the principal outposts of which I have spoken; and 1857. the enemy were continually streaming out to attack June. them. At Hindeo Rao's house, at the Flagstaff tower, and at the Observatory, detachments of infantry, supported by heavy guns, were planted from the commencement of our operations. The Metcalfe The Metcalfe House would also have been garrisoned from the House, beginning, but for its distance from our supports and the paucity of troops at our disposal. The occupation of these buildings by the enemy was among the first effects of their offensive activity. It is believed that there was a peculiar feeling of animosity against the Feringhees in connexion with this edifice. It was said to have been erected on land formerly the site of a Goojur village; and that the Goojurs had flown upon it, eager for its demolition and resolute to recover their ancient holdings, on the first outbreak of the mutiny.* And there is another story still more significant. The building was originally the tomb of one of the foster-brothers of the Emperor Akbar. It had been converted into a residence by an English civilian, who was murdered, and the act of profanation had been vainly appealed against to another civilian. who afterwards shared the same fate. + Whatsoever effect these circumstances may have had upon

* Cave-Browne's "Punjab and Delhi in 1857."

+ Sir William Sleeman says : "The magnificent tomb of freestone covering the remains of a foster-brother of Akbar was long occupied as a dwelling-house by the late Mr. Blake, of the Bengal Civil Service, who was lately barbarously murdered at Jagpoor. To make room for his dining. tables, he removed the marble slab which covered the remains of the dead from the centre of the building against the urgent remonstrances of

the people, and threw it carelessly on one side against the wall, where it now lies. The people appealed in vain, it is said, to Mr. Fraser, the Governor - General's representative, who was soon afterwards assassinated, and a good many attribute the death of both to this outrage upon the dead foster-brother of Akbar." Bholonauth Chunder, in his "Tra-vels ef a Hindoo," quotes this pas-sage, and adds, "Rooms are let in the Metcalfe House for a rupee a day for each person."

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June 11.

the conduct of the insurgents, it is certain that they gutted the building and did their best to destroy it.* It was a wreck when we returned to Delhi. A month had passed, and now the enemy were in force at the Metcalfe House, where they had established a formidable battery, which played upon the left of our position on the Ridge. On the morning of the 12th, the Sepoy mutineers came out to attack us both in front and rear. The ground between the Flagstaff Tower and the Metcalfe buildings favoured, by its ravines and shrubberies, the unseen approach of the enemy, who stole up within a short distance of our picquet at the former post, and before the English officer in commandt could realise the position of affairs, had opened fire upon him within a range of some fifty yards. Our men replied promptly with the Enfield rifle, but Knox was shot dead by a Sepoy musketeer, and many of his men fell wounded beside him, whilst our artillerymen dropped at their guns. Meanwhile a party of mutineers had made their way to the rear of the British camp, and were pushing onward with desperate audacity into the very heart of it

* "They stripped the roof of all its massive and valuable timber, carried off all the doors and windows, everything which they could themselves bring into use or convert into money; they demolished the costly marble statues and the unnumbered small articles of ver/λ , and then, with consistent Goth-like ruthlessness, tore up and piled in the centres of the rooms the volumes of that far-famed library, believed to be without its equal in India, and then set fire to the building." — Cave-Browne.

† Captain Knox, of Her Majesty's Seveniy-fifth. Mr. Cave Browne says that he "seemed to imagine that the Sepoys were coming to lay down their arms, and refused to let the men fire." Mr. Rotton (Chaplain's Narrative) says that Captain Knox "only a moment before shot with his own hand one of the enemy, when his eye caught sight of a Sepoy levelling a musket at him: 'See,' said he to one of his men, 'that man pointing at me; take him down.' The words had hardly escaped his lips, when the fatal shot took effect on his person. He was on one knee when singled out as a mark by the mutineer; and I am told, that as soon as he received the shot, he rose regularly-to 'attention,' and then feil and expired without word or groan."

ATTACK ON HINDOO-RAO'S HOUSE.

before our people were aroused. There was danger, indeed, on both sides. But the English got to their arms in time to repulse the attack and to carry victory before them. The enemy turned and fled; and after them went swift retribution. Rifles, Fusiliers, and other infantry detachments, aided by Daly's gallant Guide Corps, pushed after them, and dealing death as they went, pursued the fugitives through the Metcalfe grounds up to the walls of the city. The lesson was not thrown away upon us. A strong picquet was, from that time, planted at the Metcalfe House, and communications with this advanced post were kept open with the Flagstaff Tower on the Ridge,*

On the same day an attack was made on the right Reid's of our post ", on that famous post of Hindoo Rao's Picquet. House, where eid with his regiment of Goorkabs, two companies of the Rifles, Daly's Guides, two guns of Scott's Battery, and some heavy artillery, was destined to bear the brunt of the affray through weeks and months of incessant fighting. Exposed to the fire of the enemy's guns planted on the Cashmere, Moree, and other bastions, this picquet was seldom suffered to enjoy many hours of continuous rest.⁺ On the morning of the 12th, under cover of the guns, the mutineers came out in two bodies towards our right flank, the one moving directly on

one company of Rifles occupied the House, and one company of Rifles sent up in support. the Observatory, where a battery for

• "Thus throwing up, as it were, the left flank of our defences, and rendering it almost impossible for the enemy to pass round on that side."—Norman. the side is a side in the side is a side is a side in the side is a † Major Reid commanded all the posts on the right of the ridge. He describes the disposition of his troops as follows: "My own regiment and one company of Rifles occupied the more companies of the Rifles were

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the picquet at Hindoo Rao's house, the others pushing into the gardens of the Subzee-mundee.* Both attacks were repulsed, and with heavy loss to the enemy. But it was not without a disaster on our own side; for a detachment of Native Irregular Cavalry, on whose loyalty we had relied, went over to the enemy. And so sudden was the retrograde movement that the greater number of them escaped from the fire of our guns, which were turned upon them as soon as their treachery was disclosed. † Nor was this the only disheartening circumstance which, about this time, showed how little the Native soldiery generally believed that the Ikhbal of the Company was on the ascendant, even though we had recovered our old position before Delhi, and had beaten the Mutiny of the enemy in three pitched battles. The officers of the Sixtieth Sepoy Regiment had come into Delhi without their men. This corps was under the command of a distinguished soldier, Colonel Thomas Seaton, who had made a name for himself, fifteen years before, as one of the illustrious garrison of Jellalabad. He had believed, as other Sepoy officers had believed, in his men, but they had broken into rebellion at Rohtuck, and had now gone to swell the tide of rebellion within the walls of Delhi. No sooner had they arrived than they went out against us and were amongst the most vehement of our assailants.

June 13-17.

Sixtieth.

Again and again-day after day-the enemy came

* "The first of these attacks was not serious, but the latter threatened the Mound picquet, and supports of all arms had to be moved up. The First Fusiliers, under Major Jacob, then advanced and drove the mutineers out of the gardens, killing a considerable number of them."-Norman's Narrative. + Major Reid says that, "They

went to the front just as if they were going to charge, but no sooner had they closed than, to my horror, I saw them mix up with the enemy and walk off with them. Immediately I saw this I ordered the guns to open upon them, but the wretches were too far off, and I don't think that more than half a dozen were killed."

FIGHTING IN THE SUBURBS.

out to attack our posts with an uniformity of failure of which it would be tedious to recite the details. June 13-17. On the 13th and 15th, they again flung themselves attacks. upon our position at Hindoo Rao's House, and, as ever, the Goorkahs and the Guides distinguished themselves by their unflinching gallantry.* On the afternoon of the 17th, we began to act on the offensive. The enemy were strongly posted in the suburbs of Kishengunj and Trevelyan-gunj, between our right and the city, and were erecting a battery on rising ground, which would have completely enfiladed the Ridge. So two columns were sent out to destroy their works. It was a dashing enterprise, and Barnard selected the right men for it. One column was entrusted to Reid, the other to Henry Tombs. The former moved from Hindoo Rao's house, the latter from the camp. Both were completely successful. After a gallant resistance by the Sappers and Miners of our old Army, who, after firing their muskets, drew their swords and flung themselves desperately upon us, the battery and magazine were destroyed, and the village in which they were planted was burnt. Large numbers of the enemy were killed and wounded, and their rout was complete. Our own loss was trifling. Tombs, always in the thick of the affray, had two horses shot under him, † and was himself slightly wounded. Captain Brown, of the First Fusiliers.

** It is said that some regiments in these attacks. The Sixtieth was conspicuous in the action of the 13th. Major Reid writes, that they " marched up the Grank Trunk Road in columns of sections right in front, and led the attack headed by the

distance, as he intended to wheel to his left. They fought most des-perately. The Sirdar Behaudur was killed by his orderly, Lall Singh. I took the riband of India from his

breast and seat it to my wife." + "Making," at this early stage, writes Major Norman, "five horses that from the commencement of the Sirdar Behaudur of the regiment, who made himself very conspicuous, calling out to the men to keep their shot under him." campaign up to that date had been

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Artillery Practice of the Enemy. well-nigh received his death-wound. That evening General Barnard walked into the Artillery mess-tent, and with characteristic appreciation of gallantry lavished his well-merited praises upon Tombs.

There was much, in all this, of the true type of English soldiership. But it was weary and disheartening work at the best. If we lost fewer men than the enemy, they had more to lose, more to spare, and their gaps could be more readily filled. Every victory cost us dearly. And we made no progress towards the great consummation of the capture of Delhi. Every day it became more apparent that we were grievously outmatched in Artillery.* Their guns could take our distance, but ours could not take theirs. They were of heavier metal and longer reach than our own, and sometimes worked with destructive precision. On one occasion a round shot from a twenty-four-pounder was sent crashing into the portico of Hindoo Rao's house, and with such deadly effect that it killed an English officer † and eight men and wounded four others, including a second English subaltern. We could not silence these guns. A twenty-four-pounder had been taken from the enemy in battle, but we had no ammunition in store for a gun of such calibre, and were fain to pick up the shot which had been fired from the city walls. Whilst the ordnance-stores at our command were dwindling down to scarcity-point, so vast were

* At first our offensive operations were principally confined to shelling the city. "We amoy them excesively with our shells, some of which reach almost to the Palace." But afterwards, perhaps because it was thought that we thus afflicted the townspeeple rather than the mulineers, this course was abandoned. "I told you a little while ago that we were firing into the town, but last night there was an order given

to fire on the gateways only, not into the town."-Journal of an Artillery Officer. June 16. † Lieutenant Wheatly of the Fifty-fourth Native Infantry, who

[†] Lieutenant Wheatly of the Fifty-fourth Native Infantry, who was doing duty with the Sirmoor Battalion. Among the Goorkhas killed was Tecca Ram, "one of the best shots in the regiment, who had killed twenty two tigers in the Dhoon." the supplies in the city, that it little mattered to our assailants how many rounds they fired every hour of the day. The gallantry of the Artillery Subaltern Willoughby had done but little to diminish the resources of the enemy. There were vast supplies of material wealth that could not be blown into the air.

The fire from the Moree bastion, especially, played always annoyingly and sometimes destructively on the Ridge. The Sepoy gunners seemed to take a delight, which was a mixture of humour and savagery, in watching the incidents of our camp, and sending in their shots just at a critical moment to disturb our operations, whether of a military or a social character. If one detachment were marching to the relief of another-if a solitary officer were proceeding to inspect a battery-if a line of cookboys were toiling on with their caldrons on their heads for the sustenance of the Europeans on picquet, a round shot was sure to come booming towards them, and perhaps with fatal precision of aim. In time our people became accustomed to this exercise. and either avoided the exposure altogether, or kept themselves on the alert so as to anticipate the arrival of the deadly missile, and secure safety by throwing themselves upon the ground. The cook-boys, whose journeys-as men must eat-could not be arrested or postponed, became adepts in this work. They went adroitly down on their knees and deposited their burdens till the danger had passed. The water-carriers, too, were greatly exposed. And it is characteristic of the relations which at that time existed between the two races, that although these servile classes did their duty with all fidelity-and it would have fared ill with us indeed if they had failed us in the hour of need-not only was there little kindliness and sym1857. June.



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pathy extended towards them, but by some at least of the Englishmen in Camp, these unarmed, harmless, miserable servitors were treated with most unmerited severity. There is something grotesque, but not less terrible for its grotesqueness, in the story that when the cook-boys thus deftly saved themselves from swift death, and secured also their precious burdens, the European soldiers would sometimes say, "It is well for you, my boys, that you have not spilt our dinners. *"

rear.

June 18-19. On the 18th, two Senov Regiments that had muti-Attack on our nied at Nusserabad streamed into Delhi, bringing with them six guns. † This welcome reinforcement raised the hopes of the mutineers, and they resolved, on the following day, to go out in force against the besiegers. They had so often failed to make an impression on our front, that this time it was their game to attack our position in the rear. So, passing the Subzee-mundee, they entered the gardens on our right, and, disappearing for a while, emerged by the side of the Najufgurh Canal, to the dismay of the camel-drivers. whose animals were quietly browsing on the plain. The day was then so far spent that the expectation of an attack, which had been entertained in the morning, had passed away from our camp, and we were but ill-prepared to receive the enemy. Our Artillery were the first in action against them. Scott, Money, and Tombs brought their guns into play with marvellous rapidity; 1 but for a while they were unsup-

> with reference to the practice of the enemy in the city. I shall speak more fully hereafter of the treatment

of the Natives in camp. + This reinforcement consisted of the Fifteenth and Thirtisth Sepay Regiments, the Second Company Seventh Battalion (Golundauze) Ar-

* I am writing of this now only tillery, with No. 6 Horse Battery ith reference to the practice of the attached, and some men of the First Bombay Light Cavalry.

[‡] The Field Artillery employed on this occasion consisted of three guns each of four different batteries, under Turner, Money, Tombs, and Scott. The battle was fought by them.

BATTLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH OF JUNE.

ported, and the enemy's fire, artillery and musketry, was heavy and well directed. The guns of the muti- Jane 18. Waterioo neers were the far-famed guns of the illustrious gar- Day. rison of Jellalabad, known in history as Abbott's battery-guns with the mural crown upon them in honour of their great achievements. The Infantry, too, of the Nusserabad Brigade were proving their title to be regarded as the very flower of the rebel army. So fierce and well directed was the fire of a party of musketeers under cover, that Tombs, seeing his men dropping at their guns, and unable to reach the sheltered enemy, doubted for a little space whether he could maintain himself against them. But in this crisis up rode Daly with a detachment of his. Guides' Cavalry, and a word from the heroic Artilleryman sent him forward with a few followers against the musketeers in the brushwood. The diversion was successful; but the gallant leader of the Guides returned severely wounded, and for a while his services were lost to the Force.* .

Meanwhile, our Cavalry had been getting to horse. and Yule's Lancers were to be seen spurring into action. But the shades of evening were now falling upon the battle, and ere long it was difficult to distinguish friends from enemics. Yule's saddle was soon empty; † and Hope Grant, who commanded, well-nigh fell into the hands of the enemy, for his charger was

the Siege of Delhi" thus describes this incident: "A portion of the Guide Cavalry came up. 'Daly, if you do not charge,' said Tombs to their leader, 'my guns are taken.' Daly spurred into the bushesscarcely a dozen of his men followed him. He returned with a bullet in his shoulder; but the momentary diversion saved the guas."

+ The cotemporary annalists of

* The author of the "History of the siege do not relate in what manner Yule met his death, but his horse galloping riderless into camp seems to have conveyed the first news of his fall, and his body laying all night on the field, it may be assumed that he was killed in the confusion which arose when the brief twilight had closed upon the scene. It is distinctly stated that our own Artillery fired upon the Lancers.

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shot under him, and it was sore trouble to rescue him. June 18-19. in the confusion and darkness of the moment. The engagement, scattered and discursive as were its incidents, is not one easily to be described. A confused narrative of that evening's fighting must be most descriptive of the chaos of the fight. Night fell upon a drawn battle, of which no one could count the issues, and, as our officers met together in their messtents, with not very cheerful countenances, they saw the camp-fires of the enemy blazing up in their rear. We had sustained some severe losses. That fine fieldofficer of the Lancers, Yule, had been killed; Daly, of the Guides, had been incapacitated for active work; Arthur Becher, Quartermaster-General of the Army, had been wounded; and we had left many men upon the field. The enemy had increased in numbers, and with numbers their daring had increased. It would have gone ill with us if the mutineers had succeeded in establishing themselves in our rear, and the strength of the rebel force within the walls had enabled them to renew their attacks on our front and on our flanks. They were welcoming fresh reinforcements every day, whilst our reinforcements, notwithstanding the ceaseless energies of the authorities above and below Delhi, were necessarily coming in but slowly. Perhaps at no period of the siege were circumstances more dispiriting to the besiegers.

There was little sound sleep in our camp that night, but with the first dawn of the morning, and the first breath of the morning air, there came a stern resolution upon our people not to cease from the battle until they had driven the exulting enemy from our rear. But it was scarcely needed that we should brace ourselves up for the encounter. The vehemence of the enemy was seldom of long duration.

DAYS OF REST.

It expended itself in fierce spasms, often, perhaps, the growth of vast druggings of bang, and was generally exhausted in the course of a few hours. On the morning of the 19th, therefore, our people saw but little of the desperate energy of the 18th. Soon after our camp turned out there was another scene of wild confusion. Nobody seemed to know what was the actual position of affairs, and many were quite unable in their bewilderment to distinguish between enemies and friends. The former had nearly all departed, and the few who remained were driven out with little trouble. One last spasm of energy manifested itself in a farewell discharge of round-shot from a Sepoy gun; but the worst that befel us was an amazing panic among the camp-followers beyond the canal, and a considerable expenditure of ammunition upon an imaginary foe.

It always happened that after one of these storms Jane 20-21. of excitement there was a season of calm. To the A lull. irresistible voluptuousness of perfect repose the Sepoys ever surrendered themselves on the day after a great fight. The 20th and the 21st were, therefore, days of rest to our Force. The latter was our Sabbath, and early service was performed by Mr. Rotton in the mess-tent of the Second Fusiliers, and afterwards in other parts of the camp. There were many then amongst our people instant in prayer, for they felt that a great crisis was approaching. They may have laughed to scorn the old prophecy that on the centenary of the great battle of Plassey, which had laid Bengal at our feet, and had laid, too, broad and deep the foundations of our vast Anglo-Indian Empire, our empire would be finally extinguished. The self-reliance of the Englishman made light account of such vaticinations; but no one doubted that the superstition

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was strong in the minds of the Delhi garrison, and that the 23rd of June would be a great day, for good or for evil, in the History of the War. It was certain, indeed, that then one of those convulsive efforts, with which already our people were so well acquainted, would be made on a larger scale than ever had been made before. On such a day, warned by the thought of the prophecy which designing people had freely circulated in the Lines of all our rebel regiments, it could not be doubted that Hindoos and Mahomedans would unite with common confidence and common enmity against us, and that an unwonted amount of confidence and bang would hurl their regiments against us with unexampled fury and self-devotion, in full assurance of the re-establishment of Native rule from one end of India to the other. Our force had been growing weaker and weaker every day, whilst the rebel force had grown stronger and stronger. It was not, therefore, a very cheerful prospect which lav before the English when they thought of the issues of the morrow.

June 23. The Centenary of Plassey. Day had scarcely broken on the 23rd when our people learnt that their expectations were not unfounded. The enemy, in greater force than had ever menaced us before, streamed out of the Lahore gate, and again moved by our right towards the rear of the British camp. But they encountered an unexpected difficulty, which disconcerted their plans. On the previous night our Sappers had demolished the bridges over the Nujufgurh Drain, by which the enemy had intended to cross their guns; and thus checked, they were compelled to confine their attacks to the right of our position. The effect of this was, that much of the day's fighting was among the houses of the Subzee-mundee, from which the enemy poured in a deadly

THE CENTENARY OF PLASSEY.

fire on our troops. Again and again the British Infantry, with noble courage and resolution, bearing up against the heats of the fiercest sun that had yet assailed them, drove the Sepoys from their cover, and fought against heavy odds all through that long summer day. We had need of all our force in such a struggle, for never had we been more outmatched in numbers, and never had the enemy shown a sterner, more enduring courage. Fresh troops had joined us in the morning, but, weary as they were after a long night's march, they were called into service, and nobly responded to the call.* The action of the 19th had been an Artillery action ; this of the 23rd was fought by the Infantry, and it was the fighting that least snits the taste and temper of the English soldier. But the Sixtieth Rifles went gallantly to the attack, and the Goorkahs and Guides vied with them in sturdy, unflinching courage to the last. At noonday the battle was raging furiously in the Subzeemundee; and such were the fearful odds against us, that Reid, cool and confident as he was in the face of difficulty and danger, felt that, if not reinforced, it would strain him to the utmost to hold his own. † But his men fought on; and after a while the reinforcements which he had sent for came up, and then, though the contest was still an unequal one, the

* These reinforcements consisted of a company of the Seventy-fifth Foot, four companies of the Second Bengal Fusiliers, four European Horse Artillery guns and part of a Native troop, with some Punjabee Infantry and Cavalry—in all about 850 men.

† "The mutineers, about twelve o'clock, made a most desperate attack on the whole of my position. No men could have fought better. They charged the Rifles, the Guides, and *Letters and Notes.*

my own men again and again, and at one time I thought I must have lost the day. The canonade from the city, and the heavy guns which they had brought out, raged fast and furions, and completely enfiladed the whole of my position. Thousands were brought against my mere handful of men; but I knew the importance of my position, and was determined to do my utmost to hold it till reinforcements arrived."-Reid's Latters and Notes.

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chances of war were no longer desperately against us, and our stubborn courage prevailed against the multitude of the enemy. As the sun went down, the vigour of the enemy declined also, and at sunset the mutineers had lost heart, and found that the work was hopeless. Before nightfall the Subzee-mundee was our own, and the enemy had withdrawn their guns and retired to the city. It had been a long weary day of hard fighting beneath a destroying sun, and our troops were so spent and exhausted that they could not charge the rebelguns, or follow the retreating masses of the mutineers. It was one of those victories of which a few more repetitions would have turned our position into a graveyard, on which the enemy might have quietly encamped.

June 24.

After this there was another lull, and there was State of affairs again time for our chief people to take account of the circumstances of their position and to look the future. in the face. The result of the fighting on the Centenary of Plassey was somewhat to abate the confidence of the enemy. There were no signs of the descent of that great Star of Fortune which had risen above us for a hundred years. Little now was to be gained by them from spiritual manifestations and encouragements. They had only to look to their material resources; but these were steadily increasing, as the stream of mutiny continued to swell and roll down in full current towards the great ocean of the imperial city. Nusserabad and Jullundhur had already discharged their turbid waters, and now Rohilkund was about to pour in its tributaries. All this was against us, for it was the custom of the enemy upon every new accession of strength to signalise the arrival of the reinforcements by sending them out to attack us. Thus the brunt of the fighting on the 19th had been

borne by the Nusserabad force, and on the 23rd by the regiments from Jullundhur. It was felt, therefore, that on the arrival of the Rohilkund Brigade there would be again a sharp conflict, which, although the issue of the day's fighting could not be doubtful, would tend to the diminution of our strength, and to the exhaustion of our resources, and would place us no nearer to the final consummation for which our people so ardently longed.

On the other hand, however, it was a source of Arrival of 1econgratulation that our reinforcements were also ar- inforcements. riving. Sir John Lawrence was doing his work well in the Punjab, and sending down both European and Sikh troops, and every available gun, to strengthen Barnard in his position before Delhi. The dimensions of the British camp were visibly expanding. The newly arrived troops were at first a little dispirited by the thought of the small progress that had been made by their comrades before Delhi; for the besiegers were found to be the besieged. But they soon took heart again, for the good spirits of the Delhi Field Force were contagious, and nothing finer had ever been seen than the buoyancy and the cheerfulness which they manifested in the midst of all sorts of trials and privations. Many old friends and comrades then met together in the mess-tents to talk over old times, and many new friendships were formed by men meeting as strangers, on that ever-memorable Ridge-friendships destined to last for a life. Hospitality and good-fellowship abounded everywhere. There was not an officer in camp who did not delight in the opportunity of sharing his last bottle of beer with a friend or a comrade. And from the old Crimean General down to the youngest subaltern in camp, all were alike chivalrous, patient, and self-denying.

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Last days of General Barnard,

There was never any despondency among them. Vast divergencies of opinion prevailed in camp with respect to the great something that was to be done. Some of the younger, more eager, spirits panted for a rush upon Delhi. The Engineer subalterns-Greathed and his gallant brethren-never ceased to urge the expediency of a coup-de-main, and as the month of June wore to a close, Barnard again consented to the enterprise-doubtfully as to the issue, and altogether reluctantly, but with a dominant sense that there was nothing else to be done. He was very active at this time. No subaltern, in the flower of his youth, was more regardless of exposure and fatigue. Under the fierce June sun, never sparing himself, he was continually abroad, and night seldom found his anxious head upon the pillow. Sometimes he and his son laid themselves down together, with revolvers in their hands, but still the general notion in camp was that he "never slept." He was torn to pieces by conflicting counsels. But he wore outwardly a cheerful aspect, and ever resolute to do his best, he bore up manfully against the troubles which surrounded him. Even the feeling that, do what he might, his reputation would be assailed, did not, to outward appearance, very sorely distress him. All men placed in difficult. conjunctures must be prepared to encounter reproach. and Barnard well knew it. But ever as time went on he won upon the hearts of the officers under his command by his kindliness and generosity. It was said that he kept open tent; he had a liberal table; and never had an officer in high command a keener sense of individual merit or a more open-hearted desire to bestow his personal commendations on all who had distinguished themselves by acts of gallantry, So, before the month of June was at an end, Sir

SIR HENRY BARNARD.

Henry Barnard had securely established himself in the affections of the Delhi Field Force.

But, as weeks passed away, and he saw that he was making no impression upon Delhi, the inward care that was weighing upon his very life grew heavier and heavier. He wrote many letters at this time both to public functionaries in India and to private friends in England, in which he set forth very clearly his difficulties and perplexities, and suggested that he had been, and was likely to be, misjudged. To Sir John Lawrence he wrote, on the 28th of June, a letter, in which he reviewed the Past and set forth the circumstances of the Present. "You have, of course," he said, "been well informed of our proceedings, which, from the commencement, have been a series of difficulties overcome by the determined courage and endurance of our troops, but not leading us to the desired termination. When first I took up this position, my Artillery were to silence the fire of the town from the Moree and Cashmere gates, at least, and our heavy guns then brought into play to open our way into the city. So far from this, however, we have not silenced a single gun, and they return us to this day at least four to one. The Chief Artillery Officer admits the distance to be too great; but to get nearer we must look to our Engineers, who are only now commencing to collect some few materials, such as trenching tools, sand-bags, &c., of which they were destitute, and even now have not enough to aid me in strengthening any outpost. In the mean time, my force is being worn out by the constant and sanguinary combats they are exposed tothe attacks which require every soul in my camp to repel-for it is never certain where the enemy intend to strike their blow, and it is only by vigilance I can

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ascertain it, and having done so, withdraw troops from one place to strengthen the threatened one; and thus the men are hastened here and there, and exposed to the sun all day. To me it is wonderful how all have stood it. It is heart-breaking to engage them in these affairs, which always cost us some valuable lives. The Engineers had arranged a plan of approach on the Cashmere side; the difficulties that meet one here are the constant interruptions the operations would experience by the fire from the town, and more so by the more frequent renewal of these dangerous attacks. But a greater one was in store for me when, on inquiring into the means, the amount of siege ammunition was found to be so totally inadequate, that the Chief Engineer declared the project must be abandoned. There remains, therefore, but one alternative. My whole force will be here in a day or two, when our entire project will be matured. Disappointing as, I fear, our progress has been to you, the results of our exertions have been great ; an immensely superior force has been on all occasions defeated with great loss, and I have reason to believe that the spirit of this mutineering multitude-contemptible in the open, but as good, if not better, than ourselves behind guns-is completely broken, and that the game is in our hands; for, by confining, or rather centralising the evil on Delhi, the heart of it will be crushed in that spot, and that 'delay,' so far from being detrimental, has been of essential use! But for the prestige, I would leave Delhi to its fate. Anarchy and disorder would soon destroy it; and the force now before it-the only one of Europeans you have in India set free-would be sufficient to re-establish the greater part of the country. To get into Delhi

ARRIVAL OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHAMBERLAIN.

will greatly reduce this small force, and I feel much moral courage in even hinting at an object which I have no intention of carrying out-at all events, till after an attempt has been made. You may say, why engage in these constant combats? The reason simply is that, when attacked, we must defend ourselves; and that to secure our camp, our hospitals, our stores, &c., every living being has to be employed. The whole thing is too gigantic for the force brought against it. The gates of Delhi once shut, with the whole of your Native Army drilled, equipped, and organised within the walls, a regularly prepared force should have been employed, and the place invested. Much as I value the reduction of Delhi, and great as I see that the danger to my own reputation will be if we fail, still I would rather retire from it than risk this army ! But, by God's blessing, all may be saved yet." And in this letter, having set forth the general state of the great question before him, he proceeded. to speak of some of its personal bearings. "My position," he said, "is difficult; and not the less so for its undefined responsibilities, which must always be the case when a Commander-in-Chief is in the same field. But the valuable assistance which you have given me, in Brigadier-General Chamberlain, will henceforward greatly lighten my anxieties."

A few days before-on the 24th of June-Brigadier June 24. Chamberlain had arrived in Camp to take the post of Arrival of Adjutant-General of the Army. His coming had been Brigadieranticipated with the liveliest emotions of satisfaction. Chamberlain, Some said that he would be worth a thousand men. Those who had ever encouraged the bolder and the more hazardous course of action rejoiced most of all, for they believed that his voice would be lifted up in VOL. II.

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favour of some dashing enterprise.* It was, doubtless, at that time great gain to have such a man at the elbow of the Commander. † A few months before officialism would have stood aghast at such a selection. Neville Chamberlain had little departmental experience. But the Departments, in that great crisis, were not in the highest honour. Not that they had failed-not that they had done any worse or any better than Departments are wont to do in great conjunctures; but that the Delhi Field Force did not want Departments, but men. There was no want of manliness in the general Staff, for already within the space of three weeks one departmental chief had been killed and another disabled. But it was felt that there were men in the country, cast in the true heroic mould, with a special genius for the work in hand. Some said, "Oh, if Henry Lawrence were but here !" others spoke of John Nicholson as the man for the crisis; and all rejoiced in the advent of Neville Chamberlain. There was another, too, whose name at that time was in the mouth of the general camp. It was known that Baird Smith had been summoned to direct the engineering department, which had been lamentably in want of an efficient chief. All these things were cheering to the heart of the Crimean General, for he mistrusted his own judgment, and he

* "Neville Chamberlain has arrived; of this we are all glad, as well as the General. Wilby's bold conceptions may now receive more consideration." — Greathed's Latters.— "Everything will be right, they used to say, when Chamberlain comes, and all took courage when they saw his starn pale face." — History of the Siege of Dethi.

† "You have sent me a sound, good auxiliary in Brigadier Chamberlain, who fully sees and admits the difficulties I have been placed in. He is favourable to the trial of getting into the place, and a reasonable hope of success may be entertained. I am willing to try, provided I can see my way to honourably secure my sick and wounded, and keeping open my supplies."—Sir H. Barnard to Sir John Lawrence, July 1. MS. Correspondence.

ARRIVAL OF BAIRD SMITH.

looked eagerly for counsellors in whom he could confide.

Baird Smith was at Roorkhee, leading an active, Colonel Baird busy life, thinking much of the Army before Delhi, but never dreaming of taking part in the conflict, when, in the last week of June, news reached him that he was wanted there to take the place of the Chief Engineer, who had completely broken down. Having improvised, with irregular despatch, a body of some six hundred Pioneers, and loaded fifty or sixty carts with Engineer tools and stores, he started on the 29th of June, accompanied by Captains Robertson and Spring.* Pushing on by forced marches, he was within sixty miles of Delhi, when, on the morning of the 2nd of July, after a weary night-march, an express reached him with the stirring news that an assault on Delhi had been planned for the early dawn of the morrow, and that all were anxious for his presence. After an hour or two of sleep, he mounted again, and rode-or, as he said, "scrambled"-on; getting what he could to carry him-now a fresh horse, now an elephant, and again the coach-and-four of the Rajah of Jheend; and so, toiling all through the day and the night, he reached Delhi by three o'clock on the morning of the 3rd. Weary and worn out though he was, the prospect of the coming assault braced him up for the work in hand; but he had made the toilsome march for nothing. The projected attack was in abeyance, if it had not wholly collapsed.

It was the old story: that fatal indecision, which Postponehad been the bane of General Barnard, as leader of Ment of the such an enterprise as this, had again, at the eleventh

* The latter was going to join his regiment in the Punjab. On the norning of his arrival at Jhelum he

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hour, overthrown the bolder counsels which he had been persuaded to adopt. All the expected reinforcements had arrived, and he was stronger than he had ever been before.* The details of the assault had been arranged; the plans had been prepared; the troops had been told off for the attacking columns, though they had not yet been warned, and the project was kept a secret in Camp-when information reached him that the enemy were contemplating a grand attack upon our position by the agency of the rebel regiments recently arrived from Rohilkund. The time of early morning appointed for the assault -a little before daybreak-would have been propitious, for the hour before dawn was dark and cloudy, and our troops could have advanced unseen to the City walls. But now the opportunity was lost. - The time was coming for "the moon and day to meet," and so all hope of our creeping up, unseen, beneath the shadow of the darkness, was passing away. What Barnard and others called the "Gamester's Throw," was not destined to be thrown by him. †

* The reinforcements which had joined our Camp from the Punjab between the 26th of June and 3rd of July were the Head-quarters of Her Majesty's Eighth Foot, released by the defection of the Jullandhur Brigade; the Head-quarters of Her Majesty's Sixty-first Foot; the First Regiment of Punjab Infantry (Coke's Riffes); a squadron of Punjab Cavalry; with two guns of European and two of Native Horse Artillery, some European Reserve Artillery, and some Sikh gunners. The want of artillerymen to work our guns had been severely felt, and Sir John Lawrence had done his best to supply them from all sources. The reinforcements defached above made up, according to Norman, our effective force to six thousand six hundred men of all arms.

⁺ The causes of the abandonment of the enterprise were thus stated by Sir H. Barnard: "I had all prepared for the gamester's throw last night, when the arrival of the reinforcements of Coke's gave me all the available means I can expect. It was frustrated, first, by hearing that we were to be attacked in great force this morning at dawn of day, when to a certainty our Camp would be destroyed; and, secondly, on account of serious disaffection m (Charles) Nicholson's Regiment, all the Hindoos of which I have disarmed—and hung two of the Na-

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MOVEMENTS OF THE BARELLLY BRIGADE.

The threatened attack on our position, said to have been fixed for the morning of the 3rd, was not then The Bareily developed into a fact; but at night the Rohilkund Brigade. Brigade*-some four thousand or five thousand strong, Horse, Foot, and Artillery-the Infantry in the scarlet uniforms of their old masters-went out, under cover of the darkness, and made their way towards Alipore, in rear of our Camp, with some vague intention of cutting off our communications by destroying a post we had established there, and of intercepting some convoys on their way to or from the Ridge. † A force under Major Coke, of the Punjab Irregular Army, who had arrived in Camp on the last day of June, was sent out to give battle to the mutineers. It was a compact, well-appointed column of Cavalry and Infantry, with some Horse Artillery guns; and the leader was held in repute for his achievements in border warfare. But the result was a disappointment. The ground was marshy; the progress was slow; and we were too late to do the work. Soon after daybreak on the 4th, our column came in sight of the Sepoy Regiments which were then returning from Alepore, and our guns were brought into action. But Coke had not taken

tive officers. The Ninth Irregulars Barnard to Sir John Lawrence, July The Rohilkund, or Bareilly, spectrum of the sector of the evinced evident sign of 'shake,' and

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right account of the distance; our light field pieces made little impression upon the enemy, and our Infantry had not come up in time to take part in the engagement. The Sepoy General, Bukht Khan, was, however, in no mood to come to closer quarters with us, so he drew off his forces and set his face towards Delhi, leaving behind him his baggage, consisting mainly of the night's plunder-an ammunition waggon and some camel-loads of small-arm cartridges. But they carried off all their guns, and returned to garrison not much weaker than when they started. "The distance we had come from Camp," wrote General Reed to Sir John Lawrence, "and the deep state of the ground, prevented our guns and cavalry from pursuing. In fact, the horses were knocked up, and the guns could scarcely be moved, while the enemy, being on higher ground, managed to get away their guns."* But if we had gained no glory, the enemy had added another to their long list of failures. They had taken out some thousands of their best troops, and had only burnt a village, plundered a small isolated British post, and left the plunder behind them on the field. But, if our eyes had not been opened before to the danger of some day having our rearward communications with Kurnaul and the Punjab-all the upper country from which we drew our supplies and reinforcements-interrupted by a swarming enemy, who might attack us at all points

* MS. Correspondence.- The author of the "History of the Siege of Delhi," who was obviously with Coke's force, adds: "Our mon returned completely exhausted by the

Camp to carry them in."-Hedson says that " our loss was about thirty or forty Europeans, and three of my Native officers temporarily disabled." Another writer (MS. Journal) says: "Our loss was one Irregular, who heat. Indeed, many of the Sixty. "Our loss was one Irregular, who first sank down beneath trees, and came from the Punjab with Coke, our elephants had to be sent from and an Artillery driver,"

at the same time, so as to prevent us from effectively protecting our rear, this expedition of the Rohilkund force dispersed all the films that still obscured our vision. And our Engineer officers, therefore, were directed to adopt every possible measure to render the establishment of the enemy in our rear a feat of difficult, if not impossible, accomplishment; and the chief of these was the destruction of the bridges across the Nujufgurh Canal, except the one immediately in our rear, which we could always command and protect.

Very soon Baird Smith and Barnard were in close consultation. The General rejoiced greatly in the presence of his new adviser, and gave him his un-stinted confidence. The arrival, indeed, of such a man as the accomplished Engineer, who knew every nook and crevice in Delhi, and who, before he had any expectation of being personally connected with the siege, had devised a plan of attack, was great gain to the besieging force; and Barnard, whose ignorance of Indian warfare and mistrust of his own judgment drove him to seek advice in all likeliest quarters, would gladly have leant most trustingly on Smith. But it was not decreed that he should trust in any one much longer. His life was now wearing to a close.

On the second day after Baird Smith's arrival in Death of Camp, cholera fell heavily upon the General, and General smote him down with even more than its wonted suddenness. General Reed had seen Barnard in the early morning, and observed nothing peculiar about him; but by ten o'clock on that Sunday morning a July 5. whisper was running through the camp that the Commander of the Delhi Field Force was dying.

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He had been missed from his accustomed place at church-service; and, before many hours had passed, his broken-hearted son, who had ministered to him with all the tenderness of a woman, was standing beside his lifeless body. "Tell them," said the dying General, speaking of his family in England, almost with his last breath—"tell them that I die happy." Next day his remains were conveyed on a gun-carriage to their last resting-place. "The only difference," wrote the Chaplain who performed the burial-service, "between the General and a private soldier consisted in the length of the mournful train, which followed in solemn silence the mortal remains of the brave warrior."

From his death-bed he had sent a message to Baird. Smith, saying that he trusted to him to give such an. explanation of the circumstances in which he was placed as would save his reputation as a soldier. And, indeed, the same generosity of feeling as he had evinced in all his endeavours to brighten the character of his dead friend Anson was now displayed by others towards him; for all men spoke and wrote gently and kindly of Barnard, as of one against whom nothing was to be said except that circumstances were adverse to him. "I found him," wrote Baird Smith, "one of the most loveable men I had ever met-rigidly conscientious in every duty, a perfect gentleman in manner and feeling, a brave soldier, but unequal to the present crisis from an apparent want of confidence in himself and an inability to discriminate between the judgments of others."-" In him," wrote General Reed to Sir John Lawrence, "the service has lost a most energetic and indefatigable officer, and I fear his untimely end was in a great measure to be attributed to his fearless exposure

DEATH OF GENERAL BARNARD.

of himself, not only to the fire of the enemy, but to the more deadly rays of the sun."-""He was a highminded, excellent officer," said Mr. Commissioner Greathed; "and on European ground, in a European war, would have done the State good service; but he was too suddenly thrust into the most difficult active service in India that could be imagined, and found himself placed in command of an Army which General Anson had organised, and obliged to carry out operations which he would not himself have undertaken with the means at his command. With more knowledge of the relative merits of his troops and of the enemy, he would, I think, have achieved a great success."-"How he has carried on so long," wrote Neville Chamberlain, "is wonderful. All day in the sun, and the most part of the night either walking up and down the main street of the camp or visiting the batteries and posts. His constitution was such that he could not command sleep at the moments when he might have rested, and exhausted nature has given way. We all deeply lament his loss, for a kinder or more noble-minded officer never lived."

I need add nothing to these tributes from the foremost officers in the Camp. Only three months before Barnard had written to Lord Canning, saying: "Cannot you find some tough job to put to me? I will serve you faithfully."* The "tough job" had been found, and a single month of it had sufficed to lay him in his grave. But he had redeemed his promise. He had served the State faithfully to the last hour of his life.

* Ante, vol. i., page 563. Some respondence will be found in the further extracts from Barnard's Cor- Appendix.

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And here fitly closes the second part of this Story of the Siege of Delhi. It is the story of a succession of profitless episodes—desultory in narration as in fact; the story of a month's fighting with no results but loss of life, waste of material resources, and bitter disappointment in all the dwelling-places of the English in India, as week after week passed away, and every fresh report of the fall of Delhi was proved to be a mockery and a lie.

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. CHAPTER V.

GUNERAL EEED IN COMMAND-EXERTIONS OF BAIRD SMITH-INADEQUACY OF RESOURCES-QUESTION OF ASSAULT RENEWED-ENGAGEMENTS WITH THE ENEMY-HOPES OF THE ENGLISH-ASSAULT ABANDONED-DEPAR-TURE OF GENERAL REED-BRIGADIER WILSON IN COMMAND-HIS FOSITION AND EFFORTS-SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE CAMP-STATE OF THE DELHI GARRISON.

FROM the first hour of his appearance at Delhi, July, 1857. Baird Smith had begun to examine thoroughly the Question of Materials for means and resources at his disposal. He had no a Siege. great opinion of the power of the place to stand a siege, if the besiegers had adequate material for its prosecution. But never was a besieging army in worse plight for the conduct of great operations than the British Army before Delhi. The Chief Engineer found that his siege ordnance consisted of two 24pounders, nine 18-pounders, six 8-inch mortars, and two or three 8-inch howitzers. The enemy were much stronger in Artillery. They could bring to any point open to attack from twenty-five to thirty guns, and ten or twelve mortars-all as well served as our own. But there was something even worse than this. If we had possessed more guns we could not have used them, for there was a deplorable want of ammunition. Baird Smith stood aghast at the discovery that the shot in store for the heavy guns was scarcely equal to the requirements of a day's siege, and there was no immediate prospect of the receipt of further supplies; whilst, on the other



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hand, the enemy were furnished with the inexhaustible resources of the great Delhi Magazine. It was plain, therefore, that in this helpless state it would have been madness to commence siege operations, which must have been speedily abandoned from the exhaustion of our material supplies.

Question of Assault.

But the question still suggested itself: "Might not the place be carried by assault ?" It was easier to answer this in the affirmative. "Here," he argued, "the relative forces are materially changed in value. We have a highly disciplined body under a single head, completely in hand, full of pluck, and anxious to attack, and with almost unlimited self-reliance. The enemy is without any head, not in hand at all, so far broken in spirit that he has never met us in battlewith any odds in his favour-without being beaten. It is very true that his numbers much exceed ours, and that in a town, in street-fighting, discipline is of less value than in the open battle-field. It is true, also, that assaults are proverbially precarious. Napoleon said of them, 'a dog or a goose may decide their issues.' The results of failure would be as terrible and depressing as those of success would be glorious and inspiriting."* All these things he deliberately considered; but, weighing the chances on either side, he came to the conclusion that "the probabilities of success were far greater than those of failure, and the reasons justifying an assault stronger than those which justified inaction." He therefore urged upon the General, in an official letter, the advantages of an assault by escalade, the gates which we desired to force being blown in by powder-bags. "And," he wrote, four months afterwards, "looking back now with the full advantages of actual ex-

* MS. Correspondence of Colonel Baird Smith,

perience, and with, I believe, very little disposition to maintain a foregone conclusion, because it was foregone, I think at this moment, if we had assaulted any time between the 4th and 14th of July, we should have carried the place." *

When the Engineer's letter reached the Head-Quar- General Reed ters of the Force, Sir Henry Barnard was dead, or dying.+ The command was then assumed by General Reed. Since he had been in the Delhi Camp, with no immediate responsibility upon him, his health had improved; and although he still appeared to others, especially, to men with the inexhaustible energies of Baird Smith, a feeble invalid, he believed himself to be equal to the work, and wrote that, "with the aid of the Almighty, he trusted to carry it to a successful issue." To this officer Baird Smith's plan of assault was submitted. He did not immediately reject it. On the 9th, he wrote to Sir John Lawrence, saving, "We still have the assault in contemplation, the details of which are not yet quite completed by the Engineers' Department under Baird Smith." But the delay, whether originating in the Engineers' Department, or in the councils of the General, was fatal to the scheme; and, as Baird Smith afterwards wrote, "the opportunity passed away, and the question of assault or no assault finally resolved itself into doing nothing by sheer

Baird Smith.

† I have here again to notice the confusion of dates, of which I have spoken in a former note. Baird Smith, in a letter before me, says, "My letter recommending the mea-sure went in on the 6th. I doubt if Sir Henry Barnard ever saw it, as he died a day or two afterwards." But Mr. Greathed, in a letter dated July 6, says that the remains of the

* MS. Correspondence of Colonel General were buried at ten o'clock on that day; and Mr. Rotton (Chaplain's Narrative), who performed the funeral service, says most distinctly that Barnard died at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, July 5. There is not the least doubt of the fact. Baird Smith's letter, therefore, was not sent in until after Barnard's death, unless he is wrong about the date of its despatch.



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force of circumstances." "Whatever is," he added, "being best, I am content with things as they are, and I am very far indeed from attaching the slightest blame to those who differed from me on the question of assaulting. They, doubtless, examined the probabilities as conscientiously as I did, but realised them differently, and came to a contrary conclusion. The difficulties were great enough, and the consequences grave enough, to require every man to form and to hold to his own opinion, and yet to promote toleration at differences-at any rate, that was my view of the case, right or wrong." And, truly, it was very right. For there is nothing, perhaps, which calls for more toleration than the solution of great military questions, when there are antagonistic arrays of difficulties to be considered. It has been said of other places than Delhi, which have stood protracted sieges, that they might have been carried by assault within the first hour of our appearance before them. It was said of Bhurtpore; it was said of Sebastopol; but neither Combermere nor Raglan thought that it was his duty to risk the chance of a failure by attempting it.

Action of July 9. The circumstances, the force of which was said by the Chief Engineer to have settled the momentous question of assault or no assault, were these. Whilst in the English Camp our people were considering the best means of attacking the enemy within the walls of Delhi, the enemy were making renewed attacks on the British Camp outside the walls; and every new attack reduced our scanty numbers. On the 9th of July they came out in force against us. Intelligence of their design reached General Reed in the morning, and he was in some measure prepared for them; but he scarcely expected a daring inroad of rebel Cavalry into our Camp.* But about ten o'clock,† through a mist of heavy rain, our English officers, on the "Mound" discerned their approach. Here, on a piece of elevated ground to the right rear of our Camp, was planted a battery of three heavy guns, with the usual Infantry Picquet. In addition to this a Cavalry Picquet was thrown out, somewhat in advance of the Mound; and this now consisted of a party of Carabineers, two Horse Artillery guns of Tombs's troop, and a detachment of the Ninth Irregular Cavalry, under a Native officer, which occupied the extreme point in advance.‡ Perplexed by

* "We had a sharp affair with the enemy yesterday. I had re-ceived a report in the morning that they were coming out in force on the right, and Major Reid applied for their usual reinforcement at Hindoo Rao's house, which was sent, and the rest of the troops held in readiness to turn out. About ten A.M. a party of insurgent Sowars made a most daring inroad to the rear of our right by a road leading to the Grand Trunk. These men were dressed exactly like the Ninth Irregulars, which led to the suppo-sition that part of that regiment, which was on picquet on that flank, had mutinied; but it turned out that the greater part of them, at least, belonged to the Eighth Irregulars from Bareilly. About a hundred men of their people actually swept through the right of our camp by the rear, by the bridge adjoining the burial-ground."- General Reed to Sir John Lawrence, July 10, 1857. MS.

[†] It will have been seen that, in the preceding note, General Reed says that the enemy appeared about ten o'clock. Major Reid says, "the action commenced about seven o'clock." The latter may refer to the opening of the enemy's guns. Major Tombs says that, to the best of his recollection, it was about three P.M. when he first learnt that the troopers were entering our Camp. Octemporary accounts often differ greatly with respect to the time of day.

t "The Mound was about halfway between the Ridge and the Canal, which protected the British rear. It was on the right rear flank of Camp, and overlooked the Subzee-mundee. Between the Mound and the Canal there were several clumps of trees, and the Canal-bank being also fringed with them, the view in that direction was confused and interrupted, and for this reason a Cavalry picquet was thrown out on the Canal-bank, somewhat in advance of the Mound, from which, however, the videttes of the Cavalry picquet were visible. . . . The guns and Carabineers were not stationed on the Mound, but at the foot of and on the right flank of it, so that facing to their proper front - the Subzee-mundee-the Mound was on their left hand and the Canal on their right. The ground on the right of the picquet was somewhat elevated, and on this the tents of the men were pitched and the Cavalry horses picqueted. The guns were, as it were, in a hollow, with the Mound on their left and the elevated ground on the right. To their front was a small breastwork, to which it was ordered that the guns should be run up and fought behind in case of an attack, and until the picquet could be reinforced."-MS. Memorandum.

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the appearance of the familiar uniform of the Irregular Cavalry of our own Picquets, our people at first thought that they had been driven in by the advance of the enemy; and so the guns, which might have opened upon them, were pointed harmlessly at the troopers.* But there was something much worse The mistake of the British Artillery was than this. followed by the disgrace of the British Cavalry. As the Irregulars of the Eighth from Delhi swept on, the detachment of Carabineers, which formed a part of the Picquet, turned and fled. Stillman, who commanded them, remained alone at his post. The first error was soon discovered. Hills, who was in charge of the artillery-two horse-artillery guns-of the Picquet, saw presently that it was a hostile attack, and ordered out his guns for action. But the enemy were upon him; he had not time to open fire. In this emergency the dashing Artillery subaltern-a man of light weight and short stature, young in years, but with the coolness of a veteran and the courage of a giant-set spurs to his horse and rushed into the midst of the advancing troopers, cutting right and left at them with good effect, until two of them charged him at the same time, and by the shock of

troopers of the Eighth Irregular Cavalry, who had mutinied at Ba-reilly; but it was more than sus-pected that the men of the Ninth were cognisant of and favoured the attack. It has been seen (Note, ante, page 565) that General Bainard had been very doubtful of their fidelity. There had been many desections from their ranks, but no signs of open mutiny. It may be stated here that after this affair of the 9th of July, the regiment was quietly moved out of Camp, ap-parently on duty. "On the 11th of July the Head-Quarters of the Regi-

* The actual assailants were ment proceeded to Alipore, for the purpose of keeping open the communication with the rear. Large detachments were sent into the divisions of Saharunpore, Soneput, and Paneput. On the 21st of July, in consequence of a large desertion from the Soneput detachment, it was deemed advisable to march the regiment back towards the Panjab."-Parliamentary Return of Regiments that have Mutinied. A wing of the Ninth Irregular had accompanied the first siege-train to Dellui (ante, page 189), and the other (Head-Quarters) wing had joined our Camp on the 2nd of July.

the collision, both horse and rider were thrown violently to the ground. Regaining his feet after his assailants had passed on, he recovered his sword in time to renew the combat with three Sowars, two mounted and one on foot. The two first he cut down,* and then engaged the third, a young, active swordsman of good courage, who came fresh to the encounter, whilst Hills, scant of breath and shaken by his fall, had lost all his first strength, but none of his first courage. The heavy cloak, too, which he wore, as a protection against the rain, dragged at his throat, and well-nigh choked him. The chances were now fearfully against him. Twice he fired, but his pistol snapped, and then he cut at his opponent's shoulder. The blow did not take effect; and the trooper, watching his opportunity, clutched at the English subaltern's sword and wrested it from him. Hills then closed with his enemy, grappled him so that he could not strike out with the sabre, and smote him with clenched fist again and again on the face, until the Englishman slipped and fell to the ground.

The "Mound" was a favourite place of gathering in Camp. It commonly happened that many of our officers were to be seen there, watching the progress of events below, or discussing the operations of the siege. But the heavy rain of the 9th of July had driven our people to the shelter of their tents. Among others, Major Tombs was in the Artillery Mess Tent—one of the cheeriest places in Camp when a trooper of the Ninth Irregular Cavalry, in a state of high excitement, rode up and asked the way

* "The first I wounded and thought I had killed him; apparently dropped him from his horse; the he must have clung to his horse, for second charged me with a lance. I he disappeared. The wounded man put it aside, and caught him an then came up, but got his skull awful gash on the head and face. I split."—Hills' Narrative,

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to the General's quarters. In reply to a question from Tombs, he said that the enemy were showing in front of our picquets; but the man's words seemed but scantly to express all that was in him, so Tombs hurried to his own tent, took his sword and revolver, and ordering his horse to be brought after him, walked down to the Mound Picquet. As he approached the post, he saw the Carabineers drawn up in mounted array, and our guns getting ready for action. In a minute there was a tremendous rush of Irregular Horse, the troopers brandishing their swords and vociferating lustily; and then there was to be seen the sad spectacle of our Dragoons broken and flying to the rear, whilst one of our guns went rightabout, some of the horses mounted and some riderless, and galloped towards our Camp. Tombs was now in the midst of the enemy, who were striking at him from all sides, but with no effect. A man of a noble presence, tall, strong, of robust frame and handsome countenance, dark-haired, dark-bearded, and of swart complexion, he was, in all outward semblance, the model of a Feringhee warrior; and the heroic aspect truly expressed the heroic qualities of the man. There was no finer soldier in the Camp. Threading his way adroitly through the black horsemen, he ascended the Mound, and looking down into the hollow, where his two guns had been posted, he saw the remaining one overturned, the horses on the ground, struggling in their harness or dead, with some slain or wounded gunners beside them. Near the gun he saw the prostrate body of Hills, apparently entangled in his cloak, with a dismounted Sowar standing over him with drawn sword, about to administer the deathstroke. At this time Tombs was some thirty paces

from his friend. He could not hope to reach the enemy in time to cut him down with the sabre, so resting his revolver on his left arm, he took steady aim at the trooper, who was turned full-breasted towards him, and shot him through the body. The blood oozed out through the white tunic of the wounded rebel, and, for a while at least, Hills was saved.

But the danger was not yet passed. Tombs helped his fallen subaltern to rise, and together they ascended the slope of the Mound. As they were watching the movements of the enemy, they saw a little way beneath them another dismounted Sowar, who was walking away with Hills' revolver in his hand. They made at once towards him. He was a young, strong, active trooper, who turned and attacked them with his sword, as one well skilled in the use of the weapon. His first blow aimed at Hills was parried. Then he struck at Tombs, who with like address guarded the cut. But the third blow, struck with despairing energy, as he sprung upon the younger of his opponents, broke down Hills' guard, and clove the skull to the brain. In a moment he had turned upon Tombs, who coolly parried the blow and drove his sword right through the trooper's body.*

* This narrative differs from some of the published versions of this incident, and, in one respect at least, from the account (quoted above) written by Hills himself, and printed at the time in the English journals. Hills says that the Sowar with whom he and Tombs had tho second en-counter was the very man who had attacked him in the first instance, and from whom his friend had saved had saved me from moving off with had saved me from moving h

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Meanwhile, the Sowars, flushed with their first success, were sweeping onwards through our picquets, to the main street of our Camp. What could account for the rout of the Carabineers-what could explain the flight of the Horse Artillery ?* The utmost confusion prevailed. Our people turned out in excited haste, not knowing what it all portended. The road which the rebel-troopers had taken led to the Artillery Lines. There was a Native troop of Horse Artillery there under Major Renny; and the Sowars called upon them to fraternise with their party, and to march back with them to Delhi. The loyal natives sternly replied that they obeyed only their own officers. Near them was Henry Olpherts' European troop, unlimbered and ready for immediate action. The black troop was between them and the enemy; but the Native gunners called upon the white troopers to fire through their bodies. There was no need for this. The whole camp was now astir. For a little while the Sowars had profited by the uncertainty and perplexity in our Camp. But

add that it has been recorded that Tombs, as embodied in the text, is "Tombs's account of the affair of the quite conclusive on the subject. 9th, when the enemy's Horse rode With respect to the flight of the through our Camp, was torn up by Carabineers, General Reed writes : Colonel Mackenzie. He had omitted "In the confusion, I am sorry to to say a word about himself, so say a detachment of the Carabineers, Mackenzie gave the General the true who were escorting the guns, gave version."-Greathed's Letters. Both way, in spite of the endeavours of

among earlier writers whether the that they are composed mostly of Camp on the same day, an artillery ence.

splendour of the achievement. If officer, describing what he saw, says: the same Sowar were the hero of "A gun of the Horse Artillery, that both combats, he assuredly well had been on picquet on our right, carned by that morning's fighting had just retreated into Camp, into the Behaudur-Shah Cross for per-our main street, close to my tent." sonal bravery. I should not omit to The statement of Major (Sir Henry) and that it has here received the Tomes as archedual in there? Tombs and Hills were deservedly re- their officers to stop them. These warded with the Victoria Cross. men I propose to dismount as a disarded with the Victoria Cross. men I propose to dismount as a dis-* It seems to have been a question grace to them. It would appear artillery on picquet duty did run recruits, and, being mounted on half-away; but there can be no doubt of broken horses, do not know how to the fact. In a letter written from manage them." - MS. Correspond-

their triumph was soon turned to defeat, and they fled back to Delbi, leaving many of these audacious rebels behind them, including the originator of the perilous exploit.* That so many of them escaped unseathed, returning by the way they had come, is not to be accounted for, except on the ground of surprise and confusion. Acts of individual gallantry are recorded-none more lustrous than those scored up to the honour of the brave artillerymen, Renny and Fagan. + But some dark clouds overshadowed the scene. It is related that in the absence of tangible enemies, some of our soldiery, who turned out on this occasion, butchered a number of unoffending camp-followers, servants, and others, who were huddling together, in vague alarm, near the Christian churchyard. No loyalty, no fidelity, no patient good service, on the part of these poor people, could extinguish for a moment the fierce hatred which possessed our white soldiers against all who wore the dusky livery of the East.

This bold incursion of Irregulars into our Camp Affairs in the did not supply all the day's fighting. All through Subzeemundee. the morning a brisk cannonade had been maintained by the enemy, and answered by our guns on the Right. It was soon apparent, however, that the

* "They were at first supposed to be the Ninth, but, being discovered, were charged by Brigadier Grant with his Lancers, and Captain Hodson with the Guides, who drove them out of Cantonnents."—General Reed to Sir Joha Lawrence. MS. Correspondence. This, bowever, as regards Hodson's part in the expulsion of the enemy is erroneous. Hodson started in pursuit with the Guides, mistook the enemy for our own people, and rode some three miles parallel to them, until they

suddenly crossed a bridge and "galloped off to Delhi."-See Greathed's and Hodson's Letters.

and Hodson's Letters. † Renny is said to have shot several of the rebel troopers with his revolver. Fagan rushed out of his tent with only a pen in his hand, got together a few men, killed fifteen of the enemy,' and returned with a sword and Minie rifle, of which he had "essed" a Ressaldar of the Trregulars. — Norman's Narrative,— Greathed's Letters.—History of the Siene of Daihi.

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1857. July 9. rebel musketeers were as active as their gunners. A body of Sepoys had posted themselves in the suburb of the Subzee-mundee, where, screened and aided by houses and walled gardens, and other enclosures, they kept up a galling fire on our picquets. This could not be endured; so a column was formed to attack and dislodge them. It consisted of the Head-Quarters and two companies of the Sixtieth Rifles, detachments of the Eighth and Sixty-first Foot, and the Fourth Sikh Infantry, with the six guns of Major Scott's battery; whilst Major Reid was instructed to co-operate with them with such men as could be spared from the Main Picquet. Commanded by General Chamberlain, our column swept through the Subzee-mundee, and was soon in close conflict with the Insurgents. Posted as they were, and often firing down upon us from some elevated structure, it was not easy to dislodge them. The fighting was of the kind most distasteful and most destructive to our British soldiery. But their stubborn courage prevailed at last. The work was done thoroughly;* but such thorough work always was done by us, at heavy cost to our ever-decreasing force. We could ill spare at that time a single fighting man; but the cotemporary historians relate that more than two hundred of our people were killed or disabled on that 9th of. July. + And so the chances of a successful assault upon the city began to dwindle into a certainty of failure; and those who had urged it with

* "Eventually everything was effected that was desired, our success being greatly aided by the admirable and steady practice of Major Scott's battery under a heavy fire—eleven men being pat 'hors de combat' out of its small complement."—Normete.

† The number stated is two hundred and twenty-three, including one officer killed and eight wounded. The officer killed was Captain Mountsteven, of the Eighth. There was heavy carnage in the eneny's ranks.

the greatest confidence, now had their misgivings.* It is true that the carnage among the enemy had been far greater than in our ranks; but they had never been numerically stronger than at that time, and the heaps of dead which they left behind them diminished but little the vital resources of that enormous garrison.

And, a few days afterwards, this question of as Action of sault, as Baird Smith wrote, had finally "resolved July 14. itself into nothing by sheer force of circumstances;" for there was another hard fight, and another long list of casualties. On the 14th the enemy again came out in force to the attack of our position on the Right. It was said that they had vowed to carry our batteries, and destroy that formidable picquet at Hindoo Rao's house, which had sent the message of death to so many of their comrades. Becher's spies had gained intelligence of the movement, and Reid had been warned of the coming onslaught. He was quite ready for them, and said, laughingly, that they had attacked him and been beaten nineteen times, and that he did not expect to be worsted on the twentieth. The attack commenced about eight o'clock in the morning. For some time our people stood on the defensive, keeping the mutineers at bay. Both forces were under cover, and little execution was done. But when the sun was going down, Neville Chamberlain saw that the time had come to resort to other measures. So despatching a letter to Reid, desiring him to be prepared to attack the enemy, and act in concert with him, he sent Showers with another column, consisting of detachments of the First Euro-

* See letters of Hervey Greathed. moment they (the enemy) may be Writing on the 10th, he says : "It considered in the plenitude of their may now be prudent to defer the attack for a short time, for at this

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peans, the 75th Queen's, Coke's Rifles, and Hodson's Horse, with six Horse Artillery guns under Turner and Money, to take them in flank. The walled gardens, and other places of shelter, in which the mutineers had posted themselves, were now to be cleared; and it was a fine thing to see our columns sweeping down upon the enemy, Reid's little Goorkhas setting up a ringing cheer, and every man panting eagerly for the affray. Then two of our great Punjabee warriors were to be seen ever in the thickest of the fight. Where danger threatened most, Chamberlain and Hodson were sure to be seen. The enemy were driven from point to point, in confused flight, clean out of their sheltering walls; and the more impetuous of their assailants pushed on after them along the main road, within the fire from the walls of Delhi. There was it that Chamberlain, fearlessly exposing himself, according to his wont, wellnigh met his death-wound. A party of the enemy, covered by a low wall, had made a stand, and were pouring in a destructive fire upon our advancing soldiery, which made them for a moment recoil, when the Adjutant-General, setting spurs to his horse, called upon the men to follow him, and cleared the enclosure. He was gallantly supported; but a musket-ball took effect upon him, and broke his left arm below the shoulder.* Our people were then so near the city walls that the pursuit became disastrous. For the enemy gathered fresh courage, and rallied before their defences, whilst the hot haste with which

* It was thought at first to be a gun-shot wound. A cotemporary letter says : "Chamberlain was brought in with a sorely shattered arm. His impression was that he had been struck by grape, which was being showered on them from the city

walls. He hore his wound and his pain nobly, with a high cheerful courage, but getting out of the narrow dooley was too much for him, and as he leant on two or three people he stumbled forward and fell, almost on the shattered limb."

CHAMBERLAIN AND HODSON.

we had pushed on to chastise the mutineers was throwing confusion into our ranks. The management of the pursuing force was not equal to the gallantry of the pursuit. At one point we had driven the mutineers from their guns, but we were not prepared to take advantage of their desertion. Hodson's quick eye marked the opportunity, and he was eager to charge the battery. But the men upon whom he called to aid him were exhausted, and at the moment there was no response. It is always, in such straits, a question of moments. Seeing that there was hesitation, a Sepoy gunner applied the port-fire to a piece loaded with grape; and before the smoke had cleared away the guns had been limbered up, and the opportunity was lost for ever.

Again the old story was repeated. We had gained a profitless, perhaps, indeed, a dubious victory, at a loss of two hundred men, killed or disabled.* The finest soldier in the Camp, foremost in reputation, foremost ever in action, and all but first in official position, had been carried maimed and helpless to his tent. It was a sorry day's work that sent Neville Chamberlain, Adjutant-General of the Army, to the Sick List. It was a sorry week's work that had deprived our little force of the services of twenty-five officers and four hundred men. It had quite settled the question of the assault. With these diminished numbers, how could a sufficient force be left for the protection of our Camp? Even the most eager spirits now felt that it must be a hopeless effort. "There will be no assault on Delhi yet," wrote Hodson on the 16th; "our rulers will now less than ever decide on

* The author of the "History of and a hundred and seventy-seven the Biege of Delhi" says: "Seven-men wounded." teen men killed, and sixteen officers

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July 17. Resignation

of General

Reed.

a bold course, and, truth to tell, the numbers of the enemy have so rapidly increased, and ours have been so little replenished in proportion, and our losses for a small army have been so severe, that it becomes a question whether now we have numbers sufficient to risk an assault. Would to Heaven it had been tried when I first pressed it!"

On the 17th of July General Reed resigned the command of the Delhi Field Force. During his brief season of responsibility his health had broken down under the exertions and anxieties of his position, and it was useless any longer to struggle against his daily-increasing infirmities. So he made over the command of the Force to Brigadier Archdale Wilson, and betook himself to the quietude of the Himalayas.* The selection of an officer who had done so well in the actions on the Hindun was the source of general satisfaction in the Camp.† There were few who did not see in the change good promise of increased energy and activity in the prosecution of the siege. But, in truth, we had reached a period of its history at which energy and activity could be displayed only in acts of defensive warfare.

Brigadier Wilson in Command. It is certain that when Brigadier-General Wilson took command of the Delhi Field Force, the circumstances which he was called upon to confront were of

* Hodson says that Wilson succeeded by virtue of seniority. The author of the "History of the Siege of Delhi" says, "he was not the Senior General in Camp." The senior officer in camp, according to substantive rank, was Colonel Congreve, of H.M.'s Twenty-ninth, Quartermaster-General of Queen's troops. It is stated that he sent in

a protest against his supercession and retired to Simlah. General Reed had anticipated the difficulty on the score of rank by making Wilson a Brigadier-General—an appointment afterwards confirmed by Government.

ment. + See Greathed's Letters and the "History of the Siege of Delhi."

GENERAL WILSON IN COMMAND.

a most discouraging character. Two Commanders had been struck down by Death, and a third had been driven from Camp by its approaches. The Chiefs of the Staff-the Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General-lay wounded in their tents. For more than five weeks the British troops before Delhi had been standing upon the defensive. Time after time assaults upon the City had been projected, and had been deferred; and at last the bold experiment had been finally abandoned. During those five weeks the enemy had attacked us a score of times, and it had long been acknowledged that the British were the Besieged, not the Besiegers. It was impossible that all this should not have had its effect upon the discipline of the Delhi Field Force. It must be an eternal honour to that force, that the deteriorating effects of such a state of things were so slight; but, nevertheless, they were clearly discernible. The strength of the rebel garrison had been continually increasing; and though their loss was even heavier than our own, our numbers were so inferior, that in proportion to them our sufferings were greater. It was hard to say how much longer the endurance of our people would be proof against a constant succession of vexatious attacks on the part of the enemy, and profitless victories on our own. Our troops had grown weary of beating the enemy, without apparently weakening their resources, or diminishing their confidence, or lengthening the intervals between their attacks. It is not strange, therefore, that in the middle of this month of July the British Chief looked the difficulties of our position very gravely in the face, and that there were some doubts as to whether we could hold our own much longer with such fearful odds against us. But no such doubts ought to have

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been entertained for a moment. Our troops had been much harassed; they were diminished in numbers; they had seen a constant succession of stubborn encounters, which had conduced nothing to the final issue; and they were growing very weary of a state of things of which they could not see the end. But, if they had lost some of their discipline, they had lost none of their heart. They were impatient, but not desponding. They were equal to any demands that could have been made upon them, and would have resented the idea of retreat.

Question of Retirement.

But ever since the commencement of the month the thought of a retrograde movement had been fixing itself in the minds even of men who had been at one time eager for the bolder course, which had been described as the "gamester's throw." Before the death of General Barnard, Hervey Greathedthough he had thrown in the weight of his authority as Chief Civil Officer at Delhi, into the scales on the side of vigorous action -- had begun to discern the fact that there might be some advantages to the country generally in liberating the troops now pent up before the walls of the great city, and wasting their energies in the strenuous idleness of a disastrous defence.* They were much needed at other points where our people were girt around with danger, and a great moral effect might be produced by a succession of victories, such as the Delhi Field Force, under happier circumstances, might calculate on achieving. The time for assaulting had passed. Neville Chamberlain and Baird Smith, who were both

* "The determination to take Delhi by assault has been twice on the eve of execution, and I no longer feel confident that it will again be so far matured. And supposing I am right, the question will arise

whether we should maintain our position, or raise the siege, and dispose of our forces as may best serve the public interests, until a second campaign be opened."—Greathed to Lawrence, July 4. MS. Corres.

OUESTION OF RAISING THE SIEGE.

by official position and native worth the moving principles of the besieging force, had given up all hope of succeeding in such an enterprise. Chamberlain, indeed, had begun to apprehend that, in their existing state of discipline, it might be hazardous in the extreme to entangle them in the streets of Delhi. There was nothing left for us, therefore, but to hold on until the arrival of reinforcements; and the question had arisen and had been freely discussed at Head-Quarters, whether, until we could appear before Delhi in greater strength, it would not, both on military and political grounds, be a wiser course to relax our hold, and employ our eager troops in other parts of the country. When Wilson assumed command, he found matters in this state. He did not originate the question of withdrawal.

What might have been his resolution, if left to his Protests of own unaided counsels, History can never declare. But the eager protests of Baird Smith soon swept away any doubts that the General might have entertained.* As soon as the Chief Engineer learnt that the proposal was likely to be laid before him, he resolved to anticipate the formal reference. On the first occasion of Wilson consulting him professionally, he threw all the earnestness of his nature into a great remonstrance against the project of withdrawal. He

* It was on the 17th of July, the first day of Wilson's command, that Baird Smith pressed upon him the duty of not relaxing his hold on Dolhi. On the 18th the Brigadier-General wrote to Sir John Lawrence urging him to send further rein orcements immediately. The letter was in French, and it contained these words: "Je retiendrai cette position jusqu' à la fin. Car il est de la plus grande importance que l'ennemi soit empêché de quitter Delhi pour ra-

vager le pays. Pour faire ceci il est absolument nécessaire que je sois renforcé de la plus grande force et aussi vite qu'il est possible. J'eniends que ce renforcement ne peut venir du sud, et en conséquence je prie que vous m'enverrez du Punjab un Regiment Anglais complet et deux de Sikhs on Punjabees. Si je ne suis pas bien vite renforcé je serai forcé de retirer à Kurnaul. Les conséquences de ce mouvement se-raient désastreuses,"-MS. Corres.

Baird Smith.

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told the General that to raise the siege would be fatal to our national interests. "It is our duty," he said, "to retain the grip which we now have upon Delhi, and to hold on like grim Death until the place is our own." He dwelt upon the many circumstances in our favour. Our communications with the Punjab were open. There was still there a considerable amount of available strength, which the increasing security of that great province would soon place at the disposal of the Delhi leader. The army was in good health, and it was well supplied. It was true that little had been done to strengthen the position of our besieging army, or to bring our guns to bear with more fatal effect upon the enemy's works. But he pledged himself to do what as yet had been undone. And then he urged the General to consider what would be the result of the withdrawal of the Force. "All India." he said, "would at once believe that we retreated because we were beaten, and in such circumstances an adverse impression of this kind was as disastrouts as the severest defeat we could sustain. We must abandon, in such a case, our communications with the Punjab, and cease to act as a covering force to that province, from which all the reinforcements we could hope for must be drawn; we must again fight our way to Delhi against reinvigorated enemies, increased in numbers and spirits, and we must cease to perform the incalculably important function of check-mating the entire strength of the revolt, by drawing towards Delhi, as a great focus, all the mutinous regiments of all arms, and so preventing them from dispersing themselves over the country, and attacking and overpowering our defenceless posts." These arguments prevailed. Wilson listened, and was convinced. He thanked

Baird Smith for this frank statement of his views, said that he would hold on, and then called upon him, as Chief Engineer, to state what could be done to maintain our position before Delhi with the least possible loss, until such time as the Delhi Field Force could be so strengthened as to render the final assault upon Delhi secure in its results. Then Baird Smith stated what Wilson, as an experienced Artilleryman, had long felt, that our great want was a want of farreaching guns, that we had been always beaten by the heavy metal and wide range of the enemy's Artillery; but that as soon as we could bring down a siege train of sufficient magnitude and sufficient weight to silence the guns on the walls of Delhi, success would be certain. To all of this Wilson readily assented. He asked for a statement of the strength of ordnance which would be required for siege operations, which in due course was given; and at the same time the Chief Engineer undertook to have the work of his own department in a sufficient state of forwardness to give every possible advantage to the operations of the Artillery. "And from that time forward," said Baird Smith, in a letter written at a later period, "we were guided by these plans, and prepared busily for the resumption of active work on the arrival of the Siege Train."

The first week of Wilson's command was enlivened Further by two more attempts on the part of the enemy to Attacks on our Position. drive us from our advanced position; firstly, on the Right, and then on the Left. Our scouts in the city had obtained intelligence that the enemy purposed to proceed in force to the neighbourhood of Alipore.*

according to custom, were to try

* Reinforcements had entered their luck on first arrival against the Delhi-mutineers from Jhansi, who, Feringhees.

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in our rear, to intercept an expected convoy on its way to our camp, and when they had thus drawn out a considerable part of our strength, to make a vehement attack upon our Right. The movement to Alipore was never made, but, on the 18th of July, the enemy again betook themselves to the old work of harassing us from the shelter of the suburbs; so a detachment of Infantry and Artillery was sent out, under Colonel Jones of the Sixtieth Rifles, with the old result. What had come to be called "rathunting" went on for a while, and a number of British officers and men fell beneath the fire of the enemy.* But there was this time no attempt at pursuit. Colonel Jones, having driven the mutineers from their shelter, withdrew his own men carefully and skilfully, covering their retirement with his guns. It was the last of our many conflicts in the Subzeemundee suburb. Our Engineer officers were already at work clearing away the cover-the garden-walls, the ruined houses, and the old serais, of which the enemy had made such good use from the commencement of the siege, and were connecting our advanced posts in that direction with the Main Picquet on the Ridge.

July 23.

Perhaps it was in despair of making any impression upon our Right, that a few days afterwards, July 23rd, the enemy in considerable force streamed out of the Cashmere Gate, and endeavoured to establish themselves at Ludlow Castle, whence they opened a fire both on the Metcalfe Picquet and the Ridge. A column of British and Sikh Infantry, with gans from Turner's and Money's troops, was, therefore, sent out, under Brigadier Showers, to dislodge them. The

* Our loss was one officer and (one mortally) and sixty-six men twelve men killed, and three officers wounded.

RESOLUTION OF GENERAL WILSON.

work was soon accomplished. The enemy were in retreat to the city walls, but again the fatal inclination to press on in pursuit was irresistible, and our column was drawn on towards the city walls, and many of our best officers were carried wounded to the rear. Colonel Seaton, who had been appointed to officiate as Adjutant-General, was shot through the body. Turner and Money of the Artillery, and others, were wounded ;* and Captain Law, who was serving with Coke's rifles, was killed. The loss of the enemy was not heavy, and they carried off all their guns. After this, orders went forth prohibiting the forward movements, which had always been attended with so much disaster. Our main losses had commonly been incurred after we had driven back the enemy towards the walls of their stronghold. This system of warfare had been too long permitted. Had the enemy's numbers been more limited, it would have been less necessary to restrain the natural impetuosity of our people to push on and to punish in pursuit; but scarcely any amount of carnage that we could inflict upon the mutineers was any substantive gain to ourselves.

And so the month of July came to an end and left Wilson in good spirits; for Sir John Lawrence, never slackening in his great work, had responded to the General's appeal by fresh promises of help, and he had cast away all thoughts of raising the siege. Writing on the 30th of July to Mr. Colvin, who had earnestly protested against the thought of withdrawing from Delhi, he said : "It is my firm determination to hold

* Mr. Cave Browne says that and, therefore, it would seem that Brigadier Showers was wounded, and compelled to give over the com-mand to Colonel Jones. His name is not in the list given by Norman, again on the 12th of August.

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my present position and to resist every attack to the last. The enemy are very numerous, and may possibly break through our entrenchments and overwhelm us. But this force will die at its post. Luckily, the enemy have no head and no method, and we hear dissensions are breaking out among them. Reinforcements are coming up under Nicholson. If we can hold on till they arrive, we shall be secure. I am making every possible arrangement to secure the safe defence of our position."

Unrecorded Heroisth.

And here I may fitly pause in this recital of military events-of engagement after engagement with the enemy, following each other in quick succession, all of the same type and all leading to the same results. The true story of the Siege of Delhi is not to be found in the bare record of these exploits. Many as were those gallant soldiers, whose active heroism it has been my privilege to illustrate in these pages, there were many more in the British Camp whose names have been unwritten, but whose gallantry, in doing and in suffering, was not less conspicuous. It was the fortune of some to be continually called to the front, to be specially thanked by commanding officers and named in official despatches, whilst others, day after day, week after week, month after month, laboured on, exposed to the fire of the enemy and to all the evil influences of camp-life in the worst season of the year, without praise, without encouragement, almost without notice. A signal instance of this presents itself in the circumstances of the two branches of the Artillery. The Light Batteries were always to the front, and the names of Scott, Turner, Money, Tombs, and others of the Horse Artillery or Horse

Batteries have repeatedly claimed admiring recognition; but of the Heavy Batteries, which, in their own way, were equally well served, scant mention has yet been made in this narrative of the siege.* The time for breaching operations had not yet come, and it was a dull and weary season for the Siege Artillery thus expending themselves in defensive efforts, outmatched in numbers, outmatched in weight of metal, outmatched in profuseness of ammunition. There was a scarcity of officers for duty in the batteries; there was a scarcity of gunners. Both had to be improvised and supplemented as best we could, so that men found themselves working at the guns who, a little while before, did not know a portfire from a sponge-staff. Stray Lancers, for whom there was not much cavalry-work in camp, were caught up and set to learn the gun-drill, and right good gunners they often made; whilst old Sikhs, who had learnt artillery practice under Runjit Singh's French officers, and

siege batteries were Colonel Garbett, Major James Brind, Major Murray Mackenzie, and Major Kaye. The last-named had come down to Delhi with the first siege-train. Major Brind joined soon afterwards, and took a leading part in the siege operations up to the hour of final success. Colonel Garbett, who arrived at a later period, was appointed Brigndier of Artillery, on Wilson's nomination to the chief command; but he was wounded on his way from one battery to another, and though the wound was little more than a graze, of which he took no notice at first, it became afterwards a most virulent sore, which compelled him to take to his bed, and subsequently to leave the camp. He ultimately died of fever. Major Mackenzie was struck by the splinter of a shell on the 30th of June, and though in this cholera, and case, also, the wound did not appear tain Young.

* The principal officers with the to be a severe one, he was driven also to Simlah, where he died. [Mackenzie and Kaye had served together with the Native troop of Horse Artillery which ascended the Hindoo Koosh, and was engaged in the battle of Bamcean]. Major Gais-kill, who joined at a later period of the siege, succeeded Colonel Garbett in command of the Artillery. Among the younger officers distinguished during the siege were Captain Johnson, Assistant Adjutant-General of Artillery, who came down with Wil-son from Meerut, and as chief staffofficer did excellent service, and Lieutenant Light, an active and energetic officer, always eager to go to the front, who was incapacitated by sickness about the middle of July, and unable to return to his duties. Griffith, Commissary of Ordnance, was driven from camp by cholera, and was succeeded by Cap1857. July.



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had served the guns of the Kalsa at Sobraon and Chillianwallah, were recruited by John Lawrence, who never missed a chance of aiding the Delhi warriors, and sent down to man Wilson's batteries. But the time was now approaching when the real business of the Siege would commence in earnest, and the officers of the heavy batteries would contribute their share of good work towards the capture of the great city.

Incidents of the Siege.

Over and above the excitement of the frequent actions with the enemy, which always added the names of many brave men to the list of killed and wounded, there were sometimes lesser sensations to stir the heart of the Camp. On one occasion, an officer of good repute, whilst reconnoitring as a field-engineer, failed to give the parole with sufficient promptitude when challenged by one of our sentries, and was shot dead in the darkness of the night.* It often happened that officers on the look-out from exposed positions, or passing from post to post, or showing their heads above the breastworks of our batteries. became special marks for the rebel artillery-men, and narrowly escaped, if at all, with their lives. + Among the current Camp jokes was one to the effect that a soldier had made it matter of complaint that, since the Engineers had built up the parapets so high, a fellow at work in the batteries behind them could

* CaptainGreensill, Her Majesty's

officers in it-Major Scott of the Artillery: "Major Scott had a very narrow escape from a shell yester-day: he was standing by his horse on the Ridge, looking through his glass, when a shell fell close by him and burst as it touched the ground.

I saw his horse running off, and saw Twenty-fourth Regiment. † See following account of the bursting of a shell, which nearly de-prived the Force of one of the best and hurt. I was on the 'General's Mound' at the time, and the explosion drew my attention, and we heard afterwards who it was, and that a man of the Fusiliers had been wounded by a piece of the shell."-Letters of Hervey Greathed.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE CAMP.

only get shot in the head. One officer is stated by the contemporary chroniclers of the Siege to have had such a fancy for exposing himself in the embrasures, that, in spite of repeated warnings from his comrades, he was killed one day at his dangerous post.

The general cheerfulness of our People, in spite of Cheerfulness all dispiriting circumstances, was something upon of the Camp. which it is a pleasure to comment. Day after day our officers met each other with bright faces, laughed and joked, reciprocated kindly offices, and exchanged the news of the Camp or the tidings brought from a distance. There was ever alive amongst them a warmth of good-fellowship, which nothing could weaken or cool. To make a friendly visit to the tent of a wounded or sick officer was a part of every sound man's duty, which he was sure not to neglect. Such was the overflowing kindness shown to every man who was down, that if it had not been for the eager desire to be at work again that animated all, it would have been a privilege to be upon the sick-list. On fine evenings, when the sun was going down, the sick and wounded were brought out from the tents on their beds and litters, thus to taste the fresh air, to be exhilarated by the liveliness of the Camp, and to commune with their comrades. Officers and men alike enjoyed this change. There was one, however, the noblest sufferer of all, who would not permit himself to be thus brought out of the privacy of his tent, lest it should appear that he was parading his wounds.

Meanwhile, those, who were well, found great delight in the comradeship of their several Messes, and seemed to enjoy the rough Bohemianism which necessity had substituted for the polite amenities of the peaceful Cantonment. The rougher the ménage, the

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better the cheer. It has been recorded that in one notable instance, when tablecloths came into use, a good deal of the special jollity of the gathering was scared away by their introduction. It does not appear that at any time there was a scarcity of provisions. But many things, which had become almost necessities with our officers, fell short from time to time, and were painfully missed. Some were more fortunate, or had more forethought, than others; but what one Mess, or one man, missed, another was able to lend him. Sometimes the supplies of beer or wine were drunk out to the last bottle, and commonly each member of a Mess was put upon an allowance of drink ;* sometimes the last cigar was smoked, and the generosity of a neighbour supplied the inconvenient want. There were no Sybarites among them, and even those who had been wont to fare sumptuously every day, were thankful for what they got, and laughed at the privations they were compelled to endure. Good clothes, too, after a while, became scarce in Camp. There was little regard for proprieties of costume, and men who had delighted to walk daintily in fine linen, went about in strange costumes of flannel, half civil half military in their attire, and were fain to possess themselves of the second-hand garments of their departed brethren. Even the chief civil officer in Camp, Hervey Greathed, was glad to get a pair of boots from his brother in the Engineers, and to buy the leavings of young Barnard's toilet when he quitted Camp after his father's death. And the Chaplain of the Force has told us how he was compelled to abandon all thought

* The greatest inconvenience of all was that no allowance was made for guests, and this limited hospitality. Stray arrivals in Camp

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of ministering in appropriate clerical vestments, and to go about clothed like a brigand.

And whilst our officers thus met each other with cheerful, sometimes radiant faces, the English soldier was quite jubilant. "I have been pleased," wrote one of the bravest and best of the Delhi warriors, "to observe the cheerful tone displayed at all times by our troops. I never saw British soldiers in camp so joyous. They walk and run about, in the afternoon and evening, when the rain and Pandy are at rest, as though they had nothing serious to do. Nor has it ever occurred to them that there was anything doubtful in the conflict." When off duty, the men amused themselves as in the most peaceful times. playing cricket and quoits, getting up pony races, and invigorating themselves with gymnastics. There was some talk of getting up rackets; but the old cantonment racket-court was in so exposed a situation that it was thought by no means an improbable contingency that the Enemy would take part in the sport, and with balls of a larger diameter than those proper to the game.

That the excitement of strong drink was much Drunkenness coveted by the soldiery in the English Camp need soldiery. scarcely be set down in the narrative; but, on the whole, it may be recorded in their honour that few outrages were committed under its influence. The wet season had set in. The lowering skies, the drenching downfalls of rain, the constant damps, and all the wonted accompaniments of such weather, at a time when the activities of service rendered shelter impossible, not only had a depressing influence upon men's spirits, which rendered stimulants ever welcome to them, but had external results, in saturated clothes and boots oozing with water, that justified, if



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they did not demand, a resort to such supposed correctives. There were some wise officers in Camp, who thought that still better precautions might be taken; and when fever and ague were prevalent among our people, bethought themselves of the value of quinine, as a prophylactic, and were minded to serve out a dose of it every morning to their men. An Artillery officer, of whom frequent mention has been made in this story of the Siege, when he found that his gunners demurred to imbibing the bitter draught, as no part of their military duty, told them that no one who refused to take it should ever have an extra dram; and so they swallowed the quinine, for the sake of the rum which followed in the course of the day. And the result was, that scarcely a man of this Company was knocked over by the fever of the season.

Tidings from a distance.

During seasons of comparative quietude in Camp, news from the outer world was greedily sought and eagerly discussed. There was little or no communication with the country below, and so far as the present safety or future success of the Delhi Force was affected by operations in the lower country, there was little reason to concern themselves about those distant events, tidings of which commonly reached them crusted over with error, if not in the shape of substantial lies. Of the doings of the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief they knew, and indeed cared, little or nothing.* Sir John Lawrence was their Governor-General--their Commander-in-Chief. They looked to the great Punjab Commissioner for the means of taking Delhi, and with these

* I have a letter before me, written by the Military Secretary to Government, from Council Chamber, Calcutta, from which it is plain that

means he was furnishing them with an energy of self-denial beyond all praise. But the great work which lay before our people on the Ridge, with all its toil and anxieties, its dangers and sufferings, did not so engross men's minds as to leave them no thought, no sympathy for their brethren who were girt with peril elsewhere. Most of all they sought news from Cawnpore and Lucknow, where Wheeler and Henry Lawrence, threatened by an overwhelming enemy, were looking anxiously for succours from below. False tidings of the relief of Lucknow were continually coming into Camp. It was said, time after time, that Wheeler was safe, sometimes with the addition that he was marching upon Delhi, and at others that the Sepoy regiments that had besieged him were bound for that place. At a later period it was reported (long before the first relief of Lucknow) that Havelock had fought a great battle with Maun Singh and defeated him, had entered the Oude capital, and that for three days the city had been given up to plunder and slaughter. From Calcutta, through some circuitous channel, there came a report that the French troops, forming part of the China expedition, were coming to help us; and it was rumoured in Camp that so great had been the excitement in London on the arrival there of news of the revolt, that the populace had burnt the India House, and hung the Directors up to the lamp-posts.

But tidings came at last, only too fatally true, that the garrison of Cawnpore, with all our women and children had been foully massacred, and that Sir Henry Lawrence was dead. It is hard to say whether the indignation excited by the one event or the sorrow born of the other were the stronger and more abiding feeling. There was not a man in Camp who did not 1857. July.



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grieve for the great and good commander of the Lucknow garrison; and there were many who, loving . him as a father or a brother, shed such tears for him as they would have shed for the nearest and the dearest of their kin.* All felt that one of the Pillars of the State had fallen-perhaps the stoutest and the grandest of all-and that such a master in Israel was little likely to be seen again. In strong contrast to the tender feelings and pathetic utterances which this calamity called forth throughout the general camp, was the vehement exasperation which the news of the Cawnpore massacre elicited-the bitter hatred, the intense thirst of revenge. It was natural-it was commendable. Those stern soldiers "did well to be angry." No such foul act as this had ever stained the annals of British connexion with the East. The foul tragedy of the "Black Hole," which for a hundred years had been cited as the great horror of horrors, now paled beside the massacre of Cawnpore; for the victims of Surajah Dowlah's cruelty had been strong men. And ever as the atrocity was discussed in Camp, our people longed for tidings of the onward march of Havelock and Neill; and yearned for the coming of the day when the order would be given to them to set the mark of the avenger on the guilty city which had so long resisted and defied them.

Treatment of the Natives.

It was not strange that, after this, the feeling of hatred against the coloured races, already strong in

* One officer touchingly records in his journal now before me: "I do indeed feel that I have lost a prop in the world." The same writer, a day or two afterwards says: "In these days of battle and death there is so much to excite the mind, that one is

reached me. Reflection brings home to one the sad public loss which his death occasions. At any time India would mourn his fall, but now, when she so much needs his guidauce and his wisdom, the death of the soldier-statesman fills all with grief, and not long, by any possibility, in the this to the putting aside of personal same vem of thought, but I felt feeling. He was a rare specimen of beaten down when this sad take God's hundiwork."-MS. Journal.

TREATMENT OF NATIVES.

the British Camp, should have become more vehement and outspoken. It showed itself in many ways. We were everywhere surrounded by Natives. The typical Pandy, whose name was in every man's mouth, was the representative only of one of many phases of Native humanity, which were then ever present to us. It was one of the most curious characteristics of this Mutiny-war, that although the English were supposed to be fighting against the Native races, they were in reality sustained and supported by the Natives of the country, and could not have held their own for a day without the aid of those whom we hated as our national enemies. Not only were the coloured races fighting stoutly upon our side,* but thousands of non-combatants were sharing the dangers, without the glories, of the siege, and doing their appointed work with fidelity and alacrity, as though there had never been any rupture -any division of interests-any departure from the normal state of things, as it existed in quiet times. How utterly dependent upon Native Agency is the exotic European, though sprung from the working classes, and in his own country accustomed to the performance of the most menial and laborious duties, is known to all who have dwelt in India for a week. If the labour of the people had been utterly lost to us, our power must have suddenly collapsed. The last drop in the cup of domestic bitterness was the desertion of our Native household servants. But a Family could do better without this aid than a company of Infantry, a troop of Horse, or a battery of

* "In camp," wrote Wilberforce Greathed to Mr. Colvin (August 23, 1857), "there is a feeling of confidence in our Native troops. Guides,

Goorkalis, Cokey's (Coke's Rifles), and Sikhs, are all popular, and, I think, all smart and useful." 1857. July.



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Artillery.* Without these Native attendants of various kinds, our people would have had no food and no drink. They could not have fed their horses, or served their guns, or removed their sick. Both public and private servants, with but few exceptions, remained true to their employers throughout the siege, and some displayed instances of rare personal devotion. † It little matters what was the source of this fidelity. It may have been that these people, accustomed to the domination of the English, satisfied to move in the old groove, and sure of their accustomed pay from month to month, never troubled themselves to regard the national aspects of the struggle, and, with characteristic hatred of change, clung, therefore, to their old employments. But, of whatsoever it was the growth, the fact was there; and I am afraid that it was not sufficiently appreciated by those who profited so largely by it. It has been shown how the cook-boys, carrying the coveted dinners to our picquets, were exposed to the merciless fire of the enemy, and how lightly their danger was regarded. This was but one of many signs of the little gratitude that was felt towards these service-

* The author of the "History of the Siege of Delhi," says: "There were ten Natives for every European in camp. In every troop of Artillery there were four times as many Natives as Europeans; in the Cavalry two mea for every horse; without them the work could not go en."

⁺ Take, for example, the following, illustrative of the good and gallant conduct of some of our Native Artillery drivers. It is from a letter addressed to the author: "When returning from this day's work, my guns brought up the rear, and I had to hold the mutineers in check, picking up any of our wounded and placing them on my limbers until they could be provided for. One of my Native drivers was shot through the leg and the bone broken below the knee. He was riding one of the leaders in the gun-team. I rode up and teld him to stop the ginn until I could dismount him; but he said, 'Kuch-purwan-neh (never mind), Sahib. I would sooner remain on my horse with my gun.' And he would have remained had I not insisted on dismounting him and placing him in a dooly. This was the sort of spirit many of my Natives showed throughout."-MS. Correspondence.

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TREATMENT OF THE NATIVES.

able auxiliaries. But there was more than this negative unkindliness. For many of our people in Camp, in return for the good services of the Natives, gave back only the words and blows of contumely and insult more readily even than in quiet times.* Those times were changed, but we were not changed with them. The sturdy iron of the national character was so inflexible that the heat of the furnace through which we were passing had not yet inclined it to bend. As arrogant, as intolerant, and as fearless as ever, we still closed our eyes to the fact that our lives lay in the hollow of the hand which we so despised. Even in the midst of disasters and humiliations, which would have softened and enfeebled others, our pride of race still upheld us, stern, hard, and immovable.

and executions had brutalised our men, that they now regarded the life of a Native as of less value than that of the meanest of animals ; nor had their officers endeavoured by precept or example to correct them. Men of humanity were shocked, and this made the most reckless reflect. The spirit of exasperation which existed against Natives at this time will scarcely be believed in Europe. Servants, a class of men who behaved, on the whole, throughout the mutiny with astonishing fidelity, were treated even by many of the officers with outrageous harshness. The men beat and ill-used them. In the batteries they would make the bheesties (watercarriers), to whom they showed more kindness than to the rest, sit out of the works to give them water. Many of the unfortunates were killed. The sick syces, grass-cutters, and dooly-bearers, many of whom were wounded in our service, lay for months on the ground, exposed to the sun by day and the cold at night;

* The following statement is and it was with difficulty that one or made by the author of the "Siege of . two medical men could get, for those Delhi:" "So many sanguinary fights under their care, a few yards of under their care, a few yards of canvas or a reed-hut under which they might huddle together. A general massacre of the inhabitants of Delhi, a large number of whom were known to wish us success, was openly proclaimed. Bloodthirsty boys might be heard recommending that all the Native orderlies, irre-gulars, and other 'poorbeams' in our camp should be shot. These sentiments were not those of all, nor of the best and wisest; but few ven-tured to gainsay them." Although this is an anonymous work, the authorship is well known, and carries some weight of authority with it. I am hound, however, to say that some of my informants, to whom I have referred with especial reference to the alleged inhumanity of our people towards the Natives in camp, are disposed to doubt whether it manifested itself during the siege more strongly than before the mutiny. It is said to have been only the old normal state of things - unaltered, unrepressed.

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And in spite of all human calculations, and in defiance of all reason, the very obduracy and intolerance, which might have destroyed us in this conjuncture, were in effect the safeguard of the nation. That stubborn, unyielding self-reliance, that caused the noblest of our enemies to say that the English never knew when they were beaten, had caused the Indian races to believe that if a single white man were left in the country, he would regain the Empire for his race. And though it is impossible for those who sit deliberately in judgment upon such conduct towards a subject people not to condemn it, the fact remains that this assertion, this appearance of strength, was strength in the midst of our weakness.

Within the City.

Meanwhile, within the walls of Delhi the national character was shaping events with equal force and distinctness. There were feebleness and intersolution and divided councils in high places, and elsewhere a great antagonism of interests, internecine strife, oppression, and misery not to be counted. Whilst the English were clinging together and moving as one man, the inmates of Delhi were dislocated and distracted. The Court, the Soldiery, the industrial inhabitants were in deadly feud the one with the other, and as the numbers of our enemies increased, their difficulties also increased. A state of things had indeed arisen very fatal to the continued supremacy of the King, the circumstances of which will be detailed in another chapter of this history. · Calendra C The film function designed the second strategic and

CHAPTER VI.

QUESTION OF THE ABANDONMENT OF PESHAWUR-VIEWS OF SIR JOHN LAW-RENCE, COLONEL EDWARDES, AND GENERAL NICHOLSON-FURTHER DIS-ASTERS IN THE PUNJAE-JHELUM AND SEALKOTE-THE MOVABLE COLUMN AFFAIR OF THE TRIMMOU GHAUT-NICHOLSON AT DELHI-THE BATTLE OF NUJUFGHUR.

THE hope of the Army before Delhi in the noble efforts of Sir John Lawrence was not doomed to be May-July. disappointed. It has been seen how he responded to of Peshawar. every call for reinforcements ; how, as time went on, and the pride of the Mogul was still unbroken, the great Punjab Commissioner was little by little stripping his province of its most reliable troops, until it appeared to others that he was going too far in these sacrificial efforts. A great conflict of opinion, indeed, had arisen among the leading intelligences of the Punjab. To the chiefs of the great Peshawur Council it seemed that the maintenance of the integrity of the frontier was a paramount necessity, to which all other considerations should yield. Before the end of May, Edwardes had written to the Chief Commissioner, saying: "Things seem to be settling down in Hindostan, and to be pretty safe throughout the Punjab, and I think that if you could in any way manage, it would only be prudent to throw some

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more strength upon this point. For Peshawur is a vital point, as it were, and if we conquer here we are safe everywhere, whereas disaster here would roll down the Punjab. It was absolutely necessary to disarm the regiments, and yet it recoils on us, for we want Native troops. We must husband our Europeans, and we do so. We carry them about on elephants and carts like children. If they want a post-chaise per man they must have it. Can you not think of any way to help us at this pinch? . . . You know on what a nest of devils we stand. Once let us take our foot up, and we shall be stung to death."*

But the eyes of the Chief Commissioner were turned in another direction, and far other thoughts were pressing on his mind. Peshawur seemed to him to be a source of infinite weakness to the whole Empire. Sir John Lawrence had ever held fast to the opinion that the recovery of Delhi was an object of such magnitude, that all else was dwarfed beside it; and in the stedfast pursuit of this object he was prepared even to abandon the Peshawur valley, leaving it in the hands of Dost Mahomed of Caubul in free and friendly cession, and retiring within the line of the Indus. For Peshawur was ever a great blister to our European Army, drawing thither to the frontier regiment upon regiment, and battery upon battery, whose presence could not be dispensed with so long as we held those dangerous breadths of country beyond the river. To release these regiments from the necessity of keeping watch and ward upon the border would have been immense gain to us at such a time. So Lawrence proposed, in the event of the weakness of our European Army threatening with failure the enterprise against Delhi, to invite the * Colonel Edwardes to Sir John Lawrence, May 27,-MS. Correspondence.

THE QUESTION OF PESHAWUR.

Ameer of Caubul to Peshawur, to ask him, in pursuance of his alliance with the British Government, to occupy the valley with his troops, and finally to promise that, if he should remain true to us, the British Government would make over the coveted territory to him in perpetuity.

To this effect, therefore, Lawrence wrote to Edwardes, telling him to consult Nicholson and Cotton on the expediency of the projected movement. The letter was written on the 9th of June. His Secretary -Captain Hugo James, a man of great mental vigour, capable in action as in council, but who seems to have shared the common fate of Secretaries, of whom little more account is taken than of the pens they wield, and to have received far less than the credit which he deserved-was startled by the proposal, and recorded a memorandum against it. With characteristic frankness and candour John Lawrence sent it on to Peshawur, adding a note to it in the following words: "Here is James's view of the matter. All appears to depend upon the if in the third line. If we can hold the Punjaub, doubtless we should retain Peshawur. But I do not think that we could do so. Troops from England could not be in Calcutta before October, and up here before December or January. A retreating army which has not been beaten can command supplies. . . . One thing appears to be most certain, which is, that if disaster occurs at Delhi, all the Native Regulars, and some of the Irregulars (perhaps many) will abandon us. We should, then, take time by the forelock."

But there was nothing in this to convince the Protest of Peshawur Council. Nicholson had just returned Colonel Edfrom his first great raid, and he and Cotton concurred with Edwardes heartily in their opposition to

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the project: "We (Edwardes, Nicholson, and Sydney Cotton)," wrote Edwardes on June 11, "are unanimously of opinion that with God's help we can and will hold Peshawur, let the worst come to the worst, and it would be a fatal policy to abandon it and to retire across the Indus. It is the anchor of the Punjab, and if you take it up the whole ship will drift to sea. For keeping the mastery of the Punjab, there are only two obligatory points-the Peshawur valley and the Mauniha; all the rest are mere dependencies. Mooltan is valuable as the only practicable line of retreat to the sea; but if we hold on resolutely to Peshawur and the Maunjha, we shall never need to retreat. If you abandon Peshawur, you give up the Trans-Indus; and giving up the Trans-Indus, you give up the homes of the only other troops besides Europeans from whom you expect aid. The loyalty of the Mooltanee Pathan border is a source of the greatest comfort to us now, but what a blow to them if we let the Afghans overrun the Derajat. And as to a friendly transfer of Peshawur to the Afghans, Dost Mahomed would not be a mortal Afghan-he would be an angel-if he did not assume our day to be gone to India, and follow after us as an enemy. . . . Europeans cannot retreat-Caubul would come again! . . . We believe that at Peshawur and Lahore we can ride out the gale, if it blow big guns, till the cold weather comes, and the English people send us a white army, in whom (to use the slang of the day) 'implicit confidence' can be placed." And again on the following day: "The more I think over your proposal to abandon Peshawur, the more fatal it seems, and I am convinced that whatever doubt may hang over our attempt to hold it, the attempt to give it up would be certain ruin." Eight days afterwards he wrote again,

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still more earnestly: "I don't know anything in this war that has surprised me so much as the judgment you have now formed on this subject. It is useless to re-discuss it; but I earnestly hope you will never have cause to propose it to Government, and that if you do, Government may not consent, for I believe that the move would be more damaging than any other we could make. As to deliberately giving up the Trans-Indus, by choice as a boundary, on the score of expense, it surprises me more and more, for you and I have often considered this matter, and I always understood you to be convinced that the Indus is not a practicable boundary, and that it would take an army of twenty thousand men or more between Attock and Mooltan, and never be secure."

To this the Chief Commissioner replied, earnestly Reply of Sir setting forth the advantages of concentrating the Join Law-British forces in the territories upon the hither side of the Indus: "Here we are," he wrote, "with three European regiments, a large artillery, and some of our best Native troops locked up across the Industroops who, if at Delhi, would decide the contest in a week. What have we got for all the rest of the Punjab? We have barely two thousand Europeans. I doubt if we have so many holding the posts of Philour, Govindghur, and Ferozepore, Lahore, and Mooltan. We have not a man more with a white face whom we can spare. We cannot concentrate more than we have now done, except by giving up Rawul-Pindee, and eventually Peshawur. Should the Sikhs rise, our condition on this side the Indus will be well-nigh desperate. With the Peshawur force on this side we should be irresistibly strong. There was no one thing which tended so much to the ruin of Napoleon in 1814 as the tenacity with which,

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after the disasters at Leipsic, he clung to the line of the Elbe, instead of falling back at once to that of the Rhine. He thus compromised all his garrisons beyond the Elbe, and when he was beaten in the field, these gradually had to surrender. But these troops would have given him the victory had they been at his side at Bentzen, and the other conflicts which followed Leipsic."

June 25.

On the evening of June 25 the Peshawur Commissioner received from Sir John Lawrence, at Rawul-Pindee, a message in the following words: "A severe action (at Delhi), apparently with little result, on the 23rd. Bareilly mutineers en route to Delhi. Gwalior Contingent have mutinied. Agent has left. If matters get worse, it is my decided opinion that the Peshawur arrangements should take effect. Our troops before Delhi must be reinforced, and that largely. They must hold their ground." On the receipt of this message, Edwardes, Cotton, and James* met together in Council and determined on another remonstrance against the project, which from the first hour of its enunciation had so much disturbed and alarmed them. The letters of the Chief Commissioner were sufficiently perplexing, but they suggested rather proposal and discussion than immediate action, whilst the brief, expressive sentences of the telegram indicated an intention to do the thing and at once. The language, indeed, was fast becoming the language of absolute instruction. There was no time to be lost. The chief military and the chief civil authority at Peshawur, therefore, put forth severally energetic written protests against what they believed to be so fatal a measure. "We have

* Captain James had by this time Nicholson as Deputy-Commissioner been appointed to succeed Colonel at Peshawur.