difference of a general disturbance in the hills or not. . . These hills are full of disbanded soldiers, not inimical to us, but wanting service and bread; and more danger is to be apprehended here than in the plains of the Jullundur Doab. . . . In the Jullundur Doab there are few disbanded soldiers, an open champaign country, and no forts. Two infantry corps, or a couple of irregular cavalry corps and a battery, would, I think, render all safe. In the hills we have an area of three thousand square miles, full of soldiery, with but three companies at Nurpore, and the Sikh local corps locked up at Kangra. If it is thought necessary to put a corps in Govindgurh, surely it is incumbent to take care of Kangra; and this I can't do if I detach any large body of men from it. Only consider the moral effects of any general disturbance in the hills, the roads rendered unsafe, the towns plundered, and the revenues unpaid!

Whether the request of John Lawrence for reinforcements, thus made, was ultimately successful or not I have failed to discover. But in any case he acted as if it were, for during the next two or three months he was here, there, and everywhere, with his flying hill-corps, putting down insurrection wherever it showed its head, and as soon as it had shown it, and at the expense of very little blood or money. It was also with his full approval and advice that Wheeler, who was reluctant to spare any of his troops from Jullundur for the hill country, crossed with a portion of them out of his own district into the Bari Doab, to put down disaffection and seize some forts there.

In November news came that the frontier fort of Pathancote, which was garrisoned by only fifty Sikhs from Kangra and a few police, was being besieged by a thousand insurgents, who had been collected in the Bari Doab and Kashmere. The danger was urgent, for the fort was large and the garrison small. It had ammunition and supplies for five days only, and the garrison, composed as it was of Sikhs, might be disposed to hand over the fort at once to the enemy. By a night march Barnes relieved the garrison and made the besiegers withdraw to Denanuggur, on the Sikh frontier; and by another night march, John Lawrence,—like Joshua, when summoned by the Gibeonites, under circumstances of similar urgency,—marching 'all night,' crossed the Beas into the Punjab and attempted to surprise the rebels while they were still asleep. He arrived an

hour too late, but followed them up with vigour and dispersed them. 'The Sikh troops,' he says in his report, 'though they knew that they were going against Sikhs, evinced the greatest spirit and alacrity.'

It will be remembered that, unlike the inhabitants of the plains, who had not only acquiesced in but welcomed our rule, the hill chiefs were naturally more or less discontented with the loss of their ancient privileges; and the flame which had been smouldering now burst out simultaneously in different directions. At the other extremity of the hill country, the Kutoch chief raised the standard of revolt, seized his ancestral palace at Teera and some adjoining forts, and fired a royal salute announcing the disappearance of the British Raj. At the same time the Raja of Jeswun, lower down in the hills, and the Raja of Duttarpore, and the Bedi of Oonah, from the plain country, rose up against us. Dividing his force into two parts, Lawrence sent Barnes, at the head of one of them, against the Kutoch chieftain, while he himself, with five hundred of the Sikh corps and four guns, moved down the Jeswun valley against the other insurgents. The success of both expeditions was complete. Barnes captured his opponent and the forts belonging to him. Lawrence did the same. Subdividing again the small force into two columns, with one of them he captured a hill above Umb, held by the enemy; with the other he destroyed the fort. Both Rajas fell into his hands.

The Bedi of Oonah might have proved a much more troublesome foe. He held large possessions both in the plains and in the hills, and was a man of considerable ambition and arrogance. He was, moreover, as I have shown, the high-priest of the Sikhs, being descended from Nanuk, the great Guru. This position he had won from his brother, whom he had slain in battle. Such a man could not fail to be hostile to us, and his opposition was intensified by the fact that we had set our faces against the practice, so dear to the Bedi, of female infanticide. Many of his people, however, refused to fight for him, and on the advance of John Lawrence with a body of Sikhs who seemed as ready to go against him as against the Rajas of the hills, he abandoned his stronghold and took refuge in the camp of

Shere Sing. I may add that he shared in the privations and disasters of the subsequent campaign, surrendered to us at its close, and spent the rest of his life as a British pensioner at Umritsur.

The retreat of the Bedi into Sikh territory ended John Lawrence's campaign—a campaign of thirteen days only, but as complete, on a small scale, as any which was ever fought. A bloodless campaign is apt to escape the notice of an historian, for the very reasons which—if prevention is better than cure, and if to save life and money is better than to throw them away—ought to attract particular attention to it. From this time forward not a gun was fired in the Jullundur Doab, not even when the echoes of the disastrous battle of Chillianwallah might well have roused it to one more effort; and that this was so, was due chiefly to the skill, the energy, the intrepidity, the presence of mind of the Commissioner. With a mere handful of troops at his disposal, upon whose fidelity, till he had tested it in actual warfare, he could not safely count, he had taken measures to quell risings in the most opposite parts of his province, had organised his own commissariat, had kept the military authorities up to the mark, had carried on the civil government of the country, had led Sikhs against Sikhs, religious enthusiasts against their own high-priest! In November of that memorable year the scales seemed evenly balanced in the Punjab, or even to incline, as the result of the first three general engagements, in favour of the Sikhs. How much more desperate would the struggle have been had the Jullundur Doab burst into a flame and threatened the flank and rear of our hard-pressed army! Golab Sing, left to himself, and surrounded by the rebels, would assuredly have joined them, and, probably, at least one more Chillianwallah would have preceded Gujerat.

Such brilliant services could not fail to be noticed by the remarkable and masterful spirit who had succeeded Lord Hardinge as Governor-General, who was just throwing off the slight symptoms of hesitation which, on first landing, had made him defer to the judgment of others, and who was henceforth bent on showing everybody, perhaps only too bluntly, that he could afford to stand alone. 'It was,' writes Lord Dalhousie to Henry Lawrence from Ferozepore, 'in order that

no proclamation should be issued without being previously sanctioned by me, and in order to ensure unity of action by the Government and its officers, and to avoid differences of opinion, that I advanced to the verge of the frontier; and it is for this that I remain here now.'

The bunglings, the delays, and the disasters which had marked the opening of the campaign had not, it will readily be believed, taken place without causing many high words and much mutual recrimination between the fine old Commander-in-Chief and the young and self-reliant Governor-General. And a few extracts from the confidential letters of Lord Dalhousie to Henry Lawrence, which have been kindly entrusted to me by Henry Lawrence's surviving son, will help to fill a large gap which I find in Lord Lawrence's letters from October 1848 to September 1849, and will also serve to bring vividly before us one side (and I think the least lovable side) of the man who was henceforward to exercise so powerful an influence over the destinies of the Lawrence brothers. They will help to explain so much that is pleasant and so much that is painful in their subsequent relations to him that I have no scruple in inserting them here. A special interest, it will be remembered, attaches to the correspondence of Lord Dalhousie, from the fact that the bulk of it—all, that is, over which his executors have an exclusive control—is sealed up for fifty years after his death. Conscious of the integrity of his motives, he has thus appealed from the hasty praise or condemnation of contemporaries, to the deliberate judgment of posterity; and any conclusions, therefore, which we may draw from a portion of his correspondence, even though it be so extensive and so important a correspondence as that with the brothers Lawrence, must be held with some reserve.

Henry Lawrence had gone, as I have related, to England on a year's leave, which was to be extended, if necessary for his health, to two. But the news of the outbreak at Mooltan determined him to return as soon as possible to his post. He left England in November, reached Bombay in December, hurried up to Mooltan, took part in the operations of the final siege, left it on January 9, brought the first news of the capture of the town—though not of the fort—to Lord Dalhousie, went on to the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, and was present on the

13th at the disastrous battle of Chillianwallah. His beneficent influence had made itself felt even before he arrived. The Sikhs had not been slow to remark that the outbreak had followed so soon after his departure, and they hoped that his return might be the signal for a pacification. This general belief in the *Ikbal* (prestige) of Henry Lawrence was in itself enough to arouse the spirit of Lord Dalhousie, to make him put his foot down, and show his subordinate that, *Ikbal* or no *Ikbal*, it was Lord Dalhousie, and not Henry Lawrence, who would have the last word on each question as it came up. Nor can it be said that he was wrong in this. There had been rumours afloat that Moolraj intended to surrender to Sir Henry Lawrence as soon as he arrived, in the hope of getting more favourable terms from him than could be got from any one else. But a letter written on December 12 from Sirhind, by the Governor-General, and intended to meet Sir Henry Lawrence on his arrival, was calculated to remove all misconception on this point.

I have to inform you that I will grant no terms whatever to Moolraj, nor listen to any proposal but unconditional surrender. If he is captured he shall have what he does not deserve—a fair trial; and if on that trial he shall prove the traitor he is, for months in arms against the British Government, or accessory to the murder of British officers, then, as sure as I live, he shall die. But you have one answer alone to give him now—unconditional surrender. I have told you what will follow it.

An earlier letter, written on November 13 from Allahabad, before the campaign had well begun, shows that Lord Dalhousie had, even then, made up his mind as to the necessity of annexation; and there will be few who have followed the history thus far who will not agree with him on this point rather than with Henry Lawrence.

Our ulterior policy (he says) need not be promulgated till Mooltan has been taken and the Sikh rising has been met and crushed; but I confess I see no halting-place midway any longer. There was no more sincere friend of Lord Hardinge's policy, to establish a strong Hindu government between the Sutlej and the Khyber, than I. I have done all that man could do to support such a government, and to sustain that policy. I no longer believe it

feasible to do so, and I must act according to the best of my judgment in what is before us.

On January 18, five days after Chillianwallah, Henry Lawrence looked in upon his old quarters at Lahore, of which he was again to take charge as Resident on the 1st of the following month, and there, as the result of the 'victory' of Chillianwallah, he found the Brigadier in command talking of building up the gates and breaking down the bridges, to delay the onward march of the 'conquered' Sikhs!

You say you are grieved (says Lord Dalhousie to him) at all you saw and heard at Lahore; so am I—so I have long been; but I don't know whether our griefs are on the same tack.

In other letters from Ferozepore he writes:—

Never mind what other people say about your having authority over the Sutlej Provinces, or whether they like it or not. I think it expedient you should have it for the public good, and that's enough for anybody. Rub Colonel ——'s nose in the dirt if it's necessary. General —— is beyond all human patience and endurance. Pray coax or frighten Brigadier —— away.

The letter in which Lord Dalhousie, who had so lately arrived in India and had never even seen the Punjab, severely reprimanded Henry Lawrence—not for a proclamation which he had issued on his own authority, but for the draft of one which he, with the full consent of the Governor-General, had prepared and then humbly submitted again to him for his approval, simply because he had inserted in it some slight expression of his personal feelings for a brave foe—has already been published in great part by Herman Merivale in his life of Sir Henry Lawrence.[1] It need not, therefore, be quoted again here. The reception of such a letter would have been gall and wormwood to a man of a far less sensitive and generous nature than Henry Lawrence, and it is painful to those who knew what he had done and what he was, to read it even now.

Such is the lot, the unenviable, but, perhaps, inevitable, lot of some of the best of our Indian public servants. And it is a drawback to their condition which the changing circumstances of the Government of India, the rapidity of communication

[1] Vol. ii. p. 123.

between it and England, the increasing connection of European with Indian politics, and the party spirit thus imported into regions which should be looked upon as beyond its reach, seems likely, in the future, to increase rather than to diminish. A new Viceroy, as has very recently been the case, comes out, bent, wisely or unwisely, on reversing the policy of his predecessor, or, it may be, of all the wisest of his predecessors. In order to do so, he has to manipulate or get rid of the subordinate agents of that policy, and it will depend, to a great extent, upon his tact, his sympathy, and his large-heartedness, whether he eases their fall, or intensifies its bitterness. It will sometimes happen that the more an agent has been trusted by one Governor-General, the less he will be trusted by his successor; the more he knows of the merits of a particular question, the less will his opinion be asked upon it. It is, perhaps, only human nature that it should be so. The Athenian rustic was not the only person in the world who would have been glad to banish Aristides, because he was tired of hearing him called the Just. The consideration, therefore, with which an Indian officer is treated by a new Governor-General is, sometimes, likely to be in inverse proportion to his merits. And still more is this the case when the new Viceroy comes out not merely charged to initiate a new policy, but with every step in that policy marked out beforehand. For while he himself—except in those rare cases where he has risen from the ranks of the Civil Service—necessarily knows little of India from personal experience, he is instructed by those at home who, *ex hypothesi*, know even less. His first step, therefore, is to elbow out of his way, in one method or another, those who know the facts which tell against him, and who have given as many years to the study of the problem which has to be solved as he has hours. 'Local experience,' a recent Viceroy exclaimed, when the results of that experience were brought before him by one who knew the Afghan frontier as he knew his own home—'I'll have none of it!' and that, too, under circumstances when it was all-important that he should avail himself of it to the very full. He *did* have none of it, and with consequences which India and England alike will feel, to their cost, for many years to come.

Not that Lord Dalhousie is to be coupled for a moment with

Lord Lytton, or that Henry Lawrence's case was, in any degree, parallel to that of those lifelong 'Wardens of the Marches' who received lately but 'a bow and a good-morning' from the Viceroy who ought to have picked their brains and done his best, if he could not follow their advice, at least to assimilate it and to utilise their services. Lord Dalhousie, whatever his faults, had a single eye to the public good, and a determination to learn all that was to be said upon a subject before he made up his mind upon it. He gave his confidence freely to any subordinate whom he recognised as worth it, provided only that that subordinate, after he had delivered his protest, would loyally do his bidding; and when a man was a good man, Lord Dalhousie's worst enemies will admit that he never failed to recognise him as such. 'You give,' he says to Henry Lawrence on February 13, 'and will, I hope, continue to give, me your views frankly. If we differ, I shall say so; but my saying so'—and here he undoubtedly hits a blemish in Henry's mental constitution—'ought not to be interpreted to mean want of confidence.' And even earlier, on February 3, 'I assured you lately,' he says, 'with entire sincerity, that I have full confidence in your ability, your vigour, and your experience. My confidence in your possession of these qualities will always ensure that any view you submit shall receive from me the most respectful and mature consideration.'

With this explanation of what I believe to have been the attitude of Lord Dalhousie towards his subordinates, I may proceed to give a few of the more striking passages from his letters illustrating his force of expression, his self-reliance, his determination to have his own way, and his indignation—possibly, sometimes, the shortsighted indignation of a civilian who could not see all the difficulties which were visible to the military eye—at the blunders and shortcomings of the military authorities, especially of the brave old Commander-in-Chief.

One question which had already called down the Olympian thunders on the devoted head of Henry Lawrence was the question which was looming in the distance, of the treatment of the conquered—if, indeed, they ever should be conquered—Sirdars. Henry Lawrence, who knew them and was known by them so well, was, with his usual generosity, in favour of

giving them the easiest terms compatible with safety. But Lord Dalhousie would hear of nothing of the kind. 'Their lives and their subsistence' was all that he would promise to these proud and powerful nobles, even if they submitted at once. And when at last they fell into his hands he was as good as his word. The more formidable of their number he proposed to banish. 'Chuttur Sing and Shere Sing cannot be allowed to live at home and weave treachery at leisure.' Their chivalrous treatment of the captive George Lawrence and of the English ladies, about whose release Lord Dalhousie, throughout his correspondence, shows the tenderest interest, seemed to him to be no reason at all for dealing chivalrously with them. 'As for promising easier terms because they have treated the prisoners well, I hold a different view. I hold that Chuttur Sing and his sons, in seizing their best friends and making them prisoners, have shown themselves unmitigated ruffians; and that they have not ill-treated them into the bargain, rescues them from irrecoverable infamy and nothing more.' In vain did Henry Lawrence plead day after day with touching earnestness for the less guilty Sirdars.

Nothing (replied Lord Dalhousie) is granted to them but maintenance. The amount of that is open to discussion, but their property of every kind will be confiscated to the State. . . . In the interim, let them be placed somewhere under surveillance; but attach their property till their destination is decided. If they run away our contract is void. If they are caught I will imprison them. And if they raise tumult again, I will hang them, as sure as they now live, and I live then.

Everything in camp (he says on February 11), as far as the Commander-in-Chief is concerned, grows worse and worse. . . . I expected no good tidings, and the best news which I now hope for is, that his Excellency has not had his 'blood put up,' but has waited the few days which will give him reinforcements, that will enable him to make sure work of the next action. I have written to him to-day on his future proceedings in terms which I am aware will be very distasteful to him, but which it is both necessary that I should employ as a caution to him, and prudent that I should address to him in relief of my own responsibility.

On the following day, referring to a request of Henry Lawrence that he might go to the camp and throw his

influence into the scale on the side of vigour as well as prudence, he writes thus:—

It is already too notorious that neither you nor anybody else can exercise any wholesome influence on the mind of the Commander-in-Chief; if you could have done so the action of Chillianwallah would never have been fought as it was fought. . . . All that we can do will hardly restore the prestige of our power in India, and of our military superiority, partly from the evidence of facts, and partly from the unwise and unpatriotic and contemptible croaking in public of the European community itself all over India, high and low. . . . Moreover, I have my orders. I am ordered in the first instance to conquer the country. Please God, I will obey.

Lord Gough, it should be remarked here, had been waiting, by Lord Dalhousie's own directions, for the reinforcements with which General Whish was at that moment hurrying up from Mooltan, before he should risk another battle. And it was during this inaction that news arrived that the enemy, who had so long been encamped opposite us at Russool, had suddenly left their encampment and had gone off, Heaven knew where; for some of our informants said they were marching eastward for Jhelum, others westward for Gujerat!

Well may you say (writes Lord Dalhousie to Henry Lawrence on February 15) that it is wonderful that the Sikhs are allowed so to play around us. Other and stronger epithets would not be less applicable. I have a letter to-day from the Commander-in-Chief. He is utterly mystified.

The mystery was soon cleared up, and it was found that Shere Sing had turned Lord Gough's right, had got into his rear, had established his head-quarters at Gujerat, and had even pushed a portion of his forces across the Chenab, thus threatening, or appearing to threaten, an advance on the ill-protected city of Lahore. Lord Gough, meanwhile, who had been complaining for a month past of the encumbrance of his heavy baggage, but had declined to move it from his camp, found it impossible to follow up the enemy closely, or even to detach a brigade to guard the crossing of the river.

It is sad work (says Lord Dalhousie) to be thus out-generalled day after day. . . . I wait, as patiently as I may, the announcement of where the enemy are, or what we are doing. At present I have

only the intelligence of the Commander-in-Chief, which might be stereotyped, that 'the order is countermanded *till to-morrow*.'

A letter written by Lord Dalhousie to Henry Lawrence, on February 20, is so intensely characteristic of the man, shows so vividly his strength of mind, his strength of will, his strength of expression, and at the same time proves so clearly that the submission which he required from his subordinates he equally expected them, in their turn, to require from theirs, that I make no apology for quoting it almost in full.

The tidings you send, on the whole, are satisfactory, and I pray God we may, for the sake of all, and for the peace of this country, have achieved a 'crowning' victory before long. I observe what you say regarding General Campbell (Sir Colin) having told you that there was 'no thought of crossing the Jhelum this season.' Your brother will have ere this reassured you on that point, which he incidentally mentioned to me. What 'thought' the camp of the Commander-in-Chief has signifies very little. The camp's business is to find fighting; I find thought; and such thought as the camp has hitherto found is of such d—d bad quality, that it does not induce me to forego the exercise of my proper functions. It is too late to enter to-night into the details of your letter. I will only say now generally, that the camp *will* cross the Jhelum this season, and, please God, the Indus also; that the Commander-in-Chief and General Thackwell, or the Departments, will not cross it; that General Gilbert will command, and I hope the job will be well done. All this I communicated to the Commander-in-Chief some time ago, authorising him, and requiring him, in the event of the opportunity presenting itself, to make the arrangements himself, and expedite matters as much as possible.

I am greatly surprised with what you write to me about Major Edwardes, or rather, I should say I am greatly vexed, but not surprised at all. [Edwardes, it should be explained here, had disbanded a Pathan regiment, whose fidelity he had suspected, without any authorisation from Sir Henry Lawrence.] From the tone of your letter I perceive it is not necessary to say that you should pull up Major Edwardes for this at once. But I further wish to repeat what I said before, that there are more than Major Edwardes in the Residency who appear to consider themselves nowadays as Governor-General at least. The sooner you set about disenchanting their minds of this illusion the better for your comfort and their own. I don't doubt you will find bit and martingale for them

speedily. For my part, I will not stand it in quieter times for half-an-hour, and will come down unmistakably upon any one of them who may 'try it on,' from Major Edwardes, C.B., down to the latest enlisted general-ensign-plenipotentiary on the establishment. To-morrow I will write again.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
DALHOUSIE.

The admirers of Lord Dalhousie—and it must be admitted that these letters, incisive and racy, and often opportune, as they are, are not calculated to make anyone love him—and the admirers of Lord Gough, who, in spite of his blunders and vacillation, was, in virtue of his gallantry and martial bearing, beloved by his army, will, alike, reflect with pleasure that the Commander-in-Chief, while he was the object of such unsparing sarcasm and animadversion, was preparing the way, by a careful exploration of the ground, and by a series of masterly movements, for as crowning a victory as ever smiled upon our arms in India. The battle of Gujerat was fought on February 21. With 20,000 men and a hundred guns, Lord Gough attacked the Sikhs, who were in a position chosen and fortified by themselves and numbered 50,000 men armed with sixty guns. Taught by bitter experience, or influenced, it may be, by the strong letters of Lord Dalhousie, which I have before me, he changed his tactics and, with the help of the skilled advice of Sir John Cheape of the Engineers and Sir Patrick Grant, his son-in-law, kept himself and his men in check till the artillery, in which our real strength lay, had done its proper work. The Sikhs, even after their guns were silenced, fought like heroes, but they were utterly routed; and Gilbert, 'the best rider in India,' in a ride of many days, followed up the wreck of their army till at length it surrendered with its guns, its ammunition, and—more important than all in Lord Dalhousie's eyes—its English prisoners.

Few more striking scenes have ever been witnessed in India than this final submission of the Sikh army, the last remnant of the great Khalsa commonwealth. 'With noble self-restraint'—to use the words of Edwin Arnold—'thirty-five chiefs laid down their swords at Gilbert's feet, while the

Sikh soldiers, advancing, one by one, to the file of the English drawn across the road, flung down tulwar, matchlock, and shield upon the growing heap of arms, salaamed to them as to the "spirit of the steel," and passed through the open line, no longer soldiers.' But it must have been a more touching sight still when—as it has been described to me by eye-witnesses—each horseman among them had to part for the last time from the animal which he regarded as part of himself —from the gallant charger which had borne him in safety in many an irresistible charge over many a battle-field. This was too much even for Sikh endurance. He caressed and patted his faithful companion on every part of his body, and then turned resolutely away. But his resolution failed him. He turned back again and again to give one caress more, and then, as he tore himself away for the very last time, brushed a teardrop from his eye, and exclaimed, in words which give the key to so much of the history of the relations of the Sikhs to us, their manly resistance, and their not less manly submission to the inevitable, 'Runjeet Sing is dead to-day!'

But Gilbert's task was not yet done. Pursuing his headlong career further still, he drove the Afghan contingent over the Indus, through Peshawur, and right up to the portals, the happily forbidding portals, of the Khyber. The battle of Gujerat thus brought to a close, not the campaign only, but the war. All previous shortcomings were forgotten in the enthusiasm of victory, and the victor of Gujerat was able, with a good grace, to hand over the command to Sir Charles Napier, who had been sent out, in hot haste, to supersede him, and arrived from England early in May.

The whole of the Punjab, together with Peshawur and the Trans-Indus provinces, now lay at Lord Dalhousie's feet, as the prize of victory; and he was not the man to shrink, either on general or on special grounds, from appropriating the prize. 'I take this opportunity,' he says in one of his State papers written a year or two later, 'of recording my strong and deliberate opinion, that in the exercise of a sound and wise policy the British Government is bound not to put aside or neglect such rightful opportunities of acquiring territory or revenue as may from time to time present them-

selves '—a sentence of death, just or unjust, necessary or unnecessary, expedient or inexpedient, upon how many native states! But, in the case of the Punjab, there could be no question about the justice, and little about the expediency or necessity, of applying the general rule. Twice the Sikhs had attacked us unprovoked, and, the second time, under circumstances which laid them open to the charge of treachery and ingratitude, as well as deadly hostility. The experiment of sustaining the Khalsa against its own internal weakness had been tried honestly and under the most favourable circumstances by Lord Dalhousie as well as by Lord Hardinge, by John as well as by Henry Lawrence, and it had failed. We had remained in the country, to begin with, against our own wishes, and only at the unanimous and urgent request of the Sirdars; and no sooner had we acceded to their importunity than they treacherously rose against us in arms, and, once again, by their enthusiasm, their discipline, and their valour, imperilled the safety of our Indian Empire.

Lord Dalhousie had made up his mind at an early point in the struggle as to what must be its ultimate result, and even so chivalrous a supporter of native states and rights as Henry Lawrence had always been, had not done more than meet his views with a half-hearted opposition. If he was disposed to deny the expediency, he was forced to admit the justice of annexation. John, with clearer views of what the safety of India required, thought it to be expedient as well as just. The two brothers, as I gather from the few papers relating to this time which I have before me, had been living together at Lahore since January. And when an interview between the Governor-General and the Resident was deemed necessary to arrange for the impending annexation, we can hardly wonder if the Resident, instead of going himself, preferred to send his brother John on an errand which must have been so distasteful to him. The momentous interview took place at Ferozepore on March 12, and on the following day, after 'two long conversations,' John returned to Lahore, 'charged to convey to his brother the substance' of what they had been discussing, both as to Lord Dalhousie's intentions and as to the mode of carrying them into execution. It was, I believe, the first

time that Lord Dalhousie had set eyes upon the man who was so soon to become the most famous of all his lieutenants. But, drawing his conclusions from the vigour he had shown as Magistrate of Delhi during the first Sikh war, from the manner in which he had governed the Jullundur Doab in peace and in war, and from his correspondence with the Secretary to Government which he had seen and studied, he had already taken the measure of the man, and had begun to rate him at his proper value. 'What is to be done?' asked Lord Dalhousie, self-reliant and self-sufficing as he was, of the subordinate, whose advice he was hereafter so often to ask, and, even when the answer given did not harmonise with his previous views, he was not seldom to take—'what is to be done with the Punjab now?' and John Lawrence, who knew well that his questioner had made up his mind, at all hazards, ultimately to annex the conquered province, answered with characteristic brevity, 'Annex it now.' Difficulty after difficulty was started by the Governor-General, but as Demosthenes, when asked what was the first, the second, and the third requisite of an orator, replied in one word, 'Action; action; action,' so John Lawrence met each difficulty as it was started with what he considered to be the best and the only sufficient method of meeting it—'Annex it now; annex it now; annex it now.' Immediate annexation would be easy while the people were still crushed by their defeat; it would anticipate the difficulties and dangers of the hot weather, which last year had brought into such fatal prominence; finally, it would at once anticipate and clinch the determination of the Directors at home.

On March 29 Lord Dalhousie sent his Secretary, Sir Henry Elliot, to Lahore, charged to declare publicly his determination respecting the Punjab; and on the following day, in presence of Sir Henry Lawrence, the Resident, and his brother John; in presence of the faithful remnant of the Sikh Durbar; in presence also of the young Maharaja, who took his seat, for the last time, on the throne of Runjeet Sing, Elliot read aloud the fateful proclamation. The dynasty of Runjeet Sing was to be deposed; the young Maharaja was to receive 50,000*l.* a year and to have the right of residing wherever he liked outside the limits of the Punjab; and the whole of the territories of the five

rivers, together with the Crown property and jewels, above all, the peerless Koh-i-noor, were to belong to the British. The proclamation was received by those present with silence and almost with indifference. It was a step fraught indeed with tremendous possibilities for good and evil. It overthrew the fondest hopes and the most generous aspirations of Henry Lawrence's life, but it was justified by what had gone before it, and the most resolute opponent of unnecessary annexations will admit that it has been more than justified by its results.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WORK OF THE PUNJAB BOARD. 1849—1852.

THE Punjab had been annexed, but how was it to be governed? It might be placed under a purely military government, like that of Scinde—a system dear to the heart of the conqueror of Scinde, the self-willed and brilliant Sir Charles Napier, who was now on the point of landing in India as Commander-in-Chief, who despised all civilians as such, but reserved a special portion of his hatred, as well as scorn, for those 'soldier-politicals' who, by doffing the red coat and donning the black, had shown that they deliberately chose the darkness rather than the light, and yet who—as even he could not deny—had gone far to make India what it was. Or, again, the precedent afforded by most of our earlier and more settled provinces might be followed; the Punjab might have a purely civil government, under the control of a trained civilian, whose primary object it would be, not to make it a stepping-stone to further conquests beyond, but to prove to the East India Company that it could be well governed, and yet turn out to be a financial, as well as a military and political acquisition. This was the system which it might have been expected would have been preferred by a Governor-General who had never heard a shot fired till he reached the Sikh frontier, and who, it was then believed, cherished almost as great a dislike for military as did Sir Charles Napier for civil rule.

Was, then, Sir Charles Napier or Lord Dalhousie to have his way? Neither, and yet both. Both, that is, in part. The scheme upon which Lord Dalhousie hit, as the result of his personal knowledge of the men who had the best claim to administer the annexed province, was as novel in the history

of our Indian Empire as it was, at first sight, unpromising. The Punjab was to be governed, not by any one man, however eminent he might be, either as a soldier, or as a statesman, or as a mixture of both, but by a Board, the members of which were to be drawn from both branches of the service, and were to work under a system of 'divided labour, but of common responsibility.'

'A Board,' remarks Sir Charles Napier, when criticising the new arrangement, 'rarely has any talent.' And other and less unfriendly observers, knowing the antagonistic and self-contradictory elements which this particular Board contained, remarked that it was self-condemned from its birth; that it contained within itself the seeds of its own dissolution. There was truth in these sayings. But it was only a small portion of the truth. A Board is in itself a compromise, and therefore cannot possibly have the unity, the rapidity, the concentration, the individuality, which a single mind—especially if that single mind has within it a spark of the sacred fire of genius—can bring to bear on those whom it governs. Again, it was inevitable that the seething elements implied by the presence of such diverse and yet such masterful spirits as Henry and John Lawrence would one day become explosive. A volcano may be quiescent for many a year, but it is a volcano still.

It does not follow, however, because the Board was, at no distant day, doomed to die, that therefore it was stillborn. It did precisely the work which it was expected and meant to do, and which, certainly, no one of its three members would have done so well by himself. In the three years of its existence it accomplished, at whatever cost to the peace of mind of its constituent parts, a task, of which no one of them need have been ashamed, even if it had been the result of a lifetime. If the Board succeeded in reducing the most warlike and turbulent people who had ever crossed our path in India to submission, and made them not only submissive but contented; if it, literally as well as figuratively, beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; if, in dealing with the widely different races and classes which the Punjab contained, it abolished an old system and introduced a new, with, on the whole, the minimum of inconvenience or injury

to the few and the maximum of benefit to the many—and that it did all this, and a good deal more than this, I hope now to show—then it did a noble work; it was its own best justification, and abundantly answered alike the expectations of its founder and the highest hopes of the distinguished men of whom it was composed.

The Board was to consist of three members. At the head of it, as of prescriptive right, came the man who had filled the highest post in the country before its annexation, first as Resident, and then, as he might almost be called, Regent—the chivalrous and high-spirited, the eager and indefatigable, Henry Lawrence. That he was appointed to the first place in the administration of the new province is almost as creditable to a man of the autocratic tendencies of Lord Dalhousie as to Henry Lawrence himself. The friend and mentor of Lord Hardinge had already had many a sharp brush with Lord Hardinge's successor, and there was an antagonism of nature between the two men which each must have felt that no amount of mutual forbearance could bridge over. But Lord Dalhousie, as I have shown, was able to respect and to trust those from whom he differed, if he knew that they had the root of the matter in them. And he was certainly not the man to pass over, on the score of mere incompatibility of temperament, the pre-eminent claims which Henry Lawrence's previous services, his knowledge of the Sikhs, and his influence over them gave him. Had Lord Dalhousie been anxious to clear him out of his path and to put somebody else in his place who would be more congenial to himself, who would prove a mere tool in his hands, and would be content to register and carry out his orders, it would have been easy for him to do so without incurring any obloquy in the process. For Henry Lawrence, finding that his scruples against annexation had been finally overruled, voluntarily placed his resignation in Lord Dalhousie's hands, and would certainly have carried his purpose out had not Lord Dalhousie urged him to reconsider it, on the unanswerable plea that the objects dearest to his heart could not be thwarted and might be furthered by his remaining at Lahore. The argument was as honourable to Lord Dalhousie, who, knowing the differences between himself and his sub-

ordinate, could go out of his way to employ it, as to Henry Lawrence, who, even in the bitterness of his soul, could recognise its binding force.

Next to Henry Lawrence on the Board, in point of influence, if not of seniority, and marked out for it by his family name, and by his services in the Delhi district, in the Jullundur Doab, and at Lahore itself, came Henry Lawrence's brother, John. His knowledge of the Sikh races was only less than that of his brother; while, in mastery of details, in financial skill, in power of continuous work, and in civil training generally, he was far superior to him. A man who had ruled the Jullundur Doab during the last two years in the way in which John Lawrence had ruled it, and with the results which the prolonged and doubtful struggle of the second Sikh war had brought into full relief, was clearly the man to have a potential voice in the rule of the four other Doabs which the fortune of war had now thrown into our hands.

But a Board must consist of more than two members, and Charles Greville Mansel, the third member invited to serve upon it, was a man of more equable and philosophic temperament than either of the Lawrences. Like John, he was a civilian who had served his apprenticeship in the best school then known in India—that of Mertins Bird and Thomason, in the North-West. He was a man of contemplation rather than of action, and it was perhaps well that he was so; for the two brothers—with all their high mental gifts—were pre-eminently men of action. Mansel thus served as a foil to them both, in a different sense from that in which they served as a foil to each other. He was admirably fitted to discover the weak points in any course of action which was proposed, and, with somewhat irritating impartiality, would argue with John in favour of Henry's views, and with Henry in favour of John's. He would thus throw the 'dry light of the intellect' on questions which might otherwise have been seen, owing either to the aristocratic leanings of Henry or the democratic leanings of John, through a too highly coloured medium. If he was not good at carrying out into action any views of his own, it is probable that the views of his colleagues, which they

might have been anxious, in the exuberance of their energy, to carry out at once, often passed, owing to his idiosyncrasies, through a sifting process for which they were seldom the worse, and sometimes much the better.

The balance between the civil and military elements aimed at by Lord Dalhousie in the construction of the Board itself was scrupulously observed also in the selection of those who were to work under it. Besides George Christian the Secretary, upon whom John Lawrence had long fixed his eye, and Melvill, who was specially appointed by Lord Dalhousie to the post of Assistant-Secretary, there were to be four Commissioners for the four divisions of the new province—Lahore, Jhelum, Mooltan, and Leia; while beneath them, again, came some fifty-two Deputy and Assistant-Commissioners who were selected, in as nearly as possible equal numbers, from the civil and military services. 'You shall have,' wrote Lord Dalhousie to Henry Lawrence, in anticipation of the annexation, on February 26, 'the best men in India to help you—your brother John to begin with.' And he was as good as his word.

But, before I go on to describe the work done by the Board in general, and, so far as it is possible to distinguish between man and man, the part in it borne by John Lawrence in particular, it will be well to give some slight notion of the size, the inhabitants, and the leading physical characteristics of the country which they were to administer, and which, so long as the world lasts, it may safely be predicted, will be bound up with the name of Lawrence.

The five magnificent streams—the Sutlej, the Beas, the Ravi, the Chenab, and the Jhelum—which have given the name of 'Punjab' to the country which they traverse, all rise amidst the snowy peaks of the Himalayas, all flow in the same general direction, north-east to south-west, and all are ultimately united in the vast bosom of the Indus. Each of the five tracts of country enclosed by these six rivers narrows gradually from north to south, and is known by the name of Doab (the two rivers). The Jullundur Doab, between the Sutlej and the Beas, is the richest and most peaceful of them all. It had been under John Lawrence's rule for two years past,

and its principal features have been sufficiently described already. The Bari Doab, which comes next, between the Beas and the Ravi, is the most important, and, in its northern part at least, the most populous of the five. It contains the political capital of the whole country, Lahore; and the commercial and religious capital, Umritsur. It is the Manjha, or 'middle home' of the Sikh nation, which supplied the Sikh religion with its most revered Gurus; Runjeet's court with its most powerful Sirdars; and Runjeet's ever-victorious army with its most redoubtable warriors. Next, beyond the Bari Doab, between the Ravi and the Chenab, comes the Rechna Doab; and beyond it, again, between the Chenab and the Jhelum, the Jetch Doab, containing the most famous battle-fields of the war which was just over, Chillianwallah and Goojerat. Last comes the Sind Saugar, or 'ocean of the Indus,' Doab—so called from the vast tracts of country exposed to the inundation of the river—the largest, the most thinly inhabited, and the most sterile of all.

Beyond the Indus, between it and the Suliman range, lies the Peshawur valley and the district of the three Deras, or 'camping grounds,' of Afghan chiefs—Dera Ismael, Dera Futteh, and Dera Ghazi Khan, hence called the Derajat. It forms no part of the Punjab proper, but on the due arrangements for its defence depends, as we shall see hereafter, the security of the province, and so of the whole of our Indian Empire.

For the width of a few miles on each side of the six rivers of the Punjab there runs a fertile tract of country, the soil of which is irrigated by their superfluous waters and bears abundant crops. But far richer, far more extensive, and far more blest in every way by nature than these narrow strips, is the belt of land which lies beneath the shadow of the Himalayas, and forms the northern portion of the three central Doabs. It has a comparatively temperate climate, a fair rainfall, innumerable streams and streamlets, the feeders of the great rivers, and it yields, with an outlay of little labour and of less skill, two abundant harvests in the year. If the whole of the Punjab were equal to this, its richest part, it might almost challenge comparison with Bengal. But this is far from being the case.

For, between the narrow belts of rich land, which owe their existence to the great rivers, there lie vast arid tracts which are covered, not with waving crops of corn or cotton, of indigo or tobacco, but with scanty and coarse grass or with jungles of tamarisks and thorns. The soil is often impregnated with soda or salt; the heat is terrible; and the jungles are the haunt of wild beasts, or of wilder men, whose livelihood has been gained, from time immemorial, by cattle-lifting from the more cultivated districts.

The Punjab, therefore, is a country of extremes. One part of it is as populous as Bengal, in another there is hardly a human habitation to be seen; one part smiles as 'the garden of the Lord,' another is as bare and as barren as the deserts of Scinde or Rajpootana. The hill districts, with their mountain sanataria, from Murree away to Dalhousie, and thence to the Kangra valley, to Dhurmsala, or to Simla, are heavens upon earth, pleasant even in the hot season. The plains, at Lahore, for instance, and at Mooltan, are almost insupportable to Europeans from the heat. When the followers of the Arabian prophet demurred to fighting beneath the full blaze of an Arabian sun, because it was so hot, the prophet replied that 'hell was hotter still,' and on they went to victory or death. But a European who is unlucky enough to find himself at Mooltan in the hot season, will be disposed rather to agree with the truth expressed in the native proverb: 'When God had Mooltan ready for His purpose, why did He make hell?'

The boundaries of the Punjab and of India are clearly marked out by the hand of Nature. On the north, the Himalayas give it an absolute security from Chinese or Tartar, or even Russian scares, while on the west, the range of the Suliman mountains, which runs parallel with the Indus, forms an almost equally impenetrable barrier. It is true, indeed, that the Suliman range is traversed by passes which, under favourable circumstances, have given an entrance to the invading armies of Alexander the Great and Timour the Tartar, of Baber and Nadir Shah. But those conquerors were opposed by no foe worthy of the name. And, happily for us, here, again, range upon range rises behind the main mountain wall,

and beyond these, once more, are 'wilds immeasurably spread,' which, being inhabited by races as rough, as wild, and as inhospitable as the soil on which they dwell, altogether form an all but impregnable protection to India. No better series of defences, indeed, scientific or natural, could possibly be desired against any foe who comes from beyond Afghanistan; and no strong foe, it should be remarked, can ever come from within it.

The only range of mountains within the limits of the Punjab is the Salt range, which, crossing the Indus at Kalabagh and stretching eastward to Pind Dadun Khan on the Jhelum, divides the Sind Saugar Doab into two parts. Commercially it is most important; for salt is one of the first requisites of life, and the supply it yields is quite unlimited. Salt-springs issue everywhere from its base, and at Kalabagh, in particular, produce a peculiarly picturesque effect, by encrusting with a snowy whiteness the blood-red rocks around. North of the Salt range is the hilly district of Rawul Pindi; and beyond that, again, the wildly mountainous country of Huzara, a country of crags and caves, the abode of mountain robbers who had levied black-mail on the surrounding peoples from the time of Alexander downwards, and had never yet been conquered by force or fraud, but were to yield now a willing obedience to the fatherly kindness of James Abbott, and his worthy successor, John Becher.

The races inhabiting the Punjab are as varied as are its physical features. The Sikhs proper, though they form the flower and the sinew of the population, are, it must always be remembered, only a fraction, perhaps a sixth part, of the whole. The aboriginal Goojurs and Gukkurs, together with the Rajpoots and other Hindu races, make up another sixth; and the remainder—the inhabitants, that is, of the Sind Saugar Doab, of the district round Mooltan, of Huzara, of Peshawur, and of the Derajat generally—are all, more or less, Mussulman. It must have given no slight satisfaction to the English conquerors of the Punjab, to reflect that, if they had swept away the famous empire of the Sikhs they had at least given religious freedom and security from oppression to subject races who were four times as numerous. The Sikhs were

the bravest and most chivalrous race in India. They had done their best against us in two great wars, and they now seemed disposed to submit with manly self-restraint to our superior power, if only we used it with equity and toleration.

A more serious difficulty was to be found in those wild and warlike tribes which line our whole western frontier, from the north of Huzara right down to Scinde. These tribes had, for ages, carried on an internecine warfare with the more peaceful and settled inhabitants of the plains below, and the heirs to the rich inheritance of Runjeet Sing could hardly complain if they had to take the bad part of the bargain with the good. It needs only a glance at the position of Peshawur —the prize for which Afghan and Sikh have so often contended—with the Khyber frowning in its front, and with mountains enclosing it on three sides, all of them inhabited by tribes who have, from time immemorial, levied black-mail on all travellers passing through their territory, and have received the presents, the bribes, or the tribute of some of the greatest conquerors the world has seen, while they themselves have seldom paid toll or tax to any one—to see that the rich valley is a veritable apple of discord, for the possession of which those who hold it are likely to have to pay in the shape of large armaments, of chronic anxiety, of occasional retributory expeditions, and, once and again, unless wisdom holds the helm at Calcutta, of a distant and aggressive war in which victory may be even more disastrous than defeat.

And what is true of the Peshawur district is true also, in a less degree, of the whole frontier line beyond the Indus—of the valley of Kohat, for instance, which is only to be approached from Peshawur by two long and dangerous and waterless passes through the Afridi territory ; of the valley of Bunnoo, which is only accessible from Kohat by just such another pair of passes ; and so on along the whole length of the Suliman range, with its robber-haunted defiles, and the champaign of the Derajat lying at its feet as its natural prey. Altogether, it was calculated that these frontier tribes could put into the field against us 100,000 men, all fanatical, all Mohammedans, all well-armed, all excellent marksmen, and all inhabiting a country admirably adapted for their own predatory warfare,

but very ill-suited for regular military operations. The arrangements for the defence of such a frontier were delicate and difficult enough, but upon their adequacy, as I have said, depended the security of all the rest.

Such, then, was the general nature of the country, and such the chief characteristics of the people with whom the newly formed Punjab Board had to deal. It remains to ask how far its task was facilitated or hindered by any existing political or social institutions, in particular by what the masterful government of Runjeet Sing had done or had left undone.

Runjeet was, without doubt, an able and vigorous ruler, but it was vigour and ability as men understand it in the East. A good army and a full exchequer were the two, and the only two, objects of his government. The stalwart frames and the martial and religious enthusiasm of his subjects ensured the one, and the intoxication of victory after victory and of province added to province by the Khalsa commonwealth, made them ready to put up with the abuses which supplied the other. The difficult question as to what articles of consumption are most suitable for taxation and what are not, gave Runjeet Sing no trouble at all, for he laid taxes on all alike. Houses and lands, stored grain and growing crops, exports and imports, manufactures and the natural products of the soil, luxuries and necessities, all contributed their quota to the great cause. Powerful provincial governors like Sawun Mull and the local tax-gatherers, or kardars, were left free, provided that they remitted good round sums to Lahore, to squeeze their victims, and to feather their own nests pretty much as they liked. No statements of accounts were either expected or received from them by the Central Government. Runjeet's own account-book,—the most natural one, perhaps, for a man who could neither read nor write,—was a notched stick. The balance-sheet was the last thing in the world with which the paymaster of the forces would have cared to trouble himself. We found when we annexed the country that no balance-sheet had been presented by him for sixteen years. Punishments were few and simple. Thefts or ordinary murders were atoned for by payment of a fine; crimes involving gross violence were punished by mutilation—the loss of the nose, the ears, or the

hand; while the worst criminals of all were hamstrung. It was reserved for Avitabile, an Italian soldier of fortune, and ruler of the Peshawur district, to set the example of more barbarous punishments still. His rule was one of simple terror. He feared not God neither regarded man. He revelled in extortion and in cruelty of every description. Those who opposed his relentless will he blew away from guns or turned out in the sun to die, naked and smeared with honey; others he impaled or flayed alive, sometimes, it is said, beginning the terrible operation with his own hands!

Of prisons there were few, and those few we found to be almost untenanted. The chief duty of Runjeet's police was not to prevent or to detect crime, but only to put down disorder and facilitate the movements of the army. Roads, in the proper sense of the word, there were none; public conveyances and bridges none; written law or special ministers of justice none; schools, except of the most elementary kind, none; hospitals and asylums, of course, none. If, therefore, the Board had very much to do they had little to undo. Henry Lawrence, helped by his Assistants, had already, in his position as Resident, attacked the worst abuses, and had done something towards paying off the army, towards reforming the taxes and putting a limit to the extortions of the tax-gatherers. And now, as President of the Board, with his brother John as his chief co-adjutor, he was not likely to stop before he had finished the work to which he had put his hand, and had built up, in an astonishingly short space of time, that fair and firm political fabric which was to prove our surest support in the hour of need.

The first and one of the most difficult tasks which lay before the Board was the pacification of the country. The greater portion, indeed, of those gallant foes who had made us tremble for our Empire at Ferozeshah and Chillianwallah had frankly recognised that our star was in the ascendant after the battle of Gujerat, and on March 12, as I have already shown, had thrown down their swords in one vast pile, and had each, with one rupee in his pocket, returned to the plough whence he had originally come. It was now the turn of the few who had remained faithful to us during the struggle. Obedient to our summons they mustered, together with the

armed retinues of the old Sikh nobility, at Lahore. The old and invalided among them were pensioned off. The remainder obtained their long arrears of pay, and permission was given them, of which they were eventually to avail themselves largely, to re-enter our service.

We had thus disbanded the Sikh army. It remained to disarm the population and so to deprive them of the temptation to violent crime and disorder which the possession of arms always gives. The wearing of arms, as the history of Eastern Europe still shows, is a privilege as dearly prized by a semi-civilised as by a barbarous people, and is often necessary for the safety of the wearer. But peace, profound peace, was henceforward, as we hoped, to reign in the Punjab. Accordingly, about six weeks after annexation, a proclamation ordering a general disarmament was everywhere placarded, and, strange to say, was everywhere obeyed. One hundred and twenty thousand weapons of every size and every species, some of them much more dangerous to the wearer than to his foe, and ranging from the cannon or the rifle of the nineteenth century, A.D., down to the quoit or the bows and arrows of the time of Porus and Alexander in the third century, B.C., were voluntarily surrendered. The mountaineers of Huzara and of the Trans-Indus frontier were the only exceptions to the rule. They were allowed, and were not only allowed but enjoined, to retain their arms; for to have disarmed them at this early period would have been to lay them a defenceless prey at the feet of their neighbours across the border.

The duty of protecting the country which had been thus deprived of the natural guardians—or disturbers—of its peace fell, as a matter of course, on the conquerors. To guard the dangerous frontier line it was arranged that ten regiments—five of cavalry and five of infantry—should be raised from the country itself; and people of various races—Hindustanis, Punjabis, and Mussulmans—responded cheerfully to the call. The Sikhs, it had been feared, might flock in dangerously large numbers to our standards. But it was they alone who hung back; and for the moment it seemed as though, contrary to all our principles, we should be obliged to hold the Punjab in check by a force from which the bravest of its inhabitants

were excluded. This danger soon passed by. The Sikhs threw off their scruples, and since then they have rendered us valiant service whenever and wherever they have been called upon to do so. They have fought for us, with equal readiness, upon their own frontier and in other parts of India, on the Irrawaddy, and on the Yang-tse-Kiang; they have borne their part in the victorious march on Magdala; they have dropped down like an apparition on the newly annexed island of Cyprus; and, more recently still, they have stood side by side with us before the ramparts of Tel-el-Kebir, and have joined us in the beneficent race for Cairo.

Within a year of their being raised several of the Punjab irregular regiments shed their blood in our service, and henceforward they were seldom to shed it in any other cause. The Afridis, the Swattis, and other turbulent tribes beyond the frontier, learned that their more peaceable neighbours within it had a formidable power behind them which could not be provoked with impunity, and began to put some check on their predatory propensities. Three horse field-batteries, a camel corps stationed at Dera Ismael Khan, and the famous 'Guide Corps,' completed the movable defences of the frontier.

But the 'Guide Corps' was so remarkable a body of men, and they will have to be so often mentioned hereafter, that it will be well to give at once some notion of their leading characteristics. The corps owed its origin to a suggestion thrown out by the fertile brain of Henry Lawrence at the close of the first Sikh war. It originally consisted of only two hundred and eighty men, horse and foot. But, in view of the increased duties which were now to be thrown upon it, its numbers were to be trebled. No more uncanny, and yet no more invaluable, body of men was ever got together. Like the Carthaginian army of old, which contained samples of every nation that the ubiquitous fleets of the great republic could reach, the Guide Corps contained, on a small scale, representatives of almost every race and every place, every language and every religion, which was to be found in the North and North-West of India. It contained men of every shade of moral character, and men of no character at all. The most cunning trackers, the most notorious cattle-lifters, the most daring freebooters, were

enrolled in it, were subjected to a wholesome but not an over-strict discipline, were clothed in a brown uniform, so as to be indistinguishable at a little distance from the ground on which they moved, were privileged to receive a high rate of pay, and within a very short space of time were found to be ready 'to go anywhere or do anything.' 'Ready, aye ready!' might well have been their motto. Endurance, courage, sagacity, local knowledge, presence of mind—these were the qualities which marked a man out for the Guide Corps. On whatever point of the five hundred miles of our western frontier, with its score or more of savage tribes, operations had to be carried on, there were always to be found amongst the Guides men who could speak the language of the district in question, men who had threaded before, and therefore could now thread again, its most dangerous defiles, and could tell where the hostile encampment or the robber-haunted cavern lay. Thus the Guides, in a new but not an untrue sense of the word, formed the 'Intelligence Department' of the Punjab. These were the men for a daring reconnaissance, for a forced march, for a forlorn hope. Raised first by Lieutenant Harry Lumsden, they had already done good service in border fighting and in the second Sikh war. They were soon to serve under Sir Colin Campbell against the Mohmunds, and their like, with unvarying success. Finally, they were to be the first of that splendid succession of reinforcements of which the Punjab was to denude itself in the day of peril and send with a God-speed down to Delhi. 'I am making,' said Henry Daly, their commander, as he started with alacrity on his honourable mission, 'and I intend to make, the best march that has been heard of in India.' And he was as good as his word. In twenty-two days, at the very hottest season of the year, he made a forced march of five hundred and eighty miles from Peshawur to Delhi; and his men came into camp, as they were described by an eyewitness, 'as firm and light of step as if they had marched only a mile.' What wonder that they were received with ringing cheers by the small besieging force, and were welcomed, not merely for what they were in themselves —a body which represented the loyalty and the energy of nearly every tribe of Upper India—but as an earnest of the reinforcements which the Punjab, with John Lawrence at the helm, and

with such supporters as Montgomery, Nicholson, Edwardes, Chamberlain, and a dozen other such at his side, was to pour forth, in quick succession, on the same hazardous errand?

The whole frontier force which I have described, was, after long discussion, made directly subject to the Board, and was placed under the command of Brigadier-General Hodgson. One portion, and only one, of the frontier line was deemed by Lord Dalhousie to be of such paramount importance for the protection of the Empire that it was reserved for the regular troops. This was the Peshawur Valley, which,—with the Khyber, the direct passage to Afghanistan, and thence into Central Asia, in its front, and with the fords of the Indus, the best passage into India, directly in its rear,—was to be guarded by a force of about 10,000 men, nearly 3,000 of them Europeans. The Board had already shown by its measures that it was alive to the truth of the Greek saying that 'men, and not walls, make a city;' but the number of men at their disposal was too small, the hostile mountains were too near, sometimes not a couple of miles from our boundary, to allow of such a merely Spartan rampart as was possible in other parts of our Indian frontier. Accordingly, they arranged that the most dangerous portion, from Huzara to Dera Ismael Khan, should be defended by forts of considerable size, which were to be rendered capable of standing a siege; that below these, again, from the Tonk Valley down to Sinde, there should be a chain of smaller fortified posts at intervals of twelve miles apart; and that the whole should be connected together by a good military road, with branches leading, on one side, towards the hostile mountains, and, on the other, towards the friendly river.

So skilful and so complete were these defensive arrangements, and so admirable was the forbearance and the knowledge of the native character; the resolution, the promptitude, and the dash of the officers who were chosen to carry them out, that, from that time forward, the peace of the Punjab was never seriously threatened from without. The warlike preparations of the Board were thus all made, not with a view to war, but, as all warlike preparations ought to be made, with a view to peace; not for aggression, but for defence; not with a view to a 'forward' or a 'backward' policy, but with a determina-

tion to stand firmly placed where they were against all comers. And I have purposely described these frontier arrangements first, not because they are the most prominent feature of the Punjab administration, but because, owing to their complete success, they are the least so. They were the essential conditions of all the rest, and the less we hear of them after they had once been set going, the more sure we may feel that their object was attained. The 'Wardens of the Marches,' chosen by the Lawrences for these posts of danger and difficulty, George Lawrence and Reynell Taylor, Nicholson and Edwardes, Abbott and Becher, Keyes and Pollock, the Lumsdens and the Chamberlains were all of them picked men and pre-eminently fitted for their work, a work as modest as it was heroic. They only want their historian. Yet these were the men whom, together with others who have faithfully followed in their footsteps, a recent Viceroy, bent on initiating an aggressive line of frontier policy, went out of his way in one of his State-papers deliberately to insult. No more cruel or more unjustifiable attack has ever been made on several successive generations of able, energetic, and single-minded public servants. But their reputation has survived the attack, and the wisdom of their policy has been triumphantly justified by the melancholy results of the one wilful lapse from it. In any case, so well was their work done—the work of defence not defiance, of civilisation not conquest—during the period most identified with the name and fame of John Lawrence, that his biographer, forgetting the triumphs of war in the more grateful and enduring triumphs of peace, can afford, after he has indicated the general character of the frontier they had to guard and the general principles on which they did so, to let them almost pass out of sight, recurring to them only at those rare intervals when exceptional dangers brought them into exceptional prominence, and showed that they were able to cope with the need.

The country having been disarmed, and the frontier rendered secure, the next object of the Board was to provide for the detection and prevention of crime. To meet these ends, they raised two large bodies of police, the one preventive, with a military organisation, the other detective. The preventive police were 8,000 in number, horse and foot, many among

whom had done good service to the late Durbar, and had remained faithful to us in the Sikh war. Their duty was to furnish guards for treasuries, jails, and outposts, to patrol the roads—as soon as there should be any roads to patrol—and to follow up gangs of marauders, should any such appear or reappear in the nearly pacified province. The other body, numbering 7,000 men, and divided amongst some 230 police districts (thannahs), was to be employed in the detection of crime, in the guarding of ferries, and in the collecting of supplies for troops or of boats for the passage of the rivers.

With a wise trustfulness in its instruments, the Board left to the native revenue collectors, called *tahsildars*, large powers in the way of organising and controlling these police, thus utilising the local knowledge which they and they alone possessed. The native village watchmen, who formed an integral part of the old village system and were paid by the villagers themselves, were also carefully maintained by officers who had learned the priceless value of the village communities in the North-West.

Special precautions were required in those districts which were most infested by criminals. The Peshawur valley, for instance, was a nest of assassins, in which crimes of violence had always been the order of the day. Any hollow of the ground, any gully, above all any tomb of a Mussulman saint, might, not improbably, harbour some desperate cutthroat. The centres of the Doabs, again, which were covered with jungle, or brushwood, or tracts of long grass, had been, as I have already mentioned, from time immemorial a very sanctuary of cattle-lifters and their spoil. In these natural fastnesses whole herds of oxen which had been driven off from the richer lands near the river might graze and wander at pleasure, and yet lie impenetrably concealed from their former owners. Foolish, indeed, would any villager be who dared to penetrate such a Cyclops' den in order to recover what its wild inhabitants deemed to be theirs by a right at least as sacred as his! The chance of finding his cattle would be small, and his chance of escaping with them or with his life would be smaller still. It was not the nature of the Punjabi to throw away good money after bad, and so the great central Doabs were peopled, like the

Aventine of old, by hundreds of Cacuses who had never, till the time of the British occupation, found any reason to fear a Hercules.

How did the Board deal with these districts? Round the city of Peshawur they drew cordon behind cordon of police posts. They filled in the ravines and hollows and spread a network of roads over the adjoining district. In the Doabs, which had never yet been crossed by anything but a camel track, roads were cut in various directions, mounted patrols of police sent along them, and, more important than all, professional trackers were introduced—men of whose amazing skill John Lawrence had again and again availed himself in the pursuit of criminals at Delhi, at Paniput, and at Gorgaon; men whose senses had been sharpened by natural or artificial selection to a preternatural degree of acuteness; who could discern a footprint, invisible to the ordinary eye, in the hardest clay; who could follow a track of harried cattle through the wildest jungle and the roughest grass for, perhaps, some fifty miles, naming beforehand the number of the men and of the animals in the party, till at last they carried the trail triumphantly to some remote encampment, where their uncanny skill was proved to ocular demonstration.

But cattle-stealing was by no means the worst crime with which the Board had to deal. Dacoity, or robbery in gangs, had been bound up with the whole course of Punjab history. The Sikhs had been cradled in it; it had grown with their growth; and, as in many analogous periods of European history, it was the most successful gang robber who, after winning by his trusty sword large quantities of money or of cattle, usually ended by carving out for himself, in much the same manner, broad estates or powerful principalities. The leader of a band of free lances had thus little reason to be ashamed of his occupation. The bluest blood to be found in the Punjab often flowed in his veins, and his profession did as much honour to him as he to his profession. Kept within bounds by the strong hand of Runjeet Sing, or rather given ample occupation by his foreign conquests, Dacoity had taken a new lease of life in the anarchy which followed his death; and when his army was finally broken up by us, it was only

natural that the bolder spirits who could not, or would not, enter our service should betake themselves to so time-honoured a practice. The districts of Lahore and Umritsur began to swarm with them. But strong precautions and wholesome severity soon checked the evil. During the first year thirty-seven Dacoits were condemned to death in Umritsur alone; in the second year the number fell to seven; and in a few years more the crime ceased to exist throughout the Punjab.

But there was a more insidious crime, the existence of which seems at first to have been quite unsuspected in the Punjab. The prevalence of Thuggee in other parts of India had only been discovered a few years previously. But the weird practices connected with it, the religious initiation, the patient plotting, the cool cruelty, the consummate skill, and the professional enthusiasm of the actors, had already given to it a world-wide celebrity. Colonel Sleeman had tracked its mysteries through all their windings, and Colonel Meadows Taylor has, since then, laid them bare to the world in a well-known story, which does not overstate the facts of the case.

The discovery of corpses by the side of wells or in the jungles after the Dacoits had pretty well been exterminated, first aroused a suspicion that other confraternities of death might be found within our limits. Dead men tell no tales, and the Thugs of Hindustan had been much too skilful ever to leave their work half-done. No half-throttled traveller had ever escaped from their hands to tell the tale of the fellow-travellers who had joined him on his road, had wormed themselves into his confidence, had questioned him of his welfare, and then, as he sat at food with them by the way-side, had, with one twist of the fatal handkerchief, attempted to give him a short shrift. But the Punjab Thug was a mere bungler in his business. The fine art had only recently been imported into his country from Hindustan, and its first professor had been discovered and straightway hung up by Runjeet Sing. His successors often made up for their want of skill in the use of the handkerchief by hacking their victim to pieces with their swords, and then, instead of pitching his body, still warm, into the grave which they had opened while he was talking to them, they often carelessly

left it to rot by the wayside. At last a Brahmin, who had been two-thirds strangled and left for dead, recovered and told his tale. The clue was followed up. Rewards were offered for the detection of Thugs, a free pardon was promised to those who might turn Queen's evidence, and a special officer was appointed for the investigation. A list of recent victims, two hundred and sixty-four in number, was soon given in by approvers. A second list of professional Thugs, given in by the same authorities, was published and posted everywhere. Many of these were apprehended, and their confessions taken. Others disappeared altogether. The approver would often conduct the British officer for miles through the jungle without any apparent clue which could guide him in his search or refresh his memory. 'Dig here,' 'Dig there,' he would say, as he came to a sudden stop in his tortuous course; and the turning up of a few spadesful of soil revealed the corpse or the skeleton of one of his victims. Along one bit of by-path fifty-three graves were thus opened and were all found to be tenanted. One Thug was questioned as to the number of his victims. His professional pride was touched, and with true enthusiasm he replied, 'How can I tell? Do you remember, Sahib, every animal you have killed in the chase? Thuggee is our sport, our *shikar*!'[1]

The Thugs of the Punjab were found to belong chiefly to the Muzbi or sweeper caste. They were as superstitious as they were bungling and cruel. A cry of a bird or beast of ill-omen could turn from its purpose a heart which no pang of pity or of remorse could ever reach. A thousand of these Muzbis paid within a few years the penalty of their misdeeds. They had been treated by the Sikhs as outcasts, and it is little wonder if they soon became so. It was the noble object of the Punjab Board, if they could not overcome the sentiment which lay at the bottom of the caste feeling, at least to make the existence of those miserable creatures more tolerable, and by a strict system of supervision and of employment to turn them into decent members of society. They were employed for several years to come on those two great material triumphs of the Punjab Administration, to be described hereafter—the Bari Doab Canal and the Grand Trunk Road. And in the Mutiny, when a cry

[1] Arnold's *Dalhousie*, vol. i. p. 259.

was raised at Delhi for sappers and miners, it was these selfsame outcasts who were selected by John Lawrence for the purpose, and who did admirable service to our cause both at Delhi and at Lucknow. To have reclaimed these men, and to have put down for ever, in a marvellously short space of time, two such evils as Dacoity and Thuggee, is no slight credit to the Punjab Board, and no slight gain to the cause of humanity.

A cognate subject, and one which would naturally come next to the suppression of Dacoity and Thuggee, is that of female infanticide. But of this I have already said something, and its suppression in the four Doabs belongs rather to the Chief-Commissionership of John Lawrence, who had been the first to strike a blow at it in the Jullundur Doab, than to the period of the Board.

In dealing with the subject of crime, the Lawrence brothers did not lose sight of the secondary object of punishment—the reformation of the criminal. Runjeet's simple alternative of fine or mutilation had certainly never been open to the charge of overstocking his prisons. His system had placed not more than two hundred criminals in durance. Ours was to place ten thousand. But these, instead of being mutilated, or chained to a post in the streets, or placed at the bottom of a dry well, were subjected to a system of strict discipline indeed, and hard work, but were decently clothed, fed, and housed, and were taught the rudiments of education, and of a trade. New jails, twenty-five in number, of different sizes and models, were erected in the different districts of the Punjab Board. The great central jail at Lahore was built on the newest model with a view to economy and health, as well as the supervision, the classification, and the moral improvement of the prisoners. Thus John Lawrence was able, with the energetic help of Dr. Charles Hathaway, who was now appointed Inspector of Prisons, to carry out the improvements in the system which he had long since indicated as desirable.

As regards legislation, the customs of the natives were, as far as possible, taken as the basis of the law. The Board knew well, as one of the sages of antiquity has remarked, that 'good customs are of even greater importance than good laws,' in fact, that the one are only efficacious in so far as they are

the outcome and the representative of the other. Accordingly, a code of native customs was drawn up. Those which were absolutely bad and seemed to be incapable of improvement were forbidden. Those which related to marriage and divorce, and tended, as they do in most Eastern countries, to the degradation of the female sex, were first modified and then accepted. Those which related to such subjects as inheritance and adoption were incorporated at once. The *tahsildars*, whose local knowledge marked them out as the best judges of local matters of small importance, were confirmed in their judicial as they had already been in their police authority. Each village, or group of adjoining villages, thus retained a court of its own, sanctioned by immemorial custom, and though the right of appeal to the Deputy-Commissioner was reserved, yet a large portion of all matters in dispute could always be settled within its precincts. It should be added, that the English officers of all grades were bound by the spirit rather than by the letter of the regulations, and all acted on the principle so dearly cherished in the East, that, if it is not possible to eliminate all mistakes in the administration of justice, it is at least possible to avoid undue delays.

But none of these reforms could be accomplished without a proper settlement of the revenue, and in particular of that item on which it mainly depends—the land-tax. The land-tax is that varying share of the produce of the soil which is claimed by Government as its own. Under native governments it is generally paid in kind, and is levied, harvest by harvest, by ill-paid officials, who are apt to take too little from the cultivator if he bribes them sufficiently, too much if he does not. And in either case a large part of the amount, instead of finding its way into the coffers of the State, stops short in the pocket of the tax-gatherers. Under the system introduced by the English, a low average of the produce of a district was taken on the returns of several years together, and then the money value of the Government share was taken at another low average of current prices. All parties gained by this arrangement, but most of all the cultivator himself. The saving was great in every way; for the estimate was taken once in ten, twenty, or thirty years, instead of twice or three

times in one year, while extortion and other abuses were rendered almost impossible. If the English Government had conferred no other benefit on India than this, it would have done much to justify its existence.

Now what was the financial condition of the Punjab when it passed from Runjeet's representative to the Board? So great an advance had already been made by the Lawrences in the time of the Residency from the rough-and-ready methods of Runjeet Sing, that the Board had rather to develop what had been begun than to start afresh. In the Trans-Sutlej division—not to speak again of the summary settlement so well carried out there by John Lawrence—a careful survey of the land and a settlement of its revenue for thirty years had been set on foot and was already far advanced towards completion. In large portions of the Punjab proper summary settlements had also been made, and all that was required was that these should be modified where mistakes had been discovered, and that the remaining portions should be dealt with in like manner. These settlements, dealing as they did with a country which was as yet so imperfectly known, were to last for periods of not less than three, or of more than ten, years.

The varieties of land tenure were numerous and complicated, but they were time-honoured; and it was the honourable mission of the Board in no case to destroy, but only to revivify and to preserve. The land-tax had in Runjeet's time amounted to half the gross produce, and had, generally, been paid in kind. This payment in kind—not without strong protests on the part of the tax-payers—was abolished by us, and its amount reduced to a half or to a quarter of what it had been before. Nor did the State suffer much by the remission, for the revenues of Mooltan, which had become an integral part of the Punjab, and of other outlying parts, were flowing freely into our Treasury, and our receipts were further swollen by the abolition of the illicit profits of the tax-collectors, and by the confiscation of the property of rebellious jagheerdars.

I have already alluded in my account of the Jullundur Doab to this difficult question of the treatment of jagheers and of other alienations of the State revenues. It was the question on which the Lawrence brothers differed most, and, as it was

to have an important bearing on the future of each, I reserve its further consideration for the next chapter, which, from the nature of the case, will be as distinctively biographical as this is, in the main, historical.

The financial policy of the Board was liberal throughout. The forty-seven articles taxed by the lynx-eyed Runjeet had already been cut down to twenty by Henry Lawrence; but to secure the payment even of this diminished number of duties, it had been found necessary to retain Runjeet's cordon of preventive lines all round the frontier. Transit duties and tolls had been levied by Runjeet at every possible point within the Punjab. A piece of merchandise crossing the country had to pay duty some twelve times over! On January 1, 1850—only ten months, that is, after annexation—all town and transit dues, all export and import duties, were swept away. The preventive frontier line was abolished and trade was left free to flow in its natural channels. To balance these reductions, an excise, desirable in every point of view, was levied on spirits; stamp duties were introduced; tolls at the chief ferries over the large rivers were authorised; and a tax —necessary under the circumstances, but not theoretically free from objection, since it was laid on a necessity of life— was imposed on salt. The vast stores of this mineral to be found in the Salt range were henceforward to be managed by Government itself; and, to render the revenue accruing from it secure, the importation of salt from all neighbouring districts was prohibited. It was the one blot on an otherwise excellent fiscal system. But the natives did not object to it, and found it no burden.

If the prosperity of the country did not seem to increase with a bound as the result of all these arrangements, it was not the fault of the Government but of circumstances which were beyond its control. There were three rich harvests after annexation. The soldiers of the Khalsa betook themselves to the plough or to the spade; and agriculture, encouraged by the lowered land-tax, and by the peace and security of the country, spread over tracts which had never before been broken up. There was thus a glut of agricultural produce in the markets, while there was as yet no ready means of disposing of it.

The cultivators found difficulty in paying even the reduced land-tax. A cry arose for further remissions, and under a Government which was generous, but not lavish, it was a cry that was not raised in vain. Thus, the discontent which was the accidental result of the improved condition of the country tended to make the inhabitants more prosperous still. Happy the country and happy the people that were in such a case!

I have spoken of the jails erected by the Board throughout the Punjab, and of the line of forts along its western frontier; but there were other public buildings and other public works, which, if they were less urgently required at the outset of our rule, were not less essential for its permanence and its success. What we vaguely call 'the development of the resources of the country'—a country in some parts so blessed by nature and so neglected by man—required a department, or at least a ruling spirit, to itself; and Lord Dalhousie, who had promised Henry Lawrence to give him 'the best men in the country,' was true to his word in this as in other particulars. For he gave him as 'Civil Engineer' the best man who could have been found at that time, perhaps the best who could have been found at any time, in India, for the purpose. Colonel Robert Napier had acted as Consulting Engineer to Henry Lawrence during the Residency, he had traversed the country for himself from end to end, and was well acquainted with its capabilities and its wants. More than this, he was a man of vast ideas. He had something in him of the 'great-souled' man of Aristotle—the *beau idéal*, as the whole of his subsequent career has proved him to be, of chivalry and generosity. If a thing was to be done well, and without a too close calculation of the cost, Napier was the man to do it. His ideas found expression in those splendid public works which are the pride of the Punjab, and are still a model for the rest of India.

An efficient staff was placed at Napier's disposal; first and foremost Lieutenant Alexander Taylor, whose name will come before us in more than one striking scene hereafter, and who was able to secure the warm affection of men so widely different from each other as Napier and Nicholson, as Henry and John Lawrence. Funds fairly adequate to the occasion were placed at the Chief Engineer's disposal, and special grants were to be

made for works of imperial magnitude, such as the Grand Trunk Road and the great canals. But roads and canals are not made in a day, and, in such matters, the work of the Board was, necessarily, one of preparation rather than of completion, of struggles under difficulties rather than of victory over them. Yet, even in this early period, roads were not only projected and surveyed, but were actually constructed. In the map prepared in Napier's office and appended to the first Punjab report, a perfect network of roads—military roads, roads for external and internal commerce, cross and branch roads in every direction—some of them merely proposed or surveyed, others traced or completed, may be seen spreading over the country, like the veins and arteries over the human body.

A single sentence of this same Punjab report, a document to which my brief sketch of the Punjab administration owes much, thus sums up what had been done in the way of road-making, during the first three years of our possession: '1,349 miles of road,' it says, 'have been cleared and constructed; 853 miles are under construction, 2,487 miles have been traced, and 5,272 miles surveyed, all exclusive of minor cross and branch roads.' The Romans were the great road-makers of antiquity, and it is one of their crowning glories that they were so. But the Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta to Peshawur may, in the difficulties which it overcame, in the way it overcame them, and in the benefits it has conferred, challenge comparison with the greatest triumphs of Roman engineering skill, with the Appian Way, which united Rome with Brundusium, and the Flaminian, which united it with Ariminum. Nor need the character and career of Robert Napier shrink from comparison with all that is best either in that of the great censor Appius, or of the Consul Flaminius, the generous foe of aristocratic privilege and chicanery, and the constructor of the splendid Circus and the Road which immortalise his name.

More had been done by previous governments for the development of the Punjab in the way of canals than in that of roads. The Moguls, who were magnificent in all they undertook, had especially distinguished themselves in this particular. The Mooltan district had been intersected with canals, and the native system, which compelled each village to pay its share of

labour, or of money, towards keeping them in repair was found by Napier to be so fair and efficacious that he was content to 'leave well alone.' In the north of the Bari Doab, again, a canal known as the Husli or Shah-i-nahr, 'the royal canal,' had been carried from the point where the Ravi leaves the mountains—a distance of 110 miles—to Lahore. It was a grand work. But it fertilised no wastes and called into existence no villages. It simply supplied the royal waterworks, conservatories, and fountains at the palace of Lahore. Accordingly, another great work was proposed by the Board, which is as characteristic of the aims of the English Government in India as the Husli Canal had been of the Native. Starting from precisely the same point in the Ravi—as though to emphasise the contrast—a canal was projected, which, passing near the cities of Denanuggur, Puttiala, and Umritsur, should traverse the whole length of the Bari Doab, should send forth from the upper part of its course, into districts which specially needed it, three branches, each of them from sixty to eighty miles long; should refill the empty reservoirs and the disused watercourses of the great southern waste, calling into existence everywhere new villages, and resuscitating those which had fallen into decay, till, after a course of 247 miles, it rejoined the Ravi above Mooltan. The new canal would necessarily be the work of many years, but it was begun in faith, and was all but accomplished in the Chief Commissionership of John Lawrence. The 'father of history,' in his ever fresh and vivid account of Egypt, struck by the wonder-working power of its life-giving river, invests it with personality throughout. The whole land of Egypt is, he says, 'the gift of the river'; the river is 'industrious,' 'benevolent,' 'takes this or that into its head,' 'wills this or does not will' that. But the terms in which Herodotus speaks of the river Nile and of the indwelling river-god he might have applied now, with a hardly greater infusion of metaphor, to the rivers of the Punjab and to the philanthropic statesmen who, by means of scores of canals and hundreds of watercuts and watercourses, have so twisted and turned them as to revivify deserts and to scatter plenty over a comparatively smiling land.

I have now glanced at the most important subjects which

called for the immediate attention of the Board. But there were others of which less energetic rulers would have postponed all consideration till the pressure upon them was less intense. The diversity of the coinages of the country was one difficulty which presented itself; the diversity of languages a second; the diversity of weights and measures a third. The want of a system of education and of a system of agriculture; the want of forest trees, of sanitary measures, and of sanataria,—all these subjects demanded and received their due share of attention. A few lines on each of them must suffice, in order to complete the outline of the Lawrence brothers' administration.

In the strange intermixture of coinages and languages to be found in the Punjab, it would be possible to trace the successive waves of foreign conquest and the internal convulsions which have passed over the country. To coin money is the attribute of kingly power everywhere, but nowhere so exclusively so as in the East. Accordingly, the first thing which any conqueror or upstart provisional governor does, is to strike off a coinage of his own. Thus it came about that in the Leia Division alone twenty-eight different coins were found to be in circulation, and that the rupee of Kashmere was worth barely two-thirds of that of the Company, while this last, again, was inferior in purity and value to the old Nanuk Shahi rupee, the symbol of the Sikh religion and power, which was coined at Umritsur and Lahore. Nor was this the worst; for of the Nanuk Shahi rupee itself there were not less than thirty varieties in circulation! The commercial confusion, the illicit gains, the losses on exchange resulting from such a state of things can be imagined. All the illiterate classes must have suffered, and only the coiners, the money-changers, and, possibly, the Sirdars, have thriven. Here was a case for prompt interference on our part. The dead coinages were called in. They were sent to Bombay and Calcutta to be melted down, and their equivalent was remitted to the Punjab, stamped with the mark, not of the Great Guru, or the Great Mogul, but of the English Queen. The coinage of the country was thus made to harmonise with accomplished facts, and, within three years, three-fourths of the whole revenue

paid into the British treasury was found to be in British coin.

The languages of the Punjab were equally confusing. The Gourmooki, or sacred language of the Grunth, or Sikh scriptures, was, like Sanskrit, written rather than spoken. But there was a sufficient variety of spoken languages. In the two westernmost Doabs, Persian, or dialects derived from it, were current; in the easternmost, Punjabi, a corrupt form of Urdu. In one of the Indus districts, Pushtu was spoken; in another Beluchi. The difficulty of establishing a settled government and administering justice amidst this Babel of languages was great. But it would hardly have been lessened by any arbitrary attempt—letting alone the question of its justice—to force, as the Russians have done in Poland, any one official language upon the whole. An arrangement was ultimately come to that Urdu should be the official language of the eastern and Persian of the western half of the Punjab, and this compromise has been found to work well.

As regards education, the work of the first three years was chiefly preparatory. The first thing to be done was to ascertain what steps had been taken by natives in that direction; and Robert Montgomery—a name mentioned here for the first time in connection with the Punjab, but, henceforward, almost as closely bound up with it as that of the Lawrences themselves—threw himself into the work with alacrity. To his surprise and pleasure, it was discovered that throughout the Punjab there were elementary schools for all classes, Sikh, Mussulman, and Hindu; that the agricultural classes, unlike those of other parts of India, resorted to them in at least as large numbers as the higher castes, Rajpoots, Brahmins, or Khuttries; and, more remarkable still, that even female education, which is quite unknown in other parts of the peninsula, was not altogether neglected. In Lahore, for instance, there were sixteen schools for girls, with an average of six scholars in each, and, what is still more noteworthy, all of them were Muslims. In fact, there was a general desire for education. The standard aimed at in these native schools was, of course, not high. The staple of the education was

the reading and recitation of the sacred volume accepted by each creed, supplemented by a little writing and arithmetic —enough, at all events, to enable the Sikh to calculate his compound interest with accuracy, and to make him a good village accountant. The buildings were of the most primitive kind. A temporary shed or tent, or the enclosure of some mosque or temple, sufficed for the purpose. Sometimes there was nothing but the shade of a spreading tree. The stipend of the teacher was precarious enough, and was eked out by presents of grain or sweetmeats from the pupils or their parents. The members of the Board were unable at this early date to elaborate any extensive educational schemes, but they scrupulously respected all existing educational endowments, and they proposed to found a central school in each city of the Punjab. That at Umritsur was of a more ambitious character. It was to be divided into as many departments as there were religions or languages in the country. By the end of the second year after annexation it contained 153, and at the end of the fourth year 308, scholars. A race of young Punjabis, it was hoped, were thus being trained up who might be trusted with the more or less important posts under Government which were then in the hands of Hindustanis.

The want of forest trees was met, so far as it could be so, by orders that all existing forests should be carefully preserved, that groves should be planted round public buildings, at intervals along the main lines of road, and in continuous lines throughout the course of the great canals. Thus some shade and timber were secured for coming generations, while, with a view to firewood, which is all-important in a country destitute of coal, the vast jungles, whence the woodcutters used, with reckless improvidence, to tear up whole bushes, were to be replanted and carefully tended. The famous grass preserves, the best of whose produce had been appropriated by the very Sirdars who were paid to look after them, while Runjeet's cavalry, for which they were intended, got only the refuse, were committed to the care of a special English officer, Edward Prinsep, who took measures that the State should, henceforward, get its own.

The proper rotation of crops was a subject little under-

stood, and less practised, by a people who, careless of the future, are content if they can live from hand to mouth, and, when they can no longer do that, are only too content to die. It was observed that one of the first results of the remission of taxation was that cereals were planted everywhere by the short-sighted cultivators of the ground. There was, consequently, a glut in the market of this kind of produce, while the land itself suffered proportionately. To meet this evil, cotton, tobacco, flax, sugar-cane and root crops were introduced on an extensive scale into the Punjab, by the direct intervention of the Board, and with great success. The country was already well stocked with mulberry-trees, and the cultivation of the silkworm, which was encouraged by the Board, soon gave it a silk trade of its own. Fifty new species of forest trees were planted in the tracts set apart for woodlands, and the tea-plant, which had been introduced by Thomason and his assistants into the North-Western Provinces, was now introduced into the Murri hills and the slopes of the far-famed Kangra valley. A new region was thus thrown open to a new commerce, and to a commerce which, unlike that of opium, is of a wholly unobjectionable kind.

In the unadulterated East, sanitary precautions are entirely neglected. The streets of even splendid cities are unpaved, undrained, and uncleansed. The carcasses of animals are left to rot where they die, and the suburbs are worse even than the cities. They are veritable Gehennas, the 'heaps' or 'mounds' of the Bible, and form the invariable surroundings of an Eastern town. Hence the foul air, the polluted water, the frequent pestilences, and, when once the European has introduced the appalling idea of statistics to the Eastern mind, what are at length discovered to be the still more appalling death-rates of Eastern cities. Lahore, which was deemed worthy by Milton of a place in the world-wide panorama displayed to our great parent by the angel, enjoyed a bad pre-eminence in these respects. The English troops, encamped in one of its suburbs, amidst the dilapidated houses and the pestilential deposits of successive generations, were the first to feel the Nemesis of offended nature. And the first steps towards sanitary improvement only made the evil worse. Science can hardly get

rid of the germs of disease from such a hotbed without first stirring them into unwonted activity. But the exertions of a few years procured a clean bill of health even in so fever-haunted a region. Lahore was metamorphosed, in a sanitary point of view, by the exertions of George Macgregor, and Umritsur by those of C. B. Saunders, its magistrate. And if, as was inevitable, they both lost in the process something of the charm and picturesqueness of an Eastern city, the health and happiness and well-being of their inhabitants were vastly increased.

Nor was the Board content to be, in these matters, simply a paternal government. It has often been said that the best possible government for Orientals is a benevolent despotism—a government, that is, in which everything is done for the people, and nothing by them. But such was not the ideal set before themselves by the Lawrences. The English magistrate was naturally the moving spirit in each city, but associated with him there was to be a Town Council elected by the natives from their own body, and when once the first impulse had been given they worked with a will in the right direction. The first germs of municipal government were thus planted in a not altogether uncongenial soil.

The establishment of sanataria in the hills proceeded *pari passu* with the sanitary measures taken in the plains. A sanatarium for the troops quartered at the great stations of Peshawur, Rawul Pindi, and Jhelum was established in 1851 on the beautiful hills of Murri. It is a place which will be often mentioned in this biography, for it was amidst its cool breezes, during the next eight years, that overburdened Punjab officials snatched the hard-earned period of comparative repose which might fit them for still harder work to come. A second sanatarium, intended for the Punjab Irregular force, was built on the Budawodeen Mount across the Indus; and a third, intended for the cantonments of Lahore and Sealkote, was sought and found amidst the Chumba hills. This last, on the proposal of the Lawrences, took, as it well might, the name of the Governor-General under whose master spirit they were content to think and work. At the same time, dispensaries were established at all the leading stations in the country. The superintendence

of these institutions was to be confided to natives who had received a European education. Eastern patients generally have more belief in amulets and incantations than in drugs and prescriptions, and when we remember the absolute ignorance of Eastern practitioners, we may well think it fortunate that it is so. But the Punjabi was willing to take from a native doctor drugs which he would have refused at the hand of a European; and it was hoped that, when he had once convinced himself of the good to be got from European medicines, it would not be long before he was able to trust the Europeans also who prepared them.

Of the smaller benefits conferred on the Punjab, such as a postal system, the protection given to natives against unfair impressment of their draught cattle or their carts, the improved working of the salt mines, the care taken to keep in repair the historical monuments of the country, it is unnecessary here to speak. Enough has been said to show that the Lawrences thought nothing to be above, nothing beneath, their notice; that their object was to find out everything which could be done, never to find excuses for leaving anything undone. And if any of the details to which I have referred in this general sketch of the Punjab administration seem to any one to be of small importance, I answer that it has been well said that perfection is made up of trifles but that perfection itself is no trifle.

It only remains to be added that the Punjab 'paid': an all-important consideration this, when we bear in mind the poverty of the inhabitants of India. It is, of course, true that the balance-sheet of a great empire is not always to be scrutinised as though it were the balance-sheet of a commercial firm, and that a heroic disregard of finance may, occasionally, prove in the end to be not only the truest wisdom but the best economy. But, owing to the exertions of the Board, and in an especial degree, it must be added, to the financial genius of John Lawrence, the administration of the Punjab—even when the task before it was nothing less than the reconstruction of the whole country, and when that reconstruction was proceeding at a railroad pace—could stand the strictest of commercial tests. Not to speak of the balance-sheets of the first three years,

which showed a surplus of fifty-two, sixty-four, and seventy lacs of rupees respectively—for this surplus was in part the result of the confiscation of jagheers, and of the sale of State property—in the fourth year, when these exceptional receipts had almost disappeared and the colossal expense of the Grand Trunk Road and the Great Canal had begun to make itself felt, there was still a surplus of fifty-three lacs. The Board did not disguise from themselves or from their superiors that, in the spirit of a munificent and far-seeing landlord, they contemplated an ever-increasing expenditure during the next ten years on these public works. But, with just confidence, they held that such an expenditure would be reproductive, and that even during the ten years of leanness which must precede many decades of plenty, there would still be a surplus of twelve lacs per annum. These anticipations, however sanguine they might seem, were justified by the result. Constant reductions were made in the land settlement, and yet the revenue went on increasing. The 134 lacs of revenue of the year of annexation (1849) had risen by the year of the Mutiny (1857) to 205 lacs. In that year of agony the Chief Commissioner not only raised this large sum, by methods which are usually practicable only in the time of peace, but was actually able from the surplus to send off twenty lacs in hard cash to Delhi!

It was to little purpose that the critics of the Punjab administration pointed to the large army of 50,000 men stationed within the limits of the province, and insisted that the whole expense attending it should be charged to the Punjab account; for Lord Dalhousie triumphantly retorted that the military force which would have been required if our frontier had still been the Sutlej, would not have been appreciably less than that which was required to defend the line of the Suliman mountains. It was only the excess—an excess consisting, as he pointed out, of not more than two European regiments—which could fairly be charged to the Punjab accounts.

But even if the Punjab had not 'paid,' it would still, looking at the results achieved, have been an extraordinary success. In this very imperfect world it is not always, nor indeed often, that the cost of a war is proportioned to its justice or injustice. But it is not unsatisfactory to observe that the two Sikh wars

which were forced upon us, and were essentially defensive, over and above the enormous moral benefits which they have conferred upon the conquered people, have proved financially also a success; while the two Afghan wars, which were essentially aggressive, and which history has already branded with the stamp of egregious folly as well as of injustice, have proved as disastrous financially as they deserved to be. The finances of India, as a whole, have hardly yet recovered from the blunders and the crimes of the first Afghan war. When will they recover from the second?

I can hardly conclude this account of the administration of the Punjab Board better than by making three quotations—one from the last paragraph of the first Punjab report, to which it owes so much; the second from Lord Dalhousie's comments upon it; and the third from the reply of the Directors at home.

In a spirit of just self-appreciation, equally removed from false modesty and from pride, the Board thus sum up their labours for the past and their hopes for the future:—

> The Board have endeavoured to set forth the administration of the Punjab since annexation, in all its branches, with as much succinctness as might be compatible with precision and perspicuity. It has been explained how internal peace has been preserved, and the frontier guarded; how the various establishments of the State have been organised; how violent crime has been repressed, the penal law executed, and prison discipline enforced; how civil justice has been administered; how the taxation has been fixed, and the revenue collected; how commerce has been set free, agriculture fostered, and the national resources developed; how plans for future improvement have been projected; and, lastly, how the finances have been managed. The Most Noble the Governor-General, who has seen the country and personally inspected the executive system, will judge whether this administration has fulfilled the wishes of the Government; whether the country is richer; whether the people are happier and better. A great revolution cannot happen without injuring some classes. When a State falls, its nobility and its supporters must, to some extent, suffer with it; a dominant sect and party, ever moved by political ambition and religious enthusiasm, cannot return to the ordinary level of society and the common occupations of life, without feeling some discontent and some enmity against their powerful but humane conquerors.

But it is probable that the mass of the people will advance in material prosperity and moral elevation under the influence of British rule. The Board are not unmindful that in conducting the administration they have had before them the Indian experience of many successive Governments, and especially the excellent example displayed in the North-Western Provinces. They are not insensible of shortcomings, but they will yet venture to say that this retrospect of the past does inspire them with a hope for the future.

(Signed) HENRY M. LAWRENCE, President.
JOHN LAWRENCE, Senior Member.
ROBERT MONTGOMERY, Junior Member.

Lahore: August 19, 1852.

Lord Dalhousie, after a lengthened comment on the report, writes as follows, and there will be few who will not endorse his deliberate judgment:—

For this prosperous and happy result, the Honourable Company is mainly indebted to the members of the Board of Administration —Sir Henry Lawrence, Mr. John Lawrence, Mr. Mansel, and his successor, Mr. Montgomery. I desire on my own part to record, in the most emphatic manner, an acknowledgment of the obligations of the Government of India to those distinguished officers, and its admiration of the ability, the energy, the judgment, and indefatigable devotion with which they have discharged the onerous and responsible duties entrusted to them, and of which I have been for several years a close and grateful observer. I request them to receive the most marked assurances of the cordial approbation and thanks of the Governor-General in Council; and at the same time I beg leave to commend them to the favour and consideration of the Honourable Court.

(Signed) DALHOUSIE.

May 9, 1853.

Finally, the Directors of the East India Company, whom Sir John Kaye, their chartered and chivalrous advocate, has not unjustly characterised as 'good masters but very chary of gracious words,' proved, on the receipt of the Punjab report and of Lord Dalhousie's comments thereon, that they could, on occasion, not only not be chary of gracious words, but could be aroused into a genuine enthusiasm.

We will not delay (they say) to express to you the high satisfaction with which we have read this record of a wise and eminently successful administration. In the short period which has elapsed

since the Punjab became a part of the British dominions, results have been achieved such as could scarcely have been hoped for as the reward of many years of well-directed exertions. The formidable army, which it had required so many battles to subdue, has been quietly disbanded, and the turbulent soldiery have settled to industrious pursuits. Peace and security reign throughout the country, and the amount of crime is as small as in our best administered territories. Justice has been made accessible, without costly formalities, to the whole population. Industry and commerce have been set free. A great mass of oppressive and burdensome taxation has been abolished. Money rents have been substituted for payment in kind, and a settlement of the land revenue has been completed in nearly the whole country, at a considerable reduction on the former amount. In the settlement, the best lights of recent experience have been turned to the utmost account, and the various errors, committed in a more imperfect state of our knowledge of India, have been carefully avoided. Cultivation has been largely increased. Notwithstanding the great sacrifices of revenue, there was a surplus, after defraying the civil and military expenses, of fifty-two lacs on the first, and sixty-four and a-half lacs on the second year after annexation. . . . Results like these reflect the greatest honour on the administration of your Lordship in Council, and on the system of Indian government generally. It is a source of just pride to us that our services, civil and military, should have afforded men capable, in so short a time, of carrying into full effect such a series of enlightened and beneficent measures. The executive functionaries in the subordinate ranks have proved themselves worthy of the honourable career which awaits them. The members of the Board of Administration—Sir Henry Lawrence, Mr. John Lawrence, Mr. Mansel, and Mr. Montgomery—have entitled themselves to be placed in the foremost rank of Indian administrators.

We are, your affectionate friends,

(Signed) R. Ellice.

J. Oliphant, &c., &c.

London: October 26, 1853.

If any critic is disposed, malevolently or otherwise, to remark here that the eulogies of Lord Dalhousie were passed on what was, in part at least, his own handiwork, and so reflected credit on himself, and that the Directors based their judgment on the report drawn up by the actors themselves rather than on an immediate knowledge of the facts of the case, it is perhaps enough to point to the Mutiny, and to ask

whether its experiences do not more than justify all that has been said in praise of the Punjab administration. Had there been any weak point in the system that fiery trial must have discovered and probed it to the utmost. No such weak point was found.

But it is not without special interest, to me at least, to add that, after a conversation of many hours with the man who, perhaps of all others now living, is most familiar with the facts of the case, and was throughout the best years of his life most intimate with John Lawrence, I asked him point blank whether, looking back at this distance of time, he thought that any part of the 'Punjab Reports' was too highly coloured, and whether, if they had now to be rewritten, he would wish to modify anything therein. Sir Richard Temple, as the next chapter will show, though he was not Secretary to the Board, had done an important bit of the Secretary's work, some time before its final dissolution. It was his pen which helped largely to put the thoughts of the Lawrences into words and to record their achievements, and it is hardly necessary to add that since that time there is scarcely a corner of India which he has not visited or which has not been under his personal rule. Like the much-travelled Ulysses of old, he has seen the cities of many men and has learned their thoughts. He has outlived most of the Lawrence generation, and has ruled or served another which knows all too little of them and theirs. But his answer to my question was unhesitating and emphatic. 'There is not a word,' he said, 'in the Punjab Reports which I would wish unwritten. On the contrary, I should feel justified in speaking now even more strongly of the achievements of the Board than I did then. I have borne since that time a part in the government of nearly every province in India, and now, looking back upon them all, I declare to you that I have seen no government to be compared with that of the Lawrences in the Punjab.'

CHAPTER XII.

HENRY AND JOHN LAWRENCE. 1849–1852.

In the last chapter I have given as clear and succinct a view as I could of the government of the Punjab by the Board of Administration, of what they aimed at, and of what they accomplished. Biographical the chapter is not, in the strict sense of the word, for I have been able to throw into it little that is distinctive of John Lawrence apart from his colleagues. The joint responsibility of the three members of the Board, the system by which all important measures were brought before them collectively, and the way in which, theoretically at all events, they worked together for a common end, would have made it difficult to do so. Biographical, therefore, I repeat, the chapter is not. But none the less is it essential to this biography; for, in the absence of private letters, we are compelled to judge of John Lawrence in great measure by what he did; and it is on what he did in the Punjab during these, as well as in subsequent years when he stood alone in responsibility and power, that, in my judgment, his chief title to fame rests. It was this which enabled him to ride and to allay the storm when it burst forth. Not even his iron grasp could have held the Punjab during the crisis, had not that grasp been riveted before by something which was not of iron. The glory of suppressing the Mutiny is great, but the glory of having made that suppression possible beforehand is greater still.

In the present chapter I purpose, so far as it is possible to do so, to bring out what is more personal and domestic in the life of John Lawrence during the same period of the Board (from March 1849 to January 1853), to lay stress on his individual

work, and, in so doing, to quote freely from his demi-official letters, when they are of permanent interest. It is, in one respect, the most painful period of his life, for it deals with the severance—the inevitable and irrevocable severance—of two brothers, who were as able, as high-minded, as devoted to duty and to each other, as, perhaps, any two brothers ever were. But it is a subject which I am not at liberty to shirk. Herman Merivale has treated it with ability and judgment from his standpoint as biographer of Sir Henry Lawrence. It remains for me to treat of it, as best I can, from my standpoint as the biographer of John Lawrence. Happily there is no temptation to suppress aught that is necessary to the understanding of either of the two brothers. The characters of each will be brought out into strong relief. Neither of them will be found to be free from faults; and what I imagine those faults to have been I shall endeavour to indicate, as both brothers would have wished their biographers to do, without fear and without favour. But there is nothing which need shrink from the light of day, or which, however painful, is discreditable to either. The great light which is said to beat upon a throne and blacken every blot, will find nothing to blacken here.

The last glimpse we obtained of John Lawrence in the quiet of his own family, if such a word as quiet can ever be used of his toilsome life, was in March 1848, when, having rid himself at last of his troublesome 'acting' post at Lahore, he returned with his wife and children to his own Commissionership of Jullundur, hoping, in the cool hill-station of Dhurmsala, to enjoy a brief period of comparative rest and domestic life. There was excellent shooting to be had in the neighbourhood, and I am fortunately able to relate, nearly in his own words, one striking incident of the chase.

It was in the year 1848 that my brother Richard, my wife and children, and myself, went up into the hills, to a place called Dhurmsala, near Kangra. There was first-rate bear-shooting to be had in the country round; so Richard, George Christian, and I myself, went off one day, accompanied by a suitable number of attendants who were to beat the bushes and rout out the animals. It was not long before we discovered an enormous bear concealed in a cavern. Many were our efforts to dislodge him, but all in vain,

until one of the natives managed, by some means, to thrust a spear into him from behind. At first this seemed hardly to disturb him, but as the man grew more persistent in his endeavours, Bruin, goaded into fury, rushed out to attack his enemies. I fired the moment I got sight of him, but only succeeded in wounding him. This made him more desperate. He rushed at me, and as I leaped back, my foot caught, and I rolled down the steep side of the hill amongst the thorns. In a moment he was upon me; I felt his hot breath upon my face, and thought it was all up with me. But my companions rushed to the rescue, and Bruin turned round, uncertain whom to attack. But before Richard could fire, he had singled out a tall handsome Sepoy, had sprung upon him, and had torn his nose clean off his face. At this moment my brother fired, and again the bear was only wounded. Fortunately I had reloaded, and soon put an end to his existence by lodging a ball in his brain. I at once sent off a messenger to our house, carefully instructing him to tell my wife to prepare bandages and everything necessary, but to be sure to say that it was not I who was hurt. The moment he was off, I had the poor fellow put on a stretcher, and we all started for home. The unfortunate man was in dreadful pain, and his face was terribly lacerated; but the only thing that seemed to affect him was the fact that he was to have been married very shortly, and he was now afraid that his young woman would not have him without a nose to his face. I tried to console him, but it was of no avail.

Meanwhile, the messenger had reached my house and, after giving my wife the message, had told her that I was hurt. What the rascal meant I do not know, but he succeeded in thoroughly alarming her, and she instantly came out to meet the cavalcade, bringing our two little daughters, Kate and Emmie, with her. When she first saw the men carrying the stretcher in the distance, she thought I must be dead. But she was soon able to recognise me among the bearers, and could hardly believe her ears when I told her that I was safe and sound. We had the Sepoy carried into his tent, and our own doctor at once looked to his hurts, but gave it as his opinion that he was disfigured for life. Now it occurred to me that I had heard of a native doctor who was celebrated in those parts for being able to make noses. I had never paid much attention to this report before, but I now thought that the least I could do was to summon the nose-maker, and let him try his skill on the Sepoy who had lost his nose in my service. So I sent for the man, and took him in to see the invalid. He declared he would make him a new nose which would be as good as the one he had lost. I bid him set to work, and he at once proceeded to cut a triangular piece of skin out of the

Sepoy's forehead; he put this over the place where the nose ought to be, and then pulled his face this way and that until at last he had quite a little lump resembling a nose on the man's face. He repeated the pulling process every day for a week, and finally produced a nose which, if not quite as good as the former one, was fairly presentable. The Sepoy's delight knew no bounds, especially as his young woman liked the new nose quite as much as the old one; indeed, I believe she looked on him as quite a hero.

John Lawrence's own escape had been a sufficiently narrow one. 'When I saw the bear and you rolling over one another,' said George Christian, who had been one of the party, 'I felt that my promotion was trembling in the balance.' 'You little villain!' exclaimed his chief; and when telling the story he used to say that when he picked himself up from his roll amidst the thorns, he was like a porcupine or a pincushion, 'stuck' all over with them. 'It took my wife,' he said, 'a week or more to pull them out of my head.'

The news of the murder of Agnew and Anderson at Mooltan, and the dull rumbling of the impending storm in the Punjab, soon called John Lawrence away from the pleasures of bear-hunting to even more stirring scenes. He left his wife and family behind him, warning them to be ready, on the receipt of a message from him, to come down with all speed to a place of safety in the plains. It was a pleasant spot, this Dhurmsala; and the hill people around it, the Gudis, were simple and lovable, as a trifling but touching incident of one of the earlier visits of the Lawrences to the place will show. John Lawrence had been called off to Lahore, to help his brother, and as his wife was the only European left in the small hill-station, he had spoken before his departure to the headman of a neighbouring village, begging him to look after her, and see that the family had no difficulty in getting what they required. The old man came very often to see her, dressed in the peculiar costume of the hill people, a large loose coat fastened by a belt round the waist, and out of the capacious hollow of this coat he used to produce various offerings in the shape of cucumbers or Indian corn, and, now and then, a live fowl or lamb. He took great interest in her welfare and was always most kind and courteous. Thinking that she was unhappy in her quiet life, he

wrote privately to her husband at Lahore to say that she looked so melancholy, always walking about with her head down, that he advised him to return to her as soon as possible. Otherwise she might be turned into a pheasant and be seen no more! Such was the odd superstition of this simple and kindly people.

But even the attentions of the trusty Gudi could hardly have made Dhurmsala a safe place of residence for Mrs. John Lawrence during the summer of 1848. For many of the hill chieftains around were preparing to rise, and a hasty message from her husband warned her to make the best of her way to the hill fort of Kangra, where his brother Richard would help her. With her four young children and her English maid she left the little village. Kangra was only twelve miles distant, but the journey was not an easy one and took many a long hour to accomplish. They were obliged to travel in what are now well known as *jampans*, a sort of chair carried by bearers. There were several heavily swollen streams to be crossed, and here the jampans were carried on the heads of the bearers instead of on their shoulders, while a second set of men walked alongside, helping them to hold their loads aloft. Before evening the travellers arrived safely within the walls of the Kangra fort, and were soon afterwards summoned by other messages from John Lawrence to Hoshiarpore and Jullundur. Here he had taken a house for her, and here she passed the winter in the company of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Barton, whose husband was with his regiment throughout the Chillianwallah campaign. During the winter John Lawrence, who was also with the troops in the numerous small expeditions which I have described, managed occasionally to visit her. But early in the spring he was summoned to Lahore to meet his brother Henry, who had just then arrived from England.

At the end of March the formal annexation of the Punjab took place, and John found himself, not altogether to his satisfaction, as his letters show, installed a member of the new governing Board. The hot weather was rapidly coming on and the Residency, as it has been described to me by those who have a good right to speak, was the busiest of all busy scenes. Some fifty officers and their families, arriving from various parts of India, and despatched with all haste through

the roadless and still disturbed country to their various destinations; the Lawrences and their secretaries working, as we may well believe, full sixty minutes to every hour; every room and every bed in the Residency and the adjoining houses filled or over-filled, and crowds everywhere!

But (says Lady Lawrence), in spite of the overwhelming heat and turmoil, we were all too busy, I believe, to be ill. A wonderful work was accomplished during those days, and happy memories, indeed, have I of them. How I prized my evening drive with my husband; and how vigorous and strong he was! He was never too busy to attend to my wants, and help me in any troublesome matter; and, in addition to his own hard work, he always made time to look after his brother's private affairs. Indeed, as that brother remarked, he would have saved little for his children but for John's wonderful aid. Always liberal with his private funds, and ready to help others, my husband spent as little as possible on himself, and was ever sparing of the public money, anxiously impressing on everyone the necessity of strict economy in the management of the new province. But this is so well known that it needs no words of mine; only I like to show that, while he was careful for others, he never spared his own purse, or time, or trouble, when he could be helpful.

The Board met, and infinite were the number and variety of the subjects calling for immediate attention. On Sir Henry Lawrence, as the President, naturally devolved what is called in India the political, as distinguished from the civil, work of the annexed province. He was the recognised medium of communication with the Supreme Government, and the racy and incisive letters of Lord Dalhousie, now before me, written to him day by day, and sometimes two or three on the same day, during the months which preceded and followed the annexation, give a pretty clear idea, in the absence of other documents, of the multifarious duties which fell, in the first instance, on him as President, and afterwards on the other members of the Board. The disbanding and then the partial re-enrolment of the Sikh army; the disarmament of the people; the treatment of the fallen Sirdars; the raising of Irregulars; the selection of military stations with gardens for the troops; the arrangements for the Guides and Engineers, the dismissal of Captain Cunningham by the Directors for the

publication of his able and honest—too honest—history of the Sikhs; the trial of Moolraj; the care of the young Maharaja; the escape of the Maharani; the safe custody of the crown jewels (of which more anon); the Afridi troubles, 'a plaguy set,' as Lord Dalhousie calls them; the preparation to receive the onslaught of Sir Charles Napier on the whole system of the administration of the Punjab,—these are but a fraction of the subjects with which Lord Dalhousie's letters deal, and which would come before John Lawrence as a member of the Board, though the initiative would not rest with him, but with his brother.

John Lawrence's own immediate duties were connected with the civil administration, and especially with the settlement of the land revenue. This was the work for which his admirable civil training had especially fitted him. He was now to reap the appropriate reward—a reward not of repose, but of redoubled work and responsibility—for those long years which he had spent almost alone among the dusky myriads of Paniput and Gorgaon, Etawa and Delhi. It was now that his knowledge of all classes of the natives, acquired, as it only could be acquired, by the closest intimacy with them, stored up in the most retentive of memories, and never allowed to rust for want of use—was to be called into abundant requisition. The 'mysteries' of the revenue survey and of the revision of the settlement were no mysteries to him, for he had long since been brought face to face with all the difficulties which they suggested, and had been able to overcome them.

He knew (says Sir John Kaye, the friend of both brothers alike) how the boundaries of estates were determined, how their productiveness was to be increased, how revenue was to be raised in a manner most advantageous to the State and least injurious to the people. And with all this extensive knowledge were united energy and activity of the highest order. He had the enthusiasm of youth with the experience of age, and envy and detraction could say nothing worse of him than that he was the brother of Sir Henry Lawrence.

And indeed there was enough to be done in the Punjab to tax all this experience, all this energy, and all this enthusiasm to the utmost. Differences of opinion between the brothers on matters of policy soon began to reveal themselves, or

rather were brought into greater prominence by the fact that they were now for the first time sitting on equal terms at the same table. These differences had never been disguised. On the contrary, they had been fully recognised by each, as the letters of John Lawrence to his brother, which I have already quoted, show. But while John had been merely 'acting' for Henry at Lahore, he had, of course, set himself loyally to carry out his views, especially where they most differed from his own. Moreover, the questions between them respecting jagheers, the privileges and position of the native aristocracy, and the like, had been theoretical rather than practical, so long as the annexation of the Punjab was only looming in the distance and had not become a thing of the past. But now the decree had gone forth; the questions referred to had come within the range of practical politics; and the differences began to be more vital. Each brother had a quick temper, though Henry's was the least under control of the two; each had a clear head and a firm will; each had an equal voice at the Board; and each was fully convinced of the expediency and justice of the view which he himself held. But these were only the first mutterings of an explosion which might be postponed for many a month or year—possibly might never break forth at all—and some of the earlier meetings of the volcanic Board seem to have been amusing enough.

Here is a sample. Shortly before the decree of annexation went forth, Lord Dalhousie had written to Henry Lawrence to make every disposition for the safe custody of the State jewels which were about to fall into the lap of the English. And writing to him again on April 27, on the subject of the Maharani, who had just escaped from our hands, he remarks: 'This incident, three months ago, would have been inconvenient. Now, it does not so much signify. At the same time, it is discreditable, and I have been annoyed by the occurrence. As guardians seem so little to be trusted, I hope you have taken proper precautions in providing full security for the jewels and Crown property at Lahore, whose removal would be a more serious affair than that of the Maharani.' It had, in fact, been found more than once, on the enrolment of some new province in our Empire, which, whether by cession, by lapse or by forcible annexation, was growing, or about

to grow, so rapidly, that the State jewels or money had had a knack of disappearing. It is amusing, in the correspondence before me, to read the expressions of virtuous indignation which bubble over from our officers at the extravagance, or rapacity, or carelessness of the former owners, when on entering a palace, which they deemed would be stocked with valuables ready for English use, they found that the treasury was empty and the jewels were gone. Great care was, therefore, needful, especially as among the Punjab jewels was the matchless Koh-i-noor, the 'mountain of light,' which it was intended should be expressly surrendered by the young Maharaja to the English Queen.

The origin of this peerless jewel is lost in the mists of legendary antiquity. It had fallen into the hands of the early Turkish invaders of India, and from them it had passed to the Moguls. 'My son Humayoun,' says the illustrious Baber, one of the most lovable of all Eastern monarchs, 'has won a jewel from the Raja which is valued at half the daily expenses of the whole world!'[1] A century or two later the Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, seeing it glitter in the turban of Baber's conquered descendant, exclaimed with rough and somewhat costly humour, 'We will be friends; let us change our turbans in pledge of friendship.' And the exchange of course took place.

Χρύσεα χαλκείων, ἑκατόμβοι' ἐννεαβοίων.

The Afghan conqueror, Ahmed Shah, wrested it, in his turn, from the feeble hand of Nadir Shah's successors, and so it came into the possession of Shah Sooja, who was, by turns, the pensioner and the puppet of the English, and the miserable pretext of the first disastrous Afghan war. Half-prisoner and half-guest of Runjeet Sing, he had, of course, been relieved by the one-eyed, money-loving Sikh of the responsibility of keeping so valuable a treasure. Runjeet, listening, on his death-bed, to the suggestions of a wily Brahmin, had been half-disposed, like other death-bed penitents, to make his peace with the other world by sending the beautiful jewel to adorn the idol of Juggernaut. But fate reserved it for the custody of the Punjab Board, and for the ultimate possession of the English Crown. One incident

[1] Quoted by Edwin Arnold, *Dalhousie's Administration*, vol. i. p. 191.

of its transfer not generally known, I am able to relate on the best authority.

At one of the early meetings of the Board the jewel was formally made over to the Punjab Government, and by it committed to the care of John Lawrence. Perhaps the other members of the Board thought him the most practical and business-like—as no doubt in most matters he was—of the three, or they deemed that his splendid *physique*, and the gnarled and knotted stick which, fit emblem of himself, he always carried with him—and which the Sikhs, thinking it to be a kind of divining-rod or familiar spirit, christened by its owner's name, 'Jan Larens'—would be the best practical security for its safe keeping. But in this instance they misjudged their man. How could a man so careless of the conventionalities of life, a man who never wore a jewel on his person, till the orders and clasps which he won compelled him to do so, and even then used to put them so remorselessly in the wrong place that the court *costumier* exclaimed in despair, that he would lose reputation by him in spite of all his pains,—how, I ask, was it likely that such a man would realise the inestimable value of the jewel entrusted to him? And, again, what was the custody of a court jewel compared with that of the happiness of the millions for which he was also responsible? Anyhow, half-unconsciously he thrust it, wrapped up in numerous folds of cloth, into his waistcoat pocket, the whole being contained in an insignificant little box, which could be thus easily put away. He went on working as hard as usual, and thought no more of his precious treasure. He changed his clothes for dinner, and threw his waistcoat aside, still forgetting all about the box contained in it!

About six weeks afterwards a message came from Lord Dalhousie, saying that the Queen had ordered the jewel to be at once transmitted to her. The subject was mentioned by Sir Henry at the Board, when John said quietly, 'Send for it at once.' 'Why, *you've* got it!' said Sir Henry. In a moment the fact of his carelessness flashed across him. He was horror-stricken, and, as he used to describe his feelings afterwards, when telling the story, he said to himself, 'Well, this is the worst trouble I have ever yet got into!' But such

was his command over his countenance that he gave no external sign of trepidation: 'Oh, yes, of course; I forgot about it,' he said, and went on with the business of the meeting as if nothing had happened. He soon, however, found an opportunity of slipping away to his private room, and, with his heart in his mouth, sent for his old bearer and said to him, 'Have you got a small box which was in my waistcoat pocket some time ago?' 'Yes, Sahib,' the man replied, '*Dibbia* (the native word for it), I found it and put it in one of your boxes.' 'Bring it here,' said the Sahib. Upon this the old native went to a broken-down tin box, and produced the little one from it. 'Open it,' said John Lawrence, 'and see what is inside.' He watched the man anxiously enough as fold after fold of the small rags was taken off, and great was his relief when the precious gem appeared. The bearer seemed perfectly unconscious of the treasure which he had had in his keeping. 'There is nothing here, Sahib,' he said, 'but a bit of glass!'

The Koh-i-noor was then quickly presented to the Board that it might be forwarded to the Queen; and when John Lawrence told them his story, great was the amusement it caused. The jewel passed, I am told on good authority, through one or two other striking vicissitudes before it was safely lodged in the English crown. But never, I feel sure, whether flashing in the diadem of Turk or Mogul, or in the uplifted sword of Persian, or Afghan, or Sikh conqueror, did it pass through so strange a crisis, or run a greater risk of being lost for ever, than when it lay forgotten in the waistcoat pocket of John Lawrence, or in the broken-down tin box of his aged bearer.

I have spoken of the number and perplexity of the subjects which came before the Board for consideration in its early days. Henry Lawrence was not well at the time of annexation. He had returned hastily from England without taking the rest which had been prescribed as essential for him, and in sore distress of mind at the mismanagement which, as he conceived, had led to the second Sikh war. The annexation of the Punjab overthrew the dream of a lifetime—the establishment of a strong, friendly, independent native power between ourselves and the wild Afghan tribes. He had struggled against the

idea of annexation while it was yet in the future with all the chivalry and generosity of his nature; and now that it was an accomplished fact, he accepted it as such, set himself to make the best of it, and struggled, with the same chivalry and generosity, to ease the fall of the privileged classes. He contested every inch of ground with Lord Dalhousie and with his brother John, who saw, more clearly than he did, how impossible it was, in view of the poverty of the masses, for the two systems of government—the native feudal system, based on huge grants of land, on immunities from taxation, and on military service; and our own, based on equality before the law, on equal and light assessments, and on reforms and improvements of every kind—to exist side by side. The more that could be left to the Sirdars of their dignity, their power, their property, their immunities, the better, in Henry Lawrence's judgment; the worse in John's and in Lord Dalhousie's. In the one case the few would gain, in the other the many. It was one of those questions on which honest and honourable and far-seeing men might well differ.

It may, perhaps, be said that it is as difficult not to feel with Henry Lawrence as not to think with John. In the one brother the emotional part of our nature tended to predominate, in the other the intellectual and the practical. Each had a warm heart and a clear head, and each, beyond question, had a conscience whose dictates were law. But the strong sympathies of Henry tended, at times, to overbalance his judgment; and the clearness of John's judgment tended to repress, or at least to keep under a too stern control, the feelings of his heart. The partisans of the one brother might be excused if they call the other flighty and unpractical; the partisans of that other if they deemed the first rigorous and hard. But it would have been as impossible for the partisans of John not to love Henry, as for the partisans of Henry not to trust John.

Each brother, fully conscious that the other would, as far as possible, oppose and thwart his views on this and cognate questions, pressed them, probably, to a greater extent than he would otherwise have done. It was human nature that it should be so. The friction, the tension, the heartburning,

were intense, for this question of the treatment of the Sirdars underlay and tended to colour and to become intermixed with all the others. But the result, as I have already said, was, beyond doubt, advantageous to the State. The privileged classes fell, as they needs must; but it was, to a certain extent, by a gradual and mitigated fall, thanks chiefly to the uphill battle fought by Henry Lawrence. The masses received an equivalent for the loss of their national life in the freedom from oppression, in the security of life and property, in costly improvements and yet in lightened assessments, thanks chiefly to the statesmanlike views and the untiring assiduity of John Lawrence.

Certainly it would have fared ill with the great Sirdars who had favoured the rebellion had they been left to the tender mercies of Lord Dalhousie. That they had anything left to them beyond 'their lives and the barest maintenance' was due to Henry Lawrence's earnest and importunate entreaties. 'Stripped of all rank, deprived of all property, reduced, each of them, to a monthly pittance of two hundred rupees, confined within very narrow limits, and then watched, well knowing that an attempt at flight would be made at the risk of their lives;'—such is the description of the Sirdars given on August 25, not by the highly coloured imagination of Henry Lawrence, but by Lord Dalhousie himself, in view of the misgivings of the Directors at home, who feared that they might still be the cause of another Punjab war.

The work and the worry entailed by the annexation had already begun to tell on Henry Lawrence's enfeebled health. The heat of the season was more than usually intense. It was, as Lord Dalhousie called it, 'a killing summer' for those who had to work through it. Everybody at Lahore suffered, Henry Lawrence most of all; and he was driven, much against his will, to apply for a month's leave of absence at Kussowlie. John Lawrence thus found himself for the first time, on May 21, in the doubly delicate and difficult position which it was to be his to fill so often during his brother's Presidency of the Board. Left at Lahore, with one colleague only, who, with all his unquestioned ability, was disposed rather to criticise than to originate, to point out difficulties

rather than to drive through them, he found that nearly the whole weight of the current business of the country was put upon his shoulders.

Henry Lawrence was, by nature, locomotive. Office work was distasteful to him. He had not passed through the long years of civil training which would have fitted him for it; and his natural disposition, his enfeebled health, the friction at the Board, already painfully felt, and the craving for that kind of life and work in which he was conscious that he could do most good, all combined to make it likely that, when it could legitimately be so, he would be found working elsewhere than at Lahore. A young civilian who had done good work in the Jullundur district, and who had a turn for epigram, remarked, during a visit to Lahore, with as much, perhaps, of truth and cleverness as an epigram usually contains, that the Punjab was governed by a firm of three partners, who might be characterised as the 'travelling,' the 'working,' and the 'sleeping' partner respectively. To spend four or five months in each year under canvas, riding some thirty or forty miles a day; to inspect a salt-mine, a fort, a gaol, an asylum, or a bazaar; to dash off a review article in rough outline, leaving his ever-ready wife to fill up the hiatuses of grammar or of sense; to see with his own eyes every portion of his province, and to visit and converse freely with every class among his subjects, and with each and all of his subordinates, as far as possible, in their own homes, breathing into them all something of his own noble spirit,—this was exactly the life, with its variety, its freshness, its intensity, its human interest, which suited Henry Lawrence, and brought out the power in which, by all accounts, he seems to have been unique among his contemporaries, that of influencing men through their affections and their hearts. He was a man for whom, as I have been told repeatedly by those who had the best opportunity of knowing, and who are not given to exaggerate, peradventure, not one only, but a dozen, men in the Punjab would have even been prepared to die.

But though the peregrinations of Henry Lawrence were often necessary, and were always productive of benefit to that portion of his province which he visited, there were drawbacks attending them which could not but be felt, immediately by

his colleagues and ultimately, also, by himself. It was not merely that the amount of work which was thrown upon those who were left behind was greater, but that there was an element of uncertainty in all that they did. Even if they knew their own minds fully, they could not be sure that they knew that of the President. Henry Lawrence often did not know his own mind. He was touchy and fitful: a disturbing element, therefore, on whose erratic movements it was impossible to count beforehand, and whose reappearance at a critical moment might, like that of Mr. Gladstone in his place in Parliament during his temporary retirement from public life, undo a great deal that had been done, or half-done, without him. Achilles absent was Achilles still. His frequent absences from Lahore tended, moreover, to bring his brother John into a prominence which he would never have sought for himself, and which, as far as possible, he shunned. It forced him to be, in many important matters, the medium of communication between the Board and Lord Dalhousie, and gave that clear-sighted Governor-General opportunities, which he might not otherwise have had, of comparing the aptitudes and capabilities of the two brothers, and of making up his mind, if circumstances should ever compel him to choose between them, as to the one on whom his choice should fall.

In September Henry Lawrence set out on a prolonged tour through Huzara and Kashmere. Lord Dalhousie had not been unwilling that the President of the Board should see with his own eyes what was going on in Huzara, the domain of James Abbott, whose fatherly rule there—the rule, as he somewhat bitterly calls it, 'of prophet, priest, and king'—he seems to have regarded with suspicion and mislike. But he had expressed a doubt whether the remaining members would be able to carry on the work without him. The 'killing summer' had pretty well done its work. Ten men of the young Punjab establishment were already *hors de combat*. Mansel, the third member of the Board, and Christian, its Secretary, were ill, whilst Edwardes and Nicholson, who were each in themselves a tower of strength, were shortly going home on leave. But John Lawrence stepped into the gap and filled it as few others could have done, and from this time forward I find that he is in

regular communication with Lord Dalhousie, giving his views freely on each question as it came up, but taking especial care to lay stress on his brother's views where they differed from his own. His heavy office work was perhaps relieved, rather than increased, by news which seemed to promise something of an adventure, and so to recall the long bygone days of Paniput.

Chuttur and Shere Sing had been allowed, as the upshot of the long controversy between Henry Lawrence and Lord Dalhousie, to reside in their own homes at Attari, but they were already, so it was believed by some of the authorities at Lahore, feeling their way towards another rising. They were feeding day by day a lot of Brahmins and Khuttris; messengers, it was reported, were passing to and fro between Attari, Sealkote, and Umritsur, where others of the fallen Sirdars were living; and it was even whispered that treasonable communications had come from Golab Sing in Kashmere, and from Dost Mohammed at Kabul. 'Brahmins and barbers,' says John Lawrence to Lord Dalhousie, 'the two classes of people who are usually engaged in all kinds of intrigues, have been repeatedly seen at Attari.' Here was a piece of work which might have been safely left to the local officers, but the spirit of the man who had tracked out the murderer of William Fraser was awakened, and he determined to take a chief part in it himself. At one o'clock A.M. on the morning of October the 1st he started on the enterprise, accompanied by Montgomery, Commissioner of Lahore, by Edwardes, by Hodson, and a small force. It was a clear moonlight night, and a rapid ride brought them by dawn of day to the spot. They quietly surrounded the village, arrested Chuttur Sing in his own house; followed up and arrested his sons, who had just gone out to ride; and brought the whole party back in triumph to Lahore, before anyone in the city had guessed that such an expedition was even meditated. The other Sirdars at Umritsur and Sealkote were arrested almost simultaneously. Arms were discovered buried in various places, a suspicious correspondence with Dost Mohammed and with Golab Sing, 'a hart of many tynes,' as Lord Dalhousie calls him, was seized, and the unfortunate Sirdars were not long afterwards removed to a place of greater safety in Hindustan.

Bhai Maharaja Sing, the Guru who had headed the outbreak in the Jullundur Doab in the preceding year, and who, after being drowned, as it was reported, in the Chenab, had lately come to life and light again at Denanuggur, was finally disposed of about the same time. Like Aristomenes among the Messenians of old after one of his miraculous escapes, or like Schamyl, under similar circumstances among the Circassians, he had been received with double reverence by his followers on his return from the dead. His followers carefully concealed his whereabouts, and, before an expedition could be concerted against him, he crossed back into Jullundur, where he was apprehended by Vansittart. And, with his disappearance from the scene, there passed away the last danger of any rising in the Punjab.

Another subject which occupied very much of John Lawrence's time during the first autumn of the existence of the Board was the preparation of an elaborate report, in which he took the bold step of advising the total abolition of all customs and transit duties in the Punjab. 'Our true policy,' he writes to Lord Dalhousie, 'is to give up every restriction that we can possibly do without, and retain the land-tax. By this means we conciliate the masses, and especially the industrial classes. Customs levies are harassing in all countries; in this country they are intolerable.' After a long correspondence, the wished-for reform was introduced, and trade in the Punjab was henceforth allowed to run in its natural channels, freed from all artificial obstructions.

But that which gave the overburdened Punjab administration more trouble and occupied more of its time than any other subject during this first year of its existence, was the attitude taken up towards it by the impracticable genius whom the outburst of popular indignation after the battle of Chillianwallah had summoned from England to the command of the Indian army. 'If you don't go, I must,' the Duke of Wellington is reported to have said to Sir Charles Napier, when he hesitated to accept the post which was offered to him. His scruples were soon overcome; his ambition was fired; and he went out revolving magnificent schemes of conquest and reform, which were not bounded even by the horizon of India.

He landed in Calcutta on May 6, 1849, and set off with all speed for Simla. But he was already a disappointed man. He had expected to find war, and he found peace. Our half-victorious enemies of Chillianwallah had become our peaceful and half-contented subjects; and to make the disappointment more complete, the conquered country had passed under the control of those 'politicals' upon whose assumed incapacity, alike in peace and in war, the conqueror and pacificator of Scinde had never ceased to pour out the vials of his contempt and hatred. 'I would rather,' he wrote to his brother on June 22, 'be Governor of the Punjab than Commander-in-Chief.' Fortunately, or unfortunately, he could not now be Governor of the Punjab; and in his vexation he used the opportunities which his post as Commander-in-Chief gave him, with the result, if not with the intention, of making it doubly difficult for anyone else to be so either.

His biography, written by his admiring brother William, and, still more, his own posthumous work on 'Indian Misgovernment,' contain a strange medley of petulances, egotisms, and vagaries, which overlie and overshadow the flashes of insight, and even of genius, embedded within them. These two works, together with the voluminous memoranda and counter-memoranda of Sir Charles Napier himself, of Lord Dalhousie, and of the Punjab Board, together also with the letters in my possession which passed between the Lawrence brothers and the Governor-General, afford an embarrassing wealth of materials for this portion of my subject. There is little of permanent interest in the details of the controversy. But its echoes may, perhaps, still be heard in the differences which separate the Scinde school from that of the Punjab—the supporters, that is, of a military as opposed to a civil administration, and which in later times, assuming another and a more serious shape, have divided Indian statesmen into two groups—those who, in view of the advance of Russia towards our Indian frontier, would push on to meet her, annexing or absorbing Afghanistan and the adjacent regions in the process, and those who, clinging with redoubled firmness to the natural frontier marked out by the Indus and the Suliman wall, would only advance into the savage country

which lies beyond, as the allies of the inhabitants against a threatened invasion. The most brilliant representative of the one school is, perhaps, Sir Bartle Frere; the most illustrious representative of the other is, beyond all question, Lord Lawrence. The controversy, therefore, has a bearing on the whole course of this biography.

That a struggle for supremacy would take place between two spirits so masterful and so autocratic as those of the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief might have been foreseen from the beginning. But it was equally clear that the man who was armed with incontestably superior authority, and was capable of stern self-control, would beat out of the field the brilliant and unmanageable old soldier, who had 'the faculty of believing without a reason and of hating without a provocation;' and was disposed to think nothing right unless he or his had the doing of it. Sir Charles Napier was now sixty-eight years of age—nearly double, that is, the age of his antagonist—but the feeling that he was in command of an army of 300,000 men made him, for the time, feel young again; and, in spite of a disease which was ultimately to prove fatal, he buckled down to his work at Simla, sitting at his desk, as he tells us himself, for some fifteen hours a day. At his very first interview with the Governor-General, if we can possibly believe the account given by Sir Charles in his posthumous work, the spirit of antagonism flashed forth between them. 'I have been warned,' said Lord Dalhousie, 'not to allow you to encroach on my authority, and I will take —— good care you do not.'

But a few quotations taken almost at random from Sir Charles's own letters and diaries, written at the time, will give a better idea than any lengthened description of the man with whom the Punjab Board—which was still in the throes of its birth, and which might have expected gentler treatment from its natural guardians—had now to deal.

Governing the Punjab (he says, writing from Calcutta shortly after his arrival on May 22) by a court of 'politicals' is curious, and it is scarcely to be believed that Dalhousie means this. . . . Instead of tying up the faggot of sticks the political system seems to untie the bundle. The situation of the troops alarms me; they are everywhere deficient in cover and, of course, crowded. . . . We have

54,000 men in the Punjab. This is not necessary; with good government 20,000 would suffice, but not with a 'Board of Administration' as it is called! This Board has not yet got a police; and it has 18,000 men as guards, of whom neither the Commander-in-Chief nor the Adjutant-General know a word, and they are from sixteen to one hundred miles distant from any military station.

Again:—

Strange as it seems, I have no patronage. Lord Hardinge raised eighteen new regiments, and did not give Lord Gough the disposal of a single commission. Lord Dalhousie has raised ten, and not a commission at my disposal! Indeed, they were all given away before I came. The Governors-General keep these things for themselves.

On August 2 he writes in his journal:—

Begun a letter to Lord Dalhousie, telling him that if the army is not relieved from the pressure of the civil power India is not safe. The habit is that all civil servants have guards of honour, and treasury guards, and God knows what, till, when added to the military guards and duties, the soldiers are completely knocked up. This shall not go on if I can stop it; and Lord Dalhousie is well disposed to help me. He seems a good fellow and sharp, but I doubt his abilities being equal to the ruling of this vast empire.

Such was Sir Charles Napier's opinion of Lord Dalhousie. Here is his opinion of the Lawrences, and of their relation to the Governor-General:—

The Lawrences have been forced upon Lord Dalhousie; the Punjab system is not his—at least he tells me so. . . Henry Lawrence is a good fellow, but I doubt his capacity. His brother John is said to be a clever man, and I am inclined to think he is; but a man may have good sense and not be fit to rule a large country.

Here is his description of his own position, as it appeared to himself:—

I am Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army, but I cannot order a man to move. I must write a letter to one secretary, who writes to another, who addresses a third, who asks the Governor-General's leave to move the company back from Batalu. The house that Jack built is a joke to it. The commander of 300,000 men can't move three companies out of danger without leave from the civil power! I will not stay in India.

And here, once more, is his description of himself as he ought to be—if ever, that is, his ideal commonwealth, the counterpart of the philosopher-kings, or king-philosophers, of Plato could be realised, when a Sir Charles Napier should be king of England, or the king of England should be a Sir Charles Napier. It is a curious mixture of the grand and the grotesque, the sublime and the pathetic.

Would that I were king of India! I would make Muscowa and Pekin shake. . . . The five rivers and the Punjab, the Indus and Scinde, the Red Sea and Malta! what a chain of lands and waters to attach England to India! Were I king of England I would, from the palace of Delhi, thrust forth a clenched fist in the teeth of Russia and France. England's fleet should be all in all in the West, and the Indian army all in all in the East. India should not belong another day to the 'ignominious tyrants,' nor should it depend upon opium sales, but on an immense population well employed in peaceful pursuits. She should suck English manufactures up her great rivers, and pour down those rivers her own varied products. Kurrachi, you will yet be the glory of the East! Would that I could come alive again to see you, Kurrachi, in your grandeur!

As for the high Indian authorities who were opposed, or—what was the same thing—whom he assumed would be opposed, to him, his views of them are equally explicit.

By an old Indian I mean a man full of curry and of bad Hindustani, with a fat liver and no brains, but with a self-sufficient idea that no one can know India except through long experience of brandy, champagne, gram-fed mutton, cheroots, and hookahs.[1]

It was with such feelings towards those who were above, and below, and around him, that the doughty old Commander-in-Chief addressed himself to the military tour of inspection on which he started from Simla on October 13. It was a tour intended to result in great reforms, and was full of growls and grievances of every description. His keen eye of course detected many real blots in the military system. But the indiscriminate censure he poured on all existing arrangements minimised the effect of his criticisms where they were really deserved. The barracks no doubt needed much im-

[1] See *Life of Sir Charles Napier*, vol. iv. pp. 166, 170, 173, 181, 183, 208, &c.

provement everywhere. But his remarks on 'that infernal military Board,' and his comparison of their barracks to the 'Black Hole of Calcutta' and to 'slaughter-houses,' were certain only to rouse the ire of the authorities, and to cause their barracks to remain something like Black Holes and slaughter-houses still. Anyhow, in his criticism of the army arrangements, he was speaking of that which lay within his province, and with which he might be supposed to be acquainted. But in his attack on the whole of the Punjab administration, which he bound up with it, he was speaking of that of which he knew, and was determined to know, nothing at all. It should be remembered that, when he began to write his attack, he had paid only a flying visit of two days to the Punjab; had given Henry Lawrence only one private interview; had grudged him even that; and had treated the information he had given him with undisguised contempt. Sincerely believing that he himself was the one able and honest man in India, and that every civil administrator, with the exception of Thomason and W. Edwards, who somehow seem to have got on his soft side, was either a fool or a knave, and probably both, it was not likely that he would spare the 'ignorant civilians and brainless politicals,' 'the gentlemen who wore red coats but who were not soldiers,' who had deprived him of the chance of governing the Punjab, as he had governed Scinde, and whose handiwork he now had it in his power to appraise. And so, drawing on his prejudices for his facts, and on his wishes for his prophecies of the future, he had no difficulty in setting before Lord Dalhousie a sufficiently gloomy picture of the Punjab as it was, and as it was destined to be.

He arrived at Lahore on November 30. His Report was not then finished, so that he had a chance of getting information on the spot from those who were most competent and anxious to give it. But he avoided the society of the Lawrences, declined to discuss any public matters with them, and returned no answer to their pressing inquiries as to that on which so many of their own measures, in particular the line taken by the Grand Trunk Road, must depend—his military arrangements for the province. They could not find out from

him where a single cantonment was to be, nor even whether they were or were not to be responsible for the defence of the frontier and the organisation of its defenders. He would allow the site of no cantonment to be fixed till he had seen it with his own eyes; and this, though he had had at his disposal for months past the eyes and the experience of soldiers like Sir Walter Gilbert and Sir Colin Campbell, both of whom held high commands at the time in the Punjab.

Such being the circumstances under which his Report was prepared and completed, we are not surprised to find that its assertions are always exaggerated and are often reckless and untrue. The Sikhs—a fact unknown to the Punjab Government and to everybody else, but somehow revealed to Sir Charles Napier for the purposes of his Report—were, he said, daily casting guns in holes in the jungles and meditating revolt! Golab Sing's power was enormous—though Henry Lawrence had written to him from Kashmere giving the details gathered on the spot, demonstrating the exact reverse—and he too was preparing for war! The inhabitants of the alpine district to the north of the Jullundur Doab were, as he described them, dissatisfied Sikh soldiers, not, as they really were, submissive and contented Rajpoots! The discontent shown by a few regiments, first at Rawul Pindi and afterwards at Wuzeerabad, in connection with the lowering of their pay, was a perfectly natural incident of such a change. But it was magnified by Sir Charles, as he looked back upon it in after years, into a portentous and premeditated mutiny of some thirty battalions which, had *he* not been there to deal with it, might have threatened our power in India; and this, though Lord Dalhousie, who was responsible for the maintenance of that power, Sir Walter Gilbert, who was in high command in the Punjab, Henry and John Lawrence, who were going in and out amongst the troops, and the Duke of Wellington, to whom the evidence of the 'mutiny' was afterwards submitted by Sir Charles himself—all judged it to be the creature of his own imagination. The force of 54,000 men which garrisoned the conquered province, and which, if he were Governor, might, he said, be cut down at once to 20,000, and soon to something much less, it was necessary to maintain only because the Punjab Government was bad, and

because another insurrection was impending! The Irregular troops, police, &c., who were independent of him, and who did the main part of the active work of the country, were nothing but 'paid idlers,' who gave no protection at all to the civil servants of the Crown! 'In military matters,' so he sums up his opinion, 'the Punjab Administration is only worthy of censure, and its system appears to me clearly tending to produce early dislike to our rule and possible insurrection. . . . The government is feeble and expensive, when it ought to be strong and economical.' 'A large revenue and a quiet people,' he adds, with an honesty which was habitual, and with a modesty which was rare in him, 'will make me out a false prophet.' But meanwhile the upshot of the whole Report was that the Scinde military system ought to be the model for the Punjab and for the rest of India. All civil government was self-condemned.[1]

A document of this character could not fail to arouse the susceptibilities of Lord Dalhousie. It touched him in his tenderest point; for the Punjab Government was his own creation. But the annoyance it occasioned was not unmixed with pleasure, for it gave to him, as well as to the members of the Board who were more directly attacked, an opportunity, which they were not likely to neglect, of making a crushing rejoinder. The Minute of the Governor-General has been published by Sir Charles Napier himself, but I am not aware that the reply of the Board has ever received equal publicity. It has been preserved among Lord Lawrence's private papers, and I gather, from internal evidence as well as from hints dropped here and there in his letters, that it is his own handiwork throughout. It is a masterly State document, studiously moderate in tone, as indeed the consciousness of a vast reserve of strength in its writer well enabled it to be, and full of interest. Want of space alone prevents my reproducing it in full. To quote the whole of its seventy-six paragraphs would extend this biography beyond reasonable limits, and the other alternative of quoting only the more salient passages of a paper, each paragraph of which depends for its strength on its

[1] See *Indian Misgovernment*, by Sir Charles Napier, *passim*; and compare Sir Henry Lawrence's answer to it in the *Calcutta Review*, vol. xxii.

close connection with what has gone before and with what follows, seems to me to be doubly objectionable. Such a document, if it is to be judged at all, must be judged as a whole; and it may perhaps be hoped that this and other of Lord Lawrence's weightier State papers, whose length precludes them from more than a passing notice in this biography, may some day see the light in a separate volume. Events move quickly even in the East, and change of circumstances may already have caused many of Lord Lawrence's views to seem out of date, but the essential principles underlying all that he wrote and thought and did will be as true a hundred years hence as they are to-day; and from these principles, as from a mine of wealth, many generations of Indian statesmen may gather treasures new and old, learning alike what is the practical ideal at which Indian rulers ought to aim, and what are the dangers which it most behoves them to avoid. Instead, therefore, of quoting here any disjointed passages of John Lawrence's reply to Sir Charles Napier's attack, I propose only to quote a short statement which seems to have been the first step towards its composition, and which sums up in accurate but modest language what the Board had accomplished and what it had set in train during the first year of its existence. It seems to have been omitted from the answer in its final shape, chiefly because the Board preferred to leave the accusation that its 'administration was weak and ineffectual' to the 'judgment of the Governor-General, before whom a weekly epitome of its acts had always passed in review.' It is a valuable and authentic record of work done, and the preceding chapter will have shown fully how the promise and the performances of this first year were carried out and more than justified by the performances of the second and third.

During the year (says John Lawrence) the amount of work disposed of has been enormous. The whole of the old establishments have been mustered, having been paid their arrears extending over many months, and the greater portion discharged. Many of their number have received gratuities, and not a few pensions.

The revenue and police establishments have been organised, and rules simple and distinct laid down for their guidance. The great mass of the jagheer tenures have been examined, reported on, and disposed of.

Rules for the investigation and disposal of all disputes which may arise between the jagheerdar and the occupant of the land have been laid down. The military contingents have been mustered and disbanded, the *élite* being re-enlisted as police-horse, paid by Government. The lands assigned for their support have been recovered to the State.

Officers have been appointed to fix and mark off the village boundaries preparatory to a survey in the ensuing cold weather, and rules for the investigation of the rent-free tenures of the country have been drawn up and circulated. All custom dues on imports and exports have been abolished, and, with the single exception of an excise on salt of two rupees per maund (eighty pounds)—which includes the price of excavation and carriage to the depôt—the whole trade of the Punjab has been made free. The customs alone yielded six lacs of rupees; and, perhaps, double that sum would barely represent the relief that the abolition has afforded to the people.

Measures have also been proposed for the withdrawal of the old currencies, and the substitution of the Company's rupee. The value of this measure to all classes, and especially to the agricultural community, who often sold their produce in one coin and paid their revenue in another, may be imagined, when it is recorded that of the Nanuk Shahi rupee alone there are sixty different coinages in circulation, and of other currencies full fifty more.

Arrangements have also been made for the gradual and easy introduction of one system of weights, in supersession of the existing systems, which vary in every town and even village.

Government have laid aside five lacs of rupees for improvements. If it expends annually five times that sum in opening roads and excavating canals for the next ten years, the revenue will probably be double at the end of that period; and such an expenditure will do more for the peace and security of the country than if 20,000 men were added to the army. Already the engineer staff is organised, and parties are out surveying in the Bari Doab.

The existing revenue assessment, as made by our officers in 1847, has been maintained, and where it did not extend, as in Mooltan and the other districts formerly under Moolraj, it will be completed by the end of the year. Such a measure must be hailed with the utmost satisfaction by the agriculturists, who would otherwise have been preyed on by a host of harpies, collecting the Government tax in kind.

All these great measures must have an immediate tendency to increase the material comforts of the mass of the people, and to

reconcile them to our rule. As conquerors, it cannot be possible that those whose power we have subverted can, in the present generation, be reconciled to us. There are large bodies of soldiers and officials whom the change of rule has deprived of service. It is only by opening out new means of subsistence that we can hope that such classes will cease from attempting to effect a revolution by force and intrigue. These great changes have been made without any noise or commotion of any kind; they are hardly known even to the majority of our own countrymen; they possess not the glitter of military conquest, but they are nevertheless felt and appreciated by those whom they are intended so greatly to benefit.

It has been asserted that the Punjab is not in a condition for civil government—that it should be ruled by military law, and its inhabitants subjected to the blessings of court-martials. We hope that those who have these opinions will not endeavour to bring about the fulfilment of their own prophecies; we had almost written, their own wishes. Let the Administration but receive the aid and support which its acts deserve and which its measures justify, and we will fearlessly predict that the country will gradually settle down with peace and security, and recover that wealth and happiness, of which, as the high road of invasion from Central Asia, and as the battlefield of Hindu and Mohammedan, it has so long been deprived.

It was well for the peace of the official world in India that neither of the documents of which I have been speaking saw the light till after December 1849; for in that month the august antagonists were all thrown together at Lahore. It was one of the earliest visits which the Governor-General had paid to the capital of the province he had annexed. Henry Lawrence hurried back from Kashmere to be in time to receive him there, and Sir Charles Napier arrived, as I have already stated, in the course of his military tour of inspection. The presence of a common foe drew Lord Dalhousie and Henry Lawrence more closely together than might otherwise have been the case, and Sir Charles Napier appears to have occupied most of his time in ridiculing the fortifications of Lahore proposed by the Board, and in proposing counter-fortifications of his own. It was an amusement which Henry Lawrence afterwards retorted on him, and, as it seems, with reason on his side, in the pages of the 'Calcutta Review' (January 1854). The pressing questions of the frontier force and of the cantonments, even those of the capital itself, still remained unsettled.

The oracle was dumb, and, till it could be induced to speak, all other arrangements were necessarily suspended.

How the matter ended I am able to relate on the authority of an eye-witness and a principal actor in it. The story has never, I believe, been told till now, and it is highly characteristic of Sir Charles Napier.

One day, towards the end of his stay in Lahore, the three members of the Board and Montgomery, who was then Commissioner of the Lahore division, happened to be taking their early morning ride together, when in the distance they saw the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff similarly employed. 'Let us go straight up to him,' said Henry to John Lawrence, 'and see if we cannot manage to get an answer out of him at last about the cantonments for Lahore.' They did so. 'You want to know where the cantonments are to be, do you?' said Sir Charles; 'follow me then;' and, as he spoke, he dug his spurs into his horse and rode off as hard as he could go, neck or nothing, across country some three or four miles. His Staff followed him as best they could, and Henry Lawrence, John Lawrence, Mansel, and Montgomery, who were probably not so well mounted, followed as they too best could, behind. It was a regular John Gilpin ride, composed not of post-boys, and of 'six gentlemen upon the road,' crying, 'Stop thief!' but of the most august personages, civil and military, in the Punjab. At last the old General reined in his horse in the middle of the plain, to all appearance at simple haphazard, and when the last of the long pursuit came up, he cried out from the midst of smoking steeds and breathless riders, 'You asked me where the cantonments are to be; they are to be here.' As ill luck would have it, he had pitched on a bit of ground which was particularly marshy and pestilential. But the word was spoken, and it was only by a stretch of authority that the Engineers employed to construct the cantonments managed to draw them back a little from a rather more to a rather less unhealthy spot. Such was the origin of the famous cantonments of Mean Meer!

This matter settled, Sir Charles was able to pursue his military tour. Accompanied by John Lawrence, he paid a visit to Jummoo and had an interview with Golab Sing. 'The

Commander-in-Chief was kind and courteous,' says his companion, while the redoubtable Maharaja was, 'if possible, more civil and amiable than ever.' Sir Charles moved onwards, as he delighted to reflect, over the ground which had been traversed by Alexander the Great, to Wuzeerabad, Jhelum, Rawul Pindi, and Peshawur. At Wuzeerabad he obtained fresh evidence, as he thought, of the mutinous disposition of the Sepoys, and at Peshawur he struck up a considerable friendship with George Lawrence, the officer in charge. 'A right good fellow,' Sir Charles calls him, Lawrence though he was, and guilty though he had also been of the unpardonable offence of 'trying the advising scheme' with him. Some small military operations were just then in progress against the Afridis of the famous Kohat pass. These wild mountaineers had ceded to us the right of making a road through their country on payment of a stipulated sum; they had taken the money, and then, after their fashion, had fallen by night on the detachment of sappers and miners who were employed in the work, had cut the ropes of the tent in which the wearied men lay sleeping, and, before they could disengage themselves, had stabbed them all to death. Sir Charles joined in the operations, which, inconsiderable enough in themselves, are only memorable for the war of words which sprung up respecting them as soon as the sword was sheathed; the Commander-in-Chief asserting that, but for him, the two regiments employed would have been annihilated by the folly of the Board, and the Board retorting that there had been no serious fighting at all, and that Sir Charles had been escorted back in safety to Peshawur by Coke and Pollock, rather than they by Sir Charles. In any case, it was the last time that the grand old soldier was under fire, and during his military tour, tempestuous as it was, he managed to confer at least two benefits on the country. He cut down, for the time, the extravagant retinue which had usually accompanied the Commander-in-Chief when he was on the march, and which had often preyed, like a swarm of locusts, on the districts through which it had advanced. And, secondly, he succeeded in inducing Lord Dalhousie to lessen the danger of combination among the Sepoys, by enlisting some Ghoorkas along with them. 'Like

Brennus,' as he said himself, 'he threw the sword of those redoubtable little warriors into the scale;' and the experiment, in spite of the misgivings of Lord Dalhousie and Henry Lawrence, has been abundantly justified by its success. In whatever part of our Empire the Ghoorkas have been called upon to draw the sword in our defence they have done us excellent service.

During the absence of Lord Dalhousie at sea, Sir Charles Napier, acting as if he were Governor-General, took upon himself to suspend a Government order relating to the pay of the troops. It was an outrageous usurpation of authority, which was followed by a severe rebuke from the Governor-General on his return, by the immediate resignation of Sir Charles, and by the acceptance of that resignation by the Duke of Wellington, who had urged him to go out to India, but who now, without any hesitation, pronounced him to be in the wrong. So passed from India the grand old veteran. His sun set, as indeed it had shone for many a long day, in the midst of a stormy sea, and the final outpouring of his wrath in his posthumous publication, kept up the after-swell for years after his turbulent spirit had been laid to rest in the grave.

A few extracts from John Lawrence's letters written during this period will throw light on his personal relations to the two chief antagonists, on the views he took of the most pressing questions of the day, on his relations to his subordinates, and on the multifarious duties which fell, in sickness and in health alike, on his own willing shoulders. Here is his view of the frontier-force question, a view different from that of his brother and from that which ultimately prevailed.

To Lord Dalhousie. December 18, 1849.

The Commander-in-Chief is still here, and no one knows when he will start. He has not answered my brother's note about the frontier, and the Irregulars. I have thought a good deal about the matter since I saw your Lordship, and I confess that on the whole I would prefer that the Commander-in-Chief kept the frontier himself. I think my brother's arrangement a good one, and perfectly feasible, if carried out as a whole; but I fear that if we have to do the work we shall have but a portion of what he asks for. I do not covet military honour; indeed, I rather shrink from it. Every

civil and political officer who has to meddle in such matters does it with a rope round his neck. The honour and profit belong to the military; the disgrace and damage to the political. Irregulars are, I believe, better adapted for all partisan warfare than Regulars; but I believe in my heart that if the Irregulars kept the border under us, we should not be backed up by many officers with the Regulars as we ought to be, and as will be essentially necessary. I should like to see the military do their work, and the civil officers theirs. The frontier is the post of danger, and therefore the post of honour, and it seems to be an anomaly giving it to us. We have now 54,000 Regular and Irregular troops in the Punjab, and shall have little short of 20,000 of the new levies. This seems to me an excessive number for such a country.

Three days later he writes in much the same strain:—

The Commander-in-Chief starts to-morrow; he seems, as far as I can judge, to be no nearer to a decision regarding the distribution of troops and the new cantonments than before. It seems to me quite clear that little or nothing can be done this year, unless it is done at once. . . . If he requires all the troops he has in the Punjab because it has a civil government, with what consistency does he mass them all along the Peshawur road, leaving four-fifths of the country without troops? I suspect he is beginning to see that Golab is not so formidable or so bent on war as he supposed. I shall leave Lahore for Sealkote to-morrow and pay the Maharaja a visit, and then return here. I expect to be absent about ten days. There is a report here that the 32nd Native Infantry have mutinied at Wuzeerabad, but I trust that the report is exaggerated. I think my brother judges rightly when he says we should not collect our native troops in great masses. Brigades seem all very well; eight or ten corps together are not safe, especially when they have nothing to do.

And again, January 3, 1850:—

The way the Commander-in-Chief is distributing the troops, or rather leaving them, seems as if he would wish to have a row, that he might step in and have the glory of quelling it. He says the civil government necessitates the presence of so many troops, and yet he masses them with reference to the Afghans and Golab Sing! Your Lordship is astounded at our request for more civil corps. With a different distribution of the regular army such would not be required, and that, too, without employing them on civil duty. Six thousand infantry and 2,500 cavalry would then be abundance,

I should say. Your Lordship is aware of my views as regards the protection of the frontier. One of the great objections to the civil officers guarding it, seems to me to arise from the circumstance that it takes them too much from their legitimate duties. They have not time to be both soldiers and civilians, even if they had the genius and the knowledge, and the consequence will be that the latter duties will be neglected.

The following passage is interesting chiefly as showing that the jagheerdars of the Punjab did not get quite such hard measure from Lord Dalhousie as is usually supposed.

The arrangements regarding jagheers, as lately received from your Lordship, have given much satisfaction, and have exceeded all expectation. A Sikh Sirdar remarked to me that they had got more than Runjeet Sing ever would have given them, and that too free of all service. He remarked that when Hurri Sing, the bravest Sikh Sirdar, was killed fighting against the Afghans, Runjeet Sing actually confined his wives till they gave up his wealth! The customs abolition will also, I am satisfied, be hailed with great satisfaction, especially, by the mass of the people, whose material interests will be immediately improved by the change. We now only want our canals to change the face of the country. If your Lordship had a doubt on the point, your trip to Mooltan will, I think, have removed it. Robert Napier is here at work. Poor fellow! he has just lost his wife.

To Lieutenant James, who had served four years in Scinde, the greater part of them in civil employ, and was hereafter to be one of John Lawrence's ablest subordinates in the Punjab, he writes two long letters asking for full particulars of the Scinde administration. For he thought it advisable, while defending himself from the attacks of Sir Charles Napier, to carry the war into the enemy's country. I quote some extracts, partly as showing his insatiable appetite for minute detail and the care he took to find out what a man was worth before he invited him into the Punjab; partly as indicating the spirit in which he approached the Scinde question, anxious to give full credit to what was good and to make allowance for what was bad in his opponent's rule.

I want you to let me know what kind of officer Captain Fleming, in Scinde, is? Is he an able civil officer? Does he understand revenue matters properly? Is he a man for *Batai*, and farms or

assessments with the village community? Kindly answer these queries, and also say if he is strong in mind and body—that is, can he, and will he, work hard?

I wish you would give me some idea of the Scinde system past and present—that is, under Sir Charles Napier and under Pringle; particularly under the former. He is a first-rate soldier and a man of great capacity generally. But I cannot understand how he could have managed the civil details. He knew nothing of the language, the customs, or the habits of the people; of revenue customs or police arrangements, though the latter depends more on good sense. Brown, his secretary, I knew well; he was a fine fellow, but was certainly not cut out for a secretary. Then his district officers must, in the first instance, have had no civil training. I confess, when I think of all this I feel surprised, not at the alleged defects in the system, but that anything worthy of being called a system was carried out.

I think I have heard that all the land-tax was collected in grain, not at a fixed quota for each village, but by *Batai* (division of the crop); but that lately they have begun to introduce a three years' settlement. Is this the case? If so, up to what year did the grain system continue? what did you do with it all? Did it not work ill? Were not Government and the people both plundered, particularly the former? Customs—what customs did you collect? Import or export only, or transit also? Had you any town duties?

Police system—briefly describe it. Judicial—you had assistant district officers; and the Governor—who was the executive, the district officer or the assistant?—that is, did the latter carry out all details and the district officer act as a kind of judge, and hear appeals? as is the case in Madras, I believe; or was it, like our Bengal system, the district officer being the responsible executive, while the assistants were his aids? In this case, who heard appeals? If the Governor did, he must have had an English translation of every one sent up. How could you afford time for this? Did the Governor ever hold courts himself? If so, what trials did he hear? Cases that go to our commissioners, how disposed of?

Finance—what do you consider was the *bonâ-fide* revenue of Scinde? What its civil expenses, including police corps? I do not expect exact amounts; an approximation will suffice. If the revenue was forty lacs, for instance, was the civil expenditure one-half, a third, or a quarter? Kindly give me a reply to this letter the first leisure half-hour.

A very long 'half-hour's work' was thus cut out for James,

but his answer came within ten days—that is, pretty nearly by return of post, and called forth another torrent of queries and suggestions from John Lawrence. I extract from them the following only :—

I have heard something of the three collectors and their discussions. What a system for such a man as Sir Charles to advocate! Judicial—you flogged and fined up to 500 rupees without record or power of appeal. I fear some of your men must have done much harm. There was a Mr. —— under me in the Jullundur who had been in Scinde, and I saw some terrible cases of oppression by him in this way, to which I speedily put a stop. . . . I think a good article on Scinde, written in a fair and liberal spirit, entering into details fully, pointing out its merits and demerits truthfully, would be read with great interest and be very acceptable, particularly just now.

John Lawrence's formal answer to Sir Charles Napier's attack appears to have been finished towards the end of March, and, writing to Lord Dalhousie on the 31st, he speaks thus of it :—

I hope your Lordship will approve of our answer to Sir Charles Napier's paper. We might have said a great deal more, but were anxious to be as amiable as possible. A defensive fight is usually a losing one, in politics as in war; the assailant has many advantages. He has the immense one of a great name. I believe he did in Scinde wonderfully well; perhaps as well, if not better, than anyone under similar difficulties could have done. But to suppose that a man ignorant of the manners, customs, habits, and language of a people, with untrained men under him, could really have governed a country as he thinks he did Scinde, seems to me an impossibility. He has always had one great advantage, namely, that he tells his own story. A man may make a good many mistakes, and still be a better ruler than an Ameer of Scinde.

His remarks upon the Afridi troubles bring forcibly before us some of the difficulties in dealing with such barbarous tribes—difficulties which his own wise administration and that of his successors have progressively tended to diminish, though they cannot be said to be finally settled even now. They show also that he was not backward to advocate offensive measures against the border tribes where they were necessary.

The present state of Kohat is far from satisfactory. I much fear that nothing we can do will bring the Afridis to their senses; but another expedition may do so if made with deliberation and with a sufficient force. The Commander-in-Chief, who declared on his first arrival at Peshawur that, were he not tied hand and foot, he would, within a week, be on his way to Kabul, is now for peace, for treaties and payments. If peace and security were even probably to be obtained in this way, it would be well worth the trial. But your Lordship may depend on it that neither Scindis nor Afghans are thus to be managed. You must thrash them soundly, first, before they will respect you. A little money judiciously expended among the heads of clans would then prove useful. But there are many drawbacks to the paying system. The very fact that an influential man receives our pay tends to lessen his influence. It is very difficult to know whom to pay, for power and influence are continually changing hands. The more we expend the more we are expected to give. Lord Auckland spent lacs of rupees in this way at Herat, Kabul, and in the Khyber, and all to little or no purpose. It is certainly a difficult thing for a 'political' to advocate offensive measures when the Commander-in-Chief is for peace; but I much fear that they are necessary. We cannot exasperate the Afridis more than we have done, whereas, by punishing them well, we may make them fear us, which now they do not do. I take the liberty of enclosing a letter I received from Sir Colin Campbell. It gives his views of the Afridis, and the comparative value of the new irregular corps and our own native infantry. I am myself quite satisfied of the superiority of the former, especially for all hill work. Our Oudh men are not equal, man to man, to the people of this country, and both parties know it.

The Commander-in-Chief having, for a brief interval, ceased from troubling, John Lawrence found time, on April 26, to write to Thomason, the distinguished Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, on what was more particularly his own subject, the manner in which the revenue survey and settlement of the whole of the Punjab, which was then in contemplation, could best be set on foot. The subject is one of great interest and importance; for the settlement is the foundation of everything else in a newly annexed country. But it is not easy to make it intelligible to the general reader. I therefore only quote the concluding passage of his letter. The request made in it, as we shall see hereafter, had no slight influence on the futures of the men concerned.

Kindly let me know what your views are on these subjects. I have stated mine fully, though I know that my experience on such matters is slight as compared with your own; but it will do no harm your knowing them. Further, I want to know if you will object to give us Temple for a settlement officer for the Jetch Doab under Edward Thornton. I know that you prize Temple. It will be a greater act of generosity letting us have him. We are greatly in want of good men; the whole success of our administration hinges upon getting them.

About this time John Lawrence was summoned by Lord Dalhousie to Simla, and his reply, May 1, 1850, shows something of the difficulties with which he was, even then, struggling at Lahore.

I shall be very happy to come up to Simla and wait on your Lordship, and I am quite sure that if I could stay there for a little time it would do me good. But the work here is so heavy, and I have so little hope of its being carried on according to my own views, that I think it will be my duty to stay as short a time as possible. Since the division of labour we have all, I think, worked more satisfactorily; but there are many questions on which each man wishes to carry out his own views, and in such cases, mine, in my absence, would necessarily not be thought of. I shall arrange to work my own department while away, and where this is not to be done leave returns against the time when I come back. I propose leaving this on Wednesday morning, and I hope to get up to Simla by Saturday. I trust that this delay will not be objected to by your Lordship. . . . I was glad to see in the 'Overland' yesterday that Sir Robert Peel had spoken so handsomely of the Civil Service at the great dinner to Lord Gough. It is a satisfaction to see that in England some merit may be attached to anything besides a red coat.

The visit to Simla was paid. It only lasted a fortnight, and a great amount of work was done during it. But the change did John Lawrence good, and helped him through a long and trying summer. Speaking of an officer who was anxious to get a political charge on the frontier, and also to be made a magistrate, as he had been in Scinde, he says to Lord Dalhousie on July 3:—

He is a fine soldier, but not at all cut out, I should say, for civil work, nor would such a place as he wishes ever answer. No man can serve two masters. Moreover, in such arrangements there is

this inherent evil, that it gives a soldier great facilities for getting up a disturbance, if so inclined. Anything like an *imperium in imperio* is also bad, and sure to bring on a collision between the district officer and such roving magistrates. Our officers when they have nothing else to say against a civil officer are sometimes inclined to sneer at his youth. Youth in itself is no fault in an executive officer. If a man knows his work, and has been properly trained, it is an advantage in a country like India, where indolence and apathy are the prevailing defects. We daily see instances where age and experience do not go together. When both are inexperienced I would infinitely prefer a young to an old man; for the former is more apt to learn, while the latter is wedded to preconceived notions.

A passage in a letter of July 22 gives some slight idea of the inordinate pressure under which every officer, high and low, in the Punjab, was expected, during these eventful years to work and live. The Lawrences had gone as boys to a school at which there were no holidays, and the Punjab officers were, it seems, so far as their masters could prevent it, to have none either; at least, not till they were fairly abreast of their work, a consummation which, however devoutly to be wished, seemed each month to become more and more remote, as new fields of enterprise opened out before them. It was expedient that a few white men should suffer, and, if need be, die for the dusky millions of the Punjab. On this principle John Lawrence acted himself, and on this he expected everyone else who came within his sphere, if he would keep well with him, to act also. Lord Dalhousie, without making any definite request on the subject, had mentioned to John Lawrence the wish of Lord W. Hay, a near relative of his and an officer employed under the Board, to get some leave.

If Lord W. Hay (replied John Lawrence) is left to our mercies, we must, in duty bound, refuse him leave. We have agreed not to recommend any leave unless when men are sick. There is still much to do, and will be so for the next two years. Every day is of value, and the best officer cannot work too hard or too long for the public interest. We have a number of men away on sick certificate, and almost every week brings in similar applications, and will, I fear, continue to do so until October. If the rains prove a failure, which I much fear they will, our hands will be full

to overflowing. It will take all the metal of our Punjab executive to keep the work down.

What wonder that, under such circumstances, *the Punjab head* came to be a proverbial expression for the break-down which came from over-work, and which sent so many of the Punjab officers, sorely against the will of their chiefs, to recruit exhausted nature for a month or two in the delicious sanataria of Murri or Chumba or Simla?

The very slight changes of air or scene which John Lawrence allowed himself to take were only justified to his mind by the amount of work which he managed to combine with them, and he was always ready to stay at his desk if he thought his brother could go instead and do the locomotive work, which suited him better. For example, it had been long since arranged that John Lawrence should accompany Lord Dalhousie in a tour in the north-west of the Punjab. He looked forward to the treat with real pleasure. But a passage in a letter of September 15 shows how far he was from wishing in any way to oust or take precedence of his brother.

> Nothing I should like better than to run along the frontier; but my brother wishes to go there also, particularly if we act against the Afridis; and as his services will be in every way more useful and carry more weight than mine in public opinion, I will willingly withdraw my request to accompany your Lordship to the frontier. I am very sorry to say that more of our officers are getting ill. Major Lake and Hercules Scott are both ailing, and may both have to go home. In them, George Campbell, and Cust, we lose some of our best civil officers, with none to replace them of equal merit. I feel sometimes quite desperate when looking forward.

On the much-disputed question of the frontier force, which was, at length, nearing its solution, and not in the way in which John Lawrence then advocated, I am induced to quote one other letter, because, though it travels over some old ground, it contains remarks on the public opinion of India, which are as true now as on the day on which they were written, and because of the vivid portraiture it gives, in very few words, of himself and his colleagues on the Board.

The main question is as to the ten Punjab corps being made over to the Commander-in-Chief, or left with the Board for the

defence of the country on the right bank of the Indus, south of Peshawur. While admitting to the full the advantages which are to be derived from the control of the Punjab corps, and the defence of this frontier being vested in us, I have always shrunk from advocating the measure from the difficulties I felt we should have to encounter. No doubt with a good Brigadier, one in whom we had confidence, and who would be prepared to carry out our views, these difficulties would be lessened. Still they seem to me to be considerable. Some of them are those which I have personally experienced, and which no one who has lived and mixed with military men can fail to admit. Public opinion is essentially military in India. Military views, feelings, and interests are therefore paramount. If matters go well, the credit will rest with the military; if they go wrong, the blame is thrown on the civil power. The views of the Commander-in-Chief are essentially those of his cloth, perhaps a good deal exaggerated, but still their views. There is no security that the officer commanding in the field at any crisis may not be utterly incapable; there is every possibility that at times he will be so, but the effects of his incapacity will be laid at the door of the civil administration. This is in the nature of things. Probably, if a soldier, I myself should join in the outcry. India has produced few abler or better men than Sir William Macnaghten. Had his advice been followed, the Kabul insurrection would have ended very differently. Yet to this day, his memory is maligned, and he is considered the cause of all the misfortunes which occurred. There are a thousand ways in which the military can thwart the civil officers, which it would be difficult to remedy and unwise to complain of. I say this in no bitterness, for on the whole I have been kindly dealt with; but I have often felt that my honour and reputation were in the hands of a querulous old man.

The frontier is a post of danger; it is therefore one of honour, and the military as a body will be ready to resent its being entrusted to us. They may acquiesce so long as all is quiet, but if anything goes wrong, the feeling will be shown. Independently of these facts, the constitution of the Board is unfavourable to such a charge. We are told that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety; but assuredly there is not much energy. Each man may take a different view of the question, and between conflicting opinions the time for action passes by. Promptitude and vigour, the very soul of military arrangements, will, I fear, be often wanting. If, therefore, your Lordship shall think fit to confide the defence of the frontier to the Board, I pray that one only of the members be invested with the duty.

There is hardly a single subject on which the members thoroughly concur. If they agree in theory, they differ in the mode of execution. My brother's temperament is very similar to my own, but we have been bred in two different schools. With a keener and higher order of intellect than mine, he is from habit and ill health unequal to systematic exertion. Mansel is contemplative and philosophic, but shrinks from action. I am restless and impatient, thinking nothing done if aught is left undone, and chafe at delay. Such being the elements which compose our Board, I feel averse to our having charge of the frontier, which will require much order and system, joined to vigour and promptitude of action.

I beg that your Lordship will not attribute my remarks to want of zeal. I cannot serve the State nor your Lordship more truly than by frankly stating my views. If we are to have the frontier, I suggest it be entrusted to my brother. I believe he would like the charge, and, judging of him by myself, I should say he would prefer the whole responsibility to sharing it with his colleagues.

In the spring of this year (1850) Henry Lawrence had set out on a prolonged visit to Kashmere. He was accompanied during a part of it by his wife and his daughter Honoria (now Mrs. Henry Hart), then an infant only six weeks old. Dr. Hathaway, who had been his Private Secretary, and was now surgeon to the civil station at Lahore, and Hodson, afterwards of Hodson's horse, were also members of the party.

There were elements of romantic interest about the journey which exactly suited Henry Lawrence. The surpassing beauty of the scenery of Kashmere is now well known. But at that time hardly any Europeans had set foot in the country. It was a native state which had been saved from annexation, in part at least, by Henry Lawrence's own chivalrous exertions, and upon its throne sat the astute Golab Sing, whose misdeeds Henry Lawrence, as his patron, had been driven, by a somewhat cruel destiny, and with a strange conflict of feelings, now to condemn and now again to extenuate and defend. The tour was prolonged farther northward still to Iskardo and Ladak, and the elements of romance seemed to multiply as the travellers advanced farther and farther into the region of the unknown. 'Five times over,' as Henry Lawrence writes exultingly to his brother George, he had been 'above 14,000 feet high,' he had given a dinner to some three hundred natives of

those remote latitudes who traded with Yarkand—probably the most original and picturesque as well as the most costly and most difficult entertainment which even he, in his boundless hospitality, had ever given—and he was looking forward to one on a still larger scale, which he was about to give to a mixed party of merchants and soldiers at Iskardo.

The adventurous and daring as well as the unscrupulous character of Hodson came out at every step of the journey. On one occasion he climbed, at the imminent peril of his life, a snowy peak resembling that of the Matterhorn, on which, as Henry Lawrence afterwards remarked, 'none but a Hodson or an eagle would have thought of setting foot.' His fate reserved him for many a deed of higher daring still, but for a less happy end.

Another unpleasant element in the expedition was the correspondence with Lord Dalhousie which had preceded it. Henry had applied for leave of absence during the rainy season, in the hope that he might get the better of his attacks of fever, which latterly had been more than usually severe; and Lord Dalhousie had demurred to the proposal on the ground that his habitual absence from Lahore for nearly half the year was incompatible with his office and unfair to his colleagues, who would not be able to stir from the capital till he returned. 'Of Mr. Mansel's habits I know nothing, but it is impossible that, after the active movements of your brother's life for so many years, imprisonment in one place can be otherwise than bad for him. Previous to your departure, therefore, before the rains, I would request that he would come up to Simla and meet me there.' Lord Dalhousie's consent was given grudgingly, and its tone may well have been resented by a man who was so unsparing of himself as Henry Lawrence. But his forebodings as to the danger to John Lawrence's health proved too true. The strain of unintermittent work for nearly ten years had begun to tell even on John Lawrence's iron constitution. The rains, which Henry had wished to avoid, ceased early, and then a terribly unhealthy season set in. The old cantonments at Anarkulli were devastated by disease, and Sir Charles Napier's new ones at Mean Meer fared even worse. At Wuzeerabad, Inglis declared that

'his whole office was prostrate,' and the natives throughout the Punjab suffered more even than the Europeans.

John Lawrence was one of the last to succumb. He had worked hard the whole summer through, and now, early in October, his turn came. It was a sharp attack of remittent fever. The symptoms rapidly developed; intense pain in the head and very high fever, followed by sickness and delirium. Those about him had begun to fear the worst, but a cold douche extemporised by Dr. Hathaway had a magical effect. The fever and delirium disappeared almost instantaneously. He dropped off into a quiet sleep, and woke up out of danger. As is often the case with very strong men when attacked by illness, his strength had gone all at once, and it now returned almost as rapidly; and by the 16th of the month, the day originally fixed, he was able to start for his long-projected tour with the Governor-General. Lord Dalhousie had peremptorily overruled his generous wish that his brother should go in his stead. 'I shall be delighted,' he wrote on September 16, 'to see you at Roopur, but I want also to have you with me in the latter part of the march. If your brother returns in October, he can accompany me to meet Golab at Wuzeerabad. After that he must take his turn at Lahore. I wish for your presence with me.' Lord Dalhousie's wish was equivalent to a command, and for the next six months, except during short intervals, when he ran down to Lahore, John Lawrence was to be found in the locomotive camp of the Governor-General, who had come with the intention of seeing as much of the north and north-west of the Punjab as he possibly could.

What Lord Dalhousie thought of John Lawrence's services to the State, and what he felt towards him personally, is clear from the following letter, written on October 21—soon, that is, after he heard of his sudden and dangerous illness:—

I have not plagued you with any letter since I heard of your illness. I need not say how deeply and truly I grieved to learn the severe attack you have suffered, and how anxious I shall be to learn again that you are improving during your march, and that you are not foolishly impeding your recovery by again returning to work. I am terrified at the thought of your being compelled to

give up work and go home for a time, and I plead with you to spare yourself for a time as earnestly as I would plead to save my own right hand. Two of you have been working hard enough, Heaven knows, for the third; let the other two now take their turn of working for you. Keep enough work in your hands to employ you, but don't take so much as to burden you.

It is little to be wondered at that the Governor-General, when he realised the full danger to which his Lieutenant had been exposed, insisted that he should spend the next hot season, not in the fever-stricken furnace of Lahore, but amidst the cool breezes of Simla. And it may also be added, by way of anticipation, that it was the readiness of resource shown by Dr. Hathaway at the critical moment, as well as his aptitude for work, tested during a long and intimate acquaintance with him in India, which, fourteen years later, served to recommend him for the post of Private Secretary to the man who had then just been called, by universal acclamation, to the highest post in the Indian Empire, that of Viceroy and Governor-General.

John Lawrence left Lahore with his wife, as I have mentioned, on October 16, just after his brother's return. Taking Umritsur and Jullundur on his way, and managing to do an infinity of work at each place, he joined the Governor-General, about the beginning of November, at Roopur, a small place on the Sutlej. The Governor-General's camp was a very large one. Besides his own retinue, it was attended by the principal officers of the district in which from time to time it happened to be, and John Lawrence thus found ample opportunities for consultation, alike with his chief and with his subordinates, on the pressing questions of the hour, as well as on the future prospects of the country. I am unable to find in the papers entrusted to me any details of the places visited or of the work done during the next six months. There is a total absence of letters from October 1850 to November 1851; and it is natural that it should be so. Being so much with the Governor-General John Lawrence had no need to write to Lord Dalhousie, or Lord Dalhousie to him. Henry Lawrence was at Lahore, and on him, therefore, naturally devolved the laborious correspondence—which till now had fallen chiefly on his brother—with the Commissioners, Deputy-Commissioners, and Assistant-

Commissioners, who were coming and going, hither and thither to their various stations, like the figures in a transformation scene, or the pieces of glass in a kaleidoscope. And once more, it should be remarked that John Lawrence had no private secretary, and that the copying of the letters to which this biography will, for some years to come, owe so much, was chiefly the work of his wife, who was only with him at intervals during this particular tour.

The arrangements for the Governor-General's march had formed the subject of frequent communication between John Lawrence and Lord Dalhousie for months past; and from their letters I gather that the programme consisted of a leisurely progress through the northern districts of the Punjab; of a prolonged stay at Lahore, 'with more opportunities,' remarks Lord Dalhousie, evidently much to his satisfaction, 'for business and less occasion for ceremonies than in the preceding year;' of visits to Wuzeerabad and Rawûl Pindi; of a march thence by a newly constructed and difficult road to Kalabagh on the other side of the Indus, where the Governor-General intended, if possible, to alter for the better the arrangements made by the Board for the salt-duties, 'the one slip,' according to him, 'which they had made at all;' finally, of a trip down the Indus in a steamboat to Dera Ismael Khan, where he wished to hold a Durbar of the hill chiefs of the Derajat. His plan was to return thence, if the disposition of the hill tribes allowed it, through the Derajat to Kohat and Peshawur; thence to travel over the line marked out for the Grand Trunk Road, between it and Attock; and, last of all, to reach Simla by a circuitous route through Huzara and Kashmere. This was an extensive programme, and the less ambitious parts of it appear to have been carried out. But the delicate and difficult passage through Kashmere was given up, owing to the opposition offered to it by the prudence of the Lawrence brothers. John Lawrence returned to Lahore for Christmas, while the Governor-General remained to finish his tour beyond the Indus.

The only interruption to the routine work of the following spring (1851) to which reference need be made here, was the visit of John Lawrence to Peshawur, where he spent a busy fortnight in examining the official records and criminal returns; in

inspecting the fort, the jail, the cantonments, and the city; in making excursions with the Governor-General to Barra and Jumrood; and in conversing freely, as his manner was, with people of every grade and of all kinds of views. He found that that important position was not then—probably it is not even now—in an altogether satisfactory condition. The valley was held by a garrison of 10,000 Regulars; a force which it has never yet, I believe, been found practicable seriously to reduce. The physical characteristics of the country, intersected as it is by two large rivers and numerous hill-torrents, by deep ravines and rugged ridges, and surrounded on every side by mountains which afford a ready refuge to miscreants of all descriptions, marked it out as a den of murderers and marauders, which it was almost equally difficult for us to hold or to abandon. The Sikhs, who had preceded us in the occupation of the place and had called themselves, for a brief period, its masters, had never held a yard of country beyond the range of their military posts, and had never raised a rupee from either the highlanders or the lowlanders of the surrounding districts, except at the point of the sword. It was hardly to be wondered at, therefore, if, in spite of the moderation and justice of our rule, in spite of duties swept away, and lightened land-tax, in spite of the careful maintenance, in this part of our dominions at least, of the jagheers of the village or district chiefs, so poor, so predatory, and so warlike a people had not been weaned from their immemorial habits. There were still the eternal mountains, which formed an all but impenetrable fastness whence the inhabitants could sally forth on the less warlike people of the plains, and which offered, in their turn, an equally safe retreat to any lowlander who, laden with the plunder, or red-handed with the blood, of the hated Feringhis, might wish to claim amongst them the sacred right of asylum. Accustomed as the natives were to redress their own wrongs, and utterly regardless of human life, we had found it impossible to disarm any portion of them. And thus the reign of violence, if it was ever to give way at all to the reign of law, could be expected to do so only by very slow degrees. Fifty-one cases of murder or dangerous wounding had taken place, as John Lawrence found, in the two months and a-half which preceded his

arrival, and it was under such circumstances that he drew up two elaborate documents on the defence and organisation of the Peshawur district, the suggestions of which have been acted upon ever since, and have gradually succeeded in weaning—as far as in a generation or two they could be expected to do so—the wild marauders of the neighbourhood towards a more peaceful life. The levelling of the broken ground around the cantonments, so as to sweep away the lurking-place of the robber or the assassin; a vigorous system of police patrols both by night and day; a chain of fortified posts in the interior as well as along the frontier of the country; the strict limitations imposed on the wandering propensities of our officers and soldiers; the taking away of their arms from merchants from the hills when they reached our frontier stations, of course to be given back to them on their return; the strict responsibility of heads of villages for crimes committed within them; the occupation of Jumrood by Irregulars as the advanced picquet of the Peshawur force;—these were some of the precautions first suggested by John Lawrence, and which have ever since been more or less rigorously observed.

In April, John Lawrence followed his wife and family to Simla, and here he and they had the ineffable happiness—hardly, I suppose, to be understood by anyone who has not experienced it himself, or who has not suffered from the Indian sun as John Lawrence had always done—of spending the first of some twenty summers which had passed since he came to India in the hills. The long walks, the pleasant society, the lovely climate of that earthly paradise, the kindness of Lord and Lady Dalhousie, the hard work done under conditions which seemed to make it no work at all, altogether went to form an oasis in his Indian life, on which she who enjoyed and shared it with him can still, after thirty years have come and gone, look back with melancholy delight. But even here he was not to escape altogether from the effects of the deadly climate of Lahore. In September he again broke down with a renewed attack of the fever of the preceding year, and the four doctors who attended him—Lord Dalhousie's physician among them—agreed that nothing but a return to England would restore him to health. 'If I cannot go to India and

live there, I will go and die there,' he had said ten years before, as a newly married man with no definite employment in view, when the doctors warned him not again to attempt the Indian climate. And it was not likely now, when the interests of a vast province in so large a measure depended on him, that he would think differently. Nothing should induce him, he said, to go home till he had done the work which he had then in hand; and, when once the fever had abated, he rallied so quickly that all thought of his return was given up by his doctors and his wife.

Lord Dalhousie, however, was not so easily satisfied, and, in his anxiety to spare one whose services he valued 'as he did his own right hand,' he wrote to the Directors of the East India Company, asking them to allow John Lawrence to go home on exceptionally favourable terms. The request was refused on public grounds, but the refusal was accompanied by expressions which showed a high appreciation of John Lawrence's services. I insert here a few lines from one of his letters on the subject to Lord Dalhousie, chiefly because of the light it throws on what were then his plans for the future.

I have made up my mind not to go home. It would, I think, be suicidal in me, at my age and with the claims which my children have on me, to do so. My health is very uncertain; I do not think that I have more than three or four years of good honest work left in me. In May 1855 I shall have served my time, and be entitled to my annuity, and by that time I shall have saved a sufficiency for my own moderate wants and to bring up my children. Without making up my mind absolutely to retire at that period, I wish to be in a position to be able to do so. If I go home now without pay, I shall come back to this country without the slightest chance of being able to retire as I propose, for I shall have to spend in my trip the best part of my savings. I am infinitely obliged for the kindness and consideration which led your Lordship to recommend the indulgence, and am gratified with the flattering manner in which it has been negatived.

It is difficult, now that the writer's long and deedful life is over, to read without something akin to emotion the simple wishes and the humble prognostications of this letter; and it is more difficult still, even at the risk of anticipating what might, perhaps, come more fitly at the close of this biography,

not to take a rapid glance forward at the amount of work which was really in store for him at the time when he wrote. The man who thought he had 'not more than three or four years of good honest work left in him,' and could not go to England to recruit his health without spending the best part of his savings in the process, was to work on in the Punjab with increased responsibility and power, not merely for three or four, but for seven years, doing each day as much as most men do in a dozen days, and, during the last two years, facing an amount of anxiety, of difficulty, and of danger which, by itself, would have been enough to make or mar any lesser man. When he returned home after the Mutiny, broken down in health, he was to recruit himself, not by rest, but by serving for four years in the Indian Council, bringing his vast experience and his sound judgment to bear on the difficult questions which had been raised by the transference of India from the Company to the Crown. At the end of that period of comparative repose, he was to return to India as Viceroy and Governor-General, and, for the full period of five years, was to work as hard and successfully as any Governor-General has ever worked. When he returned to England again, it was to descend at once from the most magnificent of Viceroyalties to the dull and thankless drudgery of the London School Board; and that, not because he had any special knowledge or natural bent for the subject of popular education, but because he felt there was good work and hard work to be done upon it. And then, once more, when his health had finally broken down, when his sight was nearly gone, and when he seemed to have set his face towards the grave, he was to rouse himself again at the trumpet-call of duty, and, regardless of obloquy and of misconception of every kind, was to work hard to the very end against a policy which he thought to be unjust, and to be fraught with danger and disaster to the best interests of England and of India. If any life was ever dignified from first to last with that kind of dignity which nothing but labour—honest, unsparing, unselfish labour—can give, that life was John Lawrence's.

By November Lawrence returned to Lahore, visiting all the civil stations on the way, and bringing with him an infant son

—Edward Hayes—who had been born in June at Simla. It was a lovely child, which had seemed from its very birth to call forth from beneath the rugged exterior of his father that vein of tenderness which those who knew him well knew was always there. A child, particularly a young one, seemed often able —as a notable incident which I shall relate at a subsequent period of his life will show—to calm John Lawrence when he was most ruffled, and to cheer him when he was most wearied with the anxieties and the vexations of his daily work. This babe had been delicate from its birth—so delicate, that its mother feared now to expose it to the rough camp life which formed a principal part of the winter's work in the Punjab. Accordingly, while the father was roaming about his province in tents, the mother stayed at home to tend it.

> But, howsoe'er it was,
> After a lingering, ere she was aware,
> Like a caged bird escaping suddenly,
> The little innocent soul flitted away.

It was a crushing sorrow, and not to the mother alone. It was the first time that death had come into the Lawrence family. The strong man was broken down; and to the astonishment of those that did not know him well—but only to those—he was seen weeping like a child, as he followed the body to the grave. It was not often that John Lawrence was seen to shed tears; and I have thought it worth while in the course of this biography to specify the two or three occasions when he is known to have done so. But his tears were only the outward and intermittent signs of the perennial spring of tenderness which lay below; of a tenderness which was, perhaps, more real because it made so little show, and certainly gave more encouragement and more support to those on whom it was habitually lavished, because it was felt to be the tenderness, not of a weakling, but of a strong, rough-hewn man.

It was the first death. But it was not the first break in the family. For in the autumn of the year of annexation (1849), the inevitable severance, bitter almost as death, to which all Indian families must look forward, and that, too, at the time of life when the child most needs the parent, and the parent

most misses the child, had taken place. The two eldest daughters had been sent off to England, under somewhat exceptional circumstances. It happened that Herbert Edwardes and John Nicholson were about to leave on furlough, and they volunteered to undertake a task, which not even such friends as the Lawrences would have ever thought of proposing to them—the trouble and responsibility of conveying the little girls to England. 'It was considered,' says Lady Lawrence, 'somewhat strange to send two little girls away with only two young men as their escort, but they were dear and trusted friends; and right nobly they fulfilled their trust, not minding the trouble and anxiety of little children, but tenderly caring for them all the way.' John Lawrence conveyed them to Ferozepore, and there handed them over, with their ayah, to their kind escort, who conveyed them down the Indus to Bombay, and thence safely to England. And, assuredly, when we consider what young unmarried officers usually are like, and how utterly incapable they would be, even if they had the will, of undertaking such a charge, we shall be disposed to regard this as not the least characteristic, or the least lovable, passage in the lives of the young hero of Mooltan, or of the afterwards still more distinguished hero of Delhi.

During John Lawrence's sojourn at Simla in 1850, an important change had taken place in the *personnel* of the Board. I have already endeavoured to indicate the general characteristics of the third member of the triumvirate, and have pointed out how valuable, judging from an outsider's point of view, must have been the makeweight which Mansel's evenly balanced and philosophic temperament offered to the more drastic and impetuous spirits which, for the time being, were linked to his. Both brothers, so far as I can make out, appreciated highly his intellectual gifts, and regarded him with the most friendly feelings. But both looked upon him, also, as a drag upon the coach. They were always, or nearly always, for action; he was always, or nearly always, for talking about it. In every question which was brought before him he saw, like other men of his turn of mind, at least three possible courses; and the *tertium quid* on which he seemed inclined to settle, rather than ever actually did settle down at last,

was generally one which did not suit precisely the views of either of his colleagues. When, as often happened, Henry Lawrence had one plan for the solution of a difficult problem, and John another, and they were both brought to Mansel for his deciding voice, he 'cushioned' both of them; that is to say, he put them into his pocket, and the question was shelved *sine die*. He would sometimes, as I have been told by an eye-witness, walk for an hour or two up and down the verandah in front of the Residency, arguing seriously against some project which Henry was pressing upon him with characteristic earnestness. At the end of the discussion he would say quietly, 'Well, though I have been arguing thus with you, I have not been speaking my own views; I have only been showing you what might be said by John against your project;' and he would often do the same with John. This method of procedure was not exactly suited to the proclivities of either brother. John Lawrence was fond enough of discussion, provided it were a preliminary to action, but Mansel's talk he knew well was apt to end in nothing else; and Henry, who was of a hotter temperament, and much more intolerant of opposition, in the vexation of the moment would sometimes regard Mansel's disputations as not only injurious, but insulting. Neither of the brothers, it will be seen, would have altogether approved of the Socratic method of inquiry, and both would, at times, have been disposed to elbow that impracticable philosopher out of their way, as an impediment to energetic and immediate action. When, therefore, the Residency at Nagpore fell vacant in November 1850, a post for which both brothers thought Mansel better suited, they agreed in asking Lord Dalhousie to send him thither. Lord Dalhousie assented, and Mansel took the appointment with probably not a little feeling of relief.

Indeed, the third place in the Board can have been no bed of roses to its occupant, whoever he might be. Henry Lawrence himself, speaking from his own experience, called it a bed of thorns, and, by a strange coincidence, there stepped into it the man who had been a friend of the Lawrence family from his earliest boyhood, and had been at Foyle College with both Henry and John Lawrence; had known the

wives of both while they were still young girls living in his own neighbourhood amidst the wilds of Donegal; had kept up his affectionate interest in them and in their husbands while he was gradually rising from one post of duty to another with a rapidly increasing reputation in the North-West; had been, on Henry Lawrence's recommendation, summoned to Lahore when the annexation of the Punjab took place, and had now, during the last year and a-half, as the Commissioner of the most central and most important district of the annexed province, been brought into close official connection with both him and John. He was thus marked out by his antecedents, by his actual position, and by his promise for the future, to be their colleague on the Board; and so he stepped, as of natural right, into the vacant seat.

Attached by ties of enthusiastic admiration and love to Henry Lawrence, and by strong affection as well as by general aptitudes, by official training and by views of State policy, to John, he seemed pre-eminently the man to get on well with both, to pour oil upon the troubled waves, and, if he could not altogether remove, at least to lessen, the rubs and annoyances, the heart-burnings and the misconceptions, which, if they had hitherto worked admirably for the State, had not worked equally well for the peace of mind of those who held the reins of power. With an appetite for work sufficient to satisfy the demands of the Lawrences themselves, and perhaps an even greater facility for getting through it; with a readiness of resource which never failed; with an equanimity which was depicted even on his countenance and could never be ruffled; and with a cool courage which never allowed him to doubt that things, even when they looked most desperate, would somehow come right at last, and forced those who were of a less sanguine temperament to share his confidence,—he seemed marked out for the place he was to fill, even if the profound peace which then reigned in the Punjab should be succeeded by a time of trouble. No one then foresaw—it was impossible that they could have foreseen—the storm which, some years afterwards, was to burst over India; but even if it had been foreseen, and its exact course predicted, it is doubtful whether any man could have been found in the whole of the country so admirably

adapted to fill the precise niche which he did fill when the outbreak came. If there is any one act in the long roll of the brilliant achievements of the lieutenants of John Lawrence during the Mutiny which may be singled out from the rest as having been done exactly at the time, at the place, and in the manner in which it ought to have been done—as having been planned with caution as well as courage, and carried out with triumphant success, and so, as having given, at the very beginning of the struggle, an omen of its ultimate result—that act was the disarmament of the sepoys at Lahore on the morning of May 13, 1857; and the man to whom, by universal consent, next after General Corbett, with whom the chief responsibility rested, it was pre-eminently due, was Robert Montgomery.

It is difficult, as one thinks of the three men thus brought, after such widely different, but such laborious and such uphill lives, to sit together at the same Council Board, not to let the imagination leap back again and again to the primitive country school, with its rough amusements, its meagre education, and its spirit-stirring associations, which I have attempted to describe in the first chapter of this biography. And I am fortunately able here to relate an anecdote which will, I think, not allow anyone who reads it, ever afterwards to forget that the triumvirate of Lahore had also been a triumvirate at Foyle College, or that the two great brothers who could not agree in some matters of public policy were at least agreed in what is more important—in common memories and common affection, in gratitude for services, however humble and however long gone by, and in a generosity which, in the case of the elder brother, was limited only by all that his purse contained; in the case of the younger, only by a sense of the rival claims which other objects might have upon it. I owe the anecdote, in the first instance, to Dr. Charles Hathaway, the one eye-witness on the occasion. But I may add that its accuracy is also vouched for by the one survivor of the triumvirate, Sir Robert Montgomery, who, at this distance of time, had nearly forgotten the circumstances, but to whom, when once the fountains of memory were tapped, they have come back with nearly their original freshness.

On December 25, 1851, the three members of the Board

and their wives were taking their Christmas dinner together at the old Residency house at Anarkulli. The host was, of course, the President, Sir Henry Lawrence; and the only other guest present was Dr. Hathaway, the civil surgeon. The ladies had retired, and there had been a few minutes' silence, when Sir Henry turned abruptly to his brother, and said, 'I wonder what the two poor old Simpsons are doing at this moment, and whether they have had any better dinner than usual to-day!' The Simpsons, it must be explained, were twin brothers in very humble circumstances, who had been ushers in Foyle College. The life of an usher in a private school, never a very easy one, was not likely to have been more than usually pleasant amidst a lot of rough Irish boys; and the Lawrences, in particular, were fully conscious that, in their exuberant boyish spirits, they had not done as much as they might to make a galling yoke easy, or a heavy burden light. Sir Henry's sudden apostrophe awakened many old memories of the school life at Londonderry; and, after a few remarks had been made upon the singular coincidence, that the three men who had been at school together as boys so many years back, now found themselves associated together once more as the rulers of the Punjab, Henry Lawrence, with the impulsive generosity which formed so prominent a part of his character, exclaimed, 'I'll tell you what we will do. The Simpsons must be very old, and, I should think, nearly blind; they cannot be well off; let us each put down 50*l.* and send it to them to-morrow as "a Christmas-box from a far-off land, with the good wishes of three of their old pupils, now members of the Punjab Board of Administration at Lahore."' 'All right,' said John, 'I'll give 50*l.*' 'All right,' said Montgomery, 'I'll give another.' The cheques were drawn and exchanged on the morrow for a treasury remittance-note on England, which was duly despatched.

The kind message with its enclosure found its way safely across the ocean. Weeks passed by, each spent in hard work and rough work, and the subject was nearly forgotten, when one morning, amongst the pile of letters brought in by the dawk, there was one bearing an Irish post-mark. It was from the old Simpson brothers at Londonderry. The characters were

written in a tremulous hand, and in many places were almost illegible from the writer's tears, which had evidently fallen almost faster than he wrote. That letter, if it could be found, would be worth publishing. Very possibly, it was preserved by Sir Henry; and had it not been for the unfortunate circumstances under which his papers were passed about from hand to hand, in order that a record of his life might be handed down to posterity, it might, perhaps, be found among them now. But the memory of him to whom I owe the story has carefully preserved, through the lapse of thirty years, its general drift and its most salient points. It began: 'My dear, kind boys;' but the pen of the old man had afterwards been drawn through the word 'boys,' and there had been substituted for it the word 'friends.' It went on to thank the donors, in the name of his brother as well as of himself, for their most generous gift, which, he said, would go far to keep them from want during the short time that might be left to them; but far above the actual value of the present, was the preciousness of the thought that they had not been forgotten by their old pupils, in what *seemed* to be the very high position to which they had risen. He did not know what the 'Board of Administration' meant, but he felt sure it was something very important; and he added in a postscript to his letter, with childlike simplicity, that he had looked out the Punjab in 'the old school atlas,' which they had so often used together, but he could not find either it or Lahore! 'Oh,' said Sir Henry, when he came to this part in the letter, to his friend Dr. Hathaway, who happened again to be present, 'if you could only see, as I can see it now, that grimy old atlas, grown still more grimy by its use during the thirty years which have passed since I knew it, and the poor old fellow trying to find in it what it does not contain!'

It only remains to be added—and it gives a touching finish to the story—that the writer of the letter, old as he was, lived on till he saw one of his three pupils in the flesh once more; and that, when the citizens of Londonderry were giving a banquet to Sir Robert Montgomery, who had just then returned from India, with the honours of the Mutiny thick upon him, the half-blind old schoolmaster managed, with the

help of a ticket that had been given him, to be present also. His purse may have been as empty, but his heart must certainly have been as full as that of any of the assembled guests; and it may safely be asserted that by this time he hardly needed to look into 'the old school atlas' to find where the Punjab lay; for it was from the Punjab that India had been saved, and it was to his three old pupils and benefactors, Henry Lawrence, John Lawrence, and Robert Montgomery, that its salvation was admitted to be chiefly due. He died very shortly afterwards, happy that he had lived on, like Ulysses' faithful dog of old, to see the day of his pupil's, or of his lord's return.[1]

In January 1852, Lord Stanley (now the Earl of Derby), who was then making a tour in India, visited Lahore, and was, for a few days, the guest of John Lawrence. It was here that he saw for the first time the man whom, on his return to England seven years later, he was to appoint to the newly formed Indian Council, and whom, twenty years later again, in his admirable speech at the 'Lawrence Memorial' meeting at the Mansion House, he was to describe in two words, which, in my opinion, hit off better than any others that which was most essential in John Lawrence's character. 'Without,' said Lord Derby, 'claiming any special intimacy with Lord Lawrence, I may say, as the world goes, that I knew him well, and the impression that his character always left on my mind I can only describe as that of a certain *heroic simplicity*.' Lord Dalhousie, in anticipation of Lord Stanley's visit to the Punjab, had written previously to both the brothers, begging them, if possible, to prevent his extending his travels to the dangerous North-West frontier, on which the Mohmunds and the Swattis were just then giving trouble. 'If any ill-starred accident should happen,' said he, 'it would make a good deal of difference whether it happened to Lord Stanley and Sir Henry Lawrence or to John Tomkins and Bill Higgins.' But British India is, happily, not like Russian Turkestan; and not even the most cautious Governor-General would think of putting anything but moral impediments in the way of any visitor,

[1] I have been informed since the publication of the first edition that a fourth 50*l.* note was afterwards added to 'the Simpson Fund' by a fourth old pupil, who was also a Lawrence—the present Sir George.

English or Russian, who might wish to see any part of his dominions. 'Lord Stanley,' writes John Lawrence in reply to the Governor-General, 'has just left us after seeing all that was to be seen at Lahore. He will join my brother in Huzara and then go with him *viâ* Peshawur to the Derajat; he was not to be dissuaded from the Kohat pass.' It was the last tour, as it turned out, that Henry Lawrence was ever to take along the frontier of the province which he loved, and which loved him so well.

There is little of general or even of biographical interest in the correspondence which passed between John Lawrence and the Governor-General while his elder brother was absent on this and a subsequent tour in the interior. The Mohmunds and Swattis and 'fanatics of Sitana,' afterwards so famous, had been showing signs of hostility, and John Lawrence, as his letters prove, was in favour of offensive operations against them, from which Sir Colin Campbell, with his usual caution, seemed to shrink.

It is quite clear how averse Sir Colin Campbell is to entering the hills at all. Whatever reasons he may give, his real one is a want of confidence in the Regular Native Infantry. This feeling is not only shared by nearly all the Queen's officers but by many of the Company's officers also. I believe if they expressed their real opinion they would prefer going with any infantry but the Regulars. The Guides, Ghoorkas, Punjab Irregulars, are all thought more of for hill warfare than the Regulars. Would it not then, my Lord, be well to reduce the number of the latter, and increase our Irregular infantry? I would not advocate too large a reduction of the Regulars. Their fidelity and habits of obedience will always make them valuable, but a mixture of troops of other races would make our army more efficient in time of war, and quite as safe in peace. . . . I feel convinced that until we do inflict a real chastisement on either the Mohmunds or Swattis, the Peshawur valley will never be tranquil, and that the longer the punishment is delayed, the more manifest this will be. I cannot believe that it would be a difficult matter to effect our object, if we only go at it with a real will.

About this time George Edmonstone, the able Commissioner of the Cis-Sutlej States, fell ill and was obliged to contemplate a visit to England, and the arrangements for filling

his place, and that of the still more important Commissionership of Lahore, rendered vacant by the elevation of Montgomery, occupied very much of John Lawrence's time and thoughts. He brought the claims of all possible candidates before Lord Dalhousie, with whom the patronage rested, with judicial impartiality, and after weighing them in his own mind, ended by recommending George Barnes for the one appointment, and Charles Raikes, Collector of Mynpoorie, and formerly, as will be remembered, his own assistant at Paniput, for the other. Henry Lawrence was inclined to recommend other arrangements, but the Governor-General, as usual, agreed with John.

It is hopeless (John Lawrence had written to him) to look for results of real value unless the Commissioner is a first-rate officer, thoroughly understanding that which he has to teach. In looking back on the past three years since annexation, I feel that we owe much to these officers. We may lay down rules and principles, but these fall still-born to the ground without Commissioners to explain their scope and meaning, and see them carried out. The progress in each division has been in a direct proportion to the zeal, the energy, and the experience of its Commissioners.

I write to your Lordship frankly and openly. I feel that the good of the country and my own reputation depend on the men who are selected for high employment. . . . Thornton has excellent qualities. He is a good revenue officer, perhaps the best we have, and is efficient in all departments. His main excellence is the pains he takes to instruct and train the men under him.

It may be convenient here, and it is certainly just and right, now that we have reached the time when the Board which had done such splendid work in the Punjab was about to be swept away, to bring together the names of the more prominent or more promising of those officers to whom the Lawrence brothers were so anxious to put it on record that a large part of their success was due. Many of their names have occurred before in this biography; many of them will occur again and again, some as among the foremost heroes, military or civil, of the Mutiny, some as excellent generals in India or outside of it, some as able administrators of provinces as vast or vaster than the Punjab itself, others again as civil

engineers, as writers, as explorers, as statesmen—but all of them connected by ties of friendship or respect with the subject of this biography, and all of them, also, fellow-workers with him in a school where there was no room for the unwilling, the laggard, the incompetent.

Of the seven Commissionerships, then, into which the whole annexed Sikh territory had been divided, Lahore had fallen at first to Montgomery and afterwards to Raikes, Jhelum to Edward Thornton, Mooltan to Edgeworth, Leia and the Derajat to Ross, Peshawur and Huzara to Mackeson, the Cis-Sutlej at first to Edmonstone and afterwards to Barnes, the Trans-Sutlej, John Lawrence's own first post of dignity, to Donald Macleod.

But many of the subordinate positions were held by men who were quite as promising, and some of them have risen to even greater distinction than those I have already mentioned. Such were men like Robert Napier and Neville Chamberlain, John Nicholson and Herbert Edwardes, George Macgregor and James Macpherson, George Lawrence and Harry Lumsden, John Becher and Alexander Taylor, James Abbott and Saunders Abbott, Crawford Chamberlain and Reynell Taylor, George Campbell and Richard Temple, Henry Davies and Robert Cust, Edward Lake and George Barnes, Hercules Scott and Richard Lawrence, Lewin Bowring and Edward Brandreth, Richard Pollock, Hugh James, and Douglas Forsyth. Probably never, in the whole history of our Indian Empire, have there been so many able men collected together within the limits of a single province, and never has there been a province which could, with so little favour, open to so many able men so fair a field.

But the Lawrence brothers, whose fame had brought all these distinguished men together, and had made employment in the Punjab to be an object of ambition throughout India, had now, as it seemed, pretty well completed such good work for it as they could do best in double harness. The Board had never been looked upon either by Lord Dalhousie, who established it, or by the members of which it was composed, as more than a provisional arrangement to meet temporary needs. These needs it met, as I have already pointed out, in

a way in which no other arrangement would, probably, have done. Under its rule the country had quieted down. Its fierce and fanatical soldiers had become peaceful agriculturists. The military arrangements for the defence of the frontier, and the police arrangements for the suppression of crime and the preservation of order, had been almost completed. Organised brigandage and violent crime had ceased to exist. The land-tax had been lightened, and the whole revenue arrangements overhauled. Material improvements of every kind—bridges, roads, canals, courts of justice, barracks, schools, hospitals, asylums—had been projected and had been taken in hand. The old order, in fact, had already changed, and had given place to the new; and if much still remained to be done, the country had been fairly launched on a career of peaceful progress and contentment. And now a normal state of things throughout the newly annexed province seemed to call for a less abnormal government than that of a Board.

These general considerations in favour of a change derived fresh force from the idiosyncrasies of the triumvirate. The differences of temperament, of training, of aptitude, and of methods of work, which had been pretty well apparent between the brothers before the Board was formed, were forced into prominence as soon as it met, and became more and more marked as the work grew under their hands, and all pointed to the dissolution of a partnership as the best, though a melancholy, cure for a state of things which had become intolerable to the partners. The advent of Montgomery, the lifelong friend of the two brothers, full of promise as it had seemed at the moment, made things worse rather than better, at all events to the mind of the brother who had first summoned him to the Punjab. Montgomery was, in a special sense, the friend of Henry. But his training and general views of policy tended to make him in almost all disputed questions agree with John. Recommended by Henry for the Board in the hope that he would oppose John's views, it turned out that, like Balaam, he blessed him altogether, and Henry Lawrence, one of whose besetting faults, as it appears to me, was an inability at times to distinguish between honest disagreement and personal or

interested antagonism, seemed to feel once and again that, like Ahithophel, his own familiar friend had lifted up his heel against him.

The question of public policy on which, as I have often pointed out, the two brothers differed most was that of the treatment of the jagheerdars, or men who, under the native system of government, had received in return for services—past, present, or future, rendered or only imagined—a lien on the land revenue of particular districts. It was a question beset with difficulties everywhere, but more particularly so in the Punjab, where tenures of the kind were unusually numerous and important. A large part of Runjeet Sing's army had consisted of cavalry contingents furnished by chiefs who had held their lands by this kind of feudal tenure. The principal ministers of the Lahore Court, the families of Runjeet Sing's chief warriors, the wives, widows, and concubines of himself and his three shadowy successors, the royal barber and the royal apothecary, the royal astrologer and the cook who had invented a new dish which suited the royal palate, Brahmins and fakirs, schools and charitable institutions, were all supported at the time of annexation, not by payments in hard cash from the treasury, but by alienations of the land-tax, or, to speak more accurately, by the right given to the incumbents to squeeze as much revenue as they could out of a given district. These alienations had, sometimes, been continued by the native rulers from generation to generation, sometimes they had been immediately and arbitrarily resumed. But in all cases it was within the power of the Government to recall them at its pleasure. Such a system might suit a government which cared only for a revenue which it should be no trouble to collect, and for an army which it should be no trouble to raise and to maintain, but such could not be the methods or the objects of the English Government. The Sikhs administered the country by means of jagheerdars, and paid them by their jagheers; the English administered it by highly paid British officers, at the same time that they endeavoured to lower the land-tax, and to introduce grand material reforms. Was it possible to combine the two methods of government? This is the kernel of the whole question, and on the answer given to

it will depend the verdict that we give on the chief cause of dispute between the brothers.

It was, of course, a question of degree rather than of kind between them. Certain general principles were laid down by the Supreme Government which seem, under the circumstances, to have been liberal enough. For instance, all authorised grants to former rulers and all State pensions were to be maintained in perpetuity so long as the object of the endowment was fulfilled. It was in the details of the cases which could not be fixed by any hard and fast rule, and were wisely left for special consideration, that the two brothers came most into collision. In these Henry, alike from temperament and from policy, always leaned to the view most favourable to the jagheerdar. John leaned, in like manner, to the view most favourable to the interests of the masses, and therefore also to the objects of the English Government.

The preliminary inquiries which had to be instituted were of portentous proportions. There were some ten thousand cases of pensions alone, not to speak of an indefinite number of jagheers, varying in size from a province to a village. Herbert Edwardes had been especially appointed to conduct the preliminary inquiry in each case, and, when he was wanted elsewhere, John Becher succeeded to the duty. Becher, whose general sympathies were more in accord with Henry, usually recommended a settlement very much in favour of the jagheerdar. He would take the case first to the President, who was working in one room of the Residency, and who always countersigned his recommendation; he then took it to John, who was working in an adjoining room, and who would say, with a merry twinkle of his eye which no one appreciated more than John Becher himself, 'Ah, I see you want to get over me and let these lazy fellows waste the public money. No, I won't have it; sweep it away!' Becher then took the case to Montgomery, who generally agreed with John. Thus it happened, as Richard Temple once acutely remarked to Herbert Edwardes, that, in these matters, while each brother was a salutary check on the other, they, at the same time, confirmed each other's faults. Henry was more lavish in his proposals because he thought that John would attempt to cut them down, whatever

their nature, and John was more hard and economical upon parallel reasoning.

The advent of Montgomery, in October 1851, and the attempt made by John in the interests of peace to procure a division of labour, had seemed, for the moment, to lessen the friction. But it was for the moment only. In May 1852—in the interval, that is, between his last tour to the Derajat frontier and that to Dhurmsala—Henry wrote to Montgomery a long letter of complaint against John, with the request that he would show it to the delinquent; and John replied, on the following day, at much greater length, carrying the war into the enemy's country, and ending with a similar request. Montgomery, 'a regular buffer,' as he humorously describes himself, 'between two high-pressure engines,' in forwarding John's reply to Henry, gave him some wise advice, in every word of which those who know him well may see the man. 'Read it,' he said, 'gently and calmly, and I think you had better not answer it. I doubt not that you could write a folio in reply, but there would be no use. With your very different views you must both agree to differ, and when you happen to agree, be thankful. It had been far happier for me were your feelings on public matters more in unison. I am happy to be a friend of you both. Though differing from you often, I have never found you judge me harshly. I try to act as fairly and conscientiously as I can, and would, in my heart, much rather agree than differ from you.'

It is hardly necessary to say, that, in spite of this good advice, a folio *was* written in reply. But the ever-ready peace-maker asked permission not to show a letter which he thought would only make matters worse. 'I will tell John, verbally, that you told me that you felt hurt at his letter, and will mention some of the most prominent of your remarks as mildly as I can.' Never surely did any 'buffer' do such highly moral work, or strive so manfully to keep two high-pressure engines from injuring each other!

Extracts from the correspondence, sufficient to show its general purport, have been given by Herman Merivale in his life of Sir Henry; and, like him, I see no good end which could be answered by publishing, at this distance of time, the exact

charges and counter-charges brought against each other by two high-spirited and noble-minded brothers, whose devotion to each other was, after all, only less than their devotion to what each considered to be his public duty.

> Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites
> Et tu dignus, et hic.

Many of the faults alleged, such as the interference of one brother with the duties of the other, were no faults at all, but were the result of the purest benevolence; others, if they were faults, were at least faults on virtue's side, and turned out to be most advantageous to the public interest; others, again, existed only in the heated imagination of the writer. What portion of the mutual recriminations I deem to have been, to some extent, well founded—the uncontrolled temper, the personal antagonism, the desultoriness and dilatoriness in office work of Henry; the bluntness even to a fault, the masterful spirit, the unbending will, and the imperfect sympathy with men who were the victims of a bad system, of John, I have endeavoured to indicate in the course of the foregoing narrative. I feel that I am acting more in the spirit of Montgomery's advice, and, at the same time, doing what each brother would, in his cooler moments, have preferred, if, instead of reproducing their heated recriminations, I quote here rather a letter written by John to Lord Dalhousie, as far back as November 23, 1849—a few months only, that is, after annexation—which states with judicial fairness the differences which, even then, he felt that no efforts could bridge over, and, at the same time, shows how ready he was to be thrown overboard, like Jonah, if by that means, the ship of the State might be enabled to carry more sail and proceed more cheerily on her voyage.

My Lord,—I have the honour to acknowledge your Lordship's kind note of the 20th, and beg to offer my sincere thanks for the handsome terms in which you have been good enough to express your sense of my exertions. It is, unquestionably, a source of gratification to know that one's services, however humble, are appreciated by those best qualified to judge. Your Lordship may be assured that, so long as I remain at Lahore, my best exertions shall never be wanting in whatever berth it may be my fortune to fall.

I have all my life been a hard worker, and it has now become a

second nature to me. I work, therefore, as much from habit as from principle. My constitution is naturally a strong one, and I have never tried it unfairly. But it requires a good deal more exercise and work out of doors than I am now able to afford time for.

Had I followed the dictates of my own feelings I would have retained my old berth in the Trans-Sutlej territory, where my duties so happily blended mental with physical exertion. This post had no charms for me; the solitary one, that of ambition, no longer existed when Mr. Mansel was appointed above me. I felt, however, that it was the post of honour, that I was expected to accept it, and that to have refused would have led to misconceptions. Having done so, I have endeavoured to discharge the duties to the best of my ability. How onerous these duties are, few can understand who are not behind the scenes. There are many drawbacks to my position, however high and honourable, independent of that of health, particularly to a man of decided opinions and peculiar temperament. If I know myself, I believe I should be happier and equally useful to the State if I thought and acted on my own bottom. I am not well fitted by nature to be one of a triumvirate. Right or wrong, I am in the habit of quickly making up my mind on most subjects, and feel little hesitation in undertaking the responsibility of carrying out my views. The views of my brother, a man far abler than I am, are in many respects opposed to mine. I can no more expect that on organic changes he will give way to me, than I can to him. He is my senior in age, and we have always been staunch friends. It pains me to be in a state of antagonism towards him. A better and more honourable man I don't know, or one more anxious to discharge his duty conscientiously; but in matters of civil polity of the first importance we differ greatly. With Mr. Mansel I am on excellent terms; but his views incline more to my brother's than my own. Thus I have not only my own work to do, but have to struggle with my colleagues. This is not good for the public service. Its emergencies require a united and vigorous administration.

I have no claims on your Lordship's patronage, but if there is another post available in which my talents and experience can be usefully employed, I shall be glad to be considered a candidate. I have always had the credit of some administrative talent, and for the three years previous to annexation not only brought my own charge—the Trans-Sutlej territory—into the flourishing condition it is in now, but for many months, during the two first years, was

also employed at Lahore, on duties foreign to my own post. Had I been a soldier and not a civilian, I should have received rank and honours. Men who were my assistants, who were commencing their career then, have gained them, and justly.

When the late Governor-General left India, the last letter he wrote was to me, thanking me for my services, and telling me that, had he remained, he would have served me. Though a little vexed at the mode in which Sir Frederick Currie superseded me at Lahore, I felt no very anxious desire for the berth; for I knew too well its difficulties and dangers, and was satisfied with what I had. I feel myself now in a false position, and would be glad to extricate myself if I can do it with honour.

I would not have thus intruded my hopes and wishes on your Lordship but for the consideration I have experienced at your hands. I will not further weary your Lordship with my affairs. I will simply add, that if it is necessary that I stay at Lahore, I will do so with cheerfulness, and fulfil my duties as long as health and strength may last.

Lord Dalhousie shelved the request thus pathetically made by the just and pregnant remark that, however the brothers might suffer, the result was unquestionably beneficial to the public. And so the public-spirited John clung gallantly to the ship which did for another three years speed steadily on her course, but with ever-increasing strain to those who had to work her and to stand in all weathers at the helm. At last, in December 1852, the crisis came. The Residency at Hyderabad fell vacant, and both brothers wrote—almost simultaneously—to Lord Dalhousie, requesting him to transfer one or other of them to the vacant post. Each avowed frankly his own preference for the Punjab, but each expressed his readiness and even anxiety to leave it rather than prolong the existing state of things. Make any arrangement, was the upshot of their request, by which we may yet do good service to the State, but let it be in lines where our different views may obtain their appropriate field. John wrote to Courtenay, the Secretary to the Governor-General. The letter is long, but it is important, and I quote the greater part of it.

Lahore: December 5, 1852.

My dear Courtenay,—The circumstance that General Fraser is about to leave Hyderabad has led me to a hope, perhaps a vain one,

that it may give an opening for some change in my present position. I am well aware how decidedly the Governor-General was, last year, opposed to my leaving the Punjab, and how much kindness he showed me in giving Mansel Nagpore. But it is just possible that the same objections may not appear so cogent now. Be this as it may, I feel a strong desire to explain to you the perplexities of my situation. My brother and I work together no better than we formerly did. Indeed, the estrangement between us has increased. We seldom meet, and still more seldom discuss public matters. I wish to make no imputation against him. His antecedents have been so different from mine, we have been trained in such different schools, that there are few questions of internal policy connected with the administration on which we coincide. I have now, as I have always had since annexation, a very large portion of the work to do. I have endeavoured, but in vain, to secure a division of labour, not simply because I was impatient of advice, or averse to hear the opinions of my colleagues, but because I found it was the only way to prevent continual collision. I can understand each member working his own department, enjoying the credit of success, and responsible for failure. I can understand three members working in unison who have a general unity of view, and the work of all thereby lightened. But what I feel is the mischief of two men brought together, who have both strong wills and views diametrically opposed, and whose modes and habits of business do not conform.

The Governor-General once remarked to me that, however much we might both suffer from such a state of things, the result has been publicly beneficial. It may have been so, but this is daily becoming less apparent. You once remarked that had I given way more, it was not improbable that my brother would ere this have gone home. But this is a mistake. He will stay in India as long as he can. He does not like England; his wife absolutely dislikes it. He will live and die in harness, as I have often heard him express it. But, setting all this aside, I should be sincerely sorry to benefit at his expense. Moreover, it would have been neither honourable nor becoming to have given up my deeply rooted and long-considered views of public matters in the hope of personal benefit. The result, also, in the administration would have proved different. Our antagonism has had the effect of securing a middle course, but it has lessened the force of the administration; it has delayed the despatch of business, and given rise to anomalies and inconsistencies in our correspondence and policy, and lessened the influence we should possess over our subordinates. To me this state of things

has been so irksome, so painful, that I would consent to great sacrifices to free myself. I care not how much work I have, how great may be my responsibilities, if I have simply to depend on myself; but it is killing work always pulling against wind and tide, always fighting for the unpopular and ungrateful cause.

I am the member of the Board for economy even to frugality; my brother is liberal even to excess. I see that the expenses of the country are steadily increasing, and its income rather decreasing, and thus that useful and necessary expenditure must be denied. I am constantly urged to give my countenance to measures I deem inexpedient, and my refusal is resented as personally offensive. I am averse to passing any questions, to recommending any measure, without scrutiny; this necessity is not felt by my brother, or he satisfies himself by a shorter process, and hence I have to toil through every detail. Even when I go away for a time I gain little, for I still carry my own immediate work, and when I return find accumulated arrears.

If I feel so heavily the discomfort of my position, my brother is equally sensible of his own. He thinks he has not that power and influence which, as President, he should have, or which his general ability and force of character should ensure for him. He deems himself checked and trammelled on all sides. . . . If Hyderabad is not thought suited to me, or is wanted for another, I shall be glad of any berth which may fall vacant. Rajpootana, Lucknow, Indore, would, any of them, delight me. I would even accept a Commissionership, and go back to the humdrum life of the North-West, if I can do so with honour. My first impulse was to write to the Governor-General. On reflection I prefer addressing you. A refusal through you will, perhaps, be less distressing than one from his Lordship. You can say as little or as much to him as you think fit. He has always treated me with frankness and consideration, nor do I wish him to think me insensible of such treatment. I can write to you with more ease than would be becoming if I addressed his Lordship.

The two resignations being thus practically placed together in Lord Dalhousie's hands, it remained for him to make the embarrassing choice, which he had so long managed to postpone, between them. Had it still been his wish to prolong the existence of the Board, his choice would hardly have been doubtful between the soldier who disagreed with so much of his policy and the civilian who heartily approved of it. But

he had long since made up his mind, when a convenient opportunity should occur, to dissolve the Board itself now that its work was done, and to substitute for it the rule of a single man. This made his decision to be almost beyond the possibility of doubt. No conscientious Governor-General would be likely to confide the destinies of so vast and so important a province to the supreme command of a man with whom he was only half in sympathy and to whom, owing to the differences between them, he had never given more than half his confidence, when there was a rival candidate on whom he could place the most implicit reliance, and with whom he could feel the fullest sympathy. The Hyderabad vacancy had already been filled up by the appointment of Colonel Low, but the 'Agency to the Governor-General in Rajpootana,' a post, in many respects, admirably suited to a man who had such keen sympathy with native dynasties and which required its occupant to travel about all the cool season, and allowed him to rest all the hot in the pleasant retreat of Mount Aboo, was offered to Henry Lawrence instead.

But Rajpootana was not the Punjab. It was not the country in which he had made warm personal friends by thousands, and round which the labours and the aspirations of a lifetime had gathered. What booted it that his salary as Agent was to be made equal to that which he had had as member of the Board; that the work was less heavy and less trying; and that the Governor-General, by way of sugaring the bitter pill which he had to swallow, told him that if Sir Thomas Munro himself had been a member of the Board he would still have been driven to appoint 'a trained civilian' in preference to him as Chief Commissioner. All this was like so much vinegar poured into his open wounds; for Henry Lawrence, if he was not 'a trained civilian,' and if he failed therefore in the more mechanical parts of a civilian's duty—method, accuracy of detail, continuous application—seems to have been altogether unconscious of the failure; and it is not too much to say that for twenty years past he had filled civil and political offices in the North-West, on the Punjab frontier, and in the Punjab itself, in a way in which few civilians in India could have filled them. His life was henceforward to be a wounded

life, and he carried with him to the grave a bitter sense of what he thought was the injury done to him by Lord Dalhousie. Perhaps he would have been more or less than human if it had not been so. But if he needed any assurance of the way in which his work had told, and of the impress which he would leave behind him in the country of his choice, it would have been given by the scene which, as more than one person who was present has described it to me, was witnessed at Lahore when the decision of Lord Dalhousie—fully expected, yet almost stupefying when it came; quite justified by the facts, yet, naturally enough, resented and condemned—was made known there. Grief was depicted on every face. Old and young, rich and poor, soldiers and civilians, Englishmen and natives, each and all felt that they were about to lose a friend. Strong men, Herbert Edwardes conspicuous amongst them, might be seen weeping like little children; and when the last of those last moments came, and Henry Lawrence, on January 20, 1853, accompanied by his wife and sister, turned his back for ever upon Lahore and upon the Punjab, a long cavalcade of aged native chiefs followed him, some for five, some for ten, others for twenty or twenty-five miles out of the city. They were men, too, who had nothing now to hope from him, for the sun of Henry Lawrence had set, in the Punjab at least, for ever. But they were anxious to evidence, by such poor signs as they could give, their grief, their gratitude, and their admiration. It was a long, living funeral procession from Lahore nearly to Umritsur. Robert Napier, now Lord Napier of Magdala, was the last to tear himself away from one who was dearer to him than a brother. 'Kiss him,' said Henry Lawrence to his sister, as Napier turned back, at last, heart-broken towards Lahore. 'Kiss him, he is my best and dearest friend.' When he reached Umritsur, at the house of Charles Saunders, the Deputy-Commissioner, a new group of mourners and a fresh outburst of grief awaited him; and thence he passed on into Rajpootana, 'dented all over,' to use his friend Herbert Edwardes' words, 'with defeats and disapprovals, honourable scars in the eyes of the bystanders.' They were honourable, indeed, because they were all of them received, in accordance

with his own chivalrous character, 'in defence of those who were down.'

'To know Sir Henry was to love him,' says one of his friends. 'No man ever dined at Sir Henry's table without learning from him to think more kindly of the natives,' says another. 'His character was far above his career, distinguished as that career was,' said Lord Stanley. 'There is not, I am sure,' said Lord Canning, when the disastrous news of his soldier's death at Lucknow thrilled throughout England and India, 'any Englishman in India who does not regard the loss of Sir Henry Lawrence as one of the heaviest of public calamities. There is not, I believe, a native of the provinces where he has held authority who will not remember his name as that of a friend and generous benefactor to the races of India.'

It has been my duty in the course of this narrative to point out some of the specialities in his training and his character which, in my judgment, rendered him less eligible than his younger brother for the post of Chief Commissioner of the Punjab. It is, therefore, all the more incumbent upon me to say that, having studied large portions of his unpublished correspondence, and having conversed with most of his surviving friends and relations, some of them followers and admirers of the younger rather than of the elder brother, it is my deliberate conviction that, take him all in all, his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, no Englishman who has been in India has ever influenced other men so much for good; nobody has ever done so much towards bridging over the gulf that separates race from race, colour from colour, and creed from creed; nobody has ever been so beloved, nobody has ever deserved to be so beloved, as Sir Henry Lawrence.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF THE PUNJAB. 1852–1853.

The departure of Sir Henry Lawrence from the Punjab, if it gave an immediate feeling of relief from an intolerable tension, was also a cause of sore distress of mind to the brother who had been working with him under such strained relations but with such truly brotherly affection. How painful and how distressing the whole circumstances had been to him his innermost circle of friends and relations alone knew fully. But it may also be inferred from the whole course of the preceding narrative. To have worked as he had done for and with his brother, often at the expense of his personal inclinations, of his health, of his family life for years past, ever since, in fact, our connection with the Punjab had begun, and then to have been driven at last to take the place which that brother might have been expected, and had himself expected, to fill; to feel that some of the best officers in the Punjab, men who had been attracted thither by Henry, and regarded him with enthusiastic affection, were looking askance at him, perhaps attributing to him unworthy acts or unworthy motives, and perhaps, also, preparing, like Nicholson, to leave him in the lurch and follow the fortunes of their old master; to feel that the iron had entered so deeply into his brother's soul as to make it doubtful whether he would ever care to see him again, or to be addressed by the old familiar name of 'Hal,'[1]— all this must have been distressing enough, and, for the time at all events, must have thrown the other feeling of relief into the background.

In reply to a touching letter which his brother had

[1] His letters to his brother after this period always begin, 'My dear Henry.'

written to him on the eve of his departure, begging him to treat the dispossessed chiefs kindly, 'because they were down,' and wishing him all success in his new post, John Lawrence replied as follows,—

My dear Henry,—I have received your kind note, and can only say in reply that I sincerely wish that you had been left in the Punjab to carry out your own views, and that I had got another berth. I must further say that where I have opposed your views I have done it from a thorough conviction, and not from factious or interested motives. I will give every man a fair hearing, and will endeavour to give every man his due. More than this no one should expect. . . . It is more than probable that you and I will never again meet; but I trust that all unkindly feeling between us may be forgotten.

Yours affectionately,
JOHN LAWRENCE.

It was a melancholy beginning for the Chief Commissionership—a post inferior in importance to few in India, and one which Sir Charles Napier had himself said he would prefer to the command-in-chief of the Indian army. But, once more, it may be observed that it was to the advantage of the State, not less than of the brothers themselves, that the change had at last been made. Henry Lawrence had bridged over the interval between the native and the English systems, had eased the fall of the privileged classes, had attracted the affections of all ranks to himself, and so, in a measure, to the new Government, in a way in which John by himself could certainly not have done. The work of pacification—Henry's proper work—was over. The foundation of the new edifice had been laid, in much tribulation, perhaps, but by a happy compromise between the extremer views of the two brothers. It now remained to build upon the foundation which had been laid, to develop, to organise, to consolidate. This could be better done by one man than by three; and the warmest admirers of Henry will admit that, when the crisis came four years later, it was well for England and well for India that there were then, and that there had been for those four preceding years, no divided counsels in the Punjab. It was well that there was one clear head, one firm will, one strong hand,

to which anybody and everybody could look, and which would be free to judge, to issue orders and to strike, on its own undivided responsibility.

The work of John Lawrence was, as I have already pointed out, to be, in the main, one of development—of progress, that is, within lines which had been, to a great extent, laid down. It is unnecessary, therefore, to treat the four years of peaceful rule which follow with the particularity of detail with which it seemed desirable to describe the virgin soil and the new fields of enterprise and activity which opened out before the Board. The questions which confronted John Lawrence as Chief Commissioner were much the same as those with which he had had to deal as one of the triumvirate. There was the same difficult mountain frontier to defend; the same turbulent and faithless tribes to civilise, to conciliate, or to coerce; the same deeply rooted social evils, which had as yet been scotched only, not killed, to grapple with. There was the same standing question—which can hardly be said to have been solved even now—of how a revenue may best be raised from the land, which should not unduly depress the cultivator and yet leave a margin for those grand material and social improvements which had been set on foot. Finally, there were the same diversities of character and temper in the staff of able assistants who had flocked to the Punjab, as to the crack regiment of the service, from all parts of India, to be studied and humoured, stimulated, reconciled, or controlled.

It would be easy, with the help of the six folio volumes of letters written by Lord Lawrence during this period, and which, of course, I have myself carefully studied throughout, to show in detail how he dealt with each of these and a hundred other difficulties as they arose. But it would require at least a folio volume so to do, and it would, in my judgment, both here and in the case of his Viceroyalty, defeat the primary object which a biographer ought to keep in view throughout—the bringing before his readers in the boldest possible outlines the central figure. In such a folio volume the man would almost necessarily be lost in the details, very often in the driest and most mechanical details, of his work. If it revealed to us everything that he did, it would be at the

cost of not knowing much of what he was. I do not, therefore, propose to describe in order of time or in minute detail the steps by which each wild tribe that crossed our frontier was repelled and punished, and sometimes gradually drawn towards a quiet life; but rather to show what that general scheme of frontier policy was, which has been so much attacked and so much misrepresented, but which will always, as I think, be most honourably connected with Lord Lawrence's name—a policy which has ensured the safety of India, has husbanded her resources, has respected the rights of weaker and more barbarous races, and has imposed a salutary check on the aggressive tendencies which are always natural, and not always to be severely condemned, in the military leaders of an energetic and expansive race. Neither do I propose to give minute statistics, such as may be found in the Punjab Reports, of the rise and fall of the revenue or of the increase or diminution of crime, or to explain how this or that misconception in the mind of a subordinate against a brother officer, or against his chief, was removed by an infinite expenditure of tact and patience on the part of that chief; but rather to point out how he impressed his own strong personality, his own single-minded devotion to the public service, on the whole body of his subordinates; how he got rid of the incompetent, how he stimulated the slow, how he doubled the energies even of the most energetic. It is by such a sketch as this, rather than by a detailed history of his administration, that I hope I shall be able to make clear to others, within the limits of two or three chapters, what I think I have at least made clear to myself by long and laborious study—how it was that, when the crisis came, John Lawrence, with the help of the men whom he had gathered and had managed to keep around him, proved equal to the emergency; and how it was that, in the Punjab and outside of it, everybody alike, his enemies as well as his friends, the natives as well as the Europeans, felt that nothing could well go wrong so long as he was at the helm.

On the final abolition of the Board, in February 1853, John Lawrence was gazetted 'Chief Commissioner of the Punjab.' He alone was to be responsible to the Supreme Government for carrying out its orders. He was to be the

head of the executive in all its branches, to take charge of the political relations with the adjoining states, to have the general control of the frontier force, of the Guide corps, of the military police, and of the Civil Engineer's department. Under him there were to be two 'Principal Commissioners,' the one the head of the Judicial, the other of the Financial departments of the State. The division of labour for which, as a member of the Board, he had so often and so earnestly pleaded, was thus carried out under the most favourable auspices. Each of the two officers under him was to have sole control over his own department instead of a divided joint control over all. In this manner his attention was concentrated and his individual responsibility fixed, while uniformity of design and of practice was secured by the appointment of a single head.

The two men selected to fill the posts next to John Lawrence in dignity were both of them men after his own heart. Montgomery, of course, was one of them. He became Judicial Commissioner, and, as such, he was not merely to be the chief judge of appeal and assize, but was to discharge many purely executive functions, to superintend the roads, to be the head of the police, to have the control of the local and municipal funds, and to be responsible for the execution of miscellaneous improvements, especially for the progress of education. The Financial duties fell to George Edmonstone, who had just filled the difficult and complicated post of Commissioner in the Cis-Sutlej States, and whose contemplated return to England had filled John Lawrence with anxiety only a few weeks before. Everything now went smoothly enough. Arrears of all kinds were rapidly cleared off. Those officers who had threatened, in their vexation, to leave the Punjab, did not carry out their threat, and few of them ever talked again of doing so. Those who were away on furlough and who said, in their vexation, that they would never return to it, now that it had lost Henry Lawrence, were glad enough to do so when they found how much of what was best in Henry Lawrence's administration was also to be found in John's. Nicholson, in particular, whose presence among the wild tribes of Bunnoo John Lawrence pronounced, a few months later, to be 'well worth the wing of a regiment,' in spite of the hasty resolve which

I have just mentioned, and in spite also of many misunderstandings which were rendered inevitable by his masterful spirit and ungovernable temper, was induced or enabled by the unvarying tact and temper of his chief to remain at his post even till the Mutiny broke out. A few sentences from the first letter which John Lawrence wrote to him—the first letter which he wrote to anyone after he became Chief Commissioner—may, in view of the romantic interest attaching to the recipient and the characteristic mixture of frankness and friendliness on the writer's part, fitly find a place here.

Lahore: January 22.

My dear Nicholson,— . . . You have lost a good friend in my brother, but I hope to prove just as staunch a one to you. I set a great value on your zeal, energy, and administrative powers, though I may sometimes think you have a good deal to learn. You may rest assured of my support and goodwill in all your labours. You may depend on it that order, rule, and law are good in the hands of those who can understand them, and who know how to apply their knowledge. They increase tenfold the power of work in an able man, while, without them, ordinary men can do but little. I hope you will try and assess all the rent of Bunnoo this cold weather. It will save you much future trouble. Assess low, leaving fair and liberal margin to the occupiers of the soil, and they will increase their cultivation and put the revenue almost beyond the reach of bad seasons. Eschew middle-men. They are the curse of the country everywhere. The land must pay the revenue and feed them, as well as support the occupiers. With a light assessment, equally distributed over the village lands, half your labour will cease, and you will have full time to devote to police arrangements.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN LAWRENCE.

How well the promise that he would support Nicholson in all his labours was kept, is evidenced by some hundreds of letters which passed between the two men, and by the whole of their subsequent history. James Abbott, indeed, did leave the Punjab, to the relief, perhaps, of his immediate superiors—Mackeson and Lord Dalhousie, who had found him somewhat impracticable and wayward—but to the deep regret of the wild inhabitants of Huzara, who regarded him as a father, and with the warm appreciation of what was good and great in

him (and there was very much that was both good and great in him) on the part of John Lawrence. 'He is a right good fellow,' said the Chief Commissioner, 'with ability of a high order.' It should be added that his departure had been arranged for before the abolition of the Board, and was in no way due to the change of masters. Herbert Edwardes succeeded him in Huzara, the halfway house, as John Lawrence pointed out, to the much more important post of Peshawur—a post which he was pre-eminently the man 'to have and to hold' during the troublous times that were drawing near. Hodson, who had once been a friend of Henry Lawrence, a man of great courage and energy, but with a moral twist which was to lead him all awry, succeeded to the command of the Guides in place of Harry Lumsden, who had gone home on furlough. Hathaway became Inspector of Prisons; Raikes filled the Commissionership of Lahore, vacated by Barnes, while Barnes went to the Cis-Sutlej States to take the place of Edmondstone. These were the only changes of importance in the early days of the Chief Commissionership; and thus, though there was some shifting of the parts, the actors in the great drama, with one important exception, remained the same. It was a new act, or a new scene; but the play was an old one, and the plot remained unbroken throughout.

It may also be remarked here that, when once the spirit of mutual antagonism had been removed by the removal of his brother, John Lawrence's policy in the matter of jagheers and rent-free tenures began to gravitate slightly, but sensibly, towards that of Henry. Perhaps the last moving appeal of Henry Lawrence on behalf of 'those who were down' had touched a chord in his heart of the existence of which he may have been hardly conscious before. But in any case the recommendations on the subject of such tenures—some sixty or seventy thousand of which had not yet been considered—which were made by him, as Chief Commissioner, tended to be more liberal in their character than any which he had ever sanctioned as member of the Board. So liberal were they, that they were often disallowed by Government, and, at last, drew down a letter of rebuke from Lord Dalhousie himself,

who appealed from the John Lawrence of the present to the John Lawrence of former days. It must have been one drop of comfort in Henry Lawrence's bitter cup, if he realised that it was so.

In personal character too, I think I am not wrong in saying, that John Lawrence bore, henceforward, a greater and a constantly increasing resemblance to his brother. Without losing a particle of his energy, his independence, his zeal, he did lose, henceforward, something of his roughness, something of that which an outsider, or an opponent, might have put down as hard or harsh. 'The two Lawrences,' says one who knew them intimately and appreciated them equally, General Reynell Taylor, 'were really very much alike in character. They each had their own capabilities and virtues, and, when one of them was removed from the scene, the *frater superstes* succeeded to many of the graces of his lost brother.' In this sense it is, I believe, true that the influence of Henry Lawrence was greater on his brother, and was even more felt throughout the Punjab Administration when he had left the country for ever, than while he was living and working within it; just as the words, the looks, the memory of the dead have often a more living influence on the survivors than had all the charms of their personal presence. The memorable words, 'If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me,' are true, not in their literal and their original sense alone. They give expression to a great fact of human nature, which—as He who uttered them would have been the first to point out—are true, in their measure, of all His followers, and, most of all, of those who follow Him most closely.

Throughout his future career when any particularly knotty question came up, John Lawrence would ask himself as one—and that not the least important—element for his consideration how his brother Henry would have acted under the circumstances. 'My brother Henry used to say so and so,' were words which those who knew him best, have told me came very frequently to his lips; and only a few months before his death, when he had just decided to throw himself into the breach, in the hope that he might still stop the iniquity of the Afghan war; 'I believe,' he said pathetically to Mrs. Hart,

the only daughter of Sir Henry Lawrence,—'I believe, your father would have agreed with me in what I am doing now.'

As to his own feelings now that he was able to stand on his own foundation, and to get through double the amount of work with less than half the former amount of worry, John Lawrence writes thus to the Governor-General:—

> I am infinitely indebted for the kind and handsome manner in which my new post has been conferred. The manner in which the favour has been granted has added greatly to its value. I only trust that I may prove worthy of the distinction. . . . Whatever may be the result of the new system, I must say that I feel no fears or misgivings on that account. I have with me some of the very best men whom the Civil Service can produce, as Commissioners. If any incentive to exertion was wanted, which I feel there is not, it is that the honour of the whole Civil Service is, to a large extent, in my hands. I desire earnestly to show what a man bred and educated as a civilian can do in a new country.

To his friend Raikes he writes in similar terms. 'We are getting on swimmingly. The peace and comfort of the new arrangements are almost too much for one's good. I scarcely think that I deserve to be so comfortable.' It was not that he had more leisure, for, as he tells one correspondent, 'his pen was hardly ever out of his hand;' and he begs another never to cross his letters, for he was 'almost blind with reading manuscript.' It is the first indication that I have been able to find of the calamity which was ultimately to overtake him. Of course there were plenty of troubles to come, but divided counsels and arrears of work were seldom to be among them. In one very sanguine moment, indeed, he expresses his expectation that under the new system his work will be reduced one-half, and that he will for the future be able to have more of the luxury of thought. But this was not a hope destined to be realised, nor would he have been a happier man if it had been.

To get the pay of the Punjab officers raised to an equality with those of other parts of India, and so to remove a standing grievance, from which they, if any officers in India deserved to be free; to instruct—personally to instruct, as though he had been their immediate superior—young and raw

civilians in the routine of their duties, and so to bring his personal influence to bear upon them from the very beginning of their career; to induce men who, like Nicholson or Mackeson or Hodson, were essentially men of action, to become—what was much more difficult and still more essential for good government—men of business also, and to keep and send in the reports of their administration punctually; to induce men who, like Nicholson again, or Edwardes or James, were before all things soldiers, and whose notions of justice were essentially military notions—a short shrift or a quick delivery—to adhere rigidly to the forms of justice: to take care, for instance, that even when a murderer was caught red-handed on the Trans-Indus frontier he should be confronted with witnesses, should be allowed to summon them for himself, and to have the charge, the evidence, and the sentence carefully put on record; to induce men who, like Nicholson once more, must have been conscious of their unique powers of command and of their superior military ability, to be ready always to consult and to obey their superior in military rank; to persuade energetic military politicals, like Coke, who were always burning to take part in military operations which were going on, perhaps, some fifty miles from their civil station, that the chief test of a good officer was his willingness always to remain at his post; to keep the Engineers, with Robert Napier at their head, within bounds in carrying out their magnificent works, and to convince them—though in this not even he, much less anyone else, could have succeeded—that one of the most necessary parts of their public duties was a strict and punctual preparation of their accounts; to correspond at great length, and with infinite tact, with his friend Courtenay, Private Secretary to the Governor-General, on important and embarrassing questions of State, for which he was gradually to prepare the 'Lord Sahib's' mind, and then put them before him for decision in the fitting manner and at the fitting time and place; to bring before the Governor-General himself, with judicial impartiality, the conflicting claims of every candidate for every important post in the Punjab; to induce him, at whatever cost, to remove an incompetent, an unwilling, or an unworthy officer, on the principle on which he himself had

always acted, that it was better that one man should die for the people than that a whole people should die for one man; to suggest to overworked and overwilling men, like John Becher, the necessity—a necessity which John Lawrence certainly never recognised in his own case—of sparing themselves, and to point out the precise methods by which they could best do so; to help those who, like Donald Macleod, with the best intentions and the highest ability, were yet, owing to unconquerable idiosyncrasies, always hopelessly in arrears, by actually himself going through hundreds of their papers and clearing them off; to protect the natives generally, particularly the native soldiers, from all ill-treatment, whether of a blow, a word, or a contemptuous gesture from officers who occasionally, even in the Punjab, dared to forget that difference of colour or of race implied only an increase of moral responsibility; to order or counter-order, or keep within the limits of justice and of moderation, the retaliatory expeditions which the raids of the wild tribes upon our frontier, after long forbearance on our part, often rendered inevitable; to keep down, in view of the paramount necessity, in so poor a country, of economy, the demands for additional assistants which crowded upon him from the Commissioners and Deputy-Commissioners as they found their work growing under their hands; to decline civilly, but decidedly, the request of wives for their husbands, or of mothers for their sons, that he would give them appointments for which they were not competent; to inculcate upon his subordinates his own salutary horror of jobs of every degree and every description, and to keep them as far as possible—as he had always kept himself till his health had broken down and the doctors told him that a change in his habits was essential to his stay in India—from gravitating, if I may so say, towards the hills, those delectable temptations, as he regarded them, to the neglect of work and duty;—these were some of the subjects, perhaps a tithe of the whole, with which the correspondence of the first few months shows he had to deal, and they form, I think, a fair sample of his whole work and responsibilities as Chief Commissioner.

His correspondence with Lord Dalhousie and with John Nicholson would each fill a volume, and a volume replete

with historical as well as biographical interest. That with Lord Dalhousie gives, perhaps, a higher idea, as a whole, than any other of his loyalty and his manly frankness, of his insight and his statesmanlike breadth of view; that with Nicholson, of his prudence and his patience, of his forbearance and his magnanimity—in a word, of his determination, cost him what it might, to retain in the Punjab a man whom, stiff-necked and masterful as he was, he recognised as a commanding genius, and as a single-hearted and devoted public servant. The one set of letters shows John Lawrence's readiness to obey, the other his claims to command. The one gives the most convincing testimony to the powers of his head, the other to the still more sterling qualities of his heart.

It is difficult, by any mere selection from John Lawrence's correspondence, to give an adequate idea of the way in which he dealt with such questions as I have enumerated; and I have therefore put into the first place the judgment which I have myself been led to form from a minute study of them as a whole. I proceed, however, to give a few extracts which, if they do not go very far, go at least some way towards justifying and illustrating what I have said.

A rather inexperienced, but energetic and promising, civilian, named Simson, had been thrown suddenly on a district which had been sadly neglected by his predecessor; and, finding himself in great difficulties, frequently applied direct to the Chief Commissioner for help. The Chief Commissioner thus responded:—

Work away as hard as you can, and get all things into order. If you succeed you will establish a claim to early promotion which cannot be overlooked, and which, as far as I go, shall not be passed over. I made my fortune, I consider, by being placed, in 1834, in a district in a state similar to Leia, in which I worked for two years, morning, noon, and night, and after all was superseded! Nevertheless, all my prosperity dates from that time. Your charge of Leia will prove a similar one in your career. . . . I would throw my strength into putting things straight for the future, and leave off complaints of the past, as much as possible, weeding out bad officials, and making an example in a summary but legal way here and there. . . . Without being too formal and technical, put on record all that occurs, and be careful that you act in accordance

with law and justice. . . . You may give such reductions as you may consider fair and reasonable. Don't give it merely because people scream, but where it is necessary. Better give a little too much than too little; it will be true economy in the end.

Nicholson, Simson's neighbour at Bunnoo, was not disposed to take his complaints and difficulties in quite such good part, and wrote to the Chief Commissioner to that effect. The Chief Commissioner's answer was to the point. 'Simson is doubtless a bit of a screamer; but the people scream even louder than he does against the bad system that has prevailed there.'

The very high opinion which John Lawrence had formed of Nicholson from the earliest times, and retained to the end, in spite of frequent trials of strength, will come out abundantly in the sequel. But the following will give some idea of one of the many difficulties which he had in dealing with him.

I consent to an expedition against the Sheoranis, who have lately burnt and plundered one of our villages. I wish, however, that the Brigadier (Hodgson) should approve and concur in the necessity of the expedition, and that either he or Fitzgerald should command. I do not wish that either you or Coke should go into the hills unless no other equally efficient officer is available. As district officers, it is desirable that you both remain in your district; most mischievous results might ensue if either of you were killed or wounded; for the whole of the administration would be hampered.

A thoroughly characteristic remark this, and one which the recipient may, very possibly, at the time have not altogether appreciated! A man is seldom able to contemplate his own wounds or death simply from the point of view in which they may affect the government of the day, and he may not unnaturally resent the head of that government appearing to do so either. But it was John Lawrence's way always to put public considerations in the front, leaving private considerations, as they are generally able to do, to assert themselves; and could Nicholson have seen the terms in which this apparently uncompromising disciplinarian was even then writing to Lord Dalhousie[1] and others about his vast capacities and

[1] *E.g.* on August 31, 1853: 'I look on Major Nicholson as the best district officer on the frontier. He possesses great courage, much force of character, and