Nepaul, near to Oude, your Lordship will probably not object, so as all be quiet within my charge. I was well acquainted with Mr. Jung when I was Resident at Katmandoo, and I think he would be glad to renew intercourse. If he will not, you will perhaps let me take a part of my office to Nynee-Tal or Almorah, for a couple of the most trying months, if I find that I can do so without injury to the public service. These stations are but two nights' run from Oude. That I have not abused my license to live at Aboo is proved by the fact of my having been marching about Rajpootana at one time or other during every month of the year except June." 1857.

No better appointment than this could have been made, but the wisdom of the act was marred by one fatal defect: it was "too late." When the new Commissioner reached Lucknow, he found that almost everything that ought not to have been done had been done, and that what ought to have been first done had not been done at all, and that the seeds of rebellion had been sown broadcast over the land. He saw plainly what was coming. On his journey to Oude he spent some little time with an old and honoured friend—the friend to whom I am indebted for the account of Lawrence's Goruckpore days—and he told the civilian that the time was not far distant when he (Mr. Reade), with the Lieutenant-Governor and other big Brahmins, would be shut up in the fort of Agra by a rebellion of the Native Army.

But the appointment pleased him. No higher proof of the confidence of the Governor-General could have been afforded to him; no more important duties could have devolved upon him. How he wished that he had gone there a year sooner! But he did all that could be done to repair the errors of the past. He found the aristocracy—the Princes and the nobles of the land—bowed down to the dust, keeping body and soul together, men and women alike of high birth, with the best blood in their veins, by selling their shawls and jewels after dark in the bazaars. At once he took up a duty so mercilessly neglected by his predecessor, and began, without wasting time on preliminary inquiries—for investigation and starvation in such cases are synonymous—to pay the stipends of the old nobility. But it was not in mortal power to arrest

1857. the growth of the rebellion, which was then striking deep root in the soil. In other parts of the country the disaffection which was exhibiting itself in the spring of 1857 might be nothing more than military mutiny—a mere professional agitation, accidental, superficial; but in Oude there was small likelihood of its stopping short of a national insurrection. Firstly, it was plain that the introduction of British rule had turned against us all the great territorial chiefs—feudal barons with large bodies of armed followers—and all the once-powerful classes which had been maintained in wealth and luxury by the Court of Lucknow. It was plain, also, that the disbanding of the old native army of Oude had scattered over the country large numbers of lawless and desperate men, owing their ruin to the English usurpation. But plainest of all was the fact, that a large proportion of the Sepoy army of Bengal was drawn from the small yeomanry of Oude; that the province was indeed the great home of our native soldiery, and that in every village there were numerous families sure to sympathise with the malcontents, and to aid the efforts of their sons and brothers in the Company's Army.

State of the Sepoy Army.

There was no subject of which Sir Henry Lawrence had thought more—none in which he took a deeper or more anxious interest—than the condition of the Sepoy army. For many years he had lifted up his voice, vainly, against the defects of the system, and vaticinating evil, often, as he said, to his own injury. And now that the palpable discontents in the native regiments were filling all men with alarm, he wrote frequent letters to the Governor-General, giving him the results of his experience. "I have recently," he wrote on May 1st, 1857, "received many letters on the state of the army. Most of them attribute the present bad feeling not to the cartridge, or any other specific question, but to a pretty general dissatisfaction at many recent acts of Government, which have been skilfully played upon by incendiaries. This is my own opinion. The Sepoy is not the man of consequence he was. He dislikes annexations, among other reasons, because each new province added to the empire widens his sphere of service, and at the same time decreases

our foreign enemies, and thereby the Sepoys' importance. 1857.
Ten years ago a Sepoy in the Punjab asked an officer what we could do without them; another said, 'Now you have got the Punjab, you will reduce the army.' A third remarked, when he heard that Sindh was to be joined to Bengal, 'Perhaps there will be an order to join London to Bengal.' The other day an Oude Sepoy of the Bombay Cavalry at Neemuch, being asked if he liked annexation, replied: 'No. I used to be a great man when I went home, the best in my village rose as I approached; now, the lowest puff their pipes in my face.' The general service enlistment oath is most distasteful. It keeps many out of the Service, and frightens the old Sepoys, who imagine that the oaths of the young recruits affect the whole regiment. One of the best captains of the 13th Native Infantry (at this place) said to me, last week, he has clearly ascertained this fact. Mr. E. A. Reade, of the Sudder Board, who was for years Collector of Gorruckpoor, had 'the General Service Order' given to him as a reason, last year, when on his tour, by many Rajpoots, for not entering the Service. 'The Salt Water,' he told me, was the universal answer. The new Post-office rules are bitter grievances; indeed, the native community generally suffer by them. But the Sepoy, having had special privileges, feels this deprivation in addition to the general uncertainty as to letters; nay, rather the positive certainty of not getting them. There are many other points which might with great advantage be redressed, which, if your Lordship will permit me, I will submit with extracts from some of the letters I have received from old regimental officers. In the words of one of them: 'If the Sepoy is not speedily redressed, he will redress himself.' I would rather say, unless some openings and rewards are offered to the military, as have been to the native civil servants, and unless certain matters are righted, we shall be perpetually subjected to our present condition of affairs. The Sepoy feels we cannot do without him, and yet the highest reward a Sepoy can obtain at fifty, sixty, and seventy years of age, is about one hundred pounds a year, without a prospect of a brighter career for his son. Surely this is not the inducement to offer to a foreign soldier for special fidelity and long service. I earnestly entreated Lords

1857. Hardinge's and Dalhousie's attention to the fact, and more especially to the point that Jemadar's pay, though he is a commissioned officer, second in rank to the highest, is only twenty-four rupees a month, or less than thirty pounds a year, while the average age of Jemadars in the Bengal army is not less than fifty. The pension rules are, perhaps, the greatest of all the grievances. No soldier in the Bengal army can retire after any length of service, until he is incapacitated by ill-health. Recently the rules have been made more stringent, and scores of men sent up to Committees have been rejected. Last week I saw in the 13th Native Infantry hospital a Havildar, a fine fellow in his youth, who had been for years a leper, and another who had been for nine months quite lame. These two are and have been in hospital since they returned a month ago from the Cawnpore Committee. The regimental authorities think them useless as soldiers, yet the rules of the Service oblige the Committee to send them back to engender discontent, and to burthen the finances, and to encumber the regiment. Some months ago I wrote officially from Aboo about the hardship of the invalid rules on Irregulars. Yesterday one of the Jodhpoor Legion Soubahdars was with me, a noble old fellow of fifty-two years' service; two days before a more infirm Soubahdar of the Legion, of only forty years' service, was also with me, on his way home on leave. Both these men ought to have been in the invalids ten years ago, and probably would have been, had they been in the Bombay army. An order allowing retirement on a small pension, after a certain service, would be hailed with gratitude throughout the Service. . . . While on the subject, I must give your Lordship a proof of the estimate in which 'The Salt Water' (Kala Panee) is held, even by the most rough-and-ready portion of the native army. Last week an invalid Soubahdar of the Bombay 18th Native Infantry was with me for an hour or more. Among other matters, I asked him about foreign service, especially about Aden, whence he was invalided. With a sort of horror he referred to being restricted to three gallons of water daily. I asked whether he would prefer one hundred rupees a month at Aden to fifty at Baroda (where he had just before told me there was much fever). He replied at once, 'Fifty at Baroda.' I then said,

'Or one hundred and twenty-five at Aden?' His answer was to the effect, 'I went where I was ordered, but life is precious; anything in India is better than wealth beyond the sea.' And such, I am convinced, is the general Hindoo feeling. The man was a Brahmin, but a thorough loyalist. He had just before told me that he had stood in the ranks, shoulder to shoulder with outcasts, and that at Bombay a man would jump into a well if ordered. The reason he assigned for such implicit obedience was the greater admixture of castes. 'We are not all one there.' He might have given another reason: that the majority are far from their homes, also that the army is comparatively small, and has a larger proportion of Europeans. Invalid battalions, or regiments of a Service and a Home battalion, would be a boon, and would make the army more effective. The elderly and weakly would have comparative ease; the energetic and the young would have active employment. Twenty out of the seventy-four regiments being enlisted for general service, would meet all possible necessities for service beyond sea. Mahomedans and low-caste Hindoos would fill their ranks, and would give more contented Rajpoots and Brahmins for the other fifty-four, or say even forty-four regiments. All the roads are swarming with leave of absence and invalid Sepoys." 1857.

On the following day he wrote with especial reference to the Artillery, in which branch of the Service he naturally took the deepest interest: "I have no reason to doubt the fidelity of the Artillery, though much has been done to disgust many of the native officers, because they don't understand our mounted drill. All the European officers are very young men, and therefore look to mere smartness. Lieutenant A——, a mere boy, wants to invalid two Jemadars, both of them fine soldierly-looking fellows, and who know their duty as gunners, and are good riders, but don't understand English words of command. One of them is only a trifle above forty years of age, and neither of them wish to be invalided. I returned the roll, and a few days afterwards being struck by the appearance of the men at mounted exercise, I told Mr. A—— we should think ourselves lucky to have such men as native officers in our regular battalions. His reply was: 'I protest, Sir Henry, against my battery being compared with a regular

1857. one,' or words to that effect. Another day I saw the reserve company of Artillery, a splendid set of fellows, in appearance, at extension motions; that is, poking about their arms and feet as recruits have to do, though the majority are old soldiers, and many were in our own ranks. Thus it is that pipeclay and over-drill tend to disgust them. Two hours ago Captain Carnegie came to tell me that there has been a strong demonstration against cartridges in the 7th Oude Irregulars this morning. I hope and expect the report he heard is exaggerated, but I tell it for his commentary. He also told of an intended meeting of traitors to-morrow night, and asked whether he might put prisoners taken at such a meeting into gaol, as the Kotwalle is not safe. He gave me, however, to understand that he considers the military Police more safe than the Irregulars. The former are under their own old officers (a single one to a regiment), while the Irregulars are under new and young men. Now Captain Carnegie is an old interpreter, and quartermaster of a native corps, and had no hint from me of my opinion. Yet I am not sure he is not right. The Police have had more duty, but less pipeclay and bother. The pay is the same. . . . As far as I have ascertained, the bad feeling, as yet, is chiefly among the Hindoo Sepoys. Doubtless it is their fear for caste that has been worked on. Major Banks tells me that three years ago, when the education stir prevailed in Behar, a Soubahdar of the Body Guard seriously consulted him as to the report that all the servants of the State were to be made Christians. Thus, the oldest and best Hindoos are easily moved; but if bad feeling extended to open mutiny, the Mahommedans would soon become the most energetic and virulent mutineers. I will, as your Lordship directs, watch for difference of feeling between the two creeds." He then turned to discuss the question much mooted at the time, of the effect that the unlicensed Press had had in fomenting these prevailing discontents. He was all in favour of a free Press. He used it very freely himself, for the expression of his own opinions, and was not one to question the benefits which it had conferred on India. But he could not help seeing that although the native mind was necessarily wrought upon by the native Press, the power of mischief possessed by that Press was in no small measure derived from

the weapons placed in its hands by the European journals. On this subject he emphatically declared: "Whatever may be the danger from the native Press, I look on it that the papers published in our language are much the most dangerous. Disaffected native editors need only translate as they do, with or without notes, or words of admiration or exclamations, editorials from the *Friend of India* (on the duty of annexing every native State, on the imbecility, if not wickedness, of allowing a single Jagheer, and of preaching the Gospel, even by commanding officers), to raise alarm and hatred in the minds of all religionists, and all connected with native principalities or Jagheers. And among the above will be found a large majority of the dangerous classes." He then began to converse on the levelling system, so much in vogue amongst us. "We measure," he said, "too much by English rules, and expect, contrary to all experience, that the energetic and aspiring among immense military masses should like our dead level and our arrogation to ourselves, even where we are notorious imbeciles, of all authority and all emolument. These sentiments of mine, freely expressed during the last fifteen years, have done me injury, but I am not the less convinced of their soundness; and that until we treat natives, and especially native soldiers, as having much the same feelings, the same ambition, the same perception of ability and imbecility as ourselves, we shall never be safe. I do not advocate altogether disregarding seniority, but I do wonder that Generals, Colonels, and Soubahdars should only as a rule be men past work, who have never in their youth and energy been entrusted with power or responsibility. Also that we should expect the Soubahdar and Jemadar to be content with sixty-seven and twenty-four rupees a month respectively, while in the Civil Department their fellows, ten or twenty years younger, enjoy five hundred, six hundred, and even a thousand rupees, and while they themselves, if under a native ruler, would be Generals, if not Rajahs or Newabs. I have not seen original articles on the cartridge question, but almost every letter and article in the English papers regarding Barrackpore, Ambala, Meerut, Burhampore, and Dinapore, have been translated. The original articles chiefly refer to local grievances and personalities. The politics

1857.

1857. of the editor are to be chiefly gathered from pithy exclamations, &c., heading an article, as 'How Good!' 'Wonderful!' 'Mutiny and more Fires!' with plentiful supply of the words 'mutiny,' 'disobedience,' 'disturbance.' I would not trouble any of them, but, with your Lordship's permission, I think we might squash half the number, by helping one or two of the cleverest with information, and even with editorials and illustrations. Dr. Ogilvie tells me more than one of the English illustrated papers would, for a good purpose, sell cheap their half-worn plates. An illustrated vernacular cleverly edited would tell well, and do good politically and morally. I will be glad of your Lordship's sanction to a trial, not involving above five thousand rupees, or five hundred pounds. Of course I would not appear, and I would use the present editors—at any rate, try to do so."

May, 1857. The Mutiny in Oude.

The storm was now gathering, and Lawrence watched its progress with painful interest. He had long anticipated its coming, and insisted upon the wisdom of being prepared. One who had known him well, and worked with him for many years, writing to me of his foresight, says: "With all his love for the people and their interests, he felt that the rule of strangers was only tolerated because they could not help themselves. He was ever alive to the necessity for care and vigilance. His conversation constantly turned to the subject, and what measures should be adopted in case of any general disturbance. He did not, like most, rest in the feeling of perfect security. Passing along the parade-ground one afternoon, where there were several hundred young Hindostanee recruits at drill, he suddenly stopped, and pointing to them, said to me: 'Do you see those fine young fellows? Mark my words, the Government is nourishing young vipers in their breast, and unless care is taken they will one day turn upon us.' This was five years before the mutiny. With all this he never showed any distrust of them, but ever studied their interests and feelings." There was no one, indeed, who looked more tenderly and compassionately upon them, or with a deeper sense that the mischief which he so clearly discerned might have been averted by the observance of a

more generous policy than that which had recently found favour in our eyes. Regarding the Sepoy as a representative man, the exponent of the feelings and opinions of extensive village populations, and most of all in the great province of Oude, which he was then administering, he felt strongly that in the event of an outburst of the discontented soldiery, the rising must partake, more or less, of the character of a national revolt. Moreover, it was certain that, apart from all this, so many at the capital, who had fattened on the extravagance and profligacy of the Court, had suffered grievously by the coming of the English, that a rebellion of the troops would be the signal for a dangerous rising in the city. 1857

When, therefore, the storm burst—and it was certain that a crisis had arrived which would call forth all the energies of the English in India for the maintenance of our dominion—there was no single point of danger to which men's minds turned with deeper anxiety than to Lucknow; but over this anxiety there came an inspiring feeling of confidence when they remembered that Henry Lawrence was there. To the Governor-General this was an especial source of consolation. One of the earliest incidents of the military mutiny was an outbreak in an Irregular native regiment posted near Lucknow. With this Lawrence had grappled promptly and vigorously, in a manner which had won general admiration. Lord Canning saw clearly then that the right man was at the point of danger; and when Lawrence telegraphed to him, saying, "Give me full military authority: I will not use it unnecessarily," the Governor-General did not hesitate to place the chief direction of military as well as of civil affairs in the hands of the Commissioner. With this full responsibility upon him, he moved freely and without embarrassment. He could look with the soldier's and with the statesman's eye at the appearances before him; and he was as competent to deal with details of military defence, as to accommodate in other matters the action of his government to the political temper of the times. Preparing to meet the worst emergencies that could arise, he provided for the security of the European garrison; but he endeavoured at the same time to conciliate all classes, and especially to wean the minds of the soldiery

1857. from the apprehensions which had taken possession of them with respect to the safety of their caste. It was soon, however, apparent that nothing could be done by exhortations or persuasions—by promises of rewards to the faithful, or threats of punishment to the unfaithful. Neither words, nor money, nor dresses of honour could avail. Nothing but the stout heart and the strong arm could, under Providence, help the English in the extremity of their need.

As the month of May—that ill-omened month, which had seen the sanguinary outbreak at Meerut and the great calamity of the seizure of Delhi—wore to a close, appearances at Lucknow, and indeed all through the province, became more threatening. He had by this time done all that could be done for the safety of the people under his care; and before the month of June dawned upon him, he saw clearly the value of these precautions.* On the 29th of May, writing to Lord Canning, he thus described his position: "I have refrained from writing, as I had nothing pleasant to say, and indeed little more than a detail of daily alarms and hourly reports. Our three positions are now strong. In the cantonment where I reside, the two hundred and seventy or so men of her Majesty's 32nd, with eight guns, could at any time knock to pieces the few native regiments, and both the city Residency and the Muchee-Bhawn positions are safe against all probable comers; the latter quite so. But the work is harassing for all; and now we have no tidings from Delhi, my outside perplexities are hourly increasing. This day (29th) I had tidings of the murder of a Tehsildar in one

* What these precautions were are well and succinctly stated by a very old and dear friend and fellow-labourer, who, writing to me, says: "Look again at Lucknow. It was Henry Lawrence's foresight, humanly speaking, that saved every one of the garrison. But for him, I do not believe that one would have escaped. Three weeks before any one thought of the possibility of our ever being besieged in Lucknow, he saw that it might be the case. He laid his plans accordingly; got in all the treasure from the city and stations; bought up and stored grain and supplies of every kind; bought up all the supplies of the European shopkeepers; got the mortars and guns to the Residency; got in the powder and small ammunition, all the shot and shell, and the heavy guns; had pits dug for the powder and grain; arranged for water supply; strengthened the Residency; had outworks formed; cleared away all obstructions close up to the Residency, and made every preparation for the worst; and when, after the fight at Chinhut, the mutineers closed in on the Residency, and the whole population of the city and the province rose against us, they found the little garrison amply supplied with provisions, ammunition, and resources of every kind."

direction, and of the cry of 'Islam,' and the raising of the green standard, in another. I have also had reports of disaffection in three several Irregular corps. Hitherto the country has been quiet, and we have played the Irregulars against the Line regiments. But being constituted of the same materials, the taint is fast pervading them, and in a few weeks, if not days, unless Delhi be in the interim captured, there will be one feeling throughout the army—a feeling that our prestige is gone—and that feeling will be more dangerous than any other. Religion, fear, hatred, one and all have their influences, but there is still a reverence for the Company's Ikbal. When it is gone, we shall have few friends indeed. The tone and talk of many have greatly altered within the last few days, and we are now asked, almost in terms of insolence, whether Delhi is recaptured, or when it will be. It was only just after the Caubul massacre, and when we hesitated to advance through the Khybur, that, in my memory, such tone ever before prevailed. Every effort should be made to recover Delhi. The "King" is a watchword to Mahomedans; the loss of a capital is a stigma on us, and to these are added the fears prevailing among all classes regarding religion. A native letter, recently sent to your Lordship by Colonel Colin Troup, from Bareilly, fairly depicts the feeling of the better classes of natives, and especially of Brahmins. They think that we are ungrateful, and that we no longer respect their religion or care for their interests. There is no positive abuse in that letter, whereas in all that are posted or dropped here the chief ingredients are abuse and violence. . . . Once Delhi is recaptured the game will again be in our own hands, if we play the cards with ordinary skill." 1857.

He had not proceeded much further than this when stress of active business compelled him to break off, and before he could complete the letter the native troops in the cantonment had broken into open mutiny. On the evening of the 30th of May, when Sir Henry Lawrence and his Staff were at dinner, a Sepoy, who had previously been rewarded for his fidelity, rushed in and announced that there was a rising in the Lines. Lawrence at once ordered out a party of Europeans, with some guns, and sending for further reinforce-

1857. ments, went down to the scene of the disturbance. Good execution was done that night, and again on the following morning, against the mutineers; and when Lawrence again took up his pen to resume the interrupted letter to the Governor-General, he spoke cheerfully of the situation, saying that he thought matters were better than before. "Press of work," he wrote, "stopped me here. We have since had the émeute which I have telegraphed. We are now positively better than we were. We now know our friends and enemies; the latter beggars have no stomach for a fight, though they are capital incendiaries. We followed them on Sunday morning six miles, and only once got within round-shot range. I went with a few horsemen four or five miles farther; we got sixty prisoners in all, and I am now trying them and others by three drum-head courts-martial. Yesterday evening we had several large gatherings in the city, and towards night they opened fire on the police and on a post of Irregulars. The former behaved admirably, and thrashed them well; killed several, and took six prisoners. Among the former was a brother-in-law of the King's Vakeel. The Kotwal headed the police. I have made him a Bahadoor. . . . This evening we hung two men—one a Sepoy, who murdered poor Lieutenant Grant, and a spy. To-morrow I shall get the proceedings of other courts, and will probably hang twenty or thirty. These executions will, I am confident, quiet men's minds. I have told you by telegraph it will never do to retire on Allahabad; we could not do it. Besides, I am quite confident we can hold our ground at Lucknow as long as provisions last, and we have already a month's laid in. When Delhi is taken we are all safe. If there is much delay, most of our outposts will be lost. The officers killed are Brigadier Handscomb, Lieutenant Grant, and Cornet Raleigh, 9th Light Cavalry. Wounded: Lieutenant Chambers, 13th N. I., and Lieutenant Hardinge, 3rd Oude Cavalry. Hardinge is a splendid soldier. He led a few horse several times through the burning cantonments and through a crowd of mutineers. One shot at him within a foot, and then bayoneted him through the flesh of the arm. Hardinge shot the fellow dead. Wounded as he was, he could not have had an hour's sleep, and yet he was the hero

of yesterday's work, and had we had any good cavalry he would have cut up all the mutineers. I was wrong as to his having been the hero. He was one. Martin Gubbins was another. He, with three horsemen, did the work of a regiment, and headed the rascals, and brought in six prisoners, for which I have given the three horsemen six hundred rupees." 1857.

It would be vain to endeavour, in such a Memoir as this, to narrate the incidents of the defence of Lucknow, even in so far as Sir Henry Lawrence was connected with them. That story belongs to history. How wisely and assiduously he laboured, with what untiring energy and devotion, in spite of the failure of the frail flesh, has been told by more than one of his comrades. He was in feeble health when first he went to Lucknow. It had been his intention to proceed to England for a while, partly to recruit his strength, and partly to direct the final studies of his son, then about to enter the Indian Civil Service, when the offer of the Oude Commissionership arrested his homeward movements, and braced him up awhile for the continuance of his work. But the hot weather coming in with such a crowd of anxieties, tried him severely; and it was plain to those who were about his person that mind and body had been tasked overmuch. "The ordinary labours of his office," wrote one who was continually in official association with him, "had fully tried his strength; but the intense anxiety attending his position at the present crisis would have worn the strongest frame. At first he was able to ride about a good deal, but now he drove about in his carriage. He lost appetite and sleep, and his changed and careworn appearance was painfully visible to all." But he worked on; and when, in the second week of June, such an alarming state of exhaustion supervened that his medical staff cautioned him that further application to business would endanger his life, he could with difficulty be persuaded to lay aside his work for a little time, and on the first symptom of a slight accession of strength, returned eagerly to his duties. Active among the active, as a soldier he was ever in the front and in the midst of danger. June. Progress of Rebellion.

From the letters which he wrote during the month of June, the following extracts may be given. They exhibit the progress of events at Lucknow, and the sentiments with which

1857. Lawrence regarded them: "June 13 (*To Lord Canning*). I wrote a long letter yesterday, telling you of the sad succession of misfortunes in this quarter.* To-day I have had confirmation of the fate of Sooltanpore and Fyzabad. A native letter, bearing the stamp of truth, tells that the troops rose and butchered the Europeans at Sooltanpore. From Fyzabad Mr. Bradford writes (no date, probably the 6th), that the officers and ladies had *all* been saved, that everything had been conducted with the utmost regularity, the native civil officers taking prominent places, and that the King of Delhi had been proclaimed. In all quarters we hear of similar method and regularity. At Duriabad, Secrora, and Seetapoor, individuals have been obliged to give up their plunder, and the treasure is carefully guarded. This quiet method bespeaks some leading influence. We cannot get certain tidings from Cawnpore, although we have sent many messengers; but we have no reason to doubt that General Wheeler still holds his ground. The mutineers hold the river bank for many miles above and below Cawnpore, and search all passers. They at once seized all the boats and drew them to their own bank. Would that we could help the besieged, but our numbers, the distance, and the river, forbid the thought. This is frightful weather for field operations for Europeans. Yesterday we lost two out of a hundred and thirty, from exposure, after three P.M., in our pursuit of the mutinous Police battalions. . . . . We hold our ground in cantonment, and daily strengthen both our town positions, bearing in mind that the Residency is to be the final point of concentration. The health of the troops is good, and the weather propitious, as long as there is not exposure to the sun. The conduct of the Europeans is beautiful. By God's help we can hold our own for a month, but there should be no delay in sending succour. The appearance of two European regiments would soon enable us to settle the province; but if Lucknow be lost, and this force destroyed, the difficulty would be vastly increased. I am quite well again. Pray have us informed of what is going on elsewhere; it seems a century since our communications have been cut off." "June 16. To-day we received a letter of the 14th from General Wheeler, who

* This letter seems to have miscarried.

bravely holds out. He asks us for two hundred Europeans. 1857.
I would risk the absence of so large a portion of our small force could I see the smallest prospect of its being able to succour him. But no individual here, cognisant of facts, except Mr. Gubbins, thinks we could carry a single man across the river, as the enemy holds all the boats, and completely commands the river. May God Almighty defend Cawnpore, for no help can we afford! Our own positions are daily strengthening, and our supplies increasing; but all the outposts are gone, and the rebels and mutineers are said to be closing in on us, though as yet all is quiet at Lucknow. Elsewhere throughout the province all is anarchy, the Talookdars re-occupying the villages of which the summary settlement dispossessed them, and all men asserting their own rights."

"June 19. It is now a fortnight since we have had a communication from either Agra or Calcutta. My several letters, some of which I trust have reached, have reported our position. All our outposts are gone, but we still hold the Lucknow cantonment and city, and a small circuit around. Daily, however, we expect to be besieged, and many of the military in cantonment are afraid of their position, and desire to be withdrawn; on the other hand, Mr. Gubbins wishes that a small force (two hundred Europeans, four guns, one hundred Sepoys, and about fifty horse) should be sent wherever there is talk of a gathering. It is a very great grief to me to be unable to help Cawnpore. Were we stronger, the want of boats would make the move impracticable; but circumstanced as we are, the absence of two hundred Europeans and four guns for a week would peril our whole position. Not having a single trustworthy native, we are helpless for offensive operations, but, with care and prudence, we are strong for defence, as long as food remains and sickness keeps off. We have had eight deaths by cholera among the Europeans during the last fortnight, and some among the natives. Otherwise the health is good. Steamers can come to Fyzabad. We look anxiously for news."

"June 21. A letter from General Wheeler, dated 18th of June, ten P.M., stated that his supplies would hold out for another fortnight, that he had plenty of ammunition, and that his guns were serviceable. The enemy's attacks had always been repulsed with loss, but he was much in want of

1857. assistance. Troops are still reported to be assembling at Fyzabad and at Duriabad, with the intention of concentrating and attacking Lucknow, but it does not seem that any onward movement has at present been made. Our position is daily getting stronger, but daily some of our few natives are leaving, and, if we are besieged, I fear that few, if any, will remain. This will be inconvenient, as it will make more difficult the raising of a native force when we are able to take the field. We still hold the cantonment, and move eight or ten miles out if necessary, but with no trustworthy cavalry and very few artillerymen, we are obliged to look keenly to our two positions in the city. If either would hold all conveniently, the other should have been abandoned; but such is not the case. Each has its advantages, and we have to guard against sickness as much as the enemy. From four sides we are threatened; but if all go well quickly at Delhi, and, still more, if Cawnpore hold out, I doubt if we shall be besieged at all. Our preparations alarm the enemy. It is deep grief to me to be unable to help Cawnpore. I would run much risk for Wheeler's sake; but an attempt with our means would only ruin ourselves without helping Cawnpore. Cholera in a light form is amongst us; we have lost eight Europeans during the last fortnight at the Muchee-Bhawn. At each post four or five natives have died during the last week. All sanitary measures are being taken. The general health is good, and the weather, though hot, is favourable to those not exposed. I am well. European troops moving above Allahabad should have guns with them, and also intelligent officers (civil or military) acquainted with the country. The detachment of her Majesty's 84th came here a fortnight ago with only cloth clothes. It is important to see that others coming up are properly dressed and cared for. We look most anxiously for news. I trust that all the China troops are coming, and that large indents have been made on England."

"June 24 (*To Mr. Court*). I have written many times, but received no answer. I am very anxious for news, as all my communications have been cut off during the last twenty days. We are well and comfortable now, both in cantonment and in the city, but we are threatened by the mutineers from several directions. We are well prepared for them, having plenty of

provision and numerous guns. Our anxieties are for Cawnpore, which we cannot possibly succour, as the boats are on the Cawnpore side, &c. &c. Send us a cossid every other day. A native from Delhi tells us our troops are before Delhi, and had beaten the enemy. This seems authentic, and I doubt not the city is now in our hands, and that in a few weeks all will be comparatively settled; but pray remember Oude is the home of three-fourths of the rebels, and that already thousands are flocking to it, and that the runaways from Delhi will probably mostly come this way, and in desperation may have a shy at us. Next, then, to Cawnpore, we may require succour. A single European regiment and company of European artillery would enable me to take the field and knock to pieces all rebels and mutineers. Send on this letter to Government, and a copy of it to my son at Oakfield, Penrith, Cumberland, England. The health of the troops is generally good. I am well. Pray succour Cawnpore speedily. I am doing what I can to get Wheeler provisions, by offering large prices and large rewards, but fear I shall not succeed. We have had authentic intelligence of seven or eight regiments advancing against us, being only twenty miles off. We may be besieged forty-eight hours hence. There should be no delay in sending succour to us as well as to Cawnpore. Five hundred infantry and four guns, with two hundred native infantry, or police, would be safe under an intelligent officer. Once in Oude, we can assist the advance of a force." "June 26 (*To Colonel Neill*). Your letter of the 20th has reached, and has found us all well and comfortable at Lucknow, though some regiments, with many guns, are collecting eighteen miles off, with the avowed intention of attacking us. This they will hardly do, though they may try and plunder the more distant portions of this immense city. They wisely collect at distances beyond a long march, or we should, even now, have beaten them up with three hundred Europeans and four guns, which we can always spare for one day at a time as long as we are not actually besieged. The health of the troops is improving. Delhi city was captured by our army on the 14th, when the rebels took refuge in the palace, which could not have held out many hours. This will have immense effect on the

1857.

1857. country. We only heard the news to-day, and I pass it on to you, as the Cawnpore road is closed. General Wheeler is, I fear, in extremity, though I have been making every indirect effort to help him. To help him otherwise we have not the means. I hope you have been able to post up five hundred Europeans with four guns. The very news of their approach would probably relieve Wheeler, as there is great dissension in the rebel camp. To help him, your succour must be speedy. Civil officers, or others well acquainted with the country, should accompany the troops, and every precaution taken to save them from the heat. The detachment, her Majesty's 89th, that came here had no light clothing or cap covers. Pray see to these points, as the lives of many men depend on them. There are good topes in which to encamp all the way to Cawnpore. Now that Delhi is taken,* you may be able to enlist Native Irregulars, who can be fairly relied on. Some should accompany each European detachment, to save them from fatigue duties. Not less than four hundred Europeans and four guns should move together as long as the Nana's force is in strength at Cawnpore. Detachments of four hundred to five hundred men with guns ought to overcome all opposition. Employ Hindoos rather than Mussulmans as Irregulars. On approaching Cawnpore care should be taken against treachery. The Nana is a Mahratta, and an adept in deceit. Old Burkundaazes will, perhaps, be the safest Irregulars. All was quiet at Mynpooree, Agra, and Etaweh on the 17th, and now that Delhi is taken, affairs will doubtless improve. Pray give us your exact numbers, also those at Benares and Dinapore. Send this on to the Governor-General, and send its purport by telegraph. Show it also to Mr. Chester and Court, and ask them to write to me. I want full particulars of the events of the last twenty days at Allahabad and other places downwards. Is all quiet in the Madras Presidency? Have the China troops reached Calcutta, or when are they expected? The runaways from Delhi will come in thousands to Oude, where we must already have hardly less than a hundred thousand. I don't fear them as regards Lucknow, but until we have another European regiment we cannot expect

* It need not be said that this was altogether a mistake.

to introduce order into the province. At present every villain is abroad, and an internecine war prevails in every quarter. Two columns, each with five hundred Europeans, would soon put all right, but the more delay the more difficulty, as daily new parties are committing themselves. Mr. Court and Chester will write to me fully, I hope. I wish a copy of this letter to be sent to my son in England."* 1857.

"Sir Henry Lawrence is doing admirably at Lucknow. All safe there."—Such were the words in which letter after letter from the Governor-General to the authorities in England communicated the confidence felt by Lord Canning in the Oude Commissioner. And so fully was that confidence shared by the Home Government, that when the Court of Directors and the Queen's Government, warned by the critical state of our relations in India, found it necessary to nominate a new Governor-General provisionally, in the event of the death or the retirement of Lord Canning, they had no hesitation in selecting Sir Henry Lawrence as the man to whom, above all others, they could most confidently entrust, in that emergency, the supreme direction of affairs.

But it was the saddest thing of all—nothing so sad in the history of the calamities of the Indian Mutiny—that he never lived to place this crown upon his brows. Such a recognition at the last would have healed all his old wounds—would have been ample compensation to him for all the crosses he had endured. No soldier of the Company's army had ever been so honoured. Of all the Englishmen in India, he was held to be the one best able, in a crisis of unexampled magnitude, to hold the helm and weather the storm, if by any mischance or caprice Canning had been removed from the scene. All that his honourable ambition ever sought would have been thus attained, and in the completeness of his career he would have found perfect satisfaction. But it was otherwise ordained by God. His end was rapidly approaching. He was well-nigh worn-out with labour and anxiety, and, if the strong resolute will had not sustained him, his bodily frailty would have succumbed to the pressure. Once, it has been shown, he was compelled to rest and to recruit, but the supreme authority, which he relinquished to a Provisional Council, was soon

* Sent also to General Havelock.

1857. resumed.* He had before this, with some forebodings, perhaps, of the future, placed on record his wishes with respect to the succession to the civil and military offices which he held. "If anything happens to me," he wrote, "during the present disturbances, I recommend that Colonel Inglis succeed me in command, and that Major Banks should be appointed to the command of one of the posts. There should be No SURRENDER. I commend my children and the Lawrence Asylums to Government." And he had sent a telegram to the Governor-General, saying: "If anything happens to me during the present disturbances, I earnestly recommend that Major Banks succeed me as Chief Commissioner, and Colonel Inglis in command of the troops, until better times arrive. This is no time for punctilio as regards seniority. They are the right men—in fact, the only men for the places. My Secretary entirely concurs with me on the above points." It seemed, indeed, to be far more within the scope of God's providence at that time that there should be needed men to take his place than that he should ever live to succeed to the higher place of another.

And so the month of June wore to its close; and Henry Lawrence, ever regardless of self, toiled on day and night, with unwearying vigilance and unfailing energy, until those about him marvelled how he could bear up against such an incessant strain on mind and body. He seemed never to rest. At all hours of the night he was up and doing. That he derived great "access of unexpected strength" from prayer, is not to be doubted. Often those who entered his room found him upon his knees praying for wisdom from the Almighty Councillor, and imploring mercy for the poor

* It was on the 9th of June that Lawrence appointed this Council. The order was thus: "As Dr. Fayrer states that it is imperatively necessary for my health that I should remain perfectly quiet for the next twenty-four hours, I appoint Mr. Gubbins, Mr. Ommaney, Lieutenant-Colonel Inglis, Major Anderson, and Major Banks to be a council to conduct the affairs of the province until I feel myself sufficiently convalescent to resume the government.—H. M. LAWRENCE, June 9, 1857." The Council sat on the 10th and 11th. On the morning of the 12th, Lawrence, eager to return to his work, obtained a certificate, somewhat reluctantly given, to the effect that, although he was capable of resuming his duties, he should be spared as much mental and bodily fatigue as possible. Upon this, Mr. Gubbins recommended that the powers of the Council should be continued, but that all important questions should be referred to the General. Against this the other four members voted, and the powers of the Council ceased.

people committed to his charge, against whom our enemies were raging so furiously. He knew that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much, and he never ceased from his intercessions. 1857.

Chinhut.

On the last day of June there was a great and a sad crisis in the affairs of that little body of Christian men. Tidings were brought in by our scouts that large bodies of the mutinous regiments were advancing upon Lucknow. And when Lawrence heard that the enemy had thus collected in force, with the probable intention of making straight upon Lucknow, he determined to go out to meet them. He had always, in the weak state of his garrison, been opposed to such offensive movements, thinking that the best chance of present safety and of future victory lay in husbanding his strength for the work of defence. But there were some about him, the most prominent of whom was Mr. Gubbins, whose irrepressible gallantry led them to counsel a more forward policy; and Lawrence appears now to have thought that the opportunity was a favourable one for trying this bolder and more pronounced style of action, and threatening the enemy at a distance from the city walls. So, on the morning of the 30th of June, he went out at the head of a force of all arms, and marched towards Newaubgung, where his scouts told him that the enemy had been seen in large numbers; but whether he designed to draw them into action, or whether, as some believed, he contemplated little more than an armed reconnaissance, is not very clear. He said afterwards that he had acted against his own judgment, and he reproached himself for having been moved by the fear of man to undertake so hazardous an enterprise.*

* Upon this subject, Mr. Gubbins has written in his book: "Upon his deathbed Sir Henry referred to the disaster at Chinhut, and said that he had acted against his own judgment from the fear of man. I have often inquired, but I never learnt the name of any one who had counselled the step which resulted in so severe a calamity." This may be true; but it is not quite the whole truth. It is probable that no one especially recommended this individual movement; but it is certain that Mr. Gubbins himself was continually urging Sir Henry Lawrence to send out a force to meet the enemy. But what he certainly did with respect to this particular affair was to ridicule the idea that the enemy were advancing in any formidable strength. When the news of the advance of the mutineers was first brought in, the circular that went round for the in-

1857. Some six or seven miles from Lucknow, Lawrence halted his force, and, dismounting from his horse, walked into a grove which skirted the roadside, and remained there for half an hour—it is believed, instant in prayer. When he emerged, he remounted, and gave his orders for the troops to advance. They had not proceeded far when they came upon the whole

formation of the chief officers of the garrison stated that the man who brought the information said he could not speak with certainty as to the numbers, but that he heard there were eight or nine regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, with twelve guns. Mr. Gubbins appended four notes of exclamation to the passage, and wrote beneath it, "*What stuff!*—M. G.;" and not satisfied with this, endorsed the paper with the same words. But we now learn from Mr. Gubbins himself ("Mutinies in Oudh," pp. 189-190) that the rebel force consisted of nine and a half regiments of infantry, twelve guns, and seven or eight hundred cavalry. It must be added, in the cause of historic truth, that after the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, Brigadier Inglis took some pains to elicit the facts, and that letters were addressed to several Staff-officers on the subject. One answered: "I could not positively state that Mr. Gubbins addressed a letter to the late Sir Henry Lawrence urging him to send troops to Seetapoor, or to Chinhut, or to Cawnpore, or anywhere else, but I have a decided though general impression that he did do so; and, if I am not mistaken, Mahommedabad and Nawabgunge, on the Fyzabad road, might be included in the list of places to which Mr. Gubbins thought it would be beneficial to send troops. . . . I have so often heard Sir Henry Lawrence talk on this subject, especially dwelling on the pertinacity with which Mr. Gubbins pressed him, that I could, without much difficulty, show, if necessary, the line of argument the Brigadier-General adopted." Another wrote: "Several times the Brigadier-General (Lawrence) asked me how I could equip detachments of Europeans which Mr. Gubbins proposed sending to Seetapore, Cawnpore, Mulleabad, and Nawabgunge; and if it were possible to transport them within certain fixed times on elephants. On these occasions I perfectly remember Sir Henry appeared irritated and annoyed, and always pronounced such expeditions most rash, unsafe, and utterly impracticable. The feasibility of the proposed enterprises was openly discussed by all the members of the Staff, both in Sir H. Lawrence's room, and often at his table, and I always heard that Mr. Gubbins had advocated the movements." A third said, in reply: "I have the honour to state, for the information of the Brigadier commanding at Lucknow (Inglis), that I perfectly remember that in the latter part of June last many letters were received by the late Sir H. M. Lawrence from Mr. Gubbins. Several of these letters were given to me to read, but not all, as they did not belong to my department, but to that of the Military Secretary. I, however, generally heard the purport of them discussed, which was the advisability of sending an European force over to Cawnpore, at another time to Seetapore and Chinhut, and also the advantages to be gained by sending a force out to meet the rebel army at Nawabgunge. I always heard the late Brigadier-General express himself as strongly opposed to the above movements." And again another officer, who had peculiar opportunities of observation, said: "Sir Henry Lawrence did from time to time complain to me that the indomitable personal courage of Mr. Gubbins, his excessive zeal and ardent temperament, had caused him to be the over-earnest, importunate, and too public advocate of military movements which, according to Sir Henry's personal judgment, could only have ended disastrously. He more than once deplored to me, as a calamity which weighed down his spirits, that owing to the chivalric ardour and the eloquent fervour with which Mr. Gubbins urged his views, and the publicity which he gave to them, the Finance Commissioner had come to be regarded by some of the more spirited and less experienced officers of the force as the real man for the crisis." Nothing further need be said to explain the meaning of Lawrence's dying words.

body of the enemy, consisting, it is said, of fifteen or sixteen thousand men, with more than thirty pieces of ordnance. The action at once commenced, but it was soon little more than a rout. Our native artillerymen cut the traces of their guns and went over to the enemy.* Colonel Case, at the head of the 32nd Regiment, fell gallantly, and his men were disheartened by his fall. It is a wonder that any of our people, deserted and betrayed as they were, escaped from such an overwhelming multitude of the enemy. Our loss was very heavy. It is probable, indeed, that the whole of the 32nd Regiment would have been destroyed but for an act which manifested Henry Lawrence's coolness and fertility of resource in this distressing conjuncture. When there was not a shot left in our tumbrils, he caused a gun to be drawn up and portfires to be lighted as if he were about to fire, and under cover of this harmless piece of ordnance the Europeans were enabled to retreat. It is related that he was always in the most exposed parts of the field, riding from point to point, amidst a terrific fire of grape, round-shot, and musketry. It is added, that he was deeply moved by the sufferings of our people. He wrung his hands in agony of mind, and was heard to say, "My God! my God! and I brought them to this!"† 1857.

Sir Henry Lawrence, who had little anticipated such a catastrophe—who had not, indeed, thought that a general action would have been the result of the reconnaissance—had sent out his carriage, intending to return in it; but in the

* They were the Artillery of the Oude Irregular Force. In the well-known report of the Defence of Lucknow, which bears the name of Colonel (Sir John) Inglis, but the narrative portion of which is supposed to have been written by Mr. (now Sir George) Couper, who was continually by Lawrence's side, as secretary at home and as aide-de-camp abroad, the story is thus told: "The Oude artillerymen and drivers were traitors. They overturned the guns into ditches, cut the traces of their horses, and abandoned them, regardless of the remonstrances and exertions of their own officers and of those of Sir Henry Lawrence's Staff, headed by the Brigadier-General in person, who himself drew his sword upon the rebels. Every effort to induce them to stand having proved ineffectual, the force, exposed to a vastly superior fire of artillery, and completely surrounded on both sides by an overpowering body of infantry and cavalry, which actually got into our rear, was compelled to retire, with the loss of three pieces of artillery, which fell into the hands of the enemy, in consequence of the rank treachery of the Oude gunners, and with a very grievous list of killed and wounded. The heat was dreadful, the gun-ammunition was expended, and the almost total want of cavalry to protect our rear, made our retreat most disastrous."

† Rees's "Siege of Lucknow."

1857. retreat which followed the disastrous action at Chinhut, the horses were required for other purposes, and Lawrence, physically prostrated, was conveyed to Lucknow on a gun-carriage. "Weak and exhausted by illness before he started," says Colonel Inglis, "it was a miracle he returned alive. I met him at the door of the Residency as he returned. It needed no words to explain the result; the utterly exhausted state of our poor fellows as they came in told its own tale. An overwhelming force, aided by the defection of our native gunners, brought about the catastrophe."

"This morning," wrote Lawrence to Havelock, soon after the return of his defeated force to Lucknow, "we went out eight miles to meet the enemy, and we were defeated, and lost five guns, through the misconduct chiefly of our native artillery, many of whom have deserted. The enemy have followed us up, and we have now been besieged for four hours, and shall probably to-night be surrounded. The enemy are very bold, and our Europeans very low. I look on our position now as ten times as bad as it was yesterday—indeed, it is very critical; we shall be obliged to concentrate, *if we are able;* we shall have to abandon much supplies, and to blow up much powder. Unless we are relieved quickly, say in fifteen or twenty days, we shall hardly be able to maintain our position. We lost three officers killed this morning, and several wounded: Colonel Case, Captain Stephen, and Mr. Brackenbury." And forwarding this through Mr. Tucker, at Benares, he said: "The annexed bad news speaks for itself, and shows the urgent necessity of speedy success. Our position is *very* critical. Telegraph this both to Allahabad, in case my cossid there fails, and also to Calcutta."

There was nothing more to be done but to withdraw within the Residency,* and to prepare to withstand a siege. Our other post, the Muchee-Bhawn, was abandoned; the guns were spiked; the ammunition exploded; the works, as far as possible, destroyed; and our people withdrawn. The enemy were now swarming around us, and the part of the Residency —an upper room—which Sir Henry Lawrence occupied was

* By this is to be understood not merely the Resident's house, but a cluster of buildings, or part of the town occupied by our officers or establishment; in short, the English "quarter."

exposed to a merciless fire of shot and shell. On the 1st of July, a shell burst in his room; and the officers about him all endeavoured to persuade the General to move to a safer part of the building; but thinking that it was the best spot from which to superintend the defence, he refused to change his quarters. That this was a fatal error was too soon made manifest, for on the following day, as he was lying on his couch, a shell burst beside him, and grievously shattered his thigh. His nephew, Mr. George Lawrence, immediately summoned Dr. Fayrer to his assistance, and when Sir Henry saw him, he asked at once how long he had to live. When the doctor answered "about three days," he expressed astonishment that so long a term had been granted to him, and seemed to think that he should pass away before the end of it. As shot and shell were continually striking against the Residency, Dr. Fayrer caused the wounded man to be removed to his own house, which was more sheltered from the enemy's artillery, and there a consultation of medical officers was held, and it was determined that to attempt amputation would be only to increase suffering and to shorten life.* 1857.

Then Henry Lawrence prepared himself for death. First of all, he asked Mr. Harris, the chaplain, to administer the Holy Communion to him. In the open verandah, exposed to a heavy fire of musketry, the solemn service was performed, many officers of the garrison tearfully communicating with their beloved chief. This done, he addressed himself to those about him. "He bade an affectionate farewell to all," wrote

* "I examined his wound," wrote Dr. Fayrer, in a letter to a friend, "and found that a large fragment of the shell had shattered the upper part of the thigh-bone, passing through the thigh and glutial region of the left side. I believe also that the bones of the pelvis were injured. The femoral artery was not injured, as the wound was behind it. I immediately applied the necessary bandages to stanch the bleeding, which was not very profuse, and supported the fractured limb with bandages and pillows as much as possible. As he was faint and distressed by the shock, I gave him stimulants freely. . . . Of course I consulted other medical men, among them Dr. Ogilvie, who also remained with him constantly, as to the propriety or possibility of an operation; but all agreed with me that the injury was of too grave a character to leave any hope of recovery. Indeed, as I was satisfied that the pelvis was fractured, I never entertained the idea of amputation at the hip-joint. I moreover believe that had the thigh-bone only been fractured, Sir Henry could not have borne the shock of an amputation, which would thus only have shortened his valuable life."

1857. one who was present at this sad and solemn meeting, "and of several he asked forgiveness for having at times spoken harshly, and begged them to kiss him. One or two were quite young boys, with whom he had occasion to find fault, in the course of duty, a few days previously. He expressed the deepest humility and repentance for his sins, and his firm trust in our blessed Saviour's atonement, and spoke most touchingly of his dear wife, whom he hoped to rejoin. At the utterance of her name his feelings quite overcame him, and he burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping, which lasted some minutes. He again completely broke down in speaking of his daughter, to whom he sent his love and blessing. . . . . Then he blessed his nephew George, who was kneeling by his bedside, and told him he had always loved him as his own son. . . . He spoke to several present about the state of their souls, urging them to pray and read their Bibles, and endeavour to prepare for death, which might come suddenly, as in his own case. To nearly each person present he addressed a few parting words of affectionate advice—words which must have sunk deeply into all hearts. There was not a dry eye there, and many seemingly hard rough men were sobbing like children."

And ever mingling, in these last hours, with the kindly and affectionate feelings of the man, were the sterner thoughts of the leader. Passing away, as he was, from the scene, he had to make new arrangements for the future defence of the beleaguered garrison. He knew what was his duty, and though it pained him to set aside one who believed that he had the best right to succeed him in his civil duties, he felt that he had chosen his successor wisely. He now urged upon Major Banks, and all present, the imperative necessity of holding out to the very last, and of never making terms with the enemy. "Let every man," he said, "die at his post; but never make terms. God help the poor women and children." He often repeated these last words. His heart was very heavy with the thought of these helpless little ones, not knowing what dreadful lot might be in store for them. But he thought of his country most of all; and the noble words with which he had been familiar, as a boy in the Derry

school, were ever present to his thoughts, and his constant counsel was, "No SURRENDER."* 18

The instructions which he gave to Major Banks, in the midst of his sufferings, and with the hand of death upon him, were of a detailed and precise character, and were, on leaving Lawrence's room, thus recorded by his successor:

"I. Reserve fire; check all wall-firing.

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

III. Spare the precious health of Europeans in every possible way from shot and shell.

IV. Organise working parties for night labour.

V. Entrench—entrench—entrench. Erect traverses. Cut off enemy's fire.

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

VII. Use the state prisoners as a means of getting in supplies by gentle means if possible, or by threats.

VIII. Enrol every servant as bildar, or carrier of earth. Pay liberally—double, quadruple.

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

X. Write daily to Allahabad or Agra.

XI. Sir Henry Lawrence's servants to receive one year's pay; they are to work for any other gentlemen who want them, or they may leave if they prefer to do so.

XII. Put on my tomb only this: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy on him."

XIII. Take an immediate inventory of all natives, so as to know who can be used as bildars, &c.

XIV. Take an immediate inventory of all supplies and food, &c. Take daily average."

* And very proud, too, is Derry of her foster-sons—the Lawrences and Robert Montgomery—and of the heroism with which they clung to the grand old war-cry of the city. I have seen and heard the outward expressions of the admiration of the men of Derry.

57.

He gave many sorrowing thoughts, also, to his foster-children in the Lawrence Asylum; and when he was not capable of uttering many words, from time to time he said, alternately with his prayers for the women and children, "Remember the Asylum; do not let them forget the Asylum." He told the chaplain that he wished to be buried very privately, "without any fuss," in the same grave with any men of the garrison who might die about the same time. Then he said, speaking rather to himself than to those about him, of his epitaph—"*Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy upon him.*"*

He lingered till the beginning of the second day after he was stricken down, suffering occasionally acute paroxysms of pain, but having many blessed intervals of rest; and at last passed away very tranquilly, "like a little child falling asleep," about eight o'clock A.M. on the 4th of July.† "He looked so peaceful and happy," said one who entered the room just after his spirit had departed, "with the most beautiful expression of calm joy on his face. We could not but thank God that his sufferings were over, feeling sure that he was at rest."

After a little while it became necessary to move the body, and some European soldiers were sent for to lift the couch on which it lay. Before they did so, one of the party raised the sheet which covered the face of his beloved chief, and kissed him reverently on the forehead; then the others stooped down and did likewise; and, having so done, bore the body to the verandah. That evening it was buried, in a soldier's grave,

* It has been stated that he said: "I should like, too, a text, 'To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him.' It was on my dear wife's tomb." But I have been assured, on the best authority, that this is an error.

† "The day before, at his own request," wrote Dr. Fayrer, "I had given him chloroform when the spasms came on. It relieved him at the time, but it clouded his intellect afterwards. I therefore did not repeat it, nor did he wish it. In such cases, it should, I think, unless the pain is very severe, be always avoided, for it loses time, which is very precious to the sufferer. On the whole, I do not think that Sir Henry suffered as much pain as has been supposed, and the expression 'lingered in great agony until the morning of the 4th,' is, though a natural one, an exaggeration. He received the wound when in a delicate state of health, worn with anxiety, heavy responsibility, and great physical and mental labour; his constitution had suffered from old disease, and he sank, perhaps, sooner than a younger man would have done under the effects of the wound. . . . The little that could be done to alleviate pain and to smoothe his passage to the grave, I did for him, and delighted should I have been had I been able to do more."

with the corpses of four others who had fallen on that day; and so furious was the raging of the enemy at the time, that I believe not a single officer of the garrison saw the remains of his beloved General lowered into the grave. But there was not one amongst them who did not feel that he best did honour to the dead by following his great example, and being found ever at his post. 1857.

His character.

Rough and imperfect as is this brief sketch of Sir Henry Lawrence's career, I hope that it has in some measure set forth the character of the man, and the sources of his greatness. It will not, I trust, be long before a life so eminently that of a "Christian Warrior"—a life so fitted to encourage and sustain in well-doing by the beauty of its example—will be fully written by one far more capable than I am of doing justice to the theme.* What Wordsworth wrote, Lawrence acted. The ideal portrait of the "Christian Warrior," which the one had drawn, was ever before the other as an exemplar. He read it often; he thought of it continually; he quoted it in his writings. He tried to conform his own life and to assimilate his own character to it: and he succeeded, as all men succeed who are truly in earnest. But if I were asked what especially it was that more than all perfected the picture of his character, I should say that it was the glow of romance that flushed it all as with a glory from above. There was in all that he did a richness and tenderness of sentiment that made it not only good but beautiful. He used to say—and nothing was ever said more truly—"It is the due admixture of romance and reality that best carries a man through life." No words can express better than his own what I wish to say in this place, for no words can more clearly set forth what it was that made the peculiar greatness of the man. "The quality," he wrote in 1844,† "variously designated romance or enthusiasm, poetry or ideality, is not to be despised as the mere delusion of a heated brain; but is to be valued as an energy imparted to the human mind, to prompt and sustain its noblest efforts.

* It is understood that Sir Herbert Edwardes has been engaged for some years upon a "Life of Henry Lawrence." It will assuredly be worthy of the subject.

† Article, "Romance and Reality of Indian Life," in the fourth number of the *Calcutta Review*.

1857. We would urge on the young especially, that, not that they should repress enthusiasm, but that they should cultivate and direct the feeling. Undisciplined romance deals in vague aspirations after something better and more beautiful than it has yet seen; but it is apt to turn in disgust from the thousand homely details and irksome efforts essential to the accomplishment of anything really good, to content itself with dreams of glorious impossibilities. Reality, priding itself on a steady plodding after a moderate tangible desideratum, laughs at the aimless and unprofitable vision of romance; 'but the hand cannot say to the eye, I have no need of thee!' Where the two faculties are duly blended, reality pursues a straight rough path to a desirable and practicable result; while romance beguiles the road by pointing out its beauties, by bestowing a deep and practical conviction that even in this dark and material existence there may be found a joy which a stranger intermeddleth not—a light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." And truly upon Henry Lawrence this light beamed more and more until the perfect day dawned upon him, and his work was accomplished upon earth.

I do not think that I shall be accused of partiality or exaggeration if I say that, looking not so much at what he did as at what he was, the future historian of India will place him second to none in the great descriptive roll of her Heroes. For perhaps in no one, who has lived and died to maintain in good repute our great Anglo-Indian Empire, shall we find so lustrous a combination of ennobling and endearing qualities. Few men, at any time and in any country, have been at once so admired and so beloved. People of all kinds speak of him with an enthusiasm which has so much of personal affection in it, that it seems sometimes as if the world were full of his private friends. And yet many who thus spoke of him had never seen him in the flesh. Those who knew him, and knew him well, and had been in habits of intimacy with him, were ever as proud of his friendship as Fulke Greville was of the friendship of Sir Philip Sydney. He had some points of resemblance to Sydney, but there were also characteristic divergences; and if we could conceive a fusion of a Sydney and a Cromwell, we might arrive nearly at a just conception

of the character of Henry Lawrence. He was very chivalrous and tender; he was courteous, but he was not courtly; he had profound religious convictions, and in the hour of difficulty and danger he communed with his God, and felt that, whether the issue were life or death, it was all for the best. But the ruggedness of Henry Lawrence was all on the outer side; he was personally one of the most gentle, loving, and compassionate of men; and, in his relations with the great world around him, he was essentially charitable and forbearing. There was no iconoclasm in his nature. He grieved over the errors which were ever patent before him; but he had a great pity for those who professed them, and it was his desire rather to persuade than to break. 1857.

I might add to these feeble words many tributes of others, but they press upon me in such numbers that I know not how to select. I cannot forget, however, that when a great meeting was held in London to do honour to the memory of Sir Henry Lawrence, Lord Stanley, who had visited him in India, threw a wreath upon his bier bright with the flowers of unquestionable truth. "Sir Henry Lawrence," he said, "rose to eminence step by step, not by favour of any man, certainly not by subserviency either to ruling authorities or to popular ideas, but simply by the operation of that natural law which in troubled times brings the strongest mind, be it where it may, to the post of highest command. I knew Sir Henry Lawrence six years ago. Travelling in the Punjab, I passed a month in his camp, and it then seemed to me, as it does now, that his personal character was far above his career, eminent as that career has been. If he had died a private and undistinguished person, the impress of his mind would still have been left on all those who came personally into contact with him. I thought him, as far as I could judge, sagacious and far-seeing in matters of policy; and I had daily opportunity of witnessing, even under all the disadvantages of a long and rapid journey, his constant assiduity in the despatch of business. But it was not the intellectual qualities of the man which made upon me the deepest impression. There was in him a rare union of determined purpose, of moral as well as physical courage, with a singular frankness and courtesy of demeanour which was something

1857. more than we call courtesy; for it belonged not to manners but to mind—a courtesy shown equally to Europeans and natives. Once know him, and you could not imagine him giving utterance to any sentiment which was harsh, or petty, or self-seeking." Another, who knew him well, and who had ever, like Lawrence, a large-hearted philanthropy, thus wrote of his honoured friend:* "Every Englishman will forgive me if I wander from my subject for a moment, to offer my humble tribute of affection to the man who, perhaps above all others, has done honour to the name of Englishman in India. To know Sir Henry was to love him. In 1853, when I was on my way to Lahore, and Sir Henry was leaving the Punjab, I had witnessed the unbounded regard which all classes displayed to his person. During my term of office at Lahore, I had occasion, in the discharge of my public duty, to prosecute and bring to punishment men who owed their appointments to Sir Henry's favour. Instead of resentment, he honoured me with increased regard, acknowledging that I had exercised a necessary severity. In March, 1857, at Agra, when on his way to take charge of his new duties as Chief Commissioner of Oude, I had much daily and unreserved intercourse with Sir Henry. I found him, as it were, ripening fast, alike for that goal of human glory which he was soon to attain, and for that sublimer change which so quickly awaited him. His heart seemed overflowing with Christian charity. I remember that, in returning a volume of *Memoirs of Bishop Sandford*, he wrote to call my attention to the following passage, which he had marked with a pencil: 'My fears for those who retain a spirit of unforgiveness are overpowering. I will sincerely declare to you that I could not myself pray to God, or ask His pardon for my many transgressions, before I go to bed at night, with any comfort, or with any hope of being heard, unless I were conscious that I did from my heart forgive as I ask to be forgiven.' (Vol. ii. pp. 106-7.) When next I met him, as we walked to the early church service (it was the time of Lent), he poured out his heart on the beautiful topic of Christian forgiveness, adding, that he had sent a copy of the extract above quoted to a distinguished officer, once his friend, who had taken deep offence at some public act of Sir Henry's. For every child

* Charles Raikes—"Notes on the Revolt in the North-West Provinces."

that he met in my own family, in the missionary or other public schools, he had a word of kindness or encouragement. Incidentally he told me that the secret of his ability to support those public institutions with which his name will for ever be associated, was to be found in his abstinence to the utmost from all sorts of personal expense." One more tribute must be cited, because it comes from one with a fine sense of the heroic, who had never been within the reach of the personal influence of the soldier-statesman, and who merely recorded what all men said: "What a grand heroic mould that mind was cast in! What a pure type of the Christian soldier! From what I have heard of Henry Lawrence, of his natural infirmities, of his immense efforts to overcome them; of his purity of thought, of his charity, of his love, of the virtues which his inner life developed as he increased in years; of his devotion to duty, to friendship, and to Heaven; I am led to think that no such exemplar of a truly good man can be found in the ranks of the servants of any Christian State in the latter ages of this world."* 1857.

Of the loss that he was to India no tongue can speak in words equal to the occasion. "There is not, I am sure," said Lord Canning, "an Englishman in India who does not regard the loss of Sir Henry Lawrence, in the present circumstances of the country, 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." He had, indeed, above all Indian statesmen whom I have known, a large-hearted sympathy with the natives of India, which caused him to regard with equal justice and benignity the relations of the great British Empire with both the people of our own territories and the Princes of the independent or tributary States. It is probable that in the limited space at my disposal, I have not sufficiently illustrated his political opinions; and it has been my object to avoid controversial topics. But I may mention here that Lord Canning wrote to him that he had always heard that he was a friend of the "blue blood," and Lawrence did not seek to deny it. He believed that sound policy, based upon a conformity with the genius of the nation, equally with abstract notions of justice,

* William Russell's "Diary in India."

1857. taught us to adhere to the spirit of our treaties, to support the native Princes, and to maintain the aristocracy of the country. One who had known him all his life, who had served with him in the Punjab, and had risen to high honour by following in his footsteps, wrote to me, saying: "His whole energies were devoted to the amelioration of his fellow-creatures, whether black or white. He showed the deepest feelings of compassion and tenderness towards the nobles and chiefs who, having fought for their country, had lost it, and came under our rule. He knew how difficult it was for them to at once fall into the ways of our Government, and he sympathised with the brave soldiers whom our army supplanted and left without provision. He felt, whilst exercising his own feelings of benevolence, he was best serving his Government, and he had the faculty of influencing all around him, and those who served under him, with the same spirit. This was very striking; and who can tell what an importance this was, what his philanthropy did in turning the tide of the Punjabees in our favour in 1857. I believe that his spirit, and the spirit he inculcated, did much towards their loyalty and devotion to us. . . . He was always known amongst us as the Howard of the Punjab. I do not think a day ever passed that he did not visit the gaol where he happened to be. He dropped in at all hours, and the advanced state of gaol management, at an early period of our rule in the Punjab, was mainly owing to him. After a party at Government House of an evening, it was a common thing for him to say to the gentlemen, 'I am going down to the gaol; come with me and see the prisoners.' And down all would go, he leading the way, and whilst going through the wards at midnight, he was discussing gaol matters, and how best to provide for their better care and reformation. It was impossible for those under him to be with him and not catch some of his spirit."

There is a monument to his memory in the great metropolitan Cathedral of St. Paul; but the grandest monument of all is to be found in the Asylums which bear his name.

GENERAL NEILL.

[BORN 1810.—DIED 1857.]

1810—57.

Of the heroic lives, which I have hitherto endeavoured to illustrate in these pages, not one has represented the career of a soldier pure and simple. I have written of men, soldiers by profession, bearing military rank; men who had learned the theory and practice of war; who had seen great armies in motion; who had faced the danger of battle and had died by the hand of the enemy; but who, since the days of their youth, had been but little surrounded by the ordinary accompaniments of regimental life. They were diplomatists, indeed, rather than soldiers. But diplomacy is rougher work in the East than in the West. It exposes a man to all the dangers of military life, and often without its protections. It sends him on detached and dangerous service, to face, alone and unsupported, a barbarous enemy, and at all times renders him a conspicuous mark for the malice of revengeful antagonists. In such diplomatic, or "political," employment as this, the servants of the East India Company were enabled, when in the early vigour of their years, before their health had been wasted or their energies broken by long exposure to the severities of the climate, to attain to high and responsible office, and perhaps to some irregular command. But in the purely military service, the inexorable necessities of the seniority system seldom permitted men to rise to high command until they had lost their capacity for it. Exceptions there were; but this was the rule. So it has happened that the names most distinguished in Indian history are the names of men who, reared as soldiers, have divested themselves of the trammels of military life, and sought service altogether independent of the chances of regimental promotion.

1810—57.

But I am about now to write of one who was all in all a soldier—who, not wanting capacity for the performance of these other duties, clung resolutely to the "great profession" of arms; one, who so loved that profession, that he suffered no allurements to detach him from it; and who lived and died with its harness on his back. Strong in the faith that his time would come, he waited patiently for his opportunity; and it came at last.

1810—25. Childhood and boyhood.

James George Neill, the eldest son of a Scotch gentleman of good family—Colonel Neill of Barnweill and Swendridgemuir in Ayrshire—was born on the 26th of May, 1810, in the neighbourhood of Ayr. From his very childhood he evinced a fearlessness and independence of spirit which promised well for his future career. He was not yet five years old, when he absented himself one morning from home, and excited considerable alarm in the household by his disappearance. He had been absent for many hours, when his father observed him coming with leisurely composure homeward, across a long dangerous embankment which confined the water of Barnweill Loch. His father went to meet him, and anxiously asked, "Where have you been, Jamie?" "Well," replied the boy, "I just thought I'd like to take a long walk and look at all things as I went on, see, and see whether I could get home by myself! *And I have done it*," he added, proudly; "and now I am to have no more nursery-maids running after me—I can manage myself." His father said that he was right; and from that day the surveillance of nurses was withdrawn; and it was felt that Jamie might safely be left to look after himself.

He received his education at an academy in his native town, until at the age of fifteen he was removed to the Glasgow University. It was then intended that he should be trained for the law; but young Jamie had no taste for such a profession, or indeed for a sedentary life of any kind. He was active and robust; a stout walker, an intrepid horseman, a sure marksman; and he was eager to be a soldier. At that time, the Burmese war was attracting no little attention in Great Britain; and our youngsters, inspired by the marvellous pictures of grand battles upon elephant-back in a country of magnificent pagodas, which were widely diffused

at the time, burned to take part in the affray. James Neill, among others, was hot for Indian service. He said that India was the only country in which distinction could be won. So his father wisely resolved to gratify his wishes, and obtained a cadetship for him. He was not yet seventeen, when, in January, 1827, he sailed for Madras. Sir Thomas Munro, who was then Governor of that Presidency, had married a relative of Colonel Neill. He took the boy by the hand, and caused him to be appointed to the First European Regiment. 1827—35

Having quickly learnt the elements of his profession, young Neill devoted himself to his regimental duties, not only as one who was resolute to do what was demanded from him, but as one also who took the deepest interest in his work. The regiment, to which he had been posted, was one which had earned distinction on many fields, and which, being one of the very few European corps in the Company's service, was well-nigh sure to go to the front in any new operations on that side of India. But for a while there was profound peace in all parts of the country, and the strenuous realities of active service were only to him as dreams of the future. In the details of regimental duty, however, he found abundant occupation. The Madras European Regiment was stationed, during his first years of service, at Masulipatam ; and the young subaltern acquitted himself so well that he was made Fort Adjutant, a post which he held until the corps marched to Kamptee. There the zeal and ability he displayed soon recommended him for employment on the regimental Staff, and he was appointed Quartermaster, and afterwards Adjutant, of the Madras Europeans. In the latter situation his fine soldierly qualities had much scope for exercise and development. It is hard to say how much not only the discipline but the happiness of a regiment depends upon the personal character of the Adjutant. Lieutenant Neill was not a man to look upon the soldier merely as an animated machine. He had the tenderest regard for the best interests of his men; and strove with all his might to reform their habits by instituting a better system of internal economy than that which in those days commonly obtained in our army. He did, indeed, almost all that, in these latter times, our Subaltern life.

1835—37. Sanitary Commissions are wont to recommend for the improvement of the health, the happiness, and the moral character of the soldier. Whilst subjecting to proper regulation the sale of intoxicating liquors to the European soldier, he endeavoured to withdraw the ordinary inducements and temptations to hard drinking which too commonly beset him. By providing him with healthy occupation and harmless amusement he did much to improve the morality and the efficiency of the regiment. Adult schools and workshops were established; athletic exercises of different kinds were promoted; and in all these things the personal encouragement and example of Lieutenant Neill did much to secure their success.

Whilst still in the zealous performance of these duties, sustained and cheered by the thought of the good he was doing, Adjutant Neill took to himself a wife. On the 31st of October, 1835, he married Isabella, daughter of Colonel Warde, of the 5th Regiment of Bengal Cavalry, then employed in the "Political Department," as Assistant to the Resident at Nagpore. A soldier's daughter, she was fit to be a soldier's wife. And from that time forth, for more than twenty years, in war or in peace, in storm or in sunshine, he had not a thought which was not in some way associated with his "dearest Isy."

On the Staff. But the climate of India and the work—for he was one who never spared himself—were beginning to make themselves felt; and Neill felt that the time was approaching when it would be necessary for him to seek renovated health from the fresh breezes of his native country. Two years after his marriage (1837) he obtained leave of absence to Europe for three years, and soon recovered all the strength and elasticity which he had lost beneath the Eastern sun. But the peace in which India had for some years been lapped, was now again about to be disturbed. There were rumours of the great movement into Central Asia, which afterwards took the substantive shape of the Afghan war. Panting for active service, and unwilling to lose even a remote chance of employment (and remote it ever was, for the Bengal and

Bombay regiments were well-nigh certain to be those engaged with the enemy), Neill determined, as soon as our measures were fairly shaped, to return to India long before the expiration of his leave. He returned in 1839, volunteered more than once for service in Afghanistan, but could not obtain the great boon that he so eagerly sought. But he had a fast friend in Sir Robert Dick, who was most desirous of serving him, and who eventually obtained for him an appointment on the General Staff as "Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Ceded Districts." 1838—54.

This appointment he held for some years, during the earlier portion of which he devoted his leisure to the work of writing a history of the distinguished regiment to which he belonged. It was published in 1843, under the title of an *Historical Record of the Madras European Regiment.* It is an excellent example of the class of literature to which it belongs—an elaborate monograph, exhaustive and complete—following the regiment from its very cradle up to the time in which he wrote. But his official duties were ever his first care; and they were so well performed that he received the repeated thanks of the General commanding the circle to which he was attached; and he would probably have risen in time to the highest place in his department, if he had not sought rather opportunities of serving in the field. An opportunity came at last. The second Burmese war commenced. Neill hastened to rejoin his regiment, which had been ordered on service; but on his way he was met by the announcement that he had been appointed Adjutant-General of the Madras troops under Sir Scudamore Steele. That war nearly cost him his life.

The Second Burmese war.

Of some of his Burmese experiences he has given an interesting and characteristic account in a letter to his cousin, Mr. Andrew Brisbane Neill. It exhibits in a striking point of view the independence and self-reliance of his nature, the resolute determination at all hazards to do what was right. For the good of the soldiers under him he was prepared even to face the frowns of superior military authority. "I was left at Rangoon to look after the Madras troops," he wrote on the 8th of April, 1854. "There was much to be done putting down these insurrections near Thurygyeen, Bassein, &c. There

1853. was no time to refer matters, and no one who could act; so I set to work, and did everything, issuing the usual orders as from Sir John Cheape, and he was very much pleased that everything was well done. I went on the plan to go at any fellow who showed his nose or a tip of it. I went at him at once. I rather made a mistake in sending too large a force against Nga Pyo, but our information had it that he was strongly entrenched and blockaded. I arranged that his position should be attacked on opposite quarters at the same time by troops moved simultaneously from Pegu and Thurygyeen. The fellow would not stand when it came to the push, but retired into the hills; our parties, however, entered his position at the points ordered. The same moment the fellow was followed into the hills by twenty of our men and a party of the Pegu Light Infantry, and although not taken, his party was dispersed, and all his luggage and plunder taken. At Bassein we tried another dodge, which is the best. Small parties were sent out. Shuldham of the 24th had ten artillerymen doing duty as infantry, and eight lambs, and a company of the 19th. The Burmese met him and caught it handsomely—the plan is to encourage them to stand, by sending there few men. Nga Pyo had again shown his nose, and a company of the 30th Native Infantry, and some fifteen or twenty Europeans, were ordered by me, before I left, to go at him from Thurygyeen. I expect to hear they have done for him. Backed in this way, our Sepoys will fight the Burmese well, but by themselves they have no chance. Jack Burmah is a superior animal, thoroughly despises the Sepoy —the Bengal most, on account of his giving himself airs about caste. A parcel of Bengal Sepoys are cooking their rice, the circle described all right and proper, a few Burmese looking on at a distance laughing and cracking their jokes; when the Bengalee has all but got the food ready, up walks one or two in a promiscuous manner, and down they squat with their sterns right in the circle. The row commences, and the Sepoys get well thrashed. Our Madras fellows get on better, as they have no caste compared with the others. I go home on the new regulations. I have not had time, at present, to understand them, but merely pulverise them as I think it right to do, not having any confidence in the Go-

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the blood-stains; the task will be made as revolting to his feelings as possible, and the Provost-Marshal will use the lash in forcing any one objecting to complete his task. After properly cleaning up his portion the culprit is to be immediately hanged, and for this purpose a gallows will be erected close at hand.'—The first culprit was a Soubahdar of the 6th Native Infantry, a fat brute, a very high Brahmin. The sweeper's brush was put into his hands by a sweeper, and he was ordered to set to work. He had about half a square foot to clean; he made some objection, when down came the lash, and he yelled again; he wiped it all up clean, and was then hung, and his remains buried in the public road. Some days after, others were brought in—one a Mahomedan officer of our civil court, a great rascal, and one of the leading men: he rather objected, was flogged, made to lick part of the blood with his tongue. No doubt this is strange law, but it suits the occasion well, and I hope I shall not be interfered with, until the room is thoroughly cleansed in this way. . . . I will hold my own, with the blessing and help of God. I cannot help seeing that His finger is in all this—we have been false to ourselves so often. . . . Charlie, my boy, I expect out the first mail. I have applied for him to come up here to do duty, and I hope to belong to the "Lambs," or as the Nana and the enemy call them, the Neel-topee-wallahs. They wear light blue cap covers; the enemy say those fellows' muskets kill at a mile off before they are fired: so much for Enfields. Your account of —— is what I expected. He has nothing in him; he is very timid. These panics are bad. I would turn every man in the service, civil or military, out of it, whose nerves failed him. Men of this stamp have no business in India."

It was, doubtless, a terrible sentence that he executed, in the eyes of the people of India; but he was fully convinced, in his own mind, that only by such severity could he check the atrocities which, in their blind fury, the rebels and mutineers were committing upon the Christian people. Those upon whom the punishment fell, and their own countrymen who looked on, believed that the terrors of the sentence would pursue them beyond the grave; but this, in the eyes of a Christian, was only an idea which added further bitterness to the cup of death upon this side of eternity. There were

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many humane men at that time who believed that real mercy required the judge to do violence to his own tenderness of heart. On such questions as this there must be much controversy and contention; for neither the law of God nor the judgment of man has clearly declared the extent to which, in exceptional conjunctures, the ordinary principles of justice and morality may rightly be disregarded. But if such acts as these be offences, they are offences which History is seldom unwilling to condone.

But I gladly turn from this painful episode, to write of Neill's other more congenial duties. He was left, with some three hundred men, at Cawnpore, whilst Havelock was endeavouring to penetrate Oude and to advance to the relief of Lucknow. What was the principal work to be done by him may be gathered from the instructions which he received on the 26th of July. He was ordered "to endeavour to defend as much of the trunk-road as is now in British possession in Cawnpore, and to aid in maintaining the communications with Allahabad and with the Brigadier-General's (Havelock's) forces in Oude." In addition to discharging all the routine details of duty, and effecting the establishment of order in the town and cantonments of Cawnpore, he was directed "to construct and strengthen entrenchments on both banks of the river, and to mount heavy guns in them; to render the passage of the river secure and easy by establishing, in co-operation with the two steamers, a boat-communication from entrenchment to entrenchment;" and with this view he was to organise a well-paid corps of boatmen, and to collect and keep together a fleet of boats. He was to watch the roads to Allahabad, Allyghur, Delhi, and Agra, and to push forward reinforcements into Oude. Finally, the Brigadier-General desired that Neill should communicate with him "in the most unreserved manner." All these several duties, the last not least, were strictly performed.

On the 20th of July, Havelock had commenced the passage of the river, which was the first step towards his advance into Oude. After a week of labour and difficulty, the whole column was assembled on the Oude bank. "Some of the General's Staff," says Havelock's biographer, Mr. Marshman, "were anxious that General Neill should accom-

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pany the column to replace him, if he were disabled by any casualty; but the General, after carefully weighing the importance of the position at Cawnpore, the necessity of receiving, equipping, and forwarding reinforcements, and completing the establishment of a communication between the two banks of the river, and generally of maintaining our authority on the right bank of the Ganges, felt himself constrained to leave General Neill in charge of the entrenchments, with the sick and wounded, there being no other officer to whom he could entrust these responsibilities with equal confidence." On the morning of the 29th the force advanced upon the town of Onao, where Havelock encountered a large body of the enemy, and routed them with heavy loss. After this he advanced to Busseerutgunje, where he gained another victory; then halted in his career of glory and fell back upon Mungulwar, the place in which he had assembled his troops for the advance, only six miles distant from the banks of the river. "As you know," wrote Neill, "the first march brought him in contact with the enemy; he had one day's hard fighting on the 29th, beat him completely; we lost a number of men from some little mistake in the first affair, getting boxed round a loopholed keep or serraie, which was obstinately defended: here Richardson of 'ours' fell, Seton and others wounded, but take the whole day's work the loss was not much; nineteen guns were taken in all, but three ordered to be brought up and secured by the Sikhs were left behind and taken away by the enemy; this left sixteen fine brass guns, most of them ours—one a brass 24-pounder. However, all of these we destroyed by the General's order. The enemy were flying—the bridge they were so anxious about was ten or twelve miles off, our men in high spirits, blood up, &c.; this was the time; but suddenly, on being ordered to fall in to march, instead of an advance it was a retreat." On the 31st of July, writing to Neill from Mungulwar, Havelock said: "I have come back here, because, though everywhere successful, I urgently require another battery and a thousand more British troops to enable me to do anything for the real advantage of Lucknow. . . . I shall be thankful for the aid of your exertions in obtaining as many workmen as possible for Captain Crommelin to commence

and finish a bridge-head on this bank. Pray, also, urge on the collection of rations for my troops. Two heavy guns, 24-pounders, must be got ready, with bullocks, to accompany my advance, and three large iron guns kept in readiness for the tête-de-pont. Push across any British infantry as soon as it arrives, and improve as much as possible our boat-communication. I propose to advance again as soon as the reinforcements reach me, and to urge the garrison of Lucknow to hold out." 1857.

It would be out of place in such a narrative as this to discuss at length the strategical considerations which induced General Havelock to make this retrograde movement. Right or wrong, it created bitter disappointment in Cawnpore. To Neill, burning as he was with an eager desire for the immediate relief of Lucknow, and who, with such an object ever before his eyes, believed that all difficulties should have been overcome, and all ordinary rules of war disregarded, this retrogression, in the hour of victory, appeared to be so startling and unintelligible, that he chafed under his mortification, and could not restrain himself from writing a letter of remonstrance to his superior officer. "My dear General," he wrote on the 1st of August, "I late last night received yours of five P.M. yesterday. I deeply regret that you have fallen back one foot. The effect on our prestige is very bad indeed. Your camp was not pitched yesterday, before all manners of reports were rife in the city—that you had returned to get some guns, having lost all that you took away with you. In fact, the belief among all is, that you have been defeated and forced back. It has been most unfortunate your not bringing back any of the guns captured from the enemy. The natives will not believe that you have captured one. The effect of your retrograde movement will be very injurious to our cause everywhere, and bring down upon us many who would otherwise have held off, or even sided with us. . . . You talk of advancing as soon as the reinforcements reach you. You require a battery and a thousand European infantry. As regards the battery, half of Olpherts's will be in this morning. The other half started yesterday or to-day from Allahabad. This will detain you five or six days more. As for the infantry you require, they are not to be had, and if you are to August.

1857 wait for them, Lucknow will follow the fate of Cawnpore. Agra will be invested. This place also. The city will be occupied by the enemy. I have no troops to keep them out, and *we* shall be starved out. You ought not to remain a day where you are. When the iron guns are sent to you, also the half battery of artillery, and the company of the 84th escorting it, you ought to advance again, and not halt until you have rescued, if possible, the garrison of Lucknow." Looking at it strictly in a military point of view, the reader will doubtless say that this letter ought not to have been written. Discipline stands aghast at it. No junior officer has the privilege of thus criticising the conduct of his senior. An apology, however, is to be found in the extraordinary character of the times, and the magnitude of the interests at stake. It was an unexampled crisis, and one in which the best men were moved at times to disregard all considerations of rank and station, and to assume an independence of tone which at other times would have been an unwarrantable breach of duty. There were, indeed, moments, in that terrible autumn of 1857, when, under the strongest sense of what was due to the nation they represented, moved by the irresistible manhood within them, men were prepared to trample down all the laws of discipline, and to assert irresistibly the rights of the stronger will and the more resolute courage. The words and actions of men, in such a crisis as this, must not be estimated by the measuring-rod of the army-list and the order-book. Neill thought, on that August morning, of the despairing cries of the beleaguered garrison of Lucknow, and of the safety of the Great Empire, which was then threatened as it had never before been threatened; and he forgot for a while that it was the duty of Brigadier-General Neill not to remonstrate against the measures of Major-General Havelock, but to accept them in silence as those of superior military authority.

But it was to this masculine energy of mind—to this irresistible activity of body—to the voice within him, which was ever crying, "Forward, forward!" that England owed at that time the safety of the great cities of Benares and Allahabad. If he had been a man of a colder and less eager nature—if he had had more caution and more patience, he

would not have earned for himself the place that he has earned in the hearts of the people. Let us forget, then, the question of discipline for a time. Havelock responded* and Neill sent in a rejoinder, which the highest military authority in India declared to be "perfectly unexceptionable;" and, a day or two afterwards, the General again pushed forward in advance. But, again, there was disappointment throughout the force, throughout the whole country, for Havelock, assured that he could not make good his advance to Lucknow, fell back, after more successes in the field, and waited for reinforcements. Of the necessity for this Neill himself was after a time convinced. "Call on General Havelock," he wrote in his journal on the 14th of August, "and show him telegram from the Commander-in-Chief, and give him my opinion, that his men are not in a state to advance on Lucknow—that they must be taken care of for a time, and saved all unnecessary exposure. . . . General Havelock talks a great deal about my administrative powers, wishing to take me with him out fighting, and participating in his victories. I reply to this, that however much I may feel at not having participated in them, and however anxious I may be to be in front, all private feelings should be sacrificed at such a time as this, and that I wished to be employed where I could do most for the public good. Besides, what I did not tell General Havelock, there is a farce in two Generals being with a handful of men, and one of them allowed to do nothing." 1857.

Whilst Havelock was making these ineffectual attempts to penetrate Oude, Neill was threatened at Cawnpore by large bodies of insurgent Sepoys, conspicuous among whom were the 42nd Regiment, that had recently mutinied at Saugor. The adherents of the Nana, at Bithoor, were also menacing Cawnpore threatened.

* "I got a terrific reply," wrote Neill, in a letter to a friend. "General H. said my note was one of the most extraordinary that he had ever perused, that he had written to me confidentially on the state of affairs: 'You send me back a letter of censure of my measures, reproof, and advice for the future. I do not want, and will not submit, to receive any of these from an officer under my command, be his experience what it may; understand this distinctly; and a consideration of the inconvenience that would arise to the public service at this moment alone prevents me from taking the yet stronger step of placing you under arrest. You now stand warned. Attempt no further dictation. I have my own reasons, which I will not communicate to any one, and am alone responsible for the course I have pursued.'"

1857. his position, and with the little handful of men at his disposal he found it wholly impossible to strike an effectual blow at the enemy. He could only send out small detachments at a time. "About two thousand men," he wrote to a friend, "part of the 42nd, 41st, and the regiments here, with four guns, are at Bithoor, twelve miles from this; eight thousand men more, with some guns, are at Futtehghur, seven miles off; about fifteen hundred men are at Shevrapore, twenty-four miles off; and the Nana, with Jussin Singh and fifteen hundred, about the same distance on the other side of the river, close to Bithoor. They can cross the river any time, although I have thrice sent the steamers up with a lot of our lads and a few artillerymen, and have astonished them a little. The first day, on the first occasion, they destroyed boats, and brought down grain, not a soul to be seen except friends, the 42nd from Saugor coming thereabouts; and on hearing that some of the Nana's people had crossed over and had plundered those friendly to us there, I sent up the steamer and forty of our boys, twenty Sikhs, eight artillerymen, two 6-pounders and a 5-pounder inch mortar on board; and they polished off a parcel of Gungapoots, a religious class of vagabond Hindoo devotees who had joined the Nana and committed no end of atrocities: none of our lads were touched. On the 6th I sent up again the same force; each time my aide-de-camp commanded. We had three artillerymen wounded, but gave it to the fellows well; the 42nd and the Rifle Company the greater portion of the enemy. They had two guns. I cannot do more than this. On the 10th the enemy were approaching, and an attack in the city was apprehended. I could not assist them; I have only three hundred infantry, half a battery of European artillery, and twelve veteran gunners. I can only move out one hundred and seventy infantry and four guns, leaving the guards standing; and of the two hundred and thirty in hospital several are convalescent, and fit to stand behind a parapet and fire. With this *force* I moved out in the morning of the 10th towards Bithoor; the outpost of cavalry were about six miles off, and cavalry patrols were about. I saw or heard of no one until our scouts came in and reported the gallant enemy tailing off beyond Bithoor. The General has ordered me not to use steam again until he has passed over;

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when he has, I should like to see a combined attack on them, and let us whenever we attack make an example; this gathering near this, and the Futtehghur man, must be destroyed sharp."

But upon the day following that which is last mentioned in this brief summary of events, the aspect of affairs became more threatening, and Neill wrote to Havelock, saying: "One of the Sikh scouts I can depend upon has just come in, and reports that four thousand men and five guns have assembled to-day at Bithoor, and threaten Cawnpore. I cannot stand this; they will enter the town, and our communications are gone. If I am not supported, I can only hold out here—can do nothing beyond our entrenchments. All the country between this and Allahabad will be up, and our powder and ammunition on the way up (if the steamer, as I feel assured, does not start) will fall into the hands of the enemy, and we shall be in a bad way." So Havelock, having struck another blow at the enemy at Boorhiya, returned, as before stated, and attacked the enemy at Bithoor on the 16th of August. The insurgents were dispersed, the victory was complete, and Havelock then posted himself in Cawnpore.

There the announcement greeted him that Sir James Outram had been appointed to the command in that part of the country, and that he was making his preparations to come on with reinforcements. It was now Havelock's part to hold his own at Cawnpore until the arrival of the General with his new regiments, and Neill then ceased to have any independent authority.* The following month is said by the military historians to have been almost a blank. It was a sad one, for the troops were suffering from cholera and other fell diseases of the country; and there was no adequate provision for their shelter and protection at a time when the heavy rains of the season were turning the country into a swamp. What Neill thought on this and other subjects may be gathered from the following entries in his private journal: "Thursday,

* Mr. Montgomery Martin, in his work on our "Indian Empire," which contains an immense mass of information relating to the convulsions of 1857, says: "On returning to Cawnpore, a great difference was observable in the place, through the exertions of Neill. He had felt the necessity of conciliating the shopkeepers, and every morning at daybreak he went among them and endeavoured to reassure them regarding the expected advance of the mutineers, whose appearance in overwhelming numbers was daily expected."

1857. August 20. Write to Commander-in-Chief about health of troops—that they must not be more exposed. Mention about reports of returning to Allahabad, also the reports from Agra that it was believed there that the (mutinous) troops at Gwalior intended coming here. More of the enemy assembled on the opposite banks of the river. Ride up to camp; find it a perfect swamp; the men all most uncomfortable. Ride with General Havelock, who decides on abandoning the entrenchment."—— "Friday, 21. Heavy storm and rain last night; men much wetted. Don't get leave to occupy the stable sheds until the rain comes down. Ride up and see the General this morning, and speak seriously about health of men and the injury to them of being in tents. Ride round with Tytler and show the houses which I would recommend, but it is decided to put the men up in the stables, which are to be cleansed and matted, and the place around them drained. Glad that something is to be done."—— "Sunday, 23. Receive letters from Sir Patrick Grant that he leaves for Madras on the 22nd, 'as that celebrated soldier, Sir Colin Campbell, has arrived.' 'I do not, therefore, now write to you,' he says, 'as your Commander-in-Chief, but as your friend, and in that capacity would beg of you to get on smoothly with your immediate superiors, and not allow differences to arise between you. You are too old a soldier not to be aware that if the senior officers of a force in the field get to loggerheads, the public service must inevitably suffer; and I know you and Havelock too well not to feel that such a result would be infinitely painful to both of you. Your services, from the moment of your arrival in the Bengal Presidency, have been invaluable, and I shall ever look back with immense satisfaction to the good fortune which sent you here at so critical a period. Give your "Lambs"* my assurance that one of my first steps on returning to Madras shall be to see myself that their wives and families are thoroughly well

* The men of the Madras Fusiliers were familiarly known by the designation of "Lambs," but I have not been able to ascertain to my satisfaction the origin of the designation, though I have inquired in several quarters likely to be informed on the subject. One suggestion worth noting is, that they may have been called "Lambs," because in the early days of the regiment a number of men from the 2nd Queen's Royals, who have the Paschal Lamb on their arms, were drafted into it. It has also been surmised that they were called Lambs on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle. They have a tiger and a lion on their arms.

cared for in every respect. They shall want no reasonable comfort or accommodation that I can procure for them, and I beg that you will tell your gallant regiment so from me.' Sent the latter portion of this letter to Stevenson, to be communicated to the corps."—— "Tuesday, 25. Ride through the city. About two thousand arms have been collected, and are being broken up. Had I the government of India, I would disarm every man, arm the police with *latties* (clubs), and have soldiers only armed. Native opinion is that Delhi is falling. There is now scarcely any hope of Lucknow. . . . . Bruce mentions having been to search the house of a Newab, who is with the Nana, and whose son commands four regiments before Lucknow, and he (Bruce) says that he found five ladies of the family there. Instantly order them to be secured, and to be informed that I keep them as hostages for the safety of our women and children in Oude."—— "Wednesday, 26. . . . . These are ticklish times; none but stern measures will answer. Write to General about the women I secured last evening, suggesting to him that Government be asked to secure and hold as hostages all the wives and women of the Princes of Oude and other swells at Calcutta; and that he issue a proclamation to the Oude people to the effect that if one woman or child of ours, falling into the hands of the enemy, is injured, we will hold their wives and children in our hands responsible for it. No chance, however remote, should be neglected." The advice thus offered was taken, and the proclamation was prepared; but when it was shown to Neill, he thought that it was aimless and spiritless. It was, perhaps, never issued in that form. I can find no mention of the proclamation in Marshman's exhaustive biography of Havelock. It is enough to record that no injury of any kind ever befel these native ladies, and that Neill was the last man in the world to have hurt a single hair of their heads.* 1857.

* Since the above passage was written, I have chanced upon the following, in Neill's private correspondence, which indicates that this measure was attended with good results: "A few days since there was a meeting of all the insurgent nobles and chiefs, when it was declared unanimously that they disapproved of the Nana's conduct in killing men, women, and children taken prisoners, and that they would treat all women and children with the greatest respect. I think I mentioned that some native ladies of the families of a noble and his son, now at Lucknow fighting against us, I have in confinement here in their own house; and I had it made known to them, for communication to their husbands and male relatives, that they should be treated with respect and consideration only so long as our people are. . . . . The ladies talked of poison;

1857. September.

With the new month came new interests. Outram was coming on with his reinforcements, though, owing to insuperable obstacles, not so rapidly as had been expected, and the great question of the advance on Lucknow was paramount in all men's minds. Neill, whose guiding principle it was, at this time, to do whatsoever he thought best for the interests of the State, regardless of all considerations of etiquette and routine, opened communications with Outram, as he before had done with Patrick Grant, and freely expressed his opinions. It is a source of infinite regret that two brave and honourable men, whose memories are dearly cherished by the great nation for which they sacrificed their lives, should not have looked, whilst living, with kindlier eyes on each other. But it is not to be disguised that there was continual animosity between Havelock and Neill. It was unfortunate, but on neither side was it culpable. The truth is, that the Generals were essentially unlike each other. I can hardly conceive an idea of two men more dissimilar in character and disposition. Neither, in the whirl and excitement of those troublous times, was capable of appreciating the fine qualities of his brother-soldier. And so it happens that the correspondence of both contains many acrimonious passages, which I have no desire to reproduce; but I do not doubt that if they had lived to look back upon the diversities of opinion which agitated them during those memorable months at Cawnpore, each would have seen in the conduct of the other much to admire and to commend, and that the strife of a few weeks would have been alchemised into the friendship of years.

From the correspondence with Outram, of which I have spoken, some extracts may be given, showing the eagerness with which Neill desired, at the earliest possible moment compatible with full assurance of success, to press on to Lucknow: "September 8. I sent you by express to-day the copy of the note from General Inglis, at Lucknow, of the 1st instant.* General Havelock, I believe, has not sent the said letter from

but seeing that they are treated properly, I suppose that they are all right again, getting over their fears. It is said that this act of mine, and a proclamation sent over to them by Havelock, drawn out at my suggestion by Captain Bruce, has caused the meeting." —*General Neill to Mrs. Neill. Cawnpore, September* 16.

* This letter from Colonel Inglis is given at page 392 of Marshman's "Life of Havelock."

Lucknow to the Governor-General; so if you think it proper to do so, by sending to Mr. Chester at Allahabad the copy I forward to you, he would send it on. . . . . When I got the message from Lucknow to-day, I went to General Havelock with it. He was friendly, and I ventured to suggest that no time was to be lost—that he should immediately commence preparations to cross over into Oude. He felt inclined to do so, and he said the Adjutant-General was of my opinion. I think he ought to cross over and establish himself at Mungulwar, get everything over with him, so that your reinforcements, when they arrive here, may at once move over. No time is to be lost, in my humble opinion. Your men won't be here before the 13th or 14th, at soonest, and if they join him at Mungulwar by the 15th, you would have ten days to relieve the garrison. I submit my opinion to you, who can decide whether they are correct or the reverse; my great object is, let us be moving. The passage of the river will take several days; let it be commenced upon at once. Lucknow must be saved. Let the garrison at Cawnpore, left behind, hold out against [illegible] if they come. We can return in time to lick them also." "September 9. Much to my extreme horror and real annoyance, I discovered this morning the enclosed note to your address, which I must have most stupidly overlooked in sending off to you the enclosure in which it ought to have been put. I hope you will pardon my most unintentional carelessness. How I could have made the mistake I can't make out. Mr. Edwards* informs me that the two men-servants of Missur Byjenath, a banker of great wealth and much influence at Bareilly, have come to him to-day from their master. They describe the hostility between Hindoos and Mahomedans as very bitter. The former have taken up arms, and in one fight killed several hundreds of Khan Behaudhur Khan's men, who are an ill-favoured rabble. There are no regular troops in the province. Mr. Edwards says, in which I agree with him, that if the Hindoos were en- 1857.

* Mr. William Edwards, of the Bengal Civil Service, who has written a most interesting account of his "personal adventures during the rebellion." He came into Cawnpore on the last day of August. He has himself recorded how Colonel Fraser Tytler introduced him to "General Neill, who had just driven up in a very nice-looking dog-cart, and we soon got into very earnest conversation."

1857. couraged by our people in authority, they would doubtless adopt more energetic measures for ridding themselves of their oppression. It appears Captain Gowan, or Lieutenant, I can't make out which—if the captain, he was the commandant of the 9th Oude Infantry Irregular Force, if a lieutenant, the adjutant of the 18th at Bareilly—with five other officers, are in hiding with the Kearee Thakoor, and they offer to organise the Thakoor's troops if they are authorised to draw money from bankers for this purpose. Mr. Edwards feels certain that Byjenath, with others, would advance the necessary funds for this purpose, if he received some guarantee from him. I agree with Mr. Edwards, the present is a favourable opportunity for communicating with Captain Gowan and Byjenath, and that Government might be induced to authorise up to 50,000 rupees to be at Captain Gowan's disposal for the purpose mentioned. Indeed, so impressed am I with the very great advantage to our Government the fostering and promoting bad blood between the two races, besides encouraging our friends and well-wishers, that had I been in superior command here, and you had not been appointed, I would have taken upon myself at once to have given the authority for the money, and asked for the sanction of Government afterwards. However, the matter is now in better hands, and will no doubt receive your every consideration. I feel perfectly assured, when you get up here and into Oude, you will be able to effect a vast change for us in encouraging the well-disposed. I have heard nothing to-day whether the General crosses before you come up, or when. I hope, however, all will be ready to start by the time the troops you are bringing reach this, or very soon afterwards. The sooner Lucknow is relieved, the sooner we shall be in a position to attack and dispose of others. I am sorry to hear of the outbreak of the part of the 27th Bombay Native Infantry at Kolhapoor. A Lieutenant Kerr, of the Southern Mahratta Horse, with the small party of his men, is said to have behaved nobly. In conclusion, allow me to hint that I have strong doubts whether General Havelock may have sent off a telegram of Inglis's letter to Government. The Telegraph was only opened from this forenoon."—— "September 13. Early on the morning of the 11th, I had the pleasure of receiving yours of the pre-

vious day from Camp [illegible], and lost no time, with Mr. Edwards, in carrying out your instructions. I wrote to Captain Gowan as follows: 'Sir,—In consequence of representations by you through Mr. Edwards, Collector of Budaon, of your being able, if assisted with money, to organise the troops of the Thakoors where you are, and to get them to assist Government, and act against the rebels, I, on being made acquainted with them, wrote to General Sir J. Outram, commanding the forces in the Central Provinces, and suggested to him that you should be assisted to the amount of 50,000 rupees for that end, and Mr. Edwards has to-day communicated with the native bankers at Bareilly to assist you with sums of money to that extent, as you may require them. I must add, that no time is to be lost in organising these troops, and making an impression against the enemy in any place you can.' I also quoted the order by Government as to the rewards for Sepoys brought to any military authority, as also those for horses and the property of Government brought in, and requested him to give them circulation and publicity as extensively as he could; also to communicate my letter to him to the officer commanding at Nynee Tal, and request his co-operation in any way 'for the good of the service and energetic and vigorous movements against the enemy.' That morning I called on General Havelock, with the view of impressing him with the importance of your orders and views regarding crossing over, and making the necessary arrangements, that there should be no delay in crossing over your reinforcements, and that all should be ready to advance on Lucknow. I showed your letter to General Havelock, and he was displeased that I should have written to you. I made no remark about his having had Captain Gowan's letter so long in his possession, and, as I believe, done nothing. I have only acted in this affair as I will, and as is my habit, on all occasions, for the good of the public service. I only regret General Havelock did not, some time since, what you have authorised me to do. Private feelings, or standing on any delicacy, during the present times in particular, is not to be thought of. I should never give offence to a senior in the General's position if I could avoid it. I certainly never intended to give offence in this instance; but when so much was

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1857. at stake, I would have shown the greatest indifference had I not at once given you the information. General Havelock gives me to understand it is his intention to take me with him this time—a piece of good fortune I had not dared to hope for. He talks of my commanding the Right wing of his force, Colonel Hamilton the Left. There will be six European and one Sikh regiment of infantry when you come up, should there not be a division of it into two brigades, at least that part going to Lucknow. There will be great mismanagement if it is attempted to carry on work with officers in command of right and left wings, neither of whom have a brigade staff. General Havelock will have a nice little force, two infantry brigades, his artillery, and the small body of cavalry. There can be no difficulty in crossing this river. I have not heard at what point it is intended. I would prefer to land at the termination of the Trunk Road, not on the island about one mile below it, by which the force recrossed the other day. Any works the enemy may have thrown up on the other bank are contemptible enough. General Havelock was down this morning trying the range of two 24-pounders on this bank, intended to cover a passage of the river. I had given my opinion to Sir Patrick some time since, when H. was in Oude (it was asked), whether I could assist him if he retired in presence of an enemy. This gave him great offence also, and I was told I had misled his Excellency by stating what was considered by him and his engineer officers absurd—that the ground to be commanded was not within his range. This morning's practice has shown him that I am five hundred yards within my mark; these guns, only at four and a half elevation, range far beyond. I was sorry for his firing; in the first place, he uselessly expended powder and shot, and by his fire, if the enemy are up to it, they will know where to place their batteries out of reach of these guns. However, all this shows signs of doing something. I shall be delighted, however, to see you up here, for, until you do arrive, I do not expect to see anything done towards forming the bridges."

The day of departure was now close at hand. On the 11th of September, an officer at Cawnpore wrote in his journal: "We were made happy to-day by General Neill being informed by General Havelock that he intended him to command the right

wing of the force on the advance on Lucknow." On the 15th he wrote: "The first division of reinforcements arrived this morning. Orders are out to-day for the force to cross into Oude to-morrow. Hurrah! hurrah! General Neill to command the right wing, consisting of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, her Majesty's 5th and 84th Regiment, Maude's battery of artillery." The hour so long and eagerly looked for had come at last. Troops were pouring into Cawnpore, and everything was now in readiness for those operations for the relief of Lucknow, which seemed to be placed beyond the reach of all human accidents. Sir James Outram had arrived in camp, and Neill's heart had warmed to him at once. He had now become very hopeful of success. "Met Sir James Outram at dinner at Bruce's," he wrote in his journal on the 15th; "have a few words' talk with him before; he tells me he will form brigades—will not hear of General Havelock's plan of landing men in the sun on a swampy island. Things will be done well, I see—General Havelock taken into a room after dinner—Crommelin and Tytler sent for, and all their plans swamped—bridge to be first formed, then moved over—Havelock's plan, if carried out, would have rendered *hors de combat* no end of us."—— "Wednesday, 16th. Breakfast with Bruce. Sir James shows me his proposed orders. I command first brigade—to appoint my own brigade-major—appoint Spurgin—receive English mails. My name is in every one's mouth. The *Times* has taken it up." He was beginning now to reap the reward of his good service in the applause of his countrymen; and he felt confident that the rest would follow. There was a great work before the army at Cawnpore, and Neill knew what were its perils. "God grant us all and every success," he wrote in his journal, "and may He shield and protect us all on our advance to victory!" But no presentiment of coming evil overshadowed his mind. On the contrary, he wrote very hopefully to his wife expressing his belief that all would be well. "We cross the river again to-morrow," he said in his last letter to that beloved correspondent, "with a very fine force. I have three regiments, my own, the 84th, and the 5th Fusiliers, and a battery of Royal Artillery under Captain Maude. We shall only be away for a few days and relieve the poor people at Luck- 1857.

1857. now. After that, I presume, we shall have to drive the people out of Futtehghur. . . . . God grant we may all soon meet. I am in good health; the weather is getting cooler, so all will be well. God bless you, my dearest wife, and kiss all the dear bairns for me." The thought of those absent ones was ever clinging to his heart.

Advance on Lucknow.

On the 19th of September, everything was in readiness for an advance into Oude. The story of the march is so well told by an officer on Neill's staff, that I give it in the words of the writer. It will be seen how unselfish, how considerate for others, the good General was to the last day of his life. "I shall commence my narrative from the 19th of September, the day on which we crossed into Oude. The kind and thoughtful General, who was always thinking what he could do for others, without a thought for himself, had taken great pleasure in laying in a little store of arrowroot, sago, candles, and wine, to take to the poor ladies who had been suffering for so long in Lucknow; and he took his palkee carriage to place at the disposal of some of them for their journey back to Cawnpore. He took one small tent, which he intended Spurgin and me to share with him; but it so happened that we only used it once all the way over. Well, on the morning of the 19th we got up at two o'clock (we all three lived in the same house at Cawnpore), and crossed over the bridge of boats with the troops, and his brigade was at first formed up on the left, and while halted there, we each took such breakfast as we happened to have in our pockets, and then the brigade was ordered to move off to the right, which was done under a fire from two of the enemy's guns, and some Sepoys who had taken up a position behind some sand-hills. The General, however, pushed forward his skirmishers and drove off the Sepoys, and halted his brigade in a capital position, close behind the said sand-hills. We had to remain out in the sun the whole of that day, as the baggage was much delayed in getting across the bridge and three creeks that had to be forded between the bridge and the mainland. He sat on the ground with his white umbrella over his head, but he did not feel the sun much. We remained in that same position all the 20th

(Sunday). He slept in his little tent by himself that night. 1857.
He got up early, as usual, on Sunday morning, and rode out to visit his picquets, accompanied by, I think, Spurgin and myself. We met Generals Havelock and Outram, and rode down with them to the bridge of boats, to see the heavy guns being dragged through the bad ground by the elephants, and then came back and breakfasted; and during the day he read and wrote a good deal, as he always did, and after dinner we sauntered about on the sand-hills, and listened to the enemy's drums and fifes playing at their position about a mile and a half in advance of us. It rained a good deal during Sunday night, and early on Monday morning. He slept, as before, in his little tent by himself. In the evening we sat and talked over our cigars for a good long time, and he then told me confidentially that it was intended that he was to have the command at Lucknow, after it was relieved. We got up a little before daybreak on Monday morning, and everything was got ready for marching, and we marched between six and seven o'clock, the 2nd Brigade being in advance, and when we had gone about half a mile along the road one of the enemy's guns (on the road) opened fire: so both brigades went to the left of the road and formed line, the men wading above their knees in water, or sinking nearly as far in mud, the greater part of the way. The enemy occupied several villages on the brow of a rising ground, immediately in our front; the whole force advanced in line as quickly as they could, and cheering the whole time, and the enemy retreated much faster than we could overtake them. The poor General always took a particular interest in watching his own old regiment. Our light field batteries soon silenced the guns which the enemy had in position at the corners of the villages, and two or three out of five were captured. Just as we had finished chasing the Sepoys off the field, a tremendous shower of rain came down, and it rained incessantly in torrents the whole of the remainder of the day; but that did not prevent us from following up the enemy. We took ground to the right and got on to the road again, and marched about sixteen miles as quickly as we could. The road was strewn every here and there with shoes, which the Sepoys had thrown off to expedite their flight. We halted for a quarter of an hour about

1857. eleven o'clock, and took a mouthful of anything we had; but that was little enough, and what little it was, was soaked with rain. About half-past three in the afternoon we halted in a tiny village—Serai—and the troops were all quartered in it. We three had two little bits of rooms, one of them being merely the verandah; however, we were very happy there, and when the baggage came up, got some dry clothes and dined, and sat and talked over the events of the day, and the glorious prospect before us of relieving the Lucknow garrison. The poor General slept on a charpoy in the little verandah room. It rained incessantly all night, and when day dawned on Tuesday, the 22nd, it was still pouring; but we got up and had an early breakfast, and started again at about eight o'clock, the 1st Brigade being in advance this time: we made a similar march to the one of the day before, and halted about the same time in much the same kind of place. We had only seen small parties of the enemy's cavalry on our flanks occasionally, and there was no fighting of any kind on that day. We had the satisfaction of hearing the booming of guns at Lucknow when we arrived at our new ground, and fired a royal salute from our heavy guns to let the beleaguered garrison know that relief was approaching. We were all drenched this day the same as on Monday.

"We passed the night of Tuesday, the 22nd," continues the narrator, "in a very smoky little hut, and listened to the guns which were being continually fired at Lucknow. We got up soon after daylight on the 23rd, and had an early breakfast, and marched about eight, the General's brigade (the 1st) again leading the way. It was not raining that day, and there was no wind, but a bright sun, so the men felt the heat a good deal. The country was covered with water as far almost as we could see, on both sides of the road, and we saw nothing of the enemy except small parties of cavalry now and then in topes of trees on our flanks, until we approached Alumbâgh, where they were posted in considerable force both of cavalry and infantry, and had some guns with them, two of which commenced firing straight down the road, as soon as we came within range. At the place where we were we could not leave the road on account of the depth of the water, but where the enemy were was generally higher

ground, and comparatively dry. There was some little delay caused by the 2nd Brigade being ordered to pass the 1st on the road, and the shot from the enemy's guns told a good deal in our ranks, but it did not last very long. Both brigades, as they reached the place where there was not so much water, went off to the left of the road and deployed into line, and advanced the same as they did on the 21st, cheering the whole way, and driving the enemy's infantry before them. Their cavalry had disappeared—at least had moved out of range of our guns—as soon as they saw us advancing. Close to the side of the road there was a very deep ditch of water, and while the poor General's horse was plunging through it, a round-shot passed within a few inches of his back—an escape for which he and we all felt most thankful at the time.* We were exposed to a heavy fire of round-shot, grape, and musketry in this advance, and he was quite delighted with his troops, and the way in which he managed and led them won their admiration. I have him in my mind's eye now, mounted on his charger in front of the Madras Fusiliers, waving his helmet, and joining in the cheers of the brigade to Captain Olpherts's Horse Battery and the Volunteer Cavalry, who were passing along our front at a gallop to follow up the enemy, whose retreat had become too rapid to be followed very effectually by the infantry. We lost a good many men that afternoon. A wing of the 5th Fusiliers, which was on the right of the line, stormed the Alumbâgh enclosure in the most gallant way, and the other wing had to lie down in a rice-field, knee-deep in water, while the line was halted, as some of the enemy's guns had their exact range, and every shot was telling. We drove the enemy back to about a mile beyond the Alumbâgh, and as it was then getting late, and it was evident that the force could not enter Lucknow that evening, we retired and took up a position close to and in the Alumbâgh. The dear General's brigade was on the Lucknow side of the Alumbâgh, and close to the enclosure wall. The whole ground was ankle deep in mud; and now, to complete our *comforts* for the night, the

1857.

* Neill himself wrote of this: "I had a most providential escape, but was mercifully spared. Whilst crossing a deep watercourse, my horse plunged down, and nearly fell. Whilst he did so, a round-shot grazed the horse's quarters, passing a few inches behind me."

1857. rain, which had kept off the whole day, now came down in a perfect deluge, but the shower did not last more than an hour. We had no baggage up, and nothing to eat. After taking up our position for the night, the kind General's first thought was for the comfort of his men, and he sent me to General Havelock to ask for orders for the issue of an extra dram, which was accordingly served out. Two of the enemy's guns kept playing exactly on the place where we were, until after dark; the fire of twelve or fourteen of our guns had not been able to silence them, although the practice was good, because they were so well masked. About seven or eight o'clock some of our things began to arrive, and a chair and a small charpoy had been got out of a few huts that were near; but the General's servant did not come up with a change of clothes for him, and Spurgin and I could not persuade him to take some of our dry things which had come up. He would not use the charpoy either, but insisted on my having it, and I did occupy one end of it (it was only about five feet long), and left the other for him in case he should change his mind. Some one lent him a good thick blanket, and he sat on the chair with his feet up on the charpoy, and the blanket over his head and shoulders, and spent the whole night in that way. We got some hot tea between eight and nine o'clock, and had a cigar, and listened to the Lucknow guns, which now sounded quite near, and longed for the morning; when we doubted not that we should again advance, and, as we hoped, rescue our fellow-countrymen in the course of the day. But when the morning of Thursday, the 24th, dawned, the two guns again opened fire on us; those shots that missed us plunged into the garden enclosure behind us, and did much damage among the camp-followers who were there. The brick wall, although high, was no protection, as the shot went through it as if it were but little thicker than paper. To our disappointment, an order came about seven o'clock that the force was to halt that day and retire to a place about a thousand yards in the rear, where it would be more out of range of the enemy's guns. This we did, and in the confusion and crush of baggage-animals and carts consequent on the retrograde movement, the enemy's cavalry quite suddenly charged down on the rear-guard and baggage-guard at full

speed, and unfortunately killed a good many. The rear-guard mistook the body of cavalry which they saw approaching for some of our own (their uniform was almost exactly the same, and, in fact, many of them had once belonged to the same regiment), and it was not until they were quite close, and they had seen their drawn swords, that they were known as enemies. Our fine General, who was always prepared for emergencies, immediately ordered down a couple of guns, and galloped down to where the attack had been made, and sent me off for the Volunteer Cavalry. Our baggage-animals, to the number of several thousands, had crushed into our camp in one huge mass, and were much in the way. It was all the work of a few minutes: by the time the guns and Volunteer Cavalry had arrived, the enemy's cavalry (about five hundred) had galloped off again, leaving fifteen or sixteen of their number dead behind them. They had killed one officer and twelve or fourteen privates. When that little affair was over, the General's tent was pitched, and all our things, which had been soaking wet for three days, were now spread out to dry in the sun. An order came in the afternoon that a garrison of, I think, two hundred men, was to be left with the sick and wounded and baggage in the Alumbâgh, and that the remainder of the force was to advance on Lucknow next morning, that each officer was to take one servant, and mounted officers their grooms also, and no tents or baggage, which would all follow in two or three days; but we saw nothing of them for two whole months. The troops were to be provided with rations for three days: all the things had to be sent into the Alumbâgh that evening at sunset. We made an arrangement for carrying in the ladies' stores, notwithstanding the prohibition as to baggage. We dined in the open air outside his tent, and were all in high spirits at our bright prospects for the morrow. It had been arranged that the brigades were to be divided, and that General Havelock, with *all* the guns and the 2nd Brigade, were to go by a direct route through some portion of the city, and that the General was to proceed with his three infantry regiments only, by a more circuitous route, and force his way through another portion of the suburbs, and so into the Residency; and this arrangement gave great satisfaction to him, and his noble zeal and emula- 1857.

1857. tion gave him great hopes that he would be the first to reach the Residency. This plan, however, was afterwards changed. Although so confident of success, he was fully impressed with a sense of the danger of the enterprise we were about to undertake, and in talking of anything that he would do after arrival at Lucknow, never failed to add, 'if it be God's will that I should get there!' He, Spurgin, and I slept on the ground in his little tent on the night of the 24th, and got up at daybreak on the 25th, and sent the tent into the Alumbâgh, where the rest of the baggage had been sent the evening before."*

And now comes the touching story of the last day of the beloved General's noble life, and of its glorious close in the hour of victory. It could not be better told than in the unstudied, soldierly language of the narrator. Such records as this are of inestimable value: "We had some breakfast about seven, and about eight o'clock we marched, the 1st Brigade in advance, in the following order:

Two Companies of the 5th Fusiliers.
Captain Maude's Light Field Battery, R.A.
The remainder of the 5th Fusiliers.
The 84th, and Detachment 64th Regiment.
The Madras Fusiliers.

* I append the final entry in Neill's journal descriptive of this day's work—the last words that he ever wrote: "Thursday, 24. A fine morning: enemy bring up their guns and pound us. It is determined first of all to advance at 8½ P.M., then to halt the day. The troops move back; the artillery practise. Maude's battery had one gun opposed to it, a 9-pounder, which holds out against the whole battery. I again urge that the buildings be taken by a party of infantry, but it is not listened to. Another of the enemy's guns opening on us, and being well within range, I order out two companies of the Fusiliers against it; but as they were about to go, a peremptory order came for the brigade to retire, so I was obliged to give the order. . . . . We have been humiliated by a retirement before a contemptible enemy. A spy in—a trustworthy one—reports that the enemy are bolting from Lucknow, and there will be no opposition, yet the orders are out to halt for the day in our retired position. The guns in front still pound us, and our reply, a battery and three or four large iron guns, can't silence the few contemptible guns in our front. I presume that Sir J. Outram is negotiating. He suggested that General Havelock should send out two regiments to take the guns, but he would not agree, saying if any went the whole should. The enemy's cavalry, about 11 A.M., came down on our rear and baggage, and cut up several followers, and, I regret to add, some of the 90th. I presume the men being griffs, did not know them, and from the proverbial dread of cavalry by infantry at home, they must have given the cowardly scoundrels some advantage against them. Several shots came very close to me. Young Havelock comes in with orders to move to-morrow in two columns; one under Sir J. Outram, the First Brigade, the other under General Havelock, with all the guns."

1857. Death of Neill.

"We had not gone two hundred yards when the enemy's guns opened fire, and we were soon exposed to a most murderous cross-fire from their guns, and also to a heavy musketry fire. The dear General was near the head of the 5th Fusiliers. The road was lined with trees on either side, whose branches met across, and there was such a crush and confusion in the road caused by men, and bullocks, and horses, and branches of trees struck down by the round-shot and grape and musketry, in a perfect storm of which we now were, that there was difficulty in making one's way to the front. I was sent on with orders for Captain Maude to do all he could with his guns to silence those of the enemy, but his battery was already almost disabled from the number of men and bullocks that had been struck down, so there was nothing left for it but to push on as hard as we could through the dreadful storm; and then the walled enclosures from either side of the road from which the enemy's infantry had been firing, were cleared by our infantry, those on the right by the 5th Fusiliers and part of the 84th, and those on the left and a village that we had now reached by the remainder of the 84th and 64th, but with considerable loss. This brought the Madras Fusiliers to the front, and on turning a corner in the village two more guns were opened on us, and fired straight down the road up which we were coming. The General immediately saw that these guns must be captured at all hazards, and with his own lips he gave the order for the Madras Fusiliers to charge them. This they did in the most splendid way; they were accompanied by some of the 84th, who happened, at the time, to be in the street of the village when the order to charge was given. The General himself headed the charge, which nothing could resist, and after mowing down a good many of our number with two discharges of grape during the charge, and under a shower of musket bullets, the guns were in our possession. It was here that poor Arnold had his leg carried off, from the effects of which he died a few days afterwards; and many others got dreadful wounds, but all were happy and proud. From this point we diverged off to the right, and wound round the outskirts of the city with very trifling opposition, until we got on to the road which leads along the bank of the Goomty, and straight towards the

1857. Residency. We had stopped once or twice on our way round the outskirts to let the heavy guns close up, and at one of these halts the General was repeatedly cheered by his men and the artillerymen, which made him very happy, and he laughed so when Captain Olpherts (who is a splendid officer) called out to his men, 'The sound of your guns is music to the ladies in Lucknow.' Soon after we had got on to the road along the Goomty, and little dreaming of the opposition which we had yet to meet, the General several times said: 'How very thankful we should feel for having been preserved through the dangers of the day (it was now between two and three in the afternoon), and I for having escaped when my horse was killed under me!' We were riding quietly along the road at the head of the men, admiring the beauty of some of the buildings, and of the country on the other side of the Goomty, when some guns from that very side suddenly opened on us, and at the same time a sharp fire of muskets from the building known as the 'Mess House,' and from the Kaiser Bagh walls on our left, and two or three guns also kept firing at us from one of the gates of the Kaiser Bagh. The Mess House was within one hundred yards of us. It is an upper-storied house with a turret at each corner, and shots poured out at every window and opening, and our musketry fire could not keep down theirs, and we had not time to wait and storm the house, for it was most essential that relief should reach the garrison that very night, so we were just obliged to push on. The General had two or three rounds fired into the house from one of the guns, which caused their musketry fire to cease for a short time. We then got into a walled enclosure, and rested for a little, and allowed the troops to close up. The General dismounted and sat down, and we had a cigar, I think, and some tea, or something to drink. We then started again, and had to go along a lane, and then through what had been the compound of an officer's bungalow. All this time we were concealed from the enemy's view, but at the end of the compound we had to come out on to one of the main roads, fully exposed to the Kaiser Bagh, and several large mosques and buildings, and for about two hundred yards we had to go through an incessant storm of bullets, grape, &c., to which what we had been exposed to in the morning was not to be

compared in fierceness. Men were cut down on all sides, and how any single one escaped was perfectly miraculous. At the end of the two hundred yards we got behind the shelter of a large house, which was immediately occupied by the Madras Fusiliers, who, by the General's order, tried hard to keep down the musketry fire from the mosque behind; but it wasn't until after repeated discharges from our guns that it was even partially silenced. We then moved into a lane with a brick wall on either side, and intersected in one or two places by cross-streets, up which the Sepoys poured a most destructive fire as we crossed the openings. We were delayed for some time in this lane, not knowing which was the best route to take to the Residency, from which we were still about three-quarters of a mile distant. All the streets were full of Sepoys, and it was evident that, whichever way we went, we should meet with dreadful opposition. It was now sunset, and it was necessary to make a move; and the route fixed on was one which required those regiments that had gone farthest up the lane to face about, and come back again; so the order of march became somewhat changed, and the 78th Highlanders and Sikh regiment, which had been behind us, and consequently not so far up the lane, turned down at once into the opening through which we were to advance to the Residency, and thus got in front of the 1st Brigade. When they had forced their entrance into the main street, General Havelock sent back for the assistance of the Madras Fusiliers, which accordingly became separated for the time from the 1st Brigade, and dear General Neill regretted much that he could not accompany them, but must remain with the other regiments. A number of guns had to move between the brigades, so that we were some distance apart. When we got out of the lane into the court-yard through which we had to go, we found a great crush of guns and bullocks. And now I approach that most deeply melancholy part of my story which has been the cause of my writing to you. It was now getting dusk, and our infantry were marching through the court-yard, which had flat-roofed houses on either side and at the far end, with an archway in the middle of the far end, under which we had to go. A heavy musketry fire was opened on us from the tops of the houses on either side, and through loopholes in the

1857.

1857. parapet that ran along the top of the archway and houses at the far end. This fire knocked down numbers of our poor soldiers; and the fire that we gave in return was useless, as the Sepoys were protected by the parapet that ran along the whole front of the flat-roofed houses; and the houses themselves had all the doorways on the other side, so could not be entered from where we were. The General was sitting on his horse quite coolly, giving his orders, and trying to prevent too hasty a rush through the archway, as one of the guns had not yet been got out of the lane where we had been halting. He sent me back to see what was the delay in getting the gun on; and these were the last words I heard him utter, as I rode off immediately to the lane, and in about three minutes returned with the gun, when, to my great grief and horror, I was told that he was no more. He, sitting there quietly on his horse, had formed too prominent an object for the sure aim of the mutineer Sepoys, who fired at him through a loophole above the archway, and the fatal bullet performed its mission but too truly, and in one instant closed the earthly career of our greatest and most noble soldier and beloved General, our only consolation being that he was at peace, and had died a soldier's death, and passed from a short-lived earthly career of glory into one of glorious immortality. . . . He must have had his head turned towards the lane, watching probably for the gun to make its appearance round the corner, for the bullet entered the side of his head behind, and a little above the left ear. When the fatal bullet took effect the body fell forward on the horse's neck, and the animal, through fright, galloped off towards the lane, and the body fell off near the corner of the lane. Spurgin had gone to the very place where he had seen the body fall off the horse, and was fortunate enough to have it put on to a gun-waggon, on which it was brought into the Residency. We were out all that night, and I followed the gun on which the dead remains were into the Residency compound at daybreak on Saturday morning, the 26th. It was then taken off the gun and put into a doolie. . . . It was unsafe to enter the churchyard during the day, it was so much exposed to the enemy's fire, although our good clergyman, Mr. Harris, offered to go at any hour during the day; but as the garrison custom was to have

funerals in the evening, we thought it best not to cause unnecessary exposure to the men by having it during the day. He was left just as he was, with a ruzaie wrapped round him, and was committed to the earth at dusk in the churchyard, the funeral service having been performed by Mr. Harris, and many a tear shed and prayer offered up on the occasion. It would have been some little consolation if you could have heard the sorrow expressed by the whole brigade, and more especially by his own Fusiliers. His death was so unexpected by every one. He seemed to move about with a charmed life, and he had been so long looked on as the master-mind and stay of our force by those around him, that his being suddenly cut off came upon us with a terrible shock."* 1857.

Public honours.

Great was the grief, all over India, when it was known that Neill had fallen. From the Governor-General of India, down to the youngest private in the English Army, there was not a man who did not feel that a great soldier had passed away from a scene on which, had God spared him, he might have done even still greater things.† When the despatches of Generals Havelock and Outram were published, some dissatisfaction was expressed by Neill's friends because there had not been more prominent mention of his death and of the services preceding it; but their disappointment was lightened by the language of admiring regret in which Lord Canning wrote of the deceased warrior when he published those despatches to

* The following is Captain Spurgin's account of Neill's death: "My poor friend, General Neill, fell almost the last shot that was fired on the 25th. I was close to him. A wretched man shot him from the top of a house. He never spoke again, and could not have suffered a moment's pain. There was a gun between us at the time, but I got round and saved his body by carrying it into the entrenched camp on a gun-carriage, and it was buried by his own regiment the next day. . . . What am I to write or say to poor Mrs. Neill? and *he* asked me, before we went into action, in case he fell, to do so. A painful duty, and I do it with a sad heart; but it must be done." From another passage in this letter it may be gathered that the box of little comforts and delicacies which Neill had collected for the use of the Lucknow ladies, reached its destination safely. "I went to see Mrs. ——," writes Captain Spurgin, "the morning after I got in. . . . . She was so glad to see me; and good old Neill had brought a box of all kinds of things for the ladies, such as arrowroot, sago, candles, &c., and some wine—all of which I had the pleasure of distributing."

† A soldier of the 78th Highlanders wrote on September 28 to his brother: "And here, when success had crowned our efforts, shocking to relate, our brave General Neill fell. He was an honour to the country, and the idol of the British Army."

1857. the world. After speaking of the entrance into Lucknow, and recording his thanks to the victorious Generals, he said, in his official notification: "The Governor-General in Council forbears to observe further upon information which is necessarily imperfect; but he cannot refrain from expressing the deep regret with which he hears of the death of Brigadier Neill, of the 1st Madras European Fusiliers, of which it is feared that no doubt exists. Brigadier-General Neill, during his short but active career in Bengal, had won the respect and confidence of the Government of India; he had made himself conspicuous as an intelligent, prompt, and self-reliant soldier, ready of resource and stout of heart; and the Governor-General in Council offers to the Government and to the Army of Madras his sincere condolence upon the loss of one who was an honour to the service of their Presidency." And in England, when the sad news reached our shores, there was scarcely less sorrow. But with this grief for the dead there was mingled a tender and generous regard for the living; and the honours and rewards which would have been bestowed upon the fallen soldier, were transferred to his widow and children. Neill had already been appointed, for his earlier services in the war, an aide-de-camp to the Queen. The Gazette now recorded that he would have been recommended for the dignity of Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, had he survived; and soon afterwards another Gazette announced that the Queen had been "pleased to ordain and declare that Isabella Neill, the widow of the late Colonel James George Neill, of the Madras Fusiliers, shall have, hold, and enjoy the same style, title, place, and precedence, to which she would have been entitled had her husband, who fell in the gallant discharge of his duty, survived and been invested with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Bath." Nor was the great Company, which Neill had served so long and so nobly, forgetful of his claims. They added to these royal rewards a liberal pecuniary endowment.

November 14, 1857.

November 26.

But more honourable to the memory of the Dead even than these testimonials from admiring Governments, was the eagerness with which the great voice of the Nation sought to express alike the sorrow and the gratitude in its heart. To hold public meetings, and to vote statues of marble or bronze, are,

in all such cases, the common, and indeed the fitting, manifestations of the popular applause. So there were great gatherings in Madras and in Bengal, and again in Neill's native county of Ayr, to raise memorials of the heroic Dead. In India, Madras, with an especial pride in her distinguished soldier, took the lead. The Governor, the Commander-in-Chief, the Chief Justice, and other great representatives of the English communities, took prominent parts on the occasion; and nothing was left unsaid that could illustrate the nobility of his character and the exceeding value of his deeds.* Then Bengal caught the enthusiasm, and all classes of Englishmen in Northern India were eager to join in the demonstration originated by their southern brethren. And no member of that community so eager as Lord Canning, who, above all men with the circumstances of whose lives I have been familiarised through their correspondence, had a great-hearted appreciation of individual merit, especially of individual gallantry, and was ever liberal in its expression. He had then in his Council an honoured friend, a distinguished Madras officer, known to more than one generation as "John Low,"† and it appeared to the Governor-General, who had a delicate sense of what was graceful and becoming, that from no man would the proposal to do honour to the memory of General Neill emanate more fittingly than from his veteran fellow-soldier; so he sat down and wrote the following letter: "*Government House*, December 26, 1857. My dear General 1857.

* It is remarkable that, at this meeting, the highest legal authorities in the Presidency dwelt most emphatically, in language of praise, on General Neill's treatment of the Cawnpore murderers, described by some as a violation of law, justice, and humanity. The Chief Justice said that Neill "stood there as the avenger of almost unheard-of crimes." "I am thankful to think," he continued, "that he knew he 'should not bear the sword in vain as the minister of God to execute wrath on those who had done evil.' This passage, if I remember rightly, refers to the civil magistrate, but in time of war the soldier takes the place of civil power. It should not be forgotten that in time of war the maxim, *Cedant arma togæ*, has no place; whilst it should be remembered, *Silent inter arma leges.*" And the Advocate-General said, that when it was known at home how Neill "at Cawnpore had inflicted righteous retribution on those high-caste murderers, the Bengal Brahmin Sepoys, the fame of his deeds ran trumpet-tongued throughout the land, and in England that retribution was not looked upon as vengeance, but simply as that which the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, the Duke of Cambridge, had so lately said, amidst the cheers of all who heard him, he hoped and trusted would be rigidly carried out—namely, justice, prompt and stern justice, on every sharer in those atrocities."—*Vide cotemporary Report in Madras Athenæum.*

† Now (1866) Sir John Low, K.C.B.

1857. Low,—I have seen in the Madras *Athenæum* of the 10th of December the report of a public meeting held for the purpose of doing honour to the late Brigadier-General Neill, at which Lord Harris presided, and which resulted in the formation of a committee, and the passing of certain resolutions to that end. I have been aware for some time that such a step has been in contemplation at Madras, in which Presidency, as claiming General Neill for its own, it was right that the measure should be originated. But in my opinion it will not be right that India at large, and especially Bengal and the North-Western Provinces, should have no share in this work. General Neill's best service has been rendered on this side of India. His highest honours have been won here. It was at Lucknow that he met his death, enshrining his name for ever in the history of a struggle in which the best and bravest men of any age or country would have been proud to bear a part, and in which there was no leader more reliable, no soldier more forward, than himself. If you agree with me, I would ask leave to go one step further, and to suggest that no person is so well qualified to take the case in hand in this Presidency, and to win support to it, as yourself, holding the high position which you do hold in the Madras Army, and in the Government of India. In the event of a committee being organised to receive subscriptions, and for other purposes, you would, I am certain, obtain zealous co-operation from Mr. Daniel Elliot.* Probably it will be thought that the money which may be collected in this Presidency will be most properly disposed of by handing it over unconditionally to the Madras Committee, to form one fund, at the command of those who have the best title to determine the manner in which we shall do honour to their noble soldier. But whatever may be decided upon this point, I beg you, in the event of your acceding to my suggestion, to place my name upon

* Mr. Daniel Elliot, an officer of the Madras Civil Service, and one of the ablest and best that ever went to India. After a distinguished career in his own Presidency, he went to Calcutta in 1839, as one of the first members of the Law Commission. He was afterwards a member of the Madras Council and of the Legislative Council of India. He was one of those men whose noiseless beneficence is seldom adequately recognised, and who are doomed to see their inferiors in intrinsic worth and external service praised and rewarded, whilst they remain in the shade with the solace only of a good conscience.

the list of subscribers for one thousand rupees.—Believe me, my dear General Low, very faithfully yours, CANNING." 1857.

No one will doubt the cordiality with which General Low responded to this appeal. A great meeting was held in the Town-hall of Calcutta; and the veteran Councillor proposed the first resolution: "That this meeting, deeply appreciating the splendid services rendered by the late Brigadier-General Neill, of the Madras Fusiliers, during the late crisis, and recognising the fact that this active and determined officer, with but small means at command, first and effectually stemmed the torrent of insurrection spreading over the North-Western provinces of Bengal, feels specially bound to record its gratitude for such services, and to express its heartfelt regret that his brilliant career was cut short by so untimely though glorious a death." "When Neill arrived in Bengal," he said, "he was almost an entire stranger. Yet you recollect what that stranger effected in the course of a few weeks. You recollect the splendid services which he achieved at Benares, and again at Allahabad and Cawnpore—services all different from each other, but all surrounded with dangers and difficulties—difficulties which vanished before the judgment, energy, skill, and devotion to his duty of this remarkable man; and so completely did he do his duty, that he left nothing to be desired." Others followed in the same strain; and every note of truthful praise that was sounded awakened a burst of enthusiastic applause. One eloquent speaker—Advocate-General Ritchie, a man whose name is never mentioned without respect, concluded his address with these touching words: "He fell pressing through a gateway at Lucknow thronged with the dead, the dying, and the advancing hosts of the British avengers of blood, at the head of his own beloved regiment, with everything to urge the warrior onwards, and to make a moment's pause as repugnant to his nature as it was perilous. And yet the hero paused on his onward course, and that pause, exposing him to steady, murderous aim from behind the treacherous loophole, cost his precious life. But he paused for no work of slaughter, but for a work of mercy, not to strike down a foeman, but to moisten from his own flask the life of a poor private who had

1857. sunk wounded or exhausted by his side. We all remember that beautiful story, dear to us from our childhood, of Sir Philip Sydney, when dying on the field of Zutphen, waving from him the cup of cold water that was offered to him, with the words, 'Give it to that poor man: his necessity is greater than mine.' That deed of the Christian warrior is and ever will be unsurpassed; but is it not now equalled? Was not the charity as lovely, the self-denial as sublime, which could stay the advancing footsteps of the fiery Neill, eager to avenge his slaughtered countrymen and countrywomen, that he might succour his poor, faithful, simple-hearted follower, as those which animated even the noble Sydney?"*

And Scotland was not less proud of the hero's memory than was India. When news of his death reached his native county, money was promptly subscribed wherewith to raise a statue in his honour. And in October, 1859, there was a great assemblage of people in Ayr to witness the Inauguration of the Monument. Lord Eglinton, Sir James Fergusson, and other distinguished men were present, and among them Neill's old aide-de-camp, Major Gordon, who shared the dangers of his last days, and was beside him in the hour of his death. The Monument, executed by Noble, is erected in Wellington-square, at the end farthest from the County Buildings, and, according to the local chronicler, "near to the place where the hero was born."† "The figure," it is added, "is of colossal size, ten feet high, and stands upon a pedestal of Dalbeattie granite twelve feet high. The incident seized on by the artist is that which occurred at the railway station at Howrah, when General Neill and the Fusiliers, being about to proceed to quell the mutiny at Benares, a portion of the regiment not having arrived when the train was about to start, and the railway official insisting upon its proceeding without them, General Neill immediately and on the spot had him arrested; and the soldiers coming up shortly

* I cannot refrain from giving this passage, though I cannot vouch for the truth of the anecdote, of which, however, it may truly be said that it is "very like Neill." The reader who has followed the touching narrative of the General's last days, given above, may judge for himself what are the probabilities of the accuracy of the story. Its omission from so detailed and complete a record seems to cast discredit on it.

† This appears to be an error. General Neill was not born in Wellington-square, as generally stated by the Ayrshire biographers.

afterwards, the Fusiliers started off for the scene of danger, and, under their great commander, speedily restored the disturbed district to tranquillity." The pedestal bears the following inscription: 1857.

JAMES GEORGE SMITH NEILL, C.B.,
AIDE-DE-CAMP TO THE QUEEN,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL IN THE MADRAS ARMY,
BRIGADIER-GENERAL IN INDIA:
A BRAVE, RESOLUTE, SELF-RELIANT SOLDIER, UNIVERSALLY
ACKNOWLEDGED AS THE FIRST WHO STEMMED
THE TORRENT OF REBELLION IN BENGAL.
HE FELL GLORIOUSLY
AT THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW,
26TH SEPT., 1857,
AGED 47.

Character of General Neill.

The story is now told; and I hope that in its telling the character of the soldier and of the man has been so indicated, that it is but little necessary to give an elaborate account of the qualities which contributed to its perfection. The lesson to be learnt from his career is a striking one. It teaches us the great duty of "waiting." In the course of a few months General Neill made a great reputation. He had waited long and patiently for his opportunity; it came at last, and he suddenly developed into a great military commander. In an unexampled crisis he displayed all the finest soldierly qualities; and there was not among the brave men who were pushing forward to the rescue, one in whom greater confidence was felt from one end of India to the other than in the Colonel of the Madras Fusiliers. All said of him that he was "the man for the occasion." Like the two Lawrences, like Outram, and like Nicholson, he had wonderful self-reliance; and there was no responsibility so great as to make him shrink from taking upon himself the burden of it. When Lord Canning said of him that "in the great struggle in which the best and bravest of men of any age or country would have been proud to bear a part, there was no leader more reliable, no soldier more forward than Neill," the sentiment was echoed by his countrymen all over the world. All men spoke of his wonderful promptitude and decision, and of the intuitive sagacity which enabled him to do ever "the

1857. right thing at the right time and in the right place." But only those who knew him well, who had lived in familiar intercourse and taken sweet counsel with him, knew how truly good and great he was. There were times, as we have seen, when the good old Covenanter spirit glowed within him, and he smote with an unsparing sword at the persecutors of our race. But in all the ordinary transactions of life he was tender and gentle as a woman;* he was one of the most unselfish and considerate of men, unceasingly watchful for opportunities of serving others, and ever forward in the performance of deeds of charity and love. The delight of a happy home, and the bright example of a devoted family, he was an upright and a God-fearing man, walking ever humbly with that God, and recognising in all the vicissitudes of life the hand of an Almighty Providence. His career was short, but it has been truly said, "not too short for his fame;" for in the great muster-roll of Indian heroes, there is scarcely a name more cherished by the present generation of men than that of James George Neill.

* In all of this I am fully borne out by the recorded opinion of one of the very best of men. "In view of such horrid butcheries," wrote Dr. Duff, after speaking of the Cawnpore tragedy, "General Neill, though naturally a mild, gentle, quiet, inoffensive man, seems to have irresistibly felt that an exhibition of stern justice was imperatively demanded. His Scottish Bible-training had taught him that justice was as absolute an attribute of Deity as mercy; that magistracy was 'an ordinance of God,' and expressly designed to be a terror to evil-doers. His sentiments appeared to harmonise with those of Lord Palmerston, who is reported to have said that 'to punish the guilty adequately exceeded the powers of any civilised men, as the atrocities which had been committed were such as to be imagined and perpetrated only by demons sallying forth from the lowest depths of hell;' with those of Lord Shaftesbury, who called aloud for a strict, stern justice on the miscreants who deluged our towns with the blood of women and children, declaring the exaction of such justice essential, not only for the maintenance of our tenure of India, but of the future safety of the natives themselves; and with those of the American Ambassador, who solemnly averred that the crimes were such as to constitute their perpetrators what pirates are, what cannibals in the Fejee Islands, enemies of the human race, and meriting from the whole of the human race summary and peremptory extirpation. Dismissing, therefore, from his mind all thoughts of harmful lenity, all feelings of maudlin, sentimental pity, he sternly grasped the sword of retributive justice, and as the minister of God who ought not to bear the sword in vain, a revenger to execute wrath on them that did evil (Rom. xiii. 4), he resolved to strike terror into the souls of the evil-doers and their miscreant sympathisers. Nor did he regard it as torture or cruelty, in the ordinary sense of these terms, to cause murderers, who were still reeking with the gore of innocent women and children, to wipe up a portion of the blood which they had no scruples of conscience or of caste in so profusely shedding. Neither, may I add, need any enlightened Christian shrink from avowing that he has felt no especial indignation at a procedure so unwonted, in such strange, unwonted circumstances."

GENERAL JOHN NICHOLSON.

[BORN 1821.—DIED 1857.]

1821—25. Childhood.

At the close of the year 1830, a physician practising in Dublin died from the effects of a fever caught in the performance of his professional duties. Though only thirty-seven years of age, Dr. Alexander Nicholson had attained considerable reputation in the Irish capital as a skilful and experienced practitioner; and he was a man of true Christian piety and spotless integrity of life.

He died, leaving a widow and seven young children; two daughters and five sons. The eldest of the sons, John Nicholson, born in Dublin on the 11th of December, 1821, at the time of his father's death had just completed his eighth year. But, child as he was, even at that time he was old enough to be a solace and a stay to his widowed mother.

He was a precocious boy almost from his cradle; thoughtful, studious, of an inquiring nature; and he had the ineffable benefit of good parental teaching of the best kind. In his young mind the seeds of Christian piety were early sown, and took deep root. It is still remembered of him that, when he was three years old, his mother happening to go suddenly into a room, found John alone there, with a knotted handkerchief in his hand, striking with all his childish force at some invisible object. When asked what he was doing, he answered, with a grave earnestness of manner, "Oh! mamma, dear; I am trying to get a blow at the devil. He is wanting me to be bad. If I could get him down I'd kill him."

Education.

He was exceedingly quick to learn, and when only four years of age he could read well; and he never shrank from his lessons. On the death of his father, Mrs. Nicholson removed her young family to Lisburne, where her mother

1825—35. resided;* but finding it difficult to obtain there good masters for her children, she transferred them to Delgany, where excellent private tuition was secured for them. But as John advanced in years and intelligence, it seemed expedient to fit him to make his way in the great world by training of a more public kind; so his mother sent him to the college at Dungannon, of which Dr. Darling was then the principal. In after years he sometimes expressed regret that he had not availed himself more fully of the opportunities then presented to him of increasing his store of learning; but he made very good progress all the same, and at fifteen was probably as good a scholar as the majority of boys at that age. He was, moreover, a fine manly youngster, active and courageous, but withal of a gentle and affectionate nature, and very fond of his mother. I have no faith in men who do not love their mothers, from the first day of their lives to the last.

I have not been able to recover any anecdotes of John Nicholson's boyhood, excepting one, which shows that, at an early age, an accident had well-nigh rendered a public career impossible to him. During one of his vacations he was playing with gunpowder, when a considerable quantity of it exploded in his face and blinded him. He covered his face with his hands, and made his way to his mother, saying to her, "Mamma, the gunpowder has blown up in my face." When he removed his hands, it was seen that his face was a blackened mass; his eyes were completely closed, and the blood was trickling down his cheeks. For ten days, during which he never murmured, or expressed any concern except for his mother, he lay in a state of total darkness; but when at the end of that time the bandages were removed, it was found that God in his mercy had spared the sight of the boy, and preserved him to do great things.

It was plain that there was in such a boy the making of a good soldier; but I do not know that this early promise led in any way to the choice of his profession. I have before observed that the majority of those men who have made for themselves great Indian careers, have gone forth, not because they have had in youth any special liking for the life before

* Mrs. Nicholson is sister of Sir James Weir Hogg, Bart., formerly M.P. for Beyerley and for Honiton, and now a member of the Council of India.

them, but because accident or convenience has so directed their ways. Mrs. Nicholson had five sons, and a slender income, derived mainly from the rents of some small estates in Ireland, and it was a matter of serious concern to her how to provide for this fine batch of promising youngsters. It is not strange that ever and anon these grave thoughts expressed themselves in a troubled countenance. When quite a child, John would say sometimes, with a loving kiss to his mother, "Don't fret, mamma dear, when I'm a big man I'll make plenty of money, and I'll give it all to you." Words often uttered, before and since, but seldom, as in this instance, so religiously fulfilled! The chance was not very far distant. Mrs. Nicholson's brother, Sir James Hogg, had "large Indian interest." When John had nearly completed his sixteenth year, his uncle obtained a cadetship for him in the Bengal Infantry. He made all haste to England, and after spending a short time with the same good friend, who helped him with advice and with money to obtain his outfit, embarked on board the *Camden* for Calcutta. He had left home carrying with him the most precious counsel. "Never forget to read your Bible," were his mother's last words, given to him with her parting benediction. And he never did forget the pious admonition. 1835—39. Appointment to India, 1837.

The voyage to India was not an eventful one. He kept very much aloof from the other youngsters on board, whom he described as, for the most part, of a noisy riotous kind. He read much every day, never forgetting the Book of Books morning or evening, and made by his uniform steadiness of conduct a most favourable impression on the mind of the captain of the ship. Having reached Calcutta in the month of July, he spent a short time in the vice-regal capital, and was then appointed to do duty with the 41st Regiment of Native Infantry at Benares. After a while he was permanently posted to the 27th Sepoy Regiment, which was cantoned at our frontier station of Ferozepore. "I intend setting out on the 1st of January," he wrote to his mother, in December, 1839, "and expect to be rather more than three months on the road. I am afraid it will prove a very unpleasant march to me, as I go alone, and am unacquainted with the language and country." These difficulties were readily overcome. The 1838.

1839—41. young Ensign arrived at the remote station, and joined the regiment, which was to be his home.* But new difficulties beset him there; he found that there were no houses—that he was compelled to build one, and that he must pass the hot weather in a tent. So, in common course, he was subjected to a process of "seasoning." In the early part of July he wrote to his mother: "I have not forgot your parting advice to read my Bible daily. . . . I have just recovered from a severe attack of fever, brought on by the want of proper shelter; but my new house will soon be finished, and then I hope I shall enjoy my usual health. You can have no idea how the hot weather enervates the body, and, if you do not take special care, the mind also. I am just finishing a most interesting work, which, if you have not already read, I strongly recommend you to do so; it is Faber's *Fulfilment of the Scriptural Prophecies.*" In the following month he wrote to the same beloved correspondent: "You ask if the climate agrees with me. I think so far it has, considering how much I have been exposed since I came out. I am nearly six feet high now, and expect, if my health continues good, to be three or four inches taller; but I think I am thinner even than I was at home."

Afghanistan. In the middle of the month of October, 1840, his regiment was warned for service in Afghanistan, which was at that time occupied by British troops, and overrun by British diplomatists. It was a season of delusive calm. Our British regiments were ordered, in ordinary course of relief, into the dominions of Shah Soojah, as if they were going to a British province. But it was not long before the 27th, after having marched into Afghanistan, were excited by the prospect of a brush with the Sikh. "Our brigade," wrote young Nicholson, in July, 1841, to Sir James Hogg, "was sent down to Peshawur, in May, to assist a convoy, on its way up, under Captain Broadfoot, which ten thousand Sikhs of General

* Of Ferozepore, John Nicholson wrote to his mother in June: "This station is a perfect wilderness; there is not a tree or blade of grass within miles of us, and as to the tigers, there are two or three killed in the neighbouring jungle every day. I intend in the cold weather to have a shot at them, but at present it is dangerous work, from the great heat. The Court of Directors will have a sufficiency of work next cold weather, or I am much mistaken. The Russians are advancing towards Balkh. To watch them and the Sikhs, I suppose this station has been made head-quarters of the division; what the Staff are to do for houses on their arrival, I know not."

Avitabile's force, who had mutinied and seized two guns, threatened at the Attock. However, hearing of our approach by forced marches, they made off across the Caubul river, and left the detachment at liberty to proceed. We suffered a good deal from the heat on our return to Jellalabad, and, without halting there, continued our march to Caubul, where the other corps remained; but we proceeded to relieve the 16th at Ghuznee, and are now comfortably settled there." The 27th, under Colonel Palmer, formed the garrison of Ghuznee, the capture of which a year or two before had consummated the revolution which placed Shah Soojah "upon the throne of his ancestors." And there, when the counter-revolution broke out in 1841, it found young Nicholson with his regiment—a tall, slim stripling of eighteen.* 1841—42.

When the "insurgents," as they were then called, arose, and strove mightily to shake off the double burden of an unpopular monarch and a foreign usurpation, it was the especial work of one of the leading Afghan chiefs to obtain repossession of Ghuznee. A British garrison is never likely to surrender to an Oriental enemy; but what could a single regiment do against the multitudinous array of fighting men sent against them? It happened that a second enemy, even more formidable than the first, appeared at the same disastrous point of time. Snow began to fall heavily. The rigours of winter were setting in. The reinforcements sent from Candahar to the relief of Ghuznee retraced their steps. This gave new heart to the Afghans. The British regiment for some time held the city, but the inhabitants undermined the walls and admitted the Barukzye fighting men. Then the English officers were compelled to withdraw with their Hindostanee troops into the citadel. There they were exposed to all the merciless severities of the northern winter. But they held their own manfully until their supplies of water were exhausted, and then they were compelled to capitulate. An

* He appears at this time to have had some idea of obtaining an appointment in Shah Soojah's service, for he wrote from Ghuznee in August: "The service which I spoke to you about wishing to enter was not the Nizam's, but that of Shah Soojah-ool-Moolkh, whom we have lately restored to the throne of Caubul, and whose army is officered by Europeans, who receive a much larger salary than they do when serving with their regiments. However, I shall soon pass in the language, and perhaps through my uncle's interest may obtain some appointment in Hindoostan better worth having."

1842. agreement was signed with the Afghan leaders, by which they promised our people safe-conduct to the Punjabee frontier. But as the snow was still lying in the passes, it was necessary that they should remain a little longer in Ghuznee; so quarters were found for the British regiment in a part of the town just below the citadel. Afghan treachery, however, soon displayed itself in its worst colours. The British troops were foully attacked in their new quarters. Then, in the hour of deadly peril, the heroic qualities of John Nicholson, a youth of twenty, manifested themselves in all their nascent strength. The story is told by one who fought beside him. "I was in the next house with Burnett of the 54th and Nicholson of the 27th," wrote Lieutenant Crawford, soon after the event, "there being no decent room for me in my own proper quarters. On hearing the uproar I ran to the roof to see what was the matter; and finding what had taken place among my men, and that balls were flying thick, I called up Burnett. He had scarcely joined me when he was struck down by a rifle-ball which knocked his eye out; and as he was then rendered *hors de combat*, I assumed command of the two companies of the 27th that had been under him; and Nicholson and myself proceeded to defend ourselves as well as circumstances would permit. We were on the left of the heap of houses occupied by our troops, and the first and sharpest attacks were directed at us; the enemy fired our house, and gradually, as room after room caught fire, we were forced to retreat to the others, till at last, by midnight of the 9th, our house was nearly burnt in halves. We were exhausted with hunger and thirst, having had nothing to eat or drink since the morning of the 7th. Our ammunition was expended; the place was filled with dead and dying men, and our position was no longer tenable; but the only entrance, in front of the house, was surrounded by the enemy, and we scarcely knew how to get out and endeavour to join Colonel Palmer. At last we dug a hole through the wall of the back of the house: we had only bayonets to work with, and it cost us much labour to make a hole sufficiently large to admit of one man dropping into the street below; but we were fortunate enough to get clear out of our ruined quarters in this way, and to join the Colonel unperceived by the savages around us."

But by this time all hope of successful resistance had passed away; for the Hindostanee Sepoys, worn out by cold and hunger, had lost all heart, and were eager to seek safety in flight. So again Colonel Palmer entered into terms with the enemy, and engaged to surrender the arms of his force on condition of the Afghan leaders pledging themselves to treat their prisoners honourably, and conduct them in safety to Caubul. There was the bitterness of death in this order to all heroic minds; and it is recorded that "Nicholson, then quite a stripling, drove the enemy thrice back beyond the walls at the point of the bayonet, before he would listen to the order given him to make his company lay down their arms. He at length obeyed, gave up his sword with bitter tears, and accompanied his comrades to an almost hopeless imprisonment." 1842.

Captivity

Now began a time of miserable captivity. In a small room, eighteen feet by thirteen, the prisoners were confined. When they lay down to rest at night they covered the whole floor. From this wretched dungeon, after a while, even light and air were excluded by the closing of the door and window. Cleanliness even was a blessing denied to them. The linen rotted on their backs, and they were soon covered by loathsome vermin. In this pitiable state, never breathing the fresh air of heaven, the spring passed over them; and then in the middle of May there was a little change for the better, for once a week they were suffered to emerge from their dark and noxious dungeon and look out into the face of day for an hour, from the terrace of the citadel. A month afterwards they were moved into better quarters, and an open court-yard allowed them for exercise. The delight of this was so great after the stifling and pestilential atmosphere of their first prison, that for months they slept in the open court, wrapped in their rude sheepskin cloaks, with nothing above them but the canopy of heaven. At last, in the third week of August, they were startled by the news that they were to be conveyed to Caubul; and presently they found themselves, slung in camel panniers, jolting on to the Afghan capital.

At Caubul, John Nicholson and his companions were taken before the famous Afghan leader, Akbar Khan, who spoke kindly to them, bade them be of good cheer, gave them a good dinner, and then sent them to join the prisoners under

1842. his own care. Of this dinner John Nicholson, after his release, wrote an interesting account to his mother, saying: "The day we arrived at Caubul, we dined with Mahomed Akbar. Many of the principal men of the city were present; and I never was in the company of more gentlemanlike, well-bred men. They were strikingly handsome, as the Afghan Sirdars always are, and made most polite inquiries regarding our health, how we had borne the fatigue of the journey, &c. Immediately opposite to me sat Sultan Jan, the handsomest man I ever saw in my life; and with a great deal of dignity in his manner. He had with his own hand murdered poor Captain Trevor in the preceding winter; but that was nothing. As I looked round the circle I saw both parricides and regicides, whilst the murderer of our Envoy was perhaps the least blood-stained of the party. I look upon our escape as little less than a miracle. I certainly never expected it; and to God alone thanks are due."* When the Ghuznee party joined Akbar Khan's prisoners, the worst part of their captivity was over. "We found," wrote one of the party afterwards, "our countrymen living in what appeared to us a small paradise. They had comfortable quarters, servants, money, no little baggage, and a beautiful garden to walk about in. To our great regret, we had only been four or five days in this Elysium, when we were sent off to Bameean." The armies of General Pollock and General Nott

* Of the Afghan character generally, John Nicholson appears to have formed no very favourable opinion. In the letter quoted in the text, he wrote: "I sent you from Ferozepore a newspaper containing a tolerably correct, though brief, account of us at Ghuznee, from November, 1841, till September, 1842. I must, however, mention some traits in the Afghan character, which I had full leisure to study during my imprisonment. They are, without exception, the most bloodthirsty and treacherous race in existence, more so than any one who had not experience of them could conceive; with all that, they have more natural, innate politeness than any people I have ever seen. Men of our guard used to ask us of our friends at home: 'Have you a mother?—have you brothers and sisters?—and how many?' It has often been said to me by a man who (to use an expression of their own) would have cut another's throat for an onion, 'Alas! alas! what a state of mind your poor mother must be in about you now; how I pity both you and her!' And although insincere, he did not mean this as a jest." In another letter he said: "With regard to the Afghans, I cannot describe their character in language sufficiently strong; this much, however, respecting their patriotism, which people at home laud them so much for; they have not a particle of it, and from the highest to the lowest, every man of them would *sell* both country and relations. In fact, our politicals found out latterly that the surest mode of apprehending a criminal was to tamper with his nearest friends or relations."

were advancing triumphantly upon Caubul; and the Afghan leader, who knew the value of his prisoners, was eager to keep them in safe custody until he could turn them to proper account. Even in their new prison-house on the Hindoo-Koosh, among the giant-caves of Bameean, it hardly seemed to him that they would be safe; so he sent orders for their conveyance to Kooloom. But deliverance was now close at hand. Afghan cupidity was seldom in those days proof against the temptations of English gold. The prisoners bribed the officer in whose custody they were with large promises, to be redeemed on their release. From this time all danger was at an end. They opened communications with General Pollock, turned their faces again towards Caubul, and on the 17th of September met the party which the General sent out to their rescue, and found themselves free men. "When I joined the force at Caubul," wrote John Nicholson some months later, "Richard Olpherts, of the 40th, was very kind to me. Indeed, but for his kindness, I don't know what I should have done. He supplied me with clothes and other necessaries, and I lived with him till I reached Peshawur."

1842.

Release from captivity.

The victorious army having set its mark upon Caubul, returned to the British provinces. But new trouble was in store for John Nicholson. Whilst he had been suffering captivity in his Afghan prison, his brother Alexander had gone out to India, and had marched with his regiment into Afghanistan. On the way from Caubul, the brothers met; but a few days afterwards the enemy attacked our rear-guard, and Alexander was killed in action. It was John Nicholson's sad duty to communicate this distressing intelligence to his mother: "It is with a sorrowful heart," he wrote on the 6th of November, "that I sit down to write to you now, after a silence of more than a twelvemonth. Indeed, I should scarcely dare to do so now, were I not encouraged by the knowledge that God will enable you to bear your sad loss with Christian resignation, and comfort you with his Holy Spirit. Poor Alexander is no more. He was killed in action, when on rear-guard on the 3rd instant; but I know that you will not sorrow as one without hope, but rather rejoice that it has pleased the Lord to take him from this world of sorrow and temptation. Poor boy, I met him only a few days before his death, and a happy

Return to India.

1842—46. meeting it was. . . . . Now, my dearest mother, let me entreat you not to grieve more than you can help. Alexander died a soldier's death, in the execution of his duty, and a more glorious death he could not have died."

After a grand ovation on the frontier, the army was dispersed. John Nicholson then, after the perilous excitement of this his first service, subsided for a time into the quietude and monotony of cantonment life. His regiment was stationed at Meerut, but, although it was one of the largest and most bustling of our military cantonments, the uneventful dreariness of his daily life oppressed him after the excitement of the preceding years. "I dislike India and its inhabitants more every day," he wrote to his mother, in one of those hours of despondency which are common to the careers of all great men, "and would rather go home on 200*l.* a year than live like a prince here. At the same time I have so much reason to be thankful, that I do not grumble at my lot being cast in this country." But the young soldier was not doomed to a lengthened period of inactivity, for he was made Adjutant of his regiment, and he had thus the best opportunity that could have been afforded to him for perfecting himself in the practical knowledge of his professional duties. There was peace, but not of long duration. Soon it was plain that another crisis was approaching; and then commenced that great series of events which tested the qualities and made the reputations of so many men now great in Indian history. The Sikh army, no longer restrained by the strong hand of Runjit Singh, invaded the British frontier, and dared us to the conflict. Then the work of the English soldier done for a time, the work of the administrator commenced. The Sikh Empire, which the victories of the Sutlej had laid at our feet, was left in the hands of the child-Prince who represented the house of its founder; and whilst we fenced him round with British bayonets, we at the same time endeavoured to fit him for future government. A Council of Regency was formed, and Colonel Henry Lawrence, as related in a previous Memoir, was placed at its head.

1846. It happened that John Nicholson was then with the army on the frontier. He had been attached to the Commissariat Department, and was present at the battle of Ferozeshuhur;

but his position did not afford the means of personal distinction, and he was little more than a looker-on.* The time, however, had come for the young soldier to divest himself for a time of the ordinary accompaniments and restraints of military life. A new career was about to open out before him—a career that had many attractions for one of his ardent, enthusiastic nature, for it was one in which he would no longer be kept down by the dead weight of a seniority service. As a regimental subaltern, there was little that he could do to distinguish himself; still less, perhaps, to be done in the subordinate ranks of the Commissariat Department. But he had made the acquaintance of George and Henry Lawrence in Afghanistan. With the former he had been a fellow-captive, in the hands of Saleh Mahomed; and the latter, who accompanied the Sikh Contingent to Caubul, had soon discerned the fine soldierly qualities of the subaltern of the Twenty-seventh. To such a man as Henry Lawrence, the character and disposition of young Nicholson were sure to recommend him, as one to be regarded with great hope and with tender affection. They parted, but Lawrence never forgot the boy, and when they met again on the banks of the Sutlej, the elder man, then in high place, stretched out his hand to the younger, and John Nicholson's fortune was made. 1846.

After the campaign on the Sutlej, Cashmere, which had been an outlying province of the Sikh Empire, was ceded to the English, in part payment of the expenses of the war; and it was made over by us, or, in plain language, sold, to the Maharajah Gholab Singh for a million sterling. At the request In Cashmere.

* From Lahore, he wrote on the 27th of February, to his mother: "As you will see by the date, we are encamped at the capital of the Punjab, without having fired a shot since we crossed the Sutlej on the 10th instant—a proof of how completely the Sikh army has been humbled, and its strength and confidence lessened. Our loss since the commencement of the war has—though very heavy—been nothing in comparison with theirs; it is believed that at least half the force they had in the field at Sobraon on the 10th perished, and our trophies are two hundred and thirty guns, besides innumerable standards, arms of every description, and nearly all the camp-equipage they brought across the river with them. . . . You will be glad to hear I have got a Commissariat appointment from Colonel Stuart. It scarcely gives me any increase of pay at present, but will do so after I have served a few years in the department. I passed the interpreter's examination in November last, at Umballah."

1846. of the chief, the British Government consented to send two English officers to instruct his troops in our system of discipline; and Captain Broome of the Artillery and John Nicholson were selected by Lord Hardinge for the duty, in the early part of March, 1846. The Governor-General sent for Nicholson, and offered him the appointment in a manner very pleasing to the young soldier. "I accepted it gladly," he wrote to his mother, "on the condition that, if on trial I did not like it, I might fall back on my old Commissariat office." Early in April he reached Jummoo, from which place he wrote, in the following month: "My last will have informed you of my arrival here with Maharajah Gholab Singh on the 2nd of April. Since then I have been leading the most monotonous life you can well imagine; I have no duties of any kind to perform, and am quite shut out from the civilised world. I think I mentioned to you in a former letter that I did not believe the Maharajah was really desirous of having our system of discipline introduced into his army; so it has turned out he merely asked for two European officers because he was aware of the moral effect their presence would have at his Durbar in showing the terms of intimacy he was on with the British Government, and made the wish to have his army disciplined a pretence. As it at present stands, the appointment can't prove a permanent one, as the Maharajah will soon become tired of paying mine and Captain Broome's, the Artillery officer's, staff salary. Hitherto we have both received every civility from him, and as long as he considers it his interest to treat us well, he will doubtless do so. The Maharajah talks of going to Cashmere next month and taking me with him. I look forward with great pleasure to a trip to this beautiful valley (albeit in such company), believed by natives to have been the earthly Paradise."*

So they went to Cashmere, ostensibly to drill the infantry

* In another letter, written in June, he still complained of the same want of employment. "I have already," he said, "informed you of the nature of my appointment, and that up to the date of my writing my duties had been merely nominal ones. I regret to say they still continue so, and after the busy life I have led for the last three years, and the excitement of the late campaign, my present want of employment renders my exile from the civilised world irksome to a degree; so much so, that, should this state of things last much longer, I shall very likely throw the appointment up and fall back on the Commissariat, though it is not a department I am very partial to."

regiments of the Maharajah; but Gholab Singh really wanted them for no such purpose. Their presence in his country was sufficient to show that he had the support of the British Government. This, however, did not avail him much; for a strong party, under the old Sikh governor, resisted the transfer of the territory to its new ruler; and the English officers were in danger of their lives. The story is told by Nicholson himself, in a letter to his mother: "I left Jummoo for Cashmere," he wrote on the 26th of September, 1846, "towards the latter end of July, and arrived there on the 12th of August, much pleased with the beautiful scenery and fine climate of the mountain range which we crossed to get into the valley. You will remember that the province of Cashmere was made over to Gholab Singh by our Government. At the time of our arrival, however, though he had a few thousand men in the valley, he had by no means obtained possession of the place. The son of the late governor, under the Sikhs, having raised a considerable force, showed an evident disinclination to surrender the government—Gholab Singh, moreover, being very unpopular in the valley, on account of his known character. We had not been many days in the city before we learnt that the governor had made up his mind to drive Gholab Singh's small force out of the valley and seize us. We had great difficulty in effecting our escape, which we did just in time to avoid capture, and marching by one of the southern passes, joined the Maharajah here a few days ago. As we left the valley, the governor did, as we heard he intended to do by the Maharajah's troops, and the task of dispossessing him, and making over the province to Gholab Singh, now devolves upon our Government." "The view you have taken of my position here," he added, "is perfectly correct, with this addition to the disadvantages you enumerate, that I have no duties to perform. The Maharajah does not want his troops disciplined; and as it was the hope of distinguishing myself by a zealous and successful discharge of the duties nominally attaching to the appointment, that induced me to accept it, now that after six months' experience I find that the duties are entirely nominal, the inducement to seclude myself from the civilised world and undergo many annoyances and inconveniences no longer exists, and I would not hesitate to resign 1486.

1846—47. the appointment immediately, were it not that I have good reason for believing that it will be done away with before the end of the year. It will then depend on Lord Hardinge whether I fall back on the Commissariat, or get the 'something better' he promised me, on offering me my present appointment."

The insurrection was overcome, and, in November, Nicholson was again settled at Cashmere. On the 19th he wrote to his mother, saying: "Colonel Lawrence and the rest of the party left this three days ago, and I am now quite alone, and, as you may suppose, feel very lonely, without an European within scores of miles of me. I am for the present officiating in the North-West Frontier Agency, which Colonel Lawrence has recommended my being put permanently into. If his recommendation be attended to, I shall probably be stationed either at Lahore or somewhere in the Jullundur Doab; otherwise, I shall have to return to the Commissariat, as it is not intended to continue my present appointment, it being evident that the Maharajah does not wish our system of discipline introduced into his army. Whatever is done with me, I shall not be sorry to get away from Cashmere, which at this season is anything but a terrestrial Paradise. My fingers are so cold that I can scarcely hold the pen, and glazed windows are unknown here."

A few weeks after this letter was written, Lieutenant John Nicholson was formally appointed an Assistant to the Resident at Lahore, and early in the new year (1847) he started for the Sikh capital. One of his younger brothers, Charles Nicholson, had a short time before arrived in India, and John, to his great joy, had learnt that the youth was now with his regiment in the Punjab: "I left Cashmere on the 7th of February," he wrote to his mother in April, "crossing eight and a half feet of snow in the Poonah Pass. On my arrival at Ramnuggur, within six marches of Lahore, I received instructions to proceed to Mooltan and Dhera Shyee Khan, on the right bank of the Indus. I arrived here, having accomplished my trip, on the 20th of this month, and after eating a hearty breakfast, set out to look for Charles. Fancy neither of us recognising the other. I actually talked to him half an hour before I could persuade myself of his identity.

He is as tall, if not taller than I am, and will, I hope, be much stouter and stronger in the course of another year or two. Our joy at meeting you will well understand, without my attempting to describe it. . . . You may remember my writing to you, some time ago, that the want of society had rendered me low-spirited. Well, I have within the last few months become so reconciled to living alone, that really were not Charles here, I should wish myself away again in the Cashmere hills or Jummoo forests." 1847.

In the Punjab

He was now fairly launched into the Political Service, and under the very best of masters. He could have had no brighter example before his eyes than that of Henry Lawrence, nor in any part of India could he have found, in the subordinate agency of the British Government, more fitting associates than those who, though often severed by long distances from each other, were doing the same work with one heart and one hope. A few weeks were spent at Lahore; and then, at the beginning of June, John Nicholson was despatched again by his chief on a special mission to Umritsur, for the purpose of inspecting and reporting on Govindghur, and the general management of the Umritsur district. "In this way," added Colonel Lawrence, "by visits of a week or a month to different quarters, we may help the executive as well as protect the people." At the end of the month, Nicholson was deputed to the Sind Sagur Doab, or country between the Jhelum and the Indus, and told to consider that tract of country as his especial charge. "You are requested," wrote Lawrence, "to cultivate the acquaintance of the two Nazims, Sirdars Chuttur Singh and Lal Singh, as also of their deputies, and indeed of all the respectable Kardars that you meet. Much may be done by cordiality, by supporting their just authority, attending to their moderate wishes, and even whims, and by those small courtesies that all natives look to, even more than they do to more important matters. I need only hint at these points to ensure your zealous attention to them. The protection of the people from the oppression of the Kardars will be your first duty. . . . Your next most important care will be the army.

1847. . . . Without allowing the troops to be unduly harassed, see that parades and drills are attended to. I insist upon insubordination and plunder being promptly punished; and bring to my notice any particular instances of good conduct. Avoid as far as possible any military movement during the next three months; but should serious disturbance arise, act energetically."

But it was not permitted to him to remain quiet. At the beginning of the month of August, Captain James Abbott, who then held the office of Boundary Commissioner, having in vain cited to his court the chiefs of Simulkund, "to answer for the most dastardly and deliberate murder of women and children at Bukkur," requested Nicholson to move up his force to Huzroo, so that in a single movement he might fall upon Simulkund. "This," wrote Captain Abbott, "being effected, and Lieutenant Nicholson finding it advisable to assume a still more advanced position at Ghazee, I, at ten o'clock on Monday night, the 2nd instant, marched from Koth, at the head of about three hundred and fifty bayonets, over the Gundgurh mountains, upon Simulkund, whilst Sirdar Jhunda Singh, under my instructions, marched from Hurkishengurh, by the same route, at the same hour, with a wing of Dhara Singh's corps, some cavalry, and fifteen zumboorahs. Lieutenant Nicholson's two columns arrived at Simulkund shortly after sunrise. He found the place entirely abandoned, and took possession."

The cold weather of 1847-48 passed quietly over. Things seemed to be settling down in the Punjab, and both the Governor-General and the Lahore Resident, encouraged by the general tranquillity, turned their faces towards home. In the part of the country which was the scene of Nicholson's labours, there were no signs of trouble. "Lieutenant Nicholson," so ran the official narrative, "reports that the country around Hassan Abdal and Rawul Pindee, hitherto more or less disturbed, is perfectly quiet, and that the Kardars, for the first time for years, move about without guards."

But the calm, like many others before and since, was a delusive one. It promised a season of rest, but it was the precursor of a storm. The nationality of the Sikhs had not been destroyed. The British officers who were governing the

country for them were wise after their kind, and overflowing with benevolence. But their presence was hateful to the great chiefs whose power they had usurped, and they determined to rid themselves of it. In the spring, Moolraj had rebelled against the Double Government, and had killed the English officers sent to Mooltan to instal another governor in his place, and the summer saw the whole country seething with "rebellion" of the same kind. At this time John Nicholson was at Peshawur, serving under George Lawrence. A severe attack of fever had prostrated him, and he was lying upon a sick-bed, when news came that Chuttur Singh, one of the most powerful of the Sikh chiefs, and one whom we most trusted, had thrown off the mask, had raised the Hazareh country, and was about to seize the important fortress of Attock. Lawrence and Nicholson were speedily in consultation. "What do you wish done?" asked Nicholson. "Had you been fit for the work," replied Lawrence, "I should have wished to send you to secure the post; but you are not fit to go on such a service." "Certainly I am," said Nicholson. "The fever is nothing; it shall not hinder me. I will start to-night." Consent was given, and it was arranged that he should take with him an escort of sixty Peshawur Horse and a hundred and fifty men of a newly-raised Mahomedan levy, who were believed to be true and staunch to fight against the Sikhs. 1848.

"Never shall I forget him," says a brother-officer who was with him at Peshawur, and who has supplied me with particulars of this epoch of Nicholson's career—"never shall I forget him, as he prepared for his start, full of that noble reliance in the presence and protection of God, which, added to an unusual share of physical courage, rendered him almost invincible. It was during the few hours of his preparation for departure that his conduct and manner led to my first knowledge of his true character, and I stood and watched him, so full of spirit and self-reliance, though only just risen from a sick-bed, with the greatest admiration."

He made a forced march to Attock, and arrived before the fort just in time to prevent that portion of the garrison which was hostile to us from closing the gate against him. "He had travelled," says my informant, "so fast that but few of his

1848. escort had been able to keep up with him;* but with these few he at once commanded the submission of all but the most desperate, and these he soon quelled by his personal prowess. A company of Sikhs in command of one of the gates were prepared for resistance, but he at once threw himself among them, made them arrest their own leaders, and in a few minutes was master of the position. This I learnt afterwards from eye-witnesses who served under me. Having made the place secure, placing in charge the persons whom he could best trust, he lost no time in taking the field, and by his rapid movements for a long time checked the troops from Hazareh, preventing them from getting into the open country and proceeding to join Shere Singh's army."

But the history of the eventful days which followed this reinforcement of Attock must be told a little more in detail. From Attock, Nicholson marched with sixty horse and forty foot men to Hassan Abdal. "On my arrival there," he wrote to the Lahore Resident, on the 12th of August, "learning the hundred Goorchurras of Sirdar Mehtab Singh, Majeetia, here, had abused and expelled from camp their Commedan for refusing to join the Hazareh force, I paraded the party, and dismissed and confined the ringleaders on the spot. The remainder begged forgiveness, and having some reason to believe them sincere, and wishing to show that I was not entirely without confidence in Sikhs, I granted it. I shall, of course, keep a sharp look-out on them in future. . . . I am raising a militia for the protection of this district. A regular soldier of any kind I have not with me, and of the small party I brought with me from Peshawur, there are but three men whom I ever saw till I started. . . . Everything, if I may offer an opinion, depends on promptly sending up troops. A single brigade, with a 9-pounder battery, would be ample, with the aid which Captain Abbott and myself would be able to render. Delay will have a bad effect in every way, and may afford the mutineers opportunities of tampering with the Peshawur force."

On the following day he wrote again to the Resident, saying:

* Nicholson himself says, in his very modest account of this exploit, "Of sixty horse which left Peshawur with me, not half the number arrived along with me; and the infantry, which should have been in by noon, did not arrive till midnight: so that I had not more than thirty men with me."

"After I had despatched my letter yesterday, I learned that Captain Abbott's regiment, stationed at Kurara, had deserted that post, and arrived, with two guns, at Rawul Pindee, intending to proceed thence to join the Hazareh force. I immediately sent orders to the levies *en route* to join me to concentrate at Margulla, with the view of stopping there the further progress of the mutinous regiment. I rode out myself early this morning and surveyed the position; it is not of any great strength, but I know not a more suitable one for my purpose; and I trust I shall be able to hold it, though my levies are not very warlike; were they Afghans or Hazareh men, I should have no doubts. The regiment did not attempt to cross to-day, but, I hear, purposes doing so to-morrow; I shall be at the position myself; my levies amount to about eight hundred." 1848.

Next morning, at break of day, John Nicholson with his levies found himself face to face with the mutinous regiment. The odds were against him, for the mutineers had two guns; but Nicholson, with the cool courage and resolute bearing which even then overawed all opponents, addressed them, saying that he desired nothing more than that they should return to their allegiance, but that if they held out an hour longer he would inflict upon them the punishment due to mutineers. Stormy then was the debate which followed in the enemy's camp. Some were for peace, some were for war; but the advocates of the former prevailed, and before the hour of grace had expired the colonel of the recusant regiment had tendered his submission, and offered to march anywhere at the English officer's commands.

But there was much work to be done after this in the open country; and Nicholson was compelled to pay repeated visits to Attock to see after the safety of the post. "It was during the thirty days' fast of Ramzan," writes the friend and comrade whose words I have already quoted, "that some of his most arduous work was done, a time during which his followers were debarred by strict religious scruples from taking even a drop of water between sunrise and sunset; but yet, so great was the command his example obtained for him over the minds of these men, that they cheerfully endured the terrible sufferings entailed by the long and rapid marches and counter-

1848. marches he was obliged to call upon them to make. He never spared himself; he was always the first in the saddle, and in the front of the fight. Apparently insensible to the calls of hunger, thirst, or fatigue, and really regardless of danger, his energies never failed, while his life seemed charmed, and the Mahomedan levies whom he commanded seemed to regard him almost as a demi-god. After a time, he found the calls upon him in the field so exacting, that he requested Major Lawrence to send him some trustworthy man to take command of the garrison in Attock; and Nizam-ood-dowlah Mahomed Oosman Khan, the father-in-law and formerly Wuzeer of Shah Soojah, was sent accordingly. Still Nicholson did not feel at his ease regarding the safety of the fort, and at length Sirdar Chuttur Singh, making a forced march in the hope of taking the place by surprise, he obtained early information of the Sirdar's intentions, outmarched him by one of his wonderfully rapid movements, and entered the place before the enemy could reach it."

Affair of the Margulla Pass.

From Attock, Nicholson now wrote to Major Lawrence, begging him to send, as governor of the fort, one of the two English officers under him at Peshawur, and the choice fell upon Lieutenant Herbert. At a little before midnight of the 31st of August, Major Lawrence awoke him, and placing in his hands Nicholson's letter, expressing a strong wish to be in the open country so as to operate upon the rear of the enemy, told him it was his wish that he should proceed at once to Attock. In less than an hour Herbert was in the saddle, and about nine o'clock the next morning entered the fort, and received over command from Nicholson, who lost no time in leaving the place and getting into the rear of the enemy, and by this means was enabled to reach the Margulla Pass in time to stop Sirdar Chuttur Singh and his force, and turn them back once more after the severe struggle which first rendered his name famous. But of this affair I regret to find that the records are disappointingly scanty. Nicholson's great object was to secure the Margulla Pass, which leads from Hazareh to Rawul Pindee. The defile was then commanded by a tower, and it would appear that Nicholson attempted to seize it by something of a *coup de main*. Of course he led the assault, or, as it has been characteristically

described to me by a friend, "he was the assault itself, and failed for want of backing." His tall, commanding figure was always a sure mark for the enemy, and on this occasion he was knocked over by a stone thrown from the walls of the tower. The attempt would have been renewed, but the Sikh garrison, scared by the boldness of the first assault, evacuated the place under cover of the night. He was not much hurt, and he spoke very slightingly of the accident.* Writing to his mother from Jhung, ten miles south of Hussun Abdal, September 27, 1848, he says: "I am leading a very guerilla sort of life, with seven hundred horse and foot hastily raised among the people of the country. Sirdar Chuttur Singh and his son, who are in rebellion, have eight regular regiments and sixteen guns, so that I am unable to meet them openly in the field. I received a slight hurt from a stone in a skirmish in the hills a week or two ago. I have often had a worse one, however, when a boy at school, and I only mention this because a friend wrote me from Lahore that it was reported I had been seriously hurt, and I fear lest the rumour should reach and cause you anxiety." Another proof of the tender thoughtfulness for his mother which was always so strong a feature in his character from the days of his early childhood. 1848.

Not long after this, the whole country was in a blaze, and the English and the Sikhs were contending for the mastery of the Punjab. In the crisis which then arose, wheresoever good service was to be done, there was Nicholson at hand to render it. When, on the first two days of December, the force under Sir Joseph Thackwell crossed the Chenab, it was Nicholson who provided the boats which enabled them to effect the passage, who procured intelligence of the enemy's movements, and supplies for our own troops. Ever eager

* A letter from the Lahore Resident —Sir Frederick Currie, who was then about to resign his charge to Sir Henry Lawrence—dated January 28, 1849, and published among the Parliamentary Papers, gives the best detailed account of these proceedings. It states that the correspondence regarding them had been conducted "almost, if not entirely, in private letters." "Captain Nicholson," it is added, "in these operations, performed several very gallant actions (briefly described to me in a couple of lines in private notes), in one of which, in an attempt to dislodge the enemy from the Boorj, which commands the Margulla Pass, he was wounded in the face, in personal conflict with some Regulars of Baba Pendee Ramdial's regiment." An obelisk to Nicholson's memory has been erected on the site of the tower.

1848. for adventure of the most daring kind, he volunteered, before the first great battle at Chilianwallah, to make a dash with a small party on the hill-fort, beyond the Jhelum river, where Major and Mrs. George Lawrence were held captive by the Sikhs, and carry off the prisoners. The plan excited the admiration of Lord Dalhousie, but was deemed too hazardous, and the opportunity was lost. At Chilianwallah, he was with Lord Gough, to whom he rendered active services, cheerfully acknowledged in the despatch of the Commander-in-Chief. Again, at the crowning victory of Goojrat he earned the thanks of his chief. And when the pursuing force, under Sir Walter Gilbert, gave chase to the fugitive Afghans who had come down to aid the Sikhs, Nicholson, with a party of Irregulars, rode with them, and was ever at the head of the column. In the notes which day by day during the final struggle he wrote to Sir Henry Lawrence at Lahore, we catch glimpses of that consciousness of power, and intuitive genius for war, which afterwards blazed out so brilliantly in the General of 1857. Not less conspicuous in those records is the humanity which inspired him with so strong a hatred of that military licence which our troops in an enemy's country are too prone to surrender themselves. Flogging he pronounced, after three months' trial, to be useless as a check on plunder; and at last, he says, "I have written to Grant" (the Adjutant-General*) "to ask the Commander-in-Chief to give me the powers of a provost-marshal, and if I get them, rely on my bringing the army to its senses within two days." Yet how merciful after victory! "I have allowed all the prisoners made after the action" (of Goojrat) "to go quietly to their homes. I hope you approve of this." Again: "I think we should hold all guiltless whom the force of circumstances compelled to join the rebels. I mean, all who did not join Chuttur Singh till he became the paramount power in the Sind Sagur Doab. I think the Imams and Jagheers of all such as joined him *at the very outset*, and before he had the power either to reward or punish, should be confiscated; and I think those who stood well by us even when our cause looked gloomy, are entitled to have their losses

* Afterwards Sir Patrick Grant, Commander-in-Chief of Madras, and subsequently Governor of Malta.

made good to them, and receive some reward in addition." 1848.
Touches like these reveal more of the real man than aught that biographer can write. Here are some sparks struck out red-hot from the pursuit of the Sikhs after Goojrat. "Feb. 24th, 1849, 10 A.M.: I was out all yesterday and the night before after some guns I heard the enemy had abandoned about twenty-five miles off in the Bhimbar direction. I was so fortunate as to secure *nine*, so that the total captured amounts to fifty-two. . . . I hope you will get me sent on with Gilbert." "Feb. 26th. The Commander-in-Chief has allowed me to go on as you wish it. I purpose riding in to Gilbert's camp to-morrow. . . . I wrote you yesterday strongly on the subject of the oppression to which the unfortunate people of the country are subjected by our army. Unless I am vested with sufficient power to check this, and protect the people whom it is my special duty to protect, I would rather not be with the army. The present state of affairs is no less injurious to the discipline of the army than to its interests, for the Sikhs were never so bad. Independent of this, there is the moral wrong of plundering like so many bandits." "Rhotas, March 2nd, 6 A.M. Lumsden and I came on a march ahead yesterday, and occupied this place. The enemy are at Dhumiak, at the head of the Bukrala Pass, which they talk of defending. . . . I did not hear from you yesterday, and could not write because I was all day in the saddle, and had no writing materials. I believe a detachment of the army is to be pushed on here to-day. The Bukrala and Goree Gullee Passes (which are the only practicable ones for guns) may both be turned by infantry, and I don't think the enemy, dispirited as they are at present, would attempt a stand, if they heard that any party, however small, had got into their rear." "March 3rd, 8 A.M. General Gilbert, with an advanced brigade, arrived here yesterday evening, and the rest of the force comes in to-day. The absence of any commissariat arrangements, however, I am told, will prevent our further advance for some days. . . . Many of the Sikh soldiery are said to be very anxious to be allowed to go quietly to their homes; and I have prevailed on Mackeson to issue a proclamation permitting them to do so, after first laying down their arms here. . . . I regret to say that the prisoners"

1848. (Major and Mrs. G. Lawrence) "have, in all probability, been removed from Sookhoo. I prepared to start with one thousand volunteers the day we crossed the river, but my offer was not accepted."——"Rhotas, March 4th, daybreak. I proposed last night to Mackeson to make a dash at Margulla with fifteen hundred volunteers, and to endeavour to prevent the prisoners being carried farther off. I stipulated, however, that the rest of the force, or at least a portion of it, should advance by the regular marches to our support. Lumsden also agreed to this scheme, but we have not had a decisive answer yet." "Eldrona, March 4th. (To Mr. Cocks.*) The enemy have all retreated from Dhumiak towards Rawul Pindee. We go on to Dhumiak to-morrow. It is a thousand pities that the want of supplies and ammunition will prevent our following them up beyond Dhumiak for some days. . . . Show this to Lord Gough and Colonel Grant, and forward to the Resident." (To Sir Henry Lawrence.) "I proposed again this evening to make a dash for Margulla, but the General said the want of supplies and ammunition would prevent his supporting me. I have great hopes, however, that Chuttur Singh will, ere long, be glad to make terms for himself and family by the surrender of the captives." "Pukka Serai, March 7th, 8 P.M. My dear Cocks: Hurrah! the prisoners are all in; as is Shere Singh, who is now closeted with Mackeson, and I hope the Singhs will have laid down their arms by to-morrow evening. Show this to Lord Gough, and forward it sharp to the Resident."——"March 8th. (To Sir Henry Lawrence.) Shere Singh and Lal Singh Moraria have this morning agreed that all the guns and arms shall be surrendered, so I hope our war with the Khalsa may now be considered at an end." "Camp, Hoomuk, March 11th. The Attaree-wallahs and all the principal officers are in, and the guns are said to be close at hand. . . . The guns have actually arrived."——"March 13th, daybreak. We are just starting for Rawul Pindee. I believe we have got all the Sikh guns, and upwards of three thousand of their infantry laid down their

* Arthur Cocks, of the Civil Service, another of Sir Henry Lawrence's Assistants (of whom mention has already been made), was a dear friend of Nicholson. He was wounded at Goojrat in repelling some Sikh horsemen who dashed through the British line and made a desperate attack on Lord Gough and his escort.

arms yesterday. I suspect the greater part of the rebel force have gone off quietly to their homes, and that we shall not find many left to disarm to-day."——"Camp, near Attock, March 17th, 6 P.M. We have the fort and twelve boats, and the Dooranees have fallen back from the right bank. As we came up this morning they evacuated the fort and broke up the bridge, consisting of sixteen boats, four of which they burned. We shall no doubt commence crossing to-morrow." So the war is over.——"March 29th, Rawul Pindee. I am not surprised to hear that the country is to be annexed. No fear of any one in this quarter, however, getting up a row about it. All regard it as annexed already." And here is Nicholson's bill against the Government for the campaign: "Jhelum, April 24th. I suppose compensation will be allowed me for my property lost at Peshawur, Attock, and Hussun Abdal. I estimate it at one thousand rupees. I also rode a horse worth four hundred rupees to death on Government service—not running away." 1849.

In the Lahore Commission.

Then the Punjab became a British province; and in the distribution of the administrative agency which was then made, Captain John Nicholson was appointed a Deputy-Commissioner under the Lahore Board, of which Sir Henry Lawrence was President. Some advice given at this period by Sir Henry to Nicholson is so characteristic of the two men, both eminently simple and transparent, both much tried by fiery natures, that I give it here, as honourable alike to master and disciple. "April 7th, 1849, Lahore. My dear Nicholson . . . Let me advise you, as a friend, to curb your temper, and bear and forbear with natives and Europeans and you will be as distinguished as a Civilian as you are as a Soldier. Don't think it is necessary to say all you think to every one. The world would be one mass of tumult if we all gave *candid* opinions of each other. I admire your sincerity as much as any man can do, but say thus much as a general warning. Don't think I allude to any specific act; on the contrary, from what I saw in camp, I think you have done much towards conquering yourself; and I hope to see the conquest completed." To which Nicholson as frankly replied three

1848. days later: "My dear Colonel,—*Very many* thanks for yours of the 7th, and the friendly advice which it contains. I am not ignorant of the faults of my temper, and you are right in supposing that I do endeavour to overcome them—I hope with increasing success. On one point, however, I still think I am excusable for the plain speaking which, I am aware, made me very unpopular with a large portion of the officers of the Army of the Punjab. I mean with reference to the plundering of the unfortunate people of the country, which generally prevailed throughout the campaign, and which was, for the most part, winked at, if not absolutely sanctioned, by the great majority of officers. I knew from the first that I was giving great offence by speaking my mind strongly on this subject; but I felt that I should be greatly wanting in my duty, both to the people and the army, if I did not, to the best of my ability, raise my voice against so crying an evil. For the rest, I readily admit that my temper is a very excitable one, and wants a good deal of curbing. A knowledge of the disease is said to be half the cure, and I trust the remaining half will not be long before it is effected."

By this time, John Nicholson had served for a space of nearly ten years in India; there was peace again over the land; he had suffered many times from severe illness; but above all, he was anxious to visit and to comfort his widowed mother. Another heavy affliction had fallen upon the family. A younger brother, William Nicholson, had joined the 27th Regiment, which was posted at Sukkur. One night the unfortunate young man rose from his bed, and in a state of somnambulancy went out of the house and fell down a steep declivity in the neighbourhood. From the injuries which he then received he died shortly afterwards—the second son whom Mrs. Nicholson had lost in India within the space of a few years. This catastrophe fixed John's resolution to return to England; and he wrote to his mother that, although he would lose his appointment, he could not restrain his inclination to visit England, and that perhaps through the kindness of Sir Henry Lawrence he might on his return to India be nominated to the Punjab Commission.* A kind note

* I find the following characteristic passage in one of his letters written at this time: "What you say about our prosperous days being those of the great-

from Sir Henry, dated "October 23rd, 1849, Camp, Mansera," set his mind at rest upon this point. "One line to say how sorry I am to have missed you. To-morrow we shall be at Dumtour, the scene of your gallant attempt to help Abbott; but what corner of the Punjab is not witness to your gallantry? Get married, and come out soon; and if I am alive and in office, it shall not be my fault if you do not find employment here." 1849—50.

But November found him still in the Punjab. "India is like a rat-trap," he wrote, "easier to get into than out of. However, I think I am pretty sure of getting away on or before the first of next month. I go down the Sutlej by boat to Kurrachee, and there take the steamer to Bombay. From Bombay I hope to get a passage in the second January steamer to Cosseir, where I purpose disembarking and marching across to the ruins of Thebes, the oldest and greatest of cities. Thence I shall drop down the Nile by boat to Cairo and the Pyramids. From Cairo I have not yet decided on my further route, but I think that I shall probably visit Constantinople. . . . Herbert Edwardes will be my companion as far as Cairo; but as he has two of John Lawrence's little girls with him he will be obliged to go direct to England from thence. I trust to reach home before the end of March."

In this, however, he was disappointed; he was detained both at Constantinople and at Vienna longer than he had anticipated, and did not reach England before the end of April.

1850. On furlough.

His sojourn at Constantinople was not uneventful. One who knew him better than any one in the world, has furnished me with the following striking episode in John Nicholson's adventurous career: "Perhaps in all his life there is nothing more characteristic of the man than two incidents which occurred during this visit to Constantinople, though few besides his immediate friends have ever heard of them. There was

est temptation, is quite true. I have long felt it so, and prayed for grace to resist the temptation. I also fully agree in all you say about earthly distinctions. Believe me, I estimate them at their proper value."

1850. at this time living at Constantinople General G., an Englishman by birth, who had served with distinction in the Austrian army, had married (I rather think) an Hungarian lady, had thus been led to side with the Hungarians in their struggle for national existence, and was now, in consequence, a political refugee.

"Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, had likewise found an asylum in Turkish territory from the wrath of Austria, who in vain demanded his surrender. The sturdy Turk, true to the traditions of the East, refused to betray the man who had once eaten his salt; but consented, out of courtesy, to keep him in a kind of honourable arrest at a fort in Asia Minor. Meeting Nicholson at Constantinople, General G. confided to him a design for liberating Kossuth, and begged Nicholson to give his aid. The plan was somehow thus: Kossuth was allowed daily to ride out in the country under an escort, the direction of the ride being changed from day to day. He was to arrange to ride on a particular day towards the sea-coast, and was to be met at some suitable point by the bold spirits who had undertaken his liberation. The escort was then to be overpowered, Kossuth was to be hurried off to sea, and ultimately to take refuge on board an American frigate.

"Appealed to as an Englishman to aid in such an enterprise, John Nicholson felt it impossible to refuse; and was just about to start with General G. and his companions, when the plot so carefully matured got wind through the irrepressible delight of an American lady whose husband was in the secret, and who confided it under solemn vows of secresy to her dearest friend, who, with equal joy and sympathy, did the same, and so on, till Austrian vigilance was just in time to move the Turkish authorities to interfere.

"General G. now besought Nicholson to convey a letter for him to his wife, who was confined in an Austrian fortress without tidings of her husband's fate. There was a true and pure chivalry in Nicholson which would have done or dared anything to help a woman. The Kossuth enterprise he had felt to be in truth little business of his, and he had only joined in it from natural generosity and a kind of professional shame at declining danger in any honourable shape. But to cheer a poor lady in a dungeon with news of her husband's

safety was clearly all right in any part of the world. So he took General G.'s letter, and set out for the Austrian fortress. Now, an Austrian fortress is not the most accessible place in this earth, and when Nicholson reached it he saw at a glance that there was no getting in without leave. He therefore walked straight up to the guard at the gate and asked for the officer on duty, to whom he was at once conducted. Putting a bold face on the matter, he simply said that he was an English officer, and would be very much obliged for permission to see Madame G. The Austrian officer was evidently a gentleman and a man of feeling, and after a few moments of hesitation at so irregular a request, he gave orders for Nicholson to be allowed to see the poor lady alone for five minutes. Arrived in the cell of Madame G., and the door closed, John Nicholson, with many apologies, pulled off one of his boots, took out the letter, and presented it, saying, "You have just five minutes to read it, and give me any message for your husband." The letter was hastily read, messages were hurriedly given, gratitude was looked rather than told, the door opened, the sentry reappeared, and John Nicholson departed with a few words of courtesy and thanks to the officer at the gate. 1850.

"These two incidents speak for themselves. There is no lack, thank God, of kind men, brave men, or good men among us, but out of them all how many would have done these two things for 'his neighbour'? How many respectable men would at this moment condemn them both?"

It is pleasant, however, to learn what John Nicholson's master and great example, Henry Lawrence, and his high-minded wife, thought of the enterprise. In September, 1850, Lady Lawrence wrote from Cashmere: ". . . Perhaps you can hardly believe the interest and anxiety with which we watched the result of your projected deed of chivalry. Kossuth has taken his place in my mind as one of the true heroes. I only dread anything impairing this idea of him; and when I read of your plan my first thought was about your mother, mingled with the feeling that I should not grudge my own son in such a cause." In the same letter Lady Lawrence tells us John Nicholson's opinion of the Opera in civilised Europe: "I must not forget to say that

1850—51. we were *delighted* with your verdict on the Opera. In like manner, when we were in town, we went *once*, and, like you, said, 'We have nothing so bad in India!' Did not London fill you with the bewildering sight of such luxury and profusion as we in the jungles had forgotten could exist, and of vice and misery which, unless in a year of war or famine, could not be equalled here? I think his Excellency Jung Bahadoor, if he is dazzled at the splendour he sees, must be equally astonished at the wretchedness. I do not believe that in Nepaul one man out of a thousand lies down at night hungry, or rises without knowing where he will get his day's food." The Henry Lawrences were not among those who could see nothing good in native Indian institutions and nothing defective in our own.

Nicholson was anxious to turn his furlough to professional account by visiting the chief cities of continental Europe, and studying the military systems of all the great European Powers. He attended some gigantic reviews in the French, Russian, Prussian, and Austrian capitals, and was particularly impressed by the spectacle of the Czar Nicholas (to whom Nicholson himself bore a great personal resemblance) manœuvring twelve thousand men himself on the parade, and saluting the troops, when he first came upon the ground, with a loud "Good morning!" To which the twelve thousand responded like one man "Good morning!" to the Czar. He seemed the very ideal of an autocrat, not only ruling in the state but leading in the field. The troops that Nicholson saw were chiefly the Russian Guard, and he thought that in appearance they excelled our own as much as our own Guards excel the British line. His favourable opinion on this point elicited an energetic protest from his friend James Abbott, of the Bengal Artillery, whose chivalrous and romantic journey —already spoken of in this volume—from Herat to Khiva, and thence to St. Petersburg, after negotiating the release of a number of Russian subjects whom the Khiva chief held as prisoners, had given him full opportunity of seeing the Russian army at its outposts as well as at the capital.

From this furlough tour in Europe Nicholson carried back with him to India, where he arrived in 1851, a large access of military zeal. He also carried with him a specimen of the

Prussian needle-gun, with the merits of which he was greatly struck, but could get few professional soldiers to perceive the value of a weapon which, fifteen years later, changed the balance of power in Europe and the armament of every European army. There seems, indeed, to have been only one good thing which he did *not* take back with him to India. Herbert Edwardes had written to him from Southampton on March 20th, 1851: "Good-bye. We sail to-day. May you have a séjour in Europe as pleasant as I know you will make it profitable. . . . If you return a bachelor, this may be in your favour" (for getting a frontier district), "but if your heart meets one worthy of it, *return not alone.* I cannot tell you how good it is for our best purposes to be *helped* by a noble wife who loves you better than all men or women, but God better than you." But he *did* return alone, and alone he remained to the last. 1851.

In Bunnoo.

Soon after his arrival in India, John Nicholson was re-appointed a Deputy-Commissioner in the Punjab, and for five years he continued to work as an administrative officer, almost, it might be said, on the very outskirts of civilisation. The people whom he was sent to govern were a wild and lawless race; but in process of time, by the irresistible force of his character and the vigour and justice of his rule, he literally cowed them into peace and order. The strange story of his frontier administration, and how, after the second Sikh war, he was turned into a demi-god like Hercules of old, has been told so well by John Nicholson's best and dearest friend, that I give it in his very words, written, it must be remembered, before the great mutiny of 1857, which too well proved their truth: "Of what class is John Nicholson?" wrote Sir Herbert Edwardes. "Of none: for truly he stands alone. But he belongs essentially to the school of Henry Lawrence. I only knocked down the walls of the Bunnoo forts. John Nicholson has since reduced the *people* (the most ignorant, depraved, and bloodthirsty in the Punjab) to such a state of good order and respect for the laws, that in the last year of his charge not only was there no murder, burglary, or highway robbery, but not an *attempt* at

1851—52. any of these crimes. The Bunnoochees, reflecting on their own metamorphosis in the village gatherings under the vines, by the streams they once delighted so to fight for, have come to the conclusion that the good Mahomedans of historic ages must have been just like 'Nikkul Seyn!' They emphatically approve him as every inch a Ruler. And so he is. It is difficult to describe him. He must be seen. Lord Dalhousie —no mean judge—perhaps summed up his high military and administrative qualities, when he called him 'a tower of strength.' I can only say that I think him equally fit to be commissioner of a civil division or general of an army. Of the strength of his personal character, I will only tell two anecdotes. 1. If you visit either the battle-field of Goojrat or Chilianwallah, the country people begin the narrative of the battles thus: 'Nikkul Seyn stood just *there*.' 2. A brotherhood of Fakeers in Hazareh abandoned all forms of Asiatic monachism, and commenced the worship of 'Nikkul Seyn;' which they still continue! Repeatedly they have met John Nicholson since, and fallen at his feet as their Gooroo (religious or spiritual guide). He has flogged them soundly on every occasion, and sometimes imprisoned them; but the sect of the 'Nikkul Seynees' remains as devoted as ever. 'Sanguis martyrorum est semen Ecclesiæ.' On the last whipping, John Nicholson released them, on the condition that they would transfer their adoration to John Becher;—but arrived at their monastery in Hazareh, they once more resumed the worship of the relentless 'Nikkul Seyn.'"*

Sir Henry Lawrence at this time, as already narrated, was in political charge of the States of Rajpootana, but he had never lost sight of that band of Assistants whom he had drawn around him in the Punjab, and trained in his own "school" of duty—duty not more to the Government than to the people. Nor had the scholars ever forgot or ceased to

* "Raikes' Notes on the Revolt in the North-Western Provinces of India." I have further ascertained from Sir Herbert Edwardes that this sect of devotees arose when John Nicholson was scouring the country between Attock and the Jhelum, in 1848, making almost incredible marches, and performing prodigies of valour, with a mere handful of followers. It was a simple case of the worship of Force, such as they had seen in no other man. The sect was not numerous, and the last of the original disciples dug his own grave, and was found dead, at Hurripoor, in the district of Hazareh, not long after John Nicholson fell at Delhi. Whether any successors have arisen is not known.

love their master. Between them, to the last, an affectionate correspondence was maintained. Here is a touching page of it—showing how strong were the affection and admiration which Nicholson's fine qualities excited: 1853.

"Mount Aboo, September 21, 1853, 7½ A.M.

"MY DEAR NICHOLSON,—Your long and kind letter of May will, I hope, some day be answered; but I write now by my wife's bedside to give you a message she has just sent you. 'Tell him I love him dearly as if he were my son. I know that he is noble and pure to his fellow-men; that he thinks not of himself; but tell him he is a sinner; that he will one day be as weak and as near death as I am. Ask him to read but a few verses of the Bible daily, and to say that collect, "Blessed Lord who has caused all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning, grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn," &c. &c.' (Collect for Second Sunday in Advent.) I have just told her I had written to you as she had bidden me—(she has often, in a general way, done so the last month); she replied, 'May God bless what you have said to him! I love him very much. I often think of all those fine young fellows in the Punjab, and what our example ought to have been to them, and how much we have neglected them.' My dear Nicholson, these may or may not be dying words; but she is very, very ill, and has been so for six weeks. She rallied for a while, but has again had three bad nights of pain and sleeplessness. At 5 A.M. this morning she had a violent attack in her head, from which she only rallied at 7 A.M., but is still awake now at 8 A.M., though quiet and composed. Daily and nightly she talks of you and others as of her sons and brothers. Her advice and example to you all has ever been good. Would that mine had been equally so. We have been cast on a pleasant land here, and are thankful for what God has done in spite of ourselves. Humanly speaking, she could not be alive now had we not left Lahore.*

"Yours ever,

"H. M. L."

* Lady Lawrence lingered until the middle of January, 1854. Among a few precious relics of the friendship between Lawrence and Nicholson, there is

1854. I must soon proceed to speak of the stirring events of the last few months of John Nicholson's life—months during which great promises became great performances, and heroic reputations ripened with unexampled rapidity. But before I pass on to this brightest but saddest chapter of all, I must pause for a little space to give some extracts from Nicholson's correspondence, written during the period of his administration of a frontier district of India's frontier province. They show not merely the nature of his work but the tenor of his thoughts at this time. Writing of the establishment of a Christian mission at Peshawur, he said: "Bunnoo, Feb. 19th, 1854. I wish your mission at Peshawur every success, but you require skilful and practical men as well as good men. . . . I will send you five hundred rupees (50*l.*), and as I don't want to get credit from you for better motives than really actuate me, I will tell you the truth, that I give it because I know it will gratify my mother to see my name in the subscription-list. . . . On second thoughts, I won't have my name in the Mission subscription-list. Write me down 'Anonymous.' I can tell my mother it is I." In the same letter, adverting to the war in the Crimea, he says: "I feel I missed the tide of my fortune when I gave up the idea of learning Turkish at home." On the treaty of friendship with the Afghans, he wrote to Herbert Edwardes: "Bunnoo, May 14th, 1854. How progress negotiations with the Dost? In dealing with the Afghans, I hope you will never forget that their *name is faithlessness*, even among themselves; what, then, can strangers expect? I have always hopes of a people, however barbarous in their hospitality, who appreciate and practise good faith among themselves—the Wuzeerees, for instance—but in Afghanistan son betrays father, and brother brother, without remorse. I would not take the trouble to tell you all this, which you no doubt know already, but I cannot help remembering how even the most experienced and

a New Testament with "Honoria Lawrence" on the title-page, and these words in her husband's handwriting on the fly-leaf, "John Nicholson: in memory of his friend and warm well-wisher, Honoria Lawrence, who was this day laid in her grave.—H. M. Lawrence, Mount Aboo, Jannary 17, 1854." "Who can wonder," writes a beloved friend of the great men gone before, "at the influence exercised by those two noble hearts on all around them, when *she* on her death-bed, and *he* returning from her grave, could thus set themselves aside to seek the good of others?"

astute of our political officers, in Afghanistan, were deceived by that winning and imposing frankness of manner which it has pleased Providence to give the Afghans, as it did to the first serpent, for its own purposes." To the same correspondent he wrote, June 21st, 1854: "By-the-by, if there are any humming-tops, Jew's-harps, or other toys, at Peshawur, which would take with Wuzeeree children, I should be much obliged if you would send me a few. I don't ask for peg-tops, as I suppose I should have to teach how to use them, which would be an undignified proceeding on the part of a district officer. Fancy a wretched little Wuzeeree child, who had been put up to poison food, on my asking him if he knew it was wrong to kill people, saying he knew it was wrong to kill with a knife or a sword. I asked him why, and he said, '*because the blood left marks.*' It ended in my ordering him to be taken away from his own relatives (who ill-used him as much as they ill-taught him), and made over to some respectable man who would engage to treat and bring him up well. The little chap heard the order given, and called out, 'Oh, there's *such* a good man in the Meeree Tuppahs, please send me to him.' I asked him how he knew the man he named was good? and he said, 'He never gives any one bread *without ghee* on it.*' I found out, on inquiry, that the man in question was a good man in other respects, and he agreeing, I made the little fellow over to him; and I have seldom seen anything more touching than their mutual adoption of each other as father and son, the child clasping the man's beard, and the man with his hands on the child's head. Well, this is a long story for me, and all grown out of a humming-top! Before I close this I must tell you of the last Bunnoochee murder, it is so horribly characteristic of the blood-thirstiness and bigotry of their dispositions. The murderer killed his brother near Goreewala, and was brought in to me on a frightfully hot evening, looking dreadfully parched and exhausted. 'Why,' said I, 'is it possible you have walked in, fasting, on a day like this?' 'Thank God,' said he, 'I am a regular faster.' 'Why have you killed your brother?' 'I saw a fowl killed last night, and the sight of the blood put the devil into me.' He had chopped up his

1854.

* Clarified butter.

1855—56. brother, stood a long chase, and been marched in here, *but he was keeping the fast!*" To Edwardes, Sept. 1st, 1855. "... I have asked Lord Hardinge to give me something in the Crimea; I think, with our reputation, and perhaps destiny as a nation trembling in the balance, every man (without encumbrance) who thinks he can be of the slightest use ought to go there." To the same. "Bunnoo, Oct. 23rd, 1855. "... I have had a kind letter from Lawrence, trying to dissuade me from going to the Crimea, setting before me the prospects I give up here, and the annoyance and opposition which, as a Company's officer, I am sure to encounter there. I had fully considered all this before I acted, and though it is not without a certain regret that I give up my prospects of an early independence, I believe, under the circumstances, I am doing what is right, and I trust to have an opportunity of doing the State some service, the feeling of which will compensate me for the worldly advantages I forego."

The following letter, which I give in its entire state, shows what were the dangers to which he was exposed in that wild country:

"Bunnoo, January 21, 1856.

"My dear Edwardes,—I take up my pen to give you an account of a narrow escape I had from assassination the day before yesterday. I was standing at the gate of my garden at noon, with Sladen and Cadell, and four or five chuprassies,* when a man with a sword rushed suddenly up and called out for me. I had on a long fur pelisse of native make, which I fancy prevented his recognising me at first. This gave time for the only chuprassie who had a sword to get between us, to whom he called out contemptuously to stand aside, saying he had come to kill me, and did not want to hurt a common soldier. The relief sentry for the one in front of my house happening to pass opportunely behind me at this time, I snatched his musket, and, presenting it at the would-be assassin, told him I would fire if he did not put down his sword and surrender. He replied, that either he or I must die; so I had no alternative, and shot him through the heart, the ball passing through a religious book which he had tied

* Native official attendants—literally, badge-bearers.

on his chest, apparently as a charm. The poor wretch turns out to be a Marwutee, who has been religiously mad for some time. He disposed of all his property in charity the day before he set out for Bunnoo. I am sorry to say that his spiritual instructor has disappeared mysteriously, and, I am afraid, got into the hills. I believe I owe my safety to the fur chogah, for I should have been helpless had he rushed straight on. 1856.

The chuprassie (an orderly from my police battalion) replied to his cry for my blood, "All our names are Nikkul Seyn here," and, I think, would very likely have got the better of him, had not I interfered, but I should not have been justified in allowing the man to risk his life, when I had such a sure weapon as a loaded musket and bayonet in my hand. I am very sorry for this occurrence, but it was quite an exceptional one, and has not at all altered my opinion of the settled peaceful state of this portion of the district. Making out the criminal returns for 1855 the other day, I found that we had not had a single murder or highway robbery, or attempt at either, in Bunnoo throughout the year. The crime has all gone down to the southern end of the district, where I am not allowed to interfere.

"Yours affectionately,

"J. NICHOLSON."

From Cashmere, which was fast becoming holiday-ground, John Nicholson wrote on July 9, 1856, at some length on the subject of our Central Asian policy, and the letter is worthy of attention at the present time, when the "masterly inactivity" of our statesmen is so much commended. ". . . . The news of the Shahzadah having been turned out of Herat by his own General, is important if true, as it shows that Herat has not yet fallen to Persia, and that we may be in time to save it. I doubt, however, whether Government is sufficiently alive to the importance of preserving Herat independent of Persia. We were madly anxious on the subject some years ago, but I fear we have now got into the opposite extreme; and that, because we burnt our fingers in our last uncalled-for expedition into Afghanistan, we shall in future remain inactive, even though active interference should be-

1856—57. come a duty and a political necessity. The Russians talk much about the exercise of their 'legitimate influence' in Central Asia. When we cease to exercise any influence in a country so near our own border (and which has been correctly enough called the Gate of Afghanistan) as Herat, I shall believe that the beginning of the cessation of our power in the East has arrived. And if our rulers only knew it, how easy the thing is. We don't require a large army, which in those countries it is always difficult to feed and protect the baggage of. Five thousand picked men, with picked officers, and armed with the best description of weapon (such as the revolving rifle with which the Yankees overthrew the Mexicans), would roll the Persians like a carpet back from Herat, and do more for the maintenance of our influence and reputation than a year's revenue of India spent in treaties and subsidies. We have a right to infer, from the experience of the past, that a select body of troops, however small, could achieve *anything* in Central Asia. In Afghanistan, even, our Native Infantry—save in the snow—*never* fought unsuccessfully; and many of the regiments were indifferent enough, and with anything but heroes for leaders. I fear, however, that while our people will bear in mind the disasters occasioned by incompetence without a parallel, they will ignore the lessons taught by the successful advances of Pollock and Nott, in the face of the whole Afghan nation, through as difficult a country as any in the world, and with no loss to speak of, though our infantry in those days had neither percussion locks nor rifles. Well, the long and short of all this is, if Persia does not withdraw sharp from Herat, I hope you will be able to prevail on Government *to make her*. Under any competent leader, I should be glad to go in any capacity."

Here is a glimpse of the precious compensations of work well done: "Murdan, March 9, 1857. . . . Old Coke writes me that the Bannoochees, well tamed as they have been, speak kindly and gratefully of me. I would rather have heard this than got a present of a 1000*l.*, for there could be no stronger testimony of my having done my duty among them. I hear that in an assembly the other day it was allowed 'that I resembled a good Mahomedan of the kind told of in old books, but not to be met with now-a-days.' I wish with all my

heart it were more true; but I can't help a feeling of pride, that a savage people whom I was obliged to deal with so sternly, should appreciate and give me credit for good intentions." 1857.

It happened at this time—the early spring of 1857 (as it happens, indeed, at some time or other in the lives of most men)—that there came upon John Nicholson a painful feeling, of which he could not dispossess himself, that his services were not duly appreciated; and he was anxious, therefore, to depart from the Punjab. I need not enter into the causes of his discontent, for the intentions which he had formed were overruled by a higher power. It is enough to afford a glimpse of what was passing in his mind. To Herbert Edwardes he wrote: "Camp, Topee, March 21st, 1857. I telegraphed to you yesterday, 'I wish to leave the Punjab. My reasons hereafter by letter.' I feel very sorry indeed to have been obliged to come to the conclusion that it is better for me to leave the Punjab at once while I can do so quietly. . . . If you got my telegraphic message before leaving Calcutta, I think you will probably have spoken to Lord Canning. As I said before, I am not ambitious, and shall be glad to take any equivalent to a first class Deputy-Commissionership. I should like to go to Oude if Sir Henry would like to have me. It would be a pleasure to me to try and assist him, but if he would rather not bring in Punjabees, do not press it on him. What I should like best of all would be, if we could get away together, or anywhere out of this. . . ." To the same. "Peshawur, April 7th, 1857. . . . You have done all you could, and I knew would do, for me with Lord Canning. . . . If the Persian war last, an Irregular brigade there would suit me very well, as would one on this frontier."

On receipt of Nicholson's telegram, Herbert Edwardes, who had gone to Calcutta to see his sick wife embark for England, obtained an interview with Lord Canning, and laid his friend's wishes before him. Lord Canning was greatly interested with the recital, and seemed inclined to give Nicholson a command in the still unfinished war with Persia. There were, however, difficulties in the way, as Nicholson was a Bengal officer, and the army in the Persian Gulf was

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from the Bombay Presidency; but still the Governor-General expressed his willingness to do anything in his power. Desirous of leaving on Lord Canning's mind a last impression of the manner of man whose cause he had been urging, Edwardes ended with these words: "Well, my Lord, you may rely upon this, that if ever there is a desperate deed to be done in India, John Nicholson is the man to do it." This was at the end of March, 1857, when mutiny was beginning to show itself in the cantonment of Barrackpore. The next interview that Edwardes had with Lord Canning was in February, 1862. The deluge seemed to have come and gone between those dates. "Do you remember, my Lord, our last conversation about John Nicholson?" Lord Canning said, with much feeling, "I remember it well!"

Mutiny of the Bengal Army.

When the news of the outbreak at Meerut and the seizure of Delhi reached the Punjab, in May, 1857, Nicholson was Deputy-Commissioner at Peshawur, the outpost of British India. At the same place, in high position, were two other men, of the true heroic stamp; men equal to any conjuncture, men to look danger of the worst type coolly and steadily in the face. General Sydney Cotton commanded the troops at the station, and Colonel Herbert Edwardes was the Commissioner in political charge of the division. The latter had only returned a week before from Calcutta. A day or two after the outbreak there arrived also at Peshawur, as we have already seen, a fourth, of whom history will take equal account—Brigadier Neville Chamberlain, who commanded the Punjab Irregular force; and on the 13th of May a Council of War was held at the quarters of Major-General Reed, who commanded the Peshawur division of the army, to organise some plan of instant action, not merely for the defence of the Peshawur valley, but to contribute to the defence of the Punjab, and strengthen the hands of Sir John Lawrence in the deadly struggle that was coming.

Upon the first receipt of the sad tidings of the revolt of the Sepoy Army, John Nicholson, ever a man of fertile resources, had recommended as a measure of primal importance, for the general defence of the province, the formation of a

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Movable Column, to traverse the country and to operate upon any point where danger might present itself. The proposal was made to his official chief and beloved friend, Herbert Edwardes, who grasped it with all confidence and cordiality, and now laid it before the Council of War, who unanimously adopted it, with a goodly string of other sturdy measures, of which, perhaps, not the least important was that by which General Reed, by virtue of seniority, was declared Commander of all the troops in the Punjab; a stroke by which that General was enabled to establish his head-quarters with those of Sir John Lawrence at Rawul Pindee, and unity was thus given to the civil and military government of the province.

The formation of the Movable Column was heartily approved by Sir John Lawrence, and carried into execution without delay. Nicholson, Edwardes, Sydney Cotton, and Chamberlain, had all volunteered for the honour of commanding it. The choice of the Chief Commissioner fell on Chamberlain, who at once took the field, leaving Cotton, Edwardes, and Nicholson to be the wardens of the frontier.

In that month of May there was no lack of work at Peshawur for the political officers; and it is hard to say how much the safety of the empire depended, under God's good providence, upon the energies of Herbert Edwardes and John Nicholson, at their peril-girt frontier station. Hand in hand, as close friends, dwelling beneath the same roof, and moved by kindred impulses, they strove mightily, day after day, from morn to night, with wonderful success. "Dark news," wrote Edwardes, some time afterwards, in his official report of these memorable transactions, "kept coming up now to Peshawur, and a rapid change was observed in the Native regiments; precautions began; Colonel Nicholson promptly removed the treasure (about twenty-four lakhs) from the centre of cantonments to the fort outside, where the magazine was, and Brigadier Cotton placed a European garrison in it at once. At Colonel Nicholson's request, the Brigadier removed from the outskirts of the cantonment, and established his head-quarters at the old Residency, which was centrical for all military orders, and was close to the civil officers for mutual consultation. The Residency is a strong double-

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storied building, capable of defence, and it was named as the rendezvous for all ladies and children, on the occurrence of any alarm by day or night. Full often was it crowded during the eventful months that followed. . . . . I think it must have been on the 16th of May that Sir John Lawrence consented to my raising a thousand Mooltanee Horse; for, before leaving Peshawur for Pindee that evening, I left the orders with Colonel Nicholson, to be issued in our joint names (for the Khans in the Derajut were as much his friends as mine). On the 18th of May, however, permission was given to raise two thousand; matters were growing worse each day, and it was now clearly understood by us, in the council assembled at Pindee,* that whatever gave rise to the mutiny, it had settled down into a struggle for empire, under Mahomedan guidance, with the Mogul capital as its centre. From that moment it was felt that, at any cost, Delhi must be regained. . . . . On the 19th of May, Colonel Nicholson telegraphed to us at Pindee that the detachment of the Tenth Irregular Cavalry, at Murdan, showed signs of disaffection. On the same day, he imprisoned the Mahomedan editor (a native of Persia) of the native newspaper at Peshawur, for publishing a false and incendiary report that the Kelat-i-Ghilzee regiment had murdered its officers at the outposts. It was also on this day that Mr. Wakefield arrested a suspicious-looking Fakeer who was lurking about Peshawur, and discovered upon his person a purse containing forty-six rupees, and under his armpits a treasonable letter. The Fakeer declared that the paper was an old one which he had picked up accidentally a long while ago, and kept to wrap up snuff. But there was no sign of either age or snuff in it, and the festival of the 'Eed,' alluded to, was to fall on the 25th and 26th instant; and already the rumour was abroad, that on that religious occasion the Mahomedans of the city and valley were to rise and help the Sepoys. The Fakeer admitted that he was a frequenter of the Sepoy lines; and though Sepoys do give cowries and rice to beggars freely enough, they do not give forty-six bright new rupees for nothing, neither do Fakeers† con-

* Colonel Edwardes had gone to Rawul Pindee for a few days to consult with Sir John Lawrence.

† This man, on whom the letter was found, was subsequently tried by a commission and hanged.

ceal to the last, under their armpits, a housewife with nothing in it but antimony and snuff. There was no doubt, therefore, on Nicholson's mind, that this letter was from Mahomedan conspirators in the garrison to Mahomedan conspirators at the outposts, inviting them to come in with a few English officers' heads, and join in a rising on the 26th of May. Warned by these discoveries, and by secret information from both the city and cantonment, Colonel Nicholson had endeavoured to raise levies through the most promising of the chiefs of the district, to help the European soldiers in the struggle that was coming. But the time had passed, a great danger impended over the cantonment; a profound sensation had been made by the startling fact that we had lost Delhi. Men remembered Caubul. Not one hundred could be found to join such a desperate cause. . . . . Colonel Nicholson was living with me at Peshawur, and we had laid down to sleep in our clothes, in a conviction that the night could not pass over quietly. At midnight the news of what had occurred at Nowshera* reached us; and a most anxious council did we hold on it. 'It was probable that the 55th Native Infantry at Murdan would already be in open mutiny, and in possession of the fort. But to send a reliable force against them from Peshawur would only have been to give the Native regiments a preponderance in the cantonment. Again, the news from Nowshera must soon reach the Sepoys in Peshawur, and probably be the signal for a rise. The advantage, therefore, must be with whoever took the initiative; and we resolved at once to go to the General, and advise the disarming of the native garrison at daylight." 1857.

The responsibility of the measure rested with Sydney Cotton; but he was not one to shrink from it. There was, doubtless, in the conjuncture which had then arisen, no small hazard in such a course of action as was now proposed to him; for we had external, no less than internal, dangers to face. It was certain that the Afghans were greedy for the recovery of Peshawur, and it was scarcely less certain that they would take advantage of our domestic troubles to come down in force through the Khybur Pass, and to strike a blow for the much-coveted territory. To dispossess himself at

* Outbreak of the 55th and 24th Native Infantry Regiments.

1857. once of a large part of the military strength which had been given to him for the purpose of defending the frontier against these possible inroads, at the very time when it seemed to be most required, was a measure which might well demand hesitation. Moreover, the officers of the Native regiments believed in the fidelity of their men, and protested against an act which would cast discredit upon them, and turn friends into enemies—strength into weakness—in the hour of need. But Cotton believed that the disarming of the Native regiments was the lesser evil of the two, and he determined that it should be done.

How it was done may be best narrated in the words of Colonel Edwardes's narrative: "The two European regiments (H.M.'s 70th and 87th), and the artillery, were got under arms, and took up positions at the two ends of the cantonment, within sight of the parades, ready to enforce obedience, if necessary, yet not so close as to provoke resistance. Colonel Nicholson joined Brigadier Galloway's staff at one rendezvous, and I General Cotton at the other. These prompt and decided measures took the Native troops completely aback. Not an hour had been given them to consult, and, isolated from each other, no regiment was willing to commit itself; the whole laid down their arms. As the muskets and sabres of once honoured corps were hurried unceremoniously into carts, it was said that here and there the spurs and swords of English officers fell sympathisingly upon the pile. How little worthy were the men of officers who could thus almost mutiny for their sakes; and as weeks and months passed on with their fearful tale of revelations, there were few of those officers who did not learn, and with equal generosity acknowledge, that the disarming had been both wise and just. For the results of the measure we had not long to wait. As we rode down to the disarming, a very few chiefs and yeomen of the country attended us, and I remember, judging from their faces, that they came to see which way the tide would turn. As we rode back, friends were as thick as summer flies, and levies began from that moment to come in."

But the work was not yet done. General Cotton was now at liberty to detach a column of his reliable troops to put down the rising of the 55th Native Infantry at Murdan,

Again the aid of John Nicholson was called for, and see how it was rendered. "At eleven o'clock at night of the 23rd, a force of 300 European infantry, 250 Irregular cavalry, horse levies and police, and eight guns (six of which were howitzers), left Peshawur under command of Colonel Chute, of H.M.'s 70th, accompanied by Colonel Nicholson as political officer, and neared Murdan about sunrise of the 25th, after effecting a junction with Major Vaughan and 200 Punjab infantry from Nowshera. No sooner did this force appear in the distance, than the 55th Native Infantry, with the exception of about 120 men, broke from the fort and fled, as Colonel Chute well described it, 'tumultuously,' towards the hills of Swat. Then followed a pursuit, which, to look back on, is to renew all sorrow for the dear-bought victory of Delhi. Chase was given with both Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry, but the mutineers had got far ahead, and bad ground so checked the guns that they never got within range. Colonel Nicholson, with a handful of horsemen, hurled himself like a thunderbolt on the route of a thousand mutineers. Even he (in a private note to me, for he seldom reported officially anything he did himself) admitted that the 55th fought determinately, 'as men always do who have no chance of escape but by their own exertions.' They broke before his charge, and scattered over the country in sections and in companies. They were hunted out of villages, and grappled with in ravines, and driven over the ridges all that day, from Fort Murdan to the border of Swat, and found respite only in the failing light. 120 dead bodies were numbered on their line of flight, and thrice that number must have borne off wounds; 150 were taken prisoners, and the regimental colours and 200 stand of arms recovered. Colonel Nicholson himself was twenty hours in the saddle, and, under a burning sun, could not have traversed less than seventy miles. His own sword brought many a traitor to the dust. . . . . Colonel Nicholson, with Colonel Chute's Movable Column, returned to cantonments in the second week of June. But we were soon to lose him. The death of Colonel Chester, at Delhi, called Brigadier-General Neville Chamberlain to the high post of Adjutant-General, and Colonel Nicholson was instinctively selected to take command of the Punjab

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1857. Movable Column, with the rank of Brigadier-General. How common sense revenges itself upon defective systems when real dangers assail a State. Had there been no struggle for life or death, when would Neville Chamberlain and John Nicholson, in the prime of their lives, with all their faculties of doing and enduring, have attained the rank of Brigadier-General? Why should we keep down in peace the men who must be put up in war?"*

The Movable Column.

On the 22nd of June, Colonel Nicholson took command of the column, and on the 24th proceeded to Phillour. His first act on joining the force was to free himself from the danger that seemed to be hovering over him in the shape of two suspected Sepoy regiments, which might at any moment break out into open mutiny. It was sound policy to disarm them; but the operation was a hazardous one; for if they had suspected the intention, they would, in all probability, have broken and fled, after turning upon and massacring their officers. So Nicholson made a show of confiding in them, and ordered the whole column forward, as though it were marching straight upon Delhi. Then there were ominous head-shakings in the camp. What could the General mean by taking those two tainted regiments with him to the imperial city, there to fraternise with the mutineers, and to swell the rebel ranks of the Mogul? He well knew what he meant, and his meaning was soon apparent. On the morning of the 25th he was early on the camping-ground, with all his preparations made. But there was no sign of anything unusual—nothing to excite suspicion. The Europeans and the guns were in advance, and so placed that when the suspected Sepoy regiments came up, one after the other, to the camping-ground, they could completely command them. They had their instructions; but were so disposed, many of the Europeans lying on the ground as though for rest, that they never less assumed a threatening aspect than when the first of the Native regiments came up, and the men were told to pile their arms. Leaning over one of the guns, Nicholson gave his orders as coolly as though nothing of an unusual character were about to happen. "If they bolt," he said to Captain Bourchier, of the Artillery, "you follow as hard as you

* Colonel Herbert Edwardes's Report to Government.

can; the bridge will have been destroyed, and we shall have a Sobraon on a small scale." But the Sepoy regiments, entrapped by the suddenness of the order, and scarcely knowing what they were doing, piled their arms at the word of command, and suffered them to be taken to the fort. This done, Nicholson addressed them, saying that desertion would be punished with death, and that they could not possibly escape, as the fords were watched. Eight men made the attempt, but they were brought back, tried, and condemned. 1857.

On the 27th, Nicholson wrote from Phillour to Sir John Lawrence: "You will ere this have received a copy of my letter to General Gowan, advocating the withdrawal of the troops from Rawul Pindee to Lahore. If I considered the question of slight or even moderate importance, I should, out of deference for you, have refrained from expressing publicly an opinion at variance with yours. But I think the matter one of the very greatest consequence, and that entertaining the decided opinion upon it that I do, I should be wanting in my duty if I neglected every means in my power to get what I think right done. I consider the retention of the 24th and Horse Artillery at Rawul Pindee as the most faulty move we have made in the game here, and one which I think you will repent should any check occur at headquarters. Montgomery writes me that the feeling among the Mahomedans is not good, and I do not think it good here either. I wish I were Commissioner or Deputy-Commissioner for a week."

On the following day, crossing the Beeas in boats, for the river had risen, the Movable Column quitted Phillour, and returned towards Umritsur. On the march, Nicholson wrote to Sir John Lawrence, saying: "The Movable Column as at present constituted is no doubt strong enough to put down any rebellion or disaffection which may show itself in any locality at this end of the Punjab. But suppose a rise in two places at once. Suppose, before I had disarmed, the 33rd had broken out at Hooshyapore, the 46th at Sealkote, and the 59th at Umritsur. I should have been awkwardly situated then. My position since I have got the 33rd and 35th off my hands is much better. But I think that there is still great reason why the 24th should come down from

1857. Pindee. Suppose the Commander-in-Chief to send an urgent application for more reinforcements. If the 24th were here, either it or the 52nd could move off at once. As it is, a delay of at least ten days would have to elapse."

The Trimmoo Ghaut affair.

They reached Umritsur on the 5th of July, and were greeted by fresh tidings of mutiny in the Native Army. A regiment had risen at Jhelum; and soon it became only too certain that there had been a disastrous revolt at Sealkote, and that the mutineers had murdered many of the Europeans there. It was plain that it would soon be Nicholson's duty to inflict retribution on these offenders. Having cast off their allegiance to the British Government, they were hastening to join the revolutionary party at Delhi; so Nicholson determined to intercept them. Disencumbering himself, as he had done before, of all the remaining Hindostanee troops with him, he made a rapid march, under a burning July sun, to the station of Goordaspore. On the morning of the 12th, news came that the rebels were about to cross the Ravee river at Trimmoo Ghaut. So Nicholson moved the column forward, and about noon came in sight of the mutineers, who had by this time crossed the river with all their baggage. They were well posted, in a high state of excitement, and many of their horsemen were drugged to a point of fury with bang. They commenced the battle, and fought well; but the British Infantry and Artillery gave them such a reception, that, in less than half an hour, the Sepoys were "in full retreat towards the river, leaving between three or four hundred killed and wounded on the fields." Unfortunately, Nicholson had no cavalry, and was unable to give chase to the flying mutineers. He, therefore, withdrew his column to Goordaspore, where he soon heard that the mutineers had re-formed on the other side of the river. So he determined again to give them battle. On the 14th, he marched back to the Ravee, and found that the mutineers had planted themselves on an island in the middle of the stream, and had run up a battery on the water's edge. The river had risen since the first day's conflict, and it was necessary, therefore, to obtain boats to enable our force to strike at the enemy. This occasioned some delay, but on the morning of the 16th everything was ready. So Nicholson advanced his guns to the river's bank, and

drawing off the enemy's attention by a tremendous fire of shot and shell, moved his infantry unobserved to one extremity of the island, and placed himself at their head. Galloping in advance with a few horsemen, he came upon the pickets of the enemy; the order was then given for the advance of the 52nd, which moved forward in admirable order upon the battery, bayoneting the gunners, and putting the whole body of the enemy to panic flight. It was all over with the mutineers. They could only take to the water, where numbers of them were drowned, and numbers shot down on the sand-banks or in the stream. The few who escaped were seized by the villagers on the opposite bank, and given up to condign punishment. Never was victory more complete. 1857.

The work having been thus effectually done, the Movable Column returned to Umritsur; and Brigadier Nicholson proceeded to Lahore, to take counsel with the authorities, and "to learn how matters were going on below." He arrived there on the 21st; and on the 24th he rejoined the Movable Column, and communicated to his officers that it had been resolved that they should march with all possible speed to Delhi. On the 25th they again crossed the Beeas. On the 27th, he wrote to the Chief Commissioner: "The troops I have with me here consist of Dawes's Troop, Bourchier's Battery, wing of Umritsur Police Battery, two hundred and forty (about) Mooltanee Horse, her Majesty's 52nd is a march in rear, as its colonel reported it knocked up. I have telegraphed to General Wilson about the artillery. Twelve or even eighteen guns is not a large proportion of artillery for the reinforcements going down. Moreover, the European troops coming up from below will be very weak in artillery, and it is better we should have it on the spot than be obliged to send for it. Unless General Wilson should say 'No,' I would recommend either Paton's Troop, or the battery which has come from Peshawur to Rawul Pindee, being sent down when the Punjabee Infantry Corps goes for Peshawur."

The column pushed on with all possible despatch. But General Wilson, who commanded at Delhi, was eager to take counsel with Nicholson, so the latter determined to go on in advance of his force. "I am just starting post for Delhi," he Arrival at Delhi.

1857. wrote on the 6th of August, "by General Wilson's desire. The column would be at Kurnaul the day after to-morrow, and I shall, perhaps, rejoin it at Paneeput." On the following day he wrote from "before Delhi:" "I just write a line to confirm what you will have heard from Wilson. We break ground with No. 1 Heavy Battery at six hundred and fifty yards to-night. Nos. 2 and 3 to-morrow night at five hundred and fifty and three hundred and fifty. Batter the 9th, and go in on the 10th. I can't give you the plan of attack, lest the letter should fall into other hands. . . . Wilde came in this morning, and the Jummoo troops will be in to-morrow. I arrived just in time, a few evenings ago, to prevent the despatch of a letter forbidding their nearer approach. . . . Pandy is in very low spirits, and evidently thinks he has made a mistake." There were those there who, then seeing John Nicholson for the first time, were struck by the extreme gravity of his demeanour;* but every one in camp felt that a strong man had come among them, and that under Providence his coming would give new energy to the besiegers, and hasten the hour of the final assault. Two days afterwards he wrote: "The batteries could not be got ready in time this morning. So we are only silencing the Moree to-day. To-morrow we breach and bombard, and assault on the 11th, which, by a strange coincidence, is the anniversary of our former capture." It was intended that the work here marked out—namely, the capture of the enemy's position near Ludlow Castle—should be entrusted to Nicholson's column; so he returned to his force to bring it into the Delhi camp with all possible despatch. "Expectation was on tiptoe," wrote an officer of the brigade, "to hear his opinion as to the state of affairs. He told me that the tide had turned, but that we should have some tough work; and that General Wilson had promised our column a little job, to try our 'prentice hands,' to dislodge a body of troops who had taken up their position with some guns in the neighbourhood of the Ludlow Castle." But the little job could not wait for Nicholson and his com-

* See Mr. Greathed's Letters: "General Nicholson was at dinner (on August 7th). He is a fine, imposing-looking man, who never speaks if he can help it, which is a great gift for a public man. But if we had all been as solemn and as taciturn during the last two months, I do not think we should have survived. Our genial, jolly mess-dinners have kept up our spirits."

rades. The fire of the enemy became so annoying that it was necessary to carry their position at once; so the work was entrusted to Brigadier Thomas, and he did it right gallantly and well. 1857.

On the 14th of August, Nicholson, at the head of his column —their flags flying and band playing—marched into the camp at Delhi. "It was a fine sight," wrote one who went out to meet it, "to see the column march in. There were great greetings among both officers and men, and they received a hearty welcome. The column was played in by the band of the 8th. Altogether it was a cheery sight, and would have struck gloom among the Pandees if they could have seen it." It was believed by many that the appearance of these reinforcements would be the signal for the assault on Delhi. But it was doubtful whether success could be secured without the aid of a powerful siege-train; so it was resolved that the final measures for the capture of the imperial city should not be taken until after the arrival of the heavy guns which were then coming down from Ferozepore.

Nujufgurh.

But, in the mean while, there was other work to be done. It was apprehended that the enemy were about to manœuvre, so as to make their way into our rear. So it was determined to give them battle; and Nicholson was selected to settle their business. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th of August, when, after a most difficult march through a country of swamps, and fording a sheet of water more than three feet deep, near Nujufgurh, he found the enemy in position on his front and left. Their line extended from the canal to the town of Nujufgurh, a distance of nearly two miles. They had four guns strongly posted near an old serai on the left centre, and nine others between that point and the bridge. It was there, on the left centre, that Nicholson determined to attack them, and having forced their position, to sweep down their line of guns towards the bridge. Nothing could have been more successful than the operation. A few rounds from our artillery guns prepared the way for the advance of the British infantry, with Nicholson at their head, full upon the serai. The attack was irresistible; the enemy were driven from their position; and then Nicholson changed front to the left, swept along the whole line of guns, captured

1857. them, and put the mutinous brigade to flight. "There was not," said a distinguished Punjabee officer some time afterwards, "another man in camp—except, perhaps, Chamberlain —who would have taken that column to Nujufgurh. They went through a perfect morass. An artillery officer told me that at one time the water was over his horses' backs, and he thought they could not possibly get out of their difficulties; but he looked ahead, and saw Nicholson's great form riding steadily on as if nothing was the matter, and so he felt sure all was right."

Of the results of the action, Nicholson wrote a few days afterwards to Sir John Lawrence: "I enclose a rough draft of my report. The field was of such extent, that it was not easy to estimate the mutineers' loss. I think, moreover, that they suffered more severely from the fire of our artillery, after they had bolted across the bridge, than they did on the actual battle-field. According to all accounts, the Neemuch brigade (the one I dealt with) only musters 600 men now. Many of those who fled would appear never to have returned to Delhi. Most of the officers with me in the action rated them at 6000, 7000, and 8000. My own idea is that they were between 3000 and 4000. Except when poor Lumsden was killed, they made little attempt to stand. Most of the killed were Kotah Contingent men. We took the Neemuch troop of artillery complete, three L. F. Battery guns, and four of the King's Own. I wish sincerely they had had as many more, as, after their flank was turned, they could not have used them, and must have lost them all. An old Soubahdar, who stuck in a jheel, begged for mercy, on the ground that he had eaten the Company's salt for forty odd years, and would never do it again! The 13th and 14th Irregulars, who were in the action, are talking of asking pardon. I feel very thankful for my success, for had these two brigades succeeded in getting into our rear, they would undoubtedly have done much mischief."*

Many and warm were the congratulations which poured in upon him on this memorable occasion. General Wilson wrote to him, on the following day, saying: "My dear Nicholson, Low, my A.D.C., has just arrived with the grati-

* Nicholson's official report of the battle is given at full length in the Appendix.

fying intelligence you have sent me of your success at Nujufgurh, and I thank you, and the gallant troops under you, from my whole heart. The exertions of all, to have reached Nujufgurh at the time you did, with such wet weather, and over such a country, must have been incredible. Low does not well describe the road you took, but I gather you must have left Buhadourgurh to the right. I very much regret to learn you have lost three or four officers, killed and wounded. Lumsden gave promise of being a fine officer, and will be a great loss to Coke's corps and the service. Again I congratulate you, and thank you. I am, &c., A. WILSON." And at the same time, Sir John Lawrence, to whom news of the victory had been telegraphed, wrote to him: "Though sorely pressed with work, I write a line to congratulate you on your success. I wish I had the power of knighting you on the spot; it should be done." And in proof of his appreciation of the Brigadier's services, the Chief Commissioner wrote to him on the 9th of September, to the effect that he had recommended him for the appointment of Commissioner of Leia; and added, "I hope General Wilson will give you the command of the pursuing force. I trust you will be in Delhi when this reaches you, that you will escape the dangers of the assault, and gain increased honour."* 1857.

Two days after the battle, Nicholson wrote again to Sir

* In an official letter to the Government of India, the Chief Commissioner, through his secretary (August 27, 1857), says: "On the 25th instant, that energetic and able soldier, Brigadier-General Nicholson, was entrusted with a force of some 2000 infantry and 16 guns, to follow a large body of mutineers who had left Delhi to operate on the communications of our army. General Nicholson brought them to action on the 26th, some twenty miles west of Delhi, near Nujufgurh, and totally defeated them, taking 13 guns and their camp-equipage. On the arrival of the fugitives in the city, the whole insurgent force turned out, thinking to find our position denuded of troops, but, to their surprise, received a warm reception." In a subsequent letter, dated September 2nd, the same authority stated: "It appears that while he was engaged with the Neemuch and Kotah mutineers at this place, the Rohilcund Brigade was only five miles off, at Pahun, under Bukhtawur Khan, the rebel general. With better information, General Nicholson would have marched next morning against him, but the intelligence was defective, and the Rohilcund force retreated precipitately into Delhi. From the accounts of the spies from the city, this defeat has caused great sensation, and desertions are becoming more frequent. No more than 600 of the Neemuch and Kotah force appear to have returned. They lost all their guns, ammunition, equipage; and many of the men who escaped, their arms. The firmness and decision displayed by General Nicholson in making the march to Nujufgurh, and bringing the insurgents to action at once, merit high praise. The Chief Commissioner is well acquainted with the ground over which the troops had to move. At this season of the year it is more or less flooded." Many other high testimonials relating to the battle of Nujufgurh might be cited here.

1857. John Lawrence, saying: "We have been trying to get over the Sikhs, but without success. They have been formed into a battalion at their own request, and seem inclined to stand their chance. They may possibly think better of it as the crisis approaches. Some of the Irregular Cavalry regiments have indirectly hinted that they are anxious for forgiveness. Now, though I would not pardon a single Pandy in a regiment which had murdered its officers, or perpetrated any other atrocities, I do think that these are corps which it would be neither just nor politic to refuse pardon to. The Irregular Cavalry have, as a rule, everywhere taken a much less active part in this mutiny than either Regular Cavalry or Infantry. They have no love or fellow-feeling with the Pandies. Several of these corps are still serving with arms. We are in great want of cavalry, and are likely to be in still greater. All accounts from below state that want of cavalry prevents Havelock from completing his victories. My own opinion is, that we ought to forgive all regiments which have not committed murder, or played a prominent part in the mutinies. Some, like the 29th at Moradabad, were positively the 'victims of circumstance,' and could not have held out longer. We cannot, if we would, annihilate the whole force now in arms against us in this Presidency, and it is not wise, all things considered, to make *every* man desperate. I would give no quarter to the leading corps in the mutiny, or to them which have murdered their officers; but I would not refuse it to a corps like the 29th, or some of the Irregular Cavalry. I spoke on this subject yesterday to both Wilson and Chamberlain, and they agreed with me; but Wilson thought his hands tied by the Government Proclamation, prohibiting pardon. I do not think we should allow that notification to be actually binding on us. We cannot now communicate with the Supreme Government, and the state of affairs is different now to what it was when the order was issued."

Correspondence with Edwardes.

And now that I have reached this month of September—the last which John Nicholson ever saw—I may pause for a little space before I pass on to speak of the crowning feat and the noble end of that heroic life, to give some passages of a correspondence between Edwardes and Nicholson relating to the death of that great and good man, whom both had so

loved and venerated as their some-time master and ever as their example. Authentic intelligence of the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, on the 4th of July, had made its way slowly to Delhi and the Punjab. The first reports of this great calamity had been received with incredulity. What ardently men wished they still believed, until the evidence was undeniable. Then there was great grief throughout the camps of the English, and none sorrowed more than Henry Lawrence's old Punjabee assistants. What Edwardes and Nicholson felt may be gathered from these touching letters: 1857.

FROM HERBERT EDWARDES TO JOHN NICHOLSON.

"Peshawur, Aug. 20, 1857.

"My dear Nicholson,—I was very glad to get your long letter of the 12th, as also yours of the 11th to Sir John, which he kindly sent on for my perusal. Since I last wrote to you, what a loss have we sustained in our ever dear friend Sir Henry (Lawrence). There seem doubts in the Delhi camp about it, but Lord Canning's letter to J. L. mentions that General Neill received the news in a letter from Lucknow, so I conclude it is quite true. It would be too selfish to wish it otherwise, for what a change for him! After his long battle of life, his restless strife for the benefit of others—the State, the Army, the native Princes, the native people, the prisoners in gaol, the children of the English soldiery, and all that were poor, and all that were *down*—to close his flashing eyes for the last time on a scene of honourable struggle for his country, and open them again where there is no more evil to resist—no wrong—all right, and peace, and rest, and patient waiting with all who have gone before, till earth's trial comes to an end, and a perfect heaven begins. It must be the only real happiness he ever has felt, poor fellow; and we could not wish to bring him back to the dust, and noise, and misconstruction of even so great and good a labour as the reorganisation of our army and empire in India. Fine, brave old fellow! he has fought his fight and won his victory, and now let him lay his armour down and rest! You cannot think what a comfort I find in the memory of the eight days I spent with him in April last. . . . . In the days when you and I first knew H. M. L. he was heart and soul a

1857. philanthropist—he could not be anything else, and I believe truly that he was much more, and had the love of God as a motive for the love of his neighbour. All good and sacred things were precious to him, and he was emphatically a good man; influencing all around him for good also. But how much of the *man* there was left in him; how unsubdued he was; how his great purposes, and fiery will, and generous impulses, and strong passions raged in him, making him the fine genuine character he was, the like of which we never saw, and which gathered such blame from wretched creatures as far below the zero of human nature as he was above it. He had not been tempered yet as it was meant he should be; and just see how it all came about. Cruelly was he removed from the Punjab, which was his public life's stage, and he was equal to the trial. His last act at Lahore was to kneel down with his dear wife and pray for the success of John's administration. We who know all that they felt—the passionate fire and earnestness of both their natures, her intense love and admiration of her husband, whose fame was the breath of her nostrils, and his indignation at all wrong, whether to himself or a dog—must see in that action one of the finest and loveliest pictures that our life has ever known. Nothing but Christian feeling could have given them the victory of that prayer. What a sweet creature she was! In sickness and sorrow she had disciplined herself more than he had, and as they walked along their entirely happy way together, she went before, as it were, and carried the lamp; so she arrived first at the end of the journey, and dear heart-broken L. was left alone. All of trial must have been concentrated to him in that one stroke, he loved her so thoroughly. But again, and for the last time, he had the necessary strength given him, and his character came slowly out of that fire, refined and sweet to a degree we never saw in him before. I do so wish you had been with me, and dear ——, and indeed all our old circle who loved him so, to see him as I saw him at Lucknow. Grief had made him grey and worn, but it became him like the scars of a battle. He looked like some good old knight in story. But the great change was in his spirit. He had done with the world, except working for it while his strength lasted; and he had

come to that calm, peaceful estimate of time and eternity, of himself and the judgment, which could only come of wanting and finding Christ. Every night as we went to bed he would read a chapter in the New Testament (out of the Bible she had under her pillow when she died), and then we knelt down by his bed, and he prayed in the most earnest manner, dwelling chiefly on his reliance on Christ's atonement, to which he wished to bring all that he had done amiss that day, so as to have nothing left against him, and be always ready; and asking always for grace to subdue all uncharitableness, and to forgive others as he hoped to be forgiven himself. The submissive humility and charity of these prayers was quite affecting; and I cannot say how grateful I feel to have been led, as it were by accident, to see our dear chief in these last and brightest days of his bright and good career. For the same reason I tell it you, and have told it to Becher, because it completes that picture and memory of our lost friend which will ever make him our example. Oh no! we had better not wish the news untrue, but try and follow after him. . . . . The English mail has not yet come, and so I cannot give you any news of ——. I am very anxious for this mail, because it will tell me how she bore the first news of the mutiny. She could not anticipate that Peshawur would remain so safe as it has. Rather a rebuke this fact is to the senators in the House of Lords, who on the 6th of July discussed the impropriety of Lord Canning subscribing to missions. Surely Peshawur is the most likely place in our empire for a manifestation against missionaries, but not a word has been said against them. When the Peshawur mission was first started, there was an officer in this station who put his name down on the subscription-list thus: 'One Rupee towards a Deane and Adams' Revolver for the first Missionary.' He thought the God of the world could not take care of the first missionary in so dangerous a place as this. Well, this same officer went off with his regiment to a safe place, one of our nicest cantonments in Upper India, and there his poor wife and himself were brutally murdered by Sepoys who were not allowed missionaries. Poor fellow! I wonder if he thought of these things before he died. . . . . You see, I have told you all that is going on here, and said

1857.

1857. nothing about affairs in Delhi. But not the less am I constantly thinking of you there, and wishing you great usefulness and no wounds. Give my love to Chamberlain. I am glad you are both together there, and wish I were with you."

JOHN NICHOLSON TO HERBERT EDWARDES.

"Camp before Delhi, September 1, 1857.

"My dear Edwardes,—I have your kind good letter of the 20th and 23rd August before me. I do so wish I could have seen dear Sir Henry under the circumstances you mention. If it please Providence that I live through this business, you must get me alongside of you again, and be my guide and help in endeavouring to follow his example, for I am so weak and unstable that I shall never do any good of myself. I should like to write you a long letter, but I cannot manage it. . . . . The siege train will probably be here in four or five days, and I trust we shall then go in without delay. I doubt if we shall attempt a breach, or anything more than the demolition of the parapet, and silencing the fire of such guns as bear on this front. We shall then try to blow in the gateway, and escalade at one or two other points. I wish Chamberlain, Coke, Showers, Daly, and many other good men were not *hors de combat* from wounds. . . . . God be with you, dear E.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"J. Nicholson."

The Siege of Delhi.

He was now becoming very eager for the assault, and ceaseless in his endeavours to promote the necessary preparations. On the 4th of September he wrote: "I think we have a right to hope for success, and I trust that ere another week passes our flag will be flying from the palace minarets. Wilson has told me that he intends to nominate me Military Governor, for which I am much obliged; but I had rather that he had told me that he intended to give me command of the column of pursuit." On the 7th he wrote: "Poor Pandy has been in very low spirits since then (the battle of Nujufghur), and, please God, he'll be in still lower before the end of this week." And then, after some military details,

he added, with that tender regard and affection for those serving under him which is characteristic of all great soldiers: "A poor orderly of mine, named Saadut Khan, died here of cholera the other day. He has a mother and a brother, and I think a wife, in the Eusofzye country. Should I not be left to do it, will you kindly provide for the brother, and give the women a couple of hundred rupees out of my estate?" And again on September 11th, chafing sorely under the procrastination that so vexed him: "There has been yet another day's delay with the batteries; but I do not see how there can possibly be another. The game is completely in our hands." 1857.

The hour so anxiously looked for came at last. The assault was ordered; and Brigadier John Nicholson was selected to command the main storming column. If the choice had been left to the army, he would have been selected by universal acclamation to fill the post of honour and of danger. On the morning of the 14th of September, the columns, eager to assault, and flushed with the thought of the coming victory, streamed out in the grey dawn. They were to move in different directions, in accordance with a preconcerted plan, Nicholson himself leading the first column of attack. At first, everything seemed to promise a speedy success. But, after a while, it became apparent that the defence was more vigorous than had been anticipated. The breach had been carried, and the column, headed by Nicholson, had forced its way over the ramparts into the city. This first critical feat of arms having been successfully accomplished, the Brigadier-General might then have fallen back into the Commander's post, and directed the general movements of the storming party. And had he done so he might still have been amongst us; but his irrepressible enthusiasm urged him forward. He still pushed on, as personal leader of the column, and was ever in the front, where danger was the thickest. Some of his friends, with a mournful prevision of what might be the result of this characteristic disregard of self, had urged him to restrain his impetuous daring, and he had made them some half promises that he would comply with their entreaties; but when the time came, and he saw what there was to be done, it was not in his nature not to forget for a while the General in the Soldier,

1857. and to set an example of personal gallantry before the eyes of his followers at a time when hard, resolute, stubborn fighting was needed to consummate our success. The streets were swarming and the windows and house-tops were alive with the enemy, many of them armed with rifles. It was just the kind of fighting that the English soldier least relishes. "The truth is," I have been told by one of John Nicholson's friends, "that the share of that day's work assigned to Nicholson's column in General Wilson's project of attack was too extensive for the column to perform. And Nicholson was not the man to leave unexecuted a fragment of such a duty. The men of the column had—in soldier's language—had their stomach full of fighting already, in the desperate struggle at the walls, and they were not up to carrying out the programme. They reeled doggedly and slowly on. The Sepoys in vast numbers disputed their advance. Under such circumstances it is of no use talking to soldiers, they won't do any more. But Nicholson tried, and as he stood before them entreating them to follow farther, his single and stately figure became an easy mark. It would, indeed, have been a miracle had he escaped." A Sepoy from the window of a house took steady aim at him, and he fell shot through the chest.*

He desired to be laid in the shade, and on no account to be carried back to camp till Delhi had fallen. But it was soon apparent that we were still a long way off from that consummation; so he allowed himself to be placed on a litter and carried to a hospital-tent. He was in fearful agony when he was brought in, and the blood was streaming down his side. But it was not at once discernible that the wound must cer-

* "Nicholson," we are told by Mr. Cave Browne, "saw the emergency. He pushed on the 1st Fusiliers, who answered to his call right gallantly. One gun was taken and spiked; twice they rushed at the second; the grape ploughed through the lane; bullets poured down like hail from the walls and houses; Major Jacob fell mortally wounded at the head of his men; Captain Speke and Captain Greville were disabled; the men were falling fast; there was hesitation; Nicholson sprang forward, and whilst in the act of waving his sword to urge the men on once more —alas for the column! alas for the army! alas for India!—he fell back mortally wounded, shot through the chest by a rebel from a house window close by, and was carried off by two of the 1st Fusiliers." Colonel Norman says: "It was in advancing beyond the Moree bastion towards the Lahore gate that he met the wound which has since caused his death—a death which it is not too much to say has dimmed the lustre of even this victory, as it has deprived the country of one of the ablest men and most gallant soldiers that England anywhere numbers among her ranks."

tainly prove mortal, though small hope of his recovery was entertained by the medical officers who attended him. 1857.

I need not write much more. I have before me the history of the hero's last days written by another hero, whilst the memory of Nicholson's death-bed was still fresh within him, and the great wound of his sorrow unhealed. It is a letter written by Brigadier Neville Chamberlain to his and Nicholson's dear friend, Herbert Edwardes—a letter the pathetic simplicity of which goes straight to the heart. It is in such records as this that, thinking of him who wrote it, of him to whom it was written, and of the third great soldier of that noble triumvirate of whom it was written, that we see those beautiful examples of affectionate and enduring comradeship which it was ever the tendency of the old Indian service bounteously to develop:

"Delhi, October 25, 1857.

"My dear Edwardes,—My conscience tells me that I have been guilty of great unkindness in having delayed for so long to give you an account of poor John Nicholson's last days. The truth, however, is, that the intention to discharge this sad duty has never been absent from my mind, but whenever I have attempted to do so, I have felt so unequal to the task that I have given it up, in the hope that I should be better able to do it justice at another time. This is how days have mounted up to weeks, and weeks to a month, for more than a month has now elapsed since our dear friend closed his eyes for ever upon this life.

"Knowing what an affectionate interest you took in all that concerned him, I will commence my letter by giving you an outline of how his time was passed from his joining the camp before Delhi to the day of the storm.

"Of all the superior officers in the force, not one took the pains he did to study our position and provide for its safety. Hardly a day passed but what he visited every battery, breastwork, and post; and frequently at night, though not on duty, would ride round our outer line of sentries to see that the men were on the alert, and to bring to notice any point he considered not duly provided for. When the arrival of a siege-train and reinforcements enabled us to assume the

1857. offensive, John Nicholson was the only officer, not being an engineer, who took the trouble to study the ground which was to become of so much importance to us; and had it not been for his going down that night, I believe that we might have had to capture, at considerable loss of life, the positions which he was certainly the main cause of our occupying without resistance. From the day of the trenches being opened to the day of the assault, he was constantly on the move from one battery to another, and when he returned to camp, he was constantly riding backwards and forwards to the chief engineer endeavouring to remove any difficulties.

"This is the character of our dear friend as a soldier, and as he was known to all; but I must now describe him when at leisure, and as a friend. When he first arrived in camp I was on my back, and unable to move, and only commenced to sit up in bed on the siege-train arriving. Under these circumstances, I was, of course, only able to associate with him when he was at leisure, but out of kindness to my condition he never failed to pass a portion of the day with me, and frequently, though I would beg of him to go and take a canter, he would refuse, and lose the evening air. My recovery, after once being able to sit up, was rapid, and by the time our first battery opened, I was able to go in a doolie on to the ridge and watch the practice. He would frequently insist upon escorting me, and no woman could have shown more consideration—finding out good places from which to obtain the best view, and going ahead to see that I did not incur undue risks, for he used to say no wounded man had any business to go under fire.

"On the 12th of September, or two days before the storm, all the principal officers in camp were summoned to meet at the General's tent at eleven A.M., to hear the plan of the assault read out, and receive their instructions. Nicholson was not present, the cause of his absence being that he had gone down to see the opening salvoes of the great breaching battery within one hundred and sixty yards of the water bastion, and the engineers had been behind their promised time. That evening he accompanied me on my tour along the ridge up to Hindoo Rao's house, and on our return insisted upon my going to his tent and dining with him. After

dinner he read out the plan of assault for the morning of the 14th, and some of the notes then made by him I afterwards found among his papers. 1857.

"The 13th was, of course, a busy day for everybody, but I saw a good deal of him, as he rode over to my tent two or three times to get me to exert my influence with General Wilson in favour of certain measures considered expedient. On returning from my evening tour on the ridge, I found him in the head-quarters' camp, whither he had come to urge upon the General the importance of not delaying the assault, if the breach should be reported practicable. We sat talking together for some time, and I begged him to stay and dine with me, but he said he could not, as he must be back in his camp to see his officers and arrange all details. This was about eight P.M., or later, and we did not meet again until the evening of the 14th, when he, poor fellow, was lying stretched on a charpoy, helpless as an infant, breathing with difficulty, and only able to jerk out his words in syllables at long intervals and with pain. Oh, my dear Edwardes, never can I forget this meeting, but painful as it would have been to you, I wish you could have been there, for next to his mother his thoughts turned towards you! He asked me to tell him exactly what the surgeons said of his case; and after I had told him, he wished to know how much of the town we had in our possession, and what we proposed doing. Talking was, of course, bad for him, and prohibited, and the morphia, which was given to him in large doses, to annul pain and secure rest, soon produced a state of stupor. That night I had to return to Hindoo Rao's house, as I held the command on the right after Major Reid's column being driven back, and his being wounded. Before returning, I, however, again saw him about eleven P.M.; he was much the same, but feeling his skin to be chilled, I suppose from the loss of blood, and two hand punkahs going, I got him to consent to my covering him with a light Rampore blanket. The next evening I again returned to camp, and saw him; he breathed more easily, and seemed altogether easier—indeed, his face had changed so much for the better, that I began to make myself believe that it was not God's purpose to cut him off in the prime of manhood, but that he was going to be spared to

1857. become a great man, and to be the instrument of great deeds. On this evening, as on the previous, his thoughts centred in the struggle then being fought out inside Delhi; and on my telling him that a certain officer did allude to the possibility of our having to retire, he said, in his indignation, 'Thank God I have strength yet to shoot him, if necessary.'

"That night I slept in camp, and the next morning, before going to join General Wilson inside Delhi, I had the poor fellow removed into one of the sergeants' bungalows (a portion of which had not been destroyed by the mutineers when the cantonment was fired on the 13th of May), as he complained of the heat; the distance was not great, and the change was effected without putting him to much pain. He was thankful for the change, and said that he was very comfortable. Before quitting him, I wrote down, at his dictation, the following message for you: 'Tell him I should have been a better man if I had continued to live with him, and our heavy public duties had not prevented my seeing more of him privately. I was always the better for a residence with him and his wife, however short. Give my love to them both.' What purer gratification could there be in this world than to receive such words from a dying man? I can imagine no higher reward; and long, my dear Edwardes, may you and your wife be spared to each other and to the world, to teach others the lesson you imprinted so forcibly on John Nicholson's true and noble heart!

"Up to this time there was still a hope for him, though the two surgeons attending him were anything but sanguine. He himself said he felt better, but the doctors said his pulse indicated no improvement, and notwithstanding the great loss of blood from internal hemorrhage, they again thought it necessary to bleed him. I always felt more inclined to be guided by what he himself felt than by the doctor, and therefore left him full of hope.

"One of the surgeons attending him used to come daily to the town to dress my arm, and from him I always received a trustworthy bulletin. From the 17th to the 22nd, he was sometimes better and sometimes worse, but he gradually became weaker, and on the afternoon of the latter date, Dr. Mactier came to tell me that there was little or no hope. On

reaching him, I found him much altered for the worse in appearance, and very much weaker—indeed, so weak that, if left to himself, he fell off into a state of drowsiness, out of which nothing aroused him but the application of smelling-salts and stimulants. Once aroused, he became quite himself, and on that afternoon he conversed with me for half an hour or more, on several subjects, as clearly as ever. He, however, knew and felt that he was dying, and said that this world had now no interest to him. His not having made a will, as he had proposed doing the day before the storm, was the source of some regret to him, and it was his wish not to delay doing so any longer, but as he said he then felt too fatigued from having talked so much, and was too weak to keep his senses collected any longer, he begged me to leave him to himself until the evening, and then arouse him for the purpose. On this afternoon he told me to send you this message: 'Say that if at this moment a good fairy were to give me a wish, my wish would be to have him here next to my mother.' Shortly after writing down the above to his dictation, he said: 'Tell my mother that I do not think we shall be unhappy in the next world. God has visited her with a great affliction, but tell her she must not give way to grief.' 1857.

"Late in the evening, when asked if he could dictate his will, he said he felt too weak to do so, and begged that it might be deferred until the following morning, when he hoped to be stronger. But death had now come to claim him; every hour he became weaker and weaker, and the following morning his soul passed away to another and a better world.

"Throughout those nine days of suffering he bore himself nobly; not a lament or a sigh ever passed his lips, and he conversed as calmly and clearly as if he were talking of some other person's condition and not his own. Painful as it would have been to you, I wish you could have seen him, poor fellow, as he lay in his coffin. He looked so peaceful, and there was a resignation in the expression of his manly face, that made me feel that he had bowed submissively to God's will, and closed his eyes upon the world full of hope. After he was dead I cut off several locks of hair for his family and

1857. friends, and there is one for Mrs. Edwardes and one for yourself.

"It is a great consolation to think that he had the most skilful attendance, and was waited upon as carefully as possible. Nothing was left undone that could be done, but God had willed that he was not to live to see the result of a work he had taken so prominent a part in bringing about.

"His remains rest in the new burial-ground in front of the Cashmere Gate, and near Ludlow Castle. It is near the scene of his glory; and within a few yards of his resting-place stands one of the breaching batteries which helped to make the breach by which he led his column into the town. Ludlow Castle was the building used by us on that day as a field hospital; and here the two brothers met—having shaken hands and parted near the same spot, both full of life, and health, and hope, a few short hours previously—the one mortally wounded, the other with his arm dangling by his side by a shred.

"I think you will agree with me that the spot where our dear friend sleeps his last sleep cannot be marked too plainly and unostentatiously; and I am therefore going to erect a monument of the most simple description. I wish you would kindly write a suitable inscription.

"This is the end of my account of our poor friend's last days, and I deeply regret that my duties did not permit of my being more with him. My only solace is that he knew and appreciated the cause; and when, the afternoon before his death, I said to him he must have thought me very neglectful, his reply was: 'No; I knew that your duty to the Service required your being at head-quarters, and I was glad to think that you were there to give your counsel.'

"Hereafter, if it is ordained that we are to meet, I shall have much to tell and talk to you about that I have not been able to include in a letter, and if it were only on this account, the sooner we meet the better, for I know how dear to you is everything connected with the memory of John Nicholson.

"Our good friend Becher begged me to give him some account of poor Nicholson's last days, and I dare say you will

not object to giving him such extracts of this letter as you may think will interest him.* 1857.

"I am, yours affectionately,

"NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN."

To this touching narrative may be added from other sources a few more particulars of the great soldier's dying days. From Colonel J. R. Becher, C.B., Hurreepore, October 28th, 1857: ". . . I heard to-day from Buckle at Delhi. He saw poor John Nicholson after his wound. These are his words: 'I saw John Nicholson after he was wounded. I had just been assisting in taking off his brother's arm. I spoke to him, telling him that when he was with the Edwardeses, at Abbottabad, we had met, and that I would be at hand if he wanted anything done, or if I could in any way be useful to him. He recognised me, and said, "Nothing now." He wanted a little lemonade, which was sent for. He was then quite quiet, and as collected and composed as usual, but very low—almost pulseless. What struck me was his face—it was always one of power—but then, in its calm pale state, it was quite beautiful. His brother, when a little recovered from the operation, was brought in his doolie, and the two stayed thus for some little time, but were then sent on into camp. I never saw Nicholson after that time, nor did he send for me.' I think you will like to read this picture of the great, good fellow, mortally wounded, composed, and beautiful in his glorious death." From the same; December 12th, 1857: "I have just heard from Chamberlain at Delhi, dated December 5th, and as he tells me that he omitted to give you an account of the visit of the Mooltan Pathans to the last sad remains of dear John Nicholson, I transcribe his account. It is a very grand picture—a death-bed very proudly honoured: 'The Sirdars of the Mooltanee Horse, and some other natives,

* In a letter written a few days later to the same correspondent (Palace, Delhi, October 31st, 1857), Chamberlain adds: "Your letter to poor John Nicholson, giving an account of your days at Lucknow, and of your last impression of Sir Henry, is amongst his papers. He gave me the letter to read (he had not heart to read it *aloud* to me) the day it arrived, and he promised to give me a copy of it. On the 13th of September I reminded him that he had not fulfilled that promise, when he said he would do it *that night*; but I begged of him not to allow anything of the kind to encroach upon his few hours' rest."

1857. were admitted to see him after death, and their honest praise could hardly find utterance for the tears they shed as they looked on their late master. The servants and orderlies also who were in attendance on him, when the fact flashed across their minds that he had left this world for ever, broke out into lamentations, and much as all natives feared to displease him, there could be no question but that he commanded their respect to an extent almost equal to love.' "——From Lieutenant Montgomerie, of the Guides, October 10th, 1857 : "I helped to lift poor Brigadier Nicholson out of the doolie on to a bed, and afterwards remained bathing his temples with eau-de-Cologne. The poor man was in fearful agony, and the blood was flowing down his side. He was shot through the body. . . . It was terrible seeing the great strong man, who a few hours before was the life and soul of everything brave and daring, struck down in this way. . . . He did not die for some days. Our victory was dimmed by his loss. I could have followed him anywhere—so brave, so cool, and self-possessed, and so energetic, you would have thought that he was made of iron. The shot that killed him was worth more to the Pandy than all the rest put together. He would be invaluable now. I can do but poor justice to merits like his, but I write what I feel."

The following, from a memorandum by Sir Herbert Edwardes (Peshawur, January 30, 1858), gives some further particulars of Nicholson's last days : "Daly,* speaking last night of John Nicholson, said that 'he had a genius for war. He was a grand fellow. He did not know his own powers. But he was beginning to find them out. His merits were recognised throughout the camp. Between the 6th and 14th of September, he rose higher and higher in the minds of all, and when General Wilson's arrangements for the attack were read out, and the post of honour was given to Nicholson, not a man present thought that *he* was superseded. He was much pleased at getting the Commissionership of Leiah. I said, "Oh, you will not take it now that you are sure to remain a General, and get a division." He laughed haughtily, and said, "A General! You don't think I'd like to be a

* Colonel H. Daly, C.B., who commanded the Guide Corps at the siege of Delhi.

General of Division, do you? Look at them! Look at the Generals!" He was indignant at the injustice done to Alexander Taylor, the Engineer, and said, in Chamberlain's tent, "Well, if I live through this, I will let the world know who took Delhi;—that Alexander Taylor did it." . . . How the two brothers loved each other! The great one used to come down to see me when I was wounded; and the little one found out the hour, and used to drop in as if quite by accident, and say, "Hilloa, John, are *you* there?" And John would say, "Ah, Charles, come in!" And then they'd look at each other. They were shy of giving way to any expression of it; but you saw it in their behaviour to one another. He was much affected by your letter about Sir Henry. He showed it to me. . . . He did not say much, I believe, about his religious feelings on his death-bed. The fact is, he was in great pain, and could only speak in a whisper.' " 1857.

How he was laid in his last earthly resting-place in the new burial-ground near the Cashmere Gate of Delhi, has been told by the chaplain who performed the funeral service over the remains of the departed hero: "Soon after sunrise," he has recorded, "of the morning of the 24th of September, the painful duty of consigning the mortal remains of this great soldier to the tomb devolved upon me. It was a solemn service, and perhaps the simplicity which characterised the arrangements of the funeral added considerably to the solemnity of the occasion; particularly when you realised and contrasted with this simplicity the acknowledged greatness of the deceased. The funeral cortége was comparatively small; very few beside personal friends composed the mournful train. Most prominent and most distinguished of all those who best loved and best valued Nicholson was Chamberlain. He had soothed the dying moments of the departed hero, and having ministered to his comforts while living, now that he was dead and concealed from his sight, he stood as long as he well could beside the coffin as chief mourner. The corpse was brought from the General's own tent on a gun-carriage; whether covered with a pall or otherwise I cannot say. But no roar of cannon announced the departure of the procession from camp; no volleys of musketry disturbed the silence Funeral.

1857. which prevailed at his grave; no martial music was heard. Thus, without pomp or show, we buried him. He was the second of those commanders who, since the capture of Delhi, was laid beneath the sods of Ludlow Castle graveyard. And over his remains, subsequently to this date, sincere friendship has erected a durable memorial, consisting of a large slab of marble, taken from the King's garden attached to the imperial palace. Few and simple are the words inscribed thereon, but all-sufficient, nevertheless, to perpetuate the indissoluble connexion of Nicholson with Delhi."*

And when it was known that Nicholson was dead, there rose a voice of wail from one end of India to the other. No man was more trusted in life; no man more lamented in death. There was not a tent or a bungalow in all the country occupied by an Englishman in which there was not a painful sense of both a national and a personal loss. Nor was the feeling of grief and dismay confined to his own countrymen. In the great province where he had served so long, thousands speaking in another tongue bewailed the death of the young hero. Few men have ever done so much at the early age of thirty-five; few men thus passing away from the scene in the flower of their manhood, have ever left behind them a reputation so perfect and complete.

Testimonials. How men of all kinds wrote about the saddest incident of the great siege—how the public and private correspondence of the day teemed alike with lamentations and eulogies, I have abundant proofs before me. A few may be gathered here to show how great was the admiration of John Nicholson's noble qualities. Sir John Lawrence to Lieutenant Charles Nicholson, November 12th, 1857: "I have long desired to write you a few lines expressive of my deep regret and sympathy for the death of your noble brother. His loss is a national misfortune. None of his friends have lamented that loss more deeply nor more sincerely than myself. Your own severe wound, which at any other time would have caused no little pain, must have been forgotten, I know, in the bitter grief at your brother's suffering and death. I wish I could say or do anything to give you comfort."——To the Government of India, September 15th, 1857: "I am to add that our loss

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

appears to have been very severe. Among many brave and good soldiers, there is not one who in merit, by general consent, can surpass Brigadier-General John Nicholson. He was an officer equal to any emergency. His loss, more particularly at a time like this, is greatly to be deplored."——October 3rd, 1857: "The Chief Commissioner cannot close this despatch without again adverting to the loss of Brigadier-General Nicholson. That noble soldier was mortally wounded on the 14th, and died on the 23rd of September. He was an officer of the highest merit, and his services since the mutiny broke out have not been surpassed by those of any other officer in this part of India. At a time like this his loss is a public misfortune."——"The Governor-General in Council has received with much regret the intelligence of the death of Brigadier-General Nicholson. His Lordship in Council desires me to convey to you the expression of his sincere sorrow at the untimely loss the Government has sustained in the death of this very meritorious officer, especially at a time when his recent successes had pointed him out as one of the foremost among the many whose loss the State has lately had to deplore."——General Sydney Cotton, Peshawur Division Orders, September 25th, 1857: "With heartfelt and unaffected sorrow Brigadier-General Cotton announces to the troops under his command the death at Delhi, on the 23rd instant, of Brigadier-General Nicholson. Bold, resolute, and determined, this daring soldier and inestimable man fell mortally wounded when gallantly heading a column of attack at the assault of Delhi on the 14th instant. In him England has lost one of her noblest sons, the Army one of its brightest ornaments, and a large circle of acquaintances a friend warm-hearted, generous, and true. All will now bewail his irreparable loss."——Sir Robert Montgomery to Sir Herbert Edwardes, Lahore, October 2nd, 1857: ". . . My dear friend, what has befallen India since we parted, omitting the fearful massacres, and, worse than these, *your* two best friends have fallen, the *two great men*, Sir Henry (Lawrence) and Nicholson. They had not, take them all in all, their equals in India. I know how bitterly you must have felt, and still do feel, their loss, and your wife will deeply feel it. Had Nicholson lived, he would, as a commander, have risen

1857.

1857. to the highest post. He had every quality necessary for a successful commander; energy, forethought, decision, good judgment, and courage of the highest order. No difficulties would have deterred him, and danger would have but calmed him. I saw a good deal of him here, and the more I saw the more I liked him."——The same to the author: "He did much towards establishing British rule on our advanced frontier. He left a name which will never be forgotten in the Punjab. He possessed all the characteristics and qualities of a man formed to command, and to make an impression on the bold, warlike, and martial tribes along our extreme frontier. He had a tall and commanding figure, a bold and manly bearing, an eye that seemed to penetrate all that was working in the heart. His discernment of native character was remarkable, and he selected and had around him the most faithful and devoted followers. He was fearless in danger, and was ever to the front, and inspired all with admiration. He was as swift to punish as he was quick to reward. He had truly a hand of iron in a silken glove. His life had been more than once attempted by the fanatics of the border. I once received an official letter from him, written, as well as I can remember, in the following laconic words: 'Sir, I have the honour to inform you that I have just shot a man who came to kill me. Yours obediently, J. N.' "*——Sir Herbert Edwardes: "Doubtless God knows what is best, so His will be done! But the blow is very great to us all—to his poor mother, to his brother Charles, to his friends, to the army at large, to his country. For my own part, I feel as if all happiness had gone out of my public career. Henry Lawrence was as the father, John Nicholson was the brother, of my public life, and both have been swallowed up in this devouring war, this hateful, unnatural, diabolical revolt. How is one ever to work again for the good of natives? And never, never again can I hope for such a friend. How grand, how glorious a piece of handiwork he was! It was a pleasure to behold him even. And then his nature so fully equal to his form! So undaunted, so noble, so tender to good, so stern to evil, so single-minded, so generous, so heroic, yet so

* The story of this attempt on his life is told at page 452. He described Bunnoo as "a paradise peopled by fiends."

modest; I never saw another like him, and never expect to do so. And to have had him for a brother, and now to have lost him in the prime of life—it is an inexpressible, an irreparable grief. Nicholson was the soul of truth. It did not please God to keep so noble a character to be an honour to him on earth through a long life; but let us fondly hope that it has pleased Him to accept his service for all eternity." 1857.

Such was the testimony of those who knew him best—who had worked with him, and served with him, and taken sweet counsel with the departed; but I would fain show also what an example he was to those beneath him—how the junior officers of the Army (he was himself young in years, though high in rank, when he died) looked up to him with profoundest admiration. A young officer who had served in his brigade wrote: "He was a very brave man and a most valuable public officer, very determined, very bold, very clever, and very successful; therefore his loss is most deeply felt, and every one feels that his place will not easily be supplied, nor the empty void filled where before his presence was so much felt and appreciated. He was a man in whom all the troops had the most unbounded confidence, and whom they would have followed anywhere cheerfully; yet he was quite a young man, who advanced himself by his own endeavours and good services. He had a constitution of iron. The day we marched to Murdan he was twenty-six hours in the saddle, following up the mutineers. I never heard so much anxiety expressed for any man's recovery before, and the only term I know that is fully adequate to express the loss we all felt is, that in each of our hearts the victory that day has been turned into mourning. He was a man whom all would have delighted to honour, and was beloved both for his amiability and kindness of disposition, and his more brilliant qualities as a soldier and a ruler of the people. He was Assistant-Commissioner here before, and his name was known and dreaded by all the hill tribes around, and by all the inhabitants of the valley of Peshawur. When it was known that he was dangerously wounded, every one's first inquiry was, 'How is Nicholson? Are there any hopes of his recovery?' He is now gone from us, but his memory will be long cherished, and the example of his daring and bravery will stimulate

1857. those who knew him to emulate his deeds. His death has caused as much grief as that of that estimable, brave, and heroic good soldier, Sir Henry Lawrence."——Another in like strain wrote: "There was a fine, brave soldier there (meaning at Delhi), Nicholson. He was an army in himself. He was the man who, I am told, advised the assault, planned, and carried it out. He knew the salvation of India depended on it, and that it must be risked at all odds—that the country could not stand a further delay. That brave man led one of the assaulting columns, and was killed. He was, without an exception, the finest fellow I ever saw in the shape of a soldier. Handsome as he was brave, determined, cool, and clever, I knew him well at Peshawur, and I feel his loss to be one which the country cannot replace."

I will only add to these one more tribute to John Nicholson's memory. When that meeting, of which I have already spoken, was held at Calcutta to do honour to the memory of the three departed heroes, Neill, Havelock, and Nicholson, the Advocate-General, Mr. Ritchie, a singularly able and accomplished man, whose career was but too short, thus eloquently spoke of the young General's death:* "Then turn we," he said, "to the death of the heroic Nicholson. He fell a youth in years, a veteran in the wisdom of his counsels, in the multitude of his campaigns, in the splendour of his achievements. He fell as a soldier would wish to fall, at the head of his gallant troops, with the shout of victory in his ear; but long after he fell mortally wounded, he resisted being carried to the rear, and remained heedless of the agony of his wounds, heedless of the shadows of death closing around him, to animate his troops, checked, but only for a while, in their advance, by the loss of such a leader. Was not such a death worthy of such a life; and will not the Caubul gate, where he fell, live in future British history, as live those heights of Abraham, on which there fell, a century ago, another youthful general, the immortal Wolfe?—like him in the number of his years, like him in his noble qualities and aptitude for command, like him in the love and confidence he inspired in all around him, and like him in the wail of sor-

* See *ante*, pp. 413—414, in "Memoir of General Neill."

row, which told him his death marred the joy of the nation in the hour of victory." 1857.

It remains only to be recorded that those for whom this good servant of the State lived and died, and who would have honoured and rewarded him in life, were not forgetful of him in death. The Queen commanded it to be officially announced that Brigadier-General Nicholson would, had he survived, been created a Knight Commander of the Bath, and the Company did that, the knowledge of which, beyond all other human things, would have most soothed his dying moments—they voted, in recognition of his services, a special grant of 500*l.* a year to that beloved mother, whose early influence and instruction had done so much to foster the germs of his noble character.

*** I cannot suffer this imperfect sketch of the career of John Nicholson to go forth, without publicly acknowledging that it owes any interest it may possess mainly to the large and liberal assistance, which Sir Herbert Edwardes has rendered me, in the course of its preparation for the present work. Believing that the best biographies are those in which the autobiographical element is the most prominent, I have endeavoured in all these sketches to make the men of whom I have written tell, as fully as possible, the stories of their own lives; and I have ever sought the aid of those survivors who have known them best. And I believe that, by so doing, I have imparted an amount of vitality to my narratives which, had I trusted more to my own words, would have been absent from them.

APPENDIX.

ELDRED POTTINGER IN LORD AUCKLAND'S CAMP.

The anecdote given at page 185, in the Memoir of Major Eldred Pottinger, was received by me from so trustworthy a source, that I have perfect faith in the authenticity of the story. But some readers may, perhaps, question its accuracy, because no mention is made of the incident in Miss Eden's very pleasant book—*Up the Country*—which contains a diary kept during the very viceregal progress, in the course of which Pottinger is said to have made his appearance in the Governor-General's camp. It is not, indeed, an unfair inference that, as Miss Eden could not have been ignorant of the fact, and as it is obviously a kind of anecdote that the journal-writers would have made a point of recording, it is probable that it never happened as narrated. But there are some gaps in Miss Eden's journal, and references to some portions of it having been lost. So the story may have been told by her, though the sheet containing it never reached its destination.

(*Note, p.* 373.)

NEILL AT ALLAHABAD.

Lieutenant-Colonel Neill to the Adjutant-General of the Army.

"Allahabad, June 17.

"Sir,—I have the honour to report my arrival here on the afternoon of the 11th inst., with a party of 40 men, the Fusiliers having had more difficulty in getting on from Benares consequent on the disturbed state of the country, the road being partly deserted, and all the dawk horses taken away by the insurgents. I found Allahabad closely invested, except on the river-side, it being only ap-

proachable from the rivers; the bridge of boats on the Ganges partly destroyed; it and the village of Deeragunge in possession of the insurgents. On arriving at the end of the Benares road, at the village of Jansee, I was obliged to move down to my left; was fortunate to bribe some natives to bring a boat over to the left bank of the Ganges, in which I embarked part of my men. The people in the fort having by this time seen us, sent over boats some way down; by these means we all got into the fort, almost completely exhausted from our long night's march and the intense heat. On assuming command, I at once determined to drive the enemy away, and open up some communication with the country. On the following morning I opened fire with several round shots on those parts of Deeragunge occupied by the worst description of natives, attacked the place with detachments of Fusiliers and Sikhs, drove the enemy out with considerable loss, burnt part of the village, and took possession of a repaired bridge, placing a company of Sikhs at its head for its protection. The next day, Major Stephenson's detachment of 100 men, which had left Benares by bullock-train the same evening, had crossed the bridge into the front. On the morning of the 13th, I attacked the insurgents in the village of Kydgunge, on the left bank of the Jumna, and drove them out with loss. On the 14th I could do little or nothing. Ever since I arrived here I have observed great drinking among the Sikhs and the Europeans of all classes, and it was not long before I learnt that large godowns belonging to merchants and river steam companies had been broken into and plundered, and the contents were distributed all over the place. Quantities of all kinds of spirits and wine were brought into the fort by the Sikhs, sold to our soldiers at the lowest prices, and the consequence was drunkenness to a disgraceful extent in the garrison. The Sikhs showed anything but a subordinate spirit, and being in the same range of barracks with our men, caused me no small anxiety. I endeavoured to get hold of or destroy all the liquor and rum, and succeeded in both by directing the Commissariat to purchase all the liquors the Sikhs had to sell. I sent out the only two carts I had to empty what remained in the godowns into the Commissariat stores, and destroyed all that I could otherwise lay hold of. It appeared to me most desirable to get the Sikhs out of the fort; they were very loth to go, and their officers did not appear to me to have that authority over them to oblige them; it required some tact and management, and was happily effected by Captain Brasyer, who deserves the greatest credit. They are now outside in some houses, the old native hospital, and others on the bank of

the Jumna, under the guns of the fort, and, although attacked and obliged to retire on the night of the 14th inst., some, including the adjutant, wounded, yet they soon regained their position. I felt that Allahabad was really safe when every native soldier and sentry was out of it, and as long as I command I shall not allow one to be on duty in it. On the evening of the 14th I threw a shell from a howitzer on the brutes into Kydgunge, and the morning of the 15th early opened the same fire with round shot also upon it at daylight. I sent a steamer up the Jumna with a howitzer, under command of Captain Harwood, of the Artillery, and a party of 20 picked shots of the Fusiliers, under Lieutenant Arnold of that corps, who went up the river, some distance above the city, and did much execution. The Sikhs were directed to attack and clear Kydgunge and Mootingunge, on the Jumna, and were supported on the right by 50 of the Fusiliers, under Lieutenant Bailey, and the small party of Irregular Cavalry. The troops behaved with great gallantry and spirit in the heat of the sun; the Sikhs had the legs of the European, and the country they had to go over was less difficult; the opposition they met with was not so great; they, however, punished the enemy severely, although they fire badly, and are very wild. The Fusiliers met with some resistance, did good execution among the enemy, but had two men killed and six wounded, all severely, one dangerously, including Lieutenant Bailey, shot through the thigh. The insurgents were so thoroughly beaten at all points, and our men had followed them up so close to the city, that we have since been informed the greatest terror seized them all, and they all fled from the city during the night. They had also lost several of their chiefs, and the Moulavie, the chief of the insurrection, is now, I understand, with a few followers, about 14 miles off. There are still some villages inhabited by Mahomedan tawnties, who took a prominent and active part in the night of the mutiny, I will make an example of; but I cannot march out until I get sufficient cattle for my artillery, and also to draw carriages to convey wounded or men knocked over by the sun. Many Sepoys, supposed to be from Delhi, fought against us. We have had intelligence from the city of the dispersion and flight of most of the ringleaders. The Moulavie has fled, and two of his men of rank were slain on the 15th. Our two guns, taken away from the bridge of boats by the 6th, were sent in to our outposts yesterday morning; also Mr. Cheek, of the 6th, since dead, and Mr. Conductor Coleman and his family, who escaped the night of the mutiny, although severely wounded and badly treated. The troops are in high spirits and as good health as can be expected

this fearful weather. The Fusiliers have endured more exposure and fatigue than most soldiers; their conduct has been admirable. I cannot speak too highly of Captain Brasyer, of the Sikhs; he alone has kept that regiment together, and all right here. He deserves the greatest credit. He assisted me very greatly indeed in getting the Sikhs out of the fort. I almost feared at one time that force would have to be employed. It was a very near thing indeed. Fortunately, I was able to employ the Sikhs in the constant attacks, which assisted. The Fusiliers now here consist of 11 officers and 360 men.

"I have, &c.,

"J. G. Neill, Lieutenant-Colonel,

"Commanding Allahabad."

Lieutenant-Colonel Neill to the Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Army.

(Extract.)

"Allahabad, June 19.

"I last did myself the honour of addressing you on the 17th inst. On the following morning I moved out with all my force, having the previous day obtained bullocks for my two guns. I sent one party of 80 Fusiliers and 100 Sikhs in a steamer, with a howitzer, up the river, to attack and destroy the Pathan village of Derryabad, and the Mewattie villages of Sydabad and Russelpore, and to co-operate with me. I marched from cantonments, with 200 Fusiliers, two guns, all the Sikhs and Irregular Cavalry, and proceeded as far as the gaol, thus getting between the city and the villages belonging to, and said to be occupied by, the insurgents. I met with no opposition, the enemy, I regret to say, having disappeared during the night; I swept and destroyed these villages, and collected all my force on the parade-ground of the 6th Bengal Native Infantry. It was my intention to have occupied the church and other buildings during the heat of the day, but as symptoms of cholera among the Fusiliers occurred during the night, one man having been taken ill *en route*, I determined to return to the fort with all the Europeans, and leave Captain Brasyer and his Sikhs, with the Irregular Cavalry, accompanied by Mr. Court, collector and magistrate, to destroy several villages beyond the church, which work was properly done. I got back to the fort about 7 A.M., and regret to say that several of the men came into hospital with cholera in its worst form. Eight men were buried last evening, and 20 this evening; there are still

many cases in hospital, but of a milder nature, and I hope, with God's blessing, for the best.

"I had before this, fearing disease from the crowded state in which I found the fort, sent off two steamer-loads of women and children, and, as the cantonment is now safe, I directed all the non-combatants out of the fort; this order has been attended to. I have also established a European hospital in a Masonic building a short distance from the fort, to which I have removed all cholera patients. I have also occupied the dawk bungalow near it with a subaltern's party for its protection; 100 Europeans are in tents on the glacis, and I move out 200 to-morrow to a tope of tree near the dawk bungalow. No rain has yet fallen, the heat is intense, and the soldiers, after their hard work and exposure, are much prostrated. The barracks here are in bad order, followers of any description being also unprocurable. There are but few punkahs and no tatties; the men have, therefore, not the proper advantages of barrack accommodation for this hot season. I regret to add that the supply of medicines here has failed; there appears to have been little or none kept in Allahabad, and our detachments only brought up sufficient for the march.

"I am now in expectation of the arrival of the *Mirzapore*, which was also detained by the same authorities, which I hope has some little medicine on board. At the same time, I have also to complain of the civil authorities at Ghazeepore presuming to keep back and not delivering to the officer commanding troops on board the *Mirzapore*, in Calcutta, written orders I sent through them for the removal of the treasure at that station on board the steamer, to be brought by the Europeans to Benares.

"Two hundred bullocks, with drivers, were brought in here yesterday; this is all our public carriage at present; our Commissariat officer is away, and that department is, in consequence, inefficient. I am prevented, therefore, from pushing on, as I wish, troops to Cawnpore; his Excellency may feel assured that I will do so as soon as I possibly can. I, however, apprehend that nothing can be done until we have had a shower of rain. A detachment of the 84th Queen's may be in to-morrow; I shall place them in the church, and the other European troops, as they arrive, in other buildings in the cantonment. I beg to enclose Captain Fraser's report of his march from Benares to this place. Much good service has been done by so thoroughly opening the road. The men of the detachment acquitted themselves in their usual soldier-like and enduring manner; and I beg to bring to the notice of his Excellency Captain

Fraser, an intelligent and energetic officer, in whom I have the utmost confidence in any emergency. I am organising a body of irregular cavalry, by joining Captain Palliser's detachment of the 13th Irregular Cavalry with the few men of Captain Alexander's corps still remaining faithful to us, and expect to entertain some Sowars. I have established a system of patrolling in the neighbourhood with the troopers, to encourage the people to bring in supplies.

"The Moulavie has left this with about 3000 followers; his destination is unknown, but supposed to be Lucknow, or in this neighbourhood. I have arranged to beat up his camp if it is."

(*Note, p.* 468.)

THE BATTLE OF NUJUFGURH.

LETTER FROM BRIGADIER-GENERAL NICHOLSON TO THE DEPUTY-ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL, DELHI FIELD FORCE, DATED AUGUST 28, 1857.

"I HAVE the honour to report, for the information of Major-General Wilson, commanding before Delhi, that, agreeably to his orders, I marched from this at daybreak on the 25th, to intercept a force of the enemy, said to be moving from Delhi towards Bahadoorghur, with the intention of attacking us in rear.

"On my arrival at the village of Nanglooe, about nine miles from this (and to reach which I had to cross two difficult swamps), I learned that the enemy had been at Talmu the previous day, and would probably reach Nujufgurh in the course of the afternoon; I, therefore, decided on leaving the Bahadoorghur road, and, if possible, coming up with and routing the enemy at Nujufgurh before nightfall.

"I crossed a tolerably deep and broad ford over a branch of the Nujufgurh Jheel, near the village of Bassrowla, at about four P.M., and found the enemy in position on my left and front, extending from the bridge over the Nujufgurh canal to the town of Nujufgurh itself, a distance of a mile and three-quarters or two miles. Their strongest point was an old serai on their left centre, in which they had four guns; nine more guns were between this and the bridge.

"It was five o'clock before the troops were across the ford and parallel with the position; as the enemy was so far advanced, and

I had no guides, I laboured under the disadvantage of being compelled to make a very hasty reconnaissance.

"The plan which I determined on was, to force the left centre (which, as I have said, was the strongest part of the position), and then changing front to the left, to sweep down their line of guns towards the bridge.

"I accordingly formed up her Majesty's 61st Regiment, the 1st Fusiliers, and the 2nd Punjab Infantry (with the exception of one hundred men of each corps, whom I had had told off on the march as a rear-guard and reserve), with four guns on the right and ten on the left flank, supported by the squadron of 9th Lancers and Guide Cavalry; and, after the artillery had fired in a few rounds, I advanced, and charged with the infantry.

"The enemy was driven out with scarcely any numerical loss to us (though her Majesty's 61st had a most gallant and promising officer, Lieutenant Gabbett, mortally wounded); and I then charged front to the left, and so turned the position in which their guns were. The enemy made little resistance as we advanced, and were soon in full retreat across the bridge, with our guns playing upon them: thirteen of their field-pieces having fallen into our hands.

"At the same time that I attacked the serai, I directed Lieutenant Lumsden, officiating commandant of Major Coke's corps, the 1st Punjab Infantry, to advance and clear the town of Nujufgurh on our right. This service was well performed by Lieutenant Lumsden, who, after passing through the town, brought his right shoulders forward and followed in rear of the main line.

"The enemy's guns were now all in our possession, and I supposed the conflict at an end, when it was reported to me that a few men had concealed themselves in the little village of Nuglee, which was at this time a few hundred yards in rear of our line. I immediately sent orders to Lieutenant Lumsden, who was then nearly abreast of the village, to drive them out; but, though few in number, they had remained so long that our troops were on all sides of them, and seeing no line of retreat open, they fought with extreme desperation.

"Lieutenant Lumsden was, I regret to say, killed, with eleven of his men, twenty-six more were wounded, and I was obliged to send back the 61st Regiment to reinforce the 1st Punjab Infantry; this corps also suffered the loss of another gallant officer, Lieutenant Elkington, dangerously wounded, and five men killed, and several more were wounded before the village was in our possession.

"The enemy's cavalry, apparently not less than a thousand

strong, more than once made a show of charging during the action, but were on each occasion driven back by the fire of our artillery. Our own cavalry, I regretted much my inability to employ against them, but I had been obliged to leave the squadron 2nd Punjab Cavalry, under Lieutenant Nicholson, and a hundred and twenty of the Mooltanees, to look after the baggage; and I had, of Lancers, Guides, and Mooltanees, not more than three hundred left to escort the guns and form a reserve.

"I passed the night at the bridge with the 1st Fusiliers and 2nd Punjab Infantry, and a detachment of Artillery and Lancers. I had the bridge mined and blown up by the sappers, and all the waggons and tumbrils which I had not the means of bringing away were also blown up by Major Tombs. Shortly after daybreak I started on my return to camp, and fearing lest more rain should render the ground (already sufficiently difficult) quite impracticable, I brought the column in the same evening.

* * * * *

"The troops are likewise entitled to great credit for the cheerfulness with which they bore the hardships they were exposed to; they marched at daybreak, and had to cross two difficult swamps before their arrival at Nanglooe, and as it would not have been prudent to take the baggage across the ford at Baprowla, they were obliged, after fourteen hours' marching and fighting, to bivouac on the field without food or covering of any kind."

(From the Chaplain's Narrative of the Siege of Delhi.)

"The day was very wet, and the roads were well-nigh impassable; the country for miles round was nothing more than a marsh. The enterprising spirit of Nicholson was, however, equal to cope with any amount of obstacles. Neither fatigue, nor rain, nor swamps, nor enemy, nor all these in combination, could deter him in his onward progress. The force marched upon a village, nearly half way to Nujufgurh. Here a halt was proclaimed, in order to collect information respecting the enemy's probable location and intended movements.

"Shortly after some rebel cavalry were discovered ahead. Information was obtained from the village to the effect that the enemy had crossed a bridge in the neighbourhood, and immediately the column resumed its march. Some ten or twelve miles more of road were traversed. It was a journey by water rather than by land: ponds had to be forded to the depth of several feet. At length a

march of eighteen miles or more had been fully accomplished, and the enemy's camp was at last in sight.

"Nicholson's ardour could not resist the temptation of an *immediate* attack. Not but that he had consideration for his troops; he appreciated the hardships which they had already passed through, and knew from personal experience that they must be jaded; but to dream of rest, even for a single hour, was to give a cowardly enemy, in overwhelming numbers, estimated at six thousand men, an opportunity of flight. Moreover, it was half-past five, and the sun would soon be down; every moment was therefore precious. The sooner a commencement of proceedings was made, the greater the prospect of doing what was to be done in a thoroughly complete manner, and not after the fashion of some, who love to accomplish only by halves. Besides, our advance column had met with a warm reception from the enemy, the rebels having opened upon them with fire of musketry and cannon; and the fire of their artillery and infantry was said to have been both brisk and severe.

"However great may have been the disinclination on our right to fight there was no longer help for it. The infantry fell into line at the word of command, the artillery wheeled into position on either flank, and, bounding forward with a dash, commenced the conflict. A serai was the first object of attack; it was full of the enemy, who had guns placed there.

"The Brigadier knew the value of a few stirring words spoken from the heart to the heart; there is power in that kind of eloquence, whether the speaker can ordinarily arrest public attention in a set speech or not. I don't think that at this moment Nicholson felt any ambition, that, in connexion with his memory, the fact should be recorded that among his other excellences he excelled in oratory; but, doubtless, he did wish that if, in the designs of Providence, this was to be his last command, and these likewise his last words, they might carry conviction to the minds of his audience of the imperative necessity for the caution he wished to suggest, and, at the same time, inflame the hearts of his soldiery with ardour for victory, which no odds or valour on the part of the enemy, and nothing, in fact, short of death itself, should quench. 'Remember, men,'* said the commandant, 'the experience which others have

* Another version of this address, as preserved by one of the soldiers of the 61st, runs thus: "Now, 61st, I have but a few words to say. You all know what Sir Colin Campbell said to you at Chillianwallah; and you must also have heard that he used a similar expression at the battle of the *Alma*, that is, 'Hold your fire till within twenty or thirty yards of that battery, and then, my boys, we will make short work of it.'" —*An Officer's Narrative of the Siege of Delhi.*

gained. Take for your example the 93rd, and other regiments in the Crimea, who spurned to waste ammunition while at a distance from the enemy. Reserve your fire for a close range, and victory must be yours.'

"Her Majesty's 61st and the 1st Europeans heard to obey. The next words were, 'Line advance.' The infantry moved as steadily and cheerfully as if on a parade. Soon the war-cry of the British soldier was heard—the manly cheer of Englishmen, which accomplished the rush towards the serai. In another moment the building, with its guns, was ours, and its sable defenders partly in our power. Now the Sepoys tried the efficacy of flight; they made for the bridge, and there vainly endeavoured to maintain a stand. It was worse than useless. The precision of our artillery fire was the admiration of our own force, and the terror and destruction of the enemy.

"Upon this a company of infantry was ordered, as a covering party, to hold the bridge until preparations had been completed for blowing it up; which was done both nobly and well, in spite of the galling cannonade directed against the bridge and its guardians from some guns which the rebels still possessed. Maximilian Geneste, as dauntless in the discharge of duty, and as steady and cool under fire as any one present, made ready for the explosion. The enemy, I presume, seeing what was coming, would, if they could, have retaken the bridge. They made the attempt, but were disappointed, and defeated. The engineer arrangements were not completed till long after midnight; during all which time the troops were without refreshment. Soon after this the train was fired, and the bridge was destroyed, hardly so much as a vestige remaining.

"Such was the victory gained by the little army under the brave Nicholson on the 25th day of August, 1857. It was as brilliant as complete."

THE END.

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