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JAMES OUTRAM



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RARE

JAMES OUTRAM

A BIOGRAPHY

BY

MAJOR-GEN. SIR F. J. GOLDSMID, C.B., K.C.S.I.



'Whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp'

SHAKSPERE, *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act. I. Sc. 1

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

IN TWO VOLUMES

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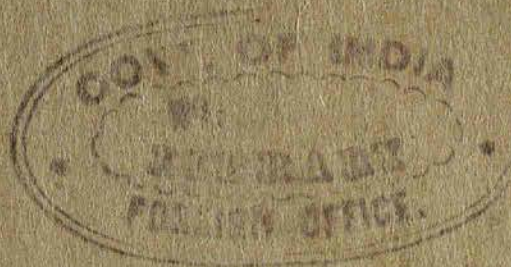
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TO
THE DOWAGER
LADY OUTRAM

These Volumes are respectfully Dedicated
WITH THE ASSURANCE THAT
HAD WILL BEEN POWER
THEY WOULD NOT HAVE ILLUSTRATED
DEFECTIVE WORKMANSHIP
IN THE TREATMENT OF AMPLE MATERIALS
AND
AN INSPIRING SUBJECT



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PREFACE.

SEVENTEEN years ago, in accordance with the expressed desire of Sir James himself, the late Sir John Kaye had agreed to write the 'Life of Outram.' What ability and power this brilliant writer would have brought to bear upon his task, the many readers of his 'War in Afghanistan' and other books will readily understand. But ill-health and press of official and literary work interfered to prevent progress; and eventually Sir John Kaye died without carrying out his intention. When in Paris during the winter of 1877-78, the question was referred to me whether I would assume this unfulfilled responsibility. Engaged at the time in the completion of an official report connected with a mission to the French island of Réunion, from which I had but just returned, the prospect of continued employment was agreeable to me. Though recently out of State harness, I had not been so chafed by the yoke of Fixed Occupation as to seek to throw it off altogether: nor was I ambitious of a Leisure for which I did not possess the conventional qualifications.

In undertaking, then, more than two years ago, to write the biography of one whose name is a household word, not only in England and British India, but throughout the civilised world, I perhaps laid myself open to a charge of imprudence, if not actual presumption. But the subject



presented was of so great attraction, and the proposal made was of so flattering a kind, that, in the weakness of human nature, I succumbed.

While prosecuting the task undertaken, however, I have found my labours considerably lightened, and in one sense my responsibilities materially lessened, by the cordial and continuous assistance received from a member of Sir James Outram's family. I was aware from the very first that my materials would be abundant; and a glance at those materials, when coming into my possession, convinced me that they had been arranged in the most careful and methodical manner: but I could not at the outset have anticipated how much I should have become indebted to any individual helper for the suggestions, paragraphs, and illustrative details of which I have availed myself freely in the course of the work. Had the biography been confined to certain chapters, such as those on the Mutiny campaign, I must have associated the name of my assistant with my own, as that of a distinct *collaborateur*.

My own personal knowledge of Sir James Outram was but slight. I was a fellow-passenger with him for a short voyage in 1849: and some three years later was privileged to meet him at a dinner in Bombay, when, to the best of my recollection, there were no other guests. But I had naturally heard and learnt much of his character and career, and had had especially good opportunities of studying and appreciating a section of his work; for it fell to my lot to investigate the claims of the Ex-Amirs of Haidarabad, Khairpur, and Mirpur—both as a Deputy, working under the Collector of Shikarpur, and as Assistant Commissioner for the settlement of alienations of land and revenue in the Province



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of Sind. A long residence in those parts, and subsequent political employment in Baluchistan, Western Afghanistan, and Persia, have, moreover, given me some practical training in a field by no means the least important of those in which Outram passed some of the best years of his life.

It is like standing on the threshold of platitudes, to say that a published biography should have an object beyond the indulgence of family wishes, or compliance with friendly opinion. And to explain that object to be the instruction of the reader, or, more generally, the better being of the human species, may be to repeat a mere truism. But we may assert, in less hackneyed and equally relevant phraseology, that the lives of illustrious men are comparatively useless records to after generations, unless they contain plain lessons which those who run may read: and the one fact which should be apparent in all—namely, that no successful career is without its episodes of crosses and failures—may convey a trite moral, but is an ever fresh, wholesome, and practical text of sermons.

Many hundreds, it may be thousands, of those to whom the name of Sir James Outram has become familiar, irrespective of the multitude who contemplate his bust in Westminster Abbey, or sit under his statue on the Thames Embankment, picture to themselves the successful soldier-statesman, who has risen to eminence by the usual routine of conquering arms and well-applied diplomacy. Among them many will have heard that he had had differences with his Government, and differences with individuals; and that his professional labours led him, more than once, not only within the treacherous precincts of paper controversy, but to submit official appeals and protests against treatment which he him-



self had experienced at the hands of local authority. But few can realise the pain which this extra-professional work must have cost him, or how much valuable time, and moral and physical energy were thus expended without profit. Apart from the feelings of the individual sufferer, in respect of severed friendships and mistaken motives, who can say how much good service to the State has been impaired by the misapplication of State power towards an enthusiastically loyal servant? The great lesson to be learnt here is not, however, to be restricted in its meaning to young men whose conduct is moulded on illustrious exemplars. It is twofold: one for those in high places, if they will accept it; the other for aspirants, who will be sure to search it out. For the former, if put into conventional shape, it would read much after the manner of one or more of the following propositions:—

‘Do not refuse to your official agents that consideration which you are ever ready to accord your friends, even when they are no longer fulfilling the particular duty for which you think them qualified. Do not assume that fitness for strange and rough work implies necessarily the absence of refined sentiment, or is incompatible with a keen sensitiveness. If it be the proper task of diplomatists to humour the weaknesses of those with whom they have to do, and generally to gather advantage from a knowledge of human character—so is it the duty of statesmen high in office, to study the dispositions of their confidential agents, and studiously avoid wounding them in tender points. The willing horse should never be allowed to get out of condition, or to have any real cause of complaint against his employers. If a servant of the State has earned his reward,



assuredly he has earned the right to receive and wear the honours conferred upon him.

Outram eventually triumphed, and his triumph completes the moral lesson of his life in its fitness for the study of rising generations. But a less strong man than he might have sunk under like circumstances. Should this be?

In any case it is hoped that one old familiar Truth will be discerned between the lines of the Biography now submitted to the reader. It is that, independently of work which claims, and often obtains the recognition of the State, there is something also to be done which brings its own reward from the consciousness that it belongs to a higher cause than that of Governments; something which, if only part fulfilment of the great duty of man to his neighbour, is to human ken admirable in its very imperfection. Outram's friends and contemporaries have not been slow to appreciate in his character an overflowing benevolence void of all cant or pretension.

But let us glance for a moment on the more practical uses of a mind like his upon the questions of the present day. Does he not help us in any way to interpret the Afghan puzzle which English statesmen and soldiers are now seeking to understand; and which is after all, perhaps, as likely to be resolved by Chance or Circumstance, as by any fixed lines of policy? We say not this in any disparagement of authority, nor to lay a charge of unwisdom at the door of any of our rulers. Have not the last forty years' experience of the Afghan people taught us that Outram's first recorded estimate of them was a right one; and that the rules he laid down for our guidance in 1839 are, in 1880, equally applicable to our dealings with these faithless intriguers?



We believe that fair conclusions in this respect may be formed on the information contained in the following pages; though we cannot but feel that, had our work been confined to one phase only of a busy life, very much more might with propriety have been quoted to enlighten the reader.

He admitted the impolicy of any interference on our part 'with the internal affairs of the Herâtis, or generally of Afghanistan.' On this subject he thus wrote from Baghdad in May 1857, to the late Lord Lyveden:—'Nothing is more to be deprecated, in my opinion, than the most *distant* attempt on our part to side with this or that chieftain, much less to foster a policy for incorporating the whole of that country under one rule or ruler. Any such scheme, however cautiously pursued, would involve us in inextricable difficulties, and be followed with one only result—failure—as regards any solid advantage which our Indian Empire would reap therefrom. *The time is not come* for British intervention to effect any good among the Afghans themselves; and the consolidation of an Afghan empire, under present circumstances, and *in view of the geographical position of that country*, might be attended with serious inconvenience, as well to our north-west frontier as to our political relations with Russia and Persia.' The italics are not in the original, but emphasise expressions to be borne in mind by those who consider them in 1880. I would solicit attention to the fact that neither in the above quotation, nor in any other of the writer's recorded opinions, is there anything like an assertion that British interference could *never* be judiciously exercised in Afghanistan; nor that a consolidated Empire was a *sine quâ non* for the better government of three substantially separate States as Herat, Kabul, and Kandahar.



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His views on the advisability of it to the Indus caused him to regret up of his life, that we had ever shackled Pesháwar valley: but let no politicians for making a retrograde movement for after the events which have transpired in Viceroys of India. For my own part—what might have formed on the ‘Scientific’ responsibilities along the Suliman range do not believe that Sir James Outram, living to give his counsel, would—with his Afghans and their Persian neighbours, and influences bearing upon both—have advised our position in Kandahar.

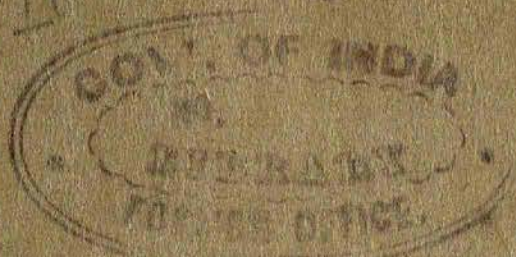
Independently of politics, Outram enlighten the world on the geography of Baluchistan than has been hitherto possible. From Bamian to Sonmiani is a long stretch of parts of which he was the first Englishman to trace the main track by which he hit the Káshgar-Bamian—the diversions made to attack between Kabul and Kwatta—the Pottinger’s, by which Bala was reached. These may need something more of accuracy than has been yet accorded by book; the accuracy may be wanting in actual fact; the information imparted has been too meagre; should not the giver of it be recognised?

With regard to the spelling of names, the principle which I have adopted is to follow Dr. Hunter’s system; substituting



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actively—with an occasional accent',
side the pronunciation of less practised
is used, it represents the corresponding
word *khair*, or the two letters in the
fortunately, the numerous extracts, with
are necessarily studded, show a different
need scarcely be stated that quotations, to
ies, to be correct, must be left as much as
in the original. For, independently of
, the mode of spelling affects, in some way,
of the speller. There are many civil and
of the Indian Government, at the present
ng but a radical change of nature would
'ánhpur' for 'Cawnpore,' or 'Lakhnan' for
rule, then, there has been little or no
ie spelling of proper names by Outram
ries. If, in one instance—the diary in
atment has been exceptional, it is be-
with the narrative as to form almost
ay be told that a wholesale recurrence
uld have saved the apparent incon-
This would have been, in my
ep; and it would not have secured
oted letters and papers illustrate a
s varied as it is unsystematic.
ny sincere acknowledgments to the
ave aided the preparation of these
undant family records and corre-
ie unreservedly by Sir Francis
pers of great public interest and
butions of Sir Bartle Frere, Sir



CHAPTER I.

1803-1818.

The Outram Family—Mr. Outram, of Butterley Hall—Dr. James Anderson of Monie, and Mrs. Outram—Sketch by Miss Catherine Sinclair—Francis Outram—James Outram: his boyhood and education—Receives an Indian cadetship.

WHEN James Outram, the subject of this biography, was born at Butterley Hall, Derbyshire, on January 29, 1803, his family had long been resident in that and the neighbouring counties. The race from which he sprang was apparently one of honest yeomen or small landowners and farmers, little known beyond the limits of their own parishes, with now and then a representative in the Church. But undistinguished in history as the family may have been, it happens that the soldier-statesman is not the first member of it whose remains have been honoured by a resting-place in Westminster Abbey. In Poet's Corner may be observed a monument recording the peaceful virtues of William Outram, D.D.,¹ Archdeacon of Leicester, and Prebendary of Westminster, who, though a Court chaplain in the evil days of Charles II., was acknowledged to be, as Pepys describes him, 'one of the ablest and best of the conformists, eminent for his piety and charity, and an excellent preacher.' He was moreover a sound and learned Protestant divine, as his work '*De Sacrificiis*,' on the expiatory and vicarious sacrifice of Christ, which still holds a place among standard works of divinity, best testifies.

¹ *Biographical Encyclopædia*, abridged from *Biographia Britannica*.



Passing over the other numerous entries of the name, variously spelt, to be found in the Bishop's Registry at Lichfield, through which the family is traced up to Thomas Outram, Rector of Dutton, near Gainsborough, in 1435, we come to Joseph Outram, of Alfreton, Derbyshire, a well-to-do surveyor and manager of estates, and himself possessor of some property in land and collieries, in whose marked vigour of character, shrewd sense, and kind heart, we begin to discern qualities which his sons and grandsons were destined to develop in a wider sphere.

His eldest son, Benjamin,¹ born in 1764, was so named after Benjamin Franklin, a friend of his father's. He did no discredit to the sponsorship of that eminent philosopher and politician, and as a young civil engineer, gave evidence of talent and energy which raised him to distinction in a very few years. Of special professional achievements attributed to him there is no very distinct record; but his name is associated with that of more than one of the heralds of railway construction whose voice

¹ The second of his numerous family, Edmund, earned for himself in the Church a high reputation for learning and worth. He became D.D., Public Orator at Cambridge, Prebendary of Lichfield, Archdeacon of Derby, Chancellor of the Lichfield Diocese, and holder of more than one substantial preferment. Named by Chancery co-guardian of his elder brother's orphans with Mr. Seton of Mounie, he ever proved himself a kind and generous friend to his bereaved sister-in-law and her family, until his death in 1821, at the comparatively early age of fifty-five. The third son, Joseph, also a civil engineer, was for some time associated with Mr. Benjamin Outram in the management of the Butterley Works, but migrated to the neighbourhood of Glasgow, where his representatives remain still. His youngest daughter, now Lady Deas, first married, as his second wife, a kinsman of whom we must record a few words. Sir Benjamin Fonseca Outram, C.B., Inspector of Hospitals and Fleets, saw much sharp service afloat in the medical department of the navy, from 1794 till 1803, from which time till the end of the war he served principally on board the Royal yachts. He lived to refute the mis-statements in Thiers' *History* regarding one of the actions in which he took part, viz., the remarkable exploit of the 'Superb' (Captain Keats), when she destroyed two Spanish three-deckers, the 'Carlos' and 'Hermengildo,' and captured a French seventy-four, the 'St. Antoine,' during the night of July 12, 1801. His presence of mind in extinguishing a fire at

was heard during the past and at the dawn of the present century. At first he appears to have been employed chiefly in the construction of canals, but after a while turned his attention more especially to supplementing or superseding water traffic by iron railways in suitable localities. His energy and success in the introduction of such lines, notwithstanding much prejudice and opposition, not only in the neighbourhood of Derby, but also in the Forest of Dean, in Wales, and elsewhere, appear to have suggested the generally received idea that the word 'tram' had its origin from the second syllable of his name. That such a notion prevails, and that even so high an authority as Mr. Smiles entertained and recorded it in the first edition of his '*Life of George Stephenson*,' though he subsequently found the word to be of much older application, is strong presumptive proof of Mr. Outram's great reputation on the practical side of the profession.¹

But the undertaking which latterly monopolised his energies was the foundation and organisation of the Butterley Ironworks in Derbyshire. About three years before their establishment he had become purchaser of the Butterley Hall estate, jointly with Francis Beresford, Esq., and here it was that he fixed his residence, forming, in association with Messrs. John Wright, of Nottingham, and William Jessop, the civil engineer, the company which, having acquired Codnor Park, an adjacent property rich in coal, iron, and other minerals, carried on business until his death as '*Benjamin Outram & Co.*' and after that, under the now well-known designation of '*The Butterley Company.*' His career was, however, cut short when apparently on the verge of the door of the magazine is said to have saved the '*Superb*' from sharing the fate of her blown-up antagonists.

¹ See notes by George Stephenson, in reference to the '*Spayson Railways*,' Smiles's *Life of George Stephenson*, p. 59; and Wood's *Practical Treatise on Railways* (1838).



success. Shortly before his marriage in 1800, he withdrew almost entirely from the practice of his profession, then yielding him from 2,000*l.* to 3,000*l.* per annum, in order to devote himself without hindrance to his ironworks. Endowed with genius, judgment, and a spirit of enterprise potent in overcoming every difficulty, it was considered by those able to form an opinion that, had life been spared to him he would have become a millionaire. It was otherwise ordained: he died in 1805, having barely attained middle age, and at a critical time of the work he had taken in hand; a work in which more than half his capital and the half share of Butterley Hall had been sunk—and only just beginning to make a return. The result of his death was a complete wreck of his fortunes, and both anxiety and poverty to his family. He is described as a tall fine-looking man, very determined and high-spirited, acutely sensitive of honour, with a hasty and impetuous but generous temper, and a restless energy which could ill brook either stupidity or opposition—characteristics of disposition inherited by both his sons.

Fortunately for the present biography, the influence of the mother upon the son is one generally acknowledged; so that it is now as much to the purpose to lay before the reader some account of Mrs. Benjamin Outram as of her husband and his family. Her father, James Anderson, LL.D., was 'unquestionably a man of an ability and mental power far beyond the average.'¹ Having added the study of chemistry and other sciences to the thorough agricultural training he had received at Hermiston, near Edinburgh, he became distinguished as an experimental agriculturist and weighty author. For many years he conducted a periodical called the '*Bee*,' remarkable for the practical tone of its contents, he himself writing much in its pages as elsewhere on agriculture, and especially gardening. At the instance of Lord

¹ Chambers' *Encyclopædia*: 'Dr. Anderson.'



Melville he undertook a circuit of the north-western islands and coasts of Scotland, which, in respect to any useful results then obtained, appear to have been virtually a *terra incognita*. He made an elaborate report of their capabilities of improvement, accompanied by charts, statements, and miscellaneous details. His information and recommendations were deemed valuable, and led to many improvements, as well as anticipated schemes which have since been independently carried out. A ship was placed at his disposal, but he received no remuneration beyond thanks for his useful labours. We are told that he was too proud to ask, or to explain the cost to himself, and the value of the time expended under his by no means affluent circumstances; and those were not days when governments volunteered substantial rewards for services thus incidentally given. Intimate with most of the literary men of his day in Scotland, he corresponded with many celebrities abroad, and among others, George Washington; but by some mischance the valuable series of letters which he possessed from that great man disappeared at his death and were lost to his family. He married the heiress of Mounie in Aberdeenshire, and his eldest son consequently assumed the maternal name of Seton,¹ honoured in Scottish annals.

Dr. Anderson's only daughter who survived childhood, Margaret, was born in 1780. The loss of her mother when she was only six or seven years old, and the preoccupation of her father in literary and other pursuits explain the reason that she received but a poor education. Dr. Anderson had a

¹ One of Dr. Anderson's grandsons was the gallant Colonel Alexander Seton, of the 78th Regiment, who commanded the detachment which went down so heroically on the deck of the 'Birkenhead.' His nephew, Admiral Handerson, was one of Nelson's band of officers, said to have received the same number of wounds as his illustrious chief. Of his sons who went to India, one, Major Henry Anderson, of the Engineers, shared in the misery of Monson's retreat and died from exposure at the siege of Deig. One letter of General Washington is given in Appendix A.



horror of ladies' schools, and the curriculum of 'modern accomplishments' for girls; and he does not seem to have given that attention to providing something better in their place which might have been expected from the judicious arrangements made for his eight sons. The possession of remarkable talents, however, soon enabled his daughter to recover lost ground when brought into contact with society. By personal application and observation, and a readiness to turn to account all such chance instruction and training as were offered her, she acquired a knowledge which, if not so comprehensive and methodical as that of schools, was quite as real, and possibly more to the purpose. She was married to Mr. Benjamin Outram in June 1800, and in May 1805 was left a widow with five young children: Francis, born in 1801; Anna, afterwards Mrs. Sligo, in 1802; James, the subject of our biography, in 1803; Margaret, afterwards Mrs. Farquharson, in 1804; and Eliza, in 1805. Her wedded life, passed at Butterley Hall, though brief, had been apparently a prosperous and happy one; but her widowhood was beset with trials. As above shown, Mr. Outram's investments and purchases at the period of his decease had not yet yielded fruit; the balance sheet exhibited entries almost wholly on the side of debit and outlay: and to make matters worse, trade was depressed. The casualty had been so sudden, that there had been no time or opportunity for the arrangement of his affairs; and his estate was burdened with a debt involving endless anxiety on his representative. Finally, affairs were thrown into Chancery, to await a tardy and unprofitable compromise. Mrs. Outram faced her cheerless prospects with characteristic spirit and independence. Compelled to accept 200*l.* a year from relatives, she determined to make that allowance, combined with the little she could realise from the wreck of her husband's personal property, suffice for her wants. At first she remained in



the neighbourhood of Butterley Hall, three years at Worksop, and two more at Barnby Moor. The circumstance that at the latter place she occupied a house which, on account of its lonely situation and reputation for being haunted, was let at a cheap rate, is of itself a strong proof of courage. Not many women would care to reside under one and the same roof with the ghost of a proprietor who had cut his throat on the premises! In 1810 she removed to Aberdeen, where schooling was good and of moderate cost, and the receipt, at this time, of a small annuity from Government as the daughter of Dr. James Anderson, obtained on her own personal representation of her father's eminent services, enabled her to provide all the better for the maintenance and education of her children. The story of her visit to Lord Melville in London, which resulted in the grant of this pension, is eminently characteristic. This is her own account of the interview, given twenty years after its occurrence:---

‘My spirit rose, and in place of meanly supplicating his favour like a pauper soliciting charity, I addressed him like a responsible being, who had misused the power placed in his hands by employing my father's time and talents for the good of the country, and to meet his own wishes and ends, then leaving him ignobly to suffer losses he could not sustain, but which his high-toned mind would not stoop to ward off by solicitations to those who had used him so unjustly. I then stated my own situation, my dependence and involved affairs, and concluded by saying that I could not brook dependence upon friends when I had claims on my country by right of my father, adding, “to you, my lord, I look for the payment of these claims. If you are an honest or honourable man, you will see that they are liquidated; *you* were the means of their being incurred, and *you* ought to be answerable for them. In making this application I feel that I am



doing your lordship as great a favour as myself, by giving you an opportunity of redeeming your character from the stigma of holding out promises and not fulfilling them." All this I stated and much more in as strong language, which was so different from anything his lordship expected, or was used to meet with, that he afterwards told me he never was so taken by surprise or got such a lecture in his life.

For some years she lived in a small cottage in the outskirts of Aberdeen called 'Berryden.' When her daughters grew older she moved to an upper flat in Castle Street, in order that the best tuition available for them might be within their reach. The shortcomings in her own training made her painfully anxious to complete, so far as practicable within her limited means, the education of those for whom she was herself responsible. Possessing a hasty and somewhat imperious temper—like that of her husband, impatient of misapprehension as of opposition—she had nevertheless taken occasion of adverse fortune to practise self-denial, and accept with resignation a position of comparative poverty and seclusion. If, in her lighter social moments, inborn wit and vivacity led her at times to say things it had been better to have left unsaid, or to exact more than was right, she was ready to acknowledge and recall the error; and all the more earnestly if a harsh or injurious word had been spoken of an absent person. While she abhorred, it was her constant custom to avoid debt and dependence; and her children were brought up to follow this salutary example.

After the departure for India of her sons, the marriage of her eldest daughter in 1822 to George Sligo, Esq., of Sencliff, Haddingtonshire, and the keenly felt loss of her youngest child, Eliza, in 1824, Mrs. Outram indulged her taste for travel, and wandered much in France, Switzerland, and Great Britain. Her brilliant talents and conversational





powers enabled her to shine wherever she went, and these gifts, combined with a faculty of keen appreciation, enabled her to enjoy the best society afforded by the place in which she happened to be. Her reminiscences of the many people of mark whom she had encountered in her sojourns at home and abroad, were varied and amusing. In later years she made Edinburgh or its neighbourhood her head-quarters. Always dignified, she was far too sensible to run into the common error of strong-minded and unfettered old ladies, and allow herself to be *outrée*, or remarkable from any peculiarity. She was simply natural and in accordance with her age and position. To the last she resisted the oft-repeated solicitations of her son that she would indulge herself in maintaining a house and carriage of her own. Ever simple and abstemious in her personal tastes, energetic, industrious, and untrammelled by fashionable innovations, she saw no reason for dissatisfaction with her neat and comfortable suite of three rooms in a good Edinburgh house, with her maid as her 'establishment' and her dog as her 'companion.' Her strength of constitution was exceptional, and until she became a little lame a few years before her death, health never interfered with her plans, a little congenial excitement proving the best restorative from passing ailments. She wrote fugitive pieces of clever poetry, but never came forward as an authoress. One of the points in which she proved herself an exception to most feminine characters was punctuality. She boasted, and it is believed with accuracy, that she had never of her own fault kept a person waiting five minutes in her life. With a strict and high sense of honour, she abhorred meanness and appreciated excellence in any walk of life. Like her son, she possessed in a singular degree the power of attracting strangers of worth, and of retaining their regard ever afterwards. Few of the numerous visitors who were daily to be met in her drawing-room but



carried away with them a kindly and lasting interest in the talented and most *uncommonplace* old lady.

To these reminiscences of Mrs. Outram, given as recorded in family memoranda,¹ we may add the words of one who is writing of a most intimate friend: of one whose reputation has been long since recognised in the world of letters as in the more private sphere of social virtues and accomplishments. No apology indeed will be required for quoting from a manuscript by Miss Catherine Sinclair.

‘Her intimate friends, knowing that her income was straitened, made frequent offers of assistance, but all in vain. Her independent Scottish spirit recoiled from receiving an obligation, and she struggled successfully on through every difficulty or privation. . . . Mrs. Outram was formed by nature to be the mother of a hero, and those among her friends who knew the gallant and chivalrous son, might see that he had inherited his noble and generous sentiments, his bright talents, his inflexible integrity, and his indomitable energy from a parent of the old Scottish stamp, who has since her recent decease left few equals behind her. Even after the age of eighty, Mrs. Outram’s conversation continued to be so original, so sprightly, so full of wisdom and excellence, that every day there gathered around her a circle. . . . With the most cordial kindness there was an intellectual dignity in her manner that commanded respect. Mrs. Outram occasionally received her friends in the evening, and on her eighty-second birthday she had about twenty ladies at tea, to each of whom she presented a beautiful shawl of her own work. . . . Lord Dalhousie, while Governor-General in India, fully appreciated the noble character of Sir James Outram, and on his lordship’s return, he became so partial to the society of the hero’s

¹ In 1844, unfortunately, Mrs. Outram’s heavy boxes were burned at Brechin, and in them all her accumulated family relics, correspondence, and miscellaneous papers.



mother, that he visited her very frequently, and when on his deathbed he said, "If I ever reach Edinburgh again, my first visit shall be to Mrs. Outram." . . . She had a peculiar talent for letters, writing the most graphic description of passing scenes and of daily events, with a sparkle of vivacity and a glow of kindness never to be imitated. As years advanced, her style became more thoughtful, and she read for hours at a time with those large bright eyes which served her for above eighty-three years without becoming dim. Many a sorrowing friend and relative must daily miss the cordial sympathy, the sound advice, and the abounding anecdotes of gaiety and gravity of one so endeared to all who knew her.

Francis, the elder of Benjamin Outram's two sons, received his early training at Christ's Hospital. After a long elementary course of seven years' duration, from which, agreeably to the wishes of his maternal uncle, classics had been carefully excluded, he was sent to continue his studies at Aberdeen. Here his natural ability had fuller scope, and he soon found opportunity of gaining much lost ground. At Marischal College, where he attended one session, he must have made a singularly favourable impression, for the opinion of him entertained by a contemporary junior student is now found recorded in the following terms: 'He appeared to my youthful imagination the *beau idéal* of all that is elegant and refined; but having been brought up in England, I think he did not take kindly to Aberdeen.' But his Scotch schooling was cut short by the grant of an Indian cadetship; and a nomination to Addiscombe, obtained from Mr. Elphinstone through the Duke of Gordon, opened a new field for the exercise of his powers. At the East India Company's Military College—now, like the great corporation whose authority it acknowledged, a tradition of the past—his work was brilliant and



full of promise. Ere long he became a distinguished scholar and superior draughtsman, while three, instead of the usual four terms, sufficed to place him at the head of his fellow-students—enabled to enter Chatham an officer of Engineers with a reputation for talent and attainments of rare order. To his brief Indian career allusion will hereafter be made.

Perhaps, as a rule, the nursery and school days of a man who has left his mark on the passing age show no more of incident and adventure than those of an undistinguished unit in the immense sum of living humanity. Nor is there any reason why any such distinction as that alluded to should be apparent in the two conditions. But it is very certain that while, in the latter case, few readers would be found for the story of an ordinary man's boyhood, it is always a matter of general interest to trace the rise and progress of a mind which has exercised an exceptional and acknowledged influence over other minds. We may therefore be excused for dwelling somewhat lengthily upon James Outram's boyhood, of which a fair account is rendered by contemporaries from his twelfth year. He was but a child of less than three years old when his father died, and had probably reached the age of eleven when sent to Udney School, near Aberdeen. It has been already stated that Mrs. Outram remained in the neighbourhood of her former home at Butterley Hall for the first years of her widowhood, and removed to Scotland in 1810. We find it was in the autumn of 1814, when residing at Berryden, that she arranged with Dr. Bisset, the master, for admission of her second son to Udney. The boy is described at that period as somewhat pale, but quite healthy, and of prepossessing countenance. He had his mother's black glossy hair; 'his dark hazel eye kept time, as it were, with whatever was going on, and marked his quick apprehension of, and sympathy with, every scintillation of wit, drollery, or humour.'



yet 'his usual manner' was quiet and sedate.' This is his teacher's picture, and we may believe in its fidelity. According to the same authority, the pupil made creditable progress in classics and other studies, but showed especial taste and energy in acquiring a knowledge of mathematics and the exact sciences. As an instance of his powers in the latter respect, it is stated that Mr. Forbes Irvine of Drum, an accomplished votary of literature and the fine arts, lighting by chance upon one of James Outram's original demonstrations left on the dining-room table, was greatly struck by the accuracy and ingenuity, as well as the draughtsman's neatness which it displayed; and afterwards made habitual inquiry as to the young mathematician's 'fresh discoveries.' One of his favourite occupations in play-hours, when bad weather or other cause kept him from out-door sports, was carving figures with a knife out of such materials as were more readily available; and in the exercise of this bent he seems to have been both skilful and artistic. 'The figure of an elephant continued for many years to adorn the mantelpiece of the Udney drawing-room, and never failed to be spoken of, by those who could appreciate perfect truthfulness of expression, as a *chef-d'œuvre* in its kind.' But in out-door pursuits he gave unmistakable evidence of exceptional mettle; here he was *in limine* the hardy soldier, the untiring traveller, and the bold sportsman. 'Whether at football, shindy, bowls, or cricket, he was equally ardent, speedily rose to the front rank as a player, and before he was fourteen was the recognised leader of the school. When parties were formed, those who had Outram on their side felt pretty sure of victory.' Renowned, moreover, as a wrestler, he was as generous as valiant; and it is related of him that on one occasion, when a front tooth had been broken and his mouth otherwise damaged in a contest with a schoolfellow, he was most persistent in exonerating his



antagonist from all blame, and in proving the injury to be accidental. 'In the swimming ground' we learn that 'there was a pond, some fifteen or twenty feet deep, which was generally shunned, but the few who essayed it gained much in reputation among their fellows. Of this number was Outram, soon after joining the school.' He used to return from his watery exploration with a 'gratified air,' 'bearing generally some trophy in his hand—pebble, sand, or mud—in proof of his having reached the bottom.' In climbing trees again, he obtained honours not easily won amid a host of enterprising boys, to whom the prospect of rocks' eggs was much as a decoration or a step in rank to the subaltern officer only a few years their senior. But his comrades promoted him at once beyond the subaltern ranks: in their estimation he deserved higher position, and he was generally known to them as 'Captain Outram.'

From the master's recollection of his pupil we now pass to the testimony of a younger schoolfellow at Udney, who writes:

'He was always kind to me, protecting me from the bullying of older boys; and I believe he was equally generous and just to the others. He drilled us regularly. . . . In winter he had forts of snow built, in the attack and defence of which there was many a severe contest. In every adventure of daring he was the leader, and frequently he exposed himself to great danger. There was a tradition in the school that he let himself down from the top of Udney Castle by using an umbrella for a parachute. But I can hardly suppose that anything so fearfully dangerous was attempted. The very fact, however, of the boys believing it, shows their estimation of him.'

Apart from the school contributions, there are further authentic and interesting data of James Outram's early



life, which the reader will doubtless prefer to have in the very words of the recorder. Mrs. Sligo thus alludes to her brother's boyhood:—

‘He was the reverse of studious, but equally the reverse of indolent. His play-time was spent in active exercise, gardening, mechanics, and every athletic sport. His great enjoyment, however, was to associate with the soldiers at the barracks, or the sailors at the docks—we, in the meantime, never knowing where our missing brother had gone. I recollect our surprise one evening when, on returning from our walk and glancing at the soldiers going through their exercises, we saw our own little Jemmy at their head, as perfect in all the manœuvres as any among them. He was the delight of the regiment, but even still more, if possible, the sailors’ pet. There was a mutiny among the latter—I can’t remember the date, but I think he must then have been about twelve or thirteen years of age. All Aberdeen was uneasy; my brother, of course, not at home. The sailors were drawn up in a dense body on the pier. The magistrates went down to them, backed by the soldiers, whose muskets were loaded; and they were held in readiness to fire on the mutineers, if necessary. Between the latter and their opponents, Jemmy Outram was to be seen, with his hands in his trouser-pockets, stumping about from one side to the other, like a tiger in his den, protecting his sailor friends from the threatening muskets; resolved to receive the fire first, if firing was to be.

‘All ended peacefully, however; much to the general satisfaction, and to our particular thankfulness, when we were told how our brother had exposed himself. He had the courage and fortitude of a giant, with the body of a pigmy (being very small for his age). I never remember his evincing the slightest sign of bodily pain. When very young, we all crossed over to the other side of the Dee to



enjoy a sunny holiday in scrambling on the rocks, picking up shells and seaweed, and dining in very simple mode in one of the fisher-huts. There we saw several large crabs lying on their backs, and we thought that they were dead; we soon, however, found that this was not the case, when one of them caught hold of little Jemmy's forefinger. He calmly held it up, the blood streaming down on the creature, which thus hung, until of its own accord relaxing its hold, it fell to the ground. Not a cry had been heard from the sufferer, nor even a wry face made. He wrapt his handkerchief round the wounded finger, coolly saying, "I thought he'd get tired at last."

His talent for carving little figures, particularly of animals, is thus described by the same hand:—"He liked much to be at the menageries which occasionally visited the town, the better to represent the creatures they contained. These he carved out of anything which he could obtain as yielding to the penknife. Date-stones, fixed together by a cement made from their own pulverised substance, he particularly liked for this purpose; and in the attitudes of the monkey race he was especially successful. My mother thought that perhaps he would do well as a sculptor, but having no friends in that line, she did not make any endeavour to follow up this view.' An anecdote related by a friend of the family, illustrates in a remarkable manner his mechanical taste when a boy of thirteen or fourteen at Aberdeen. The lady referred to remembers her mother's astonishment on coming home one day after a short absence, and finding the entire works of a large eight-day clock which stood on the stairs, all laid out on the school-room table, as well as the locks of all the doors. Objects of this kind it was the enquiring youth's delight to take to pieces, and restore to their respective places.

After about four years at Udney, James Outram was



removed to a school then supposed to be the best in Aberdeen, kept by the Rev. Mr. Esson. Here he distinguished himself rather by the exuberance of his boyish spirits than close application to study, and on one occasion a practical joke played upon the principal usher, resulted in a severe castigation, the boy's manful endurance of which was worthy of a nobler cause. His diary—a record, by the way, kept under school direction and supervision—contained an entry of the occurrence in the following form, with date and hour duly inserted. 'From ——— till ——— flogged by Mr. ——— for making him an April fool.' At the same time his pluck had occasionally a better field for display; and we learn of one particular case in point, when he appeared at home with face so bruised and features so changed that he was hardly to be recognised by his relatives. On this occasion he had upheld the weak against the strong, and to the anxious questions put to him by his sister with a view to eliciting an explanation of his condition, he was able to reply triumphantly: 'Never mind, Anna, I've licked the biggest boy in the school in such a manner that he'll not ill-treat any of the little boys again, I'll be bound.' Courage was one of his many characteristics in early boyhood. A playmate much of his own age—both being about thirteen—was walking with him in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, when they were attacked by a large farm mastiff. His comrade's natural alarm was not in the least degree shared by James Outram. Without a moment's hesitation, and without any kind of weapon, he faced the furious brute, ran at him, struck him with fists and feet, and drove him off in dismay. The narrator, in recalling this incident in after years, speaks of the strong impression which it made on him at the time, and expresses the belief that few boys or men would have undertaken such a feat; and fewer still would have thought or said so little of it after it was over.



His removal to Mr. Esson's was really, however, an important step on the educational ladder; for it introduced him to Marischal College, where he attended the second mathematical class, and Professor Copland's course of natural and experimental philosophy, for the session 1818-19. The college reports represent him to be uniformly an attentive and well-behaved student, evincing good abilities and an amiable disposition, and making satisfactory progress in his studies.

This higher-class education was, however, but a temporary measure. The year 1819 brought him an Indian cadetship.

Mrs. Outram had applied to her cousin, Colonel Henderson, a Peninsula officer, for assistance in getting her son James into the army; but his reply was unfavourable. Any profession was, he thought, preferable to one in which there was nothing but pay to depend on; for, owing to the seeming certainty of peace, there could be no opportunity of advancement. Another cousin, brother to the last-named, a captain (afterwards an admiral) in the navy, made answer much to the same effect when addressed in respect of his own calling. The anxious lady then bethought her of the Church, and had recourse to Archdeacon Outram, her husband's younger brother, of whom we have before spoken, and who had been a kind friend to her. He also represented the little likelihood of success in his own profession, even were the candidate's habits more studious than reported. Dr. Outram was, moreover, educating two of his own sons to take holy orders. Still, he consented to do what he could in furtherance of his relative's wishes; and the intention might have been fulfilled had it not been for objections raised by the boy himself, who, hearing of his mother's action in the matter, lost no time in giving expression to his feelings in a quarter where there was a good chance of meeting sympathy. 'They mean to make me a parson,' he



said to his sister. 'You see that window; rather than be a parson, I'm out of it; and I'll 'list for a common soldier!' This repugnance to undertake a duty for which he clearly did not consider himself qualified, having been communicated to Mrs. Outram, she was perplexed how further to pursue the quest for her son's provision in life. It so happened that Captain Gordon, member for Aberdeenshire, called upon her in the midst of her troubles, and to him she detailed the circumstances of the case. He readily came to the rescue, and soon succeeded in obtaining for her the offer of a direct Indian cadetship. A still better offer, a nomination to Addiscombe, forwarded about the same time by the Duke of Gordon, decided her to let the boy follow the profession of a soldier. He was allowed to choose a starting-point—a direct commission or college preparation, and the first presented the greater attraction to his young ambition. 'Frank,' he argued, referring to his elder brother, 'when only half the allotted time at Addiscombe, gained all the highest prizes there, and got into the Engineers. If I remain the whole three years, I shall at the best come out only as cadet for the infantry. It's much better, therefore, that I should at once go out as a cadet; I choose Captain Gordon's appointment.'

Mrs. Outram thought he had done wisely; for she did not expect that he would have distinguished himself as his brother had done. And she was justified in the judgment which she had formed of her sons. Whatever might have been the result of his military instruction, it would have been difficult, within the confined limits of Addiscombe, to measure the full value of James Outram, who had a part to play among people and nations of the outer world.



CHAPTER II.

1819—1824.

Early military tastes—Arrival in Bombay—Comparatively peaceful state of India—Joins regiment—Experience of an Adjutant's duties—Sick-leave to Presidency—Accidental explosion—Home letters—Lieutenant Ord's stories of *Shikâr*—Outram's 'first spears'—Sent in command of wing to Malegaon—The Commander-in-Chief—Second sick-leave to Presidency—Kittur—Malair—Appointed to command a Bhil corps.

WE have already shown that James Outram's tastes were not of a kind to lead parent or guardian to choose for him one of the learned professions. It may further be affirmed that the bent of his mind was essentially that of a soldier. His yearning for things military did not confine itself to mimic troops, martial toys, or those counterfeit instruments and implements of war by which childhood is often attracted without more serious cause than the love of display and glitter. In his case the young heart was touched, imagination was at work, and arrested development might have been attended with results as pernicious as the too sudden check of certain physical complaints under mistaken medical treatment. Instinctively drawn as he had been to the companionship of soldiers and sailors, his boyish ambition was, moreover, stirred by sights calculated to endear that companionship and graft it into the custom of his after-life. In 1815, he watched with eager eye the march of a regiment or detachment, largely composed of mere boys; and he saw some of these return again in a few months, if not weeks, in the full glory of Waterloo. That spectacle, according to his own recollection, was the incident which fixed unalterably



his resolution to be a soldier and nothing else but a soldier—a private if he could not be an officer. Though scarcely able to comprehend the anxious aspirations, the tears and prayers, which had accompanied the body of warriors as it sped gallantly forth to a field of world-wide renown, he could heartily participate in the burst of exhilaration, congratulation, and rapturous welcome with which it was received on return to its native shores. An incident such as this might easily make indelible impression on the mind of an ordinary boy of twelve. On one of sensitive and sympathetic nature, and of generous and enthusiastic temperament, the impression would be as effectual as indelible. We are not surprised to learn that in the present instance it actually determined the after-professional career.

His school contests had been rather in the cause of the weak and oppressed than from any desire of personal distinction. At college, however, he appears to have been somewhat more strictly pugnacious. For we learn that he was the leader in many a 'town and gown' row, and consequently all but 'came to grief' on several occasions. Once, it is said, a kind lady friend paid a considerable fine imposed by the authorities, and so prevented the report of delinquency from reaching the ears of his mother, of whom he stood in great awe. His own account of himself at that period, according to a confession volunteered in later years, was ingenuous and condemnatory. And he would laughingly cap the reminiscence by affirming that he dared not yet return to Aberdeen, because a reward of 5*l.* hung over his head, as the undetected leader in a disturbance which had proved more than usually destructive to the windows of the college and its neighbourhood.

Mrs. Outram accompanied her son to London, whither he proceeded on receipt of his cadetship; for there were several forms and ceremonies to be attended to in Leaden-



hall Street, beside the demands of an outfit. Their voyage in the smack was a sufficiently miserable one, but it was accomplished without mishap. They stayed with Mr. James Anderson till the sailing of the good ship 'York' on May 2, 1819.¹

Of the passage out we have no details. To Ensign Outram it was probably monotonous and uneventful; for all that he has told us on the subject is that, after recovery from the almost inevitable visitation of sea-sickness, he acquired the faculty, or it may be, the accomplishment, of smoking. He appears at this period to have brooded over his *physique*; for he refers to being only five feet one inch in height, and looks upon himself as a 'puny' lad. Subsequent growth to five feet eight inches he attributed to fever and sickness generally; but even when he had entered his twentieth year, we find him described by his brother Francis as the 'smallest staff officer in the army.' The vessel in which he was a passenger reached Bombay on August 15; the 4th of that month is, however, the date given by the Army List of the year to his lieutenant's commission in the 1st Grenadier Native Infantry.

On arrival the young officer was kindly received by his cousin, Dr. Ogilvie, in whose house he remained while not required for duty, or until fairly posted to a regiment. His impressions on first joining his comrades in arms are not to be traced in the correspondence now extant. But we may conclude that he soon found attraction in his surroundings. His *shikár* book affords positive evidence that he was not long in becoming initiated in hog-hunting; for it is there recorded that he fleshed his maiden spear at Goolygaun,

¹ She left the Downs on May 5; as did also the 'Barossa' with the Bombay Commander-in-Chief, Sir Charles Colville, on board; and the 'Marquis of Hastings,' in which the only cadet passenger was the present General Sir William Wyllie, G.C.B. The late General Stalker was a fellow cadet and passenger of James Outram in the 'York.'



near Sirúr, in November. He saw much sport with the Sirúr and Púna hunts during the remainder of the season, but at that time kept no regular diary or memoranda of his exploits in the saddle, as later experience led him to do.

The period to which we refer was an eventful one for our Eastern Empire. The deposed Peshwa had reached his appointed residence at Bithúr—a place destined to attain, some forty years later, a cruel celebrity in the annals of British India. The ‘reformed’ Pindaris had been disposed of in two peaceable colonies, strictly according to the dictates of philanthropy and rules of civilisation. The strong fortress of Asirgarh had surrendered to a British general. Quiet had been restored to Sawant Wari and Berár; and Bhuj, with its barbarous Rajah, had easily passed into the hands of our troops. More, much more, had been done; but we refer to the latest achievements only. The situation in August 1818 had been well explained by the Governor-General himself in answer to an address of congratulation from the inhabitants of Calcutta; and a popular chronicle of the day sums up, with all semblance of authority, subsequent events up to the middle of 1819, in the following terms:—

‘From the mouths of the Indus, north-east to the Sutlej, from the Sutlej south-east to Chittagong, from thence to Cape Comorin and Ceylon, an area containing thousands of miles, and embracing twenty-five degrees of latitude and twenty-two degrees of longitude—all is now at peace—we have no public enemy to oppose. It is little more than twelve months since we were threatened by a confederacy of the native powers which had for its aim the renewal of every sort of plunder and devastation, and the reduction of British authority where it had long been paramount. The whole is now dissolved. The turbulent spirits which broke forth, boasting of their strength and power, have shrunk into



nothing. The hosts that assembled tumultuously to support their pretensions are overthrown and dispersed.¹

This was the state of things proclaimed about the time that James Outram landed at Bombay, and in the ninth year of Francis, Marquis of Hastings, one of the most distinguished of Governors-General. It was natural that a young and ardent soldier should, under the circumstances, turn his attention to the dangers and excitement of the hunting-field.

But peace in India during these years of consolidation was neither complete nor permanent. A Governor-General's proclamation, like a royal message, has no time or space for details; and it would be impolitic and inexpedient to depart from generalities except as regards matters better understood by the masses than are Indian or Asiatic politics. If little or nothing was said of external relations to the Calcutta residents, it was, perhaps, because they did not interest themselves greatly about them; and that they more immediately concerned Western than Eastern India. Not that all was quite satisfactory to the Indian Foreign Office. Among other 'outer barbarians' who gave trouble, the Joasmi pirates in the Persian Gulf were conspicuous. An attempt had been made to coerce them in 1809, but no stop was put to their misdoings; they frightened the port of Bú-shahr, threatened Basrah, and, moreover, plundered ships and butchered crews from British India. Major-General Sir William Kier Grant, who had just done good service in Sawant Wari and Bhuj, was sent in command of troops against them. These operations lasted from October 1819 till April 1820; but when the expedition returned to Bombay, it was judged necessary to leave a detachment or small corps of observation in the island of Kishm.

¹ 'History of Europe' in *Annual Register* for 1819.



Although the name of Lieutenant James Outram is found in the Army List of 1819 among the officers of the 1st Grenadier Native Infantry, he was first appointed to the 1st Battalion of the 4th Native Infantry, at an up-country station, and proceeded to join about three weeks after disembarkation from Europe. His departure for Satára is at that time recorded in the Gazette; but he appears actually to have joined his battalion at Púna, marched with it to Savandrúg, and returned to the Presidency by October 1. In Government General Orders of November 1 his name is shown as twenty-fifth in a long list of officers recently arrived, and he is then posted to the 1st Grenadier Native Infantry, his departure to join the 2nd battalion of which regiment at Púna¹ is notified in the Gazette as on December 2. Shortly afterwards he was transferred to the 1st battalion of the 12th Regiment, on its embodiment, at the same station, and he became its acting adjutant about the beginning of July 1820. The choice of so young an officer for this post gives good evidence of the estimation in which he was held by his seniors.

On October 5, 1820, he wrote to his mother from Púna, with reference to the regimental appointment:—

‘I have now acted upwards of three months, and expect to act one month longer, as I believe the adjutant will not join till that time. It is of no immediate advantage to me, otherwise than that it teaches me my duty, but my having acted as adjutant four months will give me strong claims for that appointment when it becomes vacant. Though an adjutancy is thought by the generality of people to be a very arduous and responsible situation, yet it really is not much so, as it is a mere rotation of the same duties monthly, and should a vacancy

¹ His own notes say that he joined at Sirúr.



happen to-morrow, I would not hesitate a moment about applying for the situation, as I would feel confident (without flattery to myself) that I would be equal to the task, with a little application and trouble on my part.'

This was the natural view of a true soldier, who, like the poet, *nascitur non fit*; and who, in his teens as in after years, ignored difficulty in every professional shape. But the opinions were hardly sound, and the writer, soon after expressing them, admitted that he had misapprehended the full scope of his work. The appointment had a deeper importance than he at first supposed. A young Indian officer, competent to excel, and laudably ambitious of excellence in the little restricted arena which lay open to him half a century ago, could scarcely find a better training-school than in the adjutancy of a native regiment. Intimate acquaintance with *sipahis*, from the drill-ground to the commissioned ranks, and with European officers, especially commanding officers, both on parade and in quarters, was one of the great advantages thus obtained, by a sure process to which the mere company captain or subaltern was a comparative stranger. More than this, the special gain to the intelligent novice was the experience of power and self-discipline. He attained the knowledge how to work under a commandant, whether smart and strict, or smart and easy; ignorant and testy, or ignorant and lax; in fine, whatever the type presented, good, bad, or indifferent. The tact was thus acquired of exercising delegated authority over equals, superiors, and inferiors in rank and position, in a manner calculated to ensure subordination and efficiency. He was not, however, relieved of his acting appointment so soon as expected. Between six and seven months after date of the last quoted letter James Outram again addressed his mother. On this occasion he wrote from Baroda, whither he had marched with his



regiment from Púna,¹ making excuses for a long silence, not to be attributed, as he himself explained, to forgetfulness. He had had so 'much to do lately in the adjutancy,' and had found it 'a much more difficult situation to fill' than he had before contemplated. Thus he expressed himself:—

'Many difficulties were thrown in my way, which I had not foreseen. Several officers who were removed from the corps had charge of a company each, all of which were thrown upon my hands, and I had to make out the papers of almost all the companies, besides all the battalion ones. Almost all adjutants have two writers, one which Government allows—a sergeant—and one which he keeps at his own expense. Now I have been altogether, I daresay, five months without one at all, and have never had more than one at any time. At first a sergeant was not procured (as it is a new corps) till about seven months after I had begun to act. I had, now and then, a writer for a few days, but I daresay I was five months without one altogether; and when I got the sergeant I found him more a burden than a help to me, as he had everything to learn. . . . I have also been latterly acting quartermaster. I am to be relieved by the regular adjutant, I suppose, on the 1st of next month (May), as he has been relieved from the corps which he has been obliged to remain with till this time. I shall then have done the duties of adjutant exactly ten months.'

We doubt not that many Indian officers have been in like case; and such as these would readily admit that the little

¹ This march is alluded to in a brief entry for the year 1820-21, made in his *shikár* book:—'Had little sport on the road, and nothing but coursing at Baroda.' In the *Bombay Gazette* of November 22, 1820, it is noted as a movement 'now taking place;' but the corps did not leave till February 10, 1821, arriving at its destination, *viâ* Bombay, Surat, and Broach, on March 29. The 2nd Battalion was ordered at the same time to Kishm, in the Persian Gulf.



early and extra responsibilities thus thrust upon them have had their value. They do more than many books and instructions to explain the actual routine of duty, and their lessons, once acquired, are seldom, if ever, forgotten. Though times have certainly changed, and the adjutant of a native regiment has neither the same inducements nor the same opportunities of equipping himself for the battle of life that he had in former years, the school he represents may still be found a good one, and those who profit by its teaching should not be in too great haste to abandon it for a wider and more ambitious field. Patience is a more practical virtue than ever in these days of railways, speed, and restlessness.

In the following year (1822) another letter to his mother, dated Ahmadabad, April 28, a full twelvemonth later than the last quoted one, affords a singular contrast between locomotion in India experienced in 1878-79, and the slow movements of olden times. The writer had been sent, on account of sickness, to Bombay, and would have left the Presidency to rejoin his corps in February, but that an 'unfortunate accident,' just after embarkation, had compelled him to put back and lay up for a month. On March 9, he had re-embarked with two companions, and after tossing about at sea for two days, disembarked on the north side of the island of Bombay, proceeding thence by land. He had been about six weeks on the road to Ahmadabad, a journey now accomplished in, perhaps, twice that number of hours; and his corps was moving about somewhere to the north-east of that station. The full (or, according to Indian parlance, *paka*) adjutancy had been conferred upon him on January 15, but absence from the regiment had prevented his receipt of any emoluments accruing from the appointment.

He is not explicit as to the sickness which had driven him to Bombay, but we gather, incidentally, that it was a fever which had prostrated many of the residents at Baroda after



the rains of 1821. His own allusions to it are with reference to the drain thereby caused upon his scanty income. The regiment had been ordered on field service to the Máhi Kánta, a province in the east of Gujrát (and the littoral of the river Máhi), of which we shall have to say much in a subsequent chapter; and he had made preparations to accompany it as adjutant. Of these preparations the important items of tents and camels will give some support to the idea that they were on a large scale, when considered in respect of a single subaltern. Owing to the nature and severity of his attack, he had had to proceed suddenly from Baroda to Cambay, and thence to take boat to Bombay, the cost of which unexpected journey had to be met by the sale of his camels at a disadvantage. The expenses of the return journey and purchase of a horse at the Presidency had contributed to swell the demands upon a not over-stocked purse, and he had found himself with no remedy but, much against his will, to borrow money.

As regards the 'unfortunate accident' above noted, and hardly explained by a statement that his enforced detention was 'owing to the burn,' we find tolerably detailed accounts among the family papers. It appears that the medical men at Bombay were of opinion that he should return home to recruit strength after his attack of *jungal* fever. This arrangement, however, did not suit his own plans; and feeling sufficiently recovered for the work before him, he started to rejoin his regiment in Káthiawár, embarking on board a native boat, with horses and kit, to get over the first part of the way by sea. From some cause unknown, the evening was a gala one, and fireworks were to be let off in the harbour. The convalescent resolved to share in the fun and signalise his own departure at the same time. So, in addition to the necessary *impedimenta* of ordinary travelling baggage, he laid in a superfluous stock of combustibles, and



had them carefully brought on board his unpretending craft. The story continues that he blew up his boat, that its contents were showered into the water around, that the horses were killed or drowned, and that he himself was picked up floating, a 'hardly animate mass of blackened humanity.' Not even recognised as a European, he was left uncared for when first deposited on the shore; but in course of time a charitable Parsi, whose name has never transpired, had him placed in a palanquin and conveyed to his own house, whence, his identity discovered, he was removed to Mr. Willoughby's. It is added that the skin of his face peeled off, and was replaced by a second skin coarser than the first: but that the explosion, however injurious to his personal appearance, was attended on the other hand with one good result. All traces of *jungle* fever had been as effectually blown out of its victim as they could have been eradicated by a voyage to Europe and transfer to his native atmosphere. As no account is rendered of servants or followers, let us hope that any such may have escaped without serious injury. Two months after the occurrence, Francis Outram, then still 2nd Lieutenant of Engineers at Bombay, adverting to it in a letter to his mother, says that results might have been much worse, but that James luckily escaped with a good scorching, and that 'he will be more careful with gunpowder for the future.'

His own home letters at this period, as indeed for the first few years of his Indian career, are mainly taken up with matters of domestic interest. These belong essentially to his biography, inasmuch as they exhibit the working of inner life and reveal the secrets of individual character. But for obvious reasons we shall be sparing in extracts, merely selecting those passages which may better serve to illustrate the whole correspondence. The reader may rest assured that if he were to read over from first to last every line of the



four or five original letters now before us, which come within the chronological scope of the present chapter, he would see no cause to consider the selections exceptional. The tone is one of genuine and honest affection; the spirit breathed is that which fathers and mothers would rejoice to acknowledge in the writings of their own sons; and if the language be not remarkable for high educational polish, it has the more sterling merit of straightforward expression and simplicity. That he was not trained when a boy in the art of polite correspondence may be taken for granted. Mrs. Outram could tell the story of a certain epistle he had to prepare, in which the mere formula of commencing and ending was not accomplished without assistance; and she seemed to think this the only piece of letter-composition that could be credited to him prior to departure for India.¹ She marvelled how he wrote so well when fairly launched on his Indian career.

We have quoted his views regarding employment on the regimental staff. Let us turn from self to his care for the happiness of others, especially of her whom he addressed as the presiding genius of his home. Assuredly it is manhood and not childhood, nor even youth, which realises the poetry as well as essential charm of the relationship between mother and son.

‘You used to say you were badly off,’ he wrote in an undated letter, bearing the postmark of November 1822, ‘but as I had been used to poor Udney, I thought we were

¹ The real story is thus told :—‘During the holidays, a schoolfellow (one of the Gordons of Manar) sent him a letter by a servant. His mother said he must in civility answer it, so he retired to do so. After a while he came back, saying, “How am I to begin?” “Why, ‘My dear Gordon,’ of course.” Thus prompted, he again disappeared for a considerable time. He then came and asked how he was to end, and being told, “Yours sincerely, James Outram,” soon brought his letter. His mother had the curiosity to look at what he had said. The contents were simply, “My dear Gordon—Yours sincerely James Outram.”’