Nana left Bithour for Cawnpore, where, in accordance with the custom of Oriental despots, he drowned his terror and anxiety in every sort of dissipation. We may observe, incredible though it sounds, that the proclamations issued from the harem by the Nana incontestably prove the superiority of Asiatic conspiracies over European ones in the art of official mendacity.[1]

The British forces gradually came up. In the early days of July 1,200 men were assembled, and offensive operations began. The expedition, intended more especially for the relief of Cawnpore, was commanded by Brigadier Havelock, recently arrived from Calcutta, whose name will be for ever associated with the heroic defence of Lucknow. The English were soon to find themselves in the presence of the Nana Sahib and his allies. On the 13th they encamped five miles from Fattypore. The men, exhausted by the heat of the day, were waiting for the baggage, when the insurgents' cavalry, thinking doubtless that it was confronted by a weak vanguard only, advanced in an imposing line of several thousand horsemen. A well-directed fire from the European infantry caused great confusion in their ranks, and the English, marching rapidly in pursuit, occupied without resistance Fattypore, which had been deserted by the inhabitants. This victory did not cost Havelock a single soldier, but gave convincing proof how little reliance could be placed on the native cavalry attached to the expedition—some ten troopers alone having obeyed their officers and followed them in the charge against the enemy. The following day, at dawn, the insurgents threatened the baggage, and the European troops were obliged to begin the struggle anew. In the morning, intelligence had been received that the sepoys had occupied with artillery a bridge of masonry on the high road near Pandore Haddi. The bridge and guns were carried by the Madras Fusiliers, but the want of cavalry (18 sabres in all) made it impossible to follow up the victory. The feeble European force cut its way through thousands of the enemy, arrived

[1] See Documents, No. XL., 'Proclamation of Nana Sahib.'

within 25 miles of Cawnpore, and captured 16 guns, without having more than 28 men disabled. This beginning promised well. On July 16, at the junction of two roads, leading one to the Cawnpore cantonments and the other to the native town, the English came upon redoubts defended by strong artillery and imposing masses of sepoys, numbering more than 20,000 men. Notwithstanding great difficulties presented by the state of the ground, which had been soaked by torrential rains, the works were carried at the point of the bayonet. The sepoys, however, fought with more energy than they had done hitherto, and the struggle lasted far into the night. This victory made Havelock master of Cawnpore, which he entered on the following day, July 17.

During this short campaign the English, surrounded by innumerable enemies, had captured 23 guns and re-occupied Cawnpore with a total loss only of 105 men killed and wounded. They had, however, passed through severe trials. For seventeen days they had experienced the vicissitudes of the most uncertain season of the year—at one moment scorched by the burning rays of the sun, at another drenched to the skin by deluges of rain. But suffering and privations developed all the manly qualities of the British soldier. Neither hunger, sun, rain, nor incessant marches over heavy roads drew forth complaints or murmurs, for there were hundreds of women and children to be rescued from the hands of the Nana. Havelock set the example of courageous resignation. For seventeen days he never took off his uniform. He seemed gifted with ubiquity, and was present everywhere—in the ambulances, in the magazines, in the thickest of the fight. Charging the enemy, sword in hand, at the head of the attacking column, he had two horses killed under him. Victory crowned his efforts at last. Cawnpore was retaken and the Nana put to flight. Alas! it was too late.

We have already spoken of the misery endured by the little garrison at Cawnpore after their surrender, and of the massacre of the men and officers when they were about to embark on the Ganges, according to the capitulation signed

by the Nana. Several hundred women and children had survived the butchery of June 27, and had remained in the Nana's hands. These poor creatures, imprisoned in a tiny bungalow known as Bibi-Gahr, without air, almost without food, attacked at the same moment by fever, cholera, and dysentery, all hope denied to them, experienced every possible species of suffering. The more favoured among them were employed in grinding the corn of the Mahratta chief, and accepted this task, emblematic in the East of slavery, without complaint, because it enabled them to bring back a little extra food to their famishing children.

Their captivity, with its attendant horrors, was drawing to a close. On the afternoon of July 15, hearing that Havelock's army had passed the Pandore Haddi, the cowardly Rajah, who with several thousand men had not been able to make head against a handful of European bayonets, resolved to perpetrate the foulest of massacres as an act of defiance to the victorious foe. Three or four men, forgotten amongst the women, were sent for and cut to pieces under the eyes of the Nana. A platoon of the 6th Regiment received orders to put an end to the remaining prisoners by firing at them through the doors and windows of their prison. Some feelings of humanity, however, still existed in the breasts of these soldiers, and they fired their muskets into the ceiling. This only prolonged the agony of the victims. The Nana, in a state of exasperation, called in the assistance of some Mussulman butchers in addition to his own guard, and these demons entered the Bibi-Garh, brandishing their weapons. Never were Christians in the circus given over to more ferocious wild beasts. The dead and dying remained the whole night long in this charnel-house. The next morning the corpses were cast into the neighbouring well, and then ensued a horrible scene. Children who had escaped, thanks to their small size, were seen to creep from under the dead bodies and run wild with terror and covered with blood round the mouth of the well. The Nana's executioners, worthy servants of such a master, without taking the trouble to despatch the little creatures, threw

them alive among the heaps of human remains. Not a single European was left to relate the horrible tale. On their entrance into Cawnpore on July 17, Havelock's soldiers found the still reeking corpses of the victims in the well. The Nana, after blowing up the ammunition in the place, had taken refuge at Bithour, a stronghold belonging to him some miles from the town. The proximity of his home did not inspire the monster with the courage in which he was wanting, and on the approach of some companies of Madras Fusiliers, he evacuated the place with 5,000 men and 43 guns, abandoning his treasures and 15 battering-pieces. Since then no certain trace has ever been found of this Asiatic Nero, though several times the report of his capture has caused great excitement in the public.[1]

[1] At the time that this work was printing, an individual, supposed to be Nana Sahib, was taken captive, and the fact caused the greatest excitement in England. We borrow the details of this strange story from the columns of the *Times*:—On the evening of October 21, a letter written by Nana Sahib's secretary was brought to Maharajah Scindia. In it Nana Sahib stated that he was applying to Scindia as to a brother, that after wandering several years in the desert he had returned to Hindostan, and now placed his life in his hands. On receiving this intelligence, Scindia placed himself at the head of two hundred horsemen, and proceeded with them to the neighbourhood of Lackhur, where Nana was said to be. Scindia seized his correspondent and brought him prisoner to his palace. Round the building he placed a guard of 3,000 men, and sent for the political agent of the province, who arrived towards evening, and received the captive's deposition, which was something to this effect:

Though Scindia was younger than the Nana, he had known him in his childhood, and is said to have recognised him immediately. Moreover, the Nana took care to establish his identity by relating certain incidents of his life, which he alone could know.

As son of Baji Rao, Peischwah and Nana of Bithour, he had been constrained, under pain of death, to place himself at the head of the mutineers. He had taken no part in the murders on the river, and still less in the massacre of Bibi-Gahr. After the capture of Cawnpore, he had sought a refuge in the forests of Nepaul, where he lived several years. He had then passed into Assam, and had remained a year at Gowhatty disguised as a fakir. Finally, worn out by this wandering existence, he had come to Bareilly, and from thence to Gwalior, where he had been for twenty-four hours only. The secretary, who wrote the letter to the Maharajah, declared that he had met the Nana at Bareilly, and that having no employment he had entered his service, but that he had only known that the fakir was the Nana when the letter to Scindia had been dictated to him. It appeared afterwards that the Maharajah, not wishing to consign to certain death a man who had voluntarily sought his protection,

The name and standard of the Peischwah, however, afforded a centre round which the insurrection continued to rally up to the very last. The Nana's accomplices and executioners did not escape condign punishment. On July 25, Colonel Neil, who commanded at Cawnpore under Havelock, published the following order:—'The well which contains the mortal remains of the women and children massacred by command of the miscreant Nana Sahib shall be filled up and banked over carefully in the shape of a tomb. A detachment of European soldiers will perform this pious duty to-night, under command of an officer. The house and the rooms in which the massacre took place shall not be cleansed nor white-washed by the fellow-countrymen of the victims. The brigadier intends that every drop of innocent blood shall be removed or licked up by the condemned before their execution, in proportion to their caste and to the share they have had in the massacre. Consequently, after the sentence of death has been read, each criminal shall be brought to the scene of the massacre, and forced to cleanse a stated portion of the floor. Care shall be taken to render the task as revolting as possible to the religious feelings of the condemned, and the provost marshal shall not spare the

and who was a Mahratta as well as himself, demanded that the life of his prisoner should be spared; but on the persistent refusal of the British agent, he finally gave him up without conditions. The Nana, escorted by Scindia's men, was despatched to the cantonments of Morar, where he was carefully handcuffed and confined in the camp prison under the guard of an officer and a company of the 26th Royals. The secretary was shut up in a separate cell.

The pretended Nana now says that he is a mere fakir, and that he can prove it. He asserts that the letter written to Scindia contains not a word of truth, that his deposition made to the political agent is completely false, and that when he thus wrote and spoke he was under the influence of haschisch. The prisoner is about forty years old; he has a bushy beard and long black hair, which at first were supposed to be dyed, though no proof of that is forthcoming. His height is five feet nine, his face is marked by small-pox. According to official information, Nana Sahib would be now about fifty years old; but as the prisoner seems not more than forty, it is thought that possibly he may not be the Nana, notwithstanding the accumulated proofs against him. In presence of these facts, anyone who is familiar with the habits of deceit ingrained in the Asiatic character, will reserve his opinion, and incline to believe that there has arisen a new claimant in India whose identification will be profitable to none but lawyers and solicitors.

lash if needful. When the appointed task has been accomplished, the sentence shall be carried out on a gallows, raised in front of the house.' Colonel Neil, merely by outraging their prejudices of caste and religion, had succeeded in making death a thousand times more horrible to the natives than if they had undergone the most barbarous tortures. He says, in a private letter: 'The first to be executed was an infantry subahdar, a huge brute of the highest caste. A broom was given him by a sweeper. At first he refused to use it, but the provost-marshal's lash descended so energetically on his shoulders, that he screamed like a madman, and accomplished his task in hot haste. He was hanged afterwards, and buried under the road. A few days after came the turn of others among the condemned. Amongst them was a Mahommedan, who before the mutiny had been employed in one of our courts. He was a vile wretch, and one of the leaders of the revolt. He attempted some resistance, but the lash soon brought him to his senses, and he cleansed with his tongue the stain of blood assigned to him. This is not a measure to be judged by ordinary rules, but it is well adapted for the present emergency, and I trust no one will interfere with me before the place is entirely cleansed.'

Havelock's work was only partially done. His orders and his own feelings equally urged him to hurry on, without delay or hesitation, to Lucknow, where the Residency was besieged by immense multitudes, reinforced by all the regular troops stationed in the kingdom of Oude. After the recent massacre at Cawnpore, could any Englishman, any man, contemplate without terror the fate that threatened the feeble garrison, encumbered with women and children, and cooped up behind incomplete entrenchments, where provisions and ammunition were alike wanting? How, nevertheless, was the perilous enterprise to be undertaken with no forces but the skeleton of an army? In the first place, it was necessary to traverse the Ganges, with its tremendously swift current, swollen by the rains, by means of a small steamer and native boats. The essentially warlike population of Oude was in arms, and had hitherto not been

subdued—only conquered by a stroke of the pen. Havelock had neither cavalry nor field artillery, and there were scarcely 200 European soldiers between Calcutta and Cawnpore.

At his earnest request the Government of the metropolis parted with every soldier fit to take the field. These reinforcements arrived successively at Cawnpore, and towards the end of July the European troops numbered about 2,000 men. This feeble effective force had to be still further reduced, in order to provide a garrison for Cawnpore, where the baggage of the army was left. Rapidity being the first condition of success, ammunition and provision for a few days only were taken. This involved the exposure of the men to all the vicissitudes of the weather, and also to the necessity of bivouacking on the bare earth. On July 28, the expedition, comprising 1,700 men and ten guns, crossed the Ganges, and by the following day came face to face with some of the difficulties of the undertaking.

All the villages had been put into a state of defence, and furnished with artillery. At Omaou, six miles from the river, the enemy offered a vigorous resistance, and set fire to the town before leaving it. The sepoys formed again, as soon as the place was taken, and another combat was necessary, in order to retain the ground occupied. Towards evening the Nana's troops appeared on the left flank of the English, but with their usual cowardice did not venture to take part in the action. On August 3, at Basseratgange, a town surrounded with walls and ditches, with a tower armed with five guns, the fighting was still more serious. The Madras Fusiliers and the Highlanders only carried the entrenchments and entered the town at nightfall at the cost of many lives. The English were decimated by the enemy's fire, and the diseases of the country, with cholera at their head, were already raging with intensity. Every stretcher in the ambulance was occupied, and the expedition was reduced to 1,200 men. It was impossible to advance.

That evening orders were given to retreat, and though circumstances but too sadly justified this retrograde movement, it excited much murmuring in the ranks. Havelock

persisted nevertheless, though never did wounded lioness, obliged to leave her whelps in the hunter's hands, deplore more bitterly the rigour of fate. But prudence is also a military virtue, and had the march forward on Lucknow been continued after the losses experienced, a frightful disaster would have infallibly ensued. On the other hand, speedy assistance was expected, and recent intelligence from the Lucknow authorities was reassuring up to a certain point. A loyal sepoy, who had passed the enemy's lines, had just brought to head-quarters despatches from the military commander of the besieged Residency. The garrison, though hard pressed, still held out manfully, and was provided with provisions and ammunition for several weeks. This information was soon made known to the whole army, and somewhat mitigated the bitterness of retreat. By the first days of August, General Havelock had taken up his position in the cantonments of Mangalwar, on the left bank of the Ganges, and was occupied in reorganising his small force whilst waiting for the arrival of reinforcements promised by Sir J. Outram, who had recently been appointed to the supreme command of the Oude expedition.

As soon as the Court of Directors was informed of General Anson's death, they replaced him by Sir Colin Campbell, a veteran of the Peninsular War. Sir Colin Campbell had just taken a glorious part in the siege of Sebastopol at the head of the Highland brigade, whom a community of danger and almost of costume had united to our Zouave regiments then, alas, at the height of their fame.[1] No general ever assumed a command in more critical circumstances than those in

[1] Sir Colin Campbell counted among his best friends the brave General Vinoy. I was able to give the Commander-in-Chief news of General Vinoy, with whom I had travelled from Calais to Paris, and who had spoken to me in the warmest terms of his friend Sir Colin, without forgetting the revolver he had received from him as a mark of friendship, and which he had made a good use of at the assault of the tower of Malakoff. The amicable relations between the two officers have not ceased, and his Excellency told me that he had just received a letter in which General Vinoy expressed his heartfelt wishes for the triumph of our cause, at the same time begging his friend not to show himself merciless towards the rebels. 'Believe in my experience of war, reprisals are always useless,' said the French general.

which India found itself when the new General-in-Chief arrived at Calcutta towards the end of August. India was slipping from the grasp of her conquerors, according to the energetic expression of one high in authority. Even the most far-sighted did not anticipate the success soon to be achieved by the troops before Delhi.

The situation can be summed up as follows : Direct communications between Calcutta, Delhi, and the Punjab were completely interrupted, and the Delhi army, little more than 4,000 strong, was scarcely able to maintain its position. Its base of operations was the Punjab, by the line of Loudianah. Sir J. Lawrence, with heroic devotion, despatched his European regiments to Delhi, but it was doubtful whether the besieging force would be able to remain before the city till their arrival. The last news from the North-West Provinces, now a month old, received at Calcutta *viâ* Bombay, announced without comment that the Agra garrison had been obliged to take refuge in the fort after an unsuccessful combat. It was also known that the Lucknow garrison was hemmed in, in a weak position without casemates, and defended by a few field-works at most. Could it be hoped that a handful of Europeans, encumbered with women and children, would hold out long against a multitude of enemies? Havelock had retaken Cawnpore, and had attempted to march on Lucknow at the head of the first reinforcements sent from Calcutta, but his small army, powerless against the rebellious regiments with whom the whole population of Oude made common cause, had been obliged to retreat to Cawnpore.

The first duty of the new General-in-Chief was to make the communications between the capital and the advanced post of Cawnpore. As the strategical points on the road—Allahabad, Ghazipore, Benares, Dinapore—were still in the hands of the English, such reinforcements as could be spared to Havelock arrived without much difficulty at their destination, chiefly by means of river steamers.

Unfortunately, shortly before the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell, Lower Bengal, till then quiet enough, at least on

the surface, began to feel the effects of the events at Delhi and Mirut. Towards the middle of July, the Dinapore brigade, then stationed at Bangalpore, and composed of one cavalry and of two native infantry regiments, deserted its quarters with arms and baggage. Armed bands were formed, and one of the most influential men of the district placed himself at the head of the movement. Koër Singh, though more than eighty, was one of the foremost leaders in the mutiny, owing to his intelligence and indomitable energy. Belonging to one of the highest families in India, and possessor of an immense fortune, his influence not only extended to those who were in immediate contact with him, but also to the Bengal army, in whose ranks many of his vassals were serving. For a time the rebels occupied the high road between the Soane and the Ganges, cut the telegraph wires, stopped the posts, and isolated Calcutta from the rest of India. A tremendous panic seized on every one; all along the river banks the European population fled in haste from their houses, and the authorities, in order to meet the peril, detained the reinforcements intended for Havelock.

However, before their arrival, certain resolute men had boldly confronted the danger. A magistrate of the Arrah district, Mr. Walker, and Mr. Boyle, a railway engineer, who had taken refuge with some sixty men, of whom eighteen were Europeans and fifty Sikhs, in an imperfectly fortified house at Arrah, resisted for more than a week all the attacks of Koër Singh's forces, numbering 4,000 men. The perilous position in which the valiant garrison found itself was soon known to the neighbouring authorities, who despatched a first reinforcement, consisting of two companies of the 10th Royals. Captain Lebas, too desirous of fulfilling his mission as soon as possible, lost his way in the jungle during the night, and was cut to pieces with more than half his men, his guns falling into the enemy's hands. This was one of the greatest reverses the English met with in the course of the mutiny. The relief of the place was, however, only delayed thereby. On August 2, Major Vincent Eyre, with 200 men of the 5th Royals and two pieces of cannon, completely routed the Dinapore brigade and Koër Singh's bands

at Bibi-Garh, and effected a junction with the heroic defenders of Arrah. Some days later he was reinforced by the arrival of 200 men of the 10th Royals, and immediately took the field again. On August 12, the enemy was encountered, and the soldiers of the 10th, burning with rage at the sight of the adversaries who had made such havoc in their ranks, when they were defeated under Captain Lebas, rushed forward with fixed bayonets, and dislodged the sepoys from the jungle and stronghold of Indespore, the principal fortress of Koër Singh. Discouraged but not despairing, the old chief retired towards the frontiers of Nepaul, and, from an inaccessible retreat, watched for a favourable opportunity of resuming the struggle. The mutiny was nearly over in Lower Bengal, and the sepoys crossing the Ganges, soon took the road to Delhi.

The difficulties were not less at Calcutta, where, notwithstanding the efforts of the Government, the means of transport and the supplies of horses, ammunition, and arms did not correspond to the necessities of the army. Horses fetched as much as 100*l.* a piece. A cavalry regiment from Madras having refused to serve beyond the limits of the presidency, all its horses were embarked for Bengal. The military establishments at Cossipore were at work day and night, casting cannon and manufacturing Enfield cartridges. A large quantity of tents were prepared at Allahabad. In the hands of Sir Colin Campbell the military preparations were pushed forward with the utmost despatch. The waters of the Ganges were now falling, and in order to obviate the delays and inconveniences of the river route, a service of bullock-carts was organised, and stationed in relays along the high road. Then was witnessed a strange sight! On leaving a train or a steamer, the Queen's soldiers were seen to step into and travel in the curious vehicles which the Ninevite and Babylonian bas-reliefs show to have been used to convey the warriors of the kings of Assyria. During the great heat of the day, the trains stopped at stations where provisions that needed to be cooked were prepared beforehand. The service was so well organised that finally 200 men could be despatched daily from Ranigange, the last halting-

place on the railway, to Allahabad, a distance of 809 miles, in less than fifteen days, without subjecting them to either privation or fatigue.

The conduct and policy of the Governor-General could at length be judged impartially. A new-comer in these distant lands, Lord Canning committed the mistake of adopting without reserve all the opinions of his *entourage*. Deceived by delusions entertained by the best qualified authorities as to the fidelity of the sepoys, he refused in the beginning of the mutiny to take such rigorous measures as might have delayed, if not altogether prevented, the outbreak. A still more grave error was signing decrees, breathing a spirit of distrust, which made no distinction between Europeans and natives. To throw doubts on the loyalty and devotion of the European press and of the Queen's subjects at such a crisis was to encourage the revolt by sowing discord gratuitously amongst the English population, and to create difficulties in the way of the local government of which the effects would be felt in Europe itself. Had an appeal been publicly made to the English journalists, showing that the gravity of the circumstances necessitated a restriction of their liberty, it is more than probable that the Anglo-Indian press would not have supported Lord Canning's Government less warmly than it did that of Lord Auckland at the time of the Cabul disaster. Subsequent events showed, moreover, that wherever Europeans, whether they were planters, merchants, lawyers, or writers, were called upon to assist in the work of repression, they proved valiant auxiliaries, and rendered services which amply testified the loyalty and courage of the Anglo-Saxon race. Once alive to the dangers of the situation, Lord Canning's Government showed no want of initiative or energy, whilst he himself firmly resisted all the appeals for vengeance that issued from every mouth and from every pen.[1] The surname of

[1] The *Friend of India*, one of the most important journals of Calcutta, recommended the following political programme :—'First, that in the districts under martial law, the lives and properties of the inhabitants should be dependent on no law but that of military necessity for the whole duration of the insurrection. Secondly, that every rebel sepoy, whether in arms or a

'Clemency Canning,' conferred on him in derision by his compatriots, whose wild desire for revenge he had not gratified, remains as his highest title of glory in the eyes of posterity. By refusing to authorise monstrous reprisals, such as were clamoured for by the thousand voices of the Anglo-Indian community, Lord Canning avoided separating India from her European masters by an impassable river of blood. He understood the real interests of his mission, and if the work of pacification has now been finished these fifteen years, the honour of it belongs in the first place to the generous sentiments and the horror of bloodshed that so especially characterised Lord Canning. Personally he made himself conspicuous by his impassive courage, and retained in the interior of his palace his native body-guard, whose much suspected loyalty never wavered. In giving this slight sketch of the modest and amiable statesman, it would be unjust to pass by in silence the noble and graceful figure of Lady Canning, the devoted companion and partner of all her husband's perils. In the hour of trial, the great court-lady gave proof of the almost virile firmness, peculiar to Anglo-Indian women, but soon paid her tribute to the deadly climate and the anxieties of high position by ending her life on the heights of Simla.

In order to complete this *résumé* of affairs in August 1857, we must say a few words about military matters in other parts of India. The Madras and Bombay Presidencies possessed, each of them, a considerable army quite distinct from that of Bengal:—

		Regiments.			
		Regular Infantry	Irregular Infantry	Regular Cavalry	Irregular Cavalry
Effective force of the army of	Madras	52	8	8	—
„ „ „	Bombay	29	6	3	6

Each regiment of regular infantry comprised 1,000 men, each regiment of irregular infantry 800 ditto, and each

deserter, should be put to death. Thirdly, that every Indian taken in arms should be executed. Fourthly, that in any village where a European had been killed, telegraph wires cut, or the post stopped, a court-martial should exercise summary justice; that any village where a European had been insulted or had been refused aid and assistance should be heavily fined.'

regiment of cavalry, whether regular or irregular, 500 sabres.

The adhesion of these forces, formidable alike by their numbers and organisation to the cause of the mutiny, would have occasioned the most disastrous complications for England. The past history of the Madras army was full of most disquieting events, and no one could remember without apprehension that one of the most serious military revolts that ever broke out in India took place at Vellore in 1806.[1] Since then good treatment on the

[1] In the spring of 1806, in consequence of orders given to the sepoys to trim their moustaches in a uniform fashion, to do away with earrings and special signs of caste when in full uniform, and to adopt a new style of head-dress, symptoms of disaffection and indiscipline became apparent in the Bengal army. Certain summary measures seemed to have repressed the agitation, when a mutiny broke out at Vellore. The garrison of the fortress was composed of two battalions of the 23rd, of one battalion of the 1st Madras, and of four companies of the 69th Royals. In the night the sepoys shot down the European sentinels and attacked the main guard of the 69th, all the men of which they killed, and then set fire to the barracks. The officers and their families were murdered in their houses; the sick in the hospital met with the same fate. Colonel Fancourt, the commander of the garrison, was one of the first victims, and fell pierced with bullets at his own door. Colonel MacKerras, the second in command, was shot a few minutes later. By morning the mutineers were masters of the fort, with the exception of the European barracks, which two officers had succeeded in reaching. Attacked here by superior forces, the English took up their position at a postern gate, and would have all succumbed, notwithstanding their bravery, but for providential assistance. At the beginning of the outbreak, an officer had swum across the moat of Vellore, and escaping from the alligators with which it abounds, had brought information of the event next morning to Arcot, some sixteen miles off, where a considerable body of troops was stationed. Colonel Rollo Gillespie started immediately at the head of the 19th Royal Cavalry, and being better mounted than his companions, arrived the first under the walls of Vellore. Dismounting under a storm of balls, he was drawn up by a sort of ladder made of hides to the last stronghold, where the handful of European soldiers were still defending themselves. The arrival of his forces turned the scale, and the sepoys who escaped death left the fort, and took refuge in the neighbouring country. The English losses in this nocturnal massacre were considerable—twenty officers and their families and 164 soldiers were murdered. The mutiny was ascribed to the intrigues of the princes of Mysore, Tippoo Sahib's sons, who were prisoners in the fortress of Vellore. They cannot, however, have been seriously implicated, as they were not included in any of the subsequent trials. They were, however, expelled from the Madras Presidency, and ordered to reside in Calcutta, where their descendants still exist.

part of their officers and the long-continued influence of discipline had created a strong feeling of loyalty in the ranks. The Mohammedan sepoys no doubt entertained a secret sympathy for the cause of the mutineers; but living at a greater distance than their Bengal comrades from the centre of the traditions of the Mogul empire, they did not share their impatient longing to throw off the yoke of the European conquerors. Moreover, a good half of the Madras army was recruited from the Tamil population—a race without traditions of caste, and who, satisfied with regular pay and a paternal discipline, remained faithful to their salt, according to an Oriental expression. A cavalry regiment that showed signs of insubordination was disbanded, and no other act of severity was needed to maintain order. The state of the Bombay army, on the other hand, though recruited on precisely the same system, caused great anxiety on several occasions. Placed nearer the scene of events and worked upon by the emissaries of the mutiny, a mere spark would have sufficed to spread disaffection in certain regiments. Severe examples made short work of all criminal aspirations, and the turn of affairs, now more favourable to the English, soon repressed any idea of revolt.

Major-General Sir James Outram had been appointed to the command of the Oude expedition, as we have seen, and we shall not be going beyond the limits of these sketches if we give a few details of the life and deeds of one of the greatest European heroes in Asia. Sir J. Outram, on whom Sir Charles Napier has conferred the title of the 'Bayard of the Indian army,'[1] had for thirty-nine years been pursuing a brilliant and laborious career in the Company's service. As soldier, administrator, diplomate, or sportsman, on the battle-field, in the cabinet, or in the depths of the jungle, everywhere

[1] Towards 1843, Sir Charles Napier, who afterwards found a most resolute adversary in Sir J. Outram, had drunk his health at a public banquet in the following characteristic terms: 'In the sixteenth century there lived in France a knight as famous for his bravery in warfare as for his wisdom in council. It was Bayard. Gentlemen, I propose the health of the "Bayard of India," my friend Colonel Outram, of the Bombay army.'

he had given proof of rare courage and eminent faculties. Having joined the Bombay army as ensign in 1819, Outram had to await six years in obscure regimental duties the opportunity of exhibiting his brilliant qualities. In 1825, a native chief of Kauteisch, after attacking the town of Bartpore, retired to the fortress of Kittour, situated on the summit of a mountain, from whence he fomented outbreaks all around him. Outram, with 200 sepoys, scaled the rear of the fort, killed the chief with his own hand, and in recompense for this feat was entrusted with the formation of a corps of Bhils. The Bhils, a sect of professional thieves, given up to debauchery and brigandage, lived in a perpetual state of warfare with their neighbours. The young lieutenant soon showed what the influence of a single man might effect among the wild inhabitants of the jungle, and the new regiment became renowned for its discipline and courage. Gifted with that art of managing the natives with which all the great men of British India have been endowed, Outram exercised the most wonderful fascination over the rebellious population of the district by his justice, his vigour, his conciliatory character, his skill and daring in manly sports, so that, as a mark of approbation for his services, he was called to an important post in the province of Myhi-Kanta. In 1838 Captain Outram, then attached to Lord Keane's staff, took part in the siege of Ghuznee and in the Afghan war. Having been appointed to be the bearer of the news of the taking of Khelat, he traversed the whole seat of war, some 360 miles in extent, alone, disguised as an Afghan, and mounted on a Cabul pony. For seven days he was exposed to fatigue of all sorts, and escaped pursuit as by miracle. During the disasters at Cabul, Major Outram, who had been placed in command of Lower Scinde and Beloochistan, succeeded in maintaining order in these dangerous border-lands. Thanks to the excellent terms on which he stood with the Emirs of Scinde, they not only abstained from hostilities, but also furnished the British army with provisions and means of transport. When he resigned his command, public gratitude testified in a strange

way to his immense popularity. He was presented with a sabre enriched with jewels by the Bombay community; with a prayer-book by the Anglican bishop of the Presidency; with a gold medal by the Pope, for services rendered to the Roman Catholic population, and with a richly damascened lance by his pig-sticking comrades.[1] Outram remained faithful to his friends in Scinde, and when, against all justice, the Emirs were stripped of their territory and their property, he refused, though a poor man, to accept the share assigned to him by law (some 10,000*l.*), and renounced his career, rather than lend his name to an iniquitous policy.

He retired to England, and was living there in semi-disgrace when the revolutions that succeeded one another at Lahore after the death of Ranjit Singh made serious complications probable. At the instance of, and with the warmest recommendations from the Duke of Wellington, his ever-zealous patron, Outram returned to India, where he successively fulfilled the important functions of Resident at Aden and Baroda, and of Resident and afterwards Commissioner at Lucknow on the annexation of Oude. Having attained the highest distinctions, and already a member of the Indian Council, Major-General Sir J. Outram had sought rest in Egypt, when he was entrusted with the supreme command of an expedition against Persia. A glorious peace had scarcely crowned his campaign in that country, when circumstances recalled him to the battle-field. His popularity and his services assured him a place in the first rank, and to the general satisfaction he was appointed to the command of the British forces at Cawnpore, intended to act against Oude. General Outram lost no time in joining the troops committed to his charge. The perils of the besieged residents at Lucknow occupied his every thought, and at one time he conceived the idea of marching directly from Benares,[2] and so turning

[1] Pig-sticking is, as everybody knows, one of the favourite sports of the Anglo-Indian community.

[2] See Documents, No. XLI., 'Letter of Sir James Outram to the Governor-General of India.'

the rivers and canals, whose passage had offered insurmountable obstacles to Havelock's first expedition. This plan failed to meet with the approval of his superiors.[1] The means of defence of the besieged in the Residency inspired at this time greater confidence than previously.[2] Outram organising means of defence all along his route, and pressing the arrival of reinforcements with indefatigable energy, arrived at headquarters on September 12.

His first acts were worthy of his noble character. The double right of seniority of rank and the choice of the Government called him to the command of the expedition destined to relieve Lucknow. Yet with the delicacy peculiar to certain choice souls, he would not deprive the brave officer who had risked so much in order to succour the besieged garrison, of the glory of bringing the heroic enterprise to a successful close, and he placed himself as volunteer under Havelock's orders.[3]

Disinterestedness and patriotic feeling vibrated in unison in every member of this little army. Never had officers and men alike been inflamed with more sincere and generous ardour. All hearts swelled, all eyes filled with tears in presence of the fatal well at Cawnpore, than which a more ghastly spectacle has never been witnessed.[4]

[1] See Documents, No. XLI., 'Letters of the Commander-in-Chief and of the Governor-General to Sir J. Outram.'

[2] *Ibid.*, 'Letter of Sir J. Outram to Mr. Mangles.'

[3] See Documents, No. XLII., 'Orders of the day of Sir J. Outram and of Brigadier Havelock.'

[4] It was at first intended to build a memorial church over the well at Cawnpore, but after long deliberation this project was given up. The monument raised over the remains of the Nana's victims, and in their honour, is from the design of Colonel Yule, of the Engineers, and is composed of an octagonal colonnade in the Gothic style, in the midst of which is the fatal well. The orifice, closed with a stone facing, serves as pedestal to a white marble statue representing the Angel of Mercy, one of the last works of the celebrated Marochetti. The statue was ordered by Lord Canning, who was Governor-General of India during the mutiny, and was paid for out of his own private means. Around the monument are gardens full of trees, which offer a pleasant promenade to the inhabitants of Cawnpore.

The memorial church rises on the site of the old hospital, which sheltered many death-bed agonies during the siege, and is placed in the centre of a large plain, on the south-west portion of which stand the European barracks.

They beheld its yawning mouth stained with blood, and choked with human remains; limbs scattered in every direction; the mother and the child at the breast united in death as in life. They beheld the sun's rays, the loathsome worm, and the voracious bird of prey doing their worst on these sad victims of human ferocity. A soldier summed up his emotions by tracing the words 'Remember Cawnpore!' with the point of his bayonet on the stone border. Who could ever forget that day, fatal above all others! Not a knapsack but contained some relic of the martyrs—letters,

A macadamised road, planted with trees, leads from the station to the plain, the scene of so much combined suffering and heroism. Traces of General Wheeler's entrenchments are still visible here and there in the shape of piles of discoloured bricks or of inequalities in the ground, almost concealed by grass. The church, which is not yet finished, is full of interest from the associations it recalls of the glories and triumphs of the Anglo-Saxons during the fatal year 1857. For instance, one meets with inscriptions such as follow:—

In memory of the Engineers of the East India Railway,
Who died from illness or from wounds
During the great Mutiny of 1857.
In affectionate remembrance,
Their comrades of the North-West Provinces.

In memory of 3 officers, 2 sergeants, 1 corporal, 1 drummer,
And 20 men of the 34th Royals,
Killed in the fight before Cawnpore,
On the 27th of November, 1857.

In memory of Captain Stuart Beatson,
Havelock's Adjutant-General,
Who, in the agony of cholera and carried in a palanquin,
Did his duty in the fight of Pandore Haddi,
And at the re-capture of Cawnpore.

In memory of 14 officers and 448 men and women
Of the 32nd R.A.,
Who died during the sieges of Lucknow and Cawnpore,
Or in the course of the Mutiny.

The lines consecrating the memory of the martyrs of Bibi-Garh are more poignant still:—

In memory of Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Wainwright,
Miss Wainwright, Mrs. Hall,
And 48 soldiers' wives, and 55 children,
Massacred at Cawnpore in July 1857.

fragments of playthings, pages torn from prayer-books, or locks of hair stained with blood. To men burning with the desire for vengeance, to hearts inflamed with the noble desire of rescuing the besieged of Lucknow from a frightful death, what mattered the fury of the elements, the fire and the steel of the enemy, or any of the plagues of earth! Forward, ye avengers. The Indian shall never fill another well of Cawnpore with dead!

In a reserved enclosure surrounding the church, which is protected by a walled embankment, crowned by an evergreen hedge, are still to be found many recollections of the disaster. On a tombstone carefully railed off the following lines are to be read:—

In the three graves inside this railing
Rest the mortal remains of Major E. Vibart,
Of the 2nd Bengal Cavalry,
And of about 70 officers and men,
Who, after escaping from the massacre of June 27th,
Were taken prisoners by the mutineers of Shoreapore,
And put to death on July 1st.

The victims who fell during the siege rest neither in the enclosure round the church nor in the church itself, and their last home must be sought for in a spot shaded by trees near barracks No. 4. There, at the time of the struggle, existed a dry well, which received the bodies of about 250 of the besieged. This well, surrounded by a railing, has been closed by a stone covered with mosaic, in the midst of which is a cross with this epitaph:—

In this well were placed, by their companions in misfortune,
The bodies of the men, women, and children,
Who died
During the heroic defence of Wheeler's entrenchments,
Besieged by the Nana.

A portion of Psalm cxli. is inscribed below.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE BENGAL SEPOYS, 1857.

CHAPTER VI.

SIEGE OF LUCKNOW—HAVELOCK'S EXPEDITION.

Condition of the kingdom of Oude before the annexation—Excess of feudal power—Powerlessness of Anglo-Indian diplomacy—Annexation of the kingdom of Oude—Errors of the new administration—Hostility to the new *régime* shown by the veterans of the Bengal army living in Oude—Blind confidence of British authorities—Conciliatory dispositions of the new commissioner, Sir H. Lawrence—The English residence at Lucknow—Position of the troops—Mutiny of the 7th irregular Oude Infantry—Preparations for defence—Mutiny of three regiments of the Bengal army on May 30—News of the disaster at Cawnpore—Insurrection in the provinces—Massacre at Aurangabad—The English are defeated at Chinhat on June 30—Death of Sir H. Lawrence—Intestine dissensions amongst the mutineers—The garrison during the first weeks of the siege—Attack of the 21st and 22nd of July—Arrival of the sepoy Angad with despatches from Havelock—Correspondence with the authorities at Cawnpore—March on Lucknow—The assault—The garrison during the assault—Military operations of September 25th and 26th—Massacre of the wounded—Losses of the British army.

THE siege of Lucknow ranks, with the campaigns of Havelock and Sir C. Campbell, among the most important events in the struggle between England and the rebellious sepoys. However, before giving any account of it, it is indispensable to say a few words of the condition of Oude before its annexation.

We have already had occasion to point out that a considerable extent of territory in the Indian peninsula had remained under the rule of the native princes. Amongst these allies, or, to speak more correctly, amongst these vassals

of England, the King of Oude occupied the foremost rank, on account of the extent, the wealth, and the population of his kingdom.[1] Friendly intercourse between the two powerful neighbours goes back to the year 1801, when Lord Wellesley concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with Saadat Ali Khan, Nabob of Oude. The reign of Saadat Ali Khan was both long and prosperous. A clever monarch, he weakened feudal power, recovered from his nobles the possessions they had obtained through the weakness of his predecessors, and on his death left 14,000,000*l.* in specie, an enormous sum for the period. His immediate successor received the title of king from the Company in 1819, but supreme rank developed royal virtues neither in him nor in his descendants; and all of them, vying with each other in incapacity and prodigality, opened the way to anarchy and disorders of all sorts. In the reign of the last king, Wajad Ali, the Court of Oude, during the years that preceded the mutiny, offered, even more than the palace at Delhi, a faithful picture of men and manners as they appeared in the decline of the Mogul empire. To complete the resemblance, King Wajad Ali,[2] his courtiers, and about a tenth of the population followed the law of Mahomet in this good, old-fashioned kingdom, whilst the rest of the inhabitants remained faithful to that of Brahma. The Rajpoots of Oude, the direct descendants of those warrior-priests who were masters of India before the Mohammedan conquest, had preserved intact the proud and exclusive traditions of their ancestors. The sombre mysteries of the religion of Khali and Bohwani were still celebrated in the temples of the kingdom, and on the high roads the sect of the Thugs destroyed numbers of travellers.

[1] The provinces forming the kingdom of Oude contained at the last census in 1870, 11,220,232 inhabitants, or 474 inhabitants to the square mile; 89·3 of this population belonged to the Brahmin religion, and 10·7 to the Mahommedan.

[2] The King of Oude had four wives by marriage, according to the Mahommedan law, twenty-nine acknowledged wives by 'Motah,' and four hundred female attendants called 'Motah' wives, but not permanently united as the others.—Captain Hutchinson's *Events in Oude.*

The agricultural population of Oude, from which two-thirds of the Bengal army were drawn, had preserved all the ancient Hindoo institutions untouched, and society among them rested exclusively on the system of village communities. The village, as a community, was the only legitimate proprietor of the soil, and its members alone had a right to alienate their share of the common property by sale, deed of gift, or mortgage. The village itself was a complete organisation—a kind of small republic, with all necessary functionaries, such as a head man, a notary, a priest, a smith, a carpenter, a washerman, a rural policeman, whose salaries were paid in dues by the inhabitants. The land-tax, one of the oldest established institutions of the country, was paid to the Government by the head man in proportion to the fields, the ploughs, and the numbers of the community. No people carry so far the love of the paternal acres as the Hindoos of Oude. But as the excess of population made it difficult to gain a livelihood in the country districts, most of the enterprising young men were accustomed to try their fortunes in foreign parts, and especially in the military service of the East India Company. All these soldiers, without exception, returned to visit their families when on leave, and retired on their pension to die in the village where they had been born. These details show what an intimate connection existed between the agricultural population of Oude and the Bengal army, and explain the interest felt by the sepoys, whether retired or with the colours, in the soil of that kingdom. Notwithstanding the ardour of this restricted patriotism and the fertility of the soil, it is unfortunately certain that Oude was one of the most wretched provinces of India, as was amply proved by the sight of lean, famishing cattle, ruined wells, and miserable and deserted villages in all its districts. This state of things was partially due to the exactions of the taloukdars, or collectors of the land-tax. These functionaries, originally chosen from among the chiefs of great families and connected with the village population, used to show a laxity in the collection of the tax, which was no longer the

case when they were replaced by fiscal agents appointed by the Crown or the local authorities to be the intermediaries between the Government and the tax-payers. Moreover, in many cases the taloukdars disputed the hereditary rights of the village communities, and succeeded in getting hold of them themselves.

The imbecile weakness of the last king, Wajad Ali Shah, greatly tended to encourage this state of things. Invisible in the recesses of his harem, surrounded by 500 legitimate wives or concubines, his life had no object but pleasure, and the whole weight of public affairs rested on the Grand Vizier, Ali Naeki Khan. The latter, a man of limited intelligence, had made it a rule to satisfy all the wants and caprices of the begums, the eunuchs, and the buffoons, who were assiduous and welcome guests at the palace, in order to retain the favour of his master. Hence a shameless squandering of public money at the Court, and anarchy and a general disorganisation of the public services outside its limits.

Under this feeble and corrupt government, the power of the great nobles and of the taloukdars naturally would and did assume immense proportions. From out of the general ruin, a sort of feudal authority had arisen which ruled the provinces, and left but a nominal power to the King of Lucknow. Before the annexation, 250 forts, each held on an average by a garrison of 400 men, with two guns, were to be found in Oude. This formidable force of 500 guns and 100,000 men only served to sustain the royal power, settle intestine quarrels, and in the last resort to pillage peaceful citizens. The King's army,[1] 60,000 men strong but badly

[1] The raggedest costumes of the Paris carnival can give no idea of the tattered condition of the uniforms of the King of Oude's soldiers. Shakos with damaged crowns, extraordinary feathers, waistcoats without sleeves, and by way of compensation sleeves without waistcoats, trousers covered with patches of every colour, and often full of rents; this is only an imperfect sketch of soldiers so fantastically dressed that, by their side, the poorest Spanish tatterdemalions might have passed for well-dressed men. The population of Oude furnished, however, the great majority of sepoys belonging to the Bengal army, specimens of which in the correctest of uniforms were to be seen on guard at the British Residency. If, however, the regular government and well-filled treasury of the East India Company could transform the wild

paid, badly organised, and badly officered, was of little use to the cause of order, and inspired as much terror to the population as the band of robbers and brigands whom it was its duty to disperse. Independent *de facto*, the great lords living in their strongholds gave way without restraint to their cupidity and sanguinary passions. Both in family quarrels or in disputes between neighbours, fire and steel were the irresistible arguments that finally decided all litigation. Atrocious crimes, scandalous usurpations, if they found at court the interested assistance of some courtesan or some base courtier bought with gold, were easily forgotten or justified. The same influences made themselves strongly felt in the matter of taxation, and rarely did more than a third of the legal income reach the public treasury. The greater the personal power of a criminal, the surer he was of impunity; for the means of corruption he possessed were irresistible.

Informed of this condition of things by the Resident, one of the highest of Anglo-Indian officials, the Company's representatives had for many years addressed sage and severe remonstrances to the Court of Lucknow. But as the right of direct intervention was not recognised by treaty, British diplomacy met with at most apparent adhesion to advice and protests. If, at the request of the Resident, resolute action was taken, with the help of the Company's troops, against some band of robbers whose exactions and cruelties knew no limit, all trace of such salutary rigour soon disappeared. Once the fortress taken, and the band dispersed, the dispossessed chieftain obtained permission from the Court, by means of back-stairs influence, to rebuild his fortifications. A few months after their summary expulsion, the brigands returned triumphant to their stronghold, which was repaired and restored. For forty years the remonstrances of the Company's Government had met with nothing but evasive

men composing its troops into well-dressed soldiers, this prodigy was far beyond the capability of the ignorant ministers who managed affairs in Oude, and their poor soldiers, whose pay was often several years in arrear, before thinking of clothing their body, had to exercise all their ingenuity in order to fill their stomachs.

answers from the Court of Lucknow, which could have been annihilated with the utmost ease by its powerful neighbours. Had not the time arrived for destroying the last vestige of the India of former days, and adding to the Company's dominions the fertile provinces of the kingdom of Oude?

The final annexation, a measure which was warmly controverted at the time, has since brought reproaches on its author, Lord Dalhousie, as one of the decisive causes of the mutiny of the Bengal army. It is only fair to point out, in justification of the eminent statesman, whom a premature death has taken away that at the period when annexation was determined on (December 1855) weighty political considerations militated in its favour. The conspiracy which was slowly undermining the Bengal army was then a sealed book, the mystery of which no European eye had sounded. All the adventurers, all the ruffians of the Indian peninsula were assembled in the kingdom of Oude, which at any moment might become the seat of civil war and drag the British Government into an intervention costly if not dangerous. The example of the anarchy in Oude was not without danger for the neighbouring population; so that the three last British Residents at that Court—Colonel Sleeman, General Low, and Sir J. Outram—all of them eminent men in the Indian service, gave their full assent to the measure of annexation. Sir J. Outram, who had not hesitated to sacrifice his career and a share of booty almost amounting to a fortune in the cause of the Emirs of Scinde, thus sums up his opinion on the point in question:—'I have always been the upholder of native states as long as they retained a spark of vitality, and we could recognise them without infringing our treaties or our suzerain power. It is, therefore, most painful for me to have to acknowledge that if we persist in maintaining this feeble and corrupt dynasty, we shall be sacrificing the interests of ten millions of individuals whom we are bound by treaty to protect by ensuring them a good government, capable of defending the life and property of its subjects.' This testimony on the part of the Bayard

of India suffices to protect Lord Dalhousie from the unjust reproaches with which his memory has been pursued.

The Governor-General, in deposing a king unworthy of the sceptre, aimed at something higher than shedding lustre on the close of a tenure of office so brilliantly inaugurated by the conquest of the Punjab. In order, however, to root out the evil, it was not only necessary to dethrone a crowned puppet but to re-establish order as well, in a country that for many years had been in a state of revolution, and to bring the great nobles under the power of the law by dismantling their fortresses and disarming their soldiers. This task, it is evident, was beyond the strength and intellect of any native rulers, so that an inexorable necessity imposed upon Lord Dalhousie a direct intervention in the affairs of Oude. The traditional policy of the Company enjoined treating the King of Oude like the Emperor of Delhi, and assuming the government of the kingdom, whilst leaving the appearance of supreme power to Wajad Ali Shah. The seductive example of the Punjab, which had submitted to European rule for eight years without resistance and almost without a murmur, caused the prudent lessons of the past to be forgotten.

On February 6, 1857, the Governor-General, in conformity with the instructions of the Court of Directors, announced in a proclamation the annexation of Oude. This document, couched in the short authoritative style characteristic of Lord Dalhousie's writings, stated that, since 1801, the Company had faithfully observed all treaties, the disregard of which by the Court of Oude had not exhausted its patience. For fifty years the advice, remonstrances, and threats of the British residents had remained without effect. What had been the result of so much forbearance? At Court ruled a king regardless of state concerns, and surrounded by buffoons and idle courtiers; in the provinces were fiscal agents who exhausted the population by their exactions; royal troops without fixed pay, who paid themselves by pillaging the inhabitants, law and justice unknown, life and property at the mercy of bands of brigands! The Governor-General added that after many vain

efforts to recall Wajad Ali and his *entourage* to their duty, the Government, faithful to the treaties, now assumed the right of protecting an unfortunate people against careless tyranny.

A few days before the proclamation was published, Sir J. Outram appeared at the palace and informed the King that the Court of Directors had resolved on taking in hand the government of the kingdom. If the prince would accede to this measure, he should retain the title of king for himself and his descendants, together with a liberal revenue. In case of resistance, proceedings would not be stayed, and he would be entirely dependent on the Company's tender mercies. Wajad Ali received this announcement with a dignity which even the most degraded Orientals often manifest in the great trials of life. Unfolding his turban, he placed it, in sign of mourning, in the hands of the diplomatist, and replied that the English, who had bestowed the throne on his family, might resume the gift at their pleasure. The Company was all-powerful, and he, therefore, accepted without a murmur its decrees for himself and his family, asking nothing and desiring nothing. His rank, his honour, and his crown he was prepared to lose, but at least he would never formally ratify his degradation by accepting a pension from British charity. The resignation, the sobs, and despairing gestures which accompained these words, for once worthy of Wajad Ali's birth, went straight to the generous heart of Outram. But his instructions were peremptory, and he could not even grant to the dispossessed monarch the favour of going to London to appeal to the Queen's compassion. As Wajad Ali refused to reconsider his resolution, General Outram, on the third day following this interview, published the proclamation relative to the annexation of Oude, and the fallen sovereign was sent off to Calcutta, under escort, where he was henceforth confined.

A government accurately modelled on the one which had proved so satisfactory beyond the Sutlej, was formed at Lucknow. Sir J. Outram, the last Resident at the native court, was appointed to govern the new dependency of the

Anglo-Indian empire under the title of chief commissioner. At the very outset, unfortunately, Sir J. Outram, whose experience and chivalrous character might perhaps have triumphed over the difficulties of the situation, was obliged to return to Europe on account of his health. The unskilful and violent measures that followed soon stirred up everyone against a *régime* which, at first, had been accepted with the greatest equanimity.

Sir J. Outram's temporary successor, a painstaking administrator, gave his whole attention to small matters of finance and law, without noticing the germs of anarchy and revolution which were smouldering around him. As it has been already said, the kingdom of Oude contained, either in the King's service or in the pay of the great vassals, 150,000 men, who, from their childhood upwards, had had no other career open to them but that of arms. The Company paid up the arrears due to the royal army, and recruits from its ranks went to form the army of Oude,[1] properly so-called. The disbanded soldiers returned to their homes, where they remained quietly as long as their savings sufficed for their daily wants. The great landowners, on their side, with the political tact possessed by Asiatics to such a remarkable degree, waited to see what the future would bring forth, and abstained from all hostile demonstrations. As they felt no attachment to the fallen government, the nobles were quite disposed to judge the new system on its merits, and more especially from the standpoint of their own interests. The higher classes became uneasy only when they perceived that the authorities insisted inexorably on the payment of taxes and arrears.

As the Company had taken on itself the debts of its predecessor, it had an undeniable right to all that was owing to the ex-sovereign. The payment of these sums, rigorously exacted, led to some few cases of resistance, which, when they did occur, were easily put down. But questions of revenue involved questions of property; and prosecutions, due to the too great zeal of functionaries, led the English judges to

[1] Artillery, 30 guns; cavalry, 3,400 sabres; infantry, 16,400 men.

contest the rights of the most powerful personages in the kingdom. Private lawsuits followed in immense numbers, and were all the more difficult to settle, that for years the law of the strongest had always prevailed, and many even of the most respectable families were unable to produce the title-deeds of their hereditary domains. The good faith of the European judges led them to be deceived by the false testimonies and false documents which are invariably forthcoming in India in all judicial debates, and in many instances their decisions dispossessed legitimate owners for the benefit of impostors. These deplorable mistakes shook the tenure of landed property to its foundations. The influential families of the country, hitherto uncertain as to their line of conduct, became hostile to the English administration and the whole agricultural population, threatened in its interests, waited with impatience for an opportunity of appealing by force of arms against such inopportune severity.

When evil days come, fortune often overwhelms men and nations with blows as rapid as unexpected. One of the elements of the population of Oude, which, judging by appearances, ought to have shown fidelity amounting to devotion in the cause of annexation, sided against it. The kingdom of Oude was the birthplace, as we have seen, of more than-two thirds of the Bengal army,[1] and under the native government, the veterans belonging to the Anglo-Indian service formed with their families a sort of privileged class specially under the protection of the English Resident, who was the intermediary and the mouth-piece of all their

[1] Under the old regulations of the native army, the sepoy invalided, after fifteen years' service, retired to his home on a monthly pension of four rupees. It was a matter of surprise to see young and strong men, in the full enjoyment of health and vigour, relinquishing a service which offered to them certain promotion and increased pay, in order to retire upon this scanty pittance. And yet it was so. Men starved themselves for months, and became weak and emaciated, solely to pass for invalids. By the new rule it was directed that a sepoy who was declared unfit for foreign service should no longer be permitted to retire to his home on invalid pension, but should be retained with the colours and employed in ordinary cantonment duty.—Mr. Gubbins, *The Mutinies in Oude.*

complaints. This privilege, which at first only extended to the soldiers' wives and children, soon extended further. The pensioners traded on their position, and sold their name and influence to distant relatives, and even to strangers. A sepoy was so important a personage that false sepoys constantly appeared who, by means of cast-off uniforms and forged papers, obtained the protection of the Resident for themselves and their friends. All this was put an end to by the annexation, and the whole population was replaced under the common law, to the great benefit of justice in many cases. But the sepoys and their families, stripped of the privileges they had enjoyed so long, thought themselves victims of the ingratitude of their former masters, and swelled the ranks of the disaffected. In the course of the year 1856, it was remarked that the European officers, who, when on journies for the service of the Government or their own pleasure, had been hitherto received as respected friends in the villages inhabited by retired sepoys, no longer met with anything but incivility and rudeness from their former hosts.

The levity with which the English Administration had entered upon the most thorny internal questions was but a venial sin compared with the blind confidence which caused the simplest measures of precaution to be neglected. The taloukdars, it is true, were invited by proclamation to dismantle their fortresses, and give up their artillery, in return for a liberal indemnity. The proclamation remained a dead letter as regarded fortifications, but many chiefs, attracted by a sum which made the operation a profitable one, handed over numbers of useless old guns. Events close at hand were to cause excellent arms of all sorts to appear as by magic, and to show that the measure of disarmament had not even been imperfectly executed. Another fault, of which the onus must not fall exclusively on the Indian Administration, properly so-called, was the following one. In anticipation of difficulties which might arise from the annexation of Oude, Lord Dalhousie had asked the autho-

rities at home that the Royal army, which under his rule had reached a minimum it had never before attained, should be reinforced by a few thousand soldiers. His request was refused by the Court of Directors, governed as usual by a spirit of petty economy. And not only this, but after Lord Dalhousie's departure, the new Governor-General, Lord Canning, deluded by the favourable reports he received of the state of Oude, conceived the fatal idea of despatching to the manœuvres at the camp near Amballah, in the early part of 1857, all the European troops which had been stationed at Lucknow to facilitate by their presence the annexation. The 32nd R.A., about 700 men strong, was the only regiment retained in Oude, and yet, the Anglo-Indian forces which formed the majority of the Lucknow garrison being connected by numerous ties with the native population, their entire devotion could not be depended upon. Neither in the capital, nor in the whole extent of the country, was there a single citadel or entrenchment worthy of the name, where, in case of necessity, the European authorities and their defenders might find shelter for a few days.

When, in the beginning of March 1857, Sir Henry Lawrence succeeded the functionary who had temporarily replaced Sir J. Outram, the absence of political system, and the exclusive attention to the interests of the public treasury, had already borne their fruits. The country was bristling with fortresses and infested with disbanded soldiers, who were utterly without resource, and only fit to gain their living by thieving and brigandage. The whole population, unsettled by intrigues and secret manœuvres, blindly accepted the thousand and one rumours held up to its indignation of the projects of the English Government against the native religion and the spirit of caste. Waggons full of powder made of old bones had arrived, it was said, at Lucknow, and this substance, mixed with flour and sweetmeats, was intended to defile the whole population. It is useless to add that no one, for love or money, was able to procure even an ounce of the impure matter. The report did not the less pass from mouth to

mouth, from bazaar to bazaar, and became a certain and indisputable fact in the eyes of the credulous multitude.[1]

Intelligent and large-hearted man as he was, Sir H. Lawrence understood at a glance the faults that had been committed in subordinating political to financial interests. The fiscal agents received orders to be very moderate in their demands on private individuals; and the great land-owners were officially informed that the vexatious and administrative persecutions to which they had been exposed since the annexation would not occur again. Sir H. Lawrence, moreover, neglected no means of destroying the germs of indiscipline and revolt which were all around him. His measures met with temporary success, and during the months of March and April, the intrigues of conspirators and the appeals to insurrection made by fakirs and pandits led to no very serious case of insubordination. They even afforded an opportunity of ascertaining that a feeling of loyalty to their colours still existed in the hearts of the sepoys. Several times, secret emissaries and seditious priests were denounced by soldiers. Such acts of devotion were systematically and liberally rewarded; and yet, so difficult is it to appreciate and explain the motives that guide Hindoos in their actions, a few weeks from that time, the same men, officers and privates, whose loyalty had been recompensed by promotion or pecuniary gratifications, rallied almost without exception to the cause of the mutiny.

Sir H. Lawrence soon became conscious of the error com-

[1] A very curious example of similar credulity, which I witnessed some years ago at the hill station of Simla, may be quoted here. A report got abroad among the hill men of that sanitarium, that the Governor-General had sent orders to have a certain quantity of human fat prepared and sent down to Calcutta; and that for this purpose the authorities were engaged in entrapping hill men, who were then killed, and boiled down for their fat. It might be thought that it would not have been difficult to disabuse them of so absurd a notion. A number of hill men are employed about every household at Simla in carrying letters, and in a variety of domestic duties, which bring them into daily contact with Europeans. But, for a long time, the attempt to undeceive them was of no avail. The panic increased and spread, until a large number of hill men fled from the station; nor were they, I believe, ever thoroughly convinced of the falsehood of the report.—Mr. Gubbins, *The Mutinies in Oude.*

mitted in neglecting to provide a fortified place where, in case of danger, the European authorities might take refuge until the arrival of the reinforcements necessary to carry on the struggle in the open field. By his order, provisions, grain, and cattle were collected as early as the month of May, and entrenchments were thrown up round the Residency, before which all the efforts of the insurgents were destined to fail. The Residency, a sort of European quarter, was situated on the banks of the River Gounti, outside the town, and in close proximity, on its north side, to the Char-Bagh, the Chattar-Manzil, and other royal palaces.[1]

A post of native troops at the Gate of Honour (Bailie Guard) was originally its only defence. A macadamised road, that crossed the River Gounti on an iron bridge, led from the Residency to the different camps. At some distance from the bridge were the ruins of the Machi Bhowan. This ancient stronghold had played an important part in the days when a constant struggle was going on between the native chiefs and the viceroys representing the Mogul Emperors, who then resided at Faizabad, and by its strong position and historical associations exercised an immense prestige over the population of Lucknow. Sir H. Lawrence bought

[1] The Marquis de Carabas himself, that celebrated landowner, according to the tale of the 'Chat Botté,' might have lamented, and not unreasonably, the inequality of the favours of fortune, if chance had led him to the city of Lucknow and its environs. Everywhere, at every step, one found oneself in presence of public monuments, palaces, pleasure-houses, and mausoleums bearing the insignia of native royalty: two fishes by way of coat-of-arms on the façade, and gilt parasols on the top of the building. What explains this number of royal properties is the custom of each new sovereign on his accession to build a new palace; so that most of these edifices, abandoned the day after their erection, were falling into ruins, and the condition even of those inhabited by the King left much to be desired. As to the furniture of the royal abodes, nothing more mean could be imagined.

All this is very far from that India of the 'Arabian Nights' which the traveller carries naïvely in his imagination. One could, however, form an idea of some details of the private life of Indian royalty, which were not altogether devoid of interest. The apartments reserved for the harem occupied more than half the building in all royal habitations, for the King of Lucknow was one of the greatest polygamists on earth; his seraglio contained 500 women, and on one occasion he conceived the curious idea of having himself married four times in the same day, married, be it understood, with all the rites of Mohammedan law.

this building, which he designed to use as a basis of defence. Works were begun, intended to assure the communications between the Residency and the Machi Bhowan, and to restore the dismantled ramparts of the latter. But the events which followed one another with startling rapidity, and the imperious necessities of the moment, did not allow the full completion of the system of defence, as we shall see further on; and the lines never extended beyond the enclosure traced round the Residency.

The military forces assembled at Lucknow (about 8,000 men) were not all massed on one point. The 32nd R.A. were a mile and a half away in barracks, known under the name of Chowpeyrah Issabal. The greatest agglomeration of troops was in the camp of Muriaon, three miles and a half from the town, and consisted of one battery of European artillery, of the 13th, 48th, 71st B.A., and of three batteries of native artillery. The 7th regular cavalry, B.A., was at the camp of Moudkipore, which was a mile and a half distant from that of Muriaon.

The first acts of insubordination did not take place in the ranks of the Bengal army, but in those of the regiments that had been recently organised, in order to take the place of the Royal army. In the first days of May, the 7th irregular Oude infantry refused to receive cartridges when exercising. The explanations, entreaties, and threats of the officers only produced an apparent submission, and after long hesitation, the regiment deserted its lines with arms and baggage. Pursued by a superior force, the mutineers were overtaken, disarmed, and brought back to the town.

As an additional proof of the curious vacillations of even the most mutinous corps, we will mention that this regiment remained quietly in its quarters for several weeks. It was only after the mutiny of the troops belonging to the Bengal army, which were stationed at Lucknow, that the native officers of the Oude regiment announced to the superior authorities that they and their men intended to abandon

the Company's service. The entire corps dispersed without violence and without other formalities.

The inquiry which followed on these beginnings of mutiny proved that there existed a previous understanding between the local forces and the 48th B.A. A mutiny was imminent, but, notwithstanding the disastrous news received at that time from Mirut and Delhi, there was a few days' respite, of which the Chief Commissioner took advantage with great activity and foresight.[1] Martial law was proclaimed, and everything was put on a war-footing. Under different pretexts, strong detachments were sent into distant provinces, and the effective force of the native troops was thereby diminished. A volunteer corps was formed of officers without regiments, of civil functionaries, of merchants, and planters. The business of collecting provisions and the work of the fortifications were not neglected. Indefatigable and always at work, the energetic Sir Henry scarcely allowed himself a few hours' rest, and wandered at night in disguise about the populous quarters of Lucknow, in order to judge for himself of the state of the public mind. The utility of all these measures soon became apparent.

On the morning of May 30, the 71st and 48th infantry, and a part of the 7th regular cavalry B.A., raised the standard of revolt in the lines of Muriaon and Moudkipore. We shall not dwell on the scenes of murder and pillage that marked the day with bloodshed. The brigadier in command, his aide-de-camp who hurried to the spot on the first news of the disturbance, were killed, as well as several other officers. A strong detachment, sent the next day against the cantonments of Moudkipore, where the mutineers had concentrated their forces, was attacked, on the skirts of the plain in which the camp was situated, by about 1,500 men deployed as skirmishers. As the artillery was in the rear, the action could not be begun at once, and the native horsemen forming the vanguard made use of the delay to desert in great numbers to the enemy. Notwithstanding their defection, when once the struggle commenced the issue was

[1] See Documents, No. II., 'Letter from Sir H. Lawrence to Colonel Inglis.'

not doubtful for an instant. As soon as the European guns opened fire, the sepoys dispersed in the direction of Sitapore, where they remained inactive for several weeks. This first nucleus of the mutiny was composed of a little more than a half of the 48th and 71st N.I., of the 7th regular cavalry, and of some companies of the 13th B.A.—about 2,000 men in all. The want of unity and initiative amongst the mutineers was of great advantage to the English. It gave Sir H. Lawrence a few days' delay, which he utilised in providing for the defence of the place.

Other, and equally severe trials were reserved for the representatives of English authority in the kingdom of Oude. In the early part of June, there arrived successively intelligence of the Nana's treachery, and of the dangerous position of the garrison at Cawnpore, and also a letter from Sir Hugh Wheeler imploring help and protection for the women and children.[1] Secret instructions authorised the evacuation of the kingdom in case of urgency, and it may be believed that, had the Commissioner-General listened to the entreaties of General Wheeler, and united the garrison of Lucknow to that of Cawnpore, this concentration of forces would have sufficed to save many victims. But on the other hand, it could not be denied that the evacuation of Oude would strike a terrible blow at the prestige of the English in India. The victorious flag of the mutiny already floated on the walls of Delhi, and were the second town of the Peninsula abandoned to the rebels their hopes would be raised to the highest pitch. The evacuation of the recently annexed kingdom would not merely be a strategical movement; it would be, *de facto*, a proclamation of its independence. Whatever might be the danger for him and his, Sir H. Lawrence resolved, perhaps wrongly—if an heroic resolution can be wrong in the eyes of history—to remain faithful at his post.

Round him all was disaster and ruin. The mutiny had devastated the European stations of Faizabad, Sitapore, and Setone in the beginning of June. At Schahjahanpore, on

[1] See Documents, No. III., 'Letters of the Besieged at Cawnpore.'

Sunday, May 31, the sepoys of the 28th B.A. rushed into church during divine service, killing the collector and several officers; but the greater part of the European colony, that is to say, fourteen civilians or officers, nine women, four children, and a little half-caste drummer-boy, succeeded in escaping from the mutineers, and in reaching the neighbouring station of Mohamdi.

The arrival of the fugitives caused great commotion amongst the garrison of Mohamdi, which consisted of a detachment of the 9th irregular Oude corps, and a rising became imminent. Under these circumstances, the commander of the station, Captain Orr, assembled his native officers, and made an appeal to their humanity, which moved them so greatly, that, crossing their arms on the head of one of their comrades, they swore to conduct the Europeans to the station of Sitapore.

'The convoy left Mohamdi,' says Captain Orr, 'at five o'clock in the evening, and arrived towards the middle of the night at Barwar. Before departing the sepoys divided amongst themselves 110,000 rupees, which were in the public chest, and let loose the prisoners from the jail. Next morning we started for Aurangabad, the men on foot or on horseback, the women in a carriage and on the baggage waggon at the head of the column. After two hours' march, a first halt had just been ordered, when a horseman galloped past us and told us to go wherever we wished. We did not need to have the words repeated, and hope was beginning to rise again in all hearts when we perceived that we were pursued. Notwithstanding all efforts to hasten the pace of the carriage and waggon, our miserable convoy was soon overtaken and surrounded by soldiers. We were proceeding quietly, when suddenly, at a mile from Aurangabad, a furious sepoy seized a gun which Captain Key carried in his hand, and shot down old Lieutenant Shields, who was riding along with the others. This was the signal for a general massacre. By a sort of instinct we took refuge behind a large tree, and the women hastily got down. Bullets were whistling in all directions, and the air resounded with the most hideous

clamour. The poor women fell on their knees in prayer, and awaited death with admirable firmness. Resigned to my fate, I was standing amid the wretched victims, when the thought of my wife and child stirred up all my desire to live, and I ran forward towards the murderers. I was recognised by the sepoy Gourdhan, of the 6th company, who called out to me to drop my pistol and have confidence in him. I obeyed mechanically, and Gourdhan and several of his companions, pressing round me, made a rampart of their bodies. The work of death went on for another ten minutes. I was scarcely three hundred paces from the fatal tree. I saw poor Captain Lysaght on his knees in the middle of the plain, his arms crossed, and his gun unloaded by his side. His commanding attitude so overawed the murderers, that they only dared approach him when he fell pierced with bullets. Women, children, every one was massacred with infernal cruelty. The life of the little half-caste drummer-boy alone was spared. The dead bodies were then stripped of their clothes.'

A few fugitives, more fortunate than the authorities of Schahjahanpore, met, it is true, with generous protection in the houses of great chiefs and even under humble village roofs; and, after enduring every species of anguish and suffering which the heart and body of men can support, succeeded at last in reaching Lucknow. Alas! for such sorely-tried ones many dangers were still reserved for them in the haven where they sought refuge, but at least they were to have the consolation of dying with arms in their hands, under the shadow of the flag of their country!

If the revolutionary volcano had not yet overwhelmed the Residency, premonitory signs announced an approaching eruption. Every day new proclamations, calling on the population to undertake the holy war, were posted on the gates of palaces, mosques, and Brahmin temples; the rabble carried headless figures about the streets, dressed as European children and officers. In the early part of June certain ruffians, after having murdered a clerk of the Administration, made an attack on the police station—an

unprecedented fact in the history of India—which was vigorously repulsed by the agents. A plot, implicating several members of the former royal family and an ex-Grand Vizier, was discovered, and the ringleaders imprisoned. Almost daily arrests and executions repressed these elements of disorder, but each day diminished the strength and prestige of English authority, which, in the end of June, was without influence beyond the limits of the Residency and of the Machi Bhowan.

This state of things was well known to the mutinous regiments stationed at Nawabganje, and they finally determined on attacking the Europeans in their last entrenchments. On June 29 the advanced posts reported the enemy's presence at Chinhat, a village some eight miles off. Sir H. Lawrence at once called a council of war, composed of the chief authorities of the garrison. The discussion was very sharp; for, as in the Punjab and at Delhi, the officers of sepoys loudly proclaimed their confidence in the men still remaining with their regiments. A civilian, in a manner and with an energy most offensive to the Chief Commissioner, is said to have contrasted the passive attitude of the garrison with that of the heroes of the last century, who, at the head of a mere handful of men, had conquered India for England. Colonel Inglis, of the 32nd R.A., whose name later on was gloriously connected with the defence, was the only one to deprecate any offensive operations. His advice did not prevail, and it was decided to attack the sepoys on the following day.

The expedition, some 600 men strong, of which 300 were Europeans, started on June 30, at dawn, under Sir H. Lawrence. Deceived by false reports, the general marched beyond the point fixed upon beforehand, and arrived unprepared in presence of the enemy, who was concealed in the jungle and behind the clumps of trees. The Europeans, though hard pressed, kept their adversaries in check, and the victory seemed assured, but treason was at work. The native drivers of the artillery cut the traces, tumbled the guns into ditches, and passed over to the sepoys, leaving the

300 Queen's soldiers exposed to a well-directed fire. Eye-witnesses have since declared that in this fight the artillery and cavalry of the sepoys were commanded by deserters, infamous traitors to their faith and to the flag of their country. Attacked on both sides by an enemy far superior in numbers, threatened in its communications with the Residency, the English force was obliged to retreat, abandoning almost all its dead and wounded, together with three guns. The heat, the failure of ammunition, and the want of cavalry were cruelly felt during the terrible hours of the retreat. Out of 300 soldiers of the Royal army, a third only reached the Residency. Sir H. Lawrence, worn out by fatigue and despair, was carried back on a gun. Fortunately the pursuers turned back at the iron bridge, in face of the fire of the batteries of the Residency and of the Machi Bhowan. Neglecting once more the opportunity, the rebels, instead of boldly following up their success, forded the River Gounti, and overran the Chowke, a wealthy quarter of the town, on whose inhabitants they levied heavy contributions.

The few hours' breathing time which followed the defeat of Chinhat enabled the English to repair, to some extent, the disasters of the day. Hitherto the enclosure round the Residency had been the foremost consideration in all plans of defence. It was a species of citadel in which a European garrison could always, as a last resource, find protection or a glorious death. Its incomplete entrenchments sheltered all the important stores of provisions and war material and the royal jewels,[1] valued at 80 lakhs of rupees. The decisive moment had arrived; the losses met with in the disaster of Chinhat made it necessary to diminish the extent of ground to be defended. Orders were given to evacuate the Machi Bhowan and to blow up its fortifications. This measure was carried out with as much skill as success, and the garrison of the ancient castle entered the Residency just as

[1] The transport of the Crown jewels from the palace to the Residency, which took place in June, exposed the honesty of men and officers entrusted with their removal to a trial which all could not withstand. Some worm-eaten chests fell to pieces on the way, and the precious jewels which were in them fell out, and were not all returned to the authorities.

the ramparts were shattered into atoms. During the night working parties had hastily completed, as far as possible, the defences of the place, but there had not been time enough to destroy the neighbouring houses that commanded the inner enclosure of the Residency, and the enemy at once took possession of them.

Events had indeed moved with startling rapidity. On the very morning that fire was opened against the Residency, very few of the Europeans who had taken refuge there understood the full extent of the disaster at Chinhat. The majority, accustomed to the abject submission of the Asiatic race, refused to see the situation in all its terrible truth.

The Residency at Lucknow stands to the north of the town, not far from the Char-Bagh, the Moti Manzil, the Chattar Manzil, and other royal dwelling-places. The vast undulating park contains the houses and bungalows reserved for the Resident and his numerous staff, as well as for the offices of different European administrations, such as the home, finance, and justice departments; that for the repression of Thuggee, the church, and the hospital. Under the pressure of events these buildings, whether public or private, had been united by incomplete entrenchments, palisades, and battlemented walls, the whole of which formed the fortified camp where the English garrison sought an asylum. The names of the various posts, of which we merely give the most important, Sikh Square, Mess Brigade, Martinière's School House, Gubbins's House, indicate the various elements of which the fortifications of the garrison were composed. Officers without regiments, magistrates, administrators, merchants, planters, clerks, loyal sepoys, Sikh soldiers, military pensioners, and, as only efficient force, the 32nd R.A., now reduced to 600 fighting men—in all, 927 Europeans and 765 native soldiers or servants. The ramparts of the Residency had also given shelter to the families of the civil and military officers and soldiers, about 200 women and 250 children. Amongst the latter were the juvenile inmates of the Martinière School.[1]

[1] The General Claude Martin, who was born at Lyons in 1732, and died at

The fortifications on the south-west front were unfinished, and, in some parts, scarcely commenced. The native *employés* of the administrations and the officers' servants who had left the Residency in crowds during the disastrous day of June 30, had not dared or had not been able to return on the following day, owing to the enemy's fire. The head of the Commissariat had been seriously wounded in the retreat, and at first there ensued terrible confusion in the distribution of food. The horses and cattle, deserted by those who ought to have attended to them, and maddened by hunger, broke loose and rushed wildly round the enclosure under a shower of bullets.

The besiegers pushed forward the works of their batteries with great activity, and by the end of the first week the place was completely invested by a circle of the enemy's guns. The great object of the attack was the east front of the Residency, the house of the Resident, and the Cawnpore battery. The position of the besieging batteries was generally very well selected, and in some places they were not two hundred yards from the lines of defence; a shelter of some sort was erected near each gun to which the artillerymen could withdraw, when the sentinels announced the approach of a projectile. The besiegers made good use also of the advantages offered by the ground, and sheltered their guns behind a wall or the corners of streets, only exposing themselves for an instant in order to discharge their pieces. Still, wherever the besiegers' guns could take effect, the sepoys' fire was promptly silenced. The houses round the Residency, which there had not been time enough to destroy, and which commanded the inner enclosure, were occupied by skilful marksmen, whose fire caused heavy losses to the English. An African eunuch belonging to the King made himself conspicuous from the first by his audacity and the accuracy of his aim. The losses caused by this man and his

Lucknow at the beginning of the century, left by will the greater part of a fortune acquired in the service of Indian princes of the good old time to the founding of large educational establishments at Lyons, Calcutta, and Lucknow. In memory of their benefactor, they received the name of 'La Martinière,' both in Europe and Asia.

companions in the British ranks were such, that a sortie was organised on July 7 to carry their formidable position. The house contained, besides sharp-shooters, some twenty individuals armed with bows and arrows, regular savages, fresh from the jungle. They were all bayoneted, but the expedition failed in its object, for there was no time to blow up the building, which was amost immediately re-occupied by the sepoys.

A few days before, a terrible blow had been dealt on the unfortunate garrison. On July 2, Sir Henry Lawrence was writing at a table in one of the rooms of the Residency, when he was wounded in the thigh by the fragment of a shell. A few hours previously, a projectile had exploded in the room, for the rebels pointed their guns with remarkable accuracy; but the noble-minded soldier, resisting the remonstrances of his staff, had refused to take refuge in another less exposed part of the building, which he had given up to the women and children. His wound was a very dangerous one, and he died from its effects on July 4, after having undergone the torture of amputation. His death was worthy of his life, and up to the last moment his thoughts dwelt on the necessary measures for perfecting and strengthening the means of defence.[1]

[1] Major Banks, in his diary, says that Sir Henry's last directions communicated to him after his wound were chiefly these :—

1st. Reserve fire; check all wall firing.

2nd. Carefully register ammunition for guns and small arms in store. Carefully register daily expenditure as far as possible.

3rd. Spare the precious health of Europeans in every possible way from shot and sun.

4th. Organise working parties for night labour.

5th. Entrench, entrench, entrench! Erect traverses. Cut off enemy's fire.

6th. Turn every horse out of the entrenchments except enough for four guns. Keep Sir Henry Lawrence's horse, Ludakee; it is a gift to his nephew, George Lawrence.

7th. Use the State prisoners as a means for getting in supplies, by gentle means if possible, or by threats.

8th. Enrol every servant as hisdar, or carrier of earth. Pay liberally—double, quadruple.

9th. Turn out every native who will not work, save menials who have more than abundant labour.

10th. Write daily to Allahabad or Agra.

The death of this respected chief was concealed as long as possible from his countrymen, whom it would plunge in the deepest grief, and from the enemies whose courage and hopes it would inflame. It was necessary, however, that the new authorities should be recognised. Sir Henry, thinking that, under the circumstances, it was more urgent than ever to place power in the hands of the most worthy, conferred on his death-bed the functions of Commissioner on Major Banks, his military secretary, who had been long acquainted with the politics of the kingdom, and gave the command of the troops to Colonel Inglis, of the 32nd R.A. The first of these nominations was against the strict rules of Anglo-Indian hierarchy, and provoked some discussions in the council of defence. But the good sense of the malcontents themselves soon put a stop to all objections. The moment was not suited for a dispute on points of etiquette, and public opinion moreover ratified the choice made by the late general.

At the battle of Chinhat, the effective of the sepoys' forces comprised the 13th and 48th B.A., the 4th, 5th, and 7th irregular regiments of the special Oude force, and a numerous cavalry. But from the very beginning of the siege the regiments which mutinied in the provinces betook themselves to the capital, and the ranks of the besiegers were swelled by nearly the whole forces of the Bengal and Oude armies, that is to say, by nineteen infantry and six cavalry regiments. The holy war, and the hope of pillage, had likewise attracted to the scene of events the greater portion of the troops in the service of the great vassals; and finally, the total mass of the sepoys, which in July amounted to almost 100,000 men, was increased by all the adherents of the former dynasty, by the eunuchs and the populace of the town. Fortunately for the English, dissensions—religious, political, and private—indiscipline and bad passions of all sorts,

11th. Sir H. Lawrence's servants to receive one year's pay; they are to work for any other gentleman who wants them; or they may leave if they prefer to do so.

12th. Place on Sir H. Lawrence's tomb no epitaph but this: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. No capitulation! no capitulation!'

existed in great force amongst their adversaries at Lucknow, as at Delhi. A putative son of Wajad Ali Shah, Prince Borjis Kadr, was raised to the throne, but never enjoyed more than nominal power. Besides this, an impostor, favoured by the priests, under the pretext of a divine mission, soon put himself forward as his rival. The authority of Wajad Ali's brother, who had been placed in command of the troops, was no longer respected. The officers, chosen by the soldiers, themselves appointed the generals. The latter often paid with their life the sweets of their short-lived dignity. European revolutionists are not the only ones who enjoy the privilege of decreeing victories and denouncing treason as the cause of shameful defeats, which are in reality the consequence of cowardice and insubordination. As to the peaceable citizens, they merely lived to obey, according to the Oriental expression. A reign of terror weighed upon Lucknow. Overwhelmed by taxes and exactions of all sorts, the bankers and merchants and all orderly people must certainly have regretted their late masters, who had always scrupulously respected property and justice.

On July 21 the besiegers made a general assault. From the early morning sentinels, stationed on the ruined tower of the Residency, had signalled numerous movements of the troops. At ten o'clock a mine exploded in front of the enclosure. Fortunately, the galleries had not been properly traced, and the attempt failed, leaving unharmed the works that had been threatened. At the signal given by this explosion, the Residency was enveloped in a circle of fire, and the sepoys advanced in compact masses to the trenches surrounding that portion of the lines of defence; but they were obliged to retire with heavy losses, before the well-directed fire of a detachment of the 32nd R.A., which held this position. Both attack and defence were not less vigorous at Times House, where the garrison was exclusively composed of loyal native soldiers, at Gubbins's House, and at the posts of Justice and Finance. Their want of success did not, however, discourage the besiegers; and the next day, whether by chance or design, all their efforts were directed against

the weakest points of the place, more especially against Gubbins's House, which was commanded by buildings that there had been no time to destroy. Major Banks, whom Sir H. Lawrence had appointed his successor as Commissioner-General, was struck down dead by a bullet in the head, as he was watching the movements of the enemy on the roof of this house. He had fully justified the confidence reposed in him by his illustrious predecessor, and his death caused just and unanimous regret amongst the European garrison. After his demise there was no need of any civil authority, as the whole European population was placed under martial law. The post of Commissioner remained vacant, and Brigadier Inglis exercised, without control, the commander-ship-in-chief.

The results of these last days were satisfactory; the sepoys had courageously attempted a supreme effort, and not only had they been repulsed, but the losses of the garrison had not exceeded those in the early part of the siege (four killed and twelve wounded). It seemed now certain that the Residency could resist the attacks of the besiegers till help should arrive, and help was near at hand—a secret emissary had brought this good news.

On the evening of July 22 a strange scene, worthy of the pencil of a great artist, took place in the lower rooms of that very Gubbins's House, on the roof of which Major Banks had met a few hours previously with a glorious death.[1] 'The low room of the ground-floor, with a single light carefully screened on the outer side, lest it should attract the bullets of the enemy, the anxious faces of the men who crowded round and listened with breathless attention to question and answer, the exclamation of joy as pieces of good tidings were given out, and laughter at some of Angad's jeers upon the enemy. More retired would be shown the indistinct forms of the women in their night attire, who had been attracted from their rooms in hopes of catching early some part of the good news which had come in.' This messenger was the faithful sepoy Angad, whose name will be

[1] Mr. Gubbins, *The Mutinies in Oude*.

for ever associated with the defence of Lucknow. He brought the news of Havelock's marvellous success over the Nana and the re-capture of Cawnpore. The rainbow now appeared through the storm, and once again all hearts ventured to hope.

The change of the monsoon took place at this time, and proved of great assistance to the defence; the ground of the Residency was well drained, and the rains of the season, which purified the foul air and produced a temperature more favourable to European constitutions than the heat of summer, threw great difficulties in the way of the besiegers with regard to laying mines, making trenches, transporting guns and ammunition, and finally, in the movements of their troops. The month of July, however, did not come to a close without cruelly trying the garrison. Many officers had been killed, the hospital was thronged, and the feeble effective force of the 32nd was reduced by 170 men.

We shall not attempt to describe day by day the proceedings of besiegers and besieged. The painful and monotonous account would show the same faults, the same reverses continually recurring on the side of the former, the want of unity amongst the leaders, the ignorance of the officers; and the indiscipline of the soldiers prevented the success of any general attack. The fire of the besieged batteries was very accurate, but the artillerymen, in their puerile hatred of the European, neglected the fortifications, in order to aim their balls at the defenders themselves. Ladders were often wanting when an assault was to be given, and the mines, being badly laid, exploded under the very feet of the assailants. At the important moment the immense multitude, that had but a last effort to make in order to bury the handful of Europeans at bay beneath its overwhelming mass, lost heart, and did not put forth its whole strength. In the skirmishes that daily occurred, the adversaries fought hand to hand, and, in the style of Homer's heroes, mingled insults with their blows.[1] The labours of the Engineers, aided by

[1] Let us here recall the memory of a brave Frenchman, who succumbed in this struggle between civilisation and barbarism. The chances of an adven-

the self-sacrificing exertions of all, raised up barriers which the rebels found impassable. In vain did mines and projectiles destroy the fortifications. The wounded left their beds to seek the post of danger; a mutilated arm was no impediment to the handling of a musket. A rampart of stout hearts defended the breach till nightfall, when, favoured by darkness, the damage done was quickly repaired. Civilians, officers, soldiers—everybody worked, and only laid down the musket to take up the spade or the pickaxe. 'Entrench, entrench,' were Sir H. Lawrence's words when dying, and his orders, obeyed beyond the tomb, secured the general safety. A still more painful work was burying the carcasses of the horses and cattle already in a state of decomposition. It was necessary to descend into the very bowels of the earth in order to frustrate the operations of the enemy's sappers, and finally to bury the dead in the narrow graveyard. Biers were wanting, and the bodies were laid to rest in their last home sewn up in sacks. It was a sight at once sublime and horrible to see this handful of braves struggling against innumerable foes, with their ranks decimated by every sort of privation and disease.

The coarse rations, which satisfied the robust appetites of the men, were exceedingly trying to the delicate constitutions of women and children. Bread was entirely wanting. All bakers, without exception, had disappeared from the outset of the siege, and it was impossible to think of withdrawing men from the defence to employ them in baking bread. It was necessary to replace bread by 'chippatis,' a sort of cake cooked on the gridiron, very tasteless and difficult of digestion. Sugar, coffee, and

turous life had landed Duprat, an ex-non-commissioned officer of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, behind the fortifications of the Residency. The leaders of the mutiny, having an exaggerated idea of his military talents, if not of his courage, offered him enormous sums if he would join them, but he answered that not all the treasures of the world would induce him to serve a cause dishonoured by the blood of women and children. His refusal excited the rage of the sepoys to the highest pitch. 'Dog of Christian, we shall have you against your will,' said they to Duprat, who, as soon as he was recognised in the fray, was the object of all attack. These threats were finally carried into execution, and Duprat died from the effects of a wound in the shoulder.

tea were drawing to an end in the Government stores and in the private houses. A decoction of roasted grain took the place of coffee for the soldiers. In many families, as we have said, no servants had been able to return since the defeat of Chinhat; in others, they had deserted since the beginning of the siege, and the ladies of the family had to perform all menial offices. The danger was not less great, however, at the bedside of a sick child or by a kitchen fire than in the trenches; for balls, bullets, and fragments of shells were incessantly falling into every dwelling-place. Not a single corner of the place, however sheltered, was safe from the enemy's fire, and no one could count on his life being safe for more than five minutes.

Fighting, sentry duty, and working in the trenches, first under a burning sun, and later under torrents of rain, developed amongst the Europeans all the diseases peculiar to tropical climates—such as fever, dysentery, and cholera, which soon extended to the women and children. The hospital, overflowing with sick and wounded, possessed very few doctors and attendants. The air of the wards was noxious and pestilential. Swarms of flies, of filthy vermin, rats and mice, attacked in their beds the patients who were too weak to drive away these nauseous visitors, poisoned the sick and caused gangrene amongst the wounded. Scarcely a few cases of successful amputation can be mentioned. The courage of all, however, whether defenders of the breach, mothers, or young girls, was equal to the emergency. No one cherished the slightest delusion as to the consequences of a capitulation—capitulation meant death for the whole garrison, men, women, and children.[1] All were determined

[1] The Rev. Dr. Polehampton, one of the glorious victims of the siege, relates in his interesting journal that on being asked by Major Banks how he would advise a father and husband to act, in case the fortune of war caused the place to fall into the enemy's power, answered that it was a very difficult question to determine, but that for his part, were he certain that the last outrages were reserved for his own wife, he would not hesitate to kill her himself. Colonel Inglis afterwards asked me whether I thought his wife would be justified in killing her own children, rather than let them be murdered by the natives. I said, 'No: for children could but be killed; whereas we had been told that at Delhi young delicate ladies had been dragged through the streets, violated by many, and then murdered.' God forgive me if I gave

to perish under the ruins of the Residency; the only watch-word was—'No capitulation.'

From the first days of the siege, the military leaders had felt that the only course of action open to the garrison was to keep behind the fortifications until the arrival of reinforcements strong enough to drive away the besiegers, or to cover the complete evacuation of the Residency. The appearance of the sepoy Angad, on July 22, awakened great hopes in the besieged; but the first half of the month of August was already over, and the messenger, who had started again with despatches on the day following his arrival, had not yet returned.

Other agents had left the entrenchments since Angad's departure. A sepoy of the 48th, for instance, left with arms and baggage, as if deserting, and carried away despatches under the plate of his musket. Some time afterwards, an old woman got out of the fortifications with letters, which she was to give to an agent in the town. These messengers never reached their destination. The besiegers subjected all whom they met in the streets or on the roads to a minute personal investigation, and the most infinite precautions were necessary to conceal letters. Written in Greek characters, on the finest paper, these letters were inserted in a quill sealed with wax at both ends. It need not be said that in case of discovery the messenger was immediately put to death. News was obtained more especially through the Sikhs, stationed in the work known as Sikh Square. They were in constant communication with those of their countrymen who had deserted to the enemy, and who constantly advanced close to the fortifications in order to relate how matters were going on, and entreat their former companions to imitate their example. According to them the place could never be relieved, and must fall before long. Events were not, however, to justify these prognostics.

Angad reappeared at length, safe and sound, on August 15.

wrong advice, but I was excited, and I know at the time I should have killed Emmie, rather than have allowed her to be thus dishonoured and tortured by these bloodthirsty savage idolaters.—*Memoirs of the Rev. Dr. Polehampton.*

He brought a laconic message from the Adjutant-General of the British forces, announcing that the troops would start on the following day, and arrive before Lucknow in four or five days more. The last paragraph instructed the besieged to operate their junction with the relieving army at any cost. The letter, dated Mangalwar, August 4, was already more than a week old, and Angad explained the delay by saying that he had been stopped by the sepoys and detained at the foreposts. As soon as he was set at liberty, he had retraced his steps, but the British tents had been struck, and he had found it impossible to reach the new camp.

This intelligence no doubt authorised great hopes; the liberators were only five days' march off—their arrival was imminent. But, on the other hand, the besieged were told to cut themselves a passage to the relieving forces. Could the attempt be made with a decimated garrison, encumbered, moreover, with so many women and children? Colonel Inglis's reply, which Angad carried off with him the next day,[1] described the dangers of the situation in

[1] TO GENERAL HAVELOCK.

Lucknow, August 16th, 1857.

My dear General,—A note from Colonel Tytler to Mr. Gubbins reached last night, dated Mungalwar, 4th instant, the latter part of which is as follows :—

'You must aid us in every way, even to cutting your way out, if we can't force our way in. We have only a small force.'

This has caused me much uneasiness, as it is quite impossible, with my weak and shattered forces, that I can leave my defences. You must bear in mind how I am hampered, that I have upwards of 120 sick and wounded, and at least 220 women and about 230 children, and no carriage of any description, not to speak of sacrificing twenty-three lakhs of treasure and thirty guns of all sorts. In consequence of the news received, I shall soon put this force on half rations. Our provisions will last us then till about September 10. If you hope to save us, no time must be lost in pushing forwards. We are daily attacked by the enemy, who are within a few yards of our defences. Their mines have already weakened our posts, and I have every reason to believe they are driving others. Their 18-pounders are within fifty yards of some of our batteries, and from their position, and our inability to form working parties, we cannot reply to them, and therefore the damage is very great. My strength in Europeans is now 350 and 300 natives, and the men dreadfully harassed, and, owing to part of the Residency having been brought down by round shot, many are without shelter. If our native forces, who are losing confidence, leave us, I do not know how the defences are to be manned. Did you receive a letter and plan from me? Kindly answer this question. Yours truly,

INGLIS, Brigadier.

simple and veracious terms, though an involuntary error had slipped in amongst them. Provisions were not so entirely exhausted as Colonel Inglis affirmed. The work of victualling the place had been attended to by the civil authorities under Sir H. Lawrence, but the details were imperfectly known to the Commissariat. The stores still contained considerable quantities of grain when the final evacuation took place on November 29.

On August 27, eleven days after his departure, Angad returned with a letter from General Havelock, promising that the relieving forces should start in twenty or twenty-five days. A communication from General Outram,[1] brought a few days later by the same faithful and indefatigable messenger, certified that Havelock's promises would be scrupulously performed. At the appointed time, a well-equipped army had crossed the Ganges, and with God's help was soon to achieve the relief of the besieged. General Outram, on making known the good news, begged the garrison not to venture outside the lines, and to attempt no movement the issue of which might be uncertain, in order to lend assistance to the relieving troops.

In the preceding chapter we have had occasion to mention General Havelock's first efforts to succour the garrison of Lucknow, and the obstacles which in the month of August completely frustrated his indomitable energy. A short campaign sufficed to re-establish order in Bengal, and allow of the reinforcements despatched from Calcutta to reach Cawnpore. Towards the middle of September, Havelock, having assembled sufficient forces to hazard his heroic adventure, crossed the Ganges, without loss of time, on a bridge

[1] TO BRIGADIER INGLIS.

North Side of the River, September 20, 1857.

The army crossed the river yesterday, and all the material being over, marches to-morrow, and, under the blessing of God, will now relieve you. The rebels, we hear, purpose making a desperate assault upon you as we approach the city, and will be on the watch in expectation of your weakening your garrison to make a diversion in our favour as we attack the city. I beg to warn you against being enticed too far from your works when you hear us engaged. Only such diversion as you can make, without in any way risking your position, should be attempted.

J. OUTRAM.

of boats, at dawn of September 19, with all his troops. The expedition comprised a little more than 3,000 men,[1] under Havelock's orders; for Sir J. Outram, with the most chivalrous disinterestedness, had temporarily relinquished his own right to the command-in-chief. The passage of the river was not seriously opposed, and for the remainder of that day and the whole of the following one the English remained stationary on the bank to cover the transit of baggage and artillery. The start was made on the 21st, and towards midday the vanguard reached the village of Mangalwar, occupied by a rather considerable detachment of sepoys with six guns. The native troops were easily dislodged from this position, and General Outram, at the head of his cavalry, pursued the fugitives, stick in hand, as if he disdained to draw his sword against such adversaries. On the 22nd, after a fifteen miles' march, made under great difficulties and in torrents of rain, the little army encamped at Banni. The lesson of the previous day had not been lost on the enemy, and scarcely a few scouts were seen. On the 23rd a considerable body of sepoys was signalled in the neighbourhood of the Alumbagh. The resistance offered was not more vigorous than in the first fight, and the native forces speedily withdrew to the canal that protects the south side of Lucknow. The Alumbagh, a mosque surrounded by vast brick buildings, and situated in the midst of a large park surrounded by walls, was intended by Havelock to receive a part of the stores and assure communications with Cawnpore. The men were exhausted by the fatigue of marching over heavy ground; they needed rest, and a halt was made on the 24th.

The losses of the last skirmishes, amounting to a hundred dead and wounded, and the absolute necessity of leaving behind a strong detachment in the Alumbagh, made a very perceptible difference in the strength of the British troops, already so few in number at the best. But the aspect of this

[1] European Infantry, 2,388 men; European Volunteer Cavalry, 109; European Artillery, 280; Sikh Infantry, 340; Regular Native Cavalry, 59; total, 3,176 men.

mere handful of men inspired confidence in the success of the undertaking. Privations, fatigues, the changes of the seasons had left their traces behind them; but the sombre expression of the eyes testified that neither fire, grape-shot, nor barricades would prevent the Queen's brave soldiers from penetrating to the Residency, where the garrison, though reduced to the last extremity, still raised on high the flag of Great Britain and of European civilisation!

On the 25th, after a prolonged conference of the generals, the British forces began decisive operations at eight o'clock in the morning. The attacking corps was divided into two brigades,[1] the first under Colonel Neill, the second under Colonel Hamilton, 78th Highlanders. Scarcely had the first brigade begun to march, than it was exposed to the fire of skirmishers hidden in the houses and gardens of the suburbs. These defences were carried, not without loss, and the two brigades effected their junction near the canal. The bridge over the canal (Char Bagh bridge) was defended by a battery of four guns, as well as by a numerous infantry stationed in the houses on the other side. A field battery, taking up position on the road, attempted to silence the guns of the bridge, but the European artillerymen were soon decimated by the plunging fire of the enemy, and the military leaders were obliged to have the obstacle carried at the point of the bayonet. Whilst a portion of the first brigade, covered by the trees and walls along the canal, opened a violent fire on the gunners of the bridge and the sepoys posted in the neighbouring buildings, the 5th Fusiliers, R.A., and the Madras Fusiliers charged the bridge and carried the houses, the defenders of which were all killed. Towards midday the first part of the operation had been successfully achieved, but yet how many difficulties

[1] First Brigade (under Colonel Neill): H.M.'s 5th Fusiliers; H.M.'s 64th and 84th; 1st Madras Fusiliers; Captain Maude's Battery; Major Eyre's Battery; Captain Barrow's Volunteer Cavalry; Captain Dawson's 12th Native Irregular Cavalry.

Second Brigade (under Colonel Hamilton, 78th): H.M.'s 78th Highlanders; Captain Brazyer's Sikh Regiment of Ferozepoor; H.M.'s 90th Light Infantry; Captain Olphert's Bengal Battery.

there still remained to be overcome before the Residency could be reached! The high street of Lucknow,[1] thoroughly Oriental in its character, too narrow in certain places to allow two elephants to pass abreast, and about two miles long, leads from the Char Bagh bridge to the gates of the Residency. There was every reason to suppose that this long thoroughfare was lined with barricades, and that the houses along the whole line would be occupied by determined and skilful defenders, such as had already been encountered at the bridge. General Outram, whose previous acquaintance with the city had made him perfectly familiar with its labyrinth of streets, advised marching on the Residency by bye-ways, to which General Havelock at once agreed. The guns captured from the enemy were thrown into the canal, and the Highlanders were stationed in the rear with orders to block the high street, and protect the passage of the baggage and of the wounded.

As soon as these arrangements had been made, the principal column took the outer road that runs parallel to the banks of the canal. When near the Sikander Bagh, however, the British forces, changing their route, marched

[1] Lucknow ranks amongst the most populous cities of the world, and it would be understating its population if we put it at 500,000 inhabitants. Everywhere in the streets there is a compact crowd, through which it is very difficult to make one's way, even when mounted on an elephant. In the midst of this ragged multitude there are, sometimes, scenes to be witnessed which recall the luxury of the India of good old times. A dignitary of the Court, dressed in white muslin, his head surmounted by an elegant turban adorned by a bird of paradise and a diamond brooch, advances on a richly caparisoned elephant, surrounded by tattered adherents armed with long guns, sabres, and shields; or else one meets a mysterious gilt palanquin, escorted by eunuchs with drawn scimitars, before which the crowd respectfully separates. When you pass by, seated on your elephant, it is easy, being on a level with the first and only floor of the houses, even without the help of the 'diable boiteux,' to penetrate into the intimate details of the life of the wretched households inhabiting them, whose whole worldly possessions consist in folding-beds and a few copper utensils. But what gives their special characteristic to the streets of Lucknow are the dark beauties in coquettish attire, who throng the balconies and windows, and whose intentions the most simple cannot misunderstand. Besides this, especially effeminate features, would-be fascinating glances, and flowing locks, are the ensigns of a vice which cannot be mentioned in European countries, and which exhibits itself openly in this Indian Sodom.

straight on the Residency. This manœuvre had not been foreseen by the enemy, and the English approached the Moti Manzil, one of the numerous palaces of the King, close to the Residency, without meeting with any opposition. There the attacking columns found themselves exposed to the fire of a four-gun battery placed in the Kaiser Bagh, another vast royal abode, and to the well-directed fire of numerous skirmishers stationed in the barracks formerly occupied by the 32nd R.A. The English guns having vainly attempted to silence those of the sepoys, Havelock determined to leave the 90th and the heavy artillery under shelter in the courts and buildings of the Moti Manzil, in order to reinforce the rearguard. With the larger portion of his column, he sought a refuge from the tempest of shot and shell in a narrow gallery that unites two other royal dwellings, the Chattar Manzil and the Farhat Basch.

Unfavourable was the news received from the Highlanders who had been left at the bridge to guard the passage of the baggage. The enemy had soon reappeared in the houses near the canal, which had again to be carried by assault. Scarcely was this done, when a strong column of sepoys, with two guns, attacked the Highlanders from the high street. The guns were captured—one thrown into the canal, the other spiked; but after several murderous attempts, all hope had to be given up of dislodging the enemy from the buildings near the high street, of which they had again obtained possession. Fortunately, all the baggage had passed over by this time. The Queen's soldiers, seriously weakened by several hours' fighting, renewed their exhausted ammunition, and the rearguard followed the steps of the first column under a storm of bullets. At the junction of the outer road with that leading to the Bilkouska palace, whether by a lucky inspiration or an error on the part of the commanding officer, the route followed by the first column was abandoned, and a rapid movement was made on the left in the direction of the Residency. This manœuvre allowed of attacking in the rear the battery of the Kaizer Bagh, the shells from which were doing great execution among the principal body

of the army. As soon as these guns were taken and spiked, the 78th effected its junction with the forces under Havelock.

The day was drawing to a close, the exhausted troops offered a picture of perfect chaos and disorganisation, the success of the undertaking seemed doubtful; to retrace their steps was out of the question, and if a rest were granted to the troops by allowing them to bivouac on the ground they had conquered, it would give the sepoys time to mass all their forces on the road to the Residency. A council of war, held at the last moment, decided on resuming operations without delay. Unfortunately, this time, the impetuous Havelock refused to listen to General Outram, who advised approaching the Residency by the interior of the palaces, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his colleague, persisted in taking the bull by the horns, and engaging the troops in the high street.[1]

The poignant anxiety with which the garrison of the Residency followed the different phases of the combat can easily be imagined. From the morning, the noise of the cannonade had reached the ears of the besieged, and towards eleven o'clock they perceived a great crowd of men, women, and children, encumbered with heavy baggage, crossing the bridge in hot haste. This decisive proof of the success of the attack was followed by a still more indubitable one. Armed men, cavalry, and sepoys in uniform were seen amongst the fugitives, who in their haste to fly did not attempt to cross the bridge, but forded or swam the river. The guns of the Residency fired on these fugitives, but the besieging batteries at once covered the place with shells, as if, in their rage at seeing their prey escape from their hands, the sepoys wished to take a last terrible farewell. At two o'clock smoke was seen to rise in the vicinity of the palaces, and soon afterwards a sharp fusillade was distinctly heard. The sentinel perceived European troops and cavalry marching in the direction of the Moti Manzil. Gradually the discharges of musketry drew

[1] See Documents, No. IV., 'Letter from Sir J. Outram to the Commander-in-Chief.'

nearer, and towards six o'clock the 78th Highlanders and the Sikhs were visible with the naked eye from the Post of Finance. They were seen to issue from the high street, and advance in quick time through the fire from houses and barricades, led by mounted officers. The besieged, dazzled, astonished, were still asking themselves if they were the victims of a delusion, when Generals Havelock and Outram arrived, and, dismounting, were raised on the shoulders of their men, and entered the place by an embrasure, a gate of honour which fate had reserved for the two heroes.

An eye-witness has thus described the appearance of the Residency at this eventful moment: [1]—

'Once fairly seen, all our doubts and fears regarding them were ended; and then the garrison's long pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers. From every pit, trench, and battery, from behind the sand-bags piled on shattered houses, from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer and cheer—even from the hospital! Many of the wounded crawled forth to join in that glad shout of welcome to those who had so bravely come to our assistance. It was a moment never to be forgotten.'

The victorious troops were not less moved. 'Ere long, however, the gates were thrown open, and the stream of soldiers entered—heated, worn, and dusty; yet they looked robust and healthy, contrasted with the forms and faces within. Nothing could exceed their enthusiasm. The Highlanders stopped everyone they met; and with repeated questions and exclamations of "Are you one of them?" "God bless you!" "We thought to have found only your bones!" bore them back towards Dr. Fayrer's house, into which the general had entered. Here a scene of thrilling interest presented itself. The ladies of the garrison, with their children, had assembled, in the most intense anxiety and excitement, under the porch outside, when the Highlanders approached. Rushing forward, the rough and bearded warriors shook the

[1] Mr. Gubbins, *The Mutinies in Oude.*

ladies by the hand, amidst loud and repeated congratulations. They took the children up in their arms, and fondly caressing them, passed them from one to another to be caressed in turn.'

The victory, however, was not complete. In the murderous race which had the Residency for its prize, all the British troops had not reached the goal. A strong detachment of the 90th, R.A., had been left, as we have said, in the neighbourhood of the Moti Manzil, in order to lend assistance to the rearguard. Two heavy guns, ammunition, waggons, and numerous wounded were under its protection. All the houses close by were occupied by sepoys, and the English, who were without news of the second column that had rejoined the principal corps by a circuitous route, were obliged to abandon their guns and take refuge in a vaulted gallery of the Moti Manzil, in order to escape destruction. From the moment of entering the entrenchments, on the evening of the 25th, the critical position of this force had not escaped the attention of those in command. The leader of the first column, Colonel Neill, met with a glorious death, whilst retracing his steps in the dark with the intention of guiding these soldiers to the gate of the Residency. On the following day at dawn vigorous measures were taken to disengage the rearguard. Colonel Napier, who has since acquired European celebrity by the Abyssinian expedition, left the Residency with a strong detachment, and reached the portion of the Moti Manzil to which the 90th had withdrawn, without any very considerable loss. The two columns thus united spent the day of the 26th under shelter of the palace walls, and the following night, under cover of darkness, succeeded in crossing the spots which were most exposed to the fire of the sepoys, and in entering the Residency.

An irreparable misfortune cast, however, a cloud over the victory of the English. A young civilian had been entrusted with the charge of the wounded during the day, but, though well acquainted with Lucknow, he lost his way in the labyrinth of streets, and the convoy, with its escort, com-

posed of a detachment of the 90th, was exposed to the most galling fire, on arriving in a square, known subsequently as the Litters' Square (Dhoolies' Square). Some brave and faithful bearers continued their route under a storm of bullets, and succeeded in bringing into the entrenchments the wounded confided to their care, amongst whom was Lieutenant Havelock, the general's son, dangerously wounded in the shoulder. The greater number of 'dhoolies' were, however, abandoned by their bearers, and fell into the hands of sepoys. Then ensued a scene of carnage worthy of the butcheries at Mirut and Cawnpore. The wounded and the soldiers of the escort were hacked to pieces with sabres, and then thrown into the flames. Nine able-bodied men and five wounded, who found a refuge in a side building of the Char Bagh, managed to defend themselves for a whole day against the horde of their assailants, and rejoined Colonel Napier's expedition in the night.

The successful and heroic defence of this little band worthily closes the series of operations on the part of the British army. The relief of the Lucknow garrison was not yet an accomplished fact; but, reinforced as it had just been, its situation could no longer inspire serious anxiety. The wished-for result had been obtained, and the telegraphic wires could at length transmit the good news to Calcutta.[1]

[1] SIR J. OUTRAM TO CAPTAIN BRUCE.

I hope you received my letter of the day before yesterday, telling you of our victory on the previous day at Alumbagh over hosts of enemies, and the capture of their guns as usual. Telegraph to the Governor-General from me as follows:—

'Yesterday, General Havelock's force, numbering about 2,000 men of all arms, the remainder being left in charge of the sick, wounded, and baggage, occupying the Alumbagh, forced their way into the city under serious opposition. After crossing the Char Bagh bridge, the troops skirted the city to the right, thus avoiding the enemy's defensive works prepared through the entire length of the main street leading to the Residency. Still much opposition had to be encountered ere we attained the Residency in the evening, just in time, apparently, for now that we have examined the outside of the defences, we find that two mines had been run far under the garrison's chief works, ready for loading, which, if sprung, must have placed the garrison at the mercy of the enemy. Our loss is severe; not yet correctly ascertained, but estimated at from four to five hundred killed and wounded.

'Among the former, Colonel Neill, Lieutenant Weld, 40th; Major Cooper, of the Artillery; Lieutenant Webster, 78th; Captain Pakenham, 84th; Lieu-

Havelock's troops had suffered terribly in the street-fighting, where they were exposed to invisible enemies. Since the passage of the Ganges, the British army, out of an effective force of about 3,000 men, had lost ten officers and 196 men killed, and numbered thirty officers and 339 men wounded; in all, dead and wounded, forty officers and 535 men. The casualties met with by the garrison during a siege of eighty-five days were still greater. On September 25, its effective force was reduced by one-half; and though originally amounting to 1,692 men, of whom 927 were Europeans and 765 natives, it presented a total of only 979 men, of whom 577 were Europeans and 402 natives. Forty-one officers and two civilians were among the dead. In this list, headed by the glorious names of Sir H. Lawrence and Major Banks, we cannot pass over in silence that of Captain Fulton, of the Engineers, who was entrusted with the work of the defence, and whose energy and peculiar talent contributed a large share towards the success of resistance.

tenant Bateman, 64th; and Lieutenant Warren, 12th Irregular Cavalry. Among the wounded: Colonel Campbell, H.M.'s 90th Foot; Lieutenant Havelock, Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General; Major Tytler, Deputy Quartermaster-General, and many others.

'To-day the troops are occupied in taking the batteries bearing on the garrison, which have been held till now, and continued occasionally to fire on the Residency. Since our junction with the garrison last night, many thousands of the enemy have deserted the city, and the late King's son and his court have fled to Faizabad.'

P.S.—Pray inform Lady Outram that I am all right. Lest any report should reach her that I am wounded, tell her that it is really the merest trifle —only a flesh wound in the right arm, which, though got early in the day, never incapacitated me for a moment. During the remainder of the day I remained on horseback, and scarcely feel it to-day. Don't mention anything about my wound in the telegraph to the Governor-General. John Anderson, the Fayrers, Gubbins, and Ogilvies, Banks's and Ommaney's widows, Mrs. Hayes and the Conners, and their families, in whom she is so interested, are all well. I send lists of the survivors of the garrison, which should be telegraphed first, and afterwards the other list of the dead should be given.—Sir James Outram' *Campaigns in India*, 1857–58.

CHAPTER VII.

BLOCKADE OF THE RESIDENCY—FIRST CAMPAIGN OF SIR C. CAMPBELL IN OUDE—RECAPTURE OF CAWNPORE.

Difficulty of evacuating the Residency—Change in the nature of the struggle—Attitude of the great chieftains of Oude—Man Singh—March of Sir Colin Campbell—Attack of November 16—Evacuation of the Residency—Death of Havelock—Sir C. Campbell marches on Cawnpore—Passage of the bridge over the Ganges—Return to Europe of the women and children belonging to the garrison of Lucknow—Recapture of Cawnpore.

THE military leaders of the forces assembled at Cawnpore in the middle of September, possessing no reliable information as to the condition of the Residency, and fearing that a few hours', a few moments' delay might compromise the safety of the place, had begun their march in the utmost haste, with the sole object of relieving the garrison at any price. The undertaking had succeeded so far, the liberators had forced their passage to the Residency through the tortuous streets of Lucknow, but that was all; the success of September 25 went no further. The following day the sepoys re-occupied most of the positions from which they had been dislodged the previous evening, and it was evident that there would be quite as much difficulty in forcing a passage out as there had been in forcing the passage in. It was no longer a question of leading battalions full of enthusiasm through showers of grape-shot, or across barricades, but of conducting an immense convoy of treasure and ammunition, with more than 400 women and children, sick and wounded to the number of 600, through the narrow streets of an Eastern town, under the fire of a numerous enemy. Such a responsibility might well alarm even so stout a heart as that of Sir J. Outram.

With noble abnegation, as we have seen, the honour of commanding the relieving forces had been given up to Havelock by Sir James Outram, who had fought as a volunteer in the foremost ranks since the passage of the Ganges. As soon as the expedition had been brought to a successful close by the old veteran, who, with such an indefatigable energy, had organised the first attempts to succour the besieged garrison, Sir J. Outram assumed the functions of 'commissioner.' Sir H. Lawrence could not have had a more worthy successor. The new functionary had already filled the office of Resident at the Court of Oude, and the bad state of his health had alone prevented him from organising English rule after the annexation, and thus, perhaps, solving the most thorny difficulties of the situation. On entering the Residency, Outram, under the impression that provisions were exhausted, at once took measures to procure the necessary means of transport for operating an immediate evacuation. The officers entrusted with these negotiations soon found out that not a single waggon could be obtained, but on the other hand, the Commissariat discovered in the State magazines stores of grain, the existence of which was entirely unknown to the military authorities.

Sir Henry Lawrence had provided for the future wants of the besieged in unlooked-for proportions. With order and economy, the amount of grain might still suffice for several months, even for the needs of the increased numbers of the garrison. The oxen used for the artillery and the ammunition waggons which formed part of the expedition, ensured a constant supply of butcher's meat. Sir J. Outram no longer entertained the idea of an immediate departure, and decided on awaiting behind the defences the arrival of the army at whose head Sir C. Campbell would shortly take the field.[1]

Once this resolution taken, it became necessary to profit by the disorder which the fighting of September 25 had caused amongst those works of the besiegers which were

[1] See Documents, No. V., 'Letters from Sir J. Outram to Sir C. Campbell.'

nearest the Residency. Outram's forces could hold a larger space of ground than the handful of soldiers under Inglis. By the end of September numerous and generally successful sorties facilitated the completion, before the end of the following month, of a system of defence capable of bidding defiance to the attacks of the sepoys. In the new entrenched camp, Bailey Guard, Fayrer House, and the hospital hitherto exposed to contact with the enemy, became central positions. The line of defence, protected on the north by the River Goumti, comprised to the east the Tarakoti and the palaces of Farhat Bagh and Chattar Manzil; on the south and west fronts, the old entrenchments were not sensibly modified, but more numerous defenders and a few new works secured them against the enterprises of the sepoys. The British forces, under the command-in-chief of Sir J. Outram, were divided into two corps; the first, under Colonel Inglis, was composed of the former garrison, reinforced by the Highlanders and the Madras Fusiliers, and was entrusted with the defence of the original lines. Havelock, at the head of the second corps, occupied the Tarakoti and the adjacent palaces.

These new positions became, during the remainder of the blockade, the object of the principal efforts of the besiegers, who, however, kept up an incessant cannonade against the old Residency. The palaces, which were built of solid masonry, furnished excellent quarters for the troops, but they were exposed to the fire of the batteries raised by the sepoys on the other side of the river; and, moreover, the besiegers could approach to the very foot of the bastions without being seen by the sentinels, thanks to the winding streets in the suburb. The fire from the batteries on the left bank could only seriously damage the top floors of the palaces, the gilt domes of which were riddled with shot when the English departed. The danger was greater on the side of the town, for the enemy took advantage of the position to push forward mining operations on a larger scale. The Engineers, under Colonel Napier, opposed all the resources of modern science to these subterranean attacks. On several occasions,

the sappers of the opposite parties came face to face in the bowels of the earth.[1] The mines laid by the sepoys, though worked with marvellous tenacity, only resulted in destroying some portions of the palace walls and killing a few men in the English ranks.

We have already adverted in the previous chapter to the disunion which broke out almost from the beginning amongst the leaders of the mutiny. This state of things was much aggravated by the success of the English at the end of September. Sir J. Outram had been cognisant of the anxiety felt by the great land-owners, who had only joined the cause of the insurrection after long hesitation, and he had attempted to act on their fears, if not on their conscience.[2] In the first days of October, Rajah Man Singh offered General Outram a suspension of arms and an escort of 10,000 soldiers, if the latter would consent to evacuate the kingdom with all his forces. Man Singh's conduct in the different circumstances of the insurrection is a fair sample of that of most great nobles in Oude, and is, from this point of view, deserving special notice.

Rajah Man Singh did not belong to the ancient races of India. He was son and heir to a certain Burscham Singh, who built the fortress of Schahgange with the immense riches he had amassed as governor of the province of Sultanpore. From his youth upwards, he enjoyed considerable influence amongst the nobility of Oude. His intelligence, his courage, and the importance of the armed bands in his pay, soon placed him at the head of the Brahmin party, and he played a principal part in the unending strife which filled the provinces with bloodshed under the feeble rule of the last king. When the annexation took place, Man Singh, deprived of his influence at Court, exposed to claims at once

[1] The work done by the English sappers is without precedent in modern warfare. Twenty-one shafts, of an average depth of 11 feet, were dug, as well as 3,291 feet of gallery. The workmen on the enemy's side laid twenty mines against the palaces. Three exploded, and killed some few men; three exploded without doing any harm. Seven were countermined, and seven occupied by the English.—Napier's *Official Report to Sir J. Outram*.

[2] Letters from Sir J. Outram to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs and to Man Singh.

from his enemies, among his fellow-countrymen, and from the new authorities, withdrew to his stronghold of Schahgange, and did not reappear in public life until after the arrival of Sir Henry Lawrence. The latter, who was, as we have seen, desirous of conciliating the great proprietors, showed himself specially well-disposed towards the Indian chieftain. Whether out of gratitude for his kindness or from political perspicacity, Man Singh merely occupied himself, during the first months of the mutiny, in increasing his military strength, not, however, letting slip the opportunities of protecting those European fugitives whom chance brought into the vicinity of his domains. These friendly demonstrations did not prevent him from breaking his neutrality when Havelock re-crossed the Ganges in August to march on Cawnpore. The astute Indian, fully persuaded this time that the last hour of English rule in Oude had arrived, took part in the siege of the Residency at the head of his bands. The success of the relieving expedition soon dispelled Man Singh's illusions; and faithful to his habits of tortuous policy, he attempted to prove his goodwill to the Europeans without openly breaking with the insurrection.

The overtures he made were not such as a victorious general would even discuss; yet General Outram did not reject them with haughtiness. Other interests, besides those of politics, caused the utmost anxiety to the worthy Commander-in-Chief. The staff knew for a certainty that a number of English, both men and women, who had escaped from the massacre of Aurangabad, one of the most horrible blots on the cause of the sepoys, were confined in the prisons of the Char Bagh. Sir Mountstuart Jackson, his sister, Captain P. Orr, his wife and daughter, Miss Christian, the orphan daughter of the magistrate murdered at Sitapore, and Sergeant-Major Morton, after living whole months together in the jungle, without shelter against the burning sun or the tropical rains, and almost without food, had finally been given up to the rebel leaders, and were finishing their painful wanderings in the cells of the palace, almost within hail of the English sentinels at the Residency. Sir J. Outram tried

every means of interesting Man Singh in the fate of these unfortunate persons, and went so far as to offer him several times a complete amnesty if he succeeded in obtaining their freedom. The antecedents of the Indian leader, and the kindness he had already shown towards European fugitives, lead us to suppose that his influence was not strong enough to prevail over the ferocity of his associates, and the negotiations proved unsuccessful. It is but just to acknowledge that Outram's kind heart led him not only to feel anxiety about the fate of his fellow-countrymen, but also to make his voice heard in the heat of the battle, in favour of the sepoys who had been driven into the ranks of rebels by blind terror, and who were relentlessly pursued by the fury of their former masters.[1]

The situation of the British forces during the blockade, painful and trying as it was, cannot be compared to that of the garrison during the siege. Coffee, tea, sugar, and rum had given out, and rarely made their appearance even on the tables of the highest officials. Medicines were coming to an end in the hospital, where chloroform had long been wanting; but the first necessaries of life were abundant. Sir J. Outram set the example, and scrupulously shared the hardships to which all were exposed.[2]

The incessant cannonade and the mines laid by the sepoys did not cause any serious damage to the works of the new lines, so that the general safety seemed sure and certain. Official information had been given that Sir C. Campbell was assembling considerable forces at Cawnpore, and would soon take the field. Though the place was carefully blockaded, intelligent and fearless messengers frequently managed to deceive the enemy's vigilance, and reach the detached

[1] See Documents, No. VII., 'Letter from Sir J. Outram to the Governor-General'

[2] Sir J. Outram to Captain Bruce, Cawnpore:—

Lucknow Residency, October 21, 1857.

I trust you inform Lady Outram that I am well every time you hear from me. Tell her I cannot write to her, because, as our expensive cossids can only carry a 'quill,' private communications have been forbidden to others, and I cannot, in honour, take advantage to write privately myself.—Sir James Outram's *Campaigns in India*, 1857–58.

post of the Alumbagh, from whence it was easy to communicate with Cawnpore. At first, some anxiety had been felt as to the safety of the detachment left at the Alumbagh, but some slight works of defence had completely secured it from the enemy's attack. The position of this small garrison very naturally excited the envy of their comrades in the Residency, for besides the baggage of the army, the Alumbagh contained all the provisions brought by the relieving forces. Communications by semaphore were established between the Alumbagh and a tower of the Chattar Manzil, and at the decisive moment kept the garrison informed, hour by hour, of the events of the day. At length the long-expected news arrived.

On November 12, the arms of this old-fashioned telegraph, now superseded by electric wires, announced to the officer on guard at the tower of the Chattar Manzil that Sir C. Campbell had entered the Alumbagh, and a few hours later Kanon Ti Lal, an inferior clerk in an English Court of Justice, passed through the pickets of the sepoys, and confirmed the good news. The same messenger, accompanied by Mr. Cavanagh, a volunteer belonging to the garrison, re-crossed the enemy's lines on the following day, and after a journey, the touching and simple account of which the reader will doubtless peruse with interest,[1] brought to head-quarters information which greatly contributed to the success of the expedition. The last hour of their long trial had come for the garrison, but though they saw the signal of deliverance, they equally saw all the obstacles which would have to be overcome before their deliverance could be effected.

The view from the top of the signal-tower comprised a tract of country clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation, and interspersed with monuments characteristic of the richest Oriental art. As far as the eye could reach, were visible palaces, mosques, tombs of graceful or eccentric forms, groups of dark-foliaged trees and green meadows, through which meandered the capricious waters of the Goumti. In the

[1] 'Narrative of the Journey of Mr. Cavanagh through the Sepoys' Lines.' See Documents, No. VIII.

background, the Palace of Delight (Dilkouska), an ancient edifice built somewhat in the European style, was connected by the thick shade of a mango-wood with the fantastic building of the 'Martinière,' with its innumerable statues. A little nearer the river were the gilt domes of the Sikander Bagh and the flat-roofed tomb of King Gazi uddin Haïdar, known as the Schah Najif. The sepoys had made great preparations at this point for an energetic resistance. On the other side of the road was the two-storied building, flanked by four towers, known as the 'Happy Palace,' where the mess of the 32nd had formerly been situated. The windows were bricked up to three-quarters of their height, and the outer wall, protected by a wide ditch, was pierced with loop-holes. The walls still bear traces of the damage done by the fighting of September 25, and the building will play a no less important part in the military operations that were in preparation than on the first occasion. Nearer the Residency were the Tarakoti, or Royal Observatory, which was quite out of harmony with all these products of Oriental fantasy, by reason of its classic and elegant architecture; the Moti Manzil (Palace of Pearls), and the Chattar Manzil, the Royal hall, where the coronation of the kings took place. Finally came the Kaiser Bagh, a sort of Eastern Versailles, covering an immense surface with its courts, domes, and buildings of all sorts, and almost touching the outer entrenchments of the English. On the right was the grandiose fairy-like panorama of Lucknow, one of the most curious of Indian towns. The passions of men were about to blot this poetical picture with smoke and fire, leaving only ruin and corpses.

On his arrival at Calcutta, at the end of August, the new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, had lost no time, as we have seen, in bringing all the matters connected with the army to the highest point of efficiency. The providential arrival of the China expedition at Calcutta, and the capture of Delhi, which set free a portion of the besieging forces, favoured his efforts, and in the course of October the troops destined to achieve the work so gloriously begun by Havelock were assembled at Cawnpore.

The expedition crossed the Ganges on October 30, and after four days' march, during which the enemy was rarely visible, rejoined the detachment encamped at the Alumbagh. The march proved full of emotions if not of combats. On the second day, the men of the 93rd Highlanders suddenly stopped, broke their ranks, disbanded, and fled right and left. For a few moments, the staff imagined it was some unexplained or inexplicable panic. The explanation was soon given; the Highlanders were flying before a swarm of wasps, to whose stings their bare legs offered an easy prey.

Sir C. Campbell, who had kept for himself the command of the second expedition against Lucknow, was detained at Calcutta by the necessities of the service, and only left the banks of the Hooghly at the very last moment, arriving at Cawnpore on November 3, after a rapid journey, which testified to his devouring activity and still youthful strength. On November 9 the general-in-chief joined the army corps encamped in the neighbourhood of the Alumbagh, under the provisional command of Sir Hope Grant, a general officer who had taken a most glorious part in the siege of Delhi.

It was not without anxiety that Sir C. Campbell left Cawnpore, which was threatened by the Gwalior contingent stationed at Calpi. But the fate of the Lucknow garrison had now, for five months, been the cause of most painful anxiety to every English heart, so that Campbell, leaving behind, under Brigadier Wyndham, a sufficient force for the defence of the place, determined to delay no longer the complete deliverance of the besieged. The troops composing this expedition amounted to 4,700 men and thirty-two guns.[1] In the ranks was, moreover, a detachment of sailors from the frigate 'Shannon,' commanded by Captain W. Peel, a worthy son of the illustrious statesman, whose name was already brilliantly associated with the siege of Sebas-

[1] H.M.'s 9th Lancers, 8th, 53rd, and 75th regiments from Delhi, very much reduced; 93rd R.A., 1st Madras Fusiliers, 2nd and 4th regiments Sikh Infantry, and also detachments of the 5th, 23rd, 64th, and 82nd H.M.'s Foot; two batteries of artillery, 401 men of the Naval Brigade 900 cavalry, 3,200 infantry, 200 sappers—total, 4,700 men.

topol. These new enemies excited the curiosity and terror of the natives to the highest point by their appearance. Popular rumour represented them as amphibious monsters, as broad as they were long, always harnessed to their guns. They had been obliged to leave at Allahabad the 68-pounders which were brought from the 'Shannon,' in consequence of their having found it impossible to procure the necessary cattle for their transport, and had replaced them by 24-pounders and 8-inch howitzers.

The object of these operations was no longer to rejoin the besieged at any cost, but a much more difficult undertaking yet was necessary, to occupy the whole ground between the Alumbagh and the Residency, a distance of more than four miles, in order to protect the departure of an immense convoy of wounded women, children, and treasure. There was no hope of dislodging (except under a delay of several days) an enemy, ten times superior in number, from the streets, squares, and byways that had been crossed at double quick march on September 25. Sir Colin Campbell, in accordance with the opinions expressed by Outram, determined to make a circuit on the right of the Alumbagh, and to advance on the Residency through the parks and palaces which stand on the bank of the Goumti.[1]

The Palace of Delight (Dilkourka), and the buildings of 'La Martinière,'[2] the selected basis of the contemplated

[1] See Documents, No. IX., 'Plan of Attack by Sir J. Outram.'

[2] The palace of 'Constantia,' built by General Martin, stands close to the buildings of 'La Martinière.' It is difficult to guess what this gigantic assemblage of brick and mortar was intended for, even after visiting it minutely. Two circular one-storied galleries are connected with the principal pile of buildings, which is surmounted by a series of small pavilions and terraces superposed in the style of a Chinese pagoda, and profusely adorned with every kind of statues, shepherds *à la* Louis XIV., Chinese figures, Roman emperors, Greek sages, &c. &c. The mortal remains of General Martin rest in the vaults of the palace, and are contained in a white marble sarcophagus. Four painted cardboard statues, representing sepoys in scarlet uniform, and in an attitude of conventional grief, guard the approaches of the monument. A bust of white marble, placed in a niche in the wall, represents the general, and surmounts a tablet, on which is engraved the following inscription:—'Here lies Claude Martin. He was born at Lyons, A.D. 1732. He came to India a private soldier, and he died a major-general.'

operations, were taken from the sepoys on November 14, after a vigorous struggle of several hours. During the attack, the English left wing took up a position on the canal to protect the Alumbagh, where the military magazines were, from any offensive movement of the enemy. The next day the defence of the Dilkourka and 'La Martinière' was fully organised, and the sappers made a temporary road through the parks in the direction of the junction of the canal and the Goumti. At this point, the canal offered few difficulties to the passage of troops and artillery, for the sepoys, who expected to be attacked by the Cawnpore road, had destroyed all the bridges and barred the canal on the side of the town; in the whole extent of the parks its bed was almost dry.

On the morning of the 16th, the attacking columns left 'La Martinière,' and marched straight on the Sikander Bagh, where the sepoys were assembled in great numbers. This edifice was composed of a two-story building, defended by a wall of solid masonry, which in its turn was protected at the four corners by semi-circular bastions. Skirmishers stationed in a serai and in the neighbouring villages completed the defence of the Sikander Bagh. A field-battery, advancing through violent volleys of musketry, opened fire on the outer line of enclosure, whilst the English infantry dislodged the enemy from the surrounding positions. But the strength of the walls defied all projectiles, and, after more than an hour's ineffectual cannonade, it was decided to attempt an assault through a narrow breach on the east side of the wall. Whilst the 93rd Highlanders were carrying out this audacious plan, the 4th Sikh regiment, supported by several companies R.A., were forcing the principal entrance. In presence of this double assault, the terrified sepoys descended from the upper stories, and crowded into a space too narrow to allow them to use their arms. This compact and terrified mass was literally slaughtered by the bayonet. After the fight, the Sikander Bagh offered a ghastly sight, such as the eye of man has rarely contemplated; more than 2,000 dead bodies were piled up in a space of 120 square yards. The victors advanced in pools of blood almost up to their knees.

The ensuing attack on the mosque known as Schah

Najif encountered equal difficulties. The strong enclosure of the edifice proved impervious to light artillery, so Captain Peel brought up two of his guns nearly to the foot of the wall, just as if he had meant to board an enemy's ship from the quarter-deck of the 'Shannon.' But though large masses of the wall fell down, the breaches, which were filled up with rubbish, remained inaccessible. Success seemed more than doubtful, when someone thought of using Congreve rockets. The effect of these engines, which were thrown with the greatest precision, was decisive and almost immediate. Some volunteers got over the wall into the enclosure, by means of trees, and perceiving through the smoke the rearguard of the sepoys in full retreat, opened the gates to the besiegers without meeting with any resistance.

During these operations the cavalry was protecting communications between head-quarters and the Dilkouska, and the left wing was guarding the Alumbagh against any hostile return of the sepoys. The garrison of the Residency, on its side, had not remained inactive, and had taken all the buildings between the Chattar Manzil and the Moti Manzil. In the evening, the latter palace, and that of the mess of the 32nd R.A. (the Happy Palace), alone separated Sir Colin Campbell's forces from Outram's. The successive checks met with that day, and especially the disaster at the Sikander Bagh, had filled the sepoys with terror. The buildings of the mess of the 32nd were evacuated at nightfall, notwithstanding their formidable strength, and only a hundred men remained in possession of the Moti Manzil. But the guns of the Kaiser Bagh and the batteries placed on the left bank of the river, commanded in several places the road between these two buildings and the Residency, so that the English, on the following day, could advance but slowly in the teeth of a galling fire. When Outram and Havelock left their entrenchments to meet Sir C. Campbell in the afternoon, they were met by a hail of grape-shot from the defenders of the Kaiser Bagh, and several aides-de-camp were wounded close to them.

The instructions with which the two generals returned

from this interview cast a veil of sadness over the transports of joy which the victory had caused amongst the garrison. It was decided to evacuate the place within twenty-four hours; the general-in-chief gave formal orders to that effect. The men, who had defended these ruins for five months with so much energy and constancy, were now to abandon as fugitives, and the sepoys would profane, the precious remains placed in the graveyard of the Residency. Such humiliation filled every heart with deepest grief. The chiefs of the garrison, acting as the mouthpiece of their soldiers' feelings, endeavoured to change the decision of the Commander-in-Chief, but they could merely obtain a final delay of twenty-four hours.

Though communications had been established between the relieving forces and the garrison, the decisive operation was not even begun. In the first place, Sir C. Campbell had to escort an immense convoy of women, children, sick, and wounded from the ruins of the Residency, and when this task had been fulfilled, other and most important interests demanded his utmost attention. Chance, or the incapacity of its leaders, had detained the Gwalior contingent up to this moment inactive at Calpi. In a few hours' march, however, along a road without obstacles, it could, if not occupy the bridge over the Ganges, at least take up a position close at hand, and prevent any approach to it. A simple forward movement on the part of the rebel corps would suffice to place the Commander-in-Chief between them and the mutineers of Lucknow, and thus deprive him of all communication with India, isolating him in a country devastated by war, where every village was a fortress. Fortune, which had hitherto smiled on the attempts made to succour the Lucknow garrison, now perhaps held in reserve some immense disaster. There was every reason, it is true, to believe that the Kaiser Bagh, like the Sikander Bagh or the Schah Najif, could be carried by assault, but would the results be such as to justify the attempt? The English force was merely an advanced guard, without even a reserve to fall back upon. The men had been under arms and exposed to

the enemy's fire for five days; it was impossible to occupy the whole of the town. Above all, a skilful pilot ought not to run the slightest risk of a failure, which would involve the loss of the women and children whose safety had already cost so many generous efforts, so much bloodshed. Having regard to these powerful considerations, Sir Colin Campbell remained deaf to the entreaties of his colleagues, and persisted in the order for the immediate evacuation.

On November 19, at midday, the women and children left the Residency. All means of transport had been put into requisition—litters, native carts, European carriages (the latter bore many traces of the siege)—wheels, cushions, frames were riddled with bullets. The horses of these miserable conveyances presented no better appearance. Having been confined to the stables for five months, uncared for, and almost without food, the wretched beasts could scarcely use their legs. The Commander-in-Chief had provided for the security of the convoy with anxious care; shelters and trenches had been established along the unprotected parts of the route, and it reached head-quarters without a single accident. In the evening it arrived at Dilkouska, where, at the mess of the 9th Lancers, the poor creatures were regaled with fresh bread and butter, of which they had been deprived for so long. That same night the departure of the sick and wounded was also successfully accomplished. Sir C. Campbell had justified the trust reposed in him by his country; and to the glory won on the battlefield, he added the yet purer glory of restoring to England some four hundred women and children.

Military operations were not slackened whilst the measures necessary for rescuing the garrison were being carried out. On the day following the junction of the English forces, the Naval Brigade opened fire with its big guns and Congreve rockets against the Kaiser Bagh, whilst within the fortifications the last preparations for retreat were hastily made. More than 200 pieces of artillery were spiked, and thousands of cartridges and projectiles were thrown into the wells. But in order to conceal ulterior

movements from the enemy, the ruined ramparts and buildings of the Residency were not blown up. The stratagem succeeded beyond all hope; the sepoys, up to the last moment, imagined that hostilities would be resumed, and continued to fire on the English positions some hours after they had been completely evacuated. In the middle of the night of the 22nd, the outposts of the Residency fell back upon head-quarters. Sir James Outram, on horseback, sword in hand, surrounded by his staff, was the last to leave the Baillie Guard; but one noble figure was missing.

Though he had long been suffering from dysentery, General Havelock had nevertheless taken an active share in the late military operations. When Sir Colin's victory had assured the safety of his companions in misfortune, yielding to the advice of the doctors, he had retired to the Dilkouska for change of air; but his constitution had been worn out by the labours, anxieties, and privations of the last six months, and he expired on November 24 in the midst of the women and children for whose safety he had devoted himself. Fortune, which had reserved this last consolation to the old general on his death-bed, had not always been favourable to him.

For forty years an officer in active service of the Queen's army, Havelock had laboriously gained his rank step by step in the military hierarchy. His strength of character and his talents, overlooked in obscure regimental positions, had never obtained for him the favour of a special command. When he was called, by right of seniority, to the honour and responsibility of supreme authority, the situation was of immense gravity. A terrible crisis was shaking British rule in India to its foundations. The leader who left Allahabad, in the early part of July, at the head of a handful of men, was expected to unite the audacity of a partisan to the prudence of a tried tactician; a single check or defeat might cause dreadful and incalculable consequences. It was not only a question of the usual dangers and fatigues of warfare; every species of privation and suffering, famine, a pitiless sun, tropical rains had to be met and endured.

Havelock, by his success over the Nana's multitudinous followers, taught the British soldier not to doubt of victory, whatever the number of his opponents. In the same way he struck terror into the rebels, secured the fidelity of the natives still serving with the colours, and opened the way for the glorious campaign which Outram first, and afterwards Sir C. Campbell brought to such a glorious conclusion. Death, which struck down Havelock in the most glorious moment of his life, did not take him unawares. His Christian resignation is apparent in the farewell words he addressed to Outram, his old companion in arms and glory:[1] 'I have always ordered my life so as to look death calmly in the face.' Notwithstanding the suddenness of his end, Havelock had had time to receive the reward with which the Government recognised his first success, and Sir C. Campbell conferred on him, in the Queen's name, the Cross of Knight Commander of the Most Noble Order of the Bath. England

[1] We think it proper to place under the eyes of the reader a fragment of official correspondence, which gives a correct idea of the chivalrous character of these veterans of the Indian army. The date of the letter makes it plain that Havelock's expedition, and the battle fought by his troops on September 25, are what is here alluded to :—

'Not less deserving of the Victoria Cross, in my opinion, is Lieutenant Havelock; and I trust I may, without giving offence, beg you, as my friend and comrade, as well as my official colleague, not to allow the name of this gallant officer to militate against his just claims. Under the tremendous fire of guns and musketry which the enemy directed across the Char Bagh Bridge, Lieutenant Havelock, with the Madras Fusiliers, stormed the bridge, took the guns, and cleared the street sufficiently to allow of the troops in the rear closing up. I cannot conceive a more daring act than this forcing the bridge, and the officers who led the Fusiliers on that occasion, in my opinion, *most richly deserve promotion*; but hazardous as was their position, they being on foot, and therefore not readily distinguishable from their men, risked little comparatively with Lieutenant Havelock, the only officer on horseback, who cheered the men on, and became the target of the enemy's musketry. I shall feel truly delighted to learn that you accept my recommendation of this brave officer, and I shall deeply regret having divested myself of the command during the advance on Lucknow, if (from what I must regard as a morbidly sensitive delicacy) you withhold from Lieutenant Havelock, because he is your relative, the reward to which, as a soldier, he has so unmistakably established a just claim.'—*Sir J. Outram to General Havelock*, October 12, 1857.

However great his paternal disinterestedness, Havelock, as everyone will understand, yielded to this appeal, and demanded for his son a recompense, which was granted without difficulty.

has since paid her debt of gratitude, by granting a baronet's title and a pension of 1,000*l.* per annum to Havelock's son, a gallant officer, twice wounded during this campaign.

Other losses cast a feeling of gloom over the rejoicings caused by victory. The English casualties had been very great; there were 122 killed and 414 wounded, of whom ten officers killed and thirty-five wounded. The Artillery, the Naval Brigade, and the 93rd Highlanders had suffered more especially in the fighting which took place since leaving the Alumbagh on November 16.

A few hours after Havelock's death, head-quarters were removed to the Alumbagh, where two days were spent in completing the last preparations for departure. The general-in-chief did not intend taking the road to Cawnpore with all his army. The evacuation of the Residency was a serious blow to British prestige, and it was of the highest importance to retain a footing in Oude. By holding the Alumbagh, the return to Cawnpore was shown to be merely a temporary measure, and the sepoys were made to feel that the fate of the kingdom would soon be decided by a new campaign. Besides being easy of defence, the Alumbagh offered the advantage of rapid communications with Cawnpore; in fact, in this position the British forces held the enemy more completely in check than if they had been shut up in the Residency or in the Kaiser Bagh.

On November 27, the army began its retrograde movement with an immense convoy, covering a space of some nine miles in extent. The suddenness of this retreat was about to be justified by the events which immediately followed. Scarcely had the march begun, than the dull vibration of the atmosphere which, to military men, indicates distant discharges of artillery, became perceptible. Deep anxiety weighed heavily on the whole army, when the tents were pitched in the neighbourhood of the bridge of Banni. Doubt was no longer possible; a sharp cannonade was heard in the direction of Cawnpore. Orders were given to strike the tents next morning at dawn, so as to reach Cawnpore, a distance of more than thirty-six miles, in one march.

During the entire route discharges of artillery were uninterrupted, and towards three in the afternoon Sir C. Campbell learnt, by direct information from the scene of action, of the disasters which had befallen Brigadier Wyndham.

This general, who had been entrusted with the defence of Cawnpore against the combined forces of the Nana and the Gwalior contingent, being informed on November 25 of the enemy's approach, had imprudently marched out to meet him with a detachment of about 1,000 men. The sepoys, twenty times superior in number, and entrenched, moreover, behind the bed of a torrent, successfully repulsed the attack. After three days' continual fighting, the English were obliged to withdraw to their fortifications, leaving the native town, the magazines, and the tents of the army in the hands of the enemy. All the war material was burnt, and on the night of the 28th the flames of an immense conflagration, which lighted them on their way, told Sir C. Campbell's dismayed soldiers of the victory won by the sepoys. The triumphal return of the deliverers of the Lucknow garrison was threatened by an immense disaster. Sir C. Campbell, who had foreseen the danger from the very day on which he had opened the campaign, lost no time in preparing to remedy it.

Notwithstanding its apparent rigour, fortune had not quite deserted the British cause. By an unlooked-for and inexplicable chance, the enemy, though aware of the evacuation of Lucknow, had not, as might easily have been done, established batteries to command the bridge over the Ganges and its approaches. At night, the heavy guns of the Naval Brigade were disposed in such a manner as to prevent the sepoys from repairing this oversight. On the morning of the 29th, an infantry brigade, the cavalry, and the light artillery were able to cross the bridge without opposition, and to take up their position on the road to Allahabad, thus securing communication with Calcutta and the interior. In the following night, the remainder of the artillery, the wounded, the women and children crossed in their turn; the passage was not over before sunrise on the 30th. The generals of the enemy, who had at length perceived their

mistake, tried in the day to destroy the bridge by cannon shots and fire-ships; it was happily too late.

The rapidity of Sir C. Campbell's movements had triumphed over all difficulties. The precious convoy was in safety on the right bank of the Ganges, under the protection of British bayonets, in the midst of the ruins that had witnessed General Wheeler's disasters. 'Here ended our sufferings,' writes one of the heroines of the siege; 'here, from the very bottom of our hearts, we could thank the merciful Providence who had protected us among so many dangers, and had not allowed us to meet with a fate similar to that of the women and children whose innocent blood was shed at the fatal station of Cawnpore.' The most delicate part of the general-in-chief's mission was not finished as long as the women and children remained in his keeping, so that during the days following the passage of the Ganges he devoted all his energies towards assembling means of transport. On December 3 the convoy started for Allahabad, where a flotilla of steamers, prepared beforehand, was lying ready to convey them to Calcutta.

Seven weeks later, on January 30, the European population of the City of Palaces was agitated by a true patriotic emotion. The ships were decked with flags, salvoes of artillery were fired as on gala days; the Governor-General the authorities, all the white inhabitants of the town were waiting on the banks of the river for the arrival of the victims rescued at Lucknow, whose deliverance excited unanimous and almost delirious rejoicing. But when a long black-robed procession of widows and orphans appeared, with emaciated bodies and thin faces, the acclamations of the crowd gave way to a deep and painful silence, and all eyes filled up with tears. Notwithstanding previous trials, fortune was not yet appeased, and the steamer 'Ava,' that was conveying to Europe the greater number of the women and children from the Residency, was wrecked on a rock in the Red Sea. If no lives were lost, yet the sea swallowed up many precious remembrances which had been saved from the enemy's fire.

As soon as the departure of the convoy relieved Sir C. Campbell from the greatest responsibility that ever rested on a military man, he took immediate measures for wresting Cawnpore from the troops of the Nana and his allies. Whilst the last preparations were being made, the sepoys were not inactive, and kept up a continual fire on the British advanced posts. On the 5th an attack on the pickets of the left wing was only finally repulsed after two hours' fighting. On the morning of the 6th Sir C. Campbell had made all the dispositions necessary to begin the attack.

The army of the sepoys, some 25,000 men, with 40 guns, comprised two corps perfectly distinct by their composition and their base of action. The left and the centre were composed of the regiments of the Bengal army and of the troops of the Nana, commanded by his brother, and had its line of retreat in the direction of Bithour; that of the Gwalior contingent, which formed the right wing, was distributed in the direction of Calpi. The left of the sepoys, stationed in the former European cantonments, from whence it seriously threatened General Wyndham's positions, was easy of defence, thanks to the obstacles of all sorts which covered the ground. The centre, established in Cawnpore itself, was flanked by the houses built along the Doab Canal, which also protected the vast plain where the camp of the Gwalior contingent was situated. The position of the sepoys presented this weak point, that communications between the wings and the centre and *vice versâ* could only take place slowly and with difficulty through the narrow streets of the town. The canal, which covered their centre and right wing, was the key to the position, and by attacking it vigorously the Gwalior contingent might be dislodged before reinforcements had time to arrive from the centre or the left. Two bridges crossed the canal, one in the neighbourhood of the town, the other about three miles off. Sir C. Campbell's army numbered 5,000 infantry, 600 cavalry, and 50 guns.

On the morning of the 6th General Wyndham opened a violent fire from the entrenchments in which he was

blockaded, in order to make the sepoys believe that an attack on their left wing was intended. A brigade under Colonel Greathed threatened the centre of the town, avoiding any serious engagement, whilst, during this time, the mass of the army was concentrating on the left. Already, at daybreak, Sir Hope Grant, at the head of some cavalry, with field batteries, had marched upon the bridge furthest from the town. The principal body, which, owing to the broken ground, had succeeded in concealing its movements, deployed on arriving at the first bridge, and the decisive attack immediately began. The outposts of the sepoys were thrown back on the other side of the canal, and the bridge carried by the 53rd R.A. and a Sikh regiment. The victorious assailants, debouching into the plain, continued to drive the sepoys before them, and in an hour's time took possession of the camp of the Gwalior contingent. The surprise was so complete, that guns, harnessed waggons, and messes in course of cooking for the soldiers, were left among the tents. The Naval Brigade, under Captain Peel, took a most glorious part in this action, and his heavy guns, which the sailors dragged forward by main force, were seen in the first rank of the skirmishers. The Gwalior contingent was, moreover, attacked in its retreat by the cavalry and the light artillery, which, after a delay caused by the treachery of their guides, had finally crossed the second bridge without opposition. The rout became complete. The sepoys threw away their arms to run the more easily, and finally, despairing of escaping on the high road from the sabres and lances of the troopers, took to the jungle and the open country. The pursuit continued for the space of fourteen miles, and only ceased when no more enemies were visible.

As soon as he was master of the camp of the Gwalior contingent, Sir C. Campbell lost no time in completing the success of the day. He despatched several regiments under General Mansfield, the chief of his staff, against the left wing of the sepoys, which hitherto had taken no share in the fight. Protected by the inequalities of the ground, the

troops of the Nana, deserting their camp, were able to escape without losing a single gun, and to retreat to Bithour. The rebels were so completely discouraged that they made no attempt to defend the fortress of the Nana, but pressed forward towards the Ganges, and were about to cross it, when they were overtaken, on December 9, by an expedition sent in pursuit under Sir Hope Grant. The sepoys dispersed immediately without offering any resistance, leaving fifteen guns in the hands of the English. Already, on the 6th, seventeen pieces of artillery had fallen into the possession of the latter. After this easy victory Sir Hope Grant's column occupied the stronghold of Bithour without striking a blow. Immense treasure is said to have been found in its wells.

This expedition closes the first series of Sir C. Campbell's operations against the mutineers. For nearly a month each day had been a day of battle for the English soldiers. Means of transport were wanting, as all available ones had been employed in conveying the women and children to their destination. The important position of Cawnpore had been recaptured, and was henceforth safe from attack; so that the Commander-in-Chief could at length allow his men the rest they so well deserved, and prepare the operations on a grand scale, which were to re-establish British authority in Oude and Rohilkund.

CHAPTER VIII.

INSURRECTION IN CENTRAL INDIA.

The great Mahratta dynasties—Siraji Peischwah—The dynasties of Scindia and Holkar—The Rajpoot princes—The Pandaris—The Rohillas—The English infringe the native right of adoption—State of the public mind in Central India and Rajpootana—Mutiny at Gwalior—Scindia remains faithful—Mutiny at Indore—Holkar remains faithful—Massacre at Tansi—Mutiny of the native troops at Nacirabad, Neemuch, Joudpore, &c.—The Nizam of Hyderabad—Mutiny at Aurangabad—Relief of Mhow—Expedition of the Anglo-Indian forces into Malwa.

It still remains for us to follow the different phases of the insurrection in the central provinces of India, where the great Mahratta dynasties and the Rajpoot princes retained a semblance of sovereign power. In order to explain the condition of the country, it is necessary to define in some detail the relations between the British authorities and the native sovereigns. The generic name of Mahratta (*Mah*, great; *rat*, country) is given to the entire population of that large portion of Hindostan to the south of the Nerbudda, known under the name of the Deccan.[1] The origin of the

[1] At the beginning of the insurrection, the population of the native states, whether allied or tributary, can be estimated in round numbers as follows:—

The Rajah of Mysore	3,000,000
The Nizam	10,000,000
The Guickhowar	2,000,000
Bhopal	5,000
Kotah	6,500
Bondi	2,500
Travancore	6,000
Cochin	2,000
The princes of Rajpootana, of Joudpore, Jeypore, Oudeypore, Bikanir, Tessalmir, and others; the Mahratta princes Holkar, of Katyarat, of Guzerat, &c.	15,000,000
The dominions of Scindia	4,000,000
Total	34,022,000

Mahrattas is lost in the night of ages, but they rose to no importance before the chaotic period that preceded the overthrow of the throne of the Moguls, and then only, thanks to the enterprising spirit of the clever adventurers who founded the dynasties of Sivaji, of the Peischwah, of Scindia, and of Holkar.

The first on the list of these adventurers, Sivaji,[1] of the tribe of Bhosch, acquired great influence over the populations of the Deccan by his talents, martial and political. At strife during his whole life, with varying success with the generals of Aureng-Zeb, fortune finally crowned his efforts. Recognised as Rajah of Sattarah by the Emperor of Delhi, at his death in 1680 he left to his heirs a compact little kingdom and considerable treasures, and to his co-religionists the secret of those sudden and rapid expeditions

Deccan, from the Sanskrit *Duxun*, signifies south, and was originally applied to the country lying south of the Nerbudda and Mahanuddee rivers, consisting of the five principal divisions called Drawed, Carnatic, Telingana, Gondwana, and Maharashtra. 'Europeans,' writes Grant Duff, 'have adopted the Mahommedan definition, and the modern Deccan comprises most of Telingana, part of Gondwana, and that large portion of Maharashtra which extends from the Nerbudda to the Krishna.'

The Nizam, Hassan Gangu, the first King of the Deccan, was an Afghan of the lowest rank, and a native of Delhi. He farmed a small spot of land belonging to a Brahmin astrologer, named Ganga, who was in favour with the King, and having found accidentally a treasure in his field, he had the honesty to give notice of it to his landlord. The astrologer was so much struck with his integrity, that he exerted all his influence at court to advance his fortunes. Hassan thus rose to a great station in the Deccan, where his merit marked him out among his equals to be their leader in their revolt. He had before assumed the name of Gangu, in gratitude to his benefactor; and now, from a similar motive, added that of Brahmani (Bramin), by which his dynasty was afterwards distinguished.—*The History of India*, by the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, *Appendix*.

[1] Sivaji was in his youth entirely under the influence of his mother. She was a woman full of religious enthusiasm, a common enough occurrence amongst the Mahrattas, and imagined herself to be in intimate connection with the Deity. The goddess Bowhani, the protectress of her family, had, she believed, revealed to her the future grandeur of her son and the end of the Mussulman rule in India. Her words and example had a considerable share in the labours and fortune of this extraordinary man, who at his death was regarded by his co-religionists as an incarnation of the Divinity; for during his life he had been an example of all the virtues—wisdom, courage, and piety.

which, one hundred years later, were to strike a fatal blow at the power of the Mogul sovereigns. The successors of Sivaji did not inherit the qualities of the founder of the dynasty. Entirely given up to the dissipations of the harem, they left the supreme authority in the hands of their ministers, who soon became the real rulers. One of these 'maires du palais,' Ballaji Wischwanath, received the title of 'Peischwah' (leader) in 1708 from Shao, Sivaji's grandson, and was himself succeeded by his sons and grandsons. This heredity conferred supreme power in the Mahratta confederation on the family of the Peischwahs, and the sovereign, *de facto*, transferred his residence to Poonah, leaving at Sattarah the descendant of Sivaji, surrounded by all the vain pomps of royalty.

During the whole course of the eighteenth century, the Mahratta dynasty constantly increased in power, took a successful and profitable share in all the wars which convulsed the land in the last stages of the Mogul empire; and, at one time, it seemed probable that the empire of India would pass from the hands of its Mahommedan conquerors into those of the Peischwahs. Towards the middle of last century, the confederation comprised the greater part of the Deccan, between the Nerbuddah and Krishna rivers, the provinces of Berar and Cuttack, and the whole of Western India, except the Punjab and Moultan. Its military strength amounted to 210,000 cavalry and 96,000 infantry, and its annual income to 17,000,000*l.* sterling.

This was the real period of dual government in India. Adventurers attained the highest rank in a few years. Bonslah seized upon the district of Berar; the Guickhowar (shepherd), Holkar, and Scindia founded the dynasties which still occupy the thrones of Guzerat, Indore, and Gwalior. But these upstart kings recognised the suzerainty of the descendant of Sivaji, shut up though he was in his harem of Sattarah, just as the great Mussulman princes, the Nawab of Bengal, the Viceroy of Oude, and the Nizam of Hyderabad were proud to bear the title of viceroy of the sovereigns of

the house of Timour. Let us add, that in this vast confederation, based on fraud and violence,[1] the chiefs never recognised any reciprocal system of rights and duties binding on all alike. Independent of each other and merely connected by the feeble link of feudal suzerainty, first to the descendants of Sivaji, and then to those of the Peischwah, the Mahratta princes always settled their quarrels by force of arms, and thus prepared the way for the success of the East India Company. The power of the Peischwah was not destined long to survive that of the Emperors of Delhi, and disappeared from the scene a few years afterwards. The Peischwah fell into the hands of the English in 1815, and, in return for his abdication, received a considerable pension; he died in 1852 at Bithour, near Cawnpore. The cowardly and cruel share taken by Nana Sahib, the adopted son of the last Peischwah, in the events of the mutiny, has already been described.

The family of the Scindias, which after that of the Peischwahs played the most important part in the struggles of the Mahratta confederation against the Mogul Emperors, was not of any great antiquity. The first Scindia whose name is recorded by history, Ranoji Scindia, made his appearance in the household of the Peischwah, in the character of Keeper

[1] Certain customs of the Mahratta princes were evidently intended to keep alive the love of warfare and pillage amongst their subjects. Up to the present day, on the great feast of the Duserah, instituted to commemorate Ram Chandra's victory over the giant Rawan, they march out of their palace in state, surrounded by their guards, in the midst of discharges of artillery. In a field of wheat, already chosen and marked out for destruction, the Maharajah dismounts from his elephant, gathers a handful of corn, and the crop, which is given up to the suite, is trodden down by the feet of the horses and torn up by their riders. Let it be noted that the Mahrattas, though belonging to the Hindoo religion, take part in all the great Mussulman feasts, and also observe the days of mourning and abstinence of the Moharam, which are set apart for the celebration of the death of Hussein, the Prophet's grandson. Finally, amongst the extraordinary customs of Indian courts, we must mention the encouragement of regicide, which was long prevalent at that of the Zamorin of Calicut. It was an understood thing there that on a certain day of the year, any one who could assassinate the sovereign became his legitimate successor, and at the fatal date the Zamorin used to encamp outside the town, in the midst of his guards, in order to escape the danger of a would-be murderer.

of the Royal Slippers. Tradition relates that Baji Rao, who succeeded his father as Peischwah in 1720, on coming out one day from an audience with his suzerain, found Ranoji Scindia asleep in the ante-room, still, however, clasping to his breast the royal slippers confided to his guard. The Peischwah, feeling that a servant who, even when asleep, was so careful of his charge, must possess some rare qualities, at once enrolled Ranoji Scindia in his body-guard. The rise of this humble servant was rapid and brilliant: at his death he left 'jhagirs' (feudal properties) worth more than 120,000*l.* sterling a year. Madhoji Scindia, his second son and successor, a man of great talent and wonderful energy, raised a considerable body of troops, and introduced European arms and discipline into their ranks, with the assistance of some French officers, amongst whom we may name MM. de Boigne and Perron. His military power gave him the first rank amongst the Mahratta princes; he took an active and successful part in all the great events of his time, whether political or military. He was recognised as an independent prince by the English in 1793, and died soon after, leaving a royal inheritance to his adoptive son, Daoulah Rao Scindia. The latter prince joined the Mahratta League against the English in 1805, but was soon forced to conclude a disastrous peace by the victories of Sir A. Wellesley and of Lord Lake. The relations between the Company and Daoulah Rao Scindia continued on a friendly footing until 1818, when, the Pandaree war threatening to convulse the whole of India, the Government obliged him to sign an offensive and defensive alliance, and to apply the revenues of some of his provinces to the maintenance of a body of troops commanded by Anglo-Indian officers. This was the origin of the Gwalior contingent, which, as we have seen, figured so prominently in the mutiny. Daoulah Rao Scindia died in 1827, and was succeeded by an adopted son, who died in his turn, in 1843, without leaving either direct or other descendants. His widow, the Begum Tara Baï, in conformity with the customs of the country, and with the permission of the British authorities, adopted a child of eight years, named

Bhagirah Rao, whose maternal uncle, Mamou Sahib, was appointed regent of the kingdom. This temporary arrangement was soon disturbed by internal intrigues.

Since the peace of 1817, the Gwalior contingent had merely been employed in expeditions which, though nominally for police purposes, were little more than brigandage. Abundance of bread and idleness, to use the Indian proverb, had given rise to discontent and indiscipline. Scattered about in various fortresses, they had, under the old sovereign, always refused to accept reductions or vacancies in their ranks. The weakness of the new Government gave both chiefs and soldiers the opportunity of insisting on, and increasing their pretensions, and the whole army gathered together in the vicinity of the capital. Under pressure from these Asiatic pretorians, the Begum withdrew the regency from Mamou Sahib, and replaced him by Dada-Khas-Ti-Wallah, an Indian of low extraction, and in no way connected with the young sovereign. From the beginning, the new Regent assumed a position of hostility towards the English, and discharged all the officers who were favourable to them.

The tranquillity of Central India, and of the neighbouring territories annexed to the dominions of the East India Company, was seriously threatened. Moreover, at this very time, the anarchy which overspread the Punjab after the death of Ranjit Singh caused great trouble to be anticipated in the north of India. The Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, resolved to settle matters in Gwalior before the Sikh question should attain its full development. The Begum was called upon to dismiss the new Regent and reduce her army, whilst increasing by way of compensation the special Gwalior contingent. On her refusal, the British troops passed the Chambal in the beginning of December, 1843. The following days were consumed in fruitless negotiations, and on the 27th the Company's army defeated the Mahratta forces in a great pitched battle at Maharajpore. The contest was sanguinary and stubborn, and cost the victors 800 dead and wounded. The next day, Tara Baï sent a deputation to the Governor-General to make her full sub-

mission, and soon after she came herself to the English camp with the young Maharajah, and confirmed the pacific words of her envoys. Towards the middle of January, a new treaty restored the throne of Scindia under the protectorate of England. All the native troops were disbanded, with the exception of the Gwalior contingent, which was organised on a different basis, and considerably augmented, whilst a diplomatic agent, accredited to the Court, exercised henceforth a preponderating influence over the internal affairs of the country.

The story of the rise and fall of the Holkar dynasty greatly resembles that of the race of Scindia. Mulhar Rao, the founder of this family, which came next in importance in the history of the Mahratta confederation, was of humble origin, and belonged to a caste of shepherds. He was born at the end of the 17th century, at Hull, a small village in the Deccan, whence his descendants took the name of Holkar. If we are to believe contemporaries, extraordinary signs announced his future destiny. It is said that, having fallen asleep in the fields when quite a child, his mother found him watched over by an enormous *cobra di capello*, which was shielding the little sleeper from the rays of the sun with its head and neck. Mulhar justified these prognostics, and having enlisted under the banner of the Peischwah, from being a simple soldier he rose to the highest rank amongst the Mahratta chieftains. Inferior, as a politician, to his contemporary Madhoji Scindia, he possessed to a much greater degree the qualities of a warrior. Generosity was his dominant characteristic, and if a soldier displayed bravery by his side in the combats in which he never spared himself, he would exclaim, with enthusiasm, 'Fill the shield of this hero with rupees.' Mulhar Rao died in 1765, at the age of seventy-nine, leaving as the only heir to his greatness a son scarcely of age, whom history represents to us in most sombre colours.

The story goes that this youthful satrap found a malicious pleasure in hiding scorpions and other venomous insects in garments, which he would then offer to fakirs, or in vessels

full of rupees, out of which he would graciously invite beggars to take handfuls. This evil-natured young man died in a fit of madness, and was succeeded on the throne by his mother, Alahaya Baï. Her rare virtues place her in the category of those great queens whose lives form the most precious ornaments of European history. In the course of these sketches, we have already come across Sultanas who gave proof of virile qualities, and long before 1857 the weaker sex had played a conspicuous part in the annals of India, where, before the Begum of Oude and the Ranee of Jansi, other women had wielded with distinction the supreme authority, and amongst these the first place belongs to Alahaya Baï.

This remarkable sovereign took a truly regal view of the duties and responsibilities of the Crown, and was accustomed to say, when her ministers demanded the infliction of severe punishment: 'Let us take care, mere mortals that we are, not to destroy thoughtlessly the work of God.' Indefatigably active, she defended with the utmost ardour the interests of humble village functionaries or small farmers, and her entire life was given up to prayer and good works. She rose before daylight, performed her devotions, listened to readings from the sacred books, and then distributed alms to Brahmins and food to beggars. Then followed several hours of work in her study. After a frugal lunch came other prayers and a short rest; the Queen finally went to the 'durbar,' where she presided over the council of ministers till the evening. On her return to her apartments, Alahaya Baï retired very late to rest, after devoting the last portion of the day to affairs of state or religious meditations.[1] We borrow these

[1] Alahaya Baï was very unhappy in her old age. The melancholy death of her only son, Malee Rao, has been noticed. She had besides one daughter, Muchta Bhye, who was married, and had one son, who died at Mhysir. Twelve months afterwards his father died, and Muchta Bhye immediately declared her resolution to burn with the corpse of her husband. No efforts that a mother and a sovereign could use were untried by the virtuous Alahaya Baï to dissuade her daughter from the fatal resolution. She humbled herself to the dust before her, and entreated her, as she revered her god, not to leave her desolate and alone upon earth. Muchta Bhye, although affectionate, was calm and resolved. 'You are old, mother,' she said, 'and in a few years will end your

details almost literally from Indian chronicles; they would apply equally to those pious princesses who still live in the memory of Europe, for in all latitudes the existence of choice spirits is characterised by the same virtues and habits. The success of Alahaya Baï as a sovereign was thorough and complete; she succeeded in giving to her subjects that rare benefit in those troublous times in India—absolute peace, both internal and external. This glorious episode in the dynasty of the family of Holkar never again repeated itself, and after a long and severe struggle, the heir to the throne of Indore was obliged to renounce his independence (1817) and, like his Gwalior neighbour, accept the position of a vassal of England.

By the side of these two great relics of Mahratta power, there still remained in 1857 many small independent native states, about which we must say a few words. The district known as Rajpootana, and comprised between Central India and the North-West Provinces in one direction, and the states of Guzerat and Holkar in the other, is extremely interesting. Often devastated, but never conquered by Mussulman invaders, it always preserved a species of independence. Even in the palmy days of the Mogul Emperors, the Rajpoot population paid tribute to the Court of Delhi with great reluctance, and for short periods only. This portion of India contains magnificent scenery, and is not less interesting from an historical point of view than from its natural conformation. The Mahommedan historians, who

pious life. My only child and husband are gone, and when you follow, life, I feel, will be insupportable; but the opportunity of terminating it with honour will then have passed.' Alahaya Baï, when she found all dissuasion unavailing, determined to witness the last dreadful scene. She walked in the procession and stood near the pile, where she was supported by two Brahmins, who held her arms. Although obviously suffering great agony of mind, she remained tolerably firm till the first blaze of the flame made her lose all self-command. But after some convulsive efforts, she so far recovered as to join in the ceremony of bathing in the Nerbudda, when the bodies were consumed. She then retired to her palace, where for three days, having taken hardly any sustenance, she remained so absorbed in grief that she never uttered a word. When recovered from this state, she seemed to find consolation in building a beautiful monument to the memory of those she lamented.—Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., *A Memoir of Central India.*

have related the struggle between the Court of Delhi and the races of Central Asia, are full of accounts of proud Rajpoots perishing sword in hand, after giving their families and treasures as a prey to the flames. Every hill is crowned by a dismantled castle, and every castle has its legend. Other ruins recall monastic establishments almost similar to the convents of Europe, where Jaïn or Buddhist priests were maintained by the piety or remorse of powerful rajahs. Numerous rudely-sculptured stones representing a horseman extending his hand towards a kneeling woman, indicate the places where widows, who devoted themselves to 'suttee,' had ascended the funeral pile in order to rejoin their husbands.

The origin of this custom, almost entirely discontinued in our day, is lost in the night of ages. To explain it, one is obliged to admit, like a certain traveller of the last century, that Indian women having got into the habit of poisoning their husbands, the Brahmins, to stop this practice, made suttee a religious obligation.

If, in 1857, European influence had rooted out suttee from Rajpootana, as in other parts of India, it had not been equally successful in repressing another custom equally barbarous and equally prevalent, viz., female infanticide. Amongst Rajpoots the pride of birth assumes the most extravagant proportions, and though most noble families modestly trace their descent from the sun or the moon, not all stand on the same footing; and a *mésalliance*, or an unmarried daughter, was a dishonour alike to connections and relations. Moreover, the custom of the country obliged the family of the bride to expend immense sums in public feasts, presents to the priests, &c., on the occasion of a wedding. These few details give the key to this criminal practice, which before the mutiny was still in vogue in the harems of Central India, and often occasioned serious difficulties between the native powers and the Company's agents.

Before acquiring relative influence over these vast and wild territories, besides meeting with opposition from the

local authorities, the English had been obliged to overcome strange and formidable enemies. In the first place came the Pandaris, whose organisation and excesses recall the free companies and the brigands who desolated Europe in the worst days of the Middle Ages. They belonged to no special caste. Their hereditary chiefs, generally of Pathan extraction, enrolled under their banner bandits and vagabonds without distinction of caste or religion. Soldiers who had been dismissed from the service of native princes, thieves, assassins, the vilest scum of India, found a refuge and means of existence in the Pandari bands. The life of these bandits had no object but theft and pillage, and they exercised their infamous trade on an immense scale, sometimes on their own account, sometimes paid by princes, whose auxiliaries they became in their intestine wars.[1] The outrages committed

[1] It is said that in the early years of this century, the Rajah of Bhopal, who was then at war with his Nagpore neighbour, having declined the assistance of the Pandaris, they offered their services to the Rajah of Nagpore. The latter prince, wiser than his adversary, accepted their proposals, and the Pandaris ravaged so cruelly the territory of Bhopal, that twenty-five years after an English traveller found traces of their devastation. The 'durrahs' (bands) comprised 2,000 or 3,000 horsemen, armed with sabres and lances, some with matchlocks. They were famous for the rapidity of their movements. In case of necessity, the Pandaris marched forty and even fifty miles a day, keeping up their strength and that of their horses by spices and stimulants. The mystery which surrounded their expeditions was not less remarkable. The whole gang bore down in forced marches on the province marked for destruction, and on arriving at their destination, divided into small bodies, thirsting all of them for bloodshed and booty. The hands and feet of women were cut off, in order to obtain the ornaments they wore, and the most horrible tortures were practised upon the inhabitants to make them disclose the spot where their treasures were hid. As soon as the work of devastation was accomplished, the bandits retired as rapidly as they had appeared, preceded by numerous droves of cattle, and laden with spoil of all sorts, leaving behind them a desolate country and smoking ruins. When they were once again safe back in their haunts, they proceeded to divide the booty, first putting aside the share of the government whose auxiliaries they were for the moment, and, when the expedition was on their own account, that of their chief. In certain bands, the chief's share was a quarter; in others, he had a right to the elephants and certain objects previously determined on. As soon as the spoil was divided, the camp was turned into a vast fair, which was attended by crowds of the people of the country. The Pandari women, who accompanied their husbands on their expeditions, managed the sale, whilst the bandits were gambling frantically or were deep in carouse. These saturnalia went on till the booty came to an end, and it was necessary to fill by pillage the purses emptied by

by the Pandaris in Rajpootana and the neighbouring districts gave rise in 1817 to a campaign full of difficulties for the British troops. The most formidable chiefs were, however, killed in the struggle, or ended their days in prison. A few years later, the population had forgotten even the name of these bandits, who had been for so long the terror of the country.

In default of the Pandaris, other warlike races of Central Asia, such as the Rohillas, were ready to lend an energetic assistance to the mutineers. Amongst the adventurers who thronged to the standard of the Mogul Emperors were certain tribes from the neighbourhood of Cabul and Candahar, known under the above name. Their services were rewarded by grants of lands, which were situated for the most part in the fertile plain watered by the Ramganga before its junction with the Ganges, and known as Rohilkund. Favoured by the events that followed the death of Aureng-Zeb, the little colony achieved its independence. The Rohillas differed from other Indian tribes by the fairness of their skin, their warlike qualities, and their skill in the arts of peace. Whilst anarchy was desolating the whole of India, these emigrants, who were governed with the utmost wisdom by their own chiefs, escaped the general disaster. In the midst of this prosperity, which still endears to the Rohillas the memory of their Afghan rulers, the Nabob Vizier of

dissipation. The ravages committed by the Pandaris in Central India in 1817–18 were followed by a desperate struggle, which severely tried the endurance of the British troops. Most of the chiefs fell in battle, or expiated their crimes in prison. As to the mass of the bandits, who were not to be distinguished from the general population, they were obliged from this time to earn their bread by peaceful trades. Repressive measures were so effectually carried out, that five years afterwards Sir J. Malcolm, a high Government official, was able to write that even the name of Pandari was forgotten in the very districts where formerly the mere mention of it was a cause of terror. The death of Chiton, one of the most formidable chiefs, who had commanded a 'durrah' of 8,000 horsemen, was attended with rather unusual circumstances. Tracked on all sides, he had disappeared for several days without leaving any traces, when his horse was discovered, saddled, and peacefully feeding in a meadow. The neighbouring jungles were immediately searched, and his lacerated body was found with the head untouched; a tiger had surprised him asleep, and had made an end of the terrible Pandari.

Oude, Sujah Dowlah, cast covetous glances on his neighbour's territory, and found an accomplice in Warren Hastings, then Governor-General, who, in return for an indemnity of half a million sterling, engaged to assist him with the British troops in the conquest of Rohilkund. When informed of these designs, the Rohillas proposed to purchase their independence, but Warren Hastings refused their offer, and Rohilkund became a prey to war and all its attendant horrors. More than a hundred thousand persons are said to have left the country in order to seek a refuge beyond the Ganges from the tyrant to whom they had been consigned by a shameful bargain, and the rich province which had tempted Sujah Dowlah's cupidity became the poorest in his dominions. But the Rohillas did not disappear from the face of India; and we may suppose, from the fervour with which they embraced the cause of the mutineers in the Central Provinces, that they had not forgotten the crime committed against them in the preceding century by the highest representative of the Company.

Before the mutiny, Rajpootana was divided into two distinct categories of native states—small independent states, as Alwar, Tonke, Bikanir, &c., and those far more numerous and powerful states which were bound to England by offensive and defensive alliances. Among the latter were Jeypore, Joudpore, Burtpore, Kotah, Oudeypore, Malwa. Every allied prince had at his court an English agent who, under pretext of diplomatic privileges, assumed an overwhelming share in the internal direction of the country. An agent of the Governor-General for Rajpootana, who resided the greater part of the year at Mount Abou (150 miles from Joudpore),[1] was the immediate head of all these missions, and in his hand was concentrated all their correspondence. The native princes, on their side, kept certain 'vakils' (representatives) in attendance on the English agent, who were

[1] The station of Mount Abou, situated on the highest peak of the Aravelli chain, 5,000 feet above the sea, is a great resort for Europeans in Central India during the heat of summer. For the Hindoos it is a favourite place of pilgrimage, and the temple of Mount Abou in point of architectural magnificence is only inferior to the Tarje of Agra.

charged with the defence of their political interests in all diplomatic matters. The system on which the relations between the Company and the States of Central Asia was regulated differed in no way from the ordinary one, and a plenipotentiary sent by the Governor-General had the direction of a staff of secondary agents, who resided at the courts of Holkar, Scindiah, and other princes. We will here mention that in Central India, as in Rajpootana, the English agents were selected from the *élite* of the Civil Service or the army, and usually justified the choice of the Indian Foreign Office by the influence they acquired over the native sovereign, and by their intimate acquaintance with the concerns of the country.

The disturbances which, in the month of May, 1857, began to agitate the North-West Provinces and Oude, found a prompt and terrible response in Central India. The system of confiscation, disguised under the name of annexation, on which the Company had embarked since Lord Dalhousie had been at the head of affairs (1849), caused all the more aversion and distrust among the natives, that in several instances it had infringed the right of adoption, one of the fundamental bases of the Brahmin religion. 'A son, whether legitimate or adopted, by performing funeral rites in honour of the dead, delivers his father from hell,' says the great Indian legislator. In certain districts, adoption by the chief widow is as valid as any that the deceased husband might have made. Amongst a polygamous people it is astonishing to find adoption playing so great a part in royal inheritances, and yet the history of India is there to attest that the harem does not always ensure direct descendants. There are but few of the princely families of India who do not owe their present position to the fictitious paternity of adoption.

Under the Mogul Emperors the principle of adoption, having finally passed into an established custom, merely entailed very heavy succession duties. This tolerant policy was continued by the Company, which, in its early days, was desirous of following the traditions of its predecessors as far

as was consonant with its own interests. But, in 1849, the contrary system came into vogue, notwithstanding the conscientious and disinterested opposition of certain high Anglo-Indian officials.[1] In default of direct and legitimate

[1] It is customary, in the Indian Council, for members to give their opinion in writing on important questions. The *résumé* of a minute, dated February 10, 1854, and drawn up by Colonel Low, on account of the annexation of the principality of Nagpore, will be read with interest:—

'If Great Britain shall retain her present powerful position among the states of Europe, it seems highly probable that owing to the infringement of treaties on the part of native princes and other causes, the whole of India will, in course of time, become one British province; but many eminent statesmen have been of opinion that we ought most carefully to avoid unnecessarily accelerating the arrival of that great change; and it is within my own knowledge that the following five great men were of that number, namely:—Lord Hastings, Sir Thomas Munro, Sir John Malcolm, the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, and Lord Metcalfe.

'When I went to Malwa, in 1850, where I met many old acquaintances, whom I had known when a very young man, and over whom I held no authority, I found these old acquaintances speak out much more distinctly as to their opinion on the Sattarah case, so much so that I was on several occasions obliged to check them. It is remarkable that every native who ever spoke to me respecting the annexation of Sattarah, asked precisely the same question, What crime did the late Rajah commit that his country should be seized by the Company? Thus clearly indicating their notions, that if any crime had been committed our act would have been justifiable, and not otherwise. That the annexation of the Punjab, for instance, had not been regarded as a wrong, because the chiefs and people had brought it on themselves, but that the extinction of a loyal native state, in default of heirs, was not appreciable in any part of India, and that the exercise of the alleged right of lapse would create a common feeling of uncertainty and distrust at every durbar in the country.

'Colonel Lowe, in his minute, dwelt upon the levelling effects of British dominion, and urged that, as in our own provinces, the upper classes were invariably trodden down, it was sound policy to maintain the native states, if only as a means of providing an outlet for the energies of men of good birth and aspiring natures, who could never rise under British rule. He contended that our system of administration might be far better than the native system, but that the people did not like it better; they clung to their old institutions, however defective, and were averse to change, even though a change for the better. "In one respect," he said, "the natives of India are exactly like the inhabitants of all parts of the known world; they like their own habits and customs better than those of foreigners."

'After that Lowe turned to the discussion of the particular case before him. He contended that the treaty between the British Government and the Sah Rajah did not limit the successor to heirs of his body, and that, therefore, there was a clear title to succession in the Bouslah family, by means of a son adopted by either the Rajah himself or by his eldest widow, in accordance with law and usage. The conduct, he said, of the last prince of Nagpore had

heirs, the Supreme Government annexed in 1849 the principality of Sattarah in Central Asia, founded by the great Sivaji: at the death of Ragofi Bouslah in 1853, the territory of Nagpore, and towards the same period, at the death of Gangadhar Rao, the dominion of Jansi, and of Sambahlpore, &c. The principality of Kerowli was more fortunate, and, thanks to the antiquity of its royal house, it escaped the general confiscation. The succession of the Rajah of Kerowli gave rise, however, to sharp discussions, and the rights of the adoptive son of the last prince to the paternal dominions were not recognised without considerable hesitation.

These systematic attacks against the most deeply-rooted religious prejudices of the native population excited perhaps greater indignation than if the European conquerors, putting forward no right but that of the strongest, had brutally dispossessed the deceased princes in their lifetime. Moreover, not all of the Maharajahs, Rajahs, and great vassals accepted the gilded but heavy chain imposed by the new suzerain, with the same resignation as Holkar and Scindiah. Some of them, with a pride which must be taken into consideration, refused to play the part of 'rois fainéants,' or of richly paid pensioners. Among the latter was the Ranee of Jansi, Lackschmi Baï, a clever and energetic woman, who took an active and prominent share in the events which followed. Such of the Rajpoot princes who had preserved their independence, feeling themselves threatened in their hereditary rights, were longing for the oppor-

not been such as to alienate this right; he had been loyal to the paramount state, and his country had not been misgoverned, there had been nothing to call for military interference on our part, and little to compel grave remonstrance and rebuke. For what crime, then, was his line to be cut off and the honours of his house extinguished for ever? To refuse the right of adoption in such a case would, he alleged, be entirely contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter of the treaty. But how was it to be conceded when it was not claimed; when it was certain that the Rajah had not exercised his right, and there had been no tidings of such a movement on the part of his widow? The answer to this was, that the Government had been somewhat in a hurry to extinguish the Raj without waiting for the appearance of claimants, and that if they desired to perpetuate it, it was easy to find a fitting successor.'—Sir John Kaye's *History of the Sepoy War*.

tunity to take up arms against their European conquerors, of whose power and resources they, in their presumptuous ignorance, could form no idea.

The lower classes shared to a great degree these hostile sentiments. The poorer Hindoos, bound to the Procrustean bed of caste—street-sweepers or masons, sons of masons or of street-sweepers, fathers of street-sweepers or masons, with no worldly goods but a hovel open to every wind, a few earthen pots, and some wretched garments—were incapable of comprehending the benefit which accrued to them from the intervention of Europeans in the affairs of the State. To these outcasts of humanity, what mattered order in the finances, a better administration of justice, the development of public works, roads, canals, railways, &c. The Indian, says an eminent Anglo-Indian official, with great truth, has this point in common with other men, that he prefers his old customs to foreign innovations. Resigned to their fate, without wants or hopes, the inferior castes, by a very natural feeling recalled the good old times when suttee and infanticide flourished in the land—even the Thugs, those curses of India, came in no doubt for a share in these naïve regrets. Do we not see the peasants in certain parts of Europe cast a halo of glory over the feats of the smugglers and robbers now suppressed by the strong arm of the law?

It is useless to dilate upon the state of anxiety which was common to all the small European colonies in Central India, as soon as the first outbreaks occurred at Mirut and Delhi. Even in the most important stations the white population never reached more than an insignificant number. The regiments belonging to the native contingents were formed on the irregular system, and contained at the most four or five English officers. A political agent, one or two secretaries, and a chaplain were the only civil authorities. No words can describe the horror of the position of these few English families lost in the middle of India, and separated by immense distances from European bayonets, among which alone they could find a secure refuge. Premonitory signs of the storm began to appear on the horizon. What

an amount of hatred lay under the insolent and sullen obedience with which the orders of a European master were received, whether addressed to the soldiers or delivered in the 'durbars!' The servants, formerly so submissive, performed their domestic duties with murmurs and complaints. It was not merely for the Europeans a question of the evils which war entails, when carried on between civilised nations, where the conqueror respects infancy and weakness; the massacres at Delhi and Cawnpore showed clearly enough that wherever the mutiny triumphed, the women and children were irrevocably doomed. Whether from indecision, want of cordial understanding among the rebels, or a providential delay in the development of the crisis, the rising at Mirut was not immediately followed in the stations of Central India.

Several weeks' agony was reserved to the European residents of Gwalior, Indore, Jansi, &c.; they were able to follow —and with what breathless interest!—the opening phases of the contest, the concentration of European troops at Kurnaul, the adhesion of Sikh Rajahs, the victory of Sir H. Barnard under the walls of Delhi. For a few moments even the news of the capture of Delhi, the capital of the insurrection, filled every heart with joy in the station of Gwalior. Short and bitter delusion! The tide of revolt was rising, ever higher and higher. To the general consternation the good news was contradicted by telegram on the morning of the following day.

That same evening, June 14, at nine o'clock the alarm-gun announced that the two infantry regiments of the contingent were in open revolt. It had long been impossible to doubt of the sinister intentions of these two corps, which, like the sepoys of the Bengal army, were recruited from the Brahmins and Rajpoots of Oude. Their officers, eleven in number, vainly attempted to recall the men to their duty; several were killed by the rebels, and the others obliged to fly. The European houses were then sacked and pillaged, but the atrocities committed were less than might have been expected.

Maharajah Scindiah, who occupied the throne of Gwalior under British protection, in a recent journey to Calcutta had had the opportunity of personally appreciating the strength of European civilisation. The diplomatic agent at Gwalior, Colonel Macpherson, was conversant with the languages and customs of Asia, and had acquired great influence over the prince. In short, whether from political tact or philosophic resignation, the Maharajah had, loyally and without reservation, accepted the position of a vassal of England. On the first symptoms of a rising, some of the women and children took refuge in Colonel Macpherson's apartments in the palace of Scindiah, and the prince showed both will and power to protect them. By a tacit infringement of the treaty he had in his pay several hundred of those faithful Mahrattas, who had been the glory and greatness of his ancestors. These soldiers served as escort to the Resident and to the European families who had clustered round him, and conducted them in safety within the walls of the fortress of Agra. A few ladies who lived in bungalows some distance from the palace, or who for other reasons had been unable to reach the Resident, escaped from the nocturnal researches of the assassins, owing to the devotedness of Mouza, the major-domo (Khansommah) of one of the officers, who deserves that 'history should record his name!' After great dangers and frightful hardships, these poor creatures, who were secretly protected by Scindiah, succeeded also in reaching Agra.[1]

The other regiments of the contingent soon followed the example of their companions in the capital, but in the midst of these disorders, Colonel Macpherson, even from Agra, still continued to exercise great influence over Scindiah's conduct. In obedience to the councils of his politic mentor, the Maharajah undertook by threats, by entreaties, and by timely gifts of money to direct the movements of the insurgent troops, so as most effectually to subserve the plans of the English. Thus it happened that the contingent did not

[1] See Documents, No. X., 'Account of the Escape from Gwalior of Mrs. Copeland and some other English ladies'

join the rebels under the walls of Delhi, and did not arrive at Cawnpore in time to hamper the first operations of Havelock. It was only after long hesitation that the Gwalior forces took up their position at Calpi, and marched from thence on Cawnpore. We have already related their successful attack on General Wyndham's corps, and their defeat by Sir C. Campbell, on his return from the first expedition to Lucknow in the beginning of December.

The occurrences at Gwalior were followed at an early date by the revolt of Holkar's contingent. On July 1, two regiments belonging to it attacked the Residency, which was occupied by Colonel Durand, the temporary agent at the Court of Indore. A European battery was quartered at the station of Mhow, some twelve miles off, but before any assistance could arrive, the victory of the sepoys was complete, and had been stained by the murder of thirty-four officers, women, and children, and by the pillage and destruction of the European dwellings. Notwithstanding the defection of his troops, the Maharajah remained faithful to his word. His intervention secured the escape of Colonel Durand and his family. Moreover, with a courage worthy of his race, Holkar did not shrink from resisting the insurrection. Being asked, in an interview with the leaders of the revolt, to place himself at their head, and fight under the walls of Delhi for the religion of his fathers, Holkar nobly answered that his faith and the faith of his ancestors had nothing in common with that of murderers who had shed the blood of women and children. On the evening of July 1, a mutiny broke out in the native regiments stationed at Mhow. The colonel and adjutant of the 23rd B.A. were slain by their soldiers, but the other officers with their families took refuge in the fort, where, protected by the European battery, and by incomplete fortifications, they awaited in relative security the arrival of a relieving force.

The success of the mutiny in the minor stations was not less great than in the capitals of Scindiah and Holkar. At Jansi, the victory of the sepoys was accompanied by a horrible slaughter, which, in the number of victims, was

only surpassed by the massacre at Cawnpore. The local authorities and some English families, among whom there was an exceptional number of children, sought shelter in a fort, which was in no condition to resist, and where they were immediately besieged. Provisions soon gave out, and Major Skeene, the district superintendent, had the weakness to listen to the proposals of the emissaries sent by the dethroned Ranee, who had placed herself at the head of the revolt. As at Cawnpore, a convention was signed which guaranteed the life of the Europeans, but the Ranee, not less than the Nana, was thirsting for the blood of the foreign conquerors. The capitulation had the same results as at Cawnpore; the prisoners were all massacred with unheard-of refinements of torture in the early part of June.

On May 28, the Nacirabad brigade, composed of a native battery of artillery, and of the 15th and 31st B.A., mutinied, and marched towards Delhi, after sacking the station. The 1st Lancers, B.A., who were quartered at Nacirabad, protected the escape of the officers, without, however, acting vigorously against the rebels, and the victims were few in number. The results of this skirmish were in all respects less serious than might have been feared. The important fortress of Ajmir, containing the public treasure, and a well-stored arsenal, escaped from the hands of the insurgents by the opportune substitution of a local battalion in the place of the companies of the 15th, which had hitherto been garrisoning it. On June 3, at Nimach, a native battery of artillery, the 72nd B.A., and the 7th of the Gwalior contingent, followed the example of the other disaffected regiments. The Joudpore contingent, having driven away its European staff, attempted to surprise the station of Mount Abou, where numerous European families had taken refuge. But the attempt failed ignominiously, thanks to the resolute attitude of the inmates of the military hospitals, some thirty British soldiers. The mutiny of the 52nd at Jabbalpore was followed by a curious correspondence. After deserting in a mass, the regiment addressed a collective letter to their colonel, in which the titles of Lord of Mercy, Pearl of the Age, &c.,

were lavishly bestowed, and ended by saying that they had deserted only because the havildar major had announced the speedy arrival of a regiment belonging to the Madras army, with orders to disarm, and then to massacre them. This document discussed at length the question of money, demanding pay up to the day of their sudden departure, and proposing that the goods left in the cantonments should be sold in order to defray the price of the muskets carried off by the sepoys. We shall go no further in this list of the regiments that proved false to their colours; let it suffice to state that with the exception of the fortress of Ajmir, Mhow, and Saugor, where some officers had taken refuge with their families, by the end of July not a trace of English rule remained in the vast districts comprised between the Nerbudda and the North-West Provinces. At this point disasters were to end, thanks to the loyalty of the Madras and Bombay armies, and to that of the Nizam of Hyderabad.

The spirit of mutiny had not penetrated thoroughly into the army of Madras. A regiment of regular cavalry alone gave signs of disaffection, and was disbanded without exciting any emotion among its brothers in arms. The Bombay army, which drew its recruits from the same classes of the population as the Bengal army, offered a far more favourable field to the spirit of revolt. Being much nearer to the scene of action, by the very fact of its position it was more exposed to the intrigues of conspirators. But, in its ranks, discipline was never relaxed, and the concessions to prejudices of caste and religion never attained the extravagant proportions they had assumed in the sister Presidency. During the first weeks, however, of the insurrection, there was reason to fear an explosion which would have led to most disastrous consequences. By the end of July, severe examples, and more especially the arrival at Bombay of regiments returning from the Persian expedition, put an end to this state of things, and crushed out any thought of revolt. But whatever the loyalty of the mercenaries belonging to the Madras and Bombay armies, the spread of sedition could only be checked if the Nizam of Hyderabad, whose dominions separate

Central India from the Madras Presidency, remained faithful to the treaties he had signed.

The kingdom of the Nizam, situated between 15° and 21° of north latitude and 75° and 81° of longitude, comprises the best part of the Deccan, and numbers amongst its provinces the romantic kingdom of Golconda, the diamond mines of which, after supplying for centuries the theme of Oriental poetry, are scarcely worked at the present day. The country is composed of tableland, averaging 1,800 feet above the sea-level, and enjoys a salubrious and temperate climate, such as is rarely met with in India; the soil, which is extremely fertile, yields as much as two crops of rice a year. The capital, Hyderabad, contains with the suburbs about 250,000 souls, and outside the walls rise the vast buildings of the English Residency. It is said that when, in 1795, there was a question of beginning the edifice, Major Kirkpatrick, the then Resident, ordered the plans of the ground necessary for the construction to be drawn up on an immense scale, and presented them in full 'durbar' to the Nizam, who, on inspection, absolutely refused the desired grant, the English agent was retiring, very far from satisfied, from the interview, when the Prime Minister said smilingly to him, that on seeing such immense sheets of paper, which far surpassed in size the most complete native maps of the kingdom, the Prince had been alarmed, thinking that the largest part of his dominions was demanded of him, and that plans on a smaller scale were certain to meet with a more favourable reception. This advice was followed, and no more trouble was experienced.

The family, which still occupies the throne of Hyderabad, goes back to very remote antiquity. Without attempting to pierce the darkness of Indian genealogies, we may stop at Killick Khan, better known as Azaf Jah, one of Aureng-Zeb's most illustrious generals, who was wounded in the shoulder at the siege of Golconda, and died in consequence. A native historian relates the fact in the following simple and touching words:—'In the year 1686, during the siege of Golconda, Killick Khan was struck by a shot from a zambarouk

(rampart-gun), which shattered his arm. The energy of the wounded man was so great that he returned to his tent on horseback. The Grand Vizier was at once sent to him by the Emperor, and arrived just as the surgeons were at work, but was nevertheless allowed to see the patient. Killick Khan conversed calmly with the royal messenger, praising the skill of the operation, and pouring out coffee with the hand that still remained to him. Nothing was spared to save this precious life, but fate had ordered it otherwise. After three days' agony, the brave soldier drank the sherbet of death, brought by the messenger of the All-Powerful.

Ghazi Uddin the First continued the glorious traditions of his father, and Aureng-Zeb, in order to perpetuate the remembrance of Ghazi's noble conduct at the siege of Bijapore, wrote with his own hand among the imperial records: 'The fortress of Bijapore has been taken, thanks to the bravery of our dear and loyal son, Ghazi Uddin.' The greatness of the family, however, only reached its full height under his son Mir Kammar Uddin, who, in 1713, received from the Emperor Feroz Shah the title of Nizam Ulmuck (leader of the State) and the vice-royalty of the Deccan, and the Fouzdari of the Carnatic.

The empire of Aureng-Zeb was now falling to pieces on all sides, and during the forty years that followed his death, his debauched and imbecile successors vied apparently with one another in incapacity and weakness. A Persian conqueror crossed India and forced the gates of Delhi, whilst the invasions of the Afghans completed the work of devastation. The warlike tribes of Rajpootana shook off the Mohammedan yoke. Mahratta adventurers carved out principalities for themselves in the heart of the empire. The viceroys and high dignitaries merely retained a nominal connection with the Court of Delhi; from time to time they placed offerings at the foot of the throne or sent to solicit honorary titles, but they ceased to be functionaries revocable at the pleasure of the great Mogul. Finally, the rivalry between France and England broke out even in these remote parts of Asia. The future heir of the King of kings now appeared on the

scene, and intervened actively in the quarrels of the native princes.

The greatness of Nizam Ulmuck arose triumphant out of this period of confusion, and he died on the throne of the Deccan in 1748. Almost immediately European influence made itself felt for the first time at the Court of the Nizam, in the person of the Marquis de Bussy, the cleverest lieutenant of the great Dupleix.[1] This brilliant representative of the France of the eighteenth century acquired such an influence over the sovereign of the Deccan and his ministers, that in 1753 he obtained the cession of the four northern 'sirkars.'[2] The revenues of these provinces were to pay for the maintenance of French battalions or others commanded by French officers under Bussy's orders. This was the first offensive and defensive alliance with any European Power, the first step on the road which was to lead England to the conquest of the finest portion of India. Orders from his superior, M. de Lally, forced Bussy to leave Hyderabad in 1758, but the Nizam only let his friend go after a scene of heartrending farewell. His departure struck a terrible blow at French influence in India, and it may be said with every appearance of reason that had De Bussy remained at Hyderabad and been able to develop the system which he had initiated, the success of England would neither have been so prompt nor so decisive. All his compatriots did not follow him, however, and till the end of the century the Nizam kept in his pay French soldiers, whose number continually varied, and who were for a long time commanded by a soldier of fortune, a certain M. Raymond.

One can understand that the chief object of English diplomacy at Hyderabad should have been to get rid of these dangerous auxiliaries. Its efforts were finally successful,

[1] 'As to M. de Bussy, if I had another like him, I can promise you that matters in this part of India would have been settled more than two years ago.'—*Dupleix to M. de Machault*, Oct. 16, 1753.

[2] The four northern 'sirkars,' formed by the provinces of Mustaphanaggar, Ellore, Rajahmandri, and Chicacoli, secured to the French supremacy over the whole length of the coast of Coromandel, from Medapilly to the pagoda of Juggernaut, a distance of more than 600 miles.

and by a treaty signed on July 8, 1798, the Nizam engaged to dismiss and place in the hands of the English all the French officers and soldiers who were still in his service. To be just, we must add that this treaty was executed without unnecessary severity, and that our countrymen had no reason to complain of the behaviour of the winners in this diplomatic game. French influence was thus for ever ruined.

In touching a period of our history, which cannot be thought of without regret, if not without remorse, we still have the consolation of remembering that it was one of our countrymen who devised the secret of the conquest of India. 'The man who first saw that it was possible to found a European Empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy was Dupleix. His restless, capacious, and inventive mind had formed this scheme at a time when the ablest servants of the English Company were busied only about invoices and bills of lading. Nor had he only proposed to himself the end. He had also a just and distinct view of the means by which it was to be attained. He clearly saw that the greatest force which the princes of India could bring into the field would be no match for a small body of men trained in discipline and guided by the tactics of the weak. He saw also that the natives of India might, under European commanders, be formed into armies, such as Saxe or Frederic would be proud to command. He was perfectly aware that the most easy and convenient way in which a European adventurer could exercise sovereignty in India was to govern the motions and to speak through the mouth of some glittering puppet dignified by the title of Nabob or Nizam. The arts, both of war and policy, which a few years later were employed with such signal success by the English, were first understood and practised by this ingenious and aspiring Frenchman.' [1]

When the English entered upon the inheritance of Bussy and Raymond at the Court of the Nizam, they did not accept all the military institutions in existence there. Among the

[1] Babington Macaulay, *Critical and Historical Essays*, vol. iv.

regiments, formed on the European model, were two battalions composed of and commanded by women, to which French politeness had given the name of 'Zaffar palthans' (victorious battalions). These amazons on foot or 'gardennis' (doubtless a corruption of gardes) were specially employed in escorting the ladies of the harem and guarding the interior of the palace. 'It is not a rare thing,' says a traveller, 'to meet with sentinels in the corridors, a gun in one arm and a baby in the other, or to find them cowering in a corner occupied with still more maternal cares.'

In 1857 the last traces of India of old days had long disappeared, and the contingent which formed the chief basis of the Nizam's military forces was composed of four cavalry regiments of 600 sabres each, of eight infantry regiments of 800 men, and of four batteries of artillery. This contingent, which was always on a war footing, and ready to take the field, was remarkable for its cavalry, which was mounted on Deccan horses, the best race in India. The Anglo-Indian staff attached to the service of the Nizam comprised eighty-four officers and thirty non-commissioned officers, or quarter-masters. We have already often pointed out that service in the contingents, which conferred higher position and pay, was much sought after by Anglo-Indian officers. Let us add, to complete these details, that though the budget of the kingdom amounted to 2,500,000*l.* sterling, there was invariably a deficit in the annual accounts, and that twice during the thirty preceding years the English Government had been obliged to use vigorous measures in order to re-establish order in the Nizam's finances. The Nizam was nevertheless possessor of considerable treasures, and the finest jewels in India had little by little found their way into his coffers; amongst the most valuable one heard of, an uncut diamond of 375 carats, and supposed to be worth 7,000,000 fr. Certain customs, peculiar to the country, tended to increase the Nizam's fortune beyond all limits. He was by law the heir to all his subjects, and at the death of any rich man the fiscal agents at once took possession of his goods. It was only by a special favour that the natural heirs inherited.

At the beginning of the mutiny a new reign had just commenced at Hyderabad, where Azafuddanlah had only ascended the throne a few months previously on the death of his father, Nacir Uddanlah (March 1857). Like all Oriental princes, the new sovereign had hitherto lived remote from affairs in the reclusion of the harem. He could, however, scarcely be ignorant of the harshness with which Lord Dalhousie, a few years before (1852), had exacted the cession of three important provinces in payment of his father's debts. He was, moreover, known as a man full of religious fervour, and much inclined to surround himself with fakirs, astrologers and sorcerers, those invariable hangers-on of an Eastern Court.

England was destined nevertheless to meet with faithful allies at Hyderabad. In the first place there was an old man eighty years old, Schanisch ul Oumra, the maternal great uncle of the young Nizam, and the head of the religious party, over which he had great influence. This Moslem Nestor, in the course of a long life, had formed a just estimate of European might. Sincere faith, absolutely devoid of fanaticism, allowed free place in his heart to the instincts of humanity, and he had been horror-struck at the cruelties which, from the outset, had disgraced the cause of the sepoys. Against the entreaties and advice of his family, the old man invariably in the durbar took the side of peace and conciliation, of which the State minister, Salar Jung, was also an active and devoted partisan. Bound by his education and sympathies to European interests, the latter remained always faithful to them, and not even the daily threats of assassination to which he was exposed succeeded in intimidating him.

The condition of things at Hyderabad was very precarious, notwithstanding the goodwill of the Prince and of the Prime Minister. The lower classes, little better than ignorant savages, were governed by fanatical 'moulvis,' always ready to preach the holy war. The contingent, the oldest force of its kind, was organised and recruited like those of Holkar and Gwalior, which had so promptly embraced the cause of the insurrection. Besides his contingent, the

Nizam kept in his pay bands of mercenaries, Afghans, Rohillas, Arabs, on whose fidelity it was not safe to rely. To so many elements of danger, the English authorities could only oppose some few troops, stationed in the cantonments of Secunderabad (five miles distant). The Presidency of Madras, the only one from which any assistance could be expected, having sent all the troops it could dispose of to Bengal, the expectation of speedy reinforcements could only prove a vain delusion.

The news of the capture of Delhi by the insurgents arrived at Hyderabad after many delays, and at once occasioned great excitement in the population. On the very next day, proclamations more violent than usual were posted on the mosques, inciting the people to revolt, and launching insults at the Prince and the Minister who persisted in upholding the cause of the impure Christian conquerors. These exhortations soon produced an armed attack against the Resident's house. On July 17, bands of fanatics, led by a professional bandit named Toura Baz Khan, marched on the residency, but the skilful disposition taken by the military authorities, and the loyalty of one battery of the contingent, which unhesitatingly fired on the rioters, promptly put down the outbreak. The hopes inspired by this first success were fully justified. The mercenary troops, satisfied with their regular pay, and feeling that there was nothing to be gained by a change, resolutely backed up the Government. Salar Jung's skill and the Nizam's passive fidelity staved off any serious crisis till the day when the fall of the temporary throne raised at Delhi re-established European prestige.

The contingent, however, had not been entirely proof, as a whole, against the appeals to mutiny. On July 13 the 1st irregular cavalry regiment of this force, in garrison at Aurangabad, refused to march. The prudence of the officers succeeded in averting danger until the arrival from Bombay of a small body of troops under Major-General Woodburn. The Governor of Bombay, Lord Elphinstone,[1] had perceived

[1] In his youth, Lord Elphinstone, then a handsome, dashing captain in the Life Guards, had been looked upon with favour by Queen Victoria. To prevent

from the beginning the importance of the occurrences at Mirut and Delhi, and had undertaken the work of repression with rare activity and great energy. The speedy return to India of the troops employed in the Persian expedition was partially due to his initiative. Moreover, though plots discovered at Poonah and Ahmedabad had revealed serious ramifications of the mutiny in the very midst of the Bombay army, Lord Elphinstone, like the illustrious dictator of the Punjab, did not hesitate to sacrifice his personal safety to the common welfare, and all the troops that disembarked at Bombay were at once sent on to Central India. This abnegation was rewarded by the timely arrival at Aurangabad of forces necessary to put down all attempts at mutiny.

General Woodburn's column, composed of one European battery and two squadrons of the 14th Dragoons, was strong enough to meet the emergency without striking a blow, but things did not turn out as well as was expected. The operation of disarmament was not performed with sufficient energy, and failed, the disaffected taking to flight before it was resolved to use artillery against them. A few days afterwards, General Woodburn resigned his command for reasons of health, and was replaced by Brigadier Stuart, B.A. Every moment was precious. Above all it was necessary to relieve the garrison at Mhow, before the rains should have swollen the rivers and made the roads impassable. Chance favoured Stuart, and though the season was far advanced, his troops were able to accomplish their long march without delay or great fatigue. By August 2 the relief of Mhow had been effected.

The rains began to fall early in the month of August, and necessitated the suspension of military operations. This

a girlish caprice from hampering negotiations for the marriage of the sovereign, the ministers sent the Scotch nobleman into honourable exile by appointing him Governor of Madras. His talents and affability won immense popularity for him, and on his losing a large portion of his fortune by speculating, the Court of Directors, in recognition of his services, gave him the governorship of Bombay, which he was still holding in 1857, and in which he gave proof of eminent faculties. On his return home, Lord Elphinstone, worn out by the climate and overfatigued, died a few hours after being honoured by a private audience with the Queen.

enforced rest was employed in preparing the way for the success of the next campaign in Central India. Mhow afforded an excellent basis for future operations, and it was of the highest importance to secure it from the attacks of the enemy. The defences of the old fort were considerably increased, and communications with the coast were secured by re-establishing the telegraphic and postal services. Finally, every effort was made to bring together the camp-followers and the means of transport, which in India are requisite for an army in the field. The end of the rainy season, that is to say, the first days of October, found Stuart's little army ready to march, but, though reinforced by the 86th R.A., and a strong column of the Hyderabad contingent, it was still not strong enough to take the bull by the horns, and penetrate into the centre of the revolted districts. Besides which, the enemy dispersed in every direction, and bands of Rohillas traversed the province of Malwa, exercising their depredations almost within sight of the outposts at Mhow.

The province of Malwa is formed by the possessions of the Princes and Rajahs who were formerly allied to the Company, or, more properly speaking, were its vassals. It contains many large towns, noticeable by the number, the wealth, and the industry of their inhabitants: Dhar, Noli, Mandasore, Mahidpore, Oujein, Sita, Mhow, Indore. The products of the soil are numerous and varied, including amongst other things the 'papaver somniferum,' from which opium is made. The culture of this plant requires immense care and constant irrigation. The fields sown with it are generally found in the neighbourhood of villages; and, however extensive, are divided into small portions separated by high ridges, which need water day and night. The Malwa opium is very highly valued by Chinese consumers, and though the monopoly of the trade is in the hands of the English Government, the culture of the poppy is a source of considerable wealth to the country. When the new crop is despatched to the Bombay market, even the princes of European finance would be astonished by the enormous scale on

which transactions are carried on by the bankers and Parsees of Mhow and Indore. Owing to the ignorance and rapacity of the small native governments, English influence, which is still a new thing in these districts, has as yet been able to do but little towards facilitating communication. The rivers, all equally devoid of bridges, are impassable in the rainy season, and the roads, which exist in a state of nature and are cut up by sloughs, offer serious obstacles to the development of the natural resources of the country.

In the month of October, 1857, anarchy, as we have said, reigned supreme in Malwa, which was overrun in every direction by armed bands. It was a matter of urgency to repress this brigandage, and the campaign opened by the siege of Dhar, an old fortress belonging to the Rajah of the same name, which had been taken possession of by a body of Rohillas amounting to several thousand men. After a week's siege, on November 1 the breach was pronounced practicable, and the English entered the place, which the enemy had evacuated in the night, without meeting with the slightest resistance. Stuart's cavalry was sent in pursuit of the fugitives, but only succeeded in bringing back a dozen prisoners, the nature of the ground having favoured the escape of the rest. A few days later the Rohillas of Dhar were reinforced by their junction with the mutineers of the Mahidpore contingent, and the whole body was overtaken and defeated in several bloody encounters, which took place in the village of Rawal and before the town of Mandasore. Bad news from Neemuch prevented this success from being followed up.

Stuart was warned, on November 23, that the Europeans who had recovered possession of Neemuch after the departure of the sepoys were threatened by armed bands, numbering ten or twelve thousand men, under the orders of a chief called Hira Singh. The provisions and ammunition of the garrison were drawing to an end, and resistance could not long be maintained. Stuart at once started for Neemuch. Scarcely had he begun to march, than a considerable force of infantry and cavalry was seen in the distance. Hira Singh's army had come out to meet the English column.

The engagement, which began immediately and ended by the rout of the Indians, was one of the hardest fought in the campaign, and cost the English a hundred in killed and wounded. Two or three hundred Rohillas, who had taken refuge in a neighbouring village, renewed the struggle on the following day, refused to surrender, and perished heroically to the last man in the flames. This victory secured the safety of the Neemuch garrison, and the expedition once more took the road to Indore, where the news of their success had already preceded them. It enabled the Maharajah to disarm his contingent, which had been in a state of insubordination, bordering upon open revolt, since the month of July. The tranquillity of the capital was secured by this means; the English marched in on December 15 without striking a blow, and were received by Holkar as friends and almost as deliverers.

On this expedition the English had been confronted by the soldiers of the India of former days: bands of partisans, Rohillas, Mekranis, Klayatis, which, badly disciplined, armed with matchlocks and blunderbusses, could offer no serious resistance to Enfield rifles and Anglo-Indian artillery. The Rohillas and their allies displayed nevertheless in the highest degree the qualities peculiar to warlike and fanatical races, for whom death has no terror. In action the chiefs would challenge the officers among their adversaries to single combat; fanatics would issue from the Indian ranks, discharge their arms, and come dancing and gesticulating to seek death at the point of the English bayonet. Without pity for themselves, the Rohillas respected neither dead nor wounded. The bodies of soldiers and officers were constantly found on the battle-field literally hacked to pieces, and the heads figured as trophies in the enemy's camps. Terrible reprisals were inflicted, and constant executions of their prisoners marked the advance of the troops.

The Malwa expedition was not followed by a long rest for the troops. A new and brilliant campaign in Central India, destined to give the death-blow to the insurrection, opened in the early part of the new year under the auspices of Sir H. Rose, a general recently sent out from England.

CHAPTER IX.

SECOND CAMPAIGN OF SIR C. CAMPBELL IN OUDE—CAMPAIGN OF ROHILKUND.

The mutiny at the end of 1857—Capture of Fattigarh—The Governor-General decides on a second and immediate expedition against Oude—Sir J. Outram at the Alumbagh—Military forces of Sir C. Campbell—Nepaul and Jang Bahadour—First day's march—Preparations for defence—Sir J. Outram on the left bank of the Goumti, from the 6th to the 9th of March—Occupation of La Martinière and the first line of defence—Death of Sir W. Peel—Operations of March 10 on both banks—Interview of Sir C. Campbell with the Maharajah Jang Bahadour on March 11—Capture of the Begum Kothie—Death of Major Hodson—Capture of the little Tinambarah and of the Kaiser Bagh—Last days of the siege—Police regulations—Lord Canning's proclamation—Noble conduct of Sir J. Outram—Lord Ellenborough and Lord Canning's proclamation—Revulsion in public opinion in England—Sir J. Outram—Change in the nature of the struggle—Insurrection in Rohilkund—Koër Singh—The English are defeated at Indgespore—Expedition against Rohilkund—Death of Brigadier Adrian Hope—Night marches—Capture of Schahjahanpore—Death of General Penny—Attack of the Ghazis—Panic in the English rear-guard—The Moulvi's attack on Schahjahanpore—Sir C. Campbell retires on the Ganges.

We left Sir C. Campbell at Cawnpore, after the defeat of the Gwalior contingent, waiting for the return of the waggons which had conveyed the women and children of the Lucknow garrison to Allahabad. Fortune had favoured the first efforts of the new Commander-in-Chief; the capture of Delhi, and the uninterrupted success of Sir J. Lawrence in the Punjab, had considerably dispelled the clouds hanging over the political horizon. England's victory was no longer doubtful, but there was still much to be done before the authority of the Company could be re-established in the whole extent of India. At the end of the year which had witnessed the outbreak of the mutiny, the seat of war lay in

three different localities. On the right bank of the Ganges, among the semi-independent states of Central India, a few native princes had remained loyal, but the insurrection had penetrated into the country, and the work of repression had scarcely begun. On the left bank of the Ganges was the kingdom of Oude, with a warlike population of ten millions of inhabitants, covered with impenetrable jungles and bristling with 400 fortresses. Finally, there was the province of Doab, between the Jumna and the Ganges, and that of Rohilkund, between the Himalaya and the Upper Ganges.

In the Doab, the revolt was headed by the Nabab of Farrackabad, who, with the help of a strong garrison of sepoys, held the town from which he derived his name, and the neighbouring fort of Fattigarh. Farrackabad and Fattigarh, which are not far from Agra, half-way between Allahabad and Delhi, not only command all the communications through the Doab, but two roads, one to Bareilly, the other to Lucknow, start from a bridge of boats under the very guns of the fortress. After Allahabad, the most important position for securing communications between Bengal and Central India was Fattigarh. Although after the capture of Delhi, a column under Colonel Greathed had moved along the great trunk road from Delhi to Cawnpore, the enemy had immediately reappeared in his rear, and this march had produced no more effect on the population than a ship ploughing through the waves does on the sea.

In Rohilkund, a fertile and level country, inhabited by a warlike race of Rohillas full of traditional hatred towards the English, all trace of European supremacy had vanished since the month of July. A native chieftain, Bahadour Khán, had established at Bareilly a government which was accepted everywhere in the province. As long as the districts bordering on the Upper Doab were in the power of the insurgents, communications between Bengal and the North-West Provinces could not be said to be re-established. As to the Gwalior contingent, which had taken refuge at Calpi

after its defeat before Cawnpore, it had met with such losses in men and artillery that for the moment it had ceased to be formidable. Besides which, at the first hostile demonstration, it would certainly have retreated into the interior, where pursuit was impossible. A strong garrison at Cawnpore was sufficient to prevent any offensive movement on its part, and to secure permanently communications between Cawnpore and Allahabad.

The convoy entrusted with the care of the women and children of the Lucknow garrison returned to Cawnpore on December 23. The next day three columns, under Colonel Seaton, Brigadier Walpole, and Sir C. Campbell, took the field in order, by a concentric march on Fattigarh, to drive back the numerous bands belonging to the Doab. On January 2, the expedition commanded by Sir C. Campbell, which had, the previous evening, crossed the iron bridge over the Kalli Naddi (black river), found itself suddenly in presence of the forces of the Nabab of Farrackabad, composed of four regiments of the Bengal army, of a numerous body of cavalry, and of eight guns. Driven from a village where they were strongly entrenched by a furious charge made by the 52nd (R.A.), the sepoys at first retreated in good order, but on being attacked by the British cavalry under Sir Hope Grant, they fled ignominiously, abandoning their guns, and reached their camp, situated under the batteries of the fort of Fattigarh, in a state of the greatest confusion.

The panic did not end there. Chiefs and soldiers hastily assembling all their most precious valuables, crossed the bridge over the Ganges to take shelter in Rohilkund or Oude. On January 3, Sir C. Campbell took possession both of the town of Farrackabad and of the fort of Fattigarh, without meeting with any resistance. The flight of the sepoys had been so sudden, that the factory established by the Company for the manufacture of artillery trains, together with immense stores of wood, were found untouched in the fort. The decisive blow had been struck earlier than had been intended, and the detachments under Seaton and Walpole, which were to have co-operated in the taking of

Fattigarh, only arrived at head-quarters on January 5, after the victory had been won.

The forces assembled at Fattigarh under the orders of the General-in-Chief amounted to 10,000 men, of whom 1,800 were cavalry, and this allowed of the immediate invasion of Rohilkund and the reduction of Bareilly. Thus, the end of the fine season was still available for the re-establishment of the Company's authority in its ancient provinces, whilst in another direction the Madras and Bombay armies might be employed to wrest Central India from the hands of the insurgents. There was every reason to hope that before the great heats came on, the insurrection would be put down everywhere but in Oude, against which it would be time to act in the autumn.

This plan, which would have spared the army the losses and fatigues of a summer campaign, was made to yield to political considerations. From Allahabad, where he had transferred the seat of government, Lord Canning insisted that his authority should be re-established at Lucknow without delay. Politicians declared that the fall of the capital of Oude, by causing discouragement in the ranks of the rebels, would be promptly followed by the submission of the whole kingdom, and of the still rebellious districts in the North-West Provinces. No thought was given to the possibility that the bands driven out of Lucknow might very well organise a guerilla warfare on both banks of the Ganges, a warfare especially formidable in India, where even in regular operations the immense distances to be covered present almost insurmountable difficulties. Sir Colin Campbell's army, though sufficient to enable him to undertake with success an expedition against Rohilkund and Bareilly, was not strong enough to warrant an immediate attempt at reducing Oude, and considerable delay must necessarily occur before the reinforcements sent from Calcutta and a train of artillery from Agra could arrive at head-quarters. Adopting, though perhaps unwillingly, the plans of the Governor-General, Sir C. Campbell took up his position at Fattigarh, from which point he could at one and

the same time direct the concentration of troops on Cawnpore, maintain order in the re-conquered territories, and hold in check the rebels of Rohilkund and Oude.

For one whole month the General-in-Chief, whilst in his quarters at Fattigarh, was exposed to the unanimous attacks of the Anglo-Indian press, which applied the name of 'Cunctator' to him. The new Fabius was not, however, completely inactive, but concealed the secret of his future operations under preparatives which seemingly pointed to the immediate invasion of Rohilkund. An expedition advanced to the banks of the Ramganga river, and, under the eyes of Sir Colin, began to rebuild the iron bridge which had been destroyed. A body of rebels stationed in a neighbouring village was dislodged after an obstinate resistance. At the end of January information of the departure from Agra of the long-expected siege-train under strong escort was received at head-quarters. Sir Colin Campbell, being now certain of its arrival, lifted the mask, and, leaving Fattigarh on February 1, arrived after a four days' march at Cawnpore.

The news from Oude, though couched in pompous and emphatic language, full of the high-flown metaphors characteristic of the inhabitants of India, announced the firm resolution in high and low to defend their independence vigorously. It is very difficult to get any clear idea of the events which were passing in the capital. No Court journal of Lucknow is there, as at Delhi, to reveal the secret of the humiliation and sufferings of the Begum Hazrat Mahal and of the King Borjis Kadr. It is probable that sharp political and religious disputes often broke out in the councils of the native government. Stationed on the advanced post of the Alumbagh, the last spot of Oude territory remaining to the English, General Outram had several times in his possession proofs of the difficulties which overwhelmed the highest Court dignitaries. A communication from the Begum's Prime Minister, Scherif Uddanlah, described the situation somewhat in the following terms:—'It is impossible to recount the violence and brutalities practised on the in-

habitants of Lucknow by the durbar and the soldiery. Ruined and terrified, all would wish for the restoration of English rule, if they were not convinced that the European soldiers would massacre the women and children without mercy. Having lost all hope, they say to themselves: "Let us die like men!" Formerly the Company was a lover of justice, and under its sway its subjects enjoyed order and peace: now it is only animated by a spirit of vengeance, and the only thing left for us is to perish to the last man.'

Sir J. Outram met these exaggerated fears by replying, with much truth, that in his proclamation of September 20 he had promised a free pardon to all who, having been compelled to join the insurgents, should lay down their arms. Many months had elapsed before Scherif Uddanlah had chosen to appeal to his mercy: nevertheless, his life and that of his family would be spared if they presented themselves in the English camp. Outram even went further in his generosity. Hearing that two English ladies were still detained captives at Lucknow, he offered to exchange the numerous native prisoners at the Alumbagh for them. But, however great his willingness and his fears, Scherif Uddanlah was no more able to restore the two ladies than to come to the English camp himself.

These peace negotiations went on in the midst of constant fighting, and Outram, by the way in which he resisted for four months the attacks of an army, more than 120,000 men, against the Alumbagh, added another admirable page to the already illustrious record of his military exploits.[1] The

[1] Strength of the enemy on January 26, 1858, as ascertained by Captain Alexander Orr, of the Intelligence Department:—

Thirty-seven regiments of sepoys, including Oude force	27,550
Fourteen regiments of new levies	5,400
One hundred and six regiments of Najeebs	55,150
Twenty-six regiments of regular and irregular cavalry	7,100
Camel corps	300
Total	95,500

ARTILLERY.

Guns of all sorts and calibres, not including wall pieces, and the guns brought from Futtehpore, 131. Number of artillerymen unknown. The above is ex-

British not only occupied the gardens and the mosque of the Alumbagh, but, from the nature of the case, were obliged to hold an immense extent of ground, and the circumference of the entrenched camp might be reckoned at eleven miles.[1] The garrison, some 4,000 men,[2] had not only to defend ill-

clusive of the armed followers of the talookdars and zemindars still at Lucknow on January 26, amounting, at the lowest calculation, to 20,000 men, exclusive of the armed budmashes of the city and exclusive also of four or five regiments that fled to Lucknow from Fattigarh with from three to five guns, amounting certainly to not less than 3,000. The total aggregate of hostile forces at Lucknow, on January 26, was not less than 120,000 men of all arms. Since that date, several of the Zemindaree troops have left; but their place has been much more than supplied by the regiments ordered in from the district.—Sir J. Outram's *Campaigns in India*, 1857–58.

[1] Length of lines from picket to picket, enclosing the position defended by 1st Division:—

	Yards.
Jellalabad to Alumbagh	4,400
Alumbagh to left front village	2,600
Left front to left rear village	3,900
Left rear village to rear picket	2,400
Rear picket to Jellalabad	5,500
Total yards	18,800

Or a total of 10 miles and 1,200 yards.

[2] Strength of the division commanded by Sir James Outram at the Alumbagh:—

Corps.	Details. Europeans.	Natives.
Artillery	332	108
CAVALRY.		
Military train	221	—
Volunteer cavalry	67	—
Irregular cavalry	3	40
Oude irregular cavalry	1	37
INFANTRY.		
5th Fusiliers	526	—
84th Foot	431	—
75th Foot	355	—
78th Highlanders	439	—
90th Light Infantry	591	—
1st Madras Fusiliers	411	—
Ferozepore regiment	5	295
Madras Sappers	4	110
27th Madras Native Infantry	9	457
Total	3,395	1,047
Grand total, Europeans and Natives	4,442	

—Sir J. Outram's *Campaigns in India*, 1857–58.

defined positions against adversaries thirty times as numerous, who at any moment might attack any of the extreme points, but was obliged to move out of the fortifications whenever the enemy threatened the communications with Cawnpore. Attacks became more determined and more frequent during the latter part of February. The provisions that were accumulating in Outram's camp revealed to the inhabitants of Lucknow the nature of the danger threatening them, and, with the fury of despair, they attempted, by destroying the magazines at the Alumbagh, to avert the vengeance which they foresaw would follow the arrival of Sir C. Campbell. It would be useless to give a detailed account of the attacks against the English positions: let it suffice to state that a last assault made, on February 26, on the fortress of Jellalabad by a body of native troops, amounting to at least 20,000 men, proved once again the superiority of a handful of Europeans over a host of Indians. This victory, which fitly crowned the noble defence made by Outram at the Alumbagh, only occurred a few days before the entry into Oude of a third expedition, which, in less than five months, was to force its way through the gates of Lucknow.

The army which, in the latter part of February, was assembled in the neighbourhood of Cawnpore, under the orders of Sir C. Campbell, was the most formidable ever known in India. It comprised four infantry divisions (two brigades by division, three battalions by brigade), commanded by Major-Generals Sir J. Outram, Sir Edward Lugard, and Brigadiers Walpole and Franks. The latter division, then employed in restoring order in the neighbouring districts, was not to rejoin head-quarters under the walls of Lucknow before a certain date. The cavalry was led by Sir Hope Grant, and the artillery and engineers by Sir Archdale Wilson, the victor of Delhi, and Brigadier Robert Napier, of the Engineers, who had figured prominently in the defence of the Residency at the second siege. The English army, some 25,000 men strong, of whom two-thirds were Europeans, was formed of the veterans who had been victorious at Delhi

and in the two expeditions against Lucknow. In its ranks, for instance, were the 9th Lancers, the 73rd and 93rd Highlanders, the 1st Fusiliers B.A., the 2nd Madras Fusiliers, the Sikh Ferozepore Regiment, and the Naval Brigade. The officers were worthy of their men, and the names of Sir William Peel, Brigadier Adrian Hope, Lieut.-Colonels Tombs and Turner, of the Artillery, and Major Hodson, of the cavalry, already occupied a glorious place in the military annals of Great Britain. Adjutant-General Norman had already given proof, in the same capacity, of exceptional talents at the siege of Delhi, and Colonel Mansfield, the head of the staff, who had recently arrived from England, with Sir Colin Campbell, was well known for his dashing exploits on the battle-fields of the Crimea. To these forces we must add a body of Goorkhas under the Rajah of Nepaul, Sir Jang Bahadour, who was to join the English at Lucknow and lend its aid towards reducing the place.

Nepaul comprises the fertile valleys that extend between the higher and lower Himalaya from the latitude of Delhi to the confines of Bengal. The population consists of Goorkhas, descended from the Rajpoots, who conquered the country about the fourteenth century and settled there. The Company, owing to a system of ill-defined frontiers, got into difficulties with Nepaul, and the campaigns of 1815–16 seriously compromised at their outset the prestige of European armies. General Ochterlony's[1] brilliant operations soon restored victory to the side of England, and the war was ended by a treaty of peace which, besides bringing about an important rectification of frontier, won for the latter an ally whose loyalty has never failed since. The devotedness of the Goorkhas in the Company's service and their admirable behaviour at the siege of Delhi have already been noticed.

In 1857 the life of Sir Jang Bahadour, Prime Minister of the crowned puppet who, in name at least, wore the crown of Nepaul, had been one of strange and sinister adventures. A nephew of the Prime Minister Mahtabar Singh, he began

[1] See Documents, No. XI., 'General Ochterlony.'

his career as subahdar (captain) in the Nepaulese army, and soon after, in order to finish his education, he started on his travels to the various courts of India. At Delhi and Gwalior he acquired the reputation of being a gallant cavalier and of enjoying a constant run of good luck when throwing the dice or making wagers in cock-fights and athletic games. After increasing his patrimonial fortune by more or less legitimate means, Jang Bahadour was employed in the secret diplomatic service of Nepaul; but the Company almost immediately put an end to his missions in foreign parts, and he was sent back to his own country by the Anglo-Indian police. On his return to Katmandow, the capital of Nepaul, war was being openly waged between the favourite Sultana and the Prime Minister. Faithful to the worship of beauty, Jang Bahadour took the side of his sovereign, and even went so far as to kill his own uncle one day on the threshold of the royal palace. The grateful princess conferred on the murderer the command of the army, and the musket which had opened to him the road to power was destined to be the means of preserving his influence at a future date. It is said that, on meeting with resistance in a sort of Nepaulese Parliament, he surrounded the hall with his guards and shot fourteen of his adversaries with his own hand. This *argumentum ad hominem* established the authority of the new Maharajah on so firm a basis that he started off at once to visit the Great Exhibition of 1851. The chronicles of the fashionable world in London and Paris unanimously concurred in praising the jewels, the cashmeres, and the social successes of the Indian 'lion.'[1] We must do him the justice to say that he appreciated at first sight the strength and resources of European civilisation, and returned to his dominions determined on cultivating friendly intercourse with his powerful neighbours. The latter, moreover, dazzled

[1] The clever pencil of Cham himself illustrated the visit of the Indian prince to the coulisses of the Opéra at Paris, with, we hope, more humour than truth, by representing him, on his entrance, clad in splendid cashmere and resplendent with jewels, and, on his departure, dressed in a fireman's boots and helmet.

by his brilliant reception in Europe, gave their sanction to his crimes and usurpation by conferring on him the Cross of Knight Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, and consequently the title of Sir Jang Bahadour. At the beginning of the mutiny the Maharajah took refuge in a prudent neutrality, but immediately after the siege of Delhi he offered to fulfil the conditions of his offensive and defensive alliance with England. His offer was only accepted after long and unreasonable hesitation. A body of 12,000 Goorkhas, with strong artillery, commanded by the Maharajah in person, was to second Sir C. Campbell's operations.

The expedition against Oude, which had long been in preparation, at a great expense, was carefully provided, by a skilful commissariat, with all the comforts and luxuries indispensable to Europeans when fighting in the trying climate of India, and we may estimate at one hundred thousand the number of servants, syces, coolies, merchants and black milkmaids (the *vivandières* of the country) who followed the troops. 'As soon as we had advanced a few miles from the Ganges, not only the broad road, but the broad track at each side of it, was thronged by an immense and apparently illimitable procession of oxen, hackeries, horses, ponies, camels, camp-followers on foot or riding, trains of stores, elephants, all plodding steadily along in the burning sun under the umbrella of dense clouds of white dust. What an infinite variety of sights and sounds! What a multitude of novel objects on every side! What combinations of colour, form, and of sound! As we jogged along, half-choked and baked, in our inglorious chariot, with a syce, running as *avant-courier*—shouting all kinds of mendacious assertions as to our rank and position, as a sort of moral wedge to open the way for us—I, for one, looked with ever-growing wonder on the vast tributary of the tide of war which was surging around and before me. All these men, women and children, with high delight, were pouring towards Lucknow to aid the Feringhee to overcome their brethren. The sight gave me a notion of the old world times, when nomad tribes came from east and north to

overrun and conquer. These people carried all their household wealth with them. Their houses were their tents; their streets, the camp-bazaar; their rules, the bazaar-kotwal; their politics, the rise and fall of rice and such commodities. The old men, perhaps, had been with Lake, or had followed Scindia or Holkar; the young men could talk of the Punjab or Scinde; the children were taking up their trade with the campaign of Oude. Bred in camps, but unwarlike, for ever behind guns and never before them,—the aptitude of myriads of the natives of Hindostan for this strange life is indicative of their origin, or, at all events, of the history of their country for ages. Most of those people are Hindoos from Bengal or the North-West Provinces. Some are from Central India. Few of them are Mussulmans, except some domestic servants. The huge-limbed Afghan, with his enormous turban and fair complexion, toils alongside his camel, which is laden with dried fruits; the Sikh, whose whiskers are turned up and tied in a knot on the top of his head, protects the precious hairs from the contamination of the dust by tying a handkerchief under his jaws, and is marching with a light, cat-like tread on his long thin sinewy legs to join his comrades; the fat bunneah hurries on in his bamboo-car to see his store-tent pitched, leaving his dependents to make the best of their way after him; the wives of the bunneahs who sit astride the tiniest of donkeys, with their toes almost touching the ground, several children in their arms and across their loins, and such a heap of bags and baggage, that all that may be seen of the creatures that carry them is a disconsolate face, long ears, a ragged, mangy tail, and four little black hoofs, bent outwards, with fetlocks quivering at every step; the shrewd-looking, slender Madrassee, in a turban of the grandest dimension, and a suit of fine muslin or of gaudy stuff, sits grinning and laughing with a select circle of his own set on "master's elfent;" whole regiments of sinewy, hollow-thighed, lanky coolies, shuffle along under loads of chairs, tables, hampers of beer and wine, bazaar stores, or boxes slung from bamboo poles across their shoulders. Now comes

a drove of milch-goats and sheep, which your servant announces as "master's mess buckree." A flock of turkeys is destined to fatten for Her Majesty's regiment; and this long line of camels presents side views of many boxes of beer, pickles, potted meats, and soda-water for the use of the officers of another equally fortunate corps. Monkeys, held captive on the backs of camels or ponies, chatter their despair or fear at every jolt. Parrots scream from recondite and undiscoverable corners of hackeries or elephants. Tame deer pant and halt in their ungenial march; and crowds of pariahs precede, accompany, and follow the march, which presents also some exemplars of their more favoured domesticated compeers, each with a domestic attached to them.'[1]

The reduction of the capital of Oude was not an easy matter, even for so formidable an army as that of Sir C. Campbell's. All that could be effected by the perseverance and skill of an enemy, in no wise devoid of these qualities, had been done to strengthen the place. The army, which loyalty, the love of independence, religious fanaticism, or thirst for bloodshed and pillage retained under the flag of the Begum and her son, amounted to more than 120,000 men, recruited from rebel sepoy regiments, new levies, volunteers and the armed followers of the great vassals. The immense circumference of Lucknow, a town of seven or eight hundred thousand souls, forbade Sir C. Campbell, with a force of 25,000 men only, to think of investing it and undertaking the operations of a regular siege. He could no more, then, than in November, attempt to traverse the whole length of an enormous city, intersected by narrow streets, in which vast palaces were converted into formidable fortresses. This new attack had necessarily to be made like the preceding ones, on the right and in the neighbourhood of the Goumti.

Three distinct lines of defence were there: the first or outer line, formed chiefly by the portion of the canal which was full of water, and was consequently safe from attack, was carried along the dry banks of the said canal to the

[1] W. Russell's *My Diary in India*, 1858–59.

river, in the shape of a rampart with a parapet, flanked with semicircular bastions. The second, or middle line, covered the Little Tinambargh, the mess-house, the palace of the Begum and other buildings, which in previous assaults had been the scene of severe fighting. The besieged had taken advantage of the course of a ravine, and had opened a wide trench crowned by works of defence at the points unprotected by any natural obstacle. The third line was composed of the series of palaces, courts, and gardens enclosed by walls, known as the Kaiser Bagh, which constituted the real citadel of the system. The front of these positions, which continued to fire during the evacuation of the English troops in November, was protected by works the strength and relief of which resembled a permanent *enceinte* more than fortifications hastily thrown up on the spur of the moment. On the other fronts, the doors and windows were walled up and loopholed, the streets and squares were provided with barricades, and commanded by artillery, but no fresh works were erected. The extent of the city round the Kaiser Bagh seemed of itself to be sufficient protection against an attack on that side.

In front of the first line, the curiously constructed buildings and the walled park of La Martinière were held by a considerable body of sepoys, protected by outer works, some of which were rather formidable. The radical weakness of this system of defence was the want of any effective works, capable of preventing the occupation of the ground on the left bank of the river. Guns of long range, planted on the other bank of the river, could enfilade or take in reverse the greater part of the first line. Sir C. Campbell perceived at once this capital error, and lost no time in taking advantage of it.

After some sharp skirmishing, in which the outposts of the sepoys were dislodged from the Dilkouska and lost a gun, Sir C. Campbell left the camp of Bantara, and established himself on March 2 in the plain before the palace, his right resting on the Goumti, and his left on the Mohammed Bagh. The nature of the ground in the rear

compelled him to place his camp within range of the bastions along the canal, but means were found to avert the danger from that quarter. Counter-batteries were placed at the extreme points of the camp, which answered the fire of the town, and in the two following days all action was confined to a rather ineffectual artillery duel. Meanwhile, provisions, ammunition, and heavy guns, were being hastily brought up by the military trains; the sappers were secretly collecting materials necessary for throwing two bridges over the Goumti, and on the evening of the 5th, Frank's division, in pursuance of orders, rejoined head-quarters.

On the 6th, Sir C. Campbell's whole design became at length apparent. At daybreak, an army corps, composed of the 1st Infantry division under Brigadier Walpole, of a cavalry brigade under Brigadier Sir Hope Grant, and of five batteries of artillery under Brigadier Wood, marched towards the two bridges of boats thrown in the night over the Goumti. The original deliverer of the Lucknow garrison, the vigilant defender of the Alumbagh, General Outram, had been appointed commander-in-chief of this expedition, which was to figure most prominently in the operations of the siege. While Sir C. Campbell was forcing a passage through the ramparts of the town, Sir J. Outram was to advance on the left bank, close all means of escape and assistance on that side, and pour volley after volley on the east and north faces of the fortifications.

This plan of attack took the leaders of the sepoys completely by surprise. A few skirmishers, scattered about in the high grass which covered the plain, would have proved a very considerable hindrance to the works of the pontooners and to the passage of the troops. This obvious precaution was neglected; both operations were successfully completed, and the expedition reached the left bank without striking a blow. The native authorities soon perceived the importance of Outram's movements, and in the course of the same day bodies of cavalry were sent to re-occupy the lost ground. Their attack was easily repulsed, and the English continuing their march northwards, encamped for the night near the

village of Chinhut, where the disastrous combat which heralded the first siege of the Residency had occurred. A demonstration against the pickets made by the sepoys on the following day met with no better success, and did not even interrupt the labours of the men, who were laying down platforms for the heavy guns which were momentarily expected. The siege batteries were intended to act first of all against the Chukkur Kothi (Yellow House), a palace with parks and gardens, belonging to some great chief. It was defended by a strong garrison and by field works, and might be considered as the key to the position of the besiegers on the left bank.

The convoy of heavy artillery, eight 24-pounders and three 8-inch howitzers, arrived on the 8th, and on the following morning decisive operations began. A column of infantry, marching northwards, cleared the surrounding villages, and took up its position on the road to Faizabad, whilst Outram led the chief attack. After a short cannonade, the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, some companies of the 93rd Highlanders and a Sikh regiment, stormed the Yellow House,[1] and took possession of the Badschah Bagh, another royal residence, which was defended by works of some importance, and was the last refuge of the besieged on the left bank. The object

[1] The fight was stained by an episode of infernal cruelty. After the walls had been perforated in all directions with shot and shell, so that it seemed impossible for the little garrison to have escaped, a detachment of Sikhs rushed into the house. Some of the sepoys were still alive, and they were mercifully killed; but for some reason or other, which could not be explained, one of their number was dragged out to the sandy plain outside the house; he was pulled by the legs to a convenient place, where he was held down, pricked in the face and body by the bayonets of some of the soldiery, whilst others collected fuel for a small pyre, and when all was ready, the man was roasted alive! There were Englishmen looking on—more than one officer saw it. No one offered to interfere! The horror of this infernal cruelty was aggravated by an attempt of the miserable wretch to escape when half burned to death By a sudden effort he leaped away, and with the flesh hanging from his bones, ran for a few yards ere he was caught, brought back, put on the fire again, and held there by bayonets till his remains were consumed. 'And his cries, and the dreadful scene,' said my friend, 'will haunt me to my dying hour.' 'Why didn't you interfere?' 'I dared not, the Sikhs were furious. They had lost Anderson, our own men encouraged them, and I could do nothing.'—W. Russell's *My Diary in India*, 1857–58.

of Sir J. Outram's expedition was at length attained, and his heavy guns could now rake the defences of La Martinière and the first line of the enclosure.

The cannonade which, on the morning of the 9th, overwhelmed the defences of the Yellow House gave the signal for action on the right bank to Sir C. Campbell. Early in the day the naval brigade poured shells and Congreve rockets on the defenders of the parks and buildings of La Martinière, and towards two in the afternoon the position was carried at the point of the bayonet by four regiments of Sir Edward Lugard's division (the 42nd, 53rd, 90th, and 93rd R.A.). The fire from Outram's batteries began to produce some effect upon the defenders of the outer line; the sepoys in crowds hastened to leave the entrenchments and parapets. Profiting by their panic, Brigadier Adrian Hope, at the head of the 42nd Highlanders and the 4th Punjab Infantry, attacked the portion of the fortifications resting on the Goumti. At the same moment, a man dripping with water was seen to climb up the bank under a storm of bullets; it was the brave Lieutenant Butler, of the Bengal Fusiliers, who had swum across the river to bring news of Outram's success on the left bank to his companions on the right.[1]

[1] Colonel Seaton, commanding 1st Madras Fusiliers, to Lieutenant-General Sir J. Outram, G.C.B :—

17th November, 1858.

My dear General,—May I bring to your notice one of the officers of my regiment—Lieutenant Thomas Butler. I hear so much of this young lad's gallantry, that I firmly believe there are few who would not rejoice to see him in possession of the Victoria Cross. I have made him write the enclosed memorandum. The modesty with which he puts his interview down on paper is quite characteristic of the little fellow. I hear you said more to him :—

Conversation between Major-General Sir J. Outram, G.C.B., and Lieut. T. A. Butler, 1st Madras Fusiliers, on March 16, 1858.

Q.—Is your name Butler ?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Are you the officer who swam the Goumti the other day (March 9, 1858)?

A.—Yes, sir.

Sir J. Outram.—Well, sir, it was a most gallant thing, and I have spoken to Sir Colin Campbell on the subject, and you may depend upon it you will not be forgotten.

Reply of Sir J. Outram :—

My dear Colonel,—The above memorandum furnished to you by Lieutenant

The dash of the English overcame all obstacles, and they spread themselves along the ramparts. At nightfall the besiegers were masters of all the outer line from the river to the neighbourhood of Banks's House. This great success had been obtained without any very great losses, but unfortunately amongst the wounded was Captain Peel.

Sir W. Peel, to give him the title he had won a few months before under the walls of Lucknow, had been hit in the thigh by a bullet. Though the wound was a serious one it gave no cause for anxiety, yet the brave sailor, worn out by hardships, could not resist the trials of a long convalescence, and succumbed soon after to an attack of small-pox. A younger son of the illustrious statesman who inaugurated the system of free trade in England, he had justified exceptional promotion by exceptional services at Sebastopol, and more recently in India. The worthy successor of the great sea-captains who have made the fortune and glory of England, he had, during the second expedition against Lucknow, attacked the citadels of the place with his guns, in the same way in which he would have brought into action his own frigate, the 'Shannon,' in presence of an enemy's ship. His great merit, his courage, and the qualities of his mind and character had won for him the sympathies of his comrades, who believed him to be destined to attain the highest honours. So that one of the

Butler correctly gives the substance of what passed between that officer and myself on the occasion referred to. But my impression is, that I must have expressed myself more strongly, for I regarded what he had done as one of the most daring feats achieved by any individual throughout the campaign. I mentioned the circumstance to Lord Clyde, who was, I believe, as much struck with it as I was myself. I also noticed it in my memorandum, which was published with the Chief's despatch.

I, myself, would have recommended Butler for the Victoria Cross, had I not thought that, to do so, would be irregular, the act being performed when we were under the Chief's immediate command. But I had hoped that my notice of it in my 'memorandum' would secure the Cross for him; and can only conclude that it escaped his Excellency's recollection. I still hope, therefore, that if you brought it to his Lordship's notice, he may be induced to obtain the Cross for that gallant young soldier.

Very sincerely yours,

J. OUTRAM.

—Sir J. Outram's *Campaigns in India*, 1857–58.

most influential writers of the London press was fully justified in saying with regard to his death, that 'England would never know the full extent of the loss she has made in the park of La Martinière.'

The day after gaining possession of the park and buildings of the Yellow House, Sir J. Outram pursued his triumphant course on the left bank, drove the besieged out of the suburbs, which they defended inch by inch, and successively passed the iron and stone bridges over the river. But the whole extent of the ground won could not be held without dangerously extending the English lines, and it was deemed sufficient to occupy the approaches to the iron bridge, thus interrupting all communication by means of the latter between the town and the outer world. The heavy artillery which had been used to capture the Yellow House was now transferred to other batteries, where they had a better command of the defences of the second line and of the Kaiser Bagh. On the right bank of the Goumti, the Lugard division gained possession of the buildings known as Banks's House towards mid-day on March 10. This placed the principal works of the outer line in the hands of the English, and they were enabled to make use of the palaces and gardens between Banks's house and the Kaiser Bagh, instead of having to throw up trenches against the middle line of defence.

During this part of the siege, the regular course of operations consisted in using the axe or the heavy guns to effect an approach through the buildings and enclosures, and, as soon as the passage was practicable, in leaving to the infantry the care of finishing the work begun. Howitzers placed in the rear, whose position was changed, according to the necessities of the moment, seconded operations by their vertical fire. But as Sir C. Campbell was desirous, above all, of sparing the blood of his soldiers, he would not allow them to occupy any buildings which had not first been under the fire of his heavy guns, or to hold positions communication with which was not perfectly secure.

During the whole morning of the 11th, the batteries on

both banks of the river showered shot and shell on the last defences of the city. Before mid-day the English occupied without resistance the Sikander Bagh, where the severest fighting during the last assault had occurred. It seemed as if the sepoys, mindful of the past, had not dared to defend a palace which was still so full of bloody memories. The courts of the Sikander Bagh were one vast charnel-house, and the skeletons of sepoys who had been partially buried, or had been dug up by jackals, were met with at every step. The victors did not expose themselves for long to the terrible sights and the foul smells of this abode of horror, but continued their forward march. Towards the end of the day, the mass of buildings known as the Begum Kothi (palace of the Begum) still resisted the fire of the heavy guns. Whilst his lieutenants were waiting for the moment when bayonets could take the place of artillery, Sir C. Campbell was presiding over a peaceful *fête*, in which European luxury vied with Asiatic pomp.

The Rajah of Nepaul, Sir Jang Bahadour, who that very morning had, after long delay, arrived at the English camp, intended visiting the General-in-Chief at four in the afternoon. At the hour named, a double line of Highlanders in full dress guarded the approach of the gala-tent, richly furnished with gilt seats, soft carpets, and silk and velvet hangings, where Sir C. Campbell, surrounded by a brilliant staff, was expecting the arrival of his official guests. The grave countenance of the English general, and the roar of the cannon, gave a strange character to this display of luxury, and recalled at every moment the desperate fighting going on in the interior of the town. After more than a quarter of an hour's delay, the Maharajah of Nepaul made his entrance to the sound of martial music, to the immense relief of Sir C. Campbell, who could scarcely repress his impatience. The Rajah's helmet and breast were glittering with gold and jewels, while the costumes of his officers were not less gorgeous than his own. As soon as the ceremonies of presentation were over, the General-in-Chief and his guests took their seats, and the interpreters began to deliver the

usual formal speeches. Suddenly a strange figure came like an apparition to recall the brilliant assembly to the realities of the moment. A tall officer, his boots and clothes covered with dust, broke hastily through the line of Highlanders, and advancing towards Sir C. Campbell, announced in a low voice that the Begum's palace was in the power of the besiegers. The good news was soon made known to all. Unable to find words to express their feeling, the Maharajah and Sir C. Campbell grasped one another's hand; the durbar was at an end, and the interpreters were obliged to keep their harangues to themselves. The Asiatic prince remounted his richly caparisoned elephant; the veteran general, free at length from all bonds of etiquette, leaped on his horse with the ardour of a young man, and rejoined the brave soldiers, who once again had deserved well of their Queen and their country.

According to official accounts, the combat, the successful termination of which had put so abrupt an end to the interview between the two allies, was the severest of the whole siege. After a bombardment of eight hours, the breaches being judged practicable, an assault was ordered at three points. Brigadier Adrian Hope, lifted on the shoulders of his Highlanders, was the first to enter the palace, revolver in hand, by the window of a room, the defenders of which took to flight in the most cowardly fashion. The two other columns, composed of Highlanders and Punjabees, entered almost at the same time. The sepoys soon recovered from their first surprise, and defended themselves with desperate energy from court to court, from building to building, from room to room. Alive, or wounded, they were all mercilessly bayoneted, and after the fight the palace offered the most hideous spectacle. In its chambers of horrors, the wadded garments of the dead caught fire, and piles of corpses were burning, emitting nauseous odours; more than 500 bodies were thrown into the deep ditch surrounding the palace, a vast tomb unwittingly constructed by the sepoys for themselves.

The English losses would not have been considerable, if Major Hodson, one of the heroes of the siege of Delhi, had

not been numbered among the dead. The smell of powder, curiosity, the hope of Oriental treasures attracted the bold guerilla chief to the scene of action, and the bullet of a sepoy concealed in the corner of a room cut short his glorious career. The *lex talionis*, the hand of God, struck him down. Posterity must overlook the slaughter of the Delhi princes, and place on Hodson's brow a crown without thorns! Boundless grief was felt by the formidable cohort of wild horsemen of whom he was the idol, and for many years doubtless popular legends will celebrate in the depths of Asia the feats of this Anglo-Indian Cid.

On March 12, the forces of the Maharajah of Nepaul (9,000 men and 24 guns) made their appearance, and attacked that portion of the outer line beyond Banks's House which still remained in the hands of the besieged. On the right, Frank's division took the place of Lugard's, worn out by three days' fighting under a burning sun, and the Engineers and Artillery prepared to storm the Little Tinambargh. To protect the artillerymen from the musketry fire of the sepoys, the guns were placed behind walls, through which projectiles were launched against the defences of the beautiful mosque. By March 14 the cannon had done its work, and Russell's brigade (the 10th R.A. and the Ferozepore Sikh regiment) entered the Little Tinambargh without meeting with any great resistance. The massacre which followed the capture of the Begum's palace had probably alarmed the defenders of the sacred edifice, for they fled in crowds towards the Kaiser Bagh, into which the victorious Sikhs entered pell-mell with them. The host of the besiegers soon invaded the courts, the gardens, the kiosques, and the palaces. A few mortally-wounded native soldiers were gasping out their last breath at the foot of statues or by the side of fountains; others, concealed in remote hiding-places, sold their lives dearly; stores of powder and ammunition, strewed about carelessly, exploded from time to time, but all serious resistance had ceased, and pillage and rapine succeeded to fighting.

The victory had been so complete, so unexpected, that no

measures had been taken to maintain discipline. What a prey was this, now given up to brutal soldiers, this Oriental Versailles, in which generations of kings had accumulated treasures upon treasures! The lust of gain inflamed all minds. Satan seemed to be displaying all the riches of earth to the dazzled eyes of the conquerors, and hell to have let loose its demons. Some crowned their heads with marabout feathers, birds of paradise or grotesque turbans, draped themselves in Cashmere shawls, gold brocades, or costly muslins, and strutted about with fans of peacock feathers in their hands, or contemplated their bronzed features in hand glasses hitherto only used by beautiful Sultanas. Others seized upon hautboys and trumpets, from which they drew the most infernal sounds, or tried with their rough fingers to play the musical instruments of the ladies of the harem. The more brutal ripped up with their bayonets the sofas, the embroidered cushions, and smashed with their guns the chandeliers, the Chinese vases, and the most precious articles of furniture. Plunderers ran through the halls and corridors, discharging their muskets into the locks of the doors, searching every corner; and often re-appearing with handfuls of necklaces, bracelets, pearls, and precious stones sufficient for a king's ransom. At the gates of the palace, the scene was still more horrible. The camp followers, attracted by the hope of pillage, crowded by thousands in the neighbouring streets. Eager, yet half afraid, they watched for the moment to take part in the orgie, as a flock of vultures waits till an eagle has glutted himself ere they venture to gorge themselves with the remains of the victim. The Kaiser Bagh was completely despoiled and stripped to the bare walls. The whole night long an uninterrupted string of coolies, syces, and servants passed from the camp to the palace, from whence they returned staggering under the weight of pillows, mattresses, and utensils of all sorts.

We must here mention a sad episode which happened during the day. Some of the princesses and their women had taken refuge in a casemate, and had sustained no harm

from the bombardment. After the assault the soldiers broke open the doors of their asylum, and, dimly perceiving human forms in the darkness, discharged their arms, and killed a young deaf and dumb prince and two waiting-women. An officer who arrived at this moment fortunately perceived the mistake, stopped the firing, and conducted the poor Begums and their attendants to a place of safety.

The sepoys had left the Little Tinambargh and the Kaiser Bagh in such haste that their losses were comparatively inconsiderable in both assaults. But towards evening there was to be a further abundant effusion of blood. About 400 natives had taken refuge in magazines used to store old machines, and consequently known as the engine-house. The buildings were surrounded by the 10th R.A., and all their defenders slain to the last man. The success of March 14 was not as decisive as it might have been if, after the capture of the Kaiser Bagh, Sir J. Outram had seized the iron bridge and prevented all egress from the town. But the General-in-Chief had given strict orders not to attempt any offensive operation on the left bank if it entailed the loss of a single man. The works which defended the bridge were still intact, and a sharp fusillade announced that it was held by a numerous body of defenders. There was no hope of carrying it without bloodshed, and Sir J. Outram, who was as observant of discipline as he was brave, remained inactive, and lost the opportunity of completing the victory.

General Outram's task on the left bank was now done, and the next day he again crossed the river on a bridge of boats with his brigade to direct the operations intended to drive out the besiegers from the posts they still occupied in the town. On the 16th he traversed the buildings of the Chatter Manzil at the head of his men, now reinforced by two regiments, and carried one after another, almost without fighting, the ruins of the Residency, the head of the iron bridge on the right bank, the Machi Bhowan, and the Great Tinambargh.[1] The besieged left the town in

[1] Doctor Russell relates in his journal an act of unheard-of barbarity which

crowds by the stone bridge; but this way of escape was soon closed to them by the English troops, which had remained on the left bank under the orders of Brigadier Walpole. The fugitives retraced their steps, and fled towards Rohilkund; others sought a last refuge in the very heart of the town or in the park of the Mousa Bagh. Whilst their last positions in Lucknow itself were being wrested from them, the sepoys, in order to create a diversion, made a desperate attack on the Alumbagh, which was easily repulsed by the defenders of the entrenched camp, with the vigorous assistance of the Nepaulese. On the evening of the 16th the English were in possession of the whole quarter of the town situated on the river, and the besieged were completely cut off from all communications with the other bank.

Fighting continued nevertheless, and the following days furnished fresh examples of the fantastic courage and capricious strategy of the Indian race. The same sepoys who had deserted formidable positions in the most cowardly manner would conceal themselves behind trees or bits of walls to wait for the passing by of European soldiers, and sacrificed their lives without regret in order to satisfy their thirst for vengeance. Without definite object, without chance of victory, or, at most, of safety, the Begum and her son, actuated, no doubt, by the same feeling of attachment to their home which had detained the King of Delhi in the tombs near his capital, had withdrawn to the Mousa Bagh, a palace surrounded by a vast park at the north-west extremity of the town, beyond the suburbs. These representatives of the native dynasty were protected by 6,000 faithful soldiers, most of them horsemen, and twelve guns.

On March 19 Sir J. Outram made his dispositions for

avenging history ought to record. After the Fusiliers had got to the gateway, a Cashmere boy came towards the gate, leading a blind and aged man, and throwing himself at the feet of an officer, asked for protection. That officer, as I was informed by his comrades, drew his revolver, and snapped it at the wretched suppliant's head. The men cried 'shame' on him. Again he pulled the trigger—again the cap missed. Again he pulled, and once more the weapon refused its task. The fourth time—thrice had he time to relent—the gallant officer succeeded, and the boy's life-blood flowed at his feet, amid the indignation and outcries of his men.

attacking the Mousa Bagh. A frightful accident had happened the day before to his brigade. Nine waggons full of powder and ammunition had fallen, on the 16th, into the hands of the English. By accident or by carelessness, whilst the powder was being thrown into a well, in accordance with orders given, the waggons caught fire simultaneously, and in the explosion 2 officers and 30 sappers were killed, and many wounded.

The attack against the Mousa Bagh was not wholly successful. It had been hoped that, whilst the positions were being attacked in front by the infantry, the natives would disperse and be intercepted by various bodies of cavalry, which were intended to operate on the flanks of the principal column. This anticipation was not realised. A single detachment of 300 Lancers arrived in time to pursue the native forces in their retreat. The ground being intersected by ravines, the Begum and her horsemen escaped with little loss but that of their guns.

An engagement took place two days afterwards in the very heart of the city, where the Moulvi, the Mohammedan leader of the insurrection and the Begum's rival, still maintained himself with 1,500 of his adherents, in fortified buildings. The struggle was a hard-fought one, and artillery and mines had to be resorted to before the rebels could be dislodged from their last stronghold. Amongst the victims of the skirmish was the Begum's prime minister, Scherif Uddanlah, whose dealings with the English the reader has perhaps not forgotten, and who had long been an object of suspicion and jealousy to the Mohammedan party. The unfortunate hostage was murdered by his jailers towards the close of the combat. Like European revolutionists, Asiatic savages strove to drown the bitterness of defeat in the satisfaction of their murderous instincts.

The last great centre of the mutiny to the east of the Jumna was now in the hands of the English. This great success was not appreciated at its true value by the Anglo-Indian press, which, without taking into account the immense circumference of the town and the numerical

weakness of the British troops, bitterly reproached the Commander-in-Chief for not having destroyed the insurgent army within the walls of Lucknow. Such undeserved criticism could not, however, detract from the importance of the results obtained, nor from the merits of the troops and their leader. Sir C. Campbell, with true strategic insight, had at once discovered the weak point of the place. In his attack on the left bank of the Goumti he had, for the first time in the history of warfare, employed guns of long range, without having recourse to preliminary works, for the bombardment of a town, an example which, alas! has not been forgotten since. In the operations on the right bank, when exposed to the dangers of street fighting and obliged to force his way through fortified buildings defended by ditches and strong barricades, he had no less judiciously used his artillery to batter these strongholds before attempting to storm them with his infantry. During twelve days of almost consecutive fighting, the English losses had amounted to 500 killed and wounded; 3,000 corpses of natives were buried. The success was as complete as circumstances would allow, the denunciations of envious minds ceased of themselves, and England rewarded with a peerage the veteran general who, in less than six months, had twice earned laurels in the capital of Oude.

A last satisfaction was still in reserve for Sir C. Campbell. Two English ladies, Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson, had been hid for some months in the harem of a darogah (a functionary of the court). An officer, on being informed of their hiding-place, rescued them by force, and brought them safe and sound to the English camp.[1]

After the victory measures were immediately taken to prevent plundering. An order of the day forbade the soldiers to leave the camp, and ordered the officers to keep strict watch over the proceedings of their numerous native

[1] Their companions in misfortune, Sir M. Jackson, Captain Orr, and Sergeant Morton, were no longer in the power of their barbarous jailers, and but imperfect details are known of their sad end. See Documents, No. XII., Deposition of the Grave-diggers who buried the Bodies of the Prisoners.'

servants. The same instructions enjoined on the brigadiers, in default of a sufficient staff of chaplains, to make all the necessary arrangements for enabling Catholics among their men to be present at divine service. We intentionally give this detail; it proves that, in the depth of Asia, in the midst of absorbing occupations, the English generals preserved the deep religious feeling which so eminently characterises their nation, and which the God of battles had just rewarded by His most precious favours.

On their side the civil authorities were doing their utmost to re-establish order. From the moment in which Lucknow was occupied by the English army, the power of the Commander-in-Chief over the town had ceased, and had passed entirely into the hands of the Chief Commissioner. The capital of Oude had been for a short time the scene of the most horrible licence and brigandage, as not only the victorious troops, but also the numerous camp-followers, had given the reins to their passions. Sir J. Outram, with the able assistance of a small but energetic staff, succeeded in evolving a semblance of order out of this chaos. A native police force was organised. At certain points (thanahs) permanent judges gave summary sentences, which were executed without delay. Public criers, preceded by a tam-tam, went through the streets, striking terror into the culprits by proclaiming aloud the punishments reserved for thieves and murderers. All who lent their help to the cause of order were rewarded by a free pardon or liberal gifts of money. The wretched inhabitants began to return to their homes and resume their ordinary occupations. The first shop to be opened was one where essence of rose was sold. Let us not too severely condemn the sensuousness of Asiatics; under similar circumstances in Europe the wine-shop would doubtless have taken precedence over that of the perfumer.

The most active efforts on the part of the police were not sufficient to restore tranquillity to a kingdom which for months had been convulsed by revolutionary agitation. The moment had now come to take a great political decision. From Allahabad, where he had established his head-quarters,

Lord Canning determined on announcing his intentions towards Oude in a proclamation the effects of which were not only felt in India but also in England, where it almost caused the fall of the Tory Ministry then in power.[1]

In its original shape this document, which was forwarded to Outram at the beginning of the siege of Lucknow, stated that all land-owners in the kingdom, with the exception of six designated by name, were to be deprived of their possessions. Life and liberty was guaranteed to those rebels who had had no share in the assassination of English prisoners, and who would make their submission at once. More favourable conditions would only be granted as the Governor-General should think fit; he was, however, disposed to show leniency towards such as would lend their assistance against agitators and intriguers. Whoever had protected British subjects during the recent events had claims on the Government, which would meet with full acknowledgment.

Such vigorous measures could be viewed only with disfavour by a man who, like Sir J. Outram, felt strong and generous sympathy for the natives. With all the dignity of a faithful public servant, he unhesitatingly opposed the publication of the document sent to him, and pleaded the cause of the vanquished in an eloquent letter which deserves a brief notice:—

'Was it not adding injustice to injustice to confiscate the possessions of all the landowners who, though badly treated by the settlement of 1856, had only taken up arms when all vestige of English rule had disappeared? Such severity would drive the great nobles to organise a guerilla warfare in their own lands, which it would require long and ruinous efforts to subdue. If their estates were restored to them in their entirety, they would rally at once and for ever to the Company's rule, and become the most ardent defenders of the cause of order.'

Lord Canning yielded so far to this appeal, which was conspicuous alike for its generosity and its political common sense, as to add a paragraph to his proclamation, de-

[1] See Documents, No. XIII., 'Proclamation of the Governor-General.'

fining more clearly the favourable conditions offered to those who would lend their assistance to the European authorities. To do more than this, and make greater concessions whilst the kingdom was still full of armed bands, was, in the opinion of the Governor-General and his council, an act of weakness and not of clemency.[1]

The proclamation of 'Clemency' Canning, to use the derisive epithet bestowed on him by the Anglo-Indian opposition, assumed the proportions of an act worthy of Nero or Tiberius in the correspondence from Calcutta. No less exasperation was felt in England. Lord Canning belonged to the Whig party, and had been appointed to the Government of India by the preceding administration. The Ministry remained unmoved in presence of the first outbreaks of public opinion against their political adversary; but Lord Ellenborough, the President of the Board of Control, had not forgotten that a few years before (1843) the Court of Directors, alarmed by his bellicose tendencies, had brutally torn from his grasp the sceptre of India. The Tories, with a few strokes of the pen, might now strike a heavy blow at the Court of Directors by attacking a functionary who enjoyed their full confidence, and win popular sympathy for the Ministry by condemning a policy which called forth the deepest reprobation on all sides. The opportunity was too tempting a one, and Lord Ellenborough was unable to resist it. The English statesman remembered only the injuries which the ex-Governor-General had to complain of, and the secret committee, or rather the minister himself, gave formal expression to its official blame in a despatch which Lord Canning could only answer by sending in his resignation. The general tenour of it was as follows:—

'However conciliatory were the secret instructions sent by the Governor-General to his agent in Oude, the population of India was merely aware of the bare fact of a proclamation which confiscated the estates of all the land-owners in the kingdom, except those of six

[1] See Documents, No. XIV., 'Correspondence between Sir J. Outram and the Governor-General.'

favoured individuals. The great nobles who were thus despoiled would naturally harbour the deepest aversion to English rule. Oude had never been conquered; contrary to all treaties, annexation had overturned a dynasty which for many years had been faithful to the English, and had dispossessed a Government feeble and corrupt enough, no doubt, but which, in the eyes of the natives, represented the national party. Far from treating the chieftains of Oude as loyal enemies, they were being punished in a way almost unexampled in history. Hitherto the victors had chastised the few and spared the many. Lord Canning had followed different principles. What could be expected from such extreme severity? Public order and confiscation rarely go together, and the Indian Government had aroused a feeling of hatred which even the lapse of time would be powerless to assuage.'

This official reprimand did not remain, according to custom, buried for months under piles of ministerial papers, but by a calculated publication the secret of it was at once divulged. The effect of this indiscretion was as sudden as unforeseen. The strong good sense and the straightforwardness of the English people were revolted by such proceedings; politicians and influential papers alike ceased to lament the fate of the great land-owners in Oude; everyone's sympathy was transferred to Lord Canning. It was instinctively felt that never had any agent engaged in a foreign country on a difficult mission acquired greater rights to consideration from his chiefs and his fellow-citizens. Supplied with imperfect information by his advisers, calumniated by those he governed, he had yet courageously withstood a terrible storm, and, unmoved amongst the most trying events, had given way neither to weakness nor to anger. Thanks to him, and to him alone, a military insurrection had not become a war of races; thanks to him, the English Government was innocent of the butcheries which had occurred in India. If the Cabinet was dissatisfied with Lord Canning, and wished to recall him, they ought to have done so boldly, but to resort to

stratagem, and to cause by an insolent reprimand the resignation of a high official, was unworthy of honourable men. Moreover, in the critical position of affairs, was it opportune to show that the highest representative of English authority beyond seas was, after all, a simple clerk, whose fate depended on the caprice of the Sultan who presided over the Board of Control? Finally, it was encouraging the residue of the mutineers to prolong the struggle, and would paralyse the victors in the moment of victory to declare that before and after the annexation the great chieftains had had just cause for complaint. The last and most powerful consideration still remained: it was the grossest error to assimilate the land-owners in Oude to the same class in Europe. Landed property, in the full meaning of the word, had never existed, and did not exist actually in the kingdom. The greatest nobles were mere tenants, who held their lands on varying conditions from the Government, which alone was the real proprietor of the soil. All of these powerful vassals had not been equally maltreated by the settlement of 1856, and many of them had requited the favour shown them by the English authorities by the blackest ingratitude. Others had acquired their estates by fraud and violence; almost all, in short, had taken up arms to defend their feudal rights and privileges, and to keep alive centres of anarchy in every corner of the kingdom.

All these arguments were made use of by Lord Canning's friends in the papers and in Parliament, and soon produced a complete revulsion in public opinion. The cause of the absent Governor-General was won. The debate on Lord Ellenborough's manifesto in the House of Lords gave the Ministry a majority of nine only. After four nights' debate in the House of Commons, Lord Derby and his colleagues only escaped a vote of censure by accepting Lord Ellenborough's resignation.

The parliamentary crisis had resulted in forcing public opinion to declare itself on Indian affairs: the trial had been made, and Lord Canning's victory left no doubt as to the popular wishes and sympathies. In the first days of

the mutiny England, full of anxiety for its magnificent dependencies beyond the seas, and stricken in its dearest affections, had given way to transports of rage and fury, only too well justified, alas! by the frightful massacres which took place in India, and even the wisest had been obliged to keep silence in the presence of the appeals to vengeance and extermination which were heard on all sides. After the victory, however, England soon felt ashamed of the first excess of her grief. The nation who has so often assisted with its sympathy revolutionists against kings on the Continent of Europe had been obliged to resort to an immense number of executions, confiscations, and all the violent measures so often imposed on governments, under pain of abdication, by the follies of demagogues or the inopportune awakening of the spirit of nationality. What were the prisons and the galleys of the King of Naples, so eloquently denounced by Mr. Gladstone, by the side of the wholesale slaughters at Delhi and in the Punjab? Could even the Czar's confiscations in Poland be compared to the summary measure which had stripped all the land-owners of Oude of their possessions? Hitherto we have never grudged our sympathy to the best Government India has ever enjoyed, and we recall these truths in no bad spirit. May henceforth the recollection of the necessary severity which clouds the history of India in 1857 prevent the English from listening to the declamations of a false philanthropy when judging unfortunate nations who are bound to punish without mercy, not wretched barbarians deluded by superstition, but thieves, incendiaries, and assassins.

The return of public opinion to sentiments of moderation, if not of mercy, was, still more than the debates in the two Houses of Parliament, a triumph for Lord Canning. The reader has not forgotten that at the first outbreak of the mutiny neither violence nor calumny had caused him to forget the claims of humanity or the duty he owed to the natives of India. Let us add, moreover, that the proclamation which had excited so much anger was, in reality, nothing but a bubble phantom put forward to intimidate the great

chieftains of Oude. Secret instructions of the most conciliatory character were given to the Chief Commissioner, whose liberty of action was practically unlimited. The pacification of the kingdom was now to depend exclusively on the intelligence of this high official and on his skill in managing the Indians. The lessons of experience had not been lost on the Governor-General and his council, and the idea of extending to Oude the system of village communities and equal territorial rights, which had been the first cause of the rising in the North-West Provinces, was relinquished. What advantage would be gained by depriving of their estates an aristocracy to whom the population had just given such marked proofs of attachment? The decree of confiscation, when rightly interpreted, allowed of regulating the rights and duties of the great proprietors, and giving to the taloukdars of the kingdom a position similar to that of the zemindars of Bengal. In return for certain judicial privileges, the great proprietors would naturally become responsible for order, and for the enforcement of the law within the limits of their domains.

Before Lord Ellenborough's despatch reached Calcutta, the re-establishment of order was already far advanced. By granting them new title-deeds, the Chief Commissioner had already confirmed in the possession of their former properties such members of the native aristocracy as had cast themselves on his mercy, and had promised to co-operate loyally with the Government. The work of pacification did not fall to the lot of Sir J. Outram. Mr. Montgomery, Sir J. Lawrence's able coadjutor in the Punjab, whose gallant conduct when the sepoys were disarmed at Lahore must not be forgotten, had been appointed to the post of Chief Commissioner at Lucknow. Under his management there was no fear that the mistakes which had exasperated the inhabitants of Oude against their new masters at the beginning of the annexation in 1856 would be repeated.

Mr. Montgomery's predecessor, the illustrious General Outram, had left Lucknow in the early part of April to take his place at Calcutta as a member of the India Council.

Unfortunately, the Government did not long enjoy the services of this eminent man. His health and strength, exhausted by forty years' residence in tropical climates, had given way under the tremendous hardships of the recent campaigns, and his doctors soon ordered him to leave India for Europe, where he succumbed at the age of sixty.[1] To dwell at greater length on the career of this illustrious soldier would be to outstep the limits of these sketches. In taking a last farewell of this noblest figure of contemporary history in India, it is important to note that though he was ever and everywhere the defender, *sans peur et sans reproche*, of the oppressed, he never allowed himself to be persuaded by those idealists who claim the Government of India for India and by India, the assimilation of the conquered to the conqueror, the equality of dark skins and white skins. The proconsul of a victorious Power, an Englishman, and a thorough Englishman, Outram cared for the natives as a kind master cares for his servants, as a great king cares for his subjects. Though generally parsimonious in the extreme to men who distinguish themselves in India, England paid in full her debt to Sir J. Outram. He successively received the rank of lieutenant-general, the Grand Cross of the Bath, and the title of baronet, with a pension of 1,000*l.*, with reversion to his wife and son. Finally, a bronze statue was raised in a public square near the Thames Embankment to this valiant knight.

[1] Outram died at Pau, March 14, 1863. The birthplace of Henry IV. was worthy of receiving the last breath of this Bayard of India. He was buried at Westminster Abbey, and the Government defrayed the expenses of his funeral.

The author enjoyed the honour of personal acquaintance with General Outram, and desires to offer a deserved tribute to his amiable qualities and to his keen and humorous wit. With regard to the latter, here is a short anecdote which simply illustrates the life of English residents at the native courts. In March, 1855, I was the guest of Outram, at Lucknow, and the first time I sat down to table with him, he asked me half seriously, half in joke, 'Well, V——, would you have any objection to be poisoned?' 'Undoubtedly, Sir James,' I replied, very much astonished. 'Then mind what you are at here, for they have tried it already on me more than once.' Our water was, I perceived, kept carefully locked in a bottle. This precaution made me feel that the general's words were based on fact, and notwithstanding the abundance and

The success which attended the Chief Commissioner's negotiations with the great chieftains of the kingdom did not, however, justify the authorities in suspending military operations and concentrating the troops in their summer quarters. If strategic movements on a large scale were no longer necessary, partial and continual expeditions could alone consolidate the results of diplomacy. In April 1858, the mutiny entered on its last phase; in the European meaning of the word, there was no longer either a hostile army or an organised resistance on the left bank of the Ganges. But Oude, Rohilkund, and the provinces of Azimgarh, were full of armed bands, and of fugitive sepoys, fighting under the flag of independence, if not, rival leaders such as Mahaddi, Hucaïn, the Moulvi, the Begum and her son, Bahadour Khan, Koër Singh. Hostilities, in this shape, resembled the warfare waged by the English in the first years of the century against the Mahrattas and the Pindarees. The rapid movements of the enemy and the heat of the season were so many formidable difficulties in the way of the European soldiers, who were no longer, as formerly, assisted by a well-disciplined native army.

These repressive measures did not merely aim at destroying the numerous bands of marauders. The country was in a state of complete disorganisation, and it was necessary above all to amend or rather to reconstruct the whole administrative machinery. The native community, by its very nature, escapes the immediate influence of political events. The dull, resigned character of the Indian is little inclined to trouble itself with thoughts of the future, and, for a long time, the masses who had been quite unmoved by the first successes of the mutineers, could not believe that the

the delicacy of the dishes, I cannot pretend that I allowed free play to my appetite.

These criminal practices against the lives of English residents are still common in India. At the moment that we write these lines, Mulhar Rao, the Guickhowar of Baroda, is being brought before a court-martial, accused of attempting to poison Colonel Phayre, the English political agent at his court. The preliminaries of the trial are exciting great interest in India, and the proceedings will doubtless be reported by the European papers.

power of their foreign rulers, which had existed for a century, was seriously threatened. The laws of England, which were put into execution by men who were lenient, enlightened, and tolerant in matters of religion, were not regarded with any great aversion by the natives. Ten months of anarchy, however, gave rise to doubts, and at the very time when the defeated rebels were dispersing on all sides, the population began to believe that the last hour of the Company's reign (raj) had arrived. This revulsion of feeling showed itself not in desperate risings or in determined resistance, but in useless agitation produced by the general disorganisation of affairs, and more especially by the suspicion which naturally follows when confidence is shaken. Recent events had not overturned England's supremacy, but had paralysed or destroyed her means of action, and awakened doubts in all minds as to the stability of the future. After the great struggles round Delhi and Lucknow, the provinces of India resembled a country devastated by an earthquake, where the convulsions of nature have been succeeded by a sudden calm. Everywhere traces of the disaster could be seen in damaged crops, broken milestones, and ruined buildings. No less confusion had been occasioned in the native minds; and the poor wretches, who had suffered all the evils of anarchy, asked themselves if the return of their European masters would not be followed by bloody vengeance and ruinous taxation.

In such a state of things, it was highly necessary to reap the fruits of victory without delay. On the other hand, it was urged, and not without reason, that a summer campaign under the pitiless rays of a May sun would be fatal to the English soldiers, who, moreover, were too few in number to completely surround the rebel bands. Would it not be preferable, instead of exhausting the troops by incessant expeditions, to wait for the winter, at which time the reinforcements expected from home would enable a decisive blow to be struck? The period during which the operations were possible was very limited. In the rainy season which follows immediately on the summer, and never sets in later than

June 5, the troops could not keep the field, and, *nolens volens*, would have to withdraw to their stations. These considerations were fully weighed and discussed at Allahabad in lengthy interviews between the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief. Finally, policy outweighed strategy, and it was decided to pursue the enemy to his last stronghold at once.

Rohilkund, which, since the capture of Delhi, had become the principal centre of the insurrection on the left bank of the Ganges, perpetually recalled to mind one of the most disgraceful acts of English diplomacy. We have already related the ignominious transaction by which Warren Hastings, at the end of last century, sold this fertile province to the Nabob Vizier of Oude for a considerable sum of money. Rohilkund possesses a territory containing some 150 miles square, from its northern frontier to the confines of Oude on the south; from the Ganges on the west to the mountains of Nepaul on the east. It is a country of plains watered by numerous rivers, that run almost parallel to the Ganges, into which they fall south of Farrackabad. Its only defence against invasion are some very primitive fortresses, a few jungles, and groups of mango trees. The capital, Bareilly, covers a large extent of ground, but is not even enclosed by a wall, and only the erection of considerable works could have put it into a condition to sustain a siege.

Ten months had already elapsed since Rohilkund had shaken off the Company's yoke. On May 31, a mutiny broke out in the brigade stationed at Bareilly, but there was little bloodshed to deplore; the European officers and their families escaped almost all, and found shelter in the sanitarium of Nyni Tal, among the Himalayas. The example set at Bareilly was immediately followed at Schahjahanpore, the second town in Rohilkund, by the 29th B.A., but the sepoys confined themselves to getting rid of their officers without doing them any harm, and all vestige of English authority disappeared from the province.

The insurrection soon lost its military character. In July, the mass of the sepoys marched to the assistance of the

King of Delhi, and power passed into the hands of an ambitious old chieftain, Bahadour Khan. Formerly a magistrate (sudder amin) in the Company's service, and in that capacity in receipt of a pension from the Board of Directors, he became the leader of the movement, and gave proof of great energy and remarkable power of organisation. Assuming at once all the prerogatives of supreme rank, he caused coins to be struck in his name, and imposed his rule on the country by means of his agents, who collected the taxes and administered justice. The European prisoners, the wealthy natives or those suspected of sympathy for England, were the victims of his revengeful spirit and his rapacity, but he took care to conceal his misdeeds under legal forms. Owing to its distance from the principal scene of action, Rohilkund escaped repressive measures until the day when the fall of Lucknow brought into the dominions of Bahadour Khan the greater part of the fugitives from Oude, some 20,000 sepoys in all, besides numerous armed bands. The former included both soldiers and their leaders, the Moulvi and the Begum and her son.

As before said, the English Government, notwithstanding the risks of a summer campaign, had resolved on active operations, and towards the end of March the army was divided into expeditionary columns. Six thousand Europeans and two thousand five hundred natives were left at Lucknow, under Sir Hope Grant. Cawnpore, Allahabad, and Benares were protected by small garrisons. Sir E. Lugard, at the head of his division, turning southwards, marched on Azimgarh to destroy the bands of Koër Singh. The Commander-in-Chief with 8,000 men, of whom 6,000 were Europeans, undertook the reconquest and pacification of Rohilkund. Sir C. Campbell's plan was interfered with at the outset by a considerable check inflicted on the English forces in the south.

Koër Singh has already been mentioned as one of the chieftains who figured prominently in the first events of the mutiny. At the head of his feudal bands, and the brigade that mutinied at Dinapore, he had for a long time interrupted

all transit on the Great Trunk Road, and had become a source of terror to the European inhabitants of the districts of Lower Bengal near the Ganges. Koër Singh was defeated several times, and withdrew in consequence to the confines of Nepaul, but he was known to be still in arms. So formidable was he considered, that a price of 25,000 rupees was set on his head. When Sir C. Campbell evacuated Gorrackpore in order to reinforce the army with which it was intended to reduce the capital of Oude, Koër Singh immediately re-appeared in the field, and directed himself towards the south. Colonel Milman, the military head of the station of Azimgarh, marched out with a portion of the garrison (300 men) on March 24, to meet the rebels. After an engagement of outposts, in which the English came off victorious, Colonel Milman, who had only recently landed in India, seeing himself surrounded by numerous enemies, did not think it prudent to continue the struggle. He began to retreat, but did not succeed in reaching Azimgarh without the sacrifice of some portion of his baggage. On the following day, Koër Singh's forces blockaded the place. A first reinforcement was despatched from Benares, and, on April 5, a detachment under Lord Mark Kerr forced the lines of the besiegers.

The precarious condition of Lower Bengal had not escaped Sir C. Campbell's attention, and as early as March 29, the Lugard division marched from Lucknow in a southerly direction. Sir Edward Lugard succeeded in relieving Azimgarh almost without striking a blow, and Koër Singh, relinquishing his prey, hastened towards the Ganges. Two columns were at once sent in pursuit of the fugitives, one from the east the other from the west, in the hope of surrounding them in the angle formed by the junction of the Gogra and the Ganges. The detachment from the East, under Colonel Douglas, overtook Koër Singh and his men after a forced march of five days. A warm engagement followed, in which the old guerilla chief was defeated and severely wounded. Even in this extremity, he did not lose courage; boldly retracing his steps, he eluded the column which was arriving from the west, and crossed the Ganges at

Ballah Ghaut, in spite of the steamers sent from Ghazipore and Patna to prevent his passage.

Once on the right bank of the river, Koër Singh soon reappeared in his hereditary dominions of Indgespore, at the head of his bands, which, though somewhat weakened, were still very numerous. His return to the scene of his first exploits threatened to revive the yet scarcely extinguished spirit of mutiny in Lower Bengal. The rich districts of Patna and Bihar, the principal centres of the opium culture, were devoid of any means of defence; the road from Indgespore to Calcutta was merely protected by the feeble garrisons of Arrah, Ranniganje, and Barrackpore. Great was the terror felt by the civil and military authorities of the capital. The 6th R.A. was hastily despatched by train from Calcutta to the assistance of the threatened districts. The Naval Brigade, which was about to rejoin the 'Shannon,' then lying in the Hooghly, received orders to suspend its march. The necessity of these precautions was soon shown by a considerable check inflicted on the English troops.

A portion of the garrison of Arrah, a station close to Indgespore, left its entrenchments on the night of April 22, to march against Koër Singh. This little expedition, about 300 men strong (150 of the 35th R.A., 50 sailors, and 100 Sikhs), and two guns, misled by inaccurate information, perhaps ill-served by its reconnoitring parties, was overwhelmed by numbers in the jungle. Captain Lebas, who commanded the expedition, was killed, the two guns fell into the hands of the rebels, and a third only of the detachment succeeded in reaching Arrah in safety. This was the last success won by the brave old partisan. He is said to have died in this affair of the wounds he had previously received. His death deprived the insurrection of one of its most active and most intelligent leaders. After his decease, his adherents (2,000 sepoys and 5,000 or 6,000 armed men), far from taking advantage of their recent success to overrun the province, relinquished active operations, and confined themselves to throwing up entrenchments in the midst of the

jungles of Indgespore, thus giving full time to the English forces to arrive on the scene of action.

The Lugard division had left Azimgarh some weeks previously, and was slowly marching in pursuit of the rebels, in the teeth of many difficulties, caused by the nature of the ground, the climate, and the scarcity of provisions. On May 8, after crossing the Ganges, it reached the neighbourhood of Indgespore. The following day, the positions held by the native forces since the death of Koër Singh were carried at the point of the bayonet by the men of the 35th who took a terrible revenge for the death of their comrades. That same day, the little town of Indgespore was occupied by main force, and the discovery of a cannon foundry in full activity explained how it was that the rebels were in possession of a very considerable artillery. This success, however, did not suffice to restore peace to Bihar. The bands, though beaten, were not destroyed; they dispersed among the neighbouring jungles, which Koër Singh, himself a devoted sportsman, had preserved for his bear hunts. The struggle proved a long and arduous one, and the natives displayed all the energy of despair. At one time, hidden in the heart of impenetrable thickets, at another appearing under the walls of Arrah and Buxar, favoured, moreover, by the complicity of the country people, the Hindoo guerillas long defied the efforts of their victorious adversaries. This campaign, though totally devoid of glory, tried to the utmost the endurance of the English soldiers. Exhausted by the sun, by fatigue, by privations, even the most hardy lost their sleep and their appetite; and Brigadier Douglas, in an official document, stated that a whole regiment of the Royal Army, the 84th, was incapable of active service. The work of pacification could only be completely carried out by constructing a network of military roads, which should open up easy communications through the vast jungles, so long the hunting-ground of Koër Singh, and now the last hiding-place of his partisans.

The first operations against Rohilkund were not success-

ful. Brigadier Walpole's column, which had left Lucknow in the early days of April, arrived on the 14th in front of a small earth-fort situated in a dense jungle, and known indifferently as Rhadamon or Ronya. A native force of from four to five hundred held the place and its environs. An assault was at once ordered without any preliminary bombardment, though a siege train was attached to the expedition. The detachments of the 42nd Highlanders and the 4th Punjab regiment, selected for this operation, were met by such a deadly fire that they stopped in confusion. The big guns were at once brought forward to retrieve this check, but the fort was not invested on all sides, and it was evacuated in the night by the garrison. This badly managed affair cost more than a hundred killed and wounded. Amongst the dead was the Hon. Adrian Hope, Colonel of the 93rd Highlanders, one of the heroes of the two assaults of Lucknow, who was mortally wounded as he was trying to re-establish order in the attacking column. By his dashing bravery and his military talents, he had obtained great notoriety in the army, and his loss was all the more deplored that he had been killed in an insignificant action, which might have been avoided by a little prudence and strategy. Resuming its march, the Walpole division arrived on April 21 in sight of a body of the enemy, which was defending a bridge of boats over the Ramganga. The cavalry and light artillery attacked the natives with such impetuosity that the latter fled in hot haste, leaving them in possession of the bridge. Rohilkund now lay open to the invaders. A few days later, Sir C. Campbell joined the Walpole division with reinforcements, thus swelling its numbers to 10,000 men, and under his personal direction the campaign entered on its period of activity.

His plan was not to pursue an intangible enemy through Rohilkund, but to destroy the last effective forces of the insurrection by enclosing the fugitives of Lucknow, whether sepoys or armed bands, within a circle of iron. The season, the natural aptitude of Indians for a guerilla warfare, and the capricious strategy of their leaders, offered great obstacles

to a complete success. How was it possible to foresee the movements of an enemy who recognised no supreme head? How was it possible to baffle the unaccountable manœuvres of adversaries who passed with the rapidity of lightning from ignominious cowardice to the most heroic courage? In the eyes of the Rohilkund chieftains, the whole art of war consisted in flying before the adversary, stopping when he stopped, and falling upon him with the swiftness of an arrow at the first symptoms of retreat. The motive, too, of the warfare had undergone certain modifications which we must point out. The former campaigns, when the English fought against the forces of the Emperor of Delhi, of the Mahratta princes, or the Maharajah of Punjab, which, if not regular armies, were at least regularly commanded, as soon as the opposing forces were defeated, one yoke was substituted for another, and the population passed without resistance under the rule of the conqueror. Ten months of anarchy had revived the religious fanaticism, the hatred of race and the spirit of independence among the Rohillas, so that the English were certain to meet with ill-will, if not armed resistance.

The month of May is the hottest month in the year, and there are few hours in the day when Europeans can brave the burning rays of the sun without danger to life; the time for operations was strictly limited. In these parts of the East, the marvellous mechanism of nature is regulated by unchangeable laws. On June 5, at the latest, the rainy season sets in in the north of India. In the rear were terrible enemies: the Ganges, the Rumgunga, and all the rivers would, at a fixed period, overflow their banks, inundate the roads, and turn the whole country into an impassable swamp. Under pain of seeing the English army perish in the bogs or beneath the floods, it was necessary that active operations should be over, at latest, by the last week of May. Let us add, that the spirit and discipline of the troops were no longer what they had been in the early days of the campaign, when all hearts were inflamed by love of their country and of humanity. Pillage and plunder acquired by the sword

are fatal to all martial virtues. Certain accidents sustained by convoys, certain disappearances of treasure chests could not be all attributed to carelessness or chance. Many an officer, many a soldier who concealed priceless jewels beneath his uniform, was longing to return home and rest, and performed his duties with remissness, if not with discontent.

Two columns were directed to second the operations of the principal body. Brigadier Jones's corps, of about 4,000 men, started from Rourki, in the middle of April, and moved in a southerly direction, pushing back the rebels upon Bareilly. Another column, commanded by General Penny, was advancing on the east, and should have joined the main body between Shahjehanpore and Bareilly. A day was fixed for the concentration of the troops, their marches had been regulated in advance; but it is only under the shadows of night that Europeans can thread their way through these fiery regions. The weariness and fatigue of these long and incessant marches were calculated to enervate the stoutest hearts.

The three English columns advanced toilfully, in the midst of all these trials, in search of an intangible enemy. The boldest of the rebel chiefs—the Moulvie, the Begum, and Prince Firoz Shah—showed themselves only to disappear again; as if they wished to leave the task of combating their enemy to fatigue, privation, and the heat of the sun. In the English army the troops were almost brought to wish that the foe would somewhere offer a serious resistance. On April 30, Sir Colin Campbell entered Shahjehanpore without striking a blow; where vendors of sweetmeats and beggars were the sole representatives of the population. The following day was spent in placing the town jail in a condition of defence. Sir Colin Campbell left there a garrison of 600 men under Colonel Hall; and the moving column was again in motion on May 2. Two days afterwards General Penny's brigade joined the main body at the rendezvous appointed between Shahjehanpore and Bareilly; but a fatal accident had saddened their march.

On May 1, at the first glimmer of daylight, General

Penny, accompanied by the magistrate of the district, advanced along the road at the head of the column, when some indistinct figures were seen a little in front. A sudden flash lit up the horizon, followed by a fearful report. A squadron of Carabineers dashed rapidly forwards, and made short work of the ambuscade; but not without loss to themselves. General Penny's body, stripped of its clothes, and literally hacked to pieces by sabre cuts, was found on the spot lately occupied by the enemy. The veteran officer, wounded probably in the arm by the first discharge, had not been able to restrain his frightened charger, which carried him into the hostile ranks, where he met his death. The movements of the detachments coming from Rourki were not less regular than those of the column which had been deprived of its leader; and, on May 5, Bareilly was attacked on the north and on the east by the combined forces of Brigadier Jones and Sir C. Campbell.

The capital of Rohilkund is composed of a thoroughfare more than two miles long, intersected by narrow streets. Round the town, country houses surrounded by gardens, clumps of trees, and cultivated fields formed a species of suburb. Beyond this first enclosure stretched immense plains which, though cut up here and there by nullahs (ravines), were favourable to the operations of cavalry, an arm in which the rebels were very strong. The road from Shahjehanpore to Bareilly, by which Sir C. Campbell's troops had to advance, is crossed by a river, with steep and easily defended banks. The forward movement began on May 5 at dawn, and after a cannonade which did little harm, the English effected the passage of the river, the bridge over which their adversaries had not even taken the trouble to blow up. The information possessed by the staff was very meagre, and a belt of trees and sugar canes prevented the positions held by the defenders of the town from being minutely reconnoitred.

The suburbs were being slowly traversed when a vanguard composed of Sikhs, told off to search the ruined houses, were received by a galling fire, and fell back in hot haste. About a hundred Ghazis (Moslem fanatics) issued from

the broken walls, and came bounding forward like panthers, shouting, 'Bismillah Deen' (for God and the Faith), covering their heads with a leather shield, and brandishing their formidable 'tulwars.' Their leader, notwithstanding a perfect hail of bullets, arrived to within a few feet of the English lines, where he was struck dead by a musket shot. Sir C. Campbell passed a few moments later over the scene of this sharp encounter, and most fortunately escaped a great danger. Seeing one of these fanatics lying a few steps off across the road with his tulwar in his hands, the position of the body and the brightness of the eyes caused him some suspicion, and he ordered a Highlander, who was by chance near him, to finish the Ghazi. The bayonet did not penetrate the thickly-wadded tunic of the impostor, who, jumping up, rushed at the General. At the same moment a Sikh, with one blow of his sabre, struck off the head of the Ghazi, as easily as he might have done that of a poppy. Not a man of the valiant cohort survived their defeat. A hundred and thirty-three corpses were counted after the action; and although *bhang* and opium might, without doubt, have played an important part in this heroic and foolish enterprise, history cannot speak of the affair without a word of eulogy and regret for these Indians. They were, for the most part, grey-bearded men; all wore turbans and waist-cloths of green, the colour dear to the Prophet; and on the little finger was a silver ring with a stone, on which was engraven a long text from the Koran. A few minutes after, a body of rebel cavalry, which fell on the rear, threw confusion into the enormous convoy of carts and camp-followers attached to the English army. The sick and wounded officers, carried in palanquins, and among others Dr. Russell, escaped the sabres of the *sowars* (horse-soldiers) only by a miracle.

That eminent writer has given in his 'Journal' a graphic account of this episode in an Indian battle; and the reader will, no doubt, be pleased with the following extracts therefrom:—

'The delay, or rather the halt of the column where I was, lasted some time after this. Every moment the heat became

more fearful. More than one European soldier was carried past me fainting, or dead. Major Metcalfe had kindly given me two bottles of French wine of the Chief's. I gave a cupful to one of those poor fellows who was laid down by my dhooly, getting it down his mouth with difficulty, for his teeth were partially set; his tongue sticking in his throat. He recovered a little —looked at me and said, "God bless you!"—then tried to get to his feet, gave a sort of gasp, and fell down dead. The crush on the road had become tremendous. The guns were beginning to move. Every moment a rude shock was given to the dhooly, which threatened to hurl it down the bank; so I told the bearers to lift me, and carry me off to a small tope in the field on my left, which seemed to be a quarter of a mile away, and certain to give us shade. The field was covered with camp-followers, who were plucking the grain and salads, with which the country appeared to abound all over. But it turned out that the tope, which after all was a very small cluster of bamboos and other trees, was much farther than I thought, and was by no means very umbrageous. Here my dhooly was placed close to Baird's; the bearers went inside among the bamboos, and squatted down to smoke or sleep. . . . Around us just now there was no sign of the British troops in front. They had dipped down into ravines, or were at the other side of the high road. Here and there were clouds of dust, which marked the course of cavalry. Behind us were the columns of the rear-guard and of the baggage. But the camp-followers were scattered all over the plains, and the scene looked peaceful as a hop-gathering. There is a sun, indeed, which tells us we are not in Kent. In great pain from angry leech-bites and blisters I had removed every particle of clothing, except my shirt, and lay panting in the dhooly. Half an hour or so had passed away in a sort of dreamy, pea-soupy kind of existence. I had ceased to wonder why anything was not done. Suddenly once more there was a little explosion of musketry in our front. I leaned out of my dhooly, and saw a long line of Highlanders, who seemed as if they were practising independent file-firing on a parade ground, looking in the distance

very cool, and quiet, and firm; but what they were firing at I in vain endeavoured to ascertain. A few native troops seemed to be moving about in front of them. . . . A long pause took place. I looked once or twice towards the road to see if there were any symptoms of our advance. Then I sank to sleep. I know not what my dreams were, but well I remember the waking. . . . There was a confused clamour of shrieks and shouting in my ear. My dooly was raised from the ground and then let fall violently. I heard my bearers shouting "Sowar! Sowar!" I saw them flying with terror in their faces. All the camp-followers, in wild confusion, were rushing for the road. It was a veritable *stampedo* of men and animals. Elephants were trumpeting shrilly as they thundered over the fields, camels slung along at their utmost joggling stride, horse and tats, women and children, were all pouring in a stream, which converged and tossed in heaps of white as it neared the road—an awful panic. And, heavens above! within a few hundred yards of us, sweeping on like the wind, rushed a great billow of white sowars, their sabres flashing in the sun, the roar of their voices, the thunder of their horses, filling and shaking the air. As they came on, camp-followers fell with cleft skulls and bleeding wounds upon the field; the left wing of the wild cavalry was coming straight for the tope in which we lay. The eye takes in at a glance what tongue cannot tell or hand write in an hour. Here was, it appeared, an inglorious and miserable death swooping down on us in the heart of that yelling crowd. At that instant my faithful syce, with drops of sweat rolling down his black face, ran towards me, dragging my unwilling and plunging horse towards the litter, and shouting to me as if in the greatest affliction. I could scarcely move in the dooly. I don't know how I ever managed to do it, but, by the help of poor Ramdeen, I got into the saddle. It felt like a plate of red-hot iron; all the flesh of the blistered thigh rolled off in a quid on the flap; the leech-bites burst out afresh; the stirrup-irons seemed like blazing coals; death itself could not be more full of pain. I had nothing

on but my shirt. Feet and legs naked—head uncovered—with Ramdeen holding on by one stirrup-leather, whilst, with wild cries, he urged on the horse, and struck him over the flanks with a long strip of thorn—I flew across the plain under that awful sun. I was in a ruck of animals soon, and gave up all chance of life as a troop of sowars dashed in among them. Ramdeen gave a loud cry, with a look of terror over his shoulder, and, leaving the stirrup-leather, disappeared. I followed the direction of his glance, and saw a black-bearded scoundrel, ahead of three sowars, who were coming right at me. I had neither sword nor pistol. Just at that moment, a poor wretch of a camel-driver, leading his beast by the nose-string, rushed right across me, and, seeing the sowar so close, darted under his camel's belly. Quick as thought, the sowar reined his horse right round the other side of the camel, and, as the man rose, I saw the flash of the tulwar falling on his head like a stroke of lightning. It cleft through both his hands, which he had crossed on his head, and, with a feeble gurgle of "Ram! Ram," the camel-driver fell close beside me with his skull split to the nose. I felt my time was come. My naked heels could make no impression on the panting horse. I saw, indeed, a cloud of dust and a body of men advancing from the road; but just at that moment a pain so keen shot through my head that my eyes flashed fire.'

The mass of armed men whom Dr. Russell had just seen approaching along the road easily put to flight the rebel cavalry, and re-established order in the rear of the English army. The day was drawing to a close, and the soldiers, exhausted by fatigue and heat, were encamped on the field of battle by star-light. The struggle was resumed next day; the intelligence was always insufficient and contradictory; it was evident the besieged were quitting the town in crowds. On the other hand, the reports of the spies spoke of crenelated and undermined battlements, still strongly occupied. Sir Colin Campbell, always sparing of the lives of his men, contented himself with covering the town with the fire of his powerful artillery. Brigadier Jones, on the eastern

side, imitated the example of his chief; and these delays in the assault permitted the rebel bands to evacuate Bareilly without serious loss. The next day, a mere military promenade gave to the English as prize possession the capital of Rohilkund. They found there a great quantity of cannon and munitions, but the principal prey, as at Lucknow, had slipped through the hands of the English. Bahadoor Khan was already far from Bareilly, and, still worse, the Moulvie had been for some days threatening Shahjehanpore.

Scarcely had Sir Colin Campbell passed that town on his way to Bareilly, than the Moulvie presented himself under its walls at the head of 6,000 or 8,000 men and 12 guns. The small English garrison, unable to sustain the contest, abandoned its stores, and concentrated its strength on the prison, which had been surrounded by weak defensive works. The town, left to the rebels, was immediately stripped of everything. This bad news reached head-quarters on the night of the capture of Bareilly. To march to the relief of the threatened garrison without arranging for the defence of the chief seat of English authority in Rohilkund, was to lose all the fruits of victory; Sir Colin Campbell was obliged to satisfy himself at the moment with despatching a relieving force, consisting of a picked brigade under Brigadier Jones. That officer performed his mission with as much energy as good fortune.

Starting from Bareilly on May 8, he succeeded in breaking through the lines of the Moulvie, who tried to prevent his passage, and reached the English entrenchments on the 11th. Three days of forced marches over a parched soil, under a burning sun, had exposed the expedition to great sufferings, and many of the men died of sunstroke by the way. The arrival of this reinforcement did not effect the complete relief of Shahjehanpore. The Moulvie, recovering from his first surprise, or better informed as to the numerical weakness of the column under Brigadier Jones, reformed his lines of investment. On May 15 the rebels attempted to carry the English positions by main force, and, when foiled in the endeavour, withdrew from the immediate neighbour-

hood of Shahjehanpore. Sir C. Campbell's return a few days later completed the success. Full of anxiety for the fate of Shahjehanpore, the General-in-Chief had not waited to finish the works intended to secure the safety of Bareilly, but had set out, on May 14, for the former town, which he reached in five days, after handing over the military command of the province to Brigadier Walpole, with whom he left a considerable body of troops.

The rainy season was at hand; the Ganges was rising rapidly. The expedition against Rohilkund had succeeded as far as was possible. English supremacy was re-established in the two principal towns; all traces of Bahadoor Khan's authority had vanished, and though there were still a great many rebel bands in arms on the frontier of Oude, their movements could inspire no serious alarm.

On the other hand, since his arrival in Rohilkund, Sir C. Campbell had been unable to keep up any communication with the different bodies of the army, whose operations he had to direct in various parts of India. The most imperious necessity recalled him to the seat of Government, and forced him to leave in other hands the care of completing his task. But being desirous above all things of securing the success of his lieutenants, the old general unhesitatingly left all his European troops behind him, and journeyed towards the Ganges, escorted solely by some squadrons of irregular cavalry and a detachment of Beloochees (native infantry).

The sufferings experienced in the recent marches surpassed all that had been hitherto endured. The thermometer in the tents, even when provided with 'taths,' stood at 116° Fahrenheit. As the Moulvie and his bands had not yet left the neighbourhood of Shahjehanpore, success depended on the rapidity of the advance, and the day's march was often one of twelve hours. 'The men gasped like broken-winded horses as they drew their breath,' says an eye-witness. During the last march but one the scouts suddenly perceived a body of troops on the horizon, and an attack seemed imminent. Happily it was diverted to the attack of a convoy on its way to Shahjehanpore, under the protection of the

80th Regiment of the Royal Army. Sir Colin Campbell took advantage of this circumstance, and sending back the native troops with the convoy, continued his retrograde march with the European regiment. On the last night, a hot wind storm—the veritable simoom of the desert—swept over the little column, and threatened to swallow it up in its clouds of fiery dust. This was the last and greatest trial. The wind abated towards morning; and, on May 25, the troops began to cross the Ganges.

'I really believe that if the dust-storm had lasted half as long again, the result would have been fatal to most of the column. It was the same evil wind that smote Lake's corps in his awful march to Cawnpore at precisely the same period, and just fifty-four years ago.

'The "devil's breath" was upon us. If I could describe it, I should shrink from reviving the recollections of that "mauvais quart d'heure," which was in its horrible fervour worthy of the name which is translated by the above epithet. I crawled back to my dooly into a bed of burning sand, and there I lay exhausted. For hours we marched on. Oh! what delight at last to wake up in the midst of a stream of bright clear water, to see beyond its banks another broader still. I had been borne over the Rumgunga in a sort of dreamy consciousness, and even the pangs of thirst could not awake me. But now I was in the midst of water, my dhooly was at rest in a shallow stream like some small island, and the waters rolled over the sandy bed with a gurgling, pleasant song, away, under, and through the legs of my bed, and then came old Sukeeram, and taking up the grateful draughts in a gourd, held them to my parched lips. Then, with the hollow of his hand he dashed the dimpling surface of the current on my head and face. I could fancy how the sun-smitten earth drinks in the first autumn showers. All around me, above and below, the native camp-followers, syces, bazaar-people were rolling in the river, and puffing and blowing like so many porpoises. We were in a branch of the Ganges, and beyond us, across a long low waste of sand-banks, rolled the main body of the sacred river. Nor were

the poor fagged British soldiers less delighted, if they were not quite as demonstrative in their joy, when they beheld the water, and bathed their aching heads and legs in the stream. Presently, sitting over his horse's shoulder with an air of fatigue, as well he might, came Sir Colin himself, with a few of his staff. His clothes and face were covered with dust, his eyes were half filled with sand, and, indeed, I scarcely recognised him for a moment, when he drew up to speak to me. "Futtehguhr is only four miles away," said he, "we'll be there in an hour and a quarter." And after a minute or so more spent in talking of the night we had passed, he rode his horse, which had not lost its time in the water, across the stream, and went on. If any of the Senior United Service or of 'the Raj' Seniors could have seen the dirty, jaded men who followed the General, they would have required much faith to believe they were staff officers.

'We jog on over the wide sand-banks of the broad bed of the Ganges, cut here and there into deep nullahs and dry water-courses, and covered with coarse grass, which will soon be under water.'[1]

[1] *My Diary in India in the Years* 1858–59, by W. H. Russell.