murder, there should also be different degrees of death-punishment. Colonel John Nicholson, of whose heroic character and illustrious career it will hereafter be my privilege to write in detail, was eager to have a special Act passed, legalising in certain cases more cruel forms of execution—that is to say, death with torture. "Let us," he wrote to Colonel Edwardes, at the end of May, "propose a Bill for the flaying alive, impalement, or burning of the murderers of the women and children at Delhi. The idea of simply hanging the perpetrators of such atrocities is maddening. I wish that I were in that part of the world, that if necessary I might take the law into my own hands." Again, a few days later, vehemently urging this exceptional legislation: "You do not answer me about the Bill for a new kind of death for the murderers and dishonourers of our women.* I will propose it alone, if you will not help me. I will not, if I can help it, see fiends of that stamp let off with simple hanging." Edwardes, it seems, was naturally reluctant to argue the question with his energetic friend; but Nicholson could not rid himself of the thought that such acts of cruel retribution were justified in every sense, and he appealed to Holy Writ in support of the logical arguments which he adduced. Writing at a later period, he said, "As regards torturing the murderers of the women and children: If it be right otherwise, I do not think we should refrain from it, because it is a Native custom. We are told in the Bible that stripes shall be meted out according to faults, and if hanging is sufficient punishment for such wretches, it is too severe for ordinary mutineers. If I had

1857. July.

* This was the mistake of the day. There had been no dishonouring of our women, in the sense intended.

1857. July. them in my power to-day, and knew that I were to die to-morrow, I would inflict the most excruciating tortures I could think of on them with a perfectly easy conscience. Our English nature appears to me to be always in extremes. A few years ago men (frequently innocent) used to be tortured merely on suspicion. Now there is no punishment worse than hanging, which is a very easy death, for atrocities which could not be exceeded by fiends. We have different scales of punishment for different kinds of theft, assault, forgery, and other crimes—why not for murder?"

Kindred sentiments might be quoted from other sources. Even the wisest and best in those days, though some might have shrunk from the open advocacy of torture, were prone to think that instantaneous death to men, who perhaps gloried in it as an anticipatory dismissal to eternal beatitude, was but an inadequate requital for the enormous crimes that were committed against us. Christian piety, indeed, was not slow to rebuke those who, in that conjuncture, had any bowels of compassion, making them reluctant to smite heavily at the persecutors of our race. It was from one of the purest hearts and one of the soundest heads in all our Christian community that the following remonstrance issued. It was addressed to Henry Tucker, Commissioner of Benares: "I fear in your case your natural tenderness. But, consider that we have to crucify these affections as well as our lusts. The magistrate bears not the sword in vain. The Word of God gives no authority to the modern tenderness for human life which would save even the murderer. I believe that your duty now is to be firm and resolute, to execute the law rigorously in its extreme penalties, and to set your face as a flint

against all concessions. It is necessary in all Eastern lands to establish a fear and awe of the Government. Then, and not till then, are its benefits appreciated. Previously, they are ascribed to weakness. We must be sternly, rigorously just against all treason, violence, and treachery, and hand down a tradition of our severity. Otherwise these troubles will recur." And even now, after the lapse of many years, there are few righteous men who will not readily accept this doctrine. What is dreadful in the record of retribution is, that some of our people regarded it not as a solemn duty or a terrible necessity, but as a devilish pastime, striking indiscriminately at the black races, and slaying without proof of individual guilt. That Neill was fully assured in his own mind that the men, on whom he had inflicted the terrible punishment, thus described in his own words, were among the actual perpetrators of the great crime which he was called upon to punish, cannot be questioned; and we must all devoutly hope that he was right.

1857. July.

Preparations for advance.

But the chastisement of the enemy was but a small part of the work which then lay before the English Generals. Their mission, indeed, was to save, not to destroy. Havelock had reminded his followers that the campaign was only begun—that Lucknow was in peril, Agra besieged, and Delhi still a focus of rebellion. And he had written to Neill, saying, "The instant you join me, I will, by the blessing of God, strike a blow that shall resound through India." He uttered these words in the flush of victory, when the excitement of battle had, perhaps, unhinged the habitual caution of the sagacious commander. And now that there was a lull in the operations of the

1857. war, the difficulties which lay before him presented themselves in their true proportions. But, although less sanguine and confident than before, he was not less determined to cross the river and to push on into Oude with the utmost possible despatch.

The defence of Cawnpore. July 19—23. It was necessary, however, before all things, at that time to secure the position of the detachment that was to be left under the command of General Neill. Havelock could ill spare a single man from the little force with which he was to advance on Lucknow, and it was with reluctance that he consented to leave so large a number as three hundred men for the defence of Cawnpore. But with the terrible experience of the past before him, he felt that he could not do less. Uncertain as to the position of his late antagonists—apprehending the probability that, on his crossing the Ganges with the bulk of his force, a large body of the Nana's troops would double back on Cawnpore—Havelock had resolved from the first to select the most advantageous site for an entrenched camp, and before the arrival of Neill the entrenchments had been commenced. "At a little distance from the common ferry," says Havelock's biographer,* "there was an elevated plateau, about two hundred yards in length and a hundred in breadth, situated on the bank of the river. At the distance of about five hundred yards from it there was an island on the river, partly submerged in this season of the year. Between it and the Oude Bank were two smaller islands of alluvial land, thrown up by the action of the river, but covered with water two or three feet deep, and visible only from the reeds which spring up upon them. The General was of opinion that these islands might be turned to good account, if he was

* Marshman's Life of Havelock.

obliged to recross the river, while the entrenchment on the right bank would effectually cover that operation. On this mound, accordingly, a field-work capable of accommodating and also of being defended by three hundred men was commenced on the 19th, and pushed on with extraordinary vigour."* The work was done by Native day-labourers chiefly from the city. The offer of good wages, paid regularly every evening, brought us the ready services of hundreds—nay, thousands of men, careless of what government or what race were in the ascendant, so long as they could eat, and smoke, and sleep, with certainty and without molestation. Disarmed and dismounted troopers of the Irregular Horse were also set to work at the trenches; and any skilled Europeans, willing to help, were retained, and their assistance paid for by the State. 1857. July 19—23.

So Neill found the works already in progress when he arrived, and they grew beneath the hands of the great swarm of labourers with surprising rapidity. His quick soldierly eye saw at once that there were some defects in the position; but he admitted that none better could have been selected. Whilst the workmen plied their shovels, our baggage was sent into the entrenchments, and the two Generals went about collecting the guns which were to defend the works in course of construction.† Then the sick were

* Mr. Sherer, in his official report, says: "General Neill was left with a garrison of less than two hundred men to hold Cawnpore." There can be no doubt, however, that the number stated by Mr. Marshman is the more correct. General Neill himself, writing on the 22nd, says: "I shall have nearly three hundred men of all kinds."

† See the following extracts from General Neill's Journal, which illustrate the narrative of these proceedings: "*Wednesday, 22nd.*—Heavy rain this morning—ride out to see entrenchment—don't like the ground about it, but suspect there is no better position. Have a long talk with the General about it. . . . Go with General to see the Arsenal; it is entirely destroyed; in a bad position. There are some brass dis-

1857. July 19—23. Arrangements for crossing the River.

sent in, and every preparation made for sheltering and providing for the effective garrison. And whilst this was being done, arrangements were being made for the conveyance of the bulk of Havelock's force across the waters of the Ganges. The old bridge of boats had been, for all practical purposes, destroyed; and now the steamer, which had brought Spurgin and his party up from Allahabad, was employed in collecting boats; but it was a work of no small difficulty to obtain them. Boatmen, too, were wanting, for men of this class, conscious that they had aided and abetted the foul murder of our people, had prudently dispersed on our reappearance on the scene. But, after a while, some were induced to return to their craft, on a promise of indemnity for past offences. A number of them were enrolled into a corps, and organised on a fixed scale of payment.*

mounted guns there, also three large iron ones in carriages. These, with all the guns here, are being taken down to the entrenched position. . . . . There is great plundering going on by the troops—most disgraceful—and on the part of Commandants, more particularly the Sixty-fourth; a disinclination to prevent their men misconducting themselves. I should have adopted very decided steps with all these regiments, and this force at first, but this has been neglected. All have taken to plundering, and the example set by officers has been very bad indeed; the plundering of the merchants and shopkeepers in the city by bands of soldiers and Sikhs has been most outrageous, and there has been no check to it. Orders here seem to be unattended to. Pistols and guns fired off in camp. Colonel Tytler informs me the want of attention to orders by Commandants of Corps and others is disgraceful, and I see it plainly. I suppose no force ever marched with a set of so inferior commanding officers. I fear General Havelock will not get off in time he expected; the difficulties in crossing the Ganges are very great. *Thursday*, 23*rd*. — Agreeably to orders of yesterday, send all sick down to entrenchment, get baggage down, and start myself with Gordon and Bruce. . . . . Governor-General's proclamation giving rewards for capture of rebels and bringing back property, published and promulgated in the bazaars, and all about—get copies printed off. Heavy rain at night. The entrenched position has no strength — except with three times the men—but I will hold it."

* "See Tytler—arrange about a corps of boatmen. He sends me part of a note he has sent to General Havelock about my going with him. . . . . So I may be off soon—set my house in order, as it were. Arrange about what I shall take and what leave behind, &c. &c."—*General Neill's Journal, July* 25. *MS.*

1857. July.

State of affairs in Oude.

There were many, at that time, who, as they had believed that it was easy "to make short work of Delhi," believed also that the relief of Lucknow would be attended with no kind of difficulty. Even in Havelock's camp it seemed to some to be an easy task to make good the march to the Oude capital. The distance was not great, but it was not a question of distance. The whole of Oude was up in arms against us. It was no more than any sane man, acquainted with the circumstances that had attended and the events which had followed the annexation of the kingdom of Oude, must have involuntarily predicated. The passions of all the influential classes were roused, and their antagonism stimulated to the utmost, against us. The remnant of the old Court of Lucknow, the Soldiery, the Landed Aristocracy, were all arrayed against the power that had trodden them down into the dust. It was not strange, therefore, that before the end of June there had been mutiny and rebellion in nearly every station throughout the province. Moreover, it was the great nursery of the Sepoys of the Bengal Army. Every village held the homes and families of men who were fighting against us; and, therefore, bristled with our enemies. Our regular regiments had ripened rapidly in rebellion. For a little space Sir Henry Lawrence had believed that he might play off the Irregulars against the battalions of the Line.* But they

* At the end of May, Sir Henry Lawrence had written to Lord Canning, saying: "Hitherto the country has been quiet, and we have played the Irregulars against the Line regiments. But being constituted of the same materials, the taint is fast pervading them, and, in a few weeks, if not days, unless in the interim Delhi be captured, there will be one feeling throughout the army—a feeling that our prestige is gone—and that feeling will be more dangerous than any other. Religion, fear, hatred, one and all, have their influences; but there is still a reverence for the Company's Ikbal. When it is gone, we shall have few friends, indeed."

1857. July.

were composed of the same elements; and in Oude, as in other parts, this faith was soon stripped of all that had sustained it, and stood out as a naked delusion. The great "ikhbal" of the Company was fast waning, and even our friends forsook us, believing us to be weak. There was little hope, indeed, from any source but from the wisdom of our leaders and from the courage of our English fighting-men. Of all these conditions, so hostile to British supremacy in Oude, I shall write more fully in another part of this narrative. It is sufficient in this place to give a brief account of the results, which had developed themselves—results obstructive in the extreme to the advance of Havelock's army.

These results, as apparent at the end of June, were thus described by Mr. Gubbins* in a letter to Lord Canning: "Every corps at every station in the province has mutinied, and the districts now are in a state of anarchy. Talookhdars are forcibly resuming their former villages, and burning and slaying all who oppose them. Old feuds are again breaking out, and fighting, both with guns, musketry, &c., is going on in every quarter, more or less. The head Civil Authority having been forced in each instance to abandon his Sudder Station; his Thannahs and Tehseels have gone also, and there is no restraint on violence and anarchy. Did the mutineers pass through and away, civil officers might again go out, and order might again be restored; but they are *not* gone, and are hanging about the province, looking for an opportunity of attacking Lucknow. This I believe they will never obtain, and they are meanwhile melting daily away. The following is the present

* Martin Gubbins, Financial Commissioner of Oude—brother of Frederick Gubbins of Benares.

1857. July.

aspect of the stations of mutineers in the province: "*Khyrabad Division* (Seetapoor, Mohumdi, and Mullaon).—Entirely abandoned. There was a terrible massacre of the Europeans of Shahjehanpoor and Mohumdie. Of the mutinous troops, the Forty-first Native Infantry and Tenth Oude Irregular Infantry have gone towards Delhi; and eleven hundred men, the remains of the Ninth Oude Irregular Infantry and Police Corps, are at Mehmoodabad, forty miles hence, trying to induce the Tolookhdars to join, and daily melting away.—*Lucknow Division* (Lucknow, Onao, Duriabad): Lucknow, and eight miles round it, is all that remains orderly in Oude. We hold two posts, the Residency and Muchee Bhowan, besides a miserable European force in cantonment. The Muchee Bhowan is imposing for the townspeople; but the Natives know, and our engineers have declared, it to be utterly untenable. Should, therefore, a siege be attempted, it will be blown up. The works at the Residency have been greatly strengthened, including my residence and others, and really a prolonged defence can be made. At Duriabad is the Fifth Oude Irregular Infantry in mutiny, but with numbers diminished. They have been joined by Fisher's Horse (Fifteenth), and the Eighth Oude Irregular Infantry from Sultanpore.—*Baraitch Division:* the Second and Third Oude Irregular Infantry, and Tulloh's Battery, and a hundred Horse, in mutiny, have not yet crossed the Gogra; are waiting.—*Fyzabad Division:* this was the most dangerous quarter; the Twenty-second Native Infantry, the Seventeenth from Azimgurh: the Sixth Oude Irregular Infantry, part of the Fifteenth Oude Cavalry, and Mill's Battery making up the mutineers there. This is dissipating somewhat—the Fifteenth

1857. July. Oude Horse having turned towards (as we believe) Cawnpore. Sultanpore abandoned and burnt; many Europeans killed. Salone: ditto; Europeans saved."

Such was the state of things that had grown up in Oude, whilst the English at Cawnpore had been engaged in that fatal struggle for existence which has been narrated in the preceding chapters. Notwithstanding all these reverses, there had been great confidence in the final issue, and, from one end of the country to the other, men felt that Sir Henry Lawrence was a tower of strength. But the month of June had closed in darkly and sadly upon the Lucknow garrison. On the last day of the month, the English had been disastrously defeated in battle at Chinhut. July had dawned upon the siege of Lucknow. And Havelock's victorious entrance into Cawnpore had been saddened by the news which met him —that one of the first victims of that siege had been Henry Lawrence himself. The General had known him well in old times. They had served together in Afghanistan; and were associated by bonds of mutual esteem and affection.* And none knew better than Havelock the loss which the country had sustained. But little time was left for the indulgence of personal or public sorrow. The first thoughts of the General were to be given to the living, not to the dead. It was plain to him that our beleaguered people in Lucknow were in deadly peril, and that all depended, under Providence, upon the rapidity with which he could make good his march to the Oude capital. He felt, too, that the work before him was not restricted to the relief of Lucknow. He did not,

* "Their acquaintance had commenced sixteen years before, amidst the embarrassments in Afghanistan, and it had gradually ripened into a sacred friendship, under the influence of that mutual appreciation and esteem by which great minds are attracted to each other."—*Marshman's Life of Havelock.*

at first, appreciate the full extent of the difficulties which beset his course, and, in the enthusiasm born of success, he thought that, having relieved Lucknow, he might either march to the reinforcement of the Army before Delhi, which was still holding out with undiminished effrontery, or he might operate effectually in other parts of the country, for the suppression of the mutiny and rebellion which in the North-Western Provinces had now become almost universal. 1857. July.

General condition of the country.

For from many parts of Upper India evil tidings had reached the Cawnpore commanders. Disaster had followed disaster with astounding rapidity. Almost every day brought a new story of mutiny and massacre—a new list of murdered men, women, and children. Some stories were more terrible, some lists were longer than others; but ever there was the same sad, but not inglorious, record of chivalrous action and heroic endurance on the part of the Few, and of cruelty and cowardice on the part of the Many. The gigantic horror of Cawnpore dwarfed all other calamities that had overtaken our people. But there were other crimes committed in that month of June light only when weighed against the burden of guilt borne by the butcher of Bithoor. In Jhansi —one of Lord Dalhousie's annexations by Right of Lapse*—there had been an insurrection headed by the Ranee, with a great destruction of English life. Nearly all Bundlekund was bristling up in arms against us. The troops of Scindiah and Holkar had mutinied and cast in their lot with the Poorbeahs of the Company's army; and many of our people had perished miserably in the territories of those princes, though as yet there were no signs of the hostility of the Durbars. Higher up in Rohilkund not only were the Sepoys in mutiny, murdering their officers, but

* See Volume I., pages 91—92.

1857. July. the country was in rebellion, and Mahomedan rule was proclaimed under the vice-royalty of Khan Behaudur Khan. Hansi and Hissar had seen their own tragedies; and there had been other episodes of the most painful interest to stir English hearts to their depths. In the Punjab, although it seemed that we were riding out the storm, strained to the utmost but not yielding to its blows, it was becoming plain that the Bengal regiments were breaking into revolt, and streaming down to swell the tide of rebellion at the great centre of Delhi. And ever as week followed week, though false rumours, too readily accepted, of the capture of the great imperial stronghold reached the lower country, only to sow the seeds of future disappointment, the Mogul capital was held by the mutinous troops that had proclaimed the supremacy of Behaudur Shah.

From Agra—then the seat of the Government of the North-Western Provinces—the tidings were not assuring. The great provincial capital, which all through the month of May had been held in security, though not without much doubt and anxiety, had in June been beleaguered by an enemy, which, in the shape of the mutinous regiments from Neemuch and Nusseerabad, had marched down to attack the second city in Hindostan. And whilst Lieutenant-Governor Colvin and all his Chief Officers had been shut up at Agra, the districts under his charge had been rolling away from him. That great triumph of British administration, so vaunted, so believed—the Settlement of the North-Western Provinces—had suddenly collapsed. For a time there was a great revolution of landed property, and almost all that the English had decreed had been down-trodden with a remorseless heel, as though what we had done and

1857. July.

boasted had been purposely done in violent scorn of the genius and instincts of the people. Even the Supreme Government, in the first week of July, were constrained to admit that "the North-Western Provinces were for the moment lost."* However humiliating the fact may have been, it was a fact. Our latest administrative triumphs had crumbled away at our feet.

There was some comfort in the thought that the main bodies of the Madras and Bombay armies had not fallen away from their allegiance. But it was hard to say what any hour might bring forth. One Bombay regiment was rising; there were threatening movements in the Southern Mahratta Country, and more than a suspicion that the old adherents of the Rajahs of Sattarah were in league with the representatives of the Peishwahs. The Bombay services in the persons of Brigadier Le-Grand Jacob and Messrs. Rose and Seton-Karr were emulating the good deeds of their brethren in Bengal, and Lord Elphinstone was nobly vindicating the confidence which the British Government had reposed in him, by placing him, for a second time, at the head of an Indian presidency. It was not beyond the pale of probability that Western India would soon be in a blaze. Then, in the Deccan, there was the great Mahomedan State of Hyderabad, where the Nizam, guided and supported by his accomplished minister, Salar Jung, holding fast to the English alliance, still doubted whether they could much longer restrain their troops,

* "The Bengal Native Army was in mutiny; the North-Western Provinces were for the moment lost; the King of Delhi and our treacherous Sepoys were proclaiming a new empire; small bodies of gallant Englishmen were holding out in isolated stations against fearful odds; the revolt was still extending; and the hearts of all Englishmen in India were daily torn by accounts of the massacre, and worse than massacre, of their women and children."—*Government of India to Court of Directors, July 4*, 1857.

1857. July. if Delhi continued to defy the English Government and to baffle all the efforts of its armies. The great chiefs of Rajpootana had as yet given no sign; but if Western India were to rise, the contagion might spread to them, and, in such circumstances, it would have been difficult to calculate the embarrassments of having a hostile country intersecting our communications between our leading positions on the East and on the West. Nepaul professed fidelity to her alliance, and was willing to lend us an auxiliary body of troops to operate upon Oude; but there were those who believed that on the first symptom of disaster, they would be eager to turn against us; and that, in any case, the enlistment of such allies would be a confession of weakness, which would inflict a severe moral injury on our Government. In whatsoever direction we turned our eyes there was not a gleam of comfort to be seen.

Crossing the river. July 25. By the 25th of July, Havelock's little army had crossed the Ganges. It had been a work beset with difficulties; but the practical energy of Colonel Tytler had surmounted them. The whole were now on the Oude side of the river. The entire force consisted of about fifteen hundred men, with ten guns imperfectly equipped and inefficiently manned. There was, as before, a great dearth of Cavalry. Excellent as it was in all soldierly qualities, this little band of volunteer Horse mustered only sixty sabres. It was in truth a very weak Brigade, such as only the glorious audacity of the English could have conceived for a moment to be capable of accomplishing the work before it. The hopes of the Lucknow garrison had been raised by something like a promise of relief

in the little space of five or six days.* But it was one that now seemed to be beyond the reach of fulfilment. And the wonder is not that the difficulties of the enterprise should have forced themselves upon Havelock's mind, in all their real magnitude, when he found himself across the Ganges, but that he should for a moment have made light of them. The week between the 21st and 28th of July had brought with it an amount of knowledge of the circumstances which surrounded him very fatal to the sanguine views which he had encouraged on his first arrival at Cawnpore. On the 28th he was at Mungalwur—it cannot be said encamped. That he might move as lightly and rapidly as possible, he had advanced without the impediment of tents. "Some," it has been narrated by an officer of the force, "were fortunate enough to get native huts; some managed to get native vaults, in which over-crowding was the rule; while the Sikh soldiers ingeniously rigged up thatched huts for themselves."† There was need, for the rain fell, day

1857. July 25—28.

* See the following extract from Mr. Martin Gubbins's "Mutinies in Oudh." On the 22nd or 23rd of July, the trusty spy Ungud arrived with tidings of Havelock's arrival at Cawnpore. "We had, it will be remembered," says the Financial Commissioner, "received no single iota of intelligence since the siege began; and now Ungud recounted to us the marvellous tale of a handful of men under Havelock having defeated the Nana in three engagements, and being actually at the moment master of Cawnpore. The news was astounding. We had all along been expecting that the Nana would cross the river and join the besieging force, if he had not actually done so already. I examined Ungud strictly, and came to the conclusion that the joyful and wondrous news was true."—"Many persons had entertained great doubt of the truth of Ungud's information. But their doubts were happily removed by his reappearance at my post on the night of the 25th of July; and this time he brought a letter. It was a reply by Colonel Fraser Tytler to the letter which Ungud had carried from me, and confirmed the intelligence which Ungud had previously given me. Colonel Tytler wrote that the General's force was sufficient to defeat the enemy, that the troops were then crossing the river, and that we might hope to meet in five or six days."

† *Calcutta Review*, vol. xxxii., Article, "Havelock's Indian Campaign."

1857. July 28. after day, in torrents, after the manner of an Indian July, and cholera had broken out in the force. There was nothing to cheer or to animate the leader but the one hope of saving the garrison of Lucknow. "I have this morning," wrote Havelock to Sir Patrick Grant, who had suggested that the enterprise was a hazardous one, "received a plan of Lucknow from Major Anderson, engineer in that garrison, and much valuable information in two memoranda, which escaped the enemy's outpost troops, and were partly written in Greek characters.* These communications, and much information orally derived from spies, convince me of the extreme delicacy anddifficulty of any operation to relieve Colonel Inglis, now commanding in Lucknow. It shall be attempted, however, at every risk, and the result faithfully reported."†

The advance into Oude. July 29. So Havelock marched on—Cawnpore with its ghastly memories behind him; before him, at Lucknow, the great horror of a catastrophe still more tragic and overwhelming; around him everywhere a multitude of mutinous soldiers and an armed population, hostile to the core; and with him only the fearlessness of the Englishman to make headway against these terrific odds.

* These had been brought by Ungud, the spy, of whom mention has been made in a former note.

† Marshman's Life of Havelock.

# BOOK VI.—THE PUNJAB AND DELHI.

[MAY—JULY, 1857.]

## CHAPTER I.

GENERAL CONDITION OF THE PUNJAB—SOURCES OF DANGER—BRITISH RELATIONS WITH AFGHANISTAN—CAUSES OF CONFIDENCE—MONTGOMERY AT LAHORE—EVENTS AT MEEAN-MEER—SERVICES OF BRIGADIER CORBETT—DISARMING OF THE NATIVE REGIMENTS—RELIEF OF THE FORT OF LAHORE—EVENTS AT UMRITSUR AND GOVINDGHUR—THE MUTINIES AT FEROZPORE AND PHILLOUR.

May, 1857. State of the Punjab.

ALTHOUGH to Lord Canning it had appeared that the most formidable dangers which threatened the security of the Anglo-Indian Empire took shape in the lower countries, because those countries were almost wholly destitute of the defence of European troops, he saw far off, at the furthest extremity of our British dominions, other great perils scarcely less in degree, but of a widely different kind, and counteracted by more favourable conditions. In the lower provinces he feared the malice of the Native soldiery. In the Punjab he dreaded, most of all, the enmity of the people. Sepoy regiments were scattered all over the Sikh country; but the province was, indeed, the great European garrison of British India. The strength of English manhood may have been slight in relation to the actual defensive requirements of our frontier-province abutting upon the Afghan country, from which, even from remote periods, suc-

1857. May. ceeding dynasties had looked for the stream of foreign invasion—small, too, in comparison with the numerical power of the Native regiments, regular and irregular, which were posted in all parts of the Punjab. But even with the mysterious failure of Meerut before his eyes, the Governor-General was full of confidence when he counted up the European regiments on the frontier, and felt that they might overawe the Sepoys. Yet he could not help regarding with some disquieting apprehensions the state of the general population of the province. Little more than seven years had passed since the Empire of Runjit Singh had been brought under the yoke of the English. The State had been overthrown by the soldiery. It was the licence of its military bands that had unintentionally opened to us the gates of the country of the Five Rivers, and the same power, revived or reawakened, might now cast us out, and restore for a while the dynasty of the Singhs. Men of the most sanguine temperament, inflated well-nigh to bursting with national self-love, could hardly believe that the Sirdars of the Punjab, who had lost so much by the conquest of their country, had become wholly reconciled to British rule and eager to perpetuate it. The truth embodied in a few pregnant words by the greatest master of common sense that the world has ever seen—"So many overthrown estates, so many votes for troubles"—could not be ignored at such a time. Then there was that other great fount of danger—"disbanded soldiery"—which might send forth a sudden torrent to swell the great stream of trouble.* "Walled towns, stored arsenals and armories,

Bacon.

* The numbers, however, must not be exaggerated. The remains of the Punjabee Army, after the second Sikh war, probably did not exceed 26,000 men. Of these about 10,000 were Sikhs, 7000 Punjabee Mahomedans, 4000 hill Rajpoots, 4000 Hindostanees, and 1000 Goorkhas. About 4000 of these old soldiers were enlisted into the Punjab Irregular Force, and an equal number into the Military Police.

goodly races of horse, chariots of war, elephants, ordnance, artillery, and the like," wrote the same great master—"all this is but a sheep in lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the people be stout and warlike." The breed and disposition of the Sikhs were stout and warlike. We could not regard with contempt the military prowess of the nation which had sent forth the men who, in the great battles of the Sutlej, had taxed to the utmost the skill and valour of Hardinge and Gough, with the best troops of the British Empire at their back, and had driven our Dragoons like sheep before them on the plain of Chillianwallah. 1857. May.

Nor was the only danger which threatened the position of the British in our great frontier province, that which glared upon us from the Punjab itself. Beyond the border were turbulent tribes, occupying the Afghan passes, whom it had been our policy now to bribe, now to awe, into submission. An irruption of these predatory hordes into the plain of Peshawur would have caused wide-spread confusion, in the midst of which bodies of Afghan Horse, led, perhaps, by one of the chiefs of the Barukzye family of Caubul, might have streamed down upon our position, and burying, as they had before done, all jealousies and animosities in the grave of a common purpose, might have allied themselves with the Sikhs, and swept the English out of the country. But thinking of this, Lord Canning thought also of the recent subsidiary treaty with Dost Mahomed, of the friendship that had been outwardly established between the two nations, and, above all, of the fact that the strongest feelings of self-interest dictated to the Ameer a course of neutrality at such a time, and that love of English money was stronger than hatred of the English race.

1857. May. Thankfully and hopefully, he remembered the wise advice of Edwardes and the admirable diplomacy of Lawrence;* and he ceased to be troubled by the thought of an Afghan invasion, tremendous as would have been the disaster if it had come upon us at such a time.

There were some other circumstances, too, in our favour. The population of the Punjab was a mixed population. There were national and religious diversities, which forbade the union and concentration which give force even to the feeble. In other parts of our Empire there were diversities of faith, but long contact had rubbed off the angularities which kept them apart, and in the Hindooised Mahomedan, or the Mahomedanised Hindoo, might be seen something almost amounting to fusion. But there was a gulf between the Sikhs and the Mahomedans of the Punjab —between both and the people of Hindostan. The Sikhs learnt with no feeling of joy or sympathy that the King of Delhi had been proclaimed in his old capital, and that Mahomedanism was likely again to be dominant in Upper India. They called to mind exciting national prophecies, which said that the Sikhs would some day stream down to the sack of Delhi; and the old greed of plunder was revived strenuously within them. It might be better for them, at first, to cast in their lot with the Feringhees, whose hour would come sooner or later; it was too soon to strike then. There was some comfort in this thought. There was comfort, too, in the remembrance that the Punjab had been disarmed; that the warlike population of the conquered country no longer went about with swords at their sides, or had firelocks stored in their houses. In all such cases it is probable that the dis-

* *Ante* vol. i. pp. 432, *et seq.*

1857. May.

armament is but partial; for whilst the searchings of authority are active, many implements of war are buried in the ground, or hidden in stacks or thatches, ready to be exhumed or extracted from their hiding-places, if necessity for their use should arise. Still the danger from that source—of many arms in the hands of men knowing how to use them—though not, perhaps, wholly removed, had been greatly diminished; and in numerous instances the sword had been turned into the ploughshare or the reaping-hook, and soldiers had settled down into the peaceful ways of agricultural life. That they felt the benefits of a strong and a just Government after the years of unrest which had followed the death of Runjit Singh is not to be doubted; and their martial instincts might have been dying out under the subduing influences of a reign of order.

These circumstances were to be counted up in our favour; and there was one more to be added to the account. As the country below the Sutlej had been well-nigh swept of its military strength to garrison the Punjab, so also might it be said that the lower provinces had been drained of the best energies of the political and civil branches of the service to govern and to administer it. Lord Canning, ever hopeful and sanguine; and, manly himself, appreciating the power of individual manhood in others, looked confidently towards the country in which John Lawrence and his Lieutenants stood vigilant and ready for action. Resolute that the Punjab should in all senses be a success, Lord Dalhousie had looked around him for men of good performance and of good promise, and the flower of the two services was planted there when he handed over the Government of India to his successor. There Robert Montgomery and Donald

1857. May. Macleod, afterwards Chief Rulers of the Province, filled the places next in rank to the Chief Commissionership. There Thornton and Roberts, Barnes and Ricketts, of the one service—Edwardes and Nicholson, Becher and Lake, Taylor and James, of the other, and many other resolute and sagacious men, were teaching the people to respect and love them. There, too, was that famous Punjab Irregular Force raised by the Lawrences, and commanded by Neville Chamberlain, with picked officers under him—men such as Coke, Wilde, Daly, and others of the same stamp—a force of horse and foot, trained alike to activity and to endurance amidst the difficulties of a mountain frontier eight hundred miles in extent, and little likely, it was believed, to sympathise with the Poorbeah regiments of Hindostan. If anywhere throughout our Indian dominions confidence could be placed in the men whose lot it would be to grapple with the dangers rising up before them, it was in the "pet province" of Lord Dalhousie. No man knew better than Lord Canning how all might be lost by individual feebleness, or all might be won by individual strength. All had been lost at Meerut and Delhi; but he had abundant faith in Lawrence and in those who worked under him in the Punjab; and as days passed, and he learnt, somewhat slowly by reason of postal and telegraphic interruptions, the events which were developing themselves in that province, he felt more and more assuredly that his confidence was not misplaced. Of these events I now proceed to speak.

Lawrence at Rawul-Pindee.

The summer heats had driven Sir John Lawrence from Lahore. The ceaseless labour of years had

weakened a robust frame and impaired a naturally strong constitution. A visit to England had been recommended to him; but with that great love of his work, which was shared by all who worked under him in the Punjab, he was reluctant to leave the country so long as he could do his duty with manifest advantage to the State. But he had recognised the necessity of consenting to a compromise, and going out half way to meet the urgency of the case.* There were cool and pleasant places within the range of the great province which he administered—places in which he might do his work, during the extreme heats of the summer weather, without the waste of strength, which could not be arrested at Lahore. So he had been wont, in the month of May, to repair to the refreshing slopes of the Murree Hills; and thither he was this year bound, when the first tidings of the disastrous events at Meerut and Delhi were brought by telegraph to the Punjab. Then he stood fast at Rawul-Pindee, a spot from which he could observe well all that was passing in the Punjab, and looking down, as it were, from an eminence on the varied scene below, could issue mandates to his lieutenants all over the country, and make his presiding genius felt beyond the limits of the province he governed. 1857. May.

Next in authority to the Chief Commissioner was the Judicial Commissioner. Mr. Robert Montgomery was a Bengal civilian of thirty years' standing in the service. A member of a good Irish Protestant family, he had been taught and disciplined in early youth at that school which had imparted the rudiments of education to the Lawrences. There, on May 11, 12. Montgomery at Lahore.

* On the 13th of May, Sir John Lawrence, in a letter to Colonel Edwardes, wrote, "I have been very unwell and unable to write. The night before last I put some aconite on my temple. It is a deadly poison. In the night it worked into my eye, and I was nearly blinded."

1857. May. the banks of the Foyle, these young cotemporaries had become familiar with the stirring watch-words of Derry: "No surrender!" There, if they did not acquire much classic lore, they laid broad and deep the foundations of a manly character. Hardy, robust, and well-disciplined, they went forth into the world by different paths; but time brought the Derry boys again together to sit beside each other on the same Bench, and to learn the same great lessons. When the Lahore Board of Administration was dissolved, Henry and John Lawrence and Robert Montgomery were its members. On the institution of the new administrative system, under the Chief Commissionership of John Lawrence, Mr. Montgomery became Judicial Commissioner.* There were some characteristic differences between him and his chief; but they lay mainly on the surface. An unmistakable benevolence of aspect, and a rare gentleness of manner, might have led some to suppose that he was one made to shine only in quiet times and in happy circumstances. But the genial smile and the kindly voice, which won all hearts, denoted not the absence of that resolute will and that stern courage which spoke out so plainly in the look and bearing of the Chief Commissioner. It only needed a great occasion to show that he could be hard as a rock and cruel as steel to resist the oppressions of the proud, and to smite the persecutors of our race. And those who knew him best said of him that it was a fortunate

* During the existence of the Lahore Board of Administration, Montgomery, who was a civilian of the Thomasonian school, who had graduated in the North-Western Provinces, concurred in the opinions and supported the views of John more frequently than those of Henry Lawrence; but, at a later period, his measures both in Oudh and the Punjab indicated his mature acceptance of the principles and policy of the latter. In no one have the Native aristocracy found a more generous advocate than in Sir Robert Montgomery.

circumstance that they had then at Lahore, as chief director of affairs, one who was a man of impulse, with whom to think was to act, and whose very defects, including a want of caution and circumspection, were of a kind to be essentially serviceable in such a conjuncture. 1857. May.

The hour of the great crisis found Mr. Montgomery at the civil station of Anarkullee, situated at the distance of a mile from the Punjabee capital. In the city of Lahore itself there was a mixed population, numbering nearly a hundred thousand, the most numerous classes being Sikhs and Mahomedans, many of them born soldiers. The fort, which was within the walls of the city, was garrisoned by a company of an European regiment, some details of European Artillery, and half a regiment of Sepoys. These detachments for garrison duty were relieved at fixed intervals, and returned to the cantonment of Meean-Meer, six miles from Lahore, where the great bulk of our military force was posted. At that station were three regiments of Native Infantry and a regiment of Native Cavalry, watched by the Eighty-first Foot and two troops of European Horse Artillery. Two of the Sepoy regiments were among the most distinguished in the service. The Sixteenth Grenadiers was one of the "beautiful regiments" which had fought under Nott against the Afghans of Candahar, and the Twenty-sixth had done so well under Pollock, that Lord Ellenborough had made it a Light Infantry corps. The other Native regiments were the Forty-ninth Infantry and the Eighth Cavalry. Roughly computed, it may be said that the Native troops outnumbered the Europeans as four to one. State of the troops at Meean-Meer.

On Monday, the 11th of May, it was known at Lahore that the Meerut regiments had revolted. On May 11.

1857. May 12. the morning of the 12th came the still more exciting intelligence that Delhi was in the hands of the rebels. The tremendous significance of these tidings was not likely to be underrated by a man of Montgomery's intelligence and experience. But it did not bewilder him for a moment. He saw clearly that the safety of India depended at such a time on the salvation of the Punjab. The Punjab in the hands of the enemy, and all Upper India must be lost. It was certain that the great arsenal of Delhi had gone from us; it was impossible to exaggerate the helplessness of the English if the magazines of the Punjab and the adjacent territories were also to be wrested from them. Any success on the part of the Regular Sepoy regiments might stimulate all the Irregular battalions in the Punjab to revolt, and this might be followed by a rising of the people. But it was not equally clear how this gigantic evil was to be arrested. Understanding well the native character, Montgomery knew that the Sepoy was not less likely to be driven into hostility by his fears than by his resentments. It might, therefore, be the safer course to keep things quiet, and to betray no symptom of suspicion. But, on the other hand, it was impossible to overrate the advantage of striking the first blow. The party that is first to be the party of action has a double chance of success.

But the general knowledge that there was a spirit of mutiny in the Bengal Army might not have induced the authorities at Lahore to take the initiative, and might not have justified them in doing it, if there had been no particular knowledge of local disaffection among the Punjabee troops. This knowledge, however, had been obtained. On a suggestion from Mr. Montgomery, Captain Richard Lawrence,

Chief of the Police and Thuggee Departments in the Punjab, had commissioned the head-writer of the Thuggee office, a Brahmin of Oude, to ascertain the feelings and intentions of the Lahore troops. A fitter agent could not have been employed, for his were both the country and the caste of the most influential of the Poorbeah Sepoys. He did his work loyally and well. Scrupulous as he was, on the score of caste, as any Brahmin in the service, he had no sympathy with the treacherous machinations of men who were eating the salt of the British Government, and were under the kindly care of its officers; and he brought back to Richard Lawrence, after brief but satisfying inquiry, tidings that the regiments at Mecan-Meer were ripe for revolt. "Sahib," said the faithful Brahmin, "they are full of *fissad**—they are up to *this* in it;" and he laid his hand upon his throat. It was plain that they were only waiting for information from the countries below to break into open mutiny. 1857. May 12.

In this conjuncture Montgomery took counsel with his colleagues—the chief civilians and staff-officers at Anarkullee, who assembled in the house of Macpherson, the Military Secretary. They were Mr. Donald Macleod, Mr. Egerton, Colonel Ommaney, Mr. Roberts, Captains Macpherson, Richard Lawrence, and Waterloo Hutchinson. There was an animated discussion. Macpherson had already talked the matter over with Robert Montgomery, and they had agreed that it would be expedient to deprive the Sepoys of their ammunition. It was now suggested by the former that this should be done—that the ammunition should be lodged in store, and that the regiments should be told that, as they had obviously much The Council at Anarkullee.

* Sedition.

1857. May 12. anxiety with respect to the greased cartridges, it was the order of the Government that all ground of alarm should be removed for the present by leaving them without any ammunition at all. On this Richard Lawrence said, "I would disarm them altogether;" to which Macpherson replied that it was scarcely probable that the military authorities would consent to such a measure. After some further discussion, Montgomery determined that he and Macpherson should drive over to the military station and propose to the Brigadier, at any rate, to deprive the Native regiments of their ammunition. In ordinary course of affairs, the Chief Commissioner would have been consulted. But there was an interruption of the telegraphic communication between Lahore and Rawul-Pindee; so the responsibility of deciding upon immediate action rested with Montgomery, and he cheerfully undertook it.

Brigadier Corbett. The station of Mecan-Meer was then in military charge of Brigadier Stuart Corbett, an officer of the Indian Army, who had served the Company for nearly forty years, but had lost but little of the bodily and none of the mental vigour of his prime; and it was a happy circumstance that he had none of that incapacity to grasp strange incidents and new situations—none of that timid shrinking from responsibility—which is so often evinced by feeble minds, trammelled by the associations of long years of convention and routine. A happy circumstance, indeed, that to such a man Montgomery now communicated the alarming tidings which had been received from Meerut and Delhi. Corbett saw at once that there was a pressing necessity for prompt and vigorous action; and, though, at first, knowing well the feelings of the officers under his command, he could not

embrace the bold project of disarming the troops, he did not hesitate to adopt the proposal to render the Native regiments comparatively harmless by the seizure of their ammunition. But, as the day advanced, he began to doubt whether the precautionary measures on which they had resolved in the morning would suffice for such an emergency. So he wrote to Macpherson in brief decided language, more emphatic than official, saying that he would "go the whole hog" and disarm the troops altogether. And Montgomery readily consented to the proposal.* 1857. May 12.

It was a bold measure, and to be accomplished only by secrecy and suddenness. But neither Mont- The Station Ball.

* It has been stated, and upon authority commonly trustworthy—that of Mr. Cave Browne, in his very valuable work "The Punjab and Delhi in 1857"—that it was the consideration of a more pressing local danger that caused the extreme measure of disarming the troops to be agreed upon. It is said that intelligence had been received to the effect that the Sepoy regiments had conspired to seize the fort of Lahore. It was garrisoned, as above related, by some European Infantry and Artillery, and a wing of a Native regiment. During the first half of the month of May, the Twenty-sixth were on garrison duty; but on the 15th of the month they were to be relieved by the Forty-ninth. And it was agreed that the wing marching out and the wing marching in—more than a thousand men in all—should turn upon the Europeans and slay them; and then, at a given signal to be seen from a distance, the Sepoys at Meean-Meer should rise, massacre their officers, seize the guns, fire the Cantonments, and release all the prisoners in the gaol. Nor was the rising to be confined to Meean-Meer. It was believed that at Umritsur, at Ferozpore, at Phillour, and Jullundhur the Sepoy regiments were alike prepared to break into rebellion, and that everywhere their first measure would be the seizure of our magazines. The authority for this story was a Sikh police-officer—said to be a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and of undoubted loyalty to the British Government—who had communicated it to Richard Lawrence. But after a very searching inquiry into the events of that morning at Meean-Meer, I have been compelled to discard the whole story, so far at least as concerns its alleged effect upon the minds of Montgomery and Corbett, and the consequent disarming of the troops. Mr. Browne says that God's mercy in permitting the timely discovery of this plot "alone saved hundreds from the snare laid for them." But there are grave doubts as to the existence of the plot, and it was not even talked of until *after* the measure of disarming the troops had been agreed upon. What Richard Lawrence, Captain of Police, really ascertained, at Montgomery's suggestion, was that which is stated in the text. And it is the belief both of Montgomery and Richard Lawrence, as now before me under their own hands, that no new information of any kind caused Corbett to adopt the bolder course.

1857. May 12—13. gomery nor Corbett doubted for a moment that a single white regiment, with a good complement of European Artillery, resolutely commanded and skilfully handled, could overawe the Native Brigade, and force them to lay down their arms. A general parade was, therefore, ordered for the following morning. There was nothing in it to invite suspicion. Everything went on as usual in Cantonments. A ball was that evening to be given by the officers of the station to Colonel Renny and the officers of the Eighty-first Foot. All suggestions as to its postponement were wisely set aside. Nothing was to be done to excite suspicion. The Sepoys of Mecan-Meer, and their brethren of all classes, were to see that the English were feasting and dancing in total unconcern, as ever conscious of their strength and confident in their security. So the rooms of the Artillery Mess-House were lighted up at the appointed time; and hosts and guests assembled as though bent only on the enjoyment of the hour. A few there knew what was coming in the morning, and others had a vague impression of an impending danger—an approaching crisis—that might turn that gaily decorated ball-room into a grim battle-field. Some vague reports passed from one to another about the muster of which they had read in the order-book; and the more suspicious were well pleased to think that they could lay their hands upon their swords in a moment. The greater number neither knew nor suspected, but grumbled, saying that it was an inconsiderate and unkindly thing at best to order a general parade for the morning after a ball. And so they danced on into the small hours of the morning, and saw their wives and daughters home, as though there were nothing to disturb the smooth surface of ordinary events. The

Native sentries posted here and there in Cantonments saw nothing in the movements of the English to indicate anxiety or mistrust. If the Sepoys had, as was alleged, really planned the destruction of the English at Mecan-Meer, they must have rejoiced in the thought that their victims, utterly regardless of their doom, were going blindfold to the shambles. 1857. May 12—13.

But when the hours of morning-darkness were past, and day had dawned upon Mecan-Meer, other thoughts than these took possession of the Sepoy mind. The Brigade assembled on the parade-ground. There was nothing peculiar in the appearance of that assembly, except that Montgomery, Roberts, and others of the chief civil officers from Anarkullee, were to be seen mounted on the ground.* Every soldier obeyed the orders that were issued to him. The regiments were drawn up in line of contiguous columns. The Artillery and Eighty-first (not numbering more than two hundred and fifty men) were on the right, the Native Cavalry on the left, and the Infantry regiments in the centre; the white men appearing as a mere dot beside the long line of the blacks. At the head of each regiment was read aloud the Government order disbanding the mutinous Thirty-fourth at Barrackpore. These formal proceedings over, the serious business of the morning commenced. The Native regiments were ordered to change front to the rear, and at the same time the Eighty-first also changed front, so as to face the Sepoys; the Artillery, then in the rear, loading their guns unseen by the Native regiment. When this manœuvre, which seemed whilst in execution to be only a part of the Brigade exercise of the morning, May 13. The disarming Parade.

* They had ridden over from Anarkullee in the morning. It appears that they were not at the ball.

1857. May 13. had been accomplished, a staff officer, Lieutenant Mocatta, Adjutant of the Twenty-sixth Regiment, who could speak the Native languages fluently and correctly, was ordered forward by the Brigadier to read his address to the Sepoys. He did it well, in a clear loud voice, explaining to them that now, a mutinous spirit having evinced itself in other regiments, and brought many good soldiers to certain destruction, it was better that the distinguished regiments at Meean-Meer, which had done so much good service to the State, should place themselves beyond the reach of temptation by surrendering all means of offence; so they were ordered to—"Pile arms."

Whilst this address was being delivered to the Sepoys, the Eighty-first fell back by subdivisions between the guns; and when the word was given to pile arms, the Native regiments found themselves face to face with a long line of Artillery, and a row of lighted portfires in the hands of the English gunners. At the same time the voice of Colonel Renny rung out clearly with the command, "Eighty-first, load!" and then there was the rattle of the ramrods, which told that there was death in every piece. For a minute the Grenadiers had hesitated to obey the order; but thus confronted, they saw that to resist would be to court instant destruction; so they sullenly resigned themselves to their fate, and piled their muskets to the word of command, whilst the Cavalry unclasped their belts and laid their sabres on the ground. The Eighty-first then came forward and removed the arms, for which a large number of carts were waiting near the parade-grounds, and the Sepoys went baffled and harmless to their Lines.* It was a

* The arms were taken under a guard of the Eighty-first to the Lahore Fort.

great design executed with consummate skill; and if by a first blow a battle was ever won, the battle of the Punjab was fought and won that morning by Montgomery, Corbett, and Renny. 1857. May 13.

But this bloodless victory at Meean-Meer was not the whole of that morning's work. Whilst the parade was being held, three companies of the Eighty-first were marching to Lahore to secure the Fort. A wing of the Twenty-sixth Sepoys was on garrison duty there. It was yet wanting two days of the completion of their tour of duty; and unless they wondered why none of their officers were dancing at Meean-Meer, there was nothing to create suspicion that there was anything unwonted in the air. But when suddenly, a little while after sunrise, news came that the Europeans were marching on the Fort, they saw at once that whatever plots were to have been acted out on the 15th, they had been discovered, and that the game was altogether lost. Colonel Smith, with his three companies, marched into the Fort. The Sepoys were ordered to lay down their arms. Resistance was hopeless, and they obeyed to a man. The companies of the Eighty-first were then told off to their various duties, and the Sepoys were marched to Meean-Meer, crestfallen and dispirited, there to learn the history of the eventful parade of the morning. They found the place bristling with the bayonets only of the white men. European picquets and sentries were posted everywhere. Arrangements were being made to secure the safety of the women and children in the English barracks, and messengers were speeding to different parts of the country to warn our countrymen of the danger with which they were threatened. Seizure of the Fort of Lahore.

1857. May 13. Govindghur and Umritsur.

To secure the safety of one point, although that one point were the great capital of the Punjab, had not been, on that 12th of May, the sole object of Montgomery's exertions. With a strong European Brigade, Horse, Foot, and Artillery, the authorities at Meerut had refused to divide their force, and had looked only to the safety of the station. But at Lahore, with only one regiment of English Infantry and a few English gunners, in the face of a still larger body of Native troops, Montgomery took a comprehensive view of all surrounding dangers, and turned the scanty means at his disposal to larger account than most men would have deemed possible. But it was his good fortune to find in the military chief a kindred spirit, and to meet with ready response to all his suggestions. If at that time there had been, on the part of the military, any ominous shakings of heads and feeble wringings of hands, all would have been lost. But to Corbett and Renny nothing seemed impossible. With the perilous work before them of disarming the Meean-Meer troops, they had sent off three companies of their one white regiment to Lahore; but the crisis was one which demanded even further sacrifice of immediate strength. It was certain that there was much to be done with small means; but it is in such daring and such doing that greatness consists. Another company of the Eighty-first was despatched in Native carriages, hastily collected, to afford succour to another place which seemed to be girt with danger.

The fortress of Govindghur, which lies some thirty miles from Lahore, is the military stronghold of the great city of Umritsur, the spiritual capital of the Punjab—a city invested in the minds of the Sikh people with the holiest associations. In no place throughout the Punjab was the influence of the

priesthood so powerful; in no place had the spirit of nationality so largely survived the subjugation of the people. There the Sikh inhabitants were more likely to rise than in any part of the country; and to that centre, more than to any other point, were the Sikhs likely to turn their eyes for a given signal of general insurrection. From the first moment Montgomery had recognised the paramount importance of securing the fort and overawing the city. On the morning of the 12th, with the Delhi telegrams before him, he had written to Mr. Cooper, Deputy Commissioner, advising him of what had happened below, telling him that at Lahore they might have to fight for their lives, and urging upon him the immediate necessity of "caring for Govindghur." "I would advise," he said, "every precaution being adopted beforehand, so as to be ready in case of a row. You shall have the best information of all that is going on, and the more quietly we move the better. Do not alarm the Sepoys by any previous acts, but keep the strictest watch on them; and the feelings of the city should be ascertained by every source at your command. Open communication with Jullundhur, and find out what is going on there. My advice is to be fully alive and awake, and prepared for the worst, without creating any alarm by any open act. If the troops should rise, you have the fort to go to, and can defend yourselves." And these stirring words were addressed to a Lieutenant worthy of his chief. Mr. Cooper was not a man to be appalled by any danger; and under him again there was another civil officer, Mr. Macnaghten, Assistant Commissioner, equally ripe for any hazardous enterprise that might fall in the way of his duty. 1857. May 11.

Cool and collected, and fertile in resources and ex-

1857. May. pedients, these two now bethought themselves of turning to the best account every possible circumstance that was in their favour. The report at Umritsur was that the disarmed Sepoys from Meean-Meer were coming in a body to help the regiments at the former place to sieze upon Govindghur. The fortress was garrisoned mainly by Sepoy troops. The only Europeans were the gunners of a weak company of Artillery. There was, however, in the Cantonment a horse-battery, under Captain Waddy, manned by white soldiers, and this was now removed into the fort. Cooper, with a party of Irregular horsemen and some faithful Sikhs, took post opposite the fort gates, whilst Macnaghten went out on the Lahore road to raise a body of villagers to intercept the advance of the rebel Sepoys. The agricultural communities were known to be on our side. They were in a state of unexampled prosperity. There had been one of the richest harvests known for years. Many of the peasantry were hardy Ját cultivators, with no sympathetic leanings towards the Sepoys from Hindostan. They promptly responded to the call, and arming themselves with whatsoever weapons they could seize—perhaps only the implements of their calling—went forth to form a living barrier against the wave of insurrection which, it was believed, was pouring in from Lahore. But safety, not danger, was on the road. About midnight, a noise as of a coming multitude was heard. Macnaghten mustered his villagers, and formed across the highway a sturdy rampart of carts, behind which they awaited the approach of the enemy. But they found themselves face to face with a most welcome arrival of friends. It was the company of the Eighty-first, under Chichester, that had been sent to the relief of Govindghur.

Before daylight the relief had been accomplished, and the fortress was safe. 1857. May.

So, for the time, by the exertions of Montgomery and Corbett, and those who worked under them, the two great cities of Lahore and Umritsur were placed beyond the reach of immediate danger. By prompt and unexpected movements on the part of British authority, the revolt of the Sepoys had been paralysed in the very hour of its birth, and on the spots most favourable to its vigorous development. But there were other places, at no great distance, which, although of far less political importance, suggested grave doubts and anxieties to our chiefs; and Montgomery, therefore, on the same day sent expresses to all the principal civil officers in the Punjab, bearing copies of a confidential circular letter, in which they were informed of what had taken place, and warned to be in readiness to act promptly and vigorously in the event of an emergency, but to maintain outward calmness and quietude in the face of danger—to be fully alive to the magnitude of the crisis, but to betray no symptom of alarm or excitement. Instructions were issued for the safe custody of the Treasuries, for the strengthening of the Sikh Police, and for the detention of all Sepoy letters; and it ended with the assuring words: "I have full reliance on your zeal and discretion." Ferozpore.

There were two places, especially, which it was most important to secure, on account of the military resources they contained. At Ferozpore and Phillour were large quantities of munitions of war, with but few European troops to defend the magazines against the too probable assaults of the Sepoys. At the

1857. May 13. The Forty-fifth and the Fifty-seventh.

former place were an arsenal and a magazine of considerable dimensions—the largest in that part of India. Two regiments of Native Infantry and a regiment of Native Cavalry were posted there, and the temper at least of one of the regiments was more than suspected. Appearances, however, were less formidable than at Meean-Meer, for the European strength was greater in proportion to the Sepoy force. The Sixty-first Queen's was cantoned at Ferozpore, and there also were two companies of European Artillery. The station was commanded by Brigadier Innes, an old Sepoy officer of good repute; but he laboured at that time under the disadvantage of being a stranger. He had arrived to take command of the Brigade only on the morning of the 11th. On the following night news came from Lahore that the Sepoys in Meerut and Delhi had risen, and the Brigadier was informed that the Native troops at Lahore were to be disarmed on the following day. On the 13th the Brigadier, anxious to discern for himself the bearing of his men, held a morning parade. Their demeanour was not encouraging. If there were nothing openly defiant in their manner, there was an absence of that easy, careless, unoccupied look which characterises the Sepoy in quiet times. It was plain that something was coming.

The parade dismissed, Brigadier Innes called a Council of War. The members summoned were the principal political officers, the Commandants of the several regiments, and the Commissary of Ordnance. There was no attempt to obscure the fact that the temper of the Sepoys was most suspicious, and that the safety of the station depended on prompt and vigorous action. Instantly to disarm the Native regiments in a body was not held to be a measure

that could be attempted without danger; why is not very clear. So it was determined to divide them—a poor half measure, which could scarcely be crowned with success—and to disarm them separately on the morrow. But the morrow of vigorous action never comes. The man for a crisis is he who knows no morrow, but is resolute to strike to-day. The regiments were paraded separately, and marched off to different camping-grounds at a distance from their Lines. The Fifty-seventh quietly obeyed orders, and bivouacked on their allotted space for the night. The Forty-fifth, who were marched through the great Bazaar, lost there the little loyalty that was left in them; for among the buyers and the sellers were scatterers of sedition, and sparks flew about everywhere to bring on a great explosion. It happened, too, that as they went the Sepoys caught sight of the European soldiery, and, believing that a hostile movement was intended, raised a cry that there was treachery abroad, and numbers of them fell out, loaded their muskets, and made a rush for the magazine. The rest marched on to their camping-ground. 1857. May 13.

The outer defences of the magazine were in a state to favour the ingress of the mutineers. The ditch was filled up, and the walls were in ruins; so the Sepoys of the Forty-fifth were soon within the so-called entrenchments. But the magazine itself was less assailable, for it was protected by a high wall, and the only entrance was defended by a guard of Redmond's Europeans. The Sepoys within did their best to assist their comrades with scaling-ladders;* but the English soldiery were more than a match for the

* Brigadier Innes says that the Sepoys of the Forty-fifth "made a rush at the intrenchments with scaling-ladders, which must have been previously prepared."

1857. May 13—14. mutineers within and without. The former were seized and disarmed; the latter were driven back, but not before Redmond himself had been wounded. The magazine was thus saved, and three more companies of the Sixty-first having been thrown into it, its security was established. But to save the magazine was in effect to sacrifice the Cantonment. With so small a body of European troops, it was impossible to defend one part without exposing another. The very division of the Sepoys, which had been thought an element of strength, was in result only a source of difficulty and danger. The remaining companies of the Sixty-first, menaced on both sides, could do little or nothing to save the Cantonment. For the great Bazaar poured forth its multitudes to plunder and destroy. The bungalows of the European officers, the mess-houses, the churches, Protestant and Catholic, were sacked and fired. The night was a night of terror; but the families of the English officers were safe in the barracks of the Sixty-first, and the fury of the assailants did not fall on our defenceless people.

Meanwhile the Fifty-seventh had remained inactive on their camping-ground, and when morning dawned it was found that there had been but few deserters. The Brigadier, therefore, declared that he would regard them as loyal soldiers, if they would lay down their arms in the European Lines. The Light Company marched in with apparent willingness; but as the others were following, they saw a movement of the Sixty-first, directed against some men of the Forty-fifth, who had been tampering with their more loyal comrades, and believing that the Light Company had been trapped, they broke in dismay and fled across the plain. After some time the efforts of their officers to dispel the fear which had seized them

were successful, and they were brought back again to their camping-ground. Little by little, as the day advanced, confidence was restored; and before night-fall they had been marched to the European barracks, and had surrendered their arms and the colours of their regiment. But the Sepoys of the Forty-fifth were still roaming about the station, defiant and ripe for mischief; and in the morning there was a report that the mutineers intended to seize the regimental magazines. To remove the ammunition into the general magazine was impossible; so the Brigadier determined to destroy it. Two loud explosions were presently heard, and it was known that the magazines of the Forty-fifth and Fifty-seventh had been blown into the air. 1857. May 13—14.

There was now nothing left for the Forty-fifth but flight. Their comrades were disarmed. Their ammunition was destroyed. The Europeans were now comparatively free to act, and the troopers of the Tenth Cavalry had not yet drawn a sabre against their officers. The chances, therefore, were all against the Sepoys; so they took their colours, and turned their faces towards Delhi. And then, for the first time, a spasm of energy seized upon the Brigadier. Some companies of the Sixty-first, with two guns of the Horse Battery, went in pursuit, and then two squadrons of the Tenth Cavalry took up the work of the tired footmen, and with Major Marsden, the Deputy Commissioner—a dashing officer and a bold rider—drove them some twelve miles from Ferozpore, and scattered them over the country, till they threw away their arms and colours, and hid themselves in villages or crouched in the jungle. Some were taken prisoners by their pursuers, some were given up by the villagers; but it is believed that some also suc-

1857. May 13—14. ceeded in joining the Sepoy force within the walls of Delhi.

The great magaziñe of Ferozpore had been saved; but there was no lustre in the achievement. The British had nothing on which to congratulate themselves but the bare fact. The fact was one of large proportions, for the loss of such supplies of ordnance stores and their gain to the enemy would have weakened our means of offence, and made the work of reconquest far slower and more difficult.* But when we think of what Corbett had done with his one weak regiment at Meean-Meer against a far larger body of Sepoys, we marvel and are mortified as we dwell upon the record of events at Ferozpore. The Sixty-first, supported by the Artillery, could have done what the Eighty-first had been doing, and might have saved the Cantonment. But Innes, shrinking from responsibility, resorted to half-measures, and accomplished only a half-success. We must not, however, judge him too severely. He did at least as much as most Native Infantry officers, accustomed only to the routine of quiet times, the harness of the regulations, and the supremacy of the Adjutant-General's office, would have done, and indeed afterwards did, when suddenly brought face to face with a great and trying emergency. Perhaps it is less strange that he only half succeeded, than that he did not fail outright.

Phillour. There was yet another place of great military im-

* Mr. Cave-Browne says: "Thus, although the Cantonment had to some extent been sacrificed, there was the consolation of knowing the magazine was saved. Had it fallen into the hands of the mutineers, with its piles of shot and shells, its pits of gunpowder, and its well-stored armoury, Delhi had not been re-won under four times four months."

portance, the seizure of which was supposed to form part of the first great group of measures designed for the subversion of British authority in the Punjab, and which it was, therefore, of the utmost moment to secure. This was the fort of Phillour, lying between Jullundhur and Loodhianah, on the great high road to Delhi. It had been described as the "key of the Punjab;" but, like other keys of the same kind, it was by no means in safe keeping. A considerable arsenal was planted there, but there were no European troops to protect it. When the day's work was done, and the Ordnance Commissariat officers had gone to their homes, there was not a white face to be seen in the fort. The Sepoys of the Third Infantry garrisoned the place and occupied the adjacent Cantonment. At a distance of some twenty-four miles was the military station of Jullundhur, where the Eighth Queen's were posted, with two Native Infantry regiments, a regiment of Native Cavalry, and a proportionate force of Artillery. The Infantry regiments —the Thirty-sixth and the Sixty-first—were known to be tainted. They had been in recent contact with corps which had already broken into rebellion. That these Jullundhur regiments had, in concert with the Third, plotted the seizure of the fort of Phillour, with its guns and stores, was believed, if it was not proved to be a fact; and only prompt action could avert the threatened disaster. The work to be done was very much the same work as had been so successfully accomplished at Mecan-Meer, and with the same means. The European regiment and the Artillery might have disarmed the Sepoys and secured the fort of Phillour.

1857. May.

The Brigade was under the command of Brigadier Johnstone, a Queen's officer of the regulation pattern.

1857. May 11—12. He was absent from Jullundhur when news came of the great events at Meerut and Delhi, and Colonel Hartley, of the Eighth Queen's, was in temporary command of the force. On the 11th, the first vague tidings of disaster were passing along the telegraph wires through Jullundhur to Lahore. No action was taken on that day; the story might be exaggerated; it might, therefore, be better to "wait for further information." Next day all doubt was removed, and Colonel Hartley took counsel with the chief civil and military officers at the station. It was plain to every one that, as an essential measure of security, Phillour must be occupied by European troops. It was agreed, therefore, that a detachment of the Eighth should be sent off secretly under cover of the night. Other measures of precaution were to be taken. The guns, duly covered by European detachments, were to be posted so as to sweep the parade-grounds of the Native troops, and the gunners were to be always at their posts. Europeans from Olpherts's* troop of Horse Artillery were to act as Cavalry and patrol the station. The ladies and children were placed either in the Royal Barracks or in the Artillery schoolroom and library. Every officer in the Cantonment was constantly alert, day and night, in case of the anticipated surprise; and as it was expected that the Native Cavalry troopers would make a rush upon the guns, heaps of stones were scattered about so as to impede the advance of the horsemen, and to throw them into confusion whilst our grape-shot was acting upon them. But with these defensive measures our action ceased. If there was any thought of striking the arms from the hands of the Native soldiery it was

* Henry Olpherts of the Bengal Artillery—cousin of William Olpherts of the same corps, then serving at Benares.—*Ante*, p. 82, &c.

speedily abandoned. The reason given is, that in the neighbourhood of Jullundhur were several smaller stations occupied only by Sepoy troops, and that if the regiments there had been disarmed, their comrades at Hosheyapore, Kangra, Noorpoor, and Phillour would have risen against their defenceless officers at those places, and would have streamed down upon Jullundhur, recovered the arms of the regiments there, and set the whole country in a blaze. 1857. May 12.

Meanwhile, at Phillour, on that 12th of May, the Artillery Subaltern Griffith, who, as an Assistant Commissary of Ordnance, was in charge of the magazine, was doing all that resolute manhood could do to protect the precious charge confided to him. Intelligence of the outbreak had been brought by an officer of the Telegraph Department, who came laden with help in the shape of the necessary apparatus to place the interior of the fort in direct communication with Jullundhur. In the course of a few hours this was done, and a message came right into Griffith's private office-room, informing him that succours were on their way. Hopefully, cheerfully, the Artillery Subaltern then, with a little handful of Europeans attached to the magazine, addressed himself to the work of holding the Fort during the critical hours of the darkness. At sunset the gates were closed. A gun was brought down to the gateway, and all through the night the little party of Englishmen kept guard, relieving each other with ready portfire, and keeping watch from the ramparts to catch the first sound of any commotion in Cantonments which might indicate that the Sepoys had risen. But all was quiet in the station, and all was quiet within the Fort. The Sepoys of the Third were not yet ready. The appointed hour of revolt had not come. So the

1857. May. night passed, and the day dawned; but ere the dawn had come the looked-for deliverance was at hand. A hundred and fifty men of the Eighth Foot, two Horse Artillery guns, and a party of Punjabee Horse appeared under the walls of the Fort. The gate was thrown open. The relieving force marched in; and, to the dismay of the Sepoys, European sentries were posted everywhere in their place, and the arsenal of Phillour was saved. It was truly a good night's work; for the Fort might have become the rallying-place of all the mutinous regiments in that part of the country, and it was preserved, as has been already shown, to be of immense importance to us in our subsequent retributory operations.*

* See *ante*, pp. 188—189, for the story of the equipment of the siege train and its march from Phillour.

## CHAPTER II.

PESHAWUR—INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL DANGERS—THE CIVIL AND MILITARY AUTHORITIES—EDWARDES—NICHOLSON—COTTON—CHAMBERLAIN—THE COUNCIL AT PESHAWUR—ARRANGEMENTS FOR A MOVABLE COLUMN—SIR JOHN LAWRENCE AT RAWUL-PINDEE—DESPATCH OF TROOPS TO DELHI—THE MARCH OF THE GUIDE CORPS.

Peshawur, May, 1857.

BUT the place, to which, of all the military stations in the Punjab, the thoughts of men were turned at this time with the deepest interest, was the frontier-post of Peshawur. There, in May, 1857, was a strong defensive force of all arms—the native troops greatly outnumbering the Europeans. There were two regiments of Queen's troops, with Artillery, horse and foot, the whole, perhaps, amounting to little more than two thousand men, whilst the native troops might be counted up at nearly four times the number. In the neighbourhood, at Nowshera and Hote-Murdan, were other components of the brigade, planted in the Peshawur Valley. At the former place were the Inniskilling Dragoons, nearly a thousand strong, and at the latter was the famous Guide Corps, under Captain Daly, which, though recruited in the country, was believed to be as staunch as if every soldier were an English yeoman. Counting up all the components of the brigade in the Valley, it may be said, in round

May. 1857.

numbers, that there were two thousand five hundred Europeans and ten thousand natives, and that only a tithe of the latter could be trusted by their English officers.

External dangers.

These were heavy odds against us; but they did not constitute the main sources of danger. If the British troops were free to act against the mutinous Sepoys, there could be little doubt that, well handled, they could dispose of all comers. But beyond the frontier, as I have already briefly said,* were other great and imminent perils. If the Afghan tribes occupying the passes beyond Peshawur—the Afredis, the Eusofzyes, the Mohmunds, and other wild clans, whom we had been endeavouring to reclaim from their lawless habits, and not wholly without success—had been incited, partly in the interests of the faith and partly in the interests of plunder, to pour down upon us a great mass of humanity, predatory and fanatic, we might have been simply overwhelmed by the irruption. Our English manhood could not have sustained the burden of the double calamity, if the internal and external enemy had risen against us at the same time.

And the external enemy, which might in such a crisis have risen against us, was not merely a gathering of these barbarous mountain tribes. Beyond the passes were the Afghans of Caubul and Candahar. The friendship of Dost Mahomed had been purchased by our British gold, but he had never ceased to deplore the dismemberment of his empire by the Sikhs; he had never ceased to hanker after the recovery of the Peshawur Valley, now part of a British province by the intelligible right of conquest. For this he had already risked much—for this he might risk much

* *Ante*, page 401, with reference to Lord Canning's previsions.

more. This eager longing after Peshawur has been described as the madness of a life. It might, at such a time as this, be stronger than the teachings of experience—stronger than the dictates of sagacity—stronger even than the great national avarice which was burning within him. It was difficult to feel any confidence in his forbearance at such a time. A well-developed mutiny of the Sepoy troops in the Peshawur Valley would afford such an opportunity as might never arise again in the history of the nation. The formidable British force which guarded the frontier would then be as a chained giant, powerless to resist a foreign invasion. If then the Ameer were to raise the green standard and to call upon the chiefs and people of Afghanistan, in the name of the great prophet, to pour down upon the Feringhees, who in days past had so humiliated them—who had rooted up their vines and destroyed their orchards, and set their mark upon the capital city of their empire—all the great chiefs and the leading tribes would have gathered around him, and a great flood of Mahomedanism would have poured upon us, swollen, perhaps, by more distant streams. It was difficult to say, at such a time, what might not be written down in the great Book of the Future. A very little thing might turn the tide against us and overwhelm us. The natural feeling, therefore, amongst our people was one of perilous insecurity; and the natives of India asked each other, then and afterwards, with significant earnestness of inquiry, "What news from Peshawur?"* 1857. May.

* Mr. Cave Brown gives the following suggestive anecdote in his Narrative. The incident occurred when he was at Umritsur, in the middle of June: "One of the most influential of the Sikh Sirdars was paying his usual visit of courtesy to the head civilian of the station. In the course of conversation, the latest news from Camp (Delhi) was exultingly mentioned, when the Sikh, seeming to pay little heed to what

Political charge of Peshawur. 1857. May.

At this time the political charge of Peshawur was in the hands of two of the most remarkable men to be found among the younger officers of the Indian army. Both had been reared under the Lawrences; and in that mixed service known in India as "political employment," which at one time demands the exercise of the highest energies of the military officer and at another of the finest qualities of the civil administrator, had ripened into soldier-statesmen of the best kind. Of Herbert Edwardes I have already spoken.* He was Commissioner at Peshawur. John Nicholson was his lieutenant, or deputy-commissioner. They were close friends, full of love and admiration of each other. If either had greater love or admiration for another friend at a distance, that other friend was Henry Lawrence, whom both revered and strove to imitate, walking not unworthily in the footsteps of their great exemplar.

John Nicholson.

The son of a physician in Dublin, who died at the commencement of a professional career in which were the germs of a great success, John Nicholson had entered the Company's service as a cadet of Infantry on the Bengal establishment at the age of sixteen. He was still a boy when the chances of service sent him with his regiment—the Twenty-Seventh—into Afghanistan; and when in that dreary, sorrow-laden winter of 1841 the national spirit of the tribes rose against the intrusion of the English, young Nicholson, after much good promise of the finest soldierly qua-

was generally received with so much joy, asked: 'What news from Peshawur?' 'Excellent; all quiet there,' he was told. 'That,' said he, 'is the best news you can give me!' 'Why do you always ask so anxiously about Peshawur?' the civilian said. The Sirdar did not at once reply, but, with much significance of manner, took up the end of his scarf and began rolling it up from the corner between his finger and thumb. 'If Peshawur goes, the whole Punjab will be rolled up in rebellion like this.'"

* Vol. *i.*, page 26, *et seq.*

lities, became a prisoner at Ghuznee and afterwards a captive in the hands of Akbar Khan. Rescued by General Pollock, he returned to the provinces of India, and when again the peace of India was broken by the incursion of the Sikh army, John Nicholson, after a brief period of service in the Commissariat Department, was, on the recommendation of Henry Lawrence, who had taken note of his fine soldierly qualities, appointed by Lord Hardinge to instruct and discipline the Infantry regiments of Golab Singh, the new ruler of Cashmere. He was afterwards appointed an assistant to Lawrence, who was then Resident at Lahore, and became permanently attached to the Political Service. From that time John Nicholson, independent of military rank, was released from the trammels of his youth. He saw his opportunity before him, and he bided his time. His desires were towards military action, and in due course that which he had longed for came; the Sikh chiefs were rising against the military occupation and political interference of the English, and John Nicholson soon found that he had work to do in the field. He did it with a cool head and a stout heart, and, although his freedom of speech sometimes gave offence to his seniors, he made it clear to those under whom he served that he was a man to be trusted. The great conflict for the supremacy of the Punjab came; Nicholson was in the midst of it—at Chillianwallah, at Guzerat, and in the front of Gilbert's pursuit of the Afghan auxiliaries. And when the country became a British province Sir Henry Lawrence enlisted his services into the commission, and, toiling on for years on the outskirts of civilisation, he manifested an extraordinary aptitude for the coercion and the government of barbarous

1857. May

1857. May. tribes. After this service in Bunnoo, where the wild people deified him, he had for a little space thought of leaving the Punjab and serving under his old master in Oude, or of taking part in the Persian war as a commander of Irregulars. But the cloud which seemed to overshadow his prospects soon passed away, and in the spring of 1857 he was, as I have before said, at Peshawur as the lieutenant of his friend Herbert Edwardes, or in other and more official words, Deputy-commissioner of the division. Only a little time before, Edwardes, being on a brief visit to Calcutta, had said to Lord Canning, "You may rely upon this—that if ever there is a desperate deed to be done in India, John Nicholson is the man to do it." And now the truth of these friendly but prophetic words was about to be realised. The hour had come and the man was present.

At this time John Nicholson was in his thirty-sixth year. Of lofty stature, of a handsome open countenance, with strong decision of character stamped upon it, he carried with him a noble presence, which commanded general observation, and among the natives excited awe. His manner was not genial. Some said it was cold; it was certainly reserved; and the first impressions which he made on men's minds were often unfavourable. His words were few; and there was a directness and authoritativeness about them which made strangers think that he was dogmatical; perhaps, overbearing. But those manifestations were not the growth of an arrogant self-conceit, but of great conscientiousness and self-reliance. For he thought much before he spoke, and what he said was but the utterance of a strong conviction, which had taken shape, not hastily, in his mind; and he was not one to suppress what he felt

to be the truth, or to mince nice phrases of expression. Still it would be flattery to deny, or to obscure, the fact, that he had at one time little control over a naturally fiery temper, and that, as he grew older, he brought it with difficulty under subjection. There could have been nothing better for one of Nicholson's temperament than constant intercourse with such a man as Herbert Edwardes; and he now gratefully acknowledged in his heart that his character was ripening under these good influences, and that, please God, much that was crude and imperfect in it might soon disappear.* 1857. May.

It was another happy circumstance at that time, that the Brigade was commanded by an officer altogether of the right stamp. Brigadier Sydney Cotton —a true soldier, and one of a family of soldiers— commanded the troops in the Peshawur Valley. He had seen service in many parts of the world. Owing no extraneous advantages to his family connexions, he had ever been one of those hard-working, unshrinking, conscientious military officers, who do not serve the State less ungrudgingly because it has been ungrateful to them, but who, rising by slow gradation, never have an opportunity of going to the front and showing of what stuff they are made, until age has enfeebled their powers. Of his forty-seven years of service in the Royal Army the greater number had been passed in India. But he was of a constitution well adapted to sustain the assaults of the Sydney Cotton.

* In 1849, Sir Henry Lawrence wrote to him: "Let me advise you as a friend to curb your temper, and bear and forbear with Natives and Europeans, and you will soon be as distinguished a civilian as you are a soldier. Don't think it is necessary to say all you think to every one. The world would be one mass of tumult if we all gave candid opinions of each other. I admire you sincerely as much as any man can do, but say thus much as a general warning." In writing this, Lawrence wrote as one conscious of the same natural infirmity in himself. He had manfully struggled against, and in a great measure overcome it.

1857. May. climate, and his threescore years had taken from him little of the vigour and activity of his prime. Of good stature, but of a spare, light frame, he had all the external attributes of a good soldier, and there were few men in the whole range of the service who were more familiar with the duties of his profession in all its grades. Constant intercourse with the British soldier, in the Barrack and in the Camp, had not only made him thoroughly acquainted with his habits and feelings, but had developed within him a tender and tolerant affection for, a generous sympathy with, all who worked under him. Few commanding officers had been more careful of the common soldier than Sydney Cotton, or had more thoroughly earned his confidence. He was known and acknowledged to be one of the best regimental officers in the Army. No opportunity until now had been afforded to him of testing the higher qualities, which enable a man to face large responsibilities, and to combat great difficulties and dangers with a serene front. But the latent power was in him; the opportunity had now come, and he was equal to it. Edwardes and Nicholson had confidence in the Brigadier; and although, like many of his class, he had an habitual contempt for civilians and soldier-civilians, he could not help thanking God, in the depths of his heart, that circumstances had now rendered him the fellow-labourer, in a great cause, of two soldiers, of whom any army in the world might be proud—two soldiers, though vested with civil authority, as eager to take the field and to share its dangers, as though they had never left the Camp.

First tidings of the outbreak. May 12. These three men were at Peshawur, when, on the 12th of May, news reached them to the effect that one of the greatest military stations in Upper India

1857. May.

was in a blaze, and that the European regiments were on the defensive. Edwardes, who had an assured faith in the good results of the Afghan policy, which he had so successfully advocated, had little apprehension that Peshawur would be lost to the Empire. "As to this place," he wrote to Sir John Lawrence, "it will be the last to go; and not go at all, if the intermediate country be occupied by a good field-force engaged in making stern examples. The celebrated Sixty-fourth Native Infantry is here;* and the report in the station is, that the Native regiments here are prepared to follow whatever lead is set them by the Twenty-first Native Infantry, which, *cæteris paribus*, is a good one." But he did not, although not fearing for Peshawur, under-estimate the magnitude of the crisis. He knew that a great struggle was approaching, and that the energies of the British nation must be strained to the utmost. He knew that, in the Punjab, there would be much strife and contention, and that every Englishman in the Province would have to put forth all his strength. He was a man ever ripe for action, and he had in John Nicholson a meet companion. "I have not heard yet," he wrote in the letter above quoted to the Chief Commissioner, "whether you are at Pindee or Murree; but as we have received here telegraphic news of the 10th of May from Meerut that the Native troops were in open mutiny, and the Europeans on the defensive only, I write a line to tell you that Nicholson and I are of opinion that a strong movable column of reliable troops (Europeans and Irregulars) should take the field in the Punjab at once—perhaps at Lahore would be best, so as to get between the

* See, for an account of a previous mutiny of this regiment, *ante*, vol. i., pages 281—289.

1857. May 12.

stations which *have* mutinied and those that have *not;* and move on the first station that stirs next; and bring the matter, without further delay, to the bayonet. This disaffection will never be talked down now. It must be put down—and the sooner blood be let the less of it will suffice. Nicholson desires me to tell you that he would be ready to take command of them, and I need not add the pleasure it would give me to do the same. We are both at your disposal, remember; and if this business goes, as it soon will, to a question of personal influence and exertion, either of us could raise a serviceable body out of the Derajat in a short time." And he added in a postscript, "Whatever you do about a movable force, do it at once. There is no time to be lost in getting to the struggle which is to settle the matter."

Neville Chamberlain.

There was then at no great distance from Peshawur another man, whose counsel and assistance were eagerly desired in this conjuncture. It was felt that the presence of Neville Chamberlain was needed to complete that little confederacy of heroes, on the wisdom and courage of whom the safety of the frontier, under Providence, mainly depended. Brigadier Chamberlain at this time commanded the Punjab Irregular Force. He was in the prime of his life and the fulness of his active manhood. Of a fair stature, of a light but sinewy frame, he had every physical qualification that could make a dashing leader of Irregular Horse. And in early youth, he had acquired a reputation as an intrepid and eager soldier, who was ever in the front where danger was to be faced and glory was to be gained. On the battle-fields of Afghanistan and the Punjab, he had shown what was the temper of his steel, and he had carried off more honourable wounds in hand-to-hand encounter

with the enemy than any of his cotemporaries in the service. It was said, indeed, that his great fault as a soldier was, that he exposed himself too recklessly to danger. But with this irrepressible military enthusiasm, which had well nigh cost him his life, he had a large fund of sound common sense, was wise in council, and had military knowledge far beyond that of the bold swordsman who heads against heavy odds a charge of Horse. And with all these fine qualities he combined a charming modesty of demeanour —a general quietude and simplicity of character, which not only forbade all kinds of self-assertion, but even shrunk from the commendations of others. He had been selected, as the fittest man in the Army, to command the Punjab Irregular Force, of which I have before spoken,* and which had already won immense confidence in the Punjab, and no little reputation in more distant parts of India. Next to the European Regiments, this was the most reliable portion of the military force in the Punjab—indeed, the only other reliable part of the great Army planted there for the defence of the frontier. It was of extreme importance at this time that Chamberlain and Cotton should be in communication as to the best means of co-operating, especially with respect to the proposed Movable Column; and so Edwardes wrote to him, asking him to ride over to Peshawur and to take counsel with him and the chief military authorities—a measure of which they entirely approved. Chamberlain at once responded to the summons, and hastened over to Peshawur. 1857. May 12.

So, on the 13th of May, an hour or two after his arrival, a Council of War was held at the house of General Reed. The members present were the Ge- The Peshawur Council. May 13.

* *Ante*, page 422.

1857. May 13.

neral, the Brigadier, Edwardes, Chamberlain, and Nicholson. Half an hour before their assembling, Edwardes had received a telegraphic message from John Lawrence approving the formation of the Movable Column, and announcing that the native troops at Meean-Meer had that morning been disarmed. There was no division in the Council. The military and political authorities at Peshawur were moved by a common spirit, and acted as one man. It was agreed that in the conjuncture which had arisen, all civil and military power in the Punjab should be concentrated on one spot; that to this effect General Reed should assume the command of all the troops in the province, that he should join the Chief Commissioner at Rawul-Pindee, or at such place as might be the seat of the local government at the time, in order that he might be in constant intercourse with the Chief Commissioner, and harmonious action might thus be secured between the civil and military authorities. The real object of this did not lie on the surface. There was an occult meaning in it, which caused Edwardes and Nicholson to smile complacently at the Council-table, and to exchange many a joke in private. This concentration of the military authority of the Punjab in the person of General Reed—a worthy old officer, without very strong opinions of any kind—really transferred it to the hands of the political officers. It was a great thing not to be checked—not to be thwarted—not to be interfered with—not to have regulation, and routine, and all sorts of nervous fears and anxieties thrust upon them from a distance. It was desirable, however, that the semblance of military authority should be maintained throughout the land—that the rights of seniority should be outwardly respected—that

every man should be in his own place, as upon parade, and that a General should at all times be a General, even though for purposes of action he should be merely a stock or a stone. The Natives of India watch these things shrewdly and observingly, and estimate, with rare sagacity, every indication of a failure of the wondrous union and discipline, which they look upon as the very root of our supremacy.* But, though it was at all times and in all places, desirable to keep up this show of a wonderful machinery, working wheel by wheel with perfect regularity of action, it was not always expedient to maintain the reality of it. There were times and conjunctures when the practical recognition of the authority of rank, which in the Indian army was only another name for age, might wisely be foregone; and such a crisis had now to be confronted. On the whole, it was a fortunate circumstance that just such a man as General Reed—a man not obstinate, not wedded to any opinions or foregone conclusions of his own, and yet not more cautious, irresolute, or fearful of responsibility than the majority of old soldiers who had never been called upon to face a momentous crisis—was then the senior officer in that part of

1857 May 13.

* In the first volume of this history I observed, with immediate reference to the conflict between Lord Dalhousie and Sir Charles Napier, that these divisions of authority were generally regarded, by the more intelligent natives of India, as proofs of weakness in the British Government, and that some regarded them as precursors of our downfall. I have since read the following confirmation of this opinion in the Correspondence of the Duke of Wellington: "Of this I am certain," wrote the Duke to Lord Combermere, "that any public and continued difference between the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief is prejudicial to the public interests, and cannot be allowed to exist. It is prejudicial for this reason. It shakes the authority of Government to its very foundation; and while such differences continue, every little man, who takes part with either one or the other, becomes of importance. The interests of the party are the great object. Those of the public are laid aside and forgotten, and even injured with impunity."

1857. May 13.

the country; indeed, under the Commander-in-Chief, the senior officer of the Bengal Presidency. He had good sense of the most serviceable kind—the good sense to understand his own deficiencies, and to appreciate the fact that there were abler men than himself about him. So, whilst he was rising to the honourable position of military Dictator of the Punjab, he wisely ceased to dictate. The time had come for the universal domination of Brains—John Lawrence, with Herbert Edwardes for his Wuzeer, then took the supreme direction of affairs, always consulting the chief military authorities, but quietly educating them, and flattering them with the belief that they dictated when they only obeyed.

The Movable Column.

The next resolution was that a Movable Column of reliable troops, as before suggested, should be organised, to take the field at once, under a competent commander, and to operate upon any point where rebellion might bristle up, or danger might threaten us in the Punjab. A suspected Sepoy garrison was to be removed from the fort of Attock—an important position, which it was of immense moment to secure; and our communications were to be placed beyond the reach of danger by posting at the Attock ferry a Pathan guard under a tried and trusty Pathan leader. At the same time other changes in the disposition of the troops were to be made; the Native regiments being drawn into the posts at which they might least readily co-operate with each other, and most easily be overawed by the Europeans. At the same time, it was determined that Brigadier Chamberlain should proceed at once to Rawul-Pindee to take counsel with the Chief Commissioner; and that John Nicholson, if his services were not called for in a military capacity, should accompany the Movable

Column as its political officer. These proposals were telegraphed to Sir John Lawrence, and all but the last were cordially accepted. The Chief Commissioner thought that Nicholson's services were required at Peshawur, and in that particular juncture it was believed that the public service would suffer by his departure. Moreover, he had a faith, that had been bravely earned, in the general efficiency of his assistants all over the country. And he knew that it would not be wise to supersede local authority by a delegate from Head-Quarters. And never, perhaps, did John Lawrence exhibit his instinctive sagacity more clearly than in this first resolution to place every officer in the Punjab on his own particular stand-point of responsibility, and thus to evoke to the utmost all the power within him. 1857. May 13.

The details of the Movable Column were soon jotted down, but it was not so easy to settle the question of command. Cotton and Edwardes, Chamberlain and Nicholson, were all equally eager to place themselves at its head. It was to be determined only by superior authority; so General Reed made a reference to the Commander-in-Chief. Edwardes could not be spared from the frontier, where he was a tower of strength: the names of Cotton, Chamberlain, and Nicholson, were submitted to Head-Quarters. And the telegraph wires brought back the intimation that General Anson had selected Neville Chamberlain as the leader of the column.

On the 16th, General Reed and Brigadier Chamberlain joined the Chief Commissioner at Rawul-Pindee, and on that evening Colonel Edwardes received a telegraphic message summoning him to join the Head-Quarters Council. Making over his own particular charge to Nicholson, he proceeded at once The Rawul-Pindee Council. May 16.

1857. May 16. to Pindee, and was soon in eager but confident discussion alike of the present and the future. The stern resolution and unflinching courage of John Lawrence were then lighted up by the radiant aspect of Herbert Edwardes, whose cheerfulness was so unfailing, and whose political wisdom so often glinted out in bright flashes of wit, that the Councils of War which were held during that gathering at Rawul-Pindee were said to be "great fun."* Never, perhaps, in the face of such enormous difficulty and danger, shaking the very foundations of a great empire, did men meet each other with brighter faces or more cheering words. It was an occasion on which the eventual success of our resistance depended, more than on all else, upon the heart and hope of our great chiefs, on whose words all men hung, and in whose faces they looked for the assurance and encouragement which inspired and animated all beneath them. It was said of John Lawrence, at that time, that he was as calm and confident as if he had been contemplating only the most common-place events, and that Herbert Edwardes was in higher spirits, more natural and more unrestrained, than he

* It may be mentioned here that the capital story, repeated in so many cotemporary memoirs, to the effect that Sir John Lawrence, being at the whist-table, answered a telegraphic message from General Anson with the words, "Clubs are trumps —not spades; when in doubt play a big one"—originated in a joke of Herbert Edwardes. The story always was one of doubtful authenticity, as it was less likely that Sir John Lawrence than that General Anson would be caught at the whist-table. The fact is, that Lawrence, Edwardes, Charles Nicholson, and one or two others were together, when a telegram from Mr. Barnes was received, stating that there was some talk at Umballah of entrenching, and not marching. Edwardes humorously suggested that a telegram should be despatched to "Major A. wherever he may be found," saying, "When in doubt play a trump—act up to your own principles"—the belief being that General Anson had written the well-known work on whist by "Major A." Charles Nicholson then suggested as an amendment the words, "Clubs are trumps, not spades." Lawrence consented, and the pregnant sentence was despatched to Mr. Barnes, who, doubtless, communicated it to General Anson.

had ever been known to be by men who had served with him in more quiet times. A great and ennobling faith was settling down in the breasts of our Punjabee chiefs. It had dawned upon them that it would be their work, not merely to save the Province, but to save the Empire. 1857. May 16.

History will take the measure of men's minds in accordance with the extent to which they looked upon this crisis, as a local or an imperial one, and directed their efforts to the suppression of the one or the other. Physically, it is known rarely to happen that men, who have a clear, steady sight to discern distinctly near objects, have that wide range of vision which enables them to comprehend what is observable in the distance; and the faculty, which, either on a large or a small scale, enables a man to grasp moral objects, both immediate and remote, is equally rare. General Hewitt's small mind took in nothing beyond the idea that, as he lived at Meerut, it was his duty to save Meerut. But the great intellect of Sir John Lawrence grasped all the circumstances of the imperial danger, and held them in a vice. He had his own particular province in hand — carefully and minutely; no single post overlooked, no single point neglected. He knew what every man under him was doing, what every man was expected to do; there was nothing that happened, or that might happen, in the Punjab over which he did not exercise the closest vigilance; but the struggle for supremacy at his own doors never obscured the distant vision of the great imperial danger. He never domesticated his policy; he never localised his efforts. He never said to himself, "The Punjab is my especial charge. I will defend the Punjab. I have no responsibility beyond it." He would have weakened the Punjab to

1857. May. strengthen the Empire. He would, perhaps, have sacrificed the Punjab to save the Empire. In this, indeed, the strength of his character—his capacity for government on a grand scale—was evinced at the outset, and, as time advanced, it manifested itself in every stage of the great struggle more signally than before.*

It was felt in the Pindee Council that, "whatever gave rise to the mutiny, it had settled down into a struggle for empire, under Mahomedan guidance, with the Mogul capital for its centre."† From that time, this great centre of the Mogul capital was never beyond the range of John Lawrence's thoughts—never beyond the reach of his endeavours. Seen, as it were, through the telescope of long years of political experience, sweeping all intervening time and space, the great city of Delhi, which he knew so well, was brought close to his eyes; and he felt that he had a double duty. Much as he might think of Lahore, Umritsur, or Peshawur, he thought still more of Delhi. He felt as lesser men would not have felt, that it was his duty in that emergency to give back to the Empire, in time of intestine war, all that he could give from that abundance of military strength which had been planted in the province at a time when the defence of the frontier against external aggressions was held to be the first object of imperial importance. Knowing well the terrible scarcity of reliable troops in all the country below the Punjab, and the encouraging effect of the occupation of Delhi by the rebel troops, he resolved to pour down upon the imperial city every regiment

* A fuller account of Sir John Lawrence's internal policy is reserved for another chapter.

† These are the words of Colonel Edwardes in his Peshawur Military Report—a document of great interest and ability, and one most serviceable to the historian.

that he could send to its relief. From that time his was the directing mind which influenced for good all that was done from Upper India, working downwards to rescue our people from the toils of the enemy, and to assert our dominion under the walls of Delhi, where the great battle of supremacy was to be fought. 1857. May.

The march of the Guide Corps.

And the first succour, which he sent, was the famous Guide Corps, which Henry Lawrence had designed ever to be ready for service—ever to be the first for action. It was at that time stationed at Hote-Murdan, under the command of Captain Henry Daly. On the morning of the 13th, two officers, who had gone over to Nowshera to attend a ball which had been given at that station, brought to Hote-Murdan tidings that the Fifty-fifth Regiment at the former place had received orders to relieve the Guide Corps at the latter. All was then excitement and conjecture. No man knew the reason of the movement; no man knew what had happened or what was coming. "No uproar," it was said, "along the line of frontier. No incursion to repress. No expedition to join." The story told, at six in the morning, was true; and two hours afterwards its truth was confirmed by the sight of the approaching regiment in the distance. About the same time an express came in from Peshawur, bringing orders for the Guide Corps to march at once to Nowshera. With the official orders came a private letter from Edwardes to Daly, which cast a terrible glare of light upon all that had before been obscure. "That you may better know how to act on the enclosed instruction to move to Nowshera, I write privately to tell you that telegraphic news of open mutiny among the Native troops at Meerut having reached

1857 May. us here to-day, we think a movable column should be assembled in the Punjab and get between the stations that have gone wrong and those that have not, and put down further disaffection by force. It is obviously necessary to constitute such a column of reliable troops, and therefore it has been proposed to get the Guides and Her Majesty's Twenty-seventh Regiment together without delay as a part of the scheme." So Daly at once mustered his Guides, and before midnight they were at Nowshera. He had not long laid himself down to rest, when he was awakened by an express from Cotton ordering the Guides to move upon Attock. At gun-fire they recommenced their journey, and before noon, after a trying march, under a fierce sun, they reached their destination, scorched and dried, but full of spirit and ripe for action. "The Punjab," wrote the gallant leader of the Guides on that day, "is paying back India all she cost her, by sending troops stout and firm to her aid."

May 16. From Attock, after securing the Fort, and holding it until the arrival of a detachment sent from Kohat, Daly marched, two hours after midnight, on the morning of the 16th, in the light of the rising moon, which soon was obscured by a blinding dust-storm. When it cleared away, the air was fresh and pleasant, and the corps marched on, a distance of more than twenty miles, until, at eight o'clock, it bivouacked in a grove of peach and apricot trees, which enabled them to dispense with tents. At midnight, after a few hours of early slumber, the trumpet-call was again heard, and they resumed their march, in the cool morning air, through a beautiful country skirted by a range of verdant hills; and on the morning of the 18th they were at Rawul-Pindee.

There was nothing needed to stimulate a man of Daly's high enthusiasm, but it was refreshing and invigorating to be, even for a little while, in close and familiar intercourse with such men as Lawrence, Chamberlain, and Edwardes—and a fourth, Hugh James, then acting as Secretary to the Chief Commissioner, who had a noble spirit and a high intelligence worthy of the confidence of his great master. There is nothing more delightful than this attrition of ardent natures. Great men become greater by such sympathetic contact. It was a source of infinite rejoicing to Daly to learn that the Guides, which might have done great service as a part of the Movable Column in the Punjab, were honoured by being the first regiment selected to move down to the relief of Delhi. "The Guides, I believe," wrote Daly in his journal on the 18th of May, "are to march down and to show to the people Native troops willing and loyal. I shall rejoice at this, and march down with all my heart." And so they marched down—with a great enthusiasm stirring their gallant leader, and through him, all who followed; officers and men, moved by one common heroism of the best kind. "I am making, and I mean to make," wrote Daly on the 1st of June, "the best march that has been heard of in the land!" And nobly he fulfilled his promise. 1857. May 18.

At this time he had reached Loodhianah. In the early morning of the 4th the Guides were at Umballah, and on the 6th they were at Kurnaul. There they found Mr. Le Bas and Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, who had escaped from Delhi, and were eager to punish some neighbouring villages, which were believed to have harboured insurgents, and to be full of people bent upon the plunder of the Feringhees. Eager as Daly was to push on to Delhi, and reluctant June 1—4.

1857. June. to destroy wholesale, in retaliation for what might only be an offence of the few, he for some time resisted the retributory eagerness of the civilians, but at length yielded to their wishes, and sent the Guides forward to the attack. The villagers fled in dismay; some were killed on their retreat; others were made prisoners; and soon the blaze of their burning houses could be seen from many a distant mile. But the mercy of the Christian officer was shown towards the helpless and unoffending; Daly saved the women and the children, and helped them to remove the little property they possessed.

The delay was unfortunate. The unwelcome duty thus forced upon the Guide Corps deprived it of the coveted honour of taking part in the first attack upon the Delhi mutineers. Had not the civilians, in that great zeal for the desolation of villages, which distinguished many, perhaps too many of them, before the year was at an end, arrested Daly's onward march, he would have been present with his corps at the battle of Budlee-ka-serai. As it was, he marched into camp a day too late.* The battle had been fought, but the corps, by the march alone, had covered itself with glory, and it was received on its arrival by the Delhi Field Force with ringing cheers. There were now two Native regiments in the British camp which all men trusted—the Goorkahs under Reid, and the Punjabee Guide Corps under Daly. And

June 9. he Guide Corps at Delhi.

* "The morning after the battle the Guides entered camp under the command of Captain Daly. They were already well known as one of the finest regiments in India. They were almost all of Afghan or Persian race, and consisted of three troops of cavalry, perhaps the best riders in our pay, and six companies of infantry armed with the rifle. They had marched in this, the hottest time of the year, from near Peshawur to Delhi, a distance of five hundred and eighty miles in twenty-two days. Their stately height and military bearing made all who saw them proud to have such aid. They came in as firm and light as if they had marched only a mile."—*History of the Siege of Delhi, by One who Served there.*

soon it will be seen how gallantly they proved the fidelity that was in them. Indeed, on the very day of their arrival the Guides went out, fresh as if they had slept a long sleep, and loitered through a cool morning, to give the Delhi mutineers a taste of their temper. The enemy were not prepared on the day after the battle to risk another great engagement; but, intent on not suffering us to rest, they sent out parties of Horse and Foot to attack our advanced position. The Guides went gallantly to the front. The sabres of their horsemen were crossed with those of the troopers of the Third Cavalry, but not long could the rebels stand the onslaught. The failure of the attack would have been complete if it had not cost us the life of one of our finest officers. Daly was unharmed, though struck by a spent shot, and his horse killed in the encounter; but his second in command, young Quintin Battye, who had charged at the head of the Guides' Cavalry, was carried mortally wounded from the field. The gallantry of his bearing throughout this fierce encounter had attracted the admiration of his chief; and Daly, when last he saw his lieutenant in action, had cried out with the irrepressible enthusiasm with which one brave man regards the bravery of another, "Gallant Battye! well done, brave Battye!" and soon afterwards a rebel came up within two yards of the English officer, and, after vainly endeavouring to bayonet him, discharged his piece into Battye's body. The deed was amply avenged. A Soubahdar of the Guide Corps cut the Sepoy down as he fired.* 1857. June.

* Soubahdar Merban Singh. This gallant soldier was a Goorkah, "one of those sent down by Sir Henry Lawrence" to join the Guide Corps. He fell in action, some days afterwards, at the head of the first company, which he commanded. "The men," wrote Daly to John Lawrence, "speak of him with tears and sobs." He had two brothers also killed in action.

1857. June. Death of Quintin Battye.

And as the young hero lay dying, in grievous pain, on that night which was to be his last, a remembrance of the pleasant Argos of his school days mingling with the pride of the soldier and the great love of country which sustained our people, he said, with a smile on his handsome face, to the chaplain who was ministering to him, "Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori;" and so ended his brief and honourable career.*

* See Chaplain's "Narrative of the Siege of Delhi."