenes that took place morning and evening at the hours of enlistment. It was necessary to sustain the dignity of the Imperial



Government even in our distress. Long before the time crowds of candidates for employment thronged the gateways and overflowed into the garden, the jockeys of unconquerably vicious horses endeavouring to reduce them to a show of docility by galloping them furiously about till the critical moment of inspection came. At last, sick at heart from the receipt of a bad telegram from the provinces, but endeavouring to look happy, out I used to go, and face some hundreds of the chiefs and yeomen of the country, all eager to gather from the Commissioner Sahib's countenance how the 'King of Delhi' was getting on. Then the first horseman would be brought up. The beast perhaps would not move. The rider, the owner, and all the neighbours would assail him with whips, sticks, stones, and Pushtoo reproaches that might have moved a rock; but nothing would do till the attempt was given up, and the brute's head turned the other way, when he went off at a gallop amid roars of laughter from the Pathans, who have the keenest perception of both fun and vice. No. 2 would make a shift to come up, but every man and boy in the crowd could see that he was lame on two or three legs. Then the argument began, and leg by leg, blemish by blemish, the animal was proved by a multitude of witnesses (who had known him for very many years) to be perfectly sound; and so the enlistment went on from day to day, affording immense occupation, profit, and amusement to the people, and answering a great many good ends. Now and then an orderly of the Hindoostanee Irregular Cavalry, admirably armed and mounted, would pass the spot, and mark his opinion of the 'levies' by a contemptuous smile. But, nevertheless, he told his comrades in the lines that the country people were all with the English, and it was of no use to desert or to intrigue."

SIR HENRY BARNARD'S LAST LETTER TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.—Page 569.

[The following letter was written to Lord Canning by Sir H. Barnard, three days before his death. He seems to have



desired that, in the event of his demise, its contents should be made known to the world:]

"Camp above Delhi, July 2, 1857.

"MY DEAR LORD CANNING;—Ere this reaches you, the business here will have been settled; if successfully, well; if a failure, I shall like to leave behind me a brief record of the service of the little force.

"The work of reduction or re-occupation of Delhi was evidently greatly under-estimated. Delhi, when once its gates were shut, and its immense arsenal and magazine in the hands of insurgent troops, became a formidable operation to reduce. When added to this the passions of the people were roused, and the cry raised of a new 'Mogul dynasty,' it became as important as formidable.

"With means totally inadequate, this force was sent against it, reinforced by detachments from Meerut, who were to have provided sappers, gunners, and field implements; when all had formed a junction the force barely arrived at three thousand eight hundred. Meerut sent no gunners, and only a small number of sappers, and these unprovided. On the 8th June we started from Alipore, met the enemy at Budlie-ka-Serai, and from thence drove them from the height above Delhi. Here the Commanding Artilleryman and Chief Engineer proposed to commence the attack; batteries were planned and erected, but the distance was too great. After eight days, I found the side of the town which must be silenced before we got approaches quite as alive as ever. The Artilleryman admitted the distance too great, and the Engineer his inability to make batteries, having positively not a single sand-bag! I was promised reinforcements, and for their arrival I determined to wait. They have arrived, and now comes the decisive moment, and I confess to you I never was so puzzled. The force I have amounts to about five thousand, and comprises almost all the Europeans in the Upper Provinces; quite enough, if free, to re-establish the country, but quite insufficient to storm Delhi, guard the camp, and keep open my communications with the rear for supplies, &c. If I succeed in the gambler's throw, well and good, but if I fail, the game is up, and all I can expect to be able to do would be to effect



an honourable retreat, carrying off sick, wounded, and guns. To add to my distresses, dissatisfaction is proved to exist in the Native troops just arrived, and some have been detected in trying to tamper with the men of Coke's Corps. These fellows are to be hanged to-night; but the Ninth Irregular Cavalry and some of the Sikh Corps are known to be tainted, and would like an opportunity of doing us any mischief they could. Thus it is, with enemies without, traitors within, and a task before me I cannot in reason feel my force competent to undertake, I am called upon to decide. Much is said about the Native character and aptitude at turning tail, but where the treasure is I fear the heart will be found also, for all these miscreants are laden with plunder they will not abandon, and they know full well that every man's hand is against them. They dare not fly.

"My men are very tired; we have had since the action of Budlie-ka-Serai no less than ten affairs, seven of which employed my whole force, cavalry and infantry; in each we experienced heavy loss, but inflicted greater. The traitors are, or rather were, tired; they openly said it was no use fighting, and that unless assisted they would fly in four days. Yesterday brought them the Bareilly people, so we shall have our eleventh to-morrow. After that I think the game is over. The Gwaliors are not coming on, and we shall have defeated them all in turn. But to be useful I must enter the city, and this will, I am fearful, be a sanguinary affair, for it is clear the Sepoy knows well how to fight behind stone walls.

"I hope to hear of the head of the European columns coming up from Calcutta, and then matters will begin to look up again.

"Pray excuse this scrawl; it is written in a gale of wind. The rain has fallen for two days, but it is again fine.

"Very truly yours,

"H. BARNARD."



ADDENDA.

THE BENARES RAJAHS.

[The following extract, from an important paper furnished to me by a distinguished officer of the Bengal Civil Service, with large experience in the North-Western Provinces, should have been inserted in its proper place in the Appendix, with reference to page 231 of this narrative:]

“How, whence, or wherefore the notion of disloyalty attached to the Rajah of Benares and his predecessors was a mystery. It was something like an epidemic. Whatever others might have said and done, the present one had received a good English education, was pleasant and gentlemanly, liberal in the matter of public entertainments and contributions. Yet, somehow, he was not popular with officials, the cantonment, or the city. The only persons who seemed to commend him were the missionaries of Segra, who at least dwelt nearest to his ordinary residence at Ramnuggur.

“By slow degrees I got some enlightenment on the subject. When the administration of the Benares Province was made over to British officers, it was covenanted that the Rajah should retain a special jurisdiction over certain tracts called ‘the family domains;’ that a fixed sum should be given him for the maintenance of his own official establishment, and a fixed rent-charge on the whole province. Now the Collector of Benares, from whose treasury the disbursements were made, had a very weak establishment, and was always longing to supplement the deficiency from the Rajah’s allowance. It was a constant source of contention—the two establishments, or a portion, were under the same roof, and assistance was often exacted. Unhappily, too, Mr. Thomason lent himself to a project for a compulsory cession. It appeared to me the public faith was pledged; the original covenant was brought up, its terms were clear; the perpetuity and unchangeableness absolutely expressed. In fine, the Court of Directors affirmed this judgment, and this question was ended. . . .

“When, after some years of better acquaintance, I was



about to leave Benares, I asked him to explain this still unsolved, mysterious adhesion of disloyalty to his predecessors and himself, and if he was aware of it. His answer was remarkable: 'It is so, it must be so, it always will be so, but I cannot as a point of honour explain the reason. You know as well as I do that the British Government made this Raj, and if that Government went down, where would the Raj be?'

"So we parted, and I left Benares no wiser on this point than when I came. At last, by the merest accident, I got the clue.

"In 1857, when we were immured in Agra Fort, and it was my duty to control every item of disbursement, an applicant for his pension was announced: 'The Rajah of Benares!' 'Who on earth are you?' 'The Rajah of Benares, Bulum Bahadur. Come for my pension of two thousand rupees per mensem.' I asked him to bring me all his papers; he had no hesitation, and was, in fact, abundantly communicative.

"Now, never once had the real Rajah of Benares given me the least hint of any such person's existence. Yet here was the grandson of the rebel Cheyt Sing, whose expulsion had been followed by the substitution of the present line, receiving a Government bounty conditionally, like Shimei of old, on his not crossing the boundary of the Agra district, and he had contrived to get copies of secret papers, from which it appeared that the Court of Directors, perhaps in alarm at Burke's vituperation, had of their own motion granted this allowance to the family of the deposed rebel. In reading these papers, it recurred to me that on one occasion, when I went to visit the famous fort of Bejegurh, Cheyt Sing's last stronghold, an elephant and palanquin were there at the foot of the hill, which moved off at my approach, and which did not return, when I sent a message to the party begging him not to consider my presence a hindrance. So I made a shot and taxed Bulum Bahadur with being that party. After much hesitation he allowed I was right, and was immensely relieved that we had both gone to the same place, seeing that his grandfather and mine (who was at the capture) had once been there, and Shimei's fate should not be his. After which,



Bulam Bahadur was full of intelligence. He, of course, was brimful of loyalty, while 'that other man,' as he called him, was head and chief in all the mutinies and local rebellions, and closely associated with the Nana. It was one of our amusements in the intelligence department, with which the Rajah of Benares was keeping up communication at great personal expense, and all the more valuable that we had no other, except *via* Bombay, to have B. B.'s grave reports of 'that other man's' defections.

"Not long afterwards came another accidental elucidation. The records of the Revenue Board had been gotten into the Fort and stowed anyhow in its recesses. When there was leisure for some arrangement, some papers turned up which had belonged to the old Benares Residency. Amongst them was some secret correspondence with Lord Cornwallis, and this with others explained the mystery.

"The Benares Raj originated with Munsa Ram, a small landowner of Gungapoor. By the ability of Bulwunt Sing, and repeated cessions of the Nawaub Vizier, it extended to the whole province, and Bulwunt Sing fixed his hold of it by alliance with the English—a defection not forgiven nor forgotten by Oude.

"Bulwunt Sing was succeeded by Cheyt Sing, who quarrelled with his minister, Owsan Sing, the grandfather of Deenarayan Sing. The minister took part with Hastings, Cheyt Sing intrigued with Francis.

"Then followed Hastings's journey to Benares, the arrest of Cheyt Sing, his rescue, rebellion, defeat, and flight to Gwalior, and the selection of his successor. Hastings thought it due to Bulwunt Sing to choose his daughter's son, Maheep Narayan. Had he followed the usage and traditions of the tribe, he would have reverted to the next male line of Deyaram, of which Koonr Juggut Sing was the representative.

"That might have passed away into oblivion, on the admitted principle that if the paramount Government can depose, it can also choose; but, unfortunately, Maheep Narayan, jealous of Koonr Juggut Sing's greater popularity, basely endeavoured, and for the time succeeded, in implicating Koonr Juggut Sing in Vizier Alee's rebellion. He