FROM LONDON TO LUCKNOW:

WITH MEMORANDA OF

MUTINIES, MARCHES, FLIGHTS, FIGHTS, AND CONVERSATIONS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN OPIUM-SMUGGLER'S EXPLANATION OF THE PEIHO MASSACRE.

BY

A CHAPLAIN IN H. M. INDIAN SERVICE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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IN THE

YEAR OF THE MASSACRES.

PENCIL-NOTES AT CAWNPORE.

Nov. 27, 1857.—Arrived at Cawnpore at noon. Drove through a wilderness of ruins direct to the entrenchment. As we were entering through a winding passage, protected by casks and bags filled with sand, the boom of the first gun of an engagement fell upon our ears. Then gun followed gun in quick succession, until the thunder of artillery became tremendous. The stern voice of war so close at hand (perhaps two or three miles off) had an exciting effect on persons not accustomed to it. As General Wyndham was out fighting, I was directed to Brigadier Wilson, as the senior officer in the entrenchment. He received me in his tent courteously, sent for the Brigade-Major, Captain Morphy, and asked me to repeat my message to him. The Captain said he would mention in General Orders that I had joined the force; and advised me to take up my quarters in the hotel until the arrival from Lucknow of the ladies and children, for whom all the rooms had been engaged. On my way to the hotel, which is at a little distance from the entrenchment, William Jones, a soldier of Her Majesty's 84th Regiment, accompanied

me to the house where the massacre took place. It is a quadrangular building, with an uncovered area in the interior. This area is surrounded by a piazza with an arched façade. In the middle the trunk of a tree is still standing where it has grown. Jones says that the heads of the children were dashed against that tree. I went with him into an empty room on the right-hand side as we entered the house. On the wall of that apartment, near the door, the following inscription, apparently scratched with a pin, was distinctly legible, and I copied it into my note-book:—"Countrymen and women, remember the 15th of July 1857. Your wives and families are here in misery, and at the disposal of savages, who has *ravished* both young and old, and then killed. Oh, oh! my child, my child! Countrymen, Revenge it." The underscoring is in the original, and *has* for *have*. Jones says that, as assistant-provost-marshal, he has had the satisfaction of flogging, and superintending the hanging, of a considerable number of the rebels. The persons executed have been hanged on the tree in the area. He shewed me the well, now covered up, into which the Nana ordered the murdered women and children to be thrown; also the little monument which has been erected near it by twenty men of Her Majesty's 32d Regiment; and a piece of the blood-stained matting. When he first saw the place, there was a pool of blood under the tree in the area; and it was he who had the bloody fragments of ladies' dresses removed, and the stains upon the floor and pavement washed away.

At the hotel I engaged a room, and got an excellent breakfast, which has not yet been paid for, owing to what subsequently occurred. Before I had risen from table, a doolie was brought up to the verandah. The man in it had his head shattered, and was roaring. It was a horrid spectacle—my first glimpse of military glory. As the sound of the artillery was coming nearer and nearer, while the house vibrated to the concussion, and the last European at the hotel had vanished, I walked back to the gate of the fort, partly to inquire about the fight, and partly to see why our waggon containing my portmanteau had not been sent to the hotel according to promise. Dusty and tired, I wanted to bathe and dress. When within a few hundred yards of the gate, I saw a host of people rushing towards it from their houses and tents, carrying in their arms whatever clothes or furniture they were able to snatch up. Our driver brought the waggon into the fort, and unharnessing the horse went away with it. I saw him no more. He left the vehicle in a very exposed place between the rampart and the store-house, and I could not get the lumbering thing moved afterwards, as it was heavy. Coachee was in such a hurry that he had no time even to ask for *baksheesh !*

At twenty minutes past three o'clock P.M., saw our troops retreating into the outer entrenchment. Having taken it for granted that the enemy *must* be routed, I was not prepared for this view of the case. A regular panic followed. Trains of elephants, camels, horses, bullock-waggons, and coolies came in at the principal gate, laden

with stuff. Around the principal buildings, all sorts of draught-quadrupeds are collected, and fastened by ropes to stakes in the ground; and among the animals are piles of trunks, beds, chairs, and miscellaneous furniture and baggage. There is scarcely room to move. Soon after the engagement began, the servants in general abandoned their masters. Met Mr Moore, the new chaplain. He had to fly, leaving his tent and almost everything it contained. [I afterwards found that he had carried a wounded soldier on his back out of the deserted field-hospital to a place of safety. It was a gallant act, and quite characteristic of the man, as one quickly discovered on becoming acquainted with him.] Mounted officers are galloping across the rough ground between the inner and outer entrenchments, and doolie after doolie, with its red curtains down, concealing some unhappy victim, passes on to the hospitals. The poor fellows are brought in, shot, cut, shattered, wounded in every imaginable way, and as they go by, raw stumps are now and then seen hanging over the sides of the doolies, literally like torn butcher-meat. Men, women, and children—chiefly Eurasians—sitting on their luggage in groups, stare at all this with a dumbfoundered expression of countenance. Twenty thousand Gwalior rebels, it is said, are encamped with a fine park of artillery on the other side of the canal; and the Arrah rebels, under Koor Singh, have joined them. We have, besides Artillery, parts of the 34th, 64th, 82d, and 88th Queen's Regiments, and a good force of Riflemen. The whole number is between

two and three thousand. There are among the rebels some of the best gunners in India, trained by our own European officers.

This entrenchment, on which we appear to be relying very much, is on the right bank of the Ganges. It contains a good many buildings of one kind or another. The largest, a good-sized, tile-roofed bungalow, with verandahs, is used as the General Hospital. A less elevated, and therefore better-protected house, between it and the inner rampart, is the hospital for the Naval Brigade. Still further from the main gate are some commissariat-offices and store-rooms, and a temporary post-office. There is a great deal of confusion. I cannot discover precisely what has happened. Nobody can doubt that the Gwaliors have beaten us, as most of our men have taken refuge in the entrenchment. *On dit* that General Wyndham underrated the enemy, left his flank exposed, and thus lost his camp, containing a great number of tents, the mess-plate of several regiments, a quantity of saddlery and harness in an unfinished state, and private property valued at extravagant sums. Altogether it has been a most disastrous affair. But it is unreasonable to expect an unbroken series of successes against a disciplined force immensely superior in numbers.

Colonel Fyers and his three hundred Riflemen arrived at one o'clock to-day, having marched forty-eight miles almost without resting. Although they must have felt completely knocked up by the journey, they went into action immediately, as our men were at that very mo-

ment being routed; and, indeed, if this reinforcement had not come in at that critical juncture, and behaved most creditably, it is impossible to say what might have happened. No doubt, however, whatever their numbers may be, the rebels would have found it very hot inside the ramparts.

6 P.M.—No prospect of dinner, and I am as hungry as a hawk, seated in this cart, nibbling away at good Mrs Spry's biscuits. I shall never forget these biscuits. Several times on the journey they were of service, and now they are invaluable. I have been in the General Hospital, and witnessed some dreadful spectacles. The agonies endured by several of the poor fellows under surgical operations were such that it was painful to stand by. The surgeons, though most active, are so overworked that sufferers lie bleeding for hours before it is possible to attend to them. Here and there, both outside the hospitals and within them, a man lies on his bloody litter breathing out his life. The groans and cries are heart-rending. I have been trying to make myself useful. The officers are in the same hospital with the men. I have seen Lieutenant Pemberton of the 60th Rifles, Ensign Travers of the Rifles, and Lieutenant Gilby of the Connaught Rangers; they are all severely wounded, and suffering much. One of the privates has had a piece of his jaw sawed out. This appeared to be one of the most trying operations. A little boy lies on a mattress on the floor, with a hole through his cheek and neck.

The wounded cheek is so swollen that it closes his eye, and he cannot articulate; I think he must die. Saw a sailor brought into the entrenchment in a litter, on the shoulders of four men; he was severely wounded, but kept up his spirits amazingly, and spoke to his comrades quite jocularly as he passed. One of our guns was left behind during the retreat to-day. There is some talk of making a night-attack on the enemy.

November 28, (*Saturday.*)—Mr Gennoe and I passed the night in the waggon. There was no night-attack on either side; but the gun, left behind yesterday, has been brought in by some daring fellows, who went into a street in the city for it. The whole native city fell into the hands of the Gwaliors yesterday.

As I felt faint and hungry in the morning, and the dry biscuits half-choked me, I set out on a foraging expedition at an early hour. The Commissariat officer, Mr Burnell, said he would give me a bit of beef and some tea and sugar, if I could bring something to carry them in. Having procured a newspaper at the waggon, I went back to the storehouse, wrapped the piece of beef in one part of it, and the sugar and tea in the other, and returned in triumph to announce this great success to my fellow-passenger. He induced a soldier to boil the beef. The tea was prepared like kail-soup, I know not where, and brought in a tin can. A board at the back part of the cart made a passable breakfast-table. The beef, biscuits, and tea soon put us on good terms with all the world,

except the rebels. Captain Morphy, the Brigade-Major, has just gone out on horseback.

9.40 A.M.—Heavy firing on our right, between the city and the river. Ten minutes later, heavy firing on our left. The rebels must have a very extended front. They began the attack.

Discovered a few hours afterwards what was going on about ten o'clock on our right. Brigadier Wilson asked General Wyndham to allow him to charge the enemy with the 64th Regiment, of which he was Colonel. Permission was granted. The regiment advanced in the face of the enemy and under a murderous fire, for more than half-a-mile, up a ravine commanded by high ground in front, as well as on the right and left. From the ridge in front, four nine-pounders played upon them as they went forward. The left flank of the Gwalior rebels rested on the Ganges, and their guns were protected by dense columns of troops, who lay under cover, and were strongly supported by cavalry on their left. After disputing every inch of the ground, their front line was driven back by the steady and determined fire of the 64th. It then appeared that overwhelming numbers of the hostile force lay concealed in three or four parallels behind. These rose and met the 64th, as soon as the foremost officers, Major Stirling, Captain Saunders, Captain Morphy, Captain Macrea, Lieutenant Parsons, Lieutenant O'Grady, and others, reached the crest of the ridge, and charged upon the guns, followed by the column. Major Stirling fell gloriously, in front of the battery, fighting hand-to-

hand with the enemy, of whom he killed several. Captain Morphy was shot through the heart, and seemed to bound from his saddle, falling heavily upon his head. Captain Macrea also met his fate like a soldier, with his face to the foe. Captain Saunders, commanding the leading division, dashed forward, followed by Parsons and O'Grady. Parsons instantly received a severe wound in his sword-arm; O'Grady cheered the men on, waving his cap in the air, until he had the honour of laying his hand on one of the guns. The regiment took up the cheer, and hurried on to the support of Saunders and O'Grady, now fiercely engaged in personal conflict with the Gwaliors. The fine old Brigadier (whose horse, wounded in two places, carried him with difficulty over the ground,) was pushing on with all speed to the front, shouting, "Now, boys, you have them!" when he received his mortal wound. As he was unable to keep his seat in the saddle, some of his brave fellows carried him to the rear, while he continued to urge the troops to maintain the honour of the corps. At this juncture the enemy fell back on their reserve, which lay concealed in the parallels behind. Then occurred one of those blunders which neutralise the effect of the bravest actions. Two of our own guns opened fire on the 64th Regiment from the left, and, at the same instant, the enemy's cavalry, together with the overwhelming force of infantry in front, came down upon them like a storm from the right, and compelled our troops to retire. Strange to say, Captain Saunders, and, I believe, Lieutenant O'Grady, escaped unhurt. After the

death of Major Stirling, Captain Saunders became the senior officer present, and his conspicuous gallantry to-day deserves not only honourable mention, but such reward as a soldier covets. The hospital is a perfect Aceldema.

At a quarter past eleven, Brigadier Wilson was carried in a doolie into the entrenchment. Less than two hours before, I had seen him moving about actively near the batteries. Dark blood was now oozing through a hole in the breast of his coat. A number of officers and some private soldiers followed him into the tent. As soon as his clothes were cut away from the shoulders and chest, there could be no doubt as to the result. The bullet had passed through his body, penetrating the left lung. Paroxysms of pain compelled him at intervals to groan aloud, and even to cry out; but his chivalrous and intrepid spirit shewed itself to the last. The surgeons handled the brave old gentleman skilfully and tenderly, and endeavoured to alleviate his sufferings. But every one saw that he was fast passing beyond the reach of human help. He spoke distinctly for some time after he had been laid on his bed; said that he had asked General Wyndham to allow him to lead his men against the enemy's battery; and praised the 64th in the most enthusiastic manner. When only a surgeon, a Portuguese servant, and myself remained in the tent with the dying man, I proposed to read a few verses of the Bible to him. He seemed gratified. After I had prayed, kneeling by his cot, he exclaimed, "That is just what I have been praying all along for myself," (or words to that effect.)

He then began to pray aloud with great earnestness, and in remarkably appropriate language, confessing his sins, and placing his trust only in the merits of our Divine Saviour. He was not considered, I believe, a religious man until lately. But I know that he was constantly seen reading the Bible on his way up the Ganges in the steamer. The closing scene proved him to be a hero and a Christian. His words gradually became fewer, and his articulation less distinct. He was bleeding to death. Speaking affectionately of Mrs Wilson, he said that he had been interrupted when writing to her by the arrival of General Wyndham; but that the letter, such as it was, would be found on his table. He lived till one o'clock, and then fell asleep in death, with his hand resting in mine. His Portuguese servant wept bitterly. The conduct of the 64th Regiment has excited the greatest admiration.

5 P.M.—Colonel Woodford of the Rifles, an excellent officer, with whom I came from Benares to Allahabad, was killed in a hand-to-hand conflict in the field to-day. Saw Sir Colin Campbell for the first time. He and his staff have just now come across the bridge of boats on horseback. Some of the regiments which have achieved such extraordinary success at Lucknow are approaching, and they have brought the surviving ladies and children from the Residency along with them.

8 P.M.—Dined in poor Captain Morphy's vacant tent, with Moore, and a gallant fellow who was in the fight this morning. The latter, when expressing his gratitude

for having escaped from a most perilous position, made a quiet remark which struck me. He said, with a rich Irish accent, "I just asked the Almighty to cover my head." I replied, "And He heard your prayer?" "Yes," he rejoined; "I shall never forget it to the day of my death." The joint which had been prepared for Brigadier Wilson's dinner was sent to us. Firing has been going on, more or less, all day, and it still continues. Among the sufferers in hospital is Lieut. Greer, of Her Majesty's 34th, a very handsome youth, of about twenty years of age. I have been a good deal with him. The surgeon says that his wound is mortal. He has been shot through the right lung. The poor fellow's mind has been wandering from time to time, I think; but I have written down these two sentences which he uttered when perfectly conscious:— "My best and dearest love to my mother and all of them." "Lord have mercy upon me, for Jesus Christ's sake."

November 29, (*Sunday.*)—Slept in an iron chair-bed in Captain Morphy's tent. The enemy's guns began to play upon us at the first streak of dawn. Soon afterwards the cannonade became general, and by seven o'clock it was tremendous. Shot and shell flew over us in various directions. Lieutenant Greer died at five A.M.

8.30 A.M.—Four well-directed shots from the enemy have struck the bridge of boats. Looking over the parapet, I see two bodies of horsemen in advance on the Oude side of the Ganges, and an extended line of vehicles and people, at some distance, stretching away to the horizon.

10.30 A.M.—Midshipman Watson (a gallant boy, with

the Victoria Cross for heroism at Sebastopol) has come to tell us that the 93d Highlanders and Her Majesty's 53d have crossed the bridge, and are close to the entrenchment. The banging of our own guns here, close to our ears, is deafening. Grape and round-shot have been falling in a tree close to this tent, which is a good deal sheltered by the parapet from direct fire. Some round-shot has struck the hospital. If shells burst through that roof, the slaughter will be fearful. Every square foot of the building is occupied. Many of the wounded are lying on mattresses on the floor and in the verandahs, as there are not charpoys enough. Brigadier Wilson was buried about an hour ago, here in the entrenchment, the Burial Service being read.

11 A.M.—The swearing and blasphemy of the soldiers on the rampart behind our tent are most revolting. The incessant thunder of the guns continues; but now my ear is becoming accustomed to it, and the feeling of danger wears off. General Wyndham is loudly denounced; how justly or unjustly I know not. The rebels, covered by the houses and ruins, appear to be closing in upon us; but our reinforcements will soon scatter them.

11.40 A.M.—Two round-shot have smashed through the tile-roof of the General Hospital. The Horse Artillery, 9th Lancers, and Her Majesty's 32d have now come over the bridge of boats. Although the Gwaliors' guns are directed towards the bridge, not a man or horse has been hit. The enemy's gunners are firing too high. Their shot in general passes over the entrenchment, and falls in

the river several hundred yards below the bridge. Two shells have just passed over us. An officer has this minute given the order, "Fall in, 82d!" Probably the advance is about to be made. The sharpshooters in a loop-holed dwelling, immediately in front of this battery, must be dislodged. Only two men have been brought into hospital this morning, notwithstanding all the firing. Some of our officers condemn the Minié rifle. They say it takes the "dash" out of our men, makes them prefer fighting at long range, and damps the characteristic eagerness to charge. The criticisms one hears at present, however, are contradictory. Some explain our reverses in one way, some in another. The uncomfortable state of affairs disposes everybody to be peevish, ill-natured, and unreasonable.

12 *Noon.*—Our fire has shattered the ornaments of a mosque, behind which some of the Gwaliors shelter themselves. Grape and rifle-bullets are pinging over us. The word *ping* gives exactly the sound of a flying bullet. Crash! there goes a heavy round-shot into the big tree in front of the tent-door.

12.45 P.M.—A spent bullet has just fallen within eighteen inches of Moore and myself. Captain Saunders has been told that his brother, Lieutenant Saunders, of Her Majesty's 84th, was taken and brought before the Nana at this station, and that he pulled out his revolver and shot five of his guards, aiming the sixth charge at the Nana, whom he missed. The officer was then overpowered, it is said, and nailed to the ground. His ears,

nose, fingers, toes, and afterwards his legs, were cut off; and thus, after a day and a night of suffering, he bled to death. Poor Lieutenant Saunders' native servant tells this horrible story. But I have some doubts. Is it likely that an officer, when brought forcibly before Nana Sahib, would have been allowed to retain his revolver? I think not. It is possible, however, that the tale may be true.

12.55 P.M.—The 93d Highlanders have come into the entrenchment in their kilts and feather bonnets. Loud cheering. Heard the following anecdote:—When the Highlanders arrived at Calcutta, the sepoy sentinel at the Water-gate of Fort-William refused admittance to the piper of the 93d, because he looked upon him as a *tamasha-wallah* (a showman or mountebank!)

1 P.M.—A heavy round-shot over our heads. Saw General Wyndham. He has been talking to some of the men on the rampart, and stimulating their zeal. It is admitted that the enemy has shewn great skill and determination in the manœuvres of the last two days.

Bang! Another large round-shot over the tent. Another! again! again! again!—(a shell this time, which burst.) Our big guns in the battery are answering them steadily. The earth trembles under our feet. How alarmed the poor ladies across the river must be! But this warlike music is now familiar to their ears. Moore has come in, saying, "We have killed *loads* of the enemy." Welcome news! All glad to hear it. The precision of our fire excites admiration.

1.30 P.M.—The enemy's fire has paused for about ten minutes. Conversation with the Rev. Mr Gregson (who has been assisting in the hospitals) about the difficulty soldiers have in reconciling their military duties with the forgiveness of enemies. Another round-shot over the tent, followed almost instantly by an enormous shell, whiz—whiz—whiz! It seems to me difficult to dislodge the Gwaliors from their cover among the trees and ruins. No sooner is their fire silenced in one place, than it opens in another.

2.15 P.M.—The cannonade has almost ceased for half an hour. Read aloud to Gregson and an officer, here in the tent, Psalms cxxi., cxxiv., cxxv., cxxvi., and cxxvii. ver. 1, 2. How forcibly they express what Christians ought to feel in time of danger! It is now about nine o'clock of Sunday morning in England, and in the family-prayers of thousands of households we are remembered. Lord, hear them and us, and all true worshippers everywhere! Lucknow soldiers and their old comrades are grouped behind the ramparts, exchanging greetings and congratulations in their rough but hearty style, and counting over the dead and the wounded of their acquaintance.

3 P.M. — Cannonade recommenced. A shell! The sharp crack-crack-crack of musketry has never ceased since early morning. An Engineer officer has come in. He says that the men of the Naval Brigade manage their guns remarkably well. The church was burned last night,

and to-day the assembly-rooms, school-buildings, and hotel have been destroyed in like manner.

4 P.M.—A lady appeared in a palanquin at the door, probably the first who has entered Cawnpore since the massacres. We gave up the tent to her and her husband. They have just now come across the bridge of boats.

5.30 P.M. — The scene from the verandah of the General Hospital is at this moment one never to be forgotten. A procession of human beings, cattle, and vehicles, six miles long, is coming up to the bridge of boats below the entrenched fort. It is about sunset. The variety of colour in the sky and on the plain, the bright costumes and black faces of the native servants, the long train of cavalry, infantry, women, children, sick, wounded, bearers, camp-followers, horses, oxen, camels, elephants, waggons, carts, palanquins, doolies, advancing along the road; and here, within the entrenchment, the crowd of camels and horses, the rows of cannon, heaps of shot, piles of furniture, &c., in the foreground—all seen between two pillars of this verandah, which is raised eight or ten feet from the ground—produce a very picturesque effect.* But the groans of the poor fellows on charpoys and on the floor, behind and around me, dissolve the fascination of the scene. I observe among the severely wounded Captain Dillon of the Rifles. A lieutenant, a sailor, and a native have been killed to-day in the entrenchment by the

* Appendix B.

enemy's fire. When I was leaving the hospital, a revolver went off by accident quite close to me. No one hurt.

November 30, (*Monday*, 7 A.M.) — Slept for a few hours last night in the waggon. The space immediately around the hospital is nearly covered with empty doolies. When threading my way among them, I discovered, under the curtains of one, a young officer of the 93d Highlanders, who was attempting to dress his own wound over the spine. A bullet hit him at Lucknow on the buckle of his sword-belt, and pressed the metal against the bone, leaving an ugly circular wound, which of course he could not dress properly, because he could not see it. On inquiring how he happened to be left in such a place without help, I found that the doolie-bearers had set him down there, and run away. Another officer and a private of the same regiment lay in two other doolies close by, having been also deserted by their bearers. All three were faint for want of food. Saw Dr Kendall on the verandah of the hospital, and mentioned these cases to him. He kindly gave me his own bread and tea for them. The wounds were dressed, and the three patients conveyed to the regimental hospital of the 93d soon afterwards.

9 A.M.—Had a very fair morning meal with a cheerful party, under heavy fire. Sheltered in some degree between Captain Morphy's tent and the earthen rampart, the Lucknow lady who arrived last night, her husband Captain R., another officer, Moore, and myself, breakfasted under difficulties. Moore begged from Captain Austin, in the next tent, a plate of hump for the lady, and pre-

sented her with a clean pocket-handkerchief, at the sight of which she exclaimed, "What a treat!" An egg was also procured for her, the first she had seen since July. Mrs R. then mixed for us a little chocolate, provided by one of the party, and put it into a kettle, which required first to be cleaned. We had also several slices of cold, old-looking ration-beef, as tough as leather, mustard in a wine-glass, some meat-sauce, a bottle of guava-jelly, and a lot of musty broken bread and biscuits. The guava-jelly produced a degree of generous enthusiasm which beggars description. Whiz-z-z! a shell right over us!—the second within a few minutes. Under the rickety little camp-table at my elbow are an officer's basket, with a frying-pan, two shoe-brushes, a dish-cover, and a black kettle. Behind the lady's chair, at the side of the tent, are beer-boxes, horse-blankets, a ewer and basin of gutta-percha, empty biscuit-tins, some plates, a tea-pot, and a Bible in two volumes quarto, with several trunks and bundles. Behind me two gig-wheels are leaning against the embankment, and on our left stands one of those unpleasant-looking blood-coloured doolies, which I hope will not be needed. The chief danger here seems to be from spent round-shot or ricochets. The enemy's fire is almost continuous. We know nothing of what Sir Colin's force may be doing outside.

Walked to a large house on the bank of the river, known as "Bruce's Bungalow," nearly a mile from the entrenchment by the road. "Head-quarters" are there at present. Reported myself to the Assistant-Adjutant-

General, Major Norman, a very young-looking officer, who introduced me to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin, who was in excellent spirits, appointed me Chaplain of the First Division, and authorised me to say so to General Hope Grant. Walked on—on—on in the sun, (a very hot day for the season,) and after walking through the cool hospital of the 93d with Dr Monro, passing heaps of blackened ruins on every hand, and trudging along streets of shining white tents, arrived at the wrong place—Brigadier Greathed's quarters, instead of General Grant's. Away I went again across the hot plain, by the ruins of Wheeler's entrenchment, and the row of seven barracks, to the camp of the 9th Lancers, in front of the Savâda. Saw Lucknow women and children in the verandahs of the Artillery barracks, as I came along. The little ones were romping and laughing in the shade, as merrily as if they were in "merry England." Found General Grant's tent at last; but he was not there. Felt slightly disconcerted. Standing out in the sun at one o'clock of the day, is rather trying. Gazed with a hungry eye at the large mess-tent. But I knew nobody, and nobody knew me. Observed numbers of vultures hovering over the camp. At some distance behind the officers' tents, which stand in two parallel rows, the horses of the regiment, fastened by head-and-heel ropes to stakes in the ground, were feeding. On my right, towards the Savâda, was a line of bullock-waggons, laden, with the oxen unyoked feeding beside them. Venturing to accost a great unknown who was passing, I stated to him my object in

coming to the camp, and my want of something to eat. He said that he did not belong to the 9th Lancers, but that the officers would make me welcome to refreshments in the mess-tent. Emboldened by this remark, and stimulated by the tyrant within, I entered the long tent, and found myself alone in front of a variety of cold meats, at one end of the mess-table. After some hesitation, my diffidence melted away, and I called out in a tone of authority, "Qui hy!" A turbaned kitmutgar instantly appeared, and I ordered him to bring me a plate, and knife and fork. Half-surprised at the beautiful alacrity with which he obeyed, setting before me lots of good things—in short, a feast—I sat down to tiffin, meditating what I should say for myself if any of the officers happened to come in. By and by, several entered, some taking seats on each side, and others in front of me. Among the latter was a tall, wiry, energetic man, very plainly dressed; and I noticed that the younger officers, in replying to him, said, "Yes, sir," "No, sir," recognising his superior rank. This, I found, was General Hope Grant. Waiting my opportunity, I introduced myself, and met a most friendly reception. On my mentioning that the Commander-in-Chief had attached me to his Division, he kindly commended me to the good offices of Major Ouvry, commanding the 9th Lancers, who very obligingly assisted me in various ways. After luncheon, a young man came up to me, and said, "I think I cannot be mistaken: you were my tutor in Edinburgh seventeen years ago." This was indeed a quondam pupil, now Dr

Dalzel, Assistant-Surgeon of the regiment. He had made a narrow escape from Gwalior, after losing his goods and chattels. I was very thankful to meet my esteemed friend, who cordially invited me to share his tent until I should be able to procure one for myself. Having been admitted an honorary member of the Lancers' mess, I dined with them this evening. What a change! The regiment has been fifteen years in India, and the arrangements of the mess appear to be perfect. If our camp had been pitched in Hyde Park, dinner could not have been better served. The appearance of the long table, covered with regimental plate, brilliantly lighted by candles in silver candelabras, and surrounded by officers in uniform, impressed my imagination. If this sort of thing can be kept up in the field, the hardships of campaigning will be materially alleviated.

December 1, (*Tuesday.*)—Slept in my wearing apparel on a charpoy in Dr Dalzel's tent. My bedding is in the camel-trunks, which have not yet arrived, and which may perhaps have been looted on the road. At an early hour this morning I returned to the entrenchment for my waggon and portmanteau; but the question was, where to find a horse. I had no sooner stated my difficulty to Mr Burnell, of the Commissariat Department, than he at once offered to lend me his own horse. At such a time, this was more than politeness on the part of a stranger. The enemy's fire continued heavy and constant while the animal was being harnessed, and there was some risk that he might never return. Mr Burnell must be a thoroughly

good officer, as well as a generous man. There he stood, in front of the storehouse, pen and book in hand, superintending the distribution of rations, as if the grape and canister flying about, and dropping in the pile of firewood hard by, were nothing to him. After a few parting words with the wounded officers and men in the General Hospital, and resting for a short time in poor Captain Morphy's tent, where I found Captain Dangerfield and Lieutenant Birch, the latter took a seat with me in the waggon, which was driven by Mr Burnell's syce. As we approached the Artillery barracks, where the women and children are, the enemy's round-shot began to bowl over the ground between those buildings and the row of seven barracks. One ball came hopping across the road a little in front of us, and frightened the horse and the driver. An officer on the road, at some distance ahead, held up his hand, and shouted, "Go back! Go back!" We of course turned and took another route. Within half an hour, perhaps, of the time when we left the dangerous road, Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart, of the 93d Highlanders, who was standing near it, had his arm so shattered by a round-shot that it required to be amputated. This melancholy occurrence is universally regretted.

After breakfast, I walked over to Lieutenant Birch's tent with Mr Burnell's horse and syce, and obtained there a Sikh orderly, who was sent to the entrenchment in charge of the animal. It arrived in safety. I then visited the field-hospital, which is at present in two very large and well-ventilated pucka-buildings, about a mile

from our camp, and half a mile from the Ganges. Spoke to a good many of the men, especially to one who was dying. Explained the gospel to him, and prayed. Also had some conversation with a lieutenant who was wounded at Lucknow. After I had left the hospital and gone away some distance, I felt impelled to go back and preach. The suggestion was unwelcome, and I resisted it on various grounds, not being in a preaching mood. A mental conflict ensued, and the result was that I returned and preached for about three-quarters of an hour in one hospital, and half-an-hour in the other. I had no book with me, and gave out no text; but my subject was, *The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.* The buildings are so large, that it was necessary to speak in a very loud voice in order to be audible. The beds are ranged on the right and left with the heads to the wall on each side. Never did I speak to more attentive listeners. The poor fellows seemed to drink in every word. I feel sure that the inward force which constrained me to return, quite against my inclination, was from God, and also that I had spiritual help in discharging the duty, although it was entered upon with sinful reluctance. Why do I think so? Because I had real enjoyment in the work as soon as I opened my mouth, and because without any preparation I had a command of thought and language such as I have seldom or never experienced in like circumstances. On looking back, I consider myself perfectly free from superstition when I regard the phenomena as remarkable, and explicable only on scrip-

tural principles. I don't think that one ought to be deterred by the dread of a scoff from mentioning at a proper time a matter of this kind. As I was leaving the first hospital, a man beckoned me to his bedside, and I found that he had long valued the blessed gospel as all his hope. Then a man who seemed to be convalescent came up to me and said, "May I take the liberty of asking your name, sir? I am a Roman Catholic, but I never heard preaching I liked better than yours to-day." May God follow His word with a blessing! Thankful that I went back to address the men, and ashamed of my reluctance to obey the clear voice of conscience.

General Dupuis was a guest at mess this evening. We hear that two female spies have told Captain Bruce, of the Intelligence Department, that the Nana is not with the Gwaliors at present, but with some friend at a distance; and that this friend urged the Nana to keep away from Cawnpore. It is thought the host referred to probably intends to possess himself of the £10,000 offered by Government for the apprehension of the murderer. All day the cavalry-horses have been saddled, and ready to be brought out at a moment's notice. The enemy's fire has been almost incessant; but we do not appear to be doing anything against them. Sir Colin undoubtedly knows what he is about. Some of our Punjaubees attempted twice to take one of the enemy's guns to-day, but failed.

December 2, (*Wednesday.*)—Awake a good deal during the night, although I had a comfort of which I felt the

want on Monday night, viz., a pillow. Mr Gennoe gave me a large one in the entrenchment yesterday morning, as a parting gift. My native charpoy, although a very rough piece of furniture, (the price being sixpence sterling,) would be comfortable enough if I had a mattress and bed-clothes. But I almost despair of seeing my camel-trunks again. In the meantime, as the nights are cold, I wrap myself in my own greatcoat, and a trooper's cloak which Major Ouvry kindly procured for me. Last night, the constant firing of guns and small-arms, the lowing of oxen, and, above all, the coughing of a consumptive native close to our tent, kept me from sleeping.

At the breakfast-table saw a gold coin with the King of Oude's arms upon it. It is larger than a crown-piece, and very beautiful. Some of the ancient gold-mohurs, and other gold coins of this country, are highly esteemed by persons learned in numismatics.

Heard of an amusing occurrence which took place when the army was going from Cawnpore to Lucknow, a few weeks ago. The Quartermaster, supposing that Sir Colin had gone on, ordered the chief's tent to be struck. The *classies* were making short work of it, when, to the astonishment of all concerned, out sprang his Excellency from under the canvas, just as it was on the point of tumbling about his ears. Sir Colin was surprised for once.

Preached to-day in the hospital of the 9th Lancers, and went over in the afternoon to visit the other hospitals, but lost so much time in searching for one of the

Lucknow ladies, for whom a letter had been entrusted to me, that I was too late. At last found the lady seated on her shawl in one of the verandahs of a barrack. Offered her my waggon for her journey to Allahabad. Her husband accompanied me to our camp with some coolies to fetch the vehicle. It had now become dark, and we had to hunt about for some Lancer who could give us the *parole*, (for want of which a Madras sepoy at Futtehpore threatened to transfix me with his bayonet,) but we could not discover it. There was no alternative but to go without it. Fortunately no sentinel challenged us. It was so dark, and the smoke lay so thick around us on all sides, that I doubted whether we should be able to find the way, although I knew the direction when we set out. Camp-fires blazed on all sides, but shewed only the black faces, hackeries, and bullocks, within a few feet of the flame. There were no landmarks visible. At last the moon peeped over the horizon, and we reached the right place. Captain R. took the garry, and I was late for dinner.

December 4, (*Friday.*)—Paid my last rupee for a tumbler. So much of the crockery and glass has been broken in going from place to place, that each person at mess is required to supply his own. Almost every officer, I observe, has his own silver salt-box and pepper-box. I am very destitute in these respects, and dependent for the present on public bounty.

"There will be an auction one of these days," says Vox, "and then you can get whatever you want."

"An auction! Where?"

"Oh, one or more of us will get killed, you know, and then a fellow's things will have to be sold, and you can set yourself up in no time. Tent, horses, bedding, and regimentals, if you like—all knocked down for so many rupees."

The 3d Brigade of Rifles, with an excellent band, which I had the pleasure of hearing, arrived this morning. The Lancers have no band now; some of their best performers were killed at Delhi, and all the instruments are at Umballah. But it seems to me that this is the time of all times for martial music. When I hear it, all the prosaic details of these camps are sublimed into poetry. One's pulse is affected by the sound of a single trumpet, especially with the accompaniment of a few guns. Alas! man is a fighting animal. Met General Grant looking at the Riflemen. He authorised me to get a camel from the Quartermaster for my baggage. At present I have not the tenth part of a camel-load; but as the Riflemen have just come up from Allahabad, I still indulge hopes of seeing my camel-trunks.

December 5, (*Saturday.*)—At half-past two this afternoon the Lancers were ordered out, and a sharp fire commenced. The rebels had attacked our outlying pickets on the left, towards the old cavalry stables. Their front extends for about three miles along the opposite bank of the canal, across which are two or more bridges. Their left flank is in the old cantonments near the Ganges; their centre in the densely-built native city; and their

right stretches from the city to the point where the Grand Trunk Road crosses the canal. We shall see whether our force can dislodge twenty-five thousand men, with about forty guns, from so strong a position. Greathed, with Peel's Naval Brigade, and Bouchier's Battery, hold our front. Round-shot are bounding over the plain a little in front of our camp. No officers are here with me, but the Paymaster and the Quartermaster, who are never allowed to go into action. Two of our great guns, and several field-guns, are at work on our extreme left, near where the Lancers are waiting an opportunity to fall upon the enemy.

4.30 P.M.—It is all over for the day. The enemy is not dislodged. Two of our artillerymen have been killed, and four syces wounded. No officer hit.

7 P.M.—The whole plain is dotted with red camp-fires, by which the natives are cooking their evening meal. From the rising ground on which the Saváda stands, the scene, to an eye unfamiliar with camps, is novel and interesting. Hundreds of little pictures stand out from a black background, the unsteady lights being thrown from tongues of flame playing around and darting upwards from little pyramids of grass and dry sticks. There is a sameness in the groups, and yet an infinite variety. Tents, horses, elephants, camels, bullocks, hackeries, turbans, black faces, and clouds of smoke, are the only objects visible, except where the lights bring out here and there a patch of wall, or the sides of a trench; but each picture is different from every other in respect of group-

ing, and each is perpetually changing. A good deal of conversation at dinner, and afterwards, about recent events and our present position. Guests at mess every day.

Captain Atherston. "Well, Barney, I don't think our work to-day amounted to much. What do you think of our prospects? Can you see into futurity? Where have you been through all this horrid row?"

Lieutenant Barney. "Why, I think our work on a large scale is only just beginning. But we have now glorious weather, and dry ground to fight upon. It is impossible to overstate the misery of a campaign in the rains."

Captain Atherston. "Must be miserable, especially with guns, when they stick in the mud. You saw a little of that kind of thing coming up, I fancy?"

Lieutenant Barney. "Didn't we! We left Allahabad with Havelock on the 7th of July, in the evening, to join Renaud with about seven hundred. The Major was thirty-five or forty miles ahead of us. We had nearly eleven hundred in all, including parts of 78th, 64th, 1st Madras Fusiliers, Ceylon Artillery (one company), and some Volunteers, Irregulars, and Sikhs. We had scarcely begun to move on, when the rain came down as if all the clouds between Calcutta and Kurrachee had collected for the purpose of throwing cold water on all our chief's plans. Tents, bedding, baggage, portmanteaus—everything, soaked; and ourselves drenched and dripping as if we had walked through the Ganges. Passed the first

night of our march in a dismal swamp. After that, better weather for some days, and on we pushed through a wilderness, latterly by forced marches, until we joined Renaud on the 12th, three or four miles on the Allahabad side of Futtehpore. It was after breakfast-time, and most of us had come more than twenty miles during the morning. While we were waiting for our tea and toast, the bugle sounded, the enemy appeared, and we had hot work. Our guns had to be dragged through fields in a state of bog, the mud clogging the wheels up to the axles. The bullocks were tired, and stuck fast at every turn. The gunners pulled away like good fellows at the spokes of the wheels. Meantime the enemy's guns were pouring out their contents upon us, over us, and around us,—everywhere. But when our guns did begin to play, the effect was beautiful. None of us ever saw such shots as Maude's battery made. Step by step we pushed the scoundrels before us up to Futtehpore, and there found their deserted baggage blocking up the street. Our fellows jumped into the midst of it. We had one hundred and fifty Sikhs, and a tumbril of treasure which fell into their light fingers was spirited away in no time. Never saw such conjurors. Among the loot were lots of dresses belonging to European ladies. Well, it had been very hot for several hours (indeed we lost several men by sunstroke); and, after the fighting, fatigue and hunger began to tell upon us all. Between three and four o'clock we breakfasted on biscuits and rum for want of anything more suitable; and I tell you that I never so enjoyed a

glass of rum in my life, although I might have turned up my nose at such ill-flavoured stuff in happier circumstances. We had taken eleven guns. On the third day, we had two other engagements on the Pandu Nuddi, where they were beaten of course, although we felt the want of cavalry dreadfully, and were several times rather awkwardly circumstanced. But the fact is, we could not afford to be worsted whatever happened. Defeat to our small force was ruin. Thank God! we had a head, and a wise one, governing our movements. The enemy had none,—at least none capable of leading them: otherwise it would have fared differently with us, for the sepoys fought like desperadoes. Our next engagement was on the 16th of July, within a short distance of the spot where we are now sitting, at Aherwa, at the fork of the roads, as you approach cantonments. After the killing march, it was a hard, hard struggle. The Nana's guns were in good cover, and well directed, and we suffered severely. But we got in at last and bivouacked on this plain, a little to the eastward of your camp, and near where the Rifles' band was playing yesterday when the brigade halted. The behaviour of the Highlanders when they took the village was as fine as anything could be. But indeed the whole force behaved splendidly. No supper that night, no tents, no bedding. We lay on the wet ground. You know what was in store for us next morning when we came up to the canal. The ladies and children, as well as the men who remained, all murdered;—their blood scarcely cold in the 'slaughter-house' over there! What we heard,

and what we saw, maddened us. This brutal massacre, as you have heard, was carried out on the 15th, as soon as the Nana had received tidings of the defeat at Pandu Nuddi."

Captain Atherston. "An awful affair. I knew several of the victims. Can you tell us anything definite about it?"

Lieutenant Barney. "Why, no; nothing very definite. There are three or four versions, all probably more or less right, and all more or less wrong. No European survives who witnessed this last massacre."

Captain Atherston. "Did you go up to Bithoor?"

Lieutenant Barney. "Yes, on the 19th, and returned next day. The enemy had cleared out. We encamped at the Residency, about a mile and a half from the Nana's palace. Sixteen guns were taken; and the palace and town were given over to the men to be plundered, and then set on fire. At the Residency, a noble mansion, which had been set on fire and looted by the rebels, we saw remains of elegant furniture strewed about, and pictures on the walls. The wreck of a piano and billiard-table had been left, among other things. The Nana's palace contained many English articles of luxury. He greatly affected English habits."

Captain Atherston. "I was not aware of the wretch's existence until this mutiny brought him before the world as a human devil. But I have since been told that he was on familiar terms with many Europeans in the service here."

Lieutenant Barney. "Well, we had a great deal of difficulty in getting our force over the Ganges, which was then in flood. But Tytler and Beatson, capital officers, worked hard, and the brave old General was everywhere at once. For pluck, energy, coolness, and capacity, I don't know his equal. Did you ever see him?"

Captain Atherston. "No; but there seems to be only one opinion about him. He was a grand old Puritan. He deserves a monument as high as St Paul's."

Lieutenant Barney. "Do you mean the Apostle?"

Captain Atherston. "No, the Cathedral."

Lieutenant Barney. "Agreed. He does, and I'll subscribe a week's pay to it, which for a subaltern in debt is a strong expression of sentiment. At last, by the help of a steam-boat, we got over the river, after toiling for five days. I think it was on the afternoon of the 28th we began to march towards Lucknow. Neill came up from Allahabad, and took command at Cawnpore. He had only three hundred men, but he succeeded in keeping the place. At Oonao, and Bushrutgunge in Oude, although we thrashed the rebels on both occasions, our loss was so great that a few such victories would have swallowed up the whole of our little force. We moved back to Mungulwar, between Oonao and the Ganges. Our wounded were sent to Cawnpore, and our force was made up to fourteen hundred, all Europeans. Back we went to Bushrutgunge, and a second time thrashed the enemy in that place. Back again to Mungulwar. There were thirty thousand

men, fifty guns, and three strong positions between us and Lucknow. Cholera then appeared among the men. We had only one thousand effective. Again, on the 12th of August, when our friends at home were shooting their first grouse of the season, we were at Bushrutgunge for the third time, shooting Pandies. On the next night every survivor of our little band was across the Ganges in Cawnpore. A bridge of boats had been thrown up hastily and cleverly by Tytler and Crommelin."

Captain Atherston. "Bad for our prestige in Oude at the time, but unavoidable."

Lieutenant Barney. "Quite true. Our old chief was breaking his heart about it; but every man was worth his weight in gold, and it was plain that we were not strong enough to do any good to our people in Lucknow, even if a fraction of the force could fight their way into it. The Nana had now collected an army of rebels, and reoccupied Bithoor, from which he intended to pounce upon Neill's little garrison at Cawnpore. On the 13th, Neill went out with a small body of men, and drove the miscreant from this neighbourhood. Next day, Havelock, with thirteen hundred, every available man, advanced to Bithoor, and, after a severe struggle, we were once more in possession of that nest of foul birds. Never did troops fight more fearlessly than the Highlanders and Madras Fusiliers on that eventful day. Worn-out and physically done, the brave fellows bivouacked there for the night, and we came back to this sahara of dust and desolation next day."

Captain Atherston. "How many fights had you then had, from the time of leaving Allahabad?"

Lieutenant Barney. "Ten battles, my boy, in six weeks; and every battle a victory; and every victory won against heavy odds!"

Captain Atherston. "It seems all but incredible, Barney."

Lieutenant Barney. "A few days after our return to this station, Havelock had an answer from Inglis, saying that there were in the Presidency four hundred and fifty women and children, and a large proportion of fighting men disabled; that they were threatened with annihilation every day; and that he had no means of carriage, even if he had an opportunity of escaping. But 'it's a long lane that has no turning.' After a weary delay, which appears to have been unavoidable, Sir James Outram joined Havelock and Neill here, and every thing was got ready for a new start into Oude. Sir Colin was now Commander-in-Chief. By the way, did you hear what Lord Panmure said, when his cousin, Colonel Ramsay, recommended Sir Patrick Grant as successor to General Anson?"

Captain Atherston. "No."

Lieutenant Barney. "'Sir Patrick Grant! a Company's officer!' exclaimed that Tory-hearted Whig lord—'a Company's officer! *Never!*'"

Captain Atherston. "Well, my dear fellow, it would be quite a novelty to appoint a Company's officer, you must admit."

Lieutenant Barney. "So it was a novelty, but a very creditable one, to appoint a Company's officer Commander-in-Chief in Madras. All that antiquated humbug ought to be swept away, my boy. If everything isn't open to Company's officers, as well as Queen's, within three years from the date of this outbreak, I hereby engage, contract, promise, and agree to eat my hat—this venerable solah-topee, or its successor in office—that is to say, provided always I am alive and in health at the time specified."

Captain Atherston. "Then, Barney, without wishing you a fit of indigestion, or any harm, I hope you may have to swallow either the topee or your words. I hold that there ought to be a distinction between the army of Queen Victoria and the army of a company of traders. No offence intended."

Lieutenant Barney. "But the distinction has already been abolished, except in the case of the Commander-in-Chief."*

Captain Atherston. "Go on with your yarn."

Lieutenant Barney. "Oh! I don't mean to bore you. Outram and Havelock crossed the bridge of boats with every available man, on the 19th of September; and, after fighting by the way, and being drenched for three days by pelting rain, met and routed the enemy in great force at Alum Bagh, on the 23d. Next day we rested, and on the night of the 25th some of us were in the Residency."

* Appendix C.

Captain Atherston. "After no end of street-fighting, with Pandies pouring lead into you from every window and roof?"

Lieutenant Barney. "Just so; and in that cruel struggle with swarms of black cowards who rained their fire upon us from every crevice, Neill, one of the finest soldiers that ever drew a sword, fell in the front; and other brave fellows too—Cooper, Campbell, Bazely, Pakenham, Crump, Kirby, and several more. Neill was leading the troops through a narrow street, when the triumphant shout of the 78th Highlanders at the gate of the Residency reached his ear. He paused for a moment to listen, and handed his flask to an officer, faint with fatigue, who passed near him. When he was performing this act of kindness, a eunuch leaned over a portico, and shot him dead. Outram was wounded soon after the fight began; but, like a hero, as he is, he kept in the saddle, though faint from loss of blood,—it was a flesh wound in the arm,—and dismounted only at the gate of the Residency."

Captain Atherston. "His whole conduct, from first to last, has been soldier-like and noble. I have a very high opinion of that man."

Lieutenant Barney. "Yes; we all thought that Order beautifully conceived and expressed, in which he waived his rank, and consented to serve as a volunteer under Havelock until our old chief should relieve the Residency, and finish what he had so gloriously begun."

Captain Atherston. "There can't be two opinions on

the subject. That generous act will be remembered when most of the details of the mutiny have been forgotten. [*Captain Towner enters.*] Hallo! Towner, my dear fellow, is it possible? How are you? I heard you had been shot, and buried in the Residency!"

Captain Towner. "Shot, but not buried, or even killed, old fellow. Look here, [*turning up the sleeve of a loose coat, and opening his waistband,*] that was an ugly hole. But you see it has nearly healed; and our doctor says that if I don't touch brandy-panee, wine, or beer for a fortnight, it will be all right. But these are stern conditions to a man who relishes his comforts, and who has been living, as we had to live, month after month, in that filthy charnel-house at Lucknow."

Captain Atherston. "Barney has just been telling us all about the first relief."

Captain Towner. "It was 'lang, lang, lang o' comin',' as your old Jacobite song says of Prince Charlie, but very welcome when it did come. There were so many mines in an advanced state beneath and around us, that if Havelock had been delayed a little longer, we must all have been blown into the air. Look at these black, horny hands; they were as white and delicate as a fine lady's in May last!"

Captain Atherston. "Rough work recorded there, Towner; but valuable experience in a professional point of view."

Captain Towner. "Seeing that my soul and body have not parted company, for which I did not feel prepared, I

am glad that it was my lot to be there. I mean to be a religious man, Atherston."

Captain Atherston. "Ah, no doubt, that would be a wise thing for us all, especially when a man doesn't know in the morning whether he is to pass the night above ground or below it!"

Captain Towner. "Atherston, it's a good thing; it's the true thing, after all. I never can forget what I saw of the life and death of Lawrence.* His religion was his hourly support in the thick of his difficulties; and who can say that it made him a worse soldier?"

Lieutenant Barney. "You know I hate cant, Atherston; but as Towner has spoken so frankly, I will say that my close observation of Havelock stirred up like thoughts and resolutions in me; but I dare make no promises. I began to be religious three times, and broke down in each instance weakly, ignominiously."

Captain Atherston. "Now, as the Padre is here with us, and you are both at confession, I am not ashamed to say that I had some serious thoughts the other day after the carnage at the Secundra Bagh. Ten years ago, I was religious for about three months, but the fellows laughed it out of me, and I am afraid my score has become a heavy one since then."

Padre. "Gentlemen, I have been listening with deep interest, believe me; and I know you will allow me to speak plainly. The failures you refer to so candidly have been caused, at least in part, by a misapprehension of the nature of the good news in the Bible."

* Appendix D.

[*Several officers enter the tent.*]

Captain Atherston (*rising*). "Here comes Dacres, looking for me."

Captain Towner. "We shall be interrupted. It will give me great pleasure to see you in my tent, sir, [*addressing the Padre,*] at any time when you happen to have leisure."

*Lieutenant Barney.** "And me too, I assure you; for I know I am very ignorant about these things."

Padre. "To-morrow evening, then, if possible," [*in a low tone.*] "Before we part, let me ask you to read the 15th of St Luke to-night, and pray for a blessing."

XLV.

CAWNPORE, *Sunday*, 1 P.M.
December 6, 1857.

At five this morning I was awakened by the bagpipes playing "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye waukin' yet?" and the trumpets sounding *reveillé*. At seven o'clock our tents were struck by order of the Commander-in-Chief. Between eight and nine, the Lancers breakfasted in the open air. Soon afterwards the whole army drew up in battle array. I was desired by Major Ouvry to accompany the Paymaster and Quartermaster to the rear. Our lives, you perceive, are considered to be too valuable

* These names will not be found in the Army List—Atherston, Barney, and Towner.

to be risked. Putting this charitable construction on the order, and picking up my defensive arms, to wit, Turnbull's revolver and an umbrella, I walked after the baggage-train, with the quiet self-possession of a man who would not have been afraid to march the other way. Exactly at ten o'clock our cannonade opened from the fort. The roar of that thunder surpassed anything I have yet heard. The battle is now being fought. On our way to this compound on the bank of the river, we passed the 42d Highlanders; and did they not look handsome in their bonnets and plumes, and our own clan-tartan! There were never such men seen in Cawnpore; some of them are giants. I can get no pen and ink here, so you must excuse pencil. An officer near me is singing a strain of the "Ratcatcher's Daughter." Such a Sunday! We are quartered in General Vincent's stable, his beautiful house being a mass of ruins. A deep ravine runs behind the out-buildings, separating this compound from the adjoining one. Where the ravine terminates at the Ganges, there is a ghât and a temple. That is the spot where the Nana's boats awaited Sir Hugh Wheeler, and those who were with him in his entrenchment, and where the sepoys murdered so many of them during their attempt to embark. Surely the blood there shed cries to Heaven against the traitors. God will avenge that slaughter. While I am writing, the great guns are pealing, at the rate perhaps of twenty shots per minute. Death must be busy. How ought a Christian to pray for his enemies at such a time?

Clearly we ought to pray for their discomfiture. But how can we pray for the souls of dying Hindoos and Mahometans, who imprecate curses upon Christianity and Christians? How can such a prayer, if offered, be the prayer of faith? My solution is this. We know not how God will judge the heathen who have lived and died in ignorance. Christ prayed for His own murderers: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" But He, being God, knew the will and purpose of the Father concerning each soul, and His murderers were not at the point of death. We cannot offer the same prayer without qualification for dying heathens, and believe we are answered. But we may say, *Father, if it be possible, forgive them!* and we may believe that such a petition is heard and granted.

We seem to be quite out of the range of the enemy's guns here. It is understood that the Commander-in-Chief intends to surround them in the city of Cawnpore.

Apparently the utmost confusion prevails in this and the adjoining compounds, which are crowded with carts, cattle, and baggage in a manner which nothing but a sun-picture could represent. The confusion, however, is probably apparent only; doubtless the baggage-master has a plan in his head, and is seeing it realised around him, as far as circumstances will permit. A baggage-master ought to possess many of the qualifications which are necessary to constitute a general. A clever man he must indeed be, if he discharges his duty well.

The Lucknow ladies, I hope, are in Allahabad ere now.*

* Appendix E.

XLVI.

CAWNPORE, *Monday, Dec. 7*, 1857.

All last week the army was encamped in the open plain, between the Savâda and the ruins of the cantonments, which extended along the right bank of the river. Our force consisted of a brigade of Cavalry, under Brigadier Little; three-and-a-half brigades of Infantry, under Brigadiers Inglis, Greathed, Walpole, and Adrian Hope; a brigade of Artillery, under Brigadier Crawfurd; besides the Naval Brigade, under Captain Peel of the *Shannon*, and some Engineers and Sappers and Miners of the Queen's and Company's services. Sir Colin and his staff had their tents pitched between the cavalry lines and the entrenchment, (sometimes called the fort,) at the distance of a mile from the latter. The rebels continued during ten days to occupy the native town, and from batteries behind the church, the theatre, and the assembly-rooms, kept up, from time to time, a harassing fire. It was now determined at head-quarters that they should be dislodged and cut up, as the ladies had left.

At seven o'clock yesterday morning all the tents were struck, and in a twinkling the appearance of the far-stretching plain was changed as if my magic. The streets of beautiful tents had vanished. Camels were bellowing in their peculiar way, as their drivers loaded and perhaps overloaded them. Our mess-table was left standing, however, and covered with good things as usual, until we had finished breakfast. Soon afterwards the order was given

to "mount!" and the Lancers were in their saddles and in line, and proceeded to the places assigned them in Sir Colin's scheme of attack. The whole army was in motion.

Perhaps you may not be aware that a chaplain is considered part of the baggage-guard, and that on a fighting Sunday his congregation is nowhere. I should like to know, by the by, whether the battle yesterday was reckoned by our Commander-in-Chief among "works of necessity and mercy." Or did his Excellency remember what day it was? In the hurry and bustle which have surrounded him during the last ten days, he might easily have forgotten it. It does seem strange that battles should so often fall upon Sundays; but I doubt not that in very many instances this is unavoidable.

At ten o'clock, General Wyndham opened fire from the entrenchment, to give the rebels the impression that we intended to attack them from that quarter. It was an awful cannonade, continuous and deafening for more than half-an-hour. During that time the army was being drawn up in quite another direction. Brigadier Greathed's column occupied ground near the canal, and in front of the native city, in which the Gwaliors had their centre. The 9th Lancers, three corps of Punjaubee horsemen, led by European officers, and the Horse Artillery, made a detour to the left, crossed the canal a long way above the city, and came in upon the rear of the Gwaliors. Peel and the sailors, with heavy twenty-four-pounders, advanced upon their camp with the first line of skirmishers, and performed wonders. The other field-batteries

were brought to bear with excellent effect. The unceasing storm of round-shot, shell, shrapnel, canister, and rifle-bullets, rushing in upon their front, flank, and rear, proved to be more than enough for the Gwalior traitors, and their associated rabble, who all took to their heels in the direction of Calpee; leaving behind them seven guns, and the dead bodies of their slain. The cavalry set off in pursuit along the Calpee road, the 9th Lancers, with Brigadier Little and Major Ouvry at their head, advancing at full speed for fifteen miles, amidst clouds which almost prevented the riders from seeing the heads of their own horses. I must now mention one of those occurrences which stagger even the credulous, but which occasionally prove that fact may be stranger than fiction. During the pursuit, Captain Hutchinson of the Lancers, advancing at the head of his troop, rode into a deep well, which the dust prevented him from seeing. A trooper followed; and the horse of another trooper, after considerately throwing his rider, also descended. Thus two men and three horses were in the well, which is said to be forty or fifty feet deep and to contain at least eight or ten feet of water. Captain Hutchinson believes he did not touch the bottom. Dr Dalzel procured assistance, and the officer and trooper were taken out with ropes. They have escaped almost without a bruise. The three horses perished. *Cutcha* (or unwalled) wells in this part of the country are often shaped liked the frustrum of a cone, the diameter at the bottom being often two or three times as great as the diameter at the top. I sup-

pose that the sides, though perpendicular when the well is dug, are gradually eaten away below by the water.

The cavalry returned late in the evening, thoroughly tired, and with jaded horses, to a field about three miles from the fort, where officers and men passed the night on the ground, wrapped in their cloaks, dinnerless and supperless. Lieutenant Salmond, one of General Hope Grant's Aids-de-Camp, unfortunately lay down and fell asleep in or near the enemy's forsaken camp. He was found there this morning stiff and cold, with his death-wound. Some villain probably murdered him for the sake of his gold watch, which was not found by those who discovered the body.

During the battle I was with the non-combatants and the baggage-guard, in a stable in General Vincent's compound. When the Paymaster, Quartermaster, and I, arrived there, several of the stalls were occupied; but we ordered a horse in the one next the door to be removed, and took possession of it as a temporary barrack. The servants cleaned it out, and placed in it a section of the mess-table, with some chairs; so that we made ourselves quite at home. About sunset, Captain Wilkinson and Quartermaster House made some fruitless attempts to ascertain where the regiment was, in order that food might be sent to the officers. (The men had a supply in their wallets.) Nothing could be learned, however, except that the cavalry had gone far away from Cawnpore, in pursuit of the flying foe. At length, with sincere expressions of regret, which would have done our friends a world of good

if they could have heard them, we sat down to dinner, a party of four, Captain Dickens, Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General, having joined us after his hard day's work. The table was covered with a snowy cloth, on which appeared three silver branch-candlesticks, with composite candles, each within a glass shade, three substantial joints, four silver side-dishes well filled, a large tankard of the same material for "claret-cup," a beautiful cauliflower, (a great rarity in such times,) claret, sherry, and beer. The features of the stones in the stable-wall would have expressed astonishment had they been capable of voluntary motion. All this was done through the adroit management of the mess-sergeant, Cockry, an invaluable person, who seems to have but one official fault, viz., that he prefers fighting the enemy to catering for his friends, in consequence of which he is sometimes found dexterously plying his lance when he is supposed to be peacefully in charge of the cork-screw. For my own part, I can dine contentedly on bread and milk, or tea and toast, when it is not convenient to procure other things. High-living is a poor *summum bonum*. But I am giving you these prandial details to shew how luxuriously one may fare in a stall, without being a prebendary. Well, *postquam epulis functi*, (which may be elegantly rendered, "after we had done our duty to the banquet,") the table was removed, as well as the cloth, and three charpoys were introduced, to which, after a suitable interval, we retired for the night. Mine was in the middle. Several times during the hours of darkness I awoke, and thought my friend on the left

snored uncommonly; but, when day dawned, I found that what had been mistaken for snoring was the heavy breathing of an ox in the adjoining stall, whose head and horns were looming up on the other side of the Quartermaster, the partition being defective. I know not what his first thought was when his eyes opened on the horned beast; but to me it was a mirthful incident. I had caught cold, however, and dreaded an attack of lumbago. We all lay in a draught, between the doorway without a door, and the window without shutter or glazing. After breakfast this morning I drove up to the new camp in the Quartermaster's buggy, while he and Wilkinson came on horseback. It was then we heard of poor Salmond's death, and Hutchinson's mishap. This camp is about two miles farther up than the old one. On our arrival we found the officers lying and sitting under some trees, where they had spent the night. They had breakfasted on the steaks of a bullock, which Major Ouvry ordered to be slaughtered for the purpose; but, as they had only unpalatable native black bread to eat with it, and the flesh was nearly as tough as the hide, they were almost famished by the time the messdoolie, loaded with provisions, hove in sight. This event took place rather late in the afternoon, as the bearers had some difficulty in finding the right place. While the tents, which now arrived, were being pitched by the servants, we all sat down in a dry ditch, shaded by overhanging branches, and, from plates tabled on their knees, the hungry dined. General Hope Grant and his staff, Brigadier Little, Major Ouvry, and the other officers, made up the party.

The Gwaliors, it appears, fled so precipitately, that comparatively few of them were killed yesterday. They had sent their baggage off several miles on the Calpee road as soon as the fighting commenced, in order that they might have a better chance of securing it in case of retreat —a prudent and characteristic precaution. Eighteen guns have been taken, and the Punjaubees and others have found some loot in the abandoned camp, which is within two or three hundred yards of the spot at which this is written. We shall move to-morrow. British pluck has tided us over a serious crisis, and there is at length a fair prospect of speedily crushing the mutiny in the North-west. How wonderful it is—or rather, how providential—that these Gwalior troops kept aloof until we had Europeans enough to meet them; and that the Sikhs and the Goorkas have continued to be our friends!

XLVII.

SERAI-GHAT, *Wednesday evening, December* 9, 1857.

Yesterday morning the tents were ordered to be struck at ten o'clock. When they were being taken down, the effects of the deceased Lieutenant Salmond were sold by auction in front of the mess-tent. I bought his pony. By eleven A.M. we were on the march; a moveable column having been formed, consisting of the 9th Lancers, Hodson's Horse, Punjaub Irregular Cavalry, the 93d High-

landers, a wing of the 42d, the 53d Foot, Blunt's Battery of Bengal Artillery, Middleton's Troop of Royal Artillery, and a hundred Sappers. There were in all two thousand eight hundred men and eleven guns. At five P.M., after a march of fourteen miles, we halted under an extensive tope of trees, and in front of a tank, about three miles south of Bithoor. We had scarcely dismounted when a sepoy was brought in, with both hands bloody, and bound in rags. He admitted at once that he had been wounded at Cawnpore, when fighting against us, and said that the Gwaliors had lost one thousand men during the siege. The latter statement I do not believe. General Hope Grant, and several officers sat down on a bank by the roadside, and saw the examination conducted. Captain Bruce, of the Cawnpore Police and Intelligence Department, who speaks Hindustani like a native, questioned the man closely as to the strength and whereabouts of the routed Gwaliors. He answered every inquiry, and was then hanged on the branch of a tree close by. The wretched creature offered no sort of defence, objection, or remonstrance. He did not even appeal to the clemency of the sahibs, but went to his doom with stolid indifference.

Ten minutes afterwards we were all stretched on the ground around a table-cloth which the mess-waiter had spread out and covered with joints of cold meat, and sundries. The General having determined to proceed at midnight, the officers and men, excepting the pickets, soon lay down under the trees to sleep. Having lain on a sort of inclined plane between the roots of a tree for

half an hour, unable to sleep on account of the ten thousand noises that assailed my ears, I attempted to rise, when lo! I was seized with frightful lumbago, as if a darning-needle and coarse pack-thread were being drawn through my spine. I trembled from cold and pain, and spent five miserable hours walking up and down, bent almost double between the tree and the watch-fire, a space of six or seven yards. The scene will continue engraved on my memory as long as I live. The troops, cattle, and baggage extended over a couple of miles. Cooking-fires and watch-fires were blazing in every direction among the trees, throwing an unsteady radiance on the faces and many-coloured costumes of the groups around them; large dark masses of undistinguishable materials intervening between these red lights. Most beautiful of all was the effect of the fires on the opposite bank of the tank. They illuminated the foliage splendidly, and not only rendered visible at a distance the features of the natives in their vicinity, but reproduced the image of every group in the water. Gradually the noises ceased almost entirely, and in the midst of this awful stillness the cold beams of the rising half-moon fell upon the corpse of the hanging sepoy. And there, on the hard ground, a few yards from the fire, lay the General of Division—a man of iron frame and as brave as a lion—sound asleep. Thousands were under his command, and he might have been comfortably accommodated, had he chosen to unload a camel; but he preferred to share with his officers and men the common hardships to which they were exposed,

and he and Brigadier Little (another true soldier) lay side by side "with their martial cloaks around them."

An age seemed to have passed, when the General awoke and asked me to take his watch to the fire, and to see what o'clock it was. It was twenty minutes past eleven. Had some tea made, and at midnight we resumed our march.

My march, indeed, had begun nearly five hours before. I dared not lie down, or even sit, on the ground, from fear of becoming stiff, and unable to get up again. Constant motion, I well knew, gave me the only chance of being able to proceed with the force. The fatigue of keeping on foot, hour after hour, was considerable. Several times I almost sank to the ground, overcome by weariness and pain; but, by leaning a few moments on the pole of the mess-doolie, I was always able to resume my beat. What terrified me was the prospect of climbing into the saddle. How could it be possible for me to accomplish this? If you ever had lumbago, you know something of the difficulty; if not, no words can convey an idea of it. At last the time came, and the trumpet sounded. The order to "mount" was obeyed by officers and men. I had my nag brought up to a hillock, to make the performance easier; but he was restive and impatient, and I shook like an aspen from pain. At length, wonderful to relate—it really seems to me one of the marvels of my life—I found myself in the saddle, and less tortured there than I had been on the ground. Before daybreak, after marching fourteen miles further,

we halted outside the little town of Serajpore, until it should be discovered where the rebels were. There we stood in the road, for nearly three dismal hours, during which the opportunity was seized of serving rum to the men. After long hesitation, balancing probabilities and calculating consequences, I ventured to dismount. The experiment succeeded, and I warmed my feet by walking up and down in the crowd. The smell of rum that steamed from every mouth around me was quite sickening. What I observed then, and afterwards, convinced me (if I needed to be convinced) that a can of hot coffee and a slice of bread would have been incomparably better for the soldiers. The glass of rum on an empty stomach excited them a little; but, before we moved on, reaction supervened, and they looked heavy. (The poor fellows did not get their breakfast till three or four o'clock this afternoon.) It must have been about seven when we marched through the long street of the little town, or big village, the houses of which were shut up, and seemingly deserted for the time. The baggage was drawn into a bare, open space at the further end of Serajpore, while the troops turned to the right, and proceeded cautiously towards Serai-Ghât, where there is a ferry over the Ganges. I had caught myself falling asleep in the saddle several times on the march, and now what would not I, dusty, drowsy, and ailing, have given for a good bath and a quiet bed! But these luxuries were inaccessible for many hours, during which deponent felt far from happy. The middle of the day was very hot, and as there

were no trees where we halted, I borrowed a chair, and tried to sit in the shadow of a loaded cart. Then the big guns began to roar at the river-side, and we knew that the Pandies must be "paying the piper." By and by, the baggage-train moved towards the ghât; at which I rejoiced, for my lumbago became worse in the chair. Away we trudged for two miles across ploughed fields, green crops, ditches, and places that seemed impassable to wheeled vehicles. Long lines of camels,—each tied by a string through the nose to his predecessor's tail,—elephants, carts, doolies, and camp-followers, were spread at intervals over a space several hundred yards wide, in the march to the river. Wheels got jammed in hopeless ruts and holes, making us wonder how the guns had ever been dragged down before us, On arriving at the bluff on the right bank of the Ganges, from which my letter is dated, we found that, after a sharp artillery-action, fourteen brass guns and howitzers, and one iron 18-pounder, had been taken from the rebels, as well as a quantity of ammunition and some waggons. Below the high ground on which our camp is now pitched, there is a quicksand near the ghât. The rebels had evidently attempted to get their guns across the river, but the wheels got fast in the sand, and delayed them until our force arrived. They defended themselves desperately, and their cavalry made a dash at our guns; but the Lancers and Punjaub horsemen put them to flight before our infantry had time to get at them. The most extraordinary fact of all is, that not a single man of our two thousand eight hundred has

been hit. Thirteen guns, well-directed, (chiefly 9-pounders and 24-pounder howitzers,) poured grape and round-shot from a short distance upon our artillery and cavalry, and this fire must have continued without intermission for twenty minutes at least; yet the only casualty on our side was the death of an artillery-horse. It will hardly be believed that there has been a fight. But the fifteen captured guns can speak for themselves. They are now drawn up in order on the ridge between us and the water. It is supposed that about fifty of the enemy have been killed.

Here again the mess table-cloth was spread on the ground, in a large natural arbour, formed by a circle of trees interlacing their branches overhead. The General, Brigadier Little, and the other officers, seated on the grass, used their knives and forks with dexterity, talking about the engagement, and wondering at nothing so much as at the entire absence of casualties. Several very narrow escapes have been mentioned, however. After getting something to eat in that romantic spot, I walked across the camp, and had a view of the river and the whole scene of the engagement. One gun is still stuck in the sand. I am now under canvas. It is five P.M., and I am going to bed, thoroughly done up, and aching all over.

Within the last two-and-twenty hours I have been in a very helpless state; and last night's experience during the halt at Bithoor will live in my memory, and always excite, I trust, gratitude to the Father of mercies, who gave me strength to do what would have appeared impossible in

ordinary circumstances. His help was vouchsafed at a time when I felt how vain is the help of man. Many would call this superstition. We do not envy them their "philosophy, so called."

XLVIII.

BITHOOR, *Friday evening, Dec.* 11, 1857.

Yesterday we had a day of rest, and I remained in bed, doctoring my lumbago with mustard. To-day the order was to start for Bithoor at eleven, but we did not get off till about one o'clock. There was great difficulty in persuading the jaded bullocks to drag the loaded hackeries and the heavy guns across the fields. Poor brutes! how they do get beaten, kicked, cuffed, punched, and cut! The drivers are generally cruel; but then they are sometimes cruelly treated by their superiors, if the work exacted is not promptly done. I witnessed recently an occurrence of this kind which made my blood boil. A youth of eighteen or nineteen—an officer, who disgraced his uniform—had something to do with the superintendence of the baggage-carts. He rushed about on horseback in the wildest manner, swearing abominably, striking heavily right and left, and addressing the native carters in English, which, of course, they did not understand. I looked after this phenomenon with mingled astonishment, indignation, and disgust, until I actually saw him deal a blow with his cudgel at the head of a woman, who had not turned the

oxen she was driving as he wished them to be turned. Being fifteen or twenty yards from the spot, I did not see precisely where the stroke fell, as the road was crowded; but my impression is, that the scapegrace missed her head and bruised her shoulder. He must have been a coward. In a charge, he would have sneaked away. No man with a particle of soldier-like spirit could have thus brought dishonour on his profession, his country, and his country's faith.

Thank God, I have felt very much better to-day. As I rode past the 42d Highlanders, halted in a spot on this side of Serai-Ghât, when we were coming away, I said something in Gaelic to the men near me. They stared; and one of their kilted comrades a little further off called out, with a broad Glasgow accent, "The Heelanders hae too-much sense to list noo-a-days." I found, on inquiry, that there are very few Highlanders in the regiment; which is, nevertheless, a magnificent corps. Most of the men are Lowland Scotch, and there are nearly two hundred Englishmen. We arrived here at sunset, and dined in the dusk of the evening under the big tree in the Residency Park, squatting down around a door laid flat, and covered with a table-cloth and other comforts. Camp marked out—tents pitched—pickets posted—all by half-past seven. Had a long conversational discussion concerning some of the evidences of Christianity. How cheaply a man may set up as a freethinker! With a few offensive weapons, which may be picked up in half-an-hour, he assumes high critical ground—fires off a few "things hard

to be understood" at you—throws you on the defensive—denies inspiration—denies prophecy—denies miracles—denies all revelation, except what one can read in external nature and his own consciousness—and smiles incredulously at all the evidences that have been accumulating from the days of the apostles downwards. If you happen to be a clergyman, your defence is a matter of business, and your unanswerable arguments are set down to the credit, not of Christianity, but of your professional training. If you are a layman, your inability to quash every cavil on the spur of the moment is a triumph, not over you personally, but over the faith which you endeavour to defend! You have nothing affirmative to meet, but a series of negatives, which fly like paper-pellets from a pop-gun against the bomb-proof walls of our citadel. Yet the party who shoots the pellets is in high feather if you don't reply to each of them in succession with a 24-pounder at the least. It sometimes requires considerable self-command to meet even with politeness the worn-out sophisms to which one is obliged to listen, delivered with an air of originality, as if they had not been a hundred times stated and a hundred times exposed.

XLIX.

CAMP, CAWNPORE, *Saturday night, December* 12, 1857.

This morning, after walking through the rooms of the

handsome building which formerly was the Residency, I rode over with some officers to see the Nana's Palace, a mile or more from where our camp was. Passing through the ruins of the native town, in which a few strong houses remain undemolished, we reached the palace-gardens, extensive stabling, and handsome lines, formerly set apart for the Rajah's private sepoy-guard. The palace itself is destroyed. In a well near it, a considerable quantity of gold plate has been discovered. This must have been placed there for concealment when the Nana fled. One bowl of solid gold which has been taken up, is said to be as large as an ordinary wash-hand basin. A quantity of earth was evidently thrown in above the valuables, which have to be dug out with great labour by men standing in the water. It is thought that a trifle of prize-money may result from the contents of this well. The Lancers marched from Bithoor in the afternoon, and it was about dark when we reached this camp. I rode afterwards a mile to Head-quarters to report myself to Captain Hamilton, Adjutant of the Division, as directed by General H. Grant, who is still at Bithoor. No arrangement has been made, however, for Divine service to-morrow. The city lies between us and the fort, which is about three miles off. My lumbago has left me, and passed on to Major Ouvry, who looks very miserable. He became ill on the march to Serai-Ghât, and had to be carried part of the way in a doolie; but he was at his post with the Lancers during the engagement.

L.

CAMP, CAWNPORE, *Monday, December* 14, 1857.

Preached at one o'clock yesterday in the hospital of the 9th Lancers. General Grant arrived during the day, and was disappointed that arrangements had not been made for Divine service by the military authorities. At his request, I went over to a church-parade of the Royal Artillery at half-past four, and read evening prayers in the open air. Preached at half-past five in the hospital of Her Majesty's 64th. I make the prayers short at these hospital-services. Each hospital-ward generally consists of two tents joined together so as to form one, and there is a narrow passage between the cots from end to end.

To-day, I rode to Cawnpore at noon. Ruins—ruins—ruins everywhere. Christ Church, a Gothic edifice, is a wreck; only the walls remain. Public buildings, and handsome private residences surrounded by gardens, are heaps of debris, or gutted, blackened, and destroyed by fire. Did not feel quite safe when riding alone through the narrow streets of the city, which are already beginning to be crowded, notwithstanding all that has happened. Bought a double saddle-wallet, and a leathern case for a water-bottle, but could not find a saddle and bridle to suit. The saddle I am using was kindly lent me by Major Ouvry. Went into the fort and called on my good friend Mr Burnell, who is working away like a Trojan in the Commissariat department. You may re-

member that this gentleman gave me the use of his horse at a critical juncture. He now gladdened me with the intelligence that my camel-trunks had arrived. This was great news. Most thankful am I. Captain Christopher gave me a camel to carry the trunks. For each camel and his driver, I am to pay eight rupees a-month, which seems a very moderate charge.

Rode out to camp with Lieutenant Havelock, one of General Grant's Aids-de-Camp. His cousin, General Havelock's wounded son, came part of the way with us. My pony galloped well. As it is all walking on the march, his mettle has not been tried since I bought him till to-day. I am well-pleased with my bargain. He walks with the Lancers' large horses on the march without losing ground.

LI.

CAMP, CAWNPORE, *Tuesday, Dec.* 15, 1857.

A novice must be very weary who can sleep soundly in such a place as this. Such noises all night! Camels roaring, oxen lowing, servants coughing, horses neighing, goats crying, (like infants, exactly,) gongs sounding, sentinels shouting.

The Ghazeepore bearer, who came in charge of the trunks, made his appearance to-day. He has been beaten by some ruffian of a soldier on the way, although the poor man had my pass to shew. The consequence is, that he

is spitting blood, and determined to return home. This is provoking. Some of the European recruits, just come out, behave shamefully towards the native servants on the road, lacking sense enough to distinguish between rebels and a class of persons who are necessary to our existence in such a country as this. A party of wild fellows coming up by the bullock-train were on the point of hanging a faithful Sikh near Futtehpore, by mistake, supposing him to be a rebel, of course, because he had a dark skin! Few things surprise me more than the willingness with which native servants continue to follow us, for four, five, or six rupees a-month, finding themselves in food and clothing. They are constantly exposed to imminent danger, in many instances until mutilated or wounded, and sometimes killed. Syces follow their masters with a spare horse into action, and not a few true men of that class have been cut to pieces. My syce has upon his shoulder and arms the deep scars of wounds received at Lucknow, when he followed the late Lieutenant Salmond. Did I mention to you that all poor Salmond's servants, with one exception, were transferred to me? The dhobee is a biggish dwarf, and one of the most comical-looking human beings I ever saw. As for the Ghazeepore bearer, I must pay him up, give him some baksheesh, and let him return home. I hope he may not be again maltreated by the way.

Rode to the post-office this afternoon, and lost my way in the labyrinths of the city as I was returning, but got back safe to camp about dark. General Wyndham and Brigadier Adrian Hope dined at mess. Both very agreeable.

Dec. 16.—Enjoyed the great comfort of a mattress, pillows, and bed-clothes last night. Took off my clothes and put on a night-gown before turning in, for the first time since I left Ghazeepore a month ago. Fortunately I have been able all along to command a change of linen, and a daily sponge-bath—inestimable luxuries, especially after a dusty march; and now these new accessions to my campaigning outfit, together with the quantity of other things which have come in the long-missing trunks, set me up for the winter. Having bought a tent this afternoon, I am ready now for a march to Cape Comorin or the Indus, D.V. I doubt whether Sir Colin is as well off. It is said that he left London with only a carpet-bag. But he is too old a traveller to do such a foolish thing as that, unless he supplemented his wardrobe in passing through Paris.

All your letters have not reached. They are probably somewhere in camp in undistributed bags. The bearer promises to call, and tell you what he has seen here.

LII.

CAMP, CAWNPORE, *Friday, Dec.* 18, 1857.

Three squadrons of Lancers, and Dalzel as their surgeon, left for Etawah this morning. They have gone with a part of a moveable column under Brigadier Walpole, with the 88th Foot, two battalions of Rifles, Bourchier's Battery, Blunt's Troop of Horse Artillery, and a corps of Punjaubees. Large bodies of rebels are scouring the country in

the vicinity of the Calpee road, and further up on the way to Agra; indeed throughout the whole upper region of the Doáb. Those near the Jumna, between this place and Etawah, Walpole is expected to scatter or cut up. This will help the Rajah to restore order. Other concerted movements are expected to take place within a few days.

This forenoon I had just got my own tent nicely pitched and in order for the first time, and was opening my desk to write, when the word passed, "Strike tents!" Pshaw! Down it had to come! I then got a seat in the Quartermaster's buggy, to an auction-sale at Duncan's Hotel, of various kinds of sequestrated personal property formerly belonging to natives,—such as valuable shawls, ornamented swords, daggers with elaborately-carved handles, tinsel dresses, jewelled ornaments of gold and silver, and so forth. Large prices were realised for Government. At the hotel I learned that Colonel Tytler was lying dangerously wounded in a tent near the entrance to the fort. I was obliged to return to camp, but afterwards mounted my nag and rode back through Cawnpore to see him; I found him in bed, with a very serious wound in the groin. There has been gangrene and suppuration from want of sufficient dressing during the journey from Lucknow; and I fear the patient is in rather a bad way. He is wonderfully cheerful, however. When I entered, he was smoking a cheroot. Wounded men in the hospitals often enjoy a pipe amazingly, even immediately after their fresh wounds have been dressed. The last time I saw Tytler was at his brother's beautiful

place on the banks of Loch Ness. We little thought then that our next meeting would be under such circumstances.

I wonder that Sir Colin does not move on. The precious cold weather is slipping away, and the chief appears to be resting on his laurels, instead of going out to earn new ones. But he has his reasons, no doubt; and I ought not to criticise what I don't comprehend.

A court of inquiry has been sitting to-day in our camp, on the alleged mistake of a benevolent-looking old gentleman, the Colonel of the —— Regiment. Wyndham and Greathéd were present. Saw them in the mess-tent at luncheon. On my return from Cawnpore, found my tent pitched in the new encampment.

Thanks for the portable inkstand, which reached me safely by post. The other parcel has not arrived; but letters and papers are dropping in, and it will come probably before Christmas. I have plenty of warm clothing, and you would be astonished to see how snug and comfortable I am in my canvas house.

Dec. 19.—Rode in again to Cawnpore to see Tytler, who, you will be glad to hear, is rather better.

LIII.

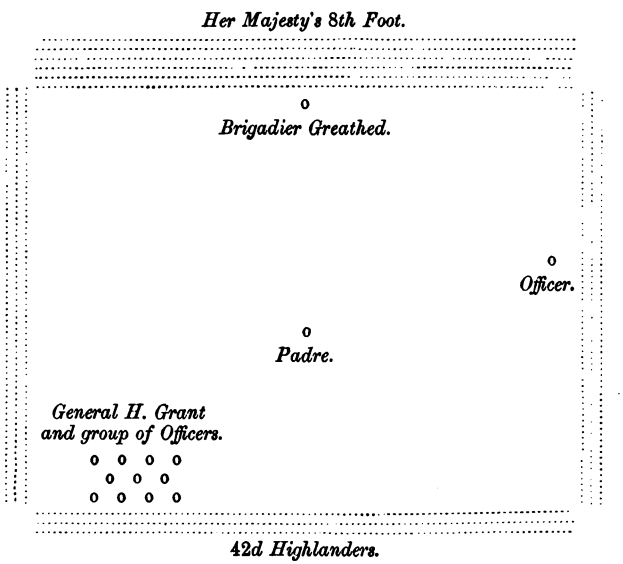
CAMP, CAWNPORE, *Monday evening, December* 21, 1857.

On Saturday night about three in the morning, (if I may be allowed the Hibernicism), a wolf came into the

camp and carried off a goat, whose cries roused the natives, and created a wonderful disturbance. I supposed that the rebels must have got into our lines.

At 8 A.M. yesterday, I read service and preached in the open air to the 9th Lancers and Artillery. They formed two sides of a square. At church-parade the Lancers are of course on foot. My text was, "*Let not thine heart envy sinners, but be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long.*"

At 5 P.M. read service and preached again in the Commander-in-Chief's camp. When the troops were assembled, the band played a very impressive piece of music. Greathed's Brigade, part of the 42d Highlanders, and some others, were drawn up in a square thus:—



miserable native women are horribly ill-used by their owners—husbands they ought not to be called—who worship their cows, and half murder their wives. But, after all, these women are perhaps no worse off than women of the lowest class in England. What outrages, in the way of wife-beating, one reads of in the *Times* almost daily, committed within sound of the bells of Christian churches! Heathenism at home and abroad has the same characteristics—

> "Its habitations are full
> Of horrid cruelty."

If responsibility is in proportion to advantages, a wife-beating Englishman deserves at least a round dozen for each application of the "cat" to a wife-beating Hindoo. According to the Shasters, "cutting green trees and killing women are equally criminal."

The music of the military bands on the road was a great treat to me. I quite enjoyed the march in consequence. The Naval-Brigade band played chiefly Scotch, Irish, and English airs, with some negro melodies, which are generally modifications of popular tunes. "The Old Folks at Home" appears to be a great favourite. The other bands played several operatic marches in a superior style. We passed the encamping-ground where I suffered so severely on our way to Serai-Ghât. . This new camp is about seventeen miles from Cawnpore. On reaching it to-day, we breakfasted under some trees, while the tents were being pitched. Buried a poor Lancer, sewed up in his bed-quilt, as no coffin could be had. At eight A.M.

preached to the 9th and others in the open air; and at eleven A.M. to the Commander-in-Chief, his staff, and a number of other officers, in the staff-tent. Sir Colin told me afterwards that he has attacks of intermittent fever, but that he can spare no time to think of himself. He looks quite ill. In the evening the sailors made a huge effigy, intended to represent the Nana, and stuck him on a pole, with lighted candles round his hat and a trident in his hand! These sailor-soldiers are a queer lot. General Hope Grant, and Hon. Captain Anson, one of his Aids-de-Camp, joined us at mess at our Christmas-dinner. From time to time during the day, the camp has resounded with military music of the most enlivening kind. "Home, sweet home," however, accords best with my thoughts and feelings to-night.

P.S.—My good friend the Quartermaster has called, and handed me a most acceptable Christmas gift,—the bundle of home letters forwarded by you.

LV.

CAMP, two miles from KANOJE,
Monday, Dec. 28.

This is regular marching. We get up every morning about five o'clock, see our things packed and our tents taken down, get some tea and bread, and set out on our journey when we can hardly see the difference between a horse and a camel. On Saturday I awoke before three

o'clock, and could not sleep again. The fellows begin to knock up the tent-pegs long before the bugles sound, and the natives throughout the camp seem to make a point of coughing and spitting in the most cacophonious manner for a couple of hours from the time they light their fires and their hookahs. This is not favourable to repose. It is a novelty to me to sip tea in my basket-chair, and watch the loaded elephants moving about through the darkness like towers, while the fires become paler as day-light approaches. On the morning referred to, I wandered about during the preparations for starting, and could not find my way back to my servants for a long time. As soon as the tents are down one has no landmarks, and in the dim, uncertain light this may be embarrassing. The loads which the grass-cutters put on their ponies are often larger than the animals themselves: and the wife and family frequently ride on the top of the baggage.

Yesterday we marched as usual. When we halted on the road to rest the horses, (as we do every five miles or so,) Sir Colin came up and entered into conversation with the officers. They are on a good deal of ceremony with his Excellency. The story of his quarrel with Lord Canning turns out to be nonsense. They are, and always have been, on the best terms. On the last three days of the week, my tent was pitched on ploughed fields, and the pulverised earth flew about unpleasantly. Yesterday I had the luck of being on hard turf, under a tope of trees. The tents are always placed by the Quartermaster in the same relative position to the mess-tent, and to one an-

other, the interval between each being invariable; so that every one must take the site allotted to him, whether it be agreeable or otherwise. This uniformity in arranging the tents, day after day, makes one feel, when looking out through his tent-door, or even walking up and down in the camp, as if there had been no change of place,—as if the journeys had been only a dream. You have the same neighbour opposite, and the same neighbours on your right and left, and the same number of steps to take, in the same direction, in order to reach the mess-tent. It is said now that we are to come down this road again by and by, and cross into Oude. The pony does beautifully. He was slightly lame when I bought him, but now the lameness has quite disappeared.

Quantities of the Nana's gold and silver plate have been got up out of the well of Bithoor since Christmas morning. The massive golden bowl weighs forty pounds. It is believed that twelve lacs of rupees are buried in the same well, or one of the other two near it, or somewhere thereabout.

No church-parade yesterday; only a service in the Lancers' Hospital in the evening.

As the sun rose this morning, its disc seemed to be, not a circle, but a perfect oval, the longer axis being horizontal. Never observed this to the same extent before.

Before we had started from our encamping-ground, Sir Colin and Wyndham left with some troops, and proceeded towards Tutteeah, by a road branching to the left, to blow up a fort, it is said. Fears are entertained that part of the

baggage belonging to the main body may follow this detached force by mistake. Nothing in the world more likely, I think, unless the baggage-masters have taken special pains to prevent it, by stationing some qualified person at the fork of the road. Sir Colin hoped to join us to-night.

Our camp here is picturesquely situated, being surrounded by undulating ground, with the ancient city of Kanoje in the distance. Just before reaching this spot, we came through the little town of Meeraun-ke-serai, containing some large and substantial houses, built of burnt brick, and curiously ornamented. One gathering his ideas of pictorial art in Hindustan from the painted devices on the houses, cannot form a very high estimate of it. But these must be classed, I suppose, with village signboards at home. All the music, painting, and statuary that have come under my notice hitherto, have been of a very primitive sort indeed.

Great news to-day from Pultiallah, near Futtehgurh. Brigadier Seaton, on his way from Delhi, routed the enemy on the 17th instant, killed upwards of six hundred, and took thirteen guns, besides a great quantity of camp-equipage, baggage, ammunition, and stores. About forty men killed or wounded on our side. Seaton has a baggage-train twenty miles long, we hear. A cossid has brought the intelligence.

I am getting accustomed to this peripatetic life, and feel much less fatigued to-day. Twelve or fifteen miles a-day would be nothing, if we could canter two-thirds of the way, but the monotony of a walking-pace is rather

trying. Of course, we must not move faster than the Artillery and Infantry can go. We breakfast every morning under a tree as soon as we reach the new ground, and by the time breakfast is over our tents are nearly up. This morning, some of the mess-silver—several spoons and forks—disappeared from the mess-doolie as it stood in a tope, surrounded by officers and servants. No trace of the articles can be found. The thief must have been a bold rascal. Thanks for the postage-stamps. We can get none here.

LVI.

CAMP, near KANOJE, *Dec.* 30, 1857.

Captain Octavius Anson and I went over to see the city and ruins of Kanoje yesterday afternoon; and to-day I went with Brigadier Little, Captain Sarel, and Captain Wilkinson. The site is very elevated for this part of India, where the dead level is rarely varied by anything more than gentle undulations. I have not seen a real hill since we passed the Rajmehal range on our way up in April. But Kanoje stands on a series of irregular knolls, ridges, and modest eminences, of which the highest might almost aspire to the honour of being styled a little hill. Its inequalities of surface remind one of "Auld Reekie." I cannot but think, from what I saw, that excavations, properly conducted here, would supply materials for a profoundly-interesting volume of Indian antiquities. The remains are said to be scattered over a space of seven or eight square miles, or more; but the

greater part of that surface is now covered with green crops. The buildings and ruins above ground are not spread over much more than a square mile. The Ganges is two miles distant, but a canal still exists by which the sacred waters were brought from their natural channel to beautify and refresh the city. A small stream called the *Kalini*, or *Kalee Nuddee*, flows past the ruins into the "holy Gunga;" and you may judge of the supposed antiquity of the place, from the fact that it is spoken of as probably the *Calinipaxa* of Pliny, built one thousand years before the Christian era, and famous throughout the East as the capital of Hindustan under the predecessor of Poor or Porus, who fought against Alexander. It figures in the history of ancient India as Athens figures in the history of ancient Greece. But what is it now? A great heap of debris and rubbish, over which the citadel and some mosque-tombs stand frowning, while a single narrow street of tumble-down houses, and some bits of ruins here and there, accommodate the few remaining inhabitants, who live in filth, squalor, and wretchedness. We rode up the steep and broken pathway to the citadel, which has nothing to recommend it but its antiquity. The few natives who shewed themselves at corners as we passed, seem to be much alarmed at the presence of a powerful body of troops (about four thousand five hundred) in their neighbourhood. Dismounting, and walking under a high and massive gateway, arched in the Gothic style, we found ourselves on a large terrace, perhaps an acre in extent, on which two of the great mosque-tombs still remain in a state of excel-

lent preservation. One of these contains five tombs, and the other three. The arched ceilings of both are elaborately painted, but the colours appear to have faded a good deal. The edifices consist of solid stone, squared and laid in regular courses, and in some parts finely carved. On the white interiors, many remarks and names of European visitors are inscribed. From among them I copied one, the writer of which has since become famous. It runs thus:—"In the place where eleven hundred years ago the Rajahs of Hind worshipped, there now stands Herbert Edwardes, 2d European Light Infantry. August 1841." Encouraged by observing *nomina stultorum mœnibus adhœrent* so thoroughly falsified, others have inscribed their Christian names, surnames, and designations in the same place within the last two days. May they all prove as brave and good as Herbert Edwardes!

From the paved platform behind the mosque-tombs, we enjoyed a fine prospect. The Ganges shone like a silver band among the fields of green in the distance. The Kalee Nuddee and the canal gave a refreshing variety to the appearance of the mounds, hillocks, and ruins, through which glimpses of them were obtainable from our standpoint; and the gardens at our feet below the terrace were in some degree worthy of the fine buildings that crowned it. The aspect of the ruins all around us I cannot describe in such a manner as to convey any true notion of the reality. A series of panoramic photographs taken from the terrace would probably attract attention to the place, among those who have taste, leisure, and means for

pursuing antiquarian researches. I should like much to spend a winter in Kanoje with a good photographer and a hundred navvies. There are remains here which *may* have been ancient before Herculaneum and Pompeii were founded. All the buildings now on the surface appear to be of Mahometan origin. On the way down from the citadel, however, one sees chasms, opened up partly by the action of water,—partly by the fall of masses of masonry which were undermined in some way,—and partly, I guess, by one or more shocks of earthquake; and the vertical sections composing the sides of these chasms reveal buildings of a totally different character, and of a date, I doubt not, anterior to the first Mahometan conquest. A large, coarse, durable, and rare sort of half-vitrified brick, of a blueish colour, is found in such places. Unless I am greatly mistaken, excavations would shew that the ancient Hindoo city, which contained thirty thousand betel-shops thirteen centuries ago, and which was seized by the Gaznian emperors eight centuries ago, lies under the Mahometan one, now in ruins on or near the surface. Heaps of Hindoo images may be seen in spots, all of marble or stone, but so heavy, so mutilated, or so indecent, that they are not worth the trouble of taking away as curiosities.

Having descended from the terrace, on which the mausoleums make so conspicuous a figure, standing out against the sky, we visited a showy Hindoo temple, and then rode through the long street or bazaar. On the right-hand side of the road as we returned to camp, and within a short distance of the bazaar, are several enormous mounds. I rode up yesterday afternoon to the top

of the highest, and Anson, more wisely, *walked* up after me, leaving his charger below with the syce. The height must be at least a hundred feet. There is a chain or cluster of these rounded eminences, which either cover masses of masonry, or mark the site of old fortifications. Such was our conclusion. To-day we were rather late, and rode past them at a speed which to me was inconvenient. My pony was getting shod when we left camp at half-past three; and Sarel, with his usual courtesy, offered me the use of his troop-horse, an enormous animal that might claim affinity to a mastodon or megatherium. I looked up at the creature with some misgivings, thinking I could read the day's disasters in his ugly face as he was led out saddled and bridled. It seemed quite the reverse of impossible that this new connexion might bring me, like Mr Briggs, to grief. But whatever might be the risk, it was not to be shirked in the presence of a Brigadier of Cavalry and two Captains of Lancers. So I mounted. It was like mounting an Alp in an earthquake. The brute was ready to take every ditch, wall, and other obstruction between the camp and the citadel, had I allowed him; and during our return he showed a spirited and enthusiastic determination to be first in camp. I have seldom had such a shaking, and my satisfaction on descending, voluntarily, from the perilous elevation may be more easily conceived than described. Heavy guns were heard to-day for three hours in the direction of Futtehgurh. Greathed's brigade has gone on with two guns and fifty Irregulars. A fight is expected, and we march at an early hour to morrow, if not sooner. Cap-

tain Hamilton has kindly furnished me with the following statement of our present strength :—

FORCE UNDER COMMAND OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, DECEMBER 30, 1857.

Brigadiers.	Detail of Brigades.	
	Officers Commanding Regiments.	Corps.
Capt. W. Peel, C.B., R.N.	1st Lt. Vaughan, R.N.	Naval Brigade.
Major Nicholson, Chief Engineer.	Captain Lennox.	Engineers, Royal. Bengal. Punjaub.
Brigadier G. R. Barker. C.B., R.A.	Captain Blunt. Major Le Mesurier. Major Smith. Captain Remington.	Artillery. Head-qrs. 3d Brigade H.A. 1st Troop 1st Brigade H.A. 2d Troop 3d Brigade H.A. No. 3 Comp. 14th Bat. R.A. No. 7 Comp. 14th Bat. R.A. No. 3 Comp. 1st Bat. B.A., with No. 17 Lt. Field-Bat.
Brigadier Little.	Major Hon. C. Powys. Captain Probyn. Lieutenant Watson. Lieut. Younghusband. Lieut. Gough.	Cavalry. H.M. 9th Lancers. 1st Punjaub Cavalry. 2d Punjaub Cavalry. 5th Punjaub Cavalry. Hodson's Horse.
Brigadier Greathed.	Major Hinde. Lieut.-Col. Bingham. Captain Green.	3d Infantry Brigade. H.M. 8th Queen's Regiment. H.M. 64th Regiment. 2d Punjaub Infantry.
Brigadier Hon. A. Hope.	Colonel Cameron.	4th Infantry Brigade. H.M. 42d Highlanders. H.M. 53d Regiment. H.M. 93d Highlanders.
Brigadier Russell.	Lieut.-Col. Wells. Lieut.-Col. Hale.	5th Infantry Brigade. H.M. 23d Fusiliers. H.M. 82d Regiment. 4th Bengal Rifles.
Brigadier Walpole.	Lieut.-Col. Fyers.	6th Infantry Brigade. H.M. 38th Regiment. H.M. 2d Bat. Rifle Brigade. H.M. 3d Bat. Rifle Brigade.

LVII.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S CAMP,
January 1, 1858.

In the first place, allow me to wish you a happy New-year. May our hearts be filled with gratitude to God for His wonderful preservation of us through so many perils! The history of India during the past year never can be written. A tithe of the facts will never see the light. There will be an abstract of despatches by and by, with pictorial sketches from some of the published letters, and paragraphs of philosophical, and unphilosophical, comment; and that meagre thing will be called a History of the Indian Mutiny. And I suppose it will be as true in its way as other histories which we call standard.

Yesterday we left our encamping-ground near that very interesting old place, Kanoje. I was up at about five. It was very cold for India, but a lovely morning. The sun and full moon were visible together. I sometimes have very agreeable conversations with officers whom I meet on the march. Yesterday I made two new acquaintances in this way. One of them, an old Artillery officer, has been twenty-seven years in India, without going home. He never saw a railroad. We were of one way of thinking on some points of prime importance: so I enjoyed his society very much indeed.

About noon we reached the halting-place, from which I am writing. Our camp is in the angle at which two roads diverge, the one leading to Delhi, and the other to

Futtehgurh. Next to the angle are the Infantry; then the Artillery; then the Cavalry; then the Commander-in-Chief and his staff. At our usual picnic breakfast, I spread my Highland cloak to sit upón, and General Grant shared it with me.

I received yours of the 28th, with important news of the movements of rebels near you. Thinking it might be news to Sir Colin, I sent him the memoranda, and received a very gracious note in reply. But he knew all about the matter. We have not moved to-day. A chain-bridge over the Kalee Nuddee has to be repaired before we march. Brigadier Adrian Hope is attending to it. The enemy made an attempt to destroy it, and succeeded in damaging the wood-work considerably. If I write more you will get nothing, as this will be late for the post.

LVIII.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S CAMP,
Sunday, Jan. 3, 1858.

Yesterday morning heavy firing began at the river about half-past eight. While I sat writing within the door of my tent, I saw the sailors going out with their big guns—then regular Infantry—and then the Lancers and Artillery. Brigadier Little returned from the bridge, and exclaimed, as he galloped up to the mess-tent, "Thonger, call the whole regiment, without losing a

moment!" This to the Adjutant; then turning to Ouvry, who appeared, "Major, every man to his saddle!" They were all off in a trice; many of them with only half a breakfast. A little after twelve o'clock, orders came to strike tents; everything was packed up; the baggage began to move; and we approached the Kalee Nuddee, about five miles from our encampment. On reaching the river, the passage of which had been disputed, I found that the Lancers, Irregular Cavalry, and 53d Foot were pursuing the enemy. The chain-bridge—a handsome one with ten mosque-dome towers, five on each side of the roadway—was blocked up with elephants, camels, bullock-carts, and syces leading their horses. I had come to the river with General Wyndham and the 23d Regiment. Before crossing, I saw a number of sailors lying about in the sand, thoroughly "done" by fatigue. I asked if any of them had been hit. The men directed me to a tent, where Lieutenant Maxwell, who had accompanied the Naval Brigade, lay with his leg shattered. Two surgeons proposed to amputate; but a third had expressed an opinion that the limb might be saved, and it was set with splints. When I entered, he was alone, with a cloth over his face. Hearing me inquire for him, he uncovered his face, and spoke cheerfully and with sincere gratitude for having escaped with his life. The sailors were evidently very sorry for him. In another tent were two men of the 8th Foot. Each of them had had an arm taken off, and one was dead. The other seemed to be doing well. Had some difficulty in pushing through the dense crowd on

the bridge. In the house beyond the enemy's entrenchment, on the other side of the river, I found four men of the 8th lying dead in a room on some straw. They were all dreadfully smashed about the head and shoulders. These poor fellows, and the two whom I had left in the tent, (one still living,) were struck by the same round-shot. The four were killed where they stood, and they now looked like men asleep—the expression of each face being placid and life-like. Their comrade, who stood by, seemed much affected. He asked me to bury them, and went for some Sappers to dig a grave. I waited nearly an hour. The sun was setting; the baggage was crossing the bridge; and it seemed not improbable that I might have to go seeking the Lancers in the dark. A 93d Highlander, and a wee drummer of the same regiment, went to work at the grave. Seeing the boy exhausted, and no prospect of assistance, I threw off my coat, and helped to dig the hole with pickaxe and spade. By and by a serjeant of the Lancers, who was passing on the road, seeing me in the pit at work, dismounted and took my place. So I did not dig long. Then some Sappers and Miners came up with the comrade of the dead man,—the grave was finished,—the bodies were brought down from the house, two and two, in a doolie,—and they were all laid in one grave, just as they were, without even a covering over their faces. I said the service as well as I could without a book, and the earth was shovelled in. This took place at the foot of a solitary palm-tree. It was nearly dark. Elephants were fording the river, and sheep bleating on the grassy slopes

on the opposite bank, towards the left; and the green parroquets fluttered and screamed in the palm-leaves overhead. I galloped away—on—on—through the deserted and battered village of Khodagunge, the Lancer accompanying me. It had now become quite dark; the road was much broken, a trench having been cut across it in one place; and in making inquiries after the 9th, I lost sight of the serjeant, and found myself alone in the midst of a throng of natives hurrying to and fro, bawling and howling to one another as they always do when arriving or departing. After some wandering, I found the Artillery. This was a key to the puzzle, as the guns are placed day after day in the same relative position to the Cavalry. Dreary indeed was the camp of the Lancers. I found the officers sitting on a dyke, weary and hungry.

"Where are the tents?"

"Not arrived."

"The mess-doolie?"

"Not arrived."

"Any prospect of dinner?"

"Dinner! no chance of a mouthful till to-morrow."

"Where are the camels?"

"Nobody knows."

Their spirits were at the lowest ebb. Not a joke was attempted. It is very hard work to crack jokes over an empty stomach. At intervals of a minute or two, some one broke the dismal silence by a remark. But there was no sunshine in it. The last ray had faded into dark-

ness in the cheeriest heart of them all. Gloom settled down upon us like a London fog. Some fell asleep; some lay stretched out at full length, looking up to the stars; some sat staring into the murky atmosphere of the adjoining camps, where fires and smoke betokened food; and others sauntered about within a space of fifty or sixty square feet, hoping every moment that the orderly would return to announce the baggage-train, but hoping hour after hour in vain. During this period of famine, suspense, and perplexity, I was lucky enough to find in one of my saddle-bags a bit of stale, musty, crusty bread. It seemed a delicious morsel, but, alas! only whetted my appetite, which was sharp enough already. It is all very fine for you, over your claret and raisins, and after your three or four courses, to wonder at my alluding so often to such sublunary matters as hunger and the commissariat. But, depend on it, any truthful account of the sort of life we are now leading will give due prominence to these very important and universally-interesting subjects.

After a time, the good Quartermaster ordered a fire to be made on the grass. Brigadier Little, Sarel, Wilkinson, House, and I, formed a circle round the blazing sticks, where we talked away the time, and amused ourselves by feeding the flames, as we had not wherewith to feed ourselves. About eleven the moon rose and gladdened our eyes with the sight of a loaded camel stalking towards us. It was one belonging to the Brigadier, who found among his things a cake of cocoa and two or three biscuits, all of which he most liberally shared with us. The hot cup

of cocoa did us a world of good, although I have no liking for the beverage in ordinary circumstances. Then one camel after another came straggling in, and mine among the rest. About midnight my tent was pitched, and half-an-hour later I was in bed.

It is now after breakfast, and I can contemplate with philosophical calmness the physical and mental experience of yesterday evening. Is it not a sad reflection that our equanimity should have been in any degree disturbed by the delay of a few hours in supplying our animal wants? What a happy world this would be, if the rising generation, and all subsequent ones, were to grow up without stomachs, which really cause three-fourths of the temporal ills that flesh is heir to.

P.S.—You will be glad to hear that the last day the Highland Brigade was encamped at Bithoor, they got so much gold and silver in one of the Nana's wells, that one man could scarcely carry the load. They had previously obtained from the same well 75½ lbs. of gold, and 252 lbs. of silver. I cannot say whether this is troy-weight, as it ought to be, or avoirdupois. Bajee Rao's jewels are believed to be concealed somewhere at Bithoor.

LIX.

CAMP, FUTTEHGURH, *Monday night, January* 4, 1858.

When we were about to march at eleven yesterday, I

was very sorry to find that Lieutenant Younghusband, of the Punjaub Cavalry, had been shot through the right lung during the fight on Saturday. Found him in his own tent, near the General Hospital; and rode beside his doolie for a great part of the way. Never saw so many dead bodies as were scattered by the roadside, and in the adjacent fields. They were stark naked, the last rag having been carried away, probably by the camp-followers. A clean cut from a lance or a sword immediately under the right or left breast, appeared to be the death-wound of three-fourths of the number. A little further off the road, many more corpses lay festering in the sun. It is supposed that about a hundred and fifty were killed; and I hear that we took seven guns, two of which are 18-pounders.

Poor Younghusband suffered much during the march, from the noise, the dust, and the shaking. I endeavoured to make the bearers go as steadily as possible, and obtained a sort of tacit permission (contrary to the general order) to have the doolie carried on the left side of the road, as the breeze blew from our left, and sent all the dust in clouds to the right. Dr Ross was very attentive, and so was the native doctor. But the patient suffered severely on the way, notwithstanding all that could be done for him.

Had a most pleasant meeting on the march with two old pupils, both lieutenants in the 93d Highlanders. They commenced their career in the Crimea, and their promotion has been uncommonly rapid in consequence.

On reaching this place a little before sunset, we found

that the Nawab and his rebels had fled. Some of the chief men of Furruckabad (which is the native city, and a continuation of the Futtehgurh cantonments) came out to meet the army, and begged Sir Colin not to allow his troops to plunder. To this his Excellency agreed, on condition that they handed over to the authorities without delay every rebel concealed among the population. They promised.

We are here on a wide common, in front of the Station Church, which has been destroyed. A couple of miles further down, we passed the Presbyterian Mission-Church of Futtehgurh, and the other mission-buildings,—all a mass of ruins, except the neat church, which may easily be repaired. The missionaries and their families who fled from this station were all massacred at Cawnpore. Wilkinson presented me on my arrival with a Devanagari New Testament,* and a new brass shell,—emblems of peace and war. Dined with Brigadier Little in his tent, as the mess-tent was not pitched in time.

At a little past two o'clock this morning, Dr Ross came to inform me that Younghusband was dying, and wished to see me. I dressed instantly, and walked with the doctor to the camp of the Irregular Cavalry. The dying soldier was quite conscious for some time after I entered. He heard me state plainly the blessed gospel, and declared his hearty acceptance of it. When I prayed at his bedside, he

* I gave this volume to my Hindoo bearer, who became fond of reading it. He afterwards abstained from poojas in consequence, at least for a time.

joined earnestly, and then almost immediately fell into a stupor, and breathed very heavily through the increasing phlegm. His orderlies and servants were then admitted, and we waited in silence to see the end. He died without a struggle or a groan. He was a gallant young officer, and a pleasant companion, and will be sincerely regretted by all who knew him.

On returning to my tent, my thoughts were too much occupied with what had just occurred to allow me to go to sleep; so I took a cheroot and promenaded in front of my tent. The scene around me was one of undisturbed repose. The round moon, a little past the zenith, shone upon the camps of our brigades; and under the projecting *kurnauts* of the tents, the deep shadows contrasted with the shining white surfaces above. Natives rolled up in their *kupra* lay asleep in groups. Rows of horses, horned cattle, and hackeries, stretched in all directions. The steeple of the ruined church, rising above green masses of foliage, pointed to the unclouded stars, and stood out in relief against a background of blue sky. The silence reigning everywhere was sublime. After walking in the midst of all these aids to reflection, I returned to bed, and read, by lamplight, "More Worlds than One." I was far up in the stellar regions, beyond Sirius and among the clustered nebulæ, when suddenly there stood within my tent-door a spectral figure, with white clothing and a black face. The apparition, I confess, quickened my pulse; and perhaps a minute elapsed before I quite realised the actual facts of the case. This startling phenomenon was the

bearer, who supposed I had fallen asleep without extinguishing the lamp.

At three this afternoon we buried poor Younghusband in the fort, which is close to the Ganges, and distant about two miles from camp. General Wyndham, Brigadier Little, Captain Peel, some of the staff, and several other officers, were present. Sir Colin and his staff have taken up their quarters in the fort, and their tents are standing in a line parallel to the Ganges, between the commandant's house and the burial-ground. All this part of the fort is a steep bluff overhanging the river. It was here that the handful of dauntless Europeans, when unable to hold the works against overwhelming numbers, slipped silently down to the boats, before dawn on the morning of the 4th of July. It was here, too, that Edward James and the Joneses stood by the guns day after day until their hands, unused to such toil, were lacerated and raw.

It appears that after the battle of Khodagunge, news was brought to the Nawab, then reigning in the fort, that his force had been defeated, and that Sir Colin was in hot pursuit. This created such a panic, that the rebel chief took to his heels, leaving the heavy guns, the machinery in the gun-carriage establishment, stores belonging to the Clothing Agency, and other property—the whole worth about a million sterling. He rushed into Rohilcund, not even taking time to set fire to the houses and the stock of valuable wood before departing. We were probably asleep in camp, sixteen miles off, when this hejira took place.

Leaving the fort, through the massive archway under

the rampart, I saw a herd of elephants bathing in the Ganges, each with a mahout on his back.

As I was riding past some officers on my way back to camp, they invited me to accompany them to Furruckabad, to see the Nawab's Prime Minister, a Mussulman, hanged at sunset. This is the villain who is said to have stimulated his master to commit or sanction various acts of atrocity since the commencement of the outbreak, quoting the Koran,* in one instance, to justify the murder of Christian women. He was brought into camp to-day, tied down on a charpoy; and the sailors had what they considered the satisfaction of cramming some pieces of pork down his reluctant throat. A body of troops now came from the camp, and marched towards the city, as it was possible that, in a population of sixty thousand, there might be budmashes enough to attempt a rescue. Among the officers who rode to the execution were Wyndham, Hope Grant, Little, Adrian Hope, Peel, Powys, Steele, Sarel, and others. I went too. Mr Power, the Magistrate, superintended the proceedings. The man was stripped, flogged, and hanged, in presence of many thousands, in the most public part of Furruckabad. Nothing seemed to distress him so much as the idea of being hanged by sweepers. He begged to be allowed to hang himself; but this of course was not granted. The sweepers bungled their part; the rope broke; and the wretched man had to be hanged a second time by European soldiers. It was altogether very disgusting. This man was in jail,

* Appendix F.

sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment, when the mutiny broke out, and the rebels liberated him and all the other prisoners.

On arriving in camp, we found that the three squadrons of Lancers had returned from Etawah. There was a great deal of shaking of hands, and exchanging of news; and at mess the dinner-table was crowded.

On the 22d of December, Sir James Outram repulsed the enemy at Alum Bagh, and took four guns, besides several ammunition-waggons. The villagers were encouraged by this success to bring supplies into his camp. The force under Sir James consists of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, Her Majesty's 5th Fusiliers, 75th Foot, 78th Highlanders, 84th and 90th Foot, the Regiment of Ferozepore Sikhs, the Military Train and Volunteer Cavalry, about a hundred Punjaubee horsemen, and four Batteries; in all about three thousand five hundred men. Jung Bahadoor and his Goorkas must be at Goruckpore by this time; Sir Robert Hamilton and Sir Hugh Rose are proceeding to Saugor; Brigadier Campbell is to cross the Ganges at Allahabad against some Nazim; and we are now in communication with Seaton's column. So we may expect a considerable change in the aspect of affairs before the hot weather comes round, judging from phenomena already visible on our political horizon. Some say we are going into Rohilcund; others, that we shall return to Cawnpore, and pass thence into Oude. *Nous verrons.* Adieu!

LX.

CAMP, FUTTEHGURH, *Friday, January* 8, 1858.

Where can my letters be? Not a line from Ghazeepore or Calcutta for an age! I rode across the bridge of boats into Oude yesterday with Captain Steele, who was visiting the outlying pickets. Captain O. Anson and his troop are still at Mhow, about fifteen miles off; and another troop of Lancers goes out to-day to assist in taking some guns said to be across the river. Yesterday there was an alarm in camp; and the 9th turned out and remained for some time under arms. I don't know the cause of the stir; but nothing happened. This morning Sir Colin inspected the Lancer-recruits, who behaved so well at Khodagunge. He and his staff were in uniform, or, as it is termed, "in full fig." Nothing new. Something is brewing, nobody knows what—perhaps rain! Quite delighted with the "Plurality of Worlds," which I have borrowed from Captain Hatch. Get it for your book-club.

LXI.

CAMP, FUTTEHGURH, *Monday, January* 11, 1858.

It gives one a heartache to wander along the high bank of the river, among the ruins of this once beautiful station, where the gardens, now waste and spoiled,

indicate the refined taste of the ladies to whom a few months ago they afforded pleasure,—where the handsome gateways, broken pavements, ample chiboutras, and smashed colonnades of ornamental pucka-work, still convey an idea of splendid luxury,—and where, in the tasteful subdivisions of flower-pots, a gorgeous cactus or a young family of blushing roses remains here and there, as if to heighten by contrast the mental effect produced by a scene of wide-spread desolation. Yesterday, I preached in the morning to the 2d Brigade of Rifles, under Colonel Fyers, quartered in Dhuleep Singh's magnificent compound; at noon, to a congregation of officers in the staff-tent; and in the evening, to the invalids in the Lancers' hospital. Brigadier Little, with Sarel, Steele, Johnson, and Wilkinson, rode a mile and a half to the Rifles' camp for morning service, and found me searching for my congregation.

I was so glad to get your interesting letter of the 5th yesterday. As to the state of the Post-office I shall say nothing, except that my letters and papers have been detained for days where they need not have remained an hour. You seem to be all wonderfully merry at Ghazeepore. Nothing but *burra khanas*, sack-races, cricket, and *cutpootlas!** Perfect dissipation! There is a rumour —probably unfounded—that a Vakeel has come to offer the submission of the Lucknow rebels on certain conditions!

* *Cutpootlas* are miniature theatricals for children—a sort of Indian Punch-and-Judy show on a large scale.

The death of dear Bishop Wilson is an event of great public importance. On the character of his successor may depend, under God, in no small degree, the progress of Christianity in India. The new metropolitan may do much to advance its propagation, especially after such a crisis as this; or, by accustoming his mind to the fashionable cant about political expediency, neutrality, liberality, and so forth, he may do very much indeed to retard it. We want a good theological and general scholar, of personal piety, missionary zeal, catholic spirit, equable temper, and business habits. He ought to be neither very High-church nor very Low-church, but a happy combination of the best characteristics of both parties. The announcement of Bishop Wilson's death, in the *Calcutta Gazette Extraordinary* of the 2d inst., is most felicitously expressed. As you probably have not seen it, I copy the few sentences:—

"*Notification.*—With deep sorrow, the Right Hon. the Governor-General in Council publicly notifies the death, this morning, of the Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

"After a career of pious Christian usefulness as Metropolitan, extending through a quarter of a century, marked by a zeal which age could not chill, and by an open-handed charity and liberality which have rarely been equalled, this venerated prelate has closed his long life, leaving his name to be remembered and honoured throughout India.

"The Governor-General in Council requests that the principal officers of the Government, civil and military,

and all who may desire to take this opportunity to mark their respect for the deceased Bishop, will attend the sad ceremony of his interment.

"The flag of Fort-William will be hoisted half-mast at sunrise on the morning of Monday the 4th of January, which will be the day of the funeral.

"CECIL BEADON,
Secretary to the Government of India."

Unless a living Archbishop is right in thinking that the soul sleeps in unconsciousness between death and the resurrection, (a doctrine which, in my opinion, flatly contradicts the Bible,) Daniel Wilson is now beholding the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ in Paradise.

"Soldier, rest; thy warfare's o'er."

I rejoice in the privilege of being able to speak from personal knowledge of his preaching, his prayers, and his conversation, "seasoned with salt." *

There is an increasing amount of hospital-work here to be attended to. I write to the Archdeacon from week to week, as he requested, keeping him informed of what is done, and also of what is left undone from the want of a sufficient number of chaplains.

LXII.

CAMP, FUTTEHGURH, *Friday, January* 15, 1858.

Very busy indeed; only time to say that fighting is

* Appendix G.

now going on at a bridge about seven miles from here, between Walpole and some rebels; that fifty budmashes were hanged on Tuesday, and ten shot yesterday; and that Captain Anson and Dalzel saw twenty hanging on one tree near a village. Hospitals crowded, and work excessive.

LXIII.

CAMP, FUTTEHGURH, *Jan.* 16, 1858.

"It never rains but it pours," is a very suitable proverb for India, where a gentle shower is so rare. Figuratively, it applies at present to my correspondence. For days—days—weary days, without a scrap; now, I rejoice to say, deluged! Last night, after returning very tired from two hospital-services, I was refreshed by finding on my camp-table a letter from L——, inclosing a bundle of others from home, and two first-rate epistles from your own fluent pen.

The rebels have broken down the bridge between this place and Bareilly, and they continue to give trouble at a bridge only a few miles from here. My informant says that "Walpole is looking after the rascals." The gossip at mess after dinner is often of the most amusing character. . . . .

Comforts and luxuries are beginning to run short up here, and the rise of the river is looked for anxiously. What do you suppose is the price asked for cheroots?

Two hundred rupees per thousand, instead of thirty! The army will be reduced to hubble-bubbles. I heard an officer refuse twenty rupees for a bottle of brandy; but that is of no consequence.

LXIV.

CAMP, FUTTEHGURH, *Monday, January* 18, 1858.

We moved our camp on Thursday to an open space beyond the Mission-Church. It is about two miles from the ground occupied formerly. Sanitary considerations render frequent change of position indispensably necessary.

Yesterday I preached in the morning to the 3d Brigade (Brigadier Seaton's;) at noon, to about fifty officers in the staff-tent; and in the evening, to the 82d Regiment, in the fort, which is more than three miles from here. Saw Maxwell in a house in the fort; the shattered leg is doing beautifully. He had his pipe in his mouth when I entered, and was quite cheery, though of course in bed. I was obliged to change my clothes three times—once after each service—owing to the heat. The 82d Regiment, commanded by Colonel Hale, has a superior band.

When I was burying a Rifleman the other day, from the Field-hospital, the Hospital-Serjeant spoke with great enthusiasm of the kindness of Mrs Polehampton to the sick and wounded in the Lucknow Residency. He said, that when no bandages were to be had, he had seen that

lady tear a piece off one of her garments to bind a soldier's wound. Poor thing! she lost her husband there, as you probably have heard. He died of cholera, after working day and night in the hospitals. A severe wound, from which he had just recovered, anxiety, overwork, bad air, and bad fare, had so undermined his constitution that it was too weak to resist a disease which prostrates the most robust.

Received and read with delight the dear children's letters which you sent. The Lord bless them and keep them!

You must tell Georgie about a race that came off in one of the camps this morning. I did not happen to be present; but they say it was a most comical affair. The runners were two tall and athletic young officers; one rejoicing in the sobriquet of "The Futtehgurh Pet;" and the other designated "The Cawnpore Spider" — flash names given for the nonce, I presume. "The Futtehgurh Pet," with a stout gentleman on his back, ran one hundred yards against "The Cawnpore Spider's" two hundred. In turning round the flagstaff, the "Pet" fell, and rolled over with his burden, thus unhappily losing the race. It was excellent fun, I have no doubt, and did the performers and spectators a deal of good, inasmuch as it amused them for an hour or two, which is of no little consequence during the present stagnation. Half the army will be in hospital, if the troops are kept much longer doing nothing,

Instead of going to the foot-race I rode to the bazaar,

two miles from here, to search among the books and fragments for anything belonging to poor James. Most of the title-pages are torn out. After looking for about an hour and a half, I could find nothing. There is a volume of Bohn's Library, "Schiller's Dramas," which may have belonged to him, as in the corner of the inside of the cover is printed the name of a bookseller in Bath, where he was educated. This alone would be slender ground to go upon; but when the name of the book is mentioned some of his friends may know whether it was his. Turning over the tattered volumes of engravings, music, poetry, &c., which belonged so lately to our slaughtered countrywomen and countrymen, and the picture-books and lesson-books of their children who perished with them, rouses one's indignation to no ordinary degree. The wreck of furniture recovered may be worth perhaps a couple of hundred rupees, or some such trifle.

In the afternoon, Brigadier Little and I rode to Furruckabad and visited the Nawab's Palace, which was blown up some days ago by order of the Commander-in-Chief. Passing through the camp we saw the Highlanders on parade, and stopped to admire them. Approaching the city by a wrong road, we came to a gate built up with masonry, so we had no alternative but to make a long detour, or ride over the mud-wall, which is fifteen or twenty feet high, but somewhat broken near the gateway. We got the quadrupeds over the wall by a little cautious management, and passed through the densely-crowded bazaar to the grand entrance of the now dilapidated

palace. I have seen nothing like the swarming crowds in the bazaars since we passed through Egypt. The approach to the palace is through a dirty narrow lane, with open drains, but no drainage. While poking one's nose into such places, therefore, it is expedient to hold it. The Nawab's brother had been apprehended, and was being examined by Mr Churchill, Civil Service, in the open air, when we entered the court-yard. On the right was a wide space, with the carriages and furniture of Europeans scattered over it, and some buildings in the rear guarded by a few 42d Highlanders. On the left, a steep incline led to the inner gate of the palace. Some burkundazes, superintending the search for treasure and jewels, admitted us, and we ascended through huge piles of ruins to the high terrace in front of the palace. The view from under the broken arches on that elevated spot is by far the finest I have yet seen in India. With a background of hills it would be perfect. The sun was hovering over a golden cloud-land, as if hesitating to leave the wide-spreading beauty of the landscape. The plain stretched away from the base of the terrace far to the north and west. In the foreground were the princely palace-gardens, with graceful palms, trimmed parterres, geometrical flower-plots, sanded walks, and, amid the shaven turf, clumps of trees loaded with tropical foliage, from among which a fine garden-house looked out on the demolished residence of its late owner. On our left, the dome of a white mosque towered above the trees in the near distance, while the blue smoke from cooking-fires

ascending through the leafy branches, and then curling and floating about between us and the setting sun, produced pleasing effects, and gave life to the picture. And beyond all this, the deep-green carpet of blade-crops attracted the eye onward to the Ganges, which, like a waving fringe of silver-bullion, bound it near the horizon.

The effect of the gunpowder explosions on the buildings, in front of which we stood lingering over all this loveliness, had been disastrous indeed. Rich plaster-work was still visible, however, in the ruined rooms, and we could see that it had been a superior residence of its kind. A high gallows is still standing; and in the square court of the zenana is a pretty straw-thatched house, open all round, and divided by low railings to keep the ladies apart. Black-holes, said to be intended for confining refractory females, were also to be seen close at hand. After taking and making sundry observations, we descended to the lower terrace, where the broken carriages and furniture were. Several articles had Mr Thornhill's initials, "R. B. T.," upon them. Among the stuff was an old chaise, with some droskies and palanquins, a baby-chair, and a doll's crib. The examination of the Nawab's brother was still going on. His face, his lineage, and his disguise naturally excite suspicion. He has a blackguard look. I hope he may have justice done him. Clemency to those concerned in the murders is out of the question.

P.S.—Thanks for your welcome letters of the 5th, 8th, and 14th, now received. The Brigadier thought the news

about Goruckpore so interesting, that he read it to those around him at mess. Jung's Goorkas must be very little removed from savages. Very glad that Goruckpore is ours again.* The next good news will be the capture of that ugly scoundrel, Mahomed Hussein, whose portrait you gave me. Having been the prime mover of rebellion in that quarter, he deserves to be distinguished from his subordinates.

I inclose a written "Prayer in Affliction," which I picked out from among the debris this morning.

LXV.

CAMP, FUTTEHGURH, *Wednesday night, January* 20, 1858.

I received some papers and tracts for distribution in the hospitals, but not half enough. Yesterday, after preaching in the Field-hospital, and in that of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, I distributed some. They are in general thankfully received by the men, and eagerly read. To-day I preached in two hospital-tents of the 53d, and visited four others, distributing tracts in all. Buried a man of the 8th in the Presbyterian burial-ground, which I found shamefully and unnecessarily desecrated—occupied by carts, oxen, and natives, and covered with offal and manure. The grave was too short, and we had to wait until the coolies made it larger. After the funeral, I

* Appendix H.

ordered the bullock-drivers, one and all, to clear the ground, and indicated, by the pantomimic use of my horse-whip, what might be expected in case of hesitation. To my surprise, the place was vacated with the utmost expedition. An officer shot himself yesterday in the fort, in a state of temporary derangement, it is said.

There is work for six chaplains here, and *one* cannot possibly overtake it. The chaplain of the *Shannon* is for the sailors only, and the two Presbyterian chaplains are only for men of their own denomination in the two Highland regiments. All the Protestants in the rest of the force are supposed to be under my pastoral care! That is to say, all in the camp belonging to the following corps: — Royal Engineers, Bengal Engineers, Horse Artillery, Royal Artillery, Bengal Artillery, 9th Lancers, 8th Foot, 53d Foot, 82d Foot, Her Majesty's 23d Fusiliers, 1st Bengal Fusiliers, the 2d and 3d Battalions of the Rifle Brigade, and a large number of Episcopalians in the 42d and 93d Highlanders. There are about twenty hospital-wards, including the Field-hospital. I must have help. Of course much of the work is left undone. Each ward ought to be visited by a chaplain three times a-week, and every man who is dangerously ill ought to be dealt with separately. The number of funerals, too, is considerable. The Archdeacon laments his inability to do anything for us at present, as not a chaplain can be spared from the stations. He will send up the new Padres as soon as they arrive. But since a large European army must henceforth be quartered in India, it is

clear that there must be a large increase in the ecclesiastical establishment; and it will be best to stir up the authorities at home on the subject, without delay.

When passing through one of the camp-bazaars, I saw for the first time a native dancing-girl—a hideous creature, bespangled—capering in an open tent to the music of a Hindoo guitar. A crowd of natives and a couple of soldiers were the spectators. Lingered on the way to my tent, listening to the fine band of the 93d. Officers and men from other corps had come over to enjoy the music. One piece, combining "Home, sweet home," and "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue," was especially admired.

Lieutenant Goldie of the 9th, who is interpreter to the regiment, gave the officers their first lesson in Hindustani to-day, in conformity with the new General Order issued from Head-quarters. It will be a great boon to officers, and a great bore to interpreters.

We are waiting here, it appears, for the siege-train from Agra, which is expected to move the day after to-morrow. It consists of seven 24-pounders, one 10-inch and three 8-inch howitzers, four 10-inch mortars, with shot and shell in proportion. Some ladies are coming down country from Agra at the same time, availing themselves of the protection of so strong an escort.

In the last attack on Sir James Outram at Lucknow, on the 16th instant, the rebels were led by a fanatic, dressed up like a monkey, and drunk with bhang. They came out in dense masses, without guns, and Sir James opened with grape, smashing them awfully. The monkey

was wounded and caught. Three thousand were killed, and only five of our own men. I don't believe in the figures. The Sergeant-Major of the Field Train—a fine-looking fellow—was cut to pieces. His horse bolted with him into the very heart of the opposing force.

LXVI.

CAMP, FUTTEHGURH, *Monday night, January* 25, 1858.

Felt very Mondayish to-day; so took a holiday, and went to some pony-races got up by the officers outside the camp. Among those present were Sir Colin, Brigadier Barker, Brigadier Little, Captain Peel, most of the staff, and I suppose almost every officer at Futtehgurh. There was an immense gathering, and a vast deal of unobjectionable merriment. At home, racing leads to much immorality of various kinds; but I suppose there never was a more harmless affair of the sort than that which came off to-day: and thousands of men in a standing camp, doing nothing, require some amusement to keep them in health. I saw one man drunk, but he was not a soldier.

Found, on looking over my diary last night, that I had preached sixteen times since the Sunday morning previous. That was the busiest week I have had.

I might give you some interesting details of hospital-work, if the time could be spared. But the only possible way

of accomplishing this would be to take short-hand pencil-notes after leaving each ward, and afterwards to write them out in my tent,—a slow and tedious process, which would be very irksome to me at present. After going my rounds, I need recreation. My favourite one is listening to the regimental bands. Sometimes the music transports me to an upper region of sensation, emotion, and ideality, in which I should like to remain for a century or two. When one sees, exhausted and suffering, in the long rows of beds, sick man after sick man, and wounded man after wounded man, and sympathises with each even in the most transient manner, an hour or two of this sympathising cannot but have a depressing effect on his spirits. I think I am beginning to get a little hardened. I do not now make a man's case my own, or mentally realise his condition, so thoroughly as I did at first. It is a wise and benevolent provision that this vividness of fellow-feeling does not continue; because, otherwise, surgeons never could perform severe operations with calmness, and hospital-chaplains would break down in six months. As far as sympathy can be of use to the sufferer, it is a duty not to withhold it, and kind words ought to flow freely and naturally at the right time; but the wounded soldier is not benefited in the slightest degree by the *painful emotions* of his visitor. These a chaplain with a large field of labour must endeavour to restrain, if he expects to continue in the body, especially in India. Of course the subject of my message in hospitals, and everywhere, is Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners. In speak-

ing to soldiers, the greatest simplicity and directness are necessary. There is a passage in M'Cheyne's writings, the truth of which will be felt by every one engaged in such blessed work. "I suppose it is almost impossible," he says, "to explain what it is to come to Jesus, it is so simple. If you ask a sick person who had been healed what it was to come and be healed, he could hardly tell you. As far as the Lord has given me light in this matter, and looking at what my own heart does in like circumstances, I do not feel that there is anything more in coming to Jesus than *just believing what God says of His Son to be true.* I believe that many people keep themselves in darkness by expecting something more than this. Some of you will ask, Is there no *appropriating* of Christ? no *putting out the hand of faith?* no touching the hem of His garment. I quite grant that there is such a thing, but I do think it is inseparable from believing the record." This is so different from what we find in some famous divines. They go on to *fifteenthly,* explaining with all the subtleties of dead scholasticism what faith is; and when you have got to the end of *fifteenthly,* you are more in the dark than when you began. The fifteen propositions are spread out into a cloud, more or less dense, that comes between you and the Sun. Clouds are blessings in an Indian sky, but not in a theological treatise or an hospital-lecture. Metaphysical science is very valuable in its own place; but the morbid anatomy of a doubter's mind is rarely, I think, a means of grace to a believer or an unbeliever. *Christ "loved me and gave*

Himself for me." "*My beloved is mine, and I am His.*" This creed brings peace and great joy, and tends to holiness. May it be, not only our creed, but our song; the hourly music of our thankful hearts; the key-note to all our pleasures most enjoyed; the refrain to which our affections continually return after their excursions into beautiful or unbeautiful wildernesses! *Unbeautiful* makes me think of C——. Who does not admire his word-painting,—his genius, notwithstanding all his quaint ruggednesses? But he fancies, or seems to fancy, that he has got at the pith, gist, marrow, and inward essence of the philosophy of happiness. Now, with me it is not an opinion, but a solid certainty, on which I rely as firmly as on the evidence of consciousness, that a man who writes as he writes *cannot* be happy. The thing is impossible. The method of the Divine government, and the constitution of human nature, prevent it. What an unbeautiful beast of a bigot he would think me, were he to see this!

LXVII.

CAMP, FUTTEHGURH, *Jan.* 26, 1858.

You wish to know what I think of missions, after having resided for some time in India; and you are "often surprised to find that officers" who have spent the best part of their lives in this country, "although generally well-informed on topics connected with the East, in many cases know nothing whatever about Indian missions."

Premising that my opportunities of observation have hitherto been few, partly on account of the state of anarchy prevailing, and that the circumstance of my being in India at present can add but little weight to my opinion concerning work which has been almost suspended since our arrival, I hope to be able to say something to the point.

First, then, let me call your attention to the fact, that the annual contributions of residents in this Presidency *to one Missionary Society* exceed £5000 sterling. When you remember that *several* societies, having the extension of Christianity for their object, annually receive large contributions from the same class of subscribers,—that the number of Europeans in India is comparatively small,—and that the proportion of nominal Christians in whom religion is a vital principle is not larger, probably, than at home, the fact I mention ought to have weight. The people who contribute all this money are on the spot, and their liberality testifies—does it not?—that the work done, or at least attempted, approves itself to them. Officers of the army form a fair proportion of these satisfied witnesses. I make all due allowance for the ineffective testimony of those who give because it is the fashion to give. Paying money to Missionary, Bible, and Tract Societies, is a fashion that would not survive long if there were not irresistible facts in support of it. When some fluent old Indian astonishes an evening party by saying that people in India scarcely ever hear of the missionaries,—that the hopeless enterprise on which they have

embarked is maintained only by the enthusiasm of credulous men and amiable old ladies in England,—and that he does not believe there is a real convert in all Hindustan, just ask him to explain how it happens that such large sums of money are sent home by residents in this part of the world for the support of societies which supply the missionaries, if these self-sacrificing men are really useless. But is it possible, with the widest charity, to escape the conclusion, that long residence in India has frequently turned our countrymen into heathens in all but the name? The opinion of such individuals, however amiable and accomplished in some respects, is, of course, not worth listening to on this subject. A good astronomer often knows nothing of chemistry—a good chemist nothing of astronomy. Who cares for Lord Palmerston's opinion of the Synod of Dort, or for Lord Ellenborough's opinion of the Church Missionary Society? Warren Hastings, on returning home from Calcutta, when missions were in their infancy, was told of a number of conversions which had taken place in his immediate neighbourhood. Having heard nothing of this until he reached England, he questioned the truth of the statement. On inquiry, however, he found that, while his attention had been engrossed by politics, an earnest missionary had indeed been labouring near him with marked success. The truth is, that missionary work among the heathen is not generally of a nature to attract public attention at first; and unless Europeans on the spot feel a deep interest in the matter, and take some pains to inquire about it, they may very

easily continue uninformed. But it is mere impertinence on the part of talkers who, *quoad hoc*, are ignorant, to ask you to believe that all the holy and self-denying men who have laboured as missionaries in India, have pursued from the beginning a course of systematic deception; and that the reports of the various societies, in so far at least as they refer to success, are neither more nor less than a tissue of falsehoods. This is the very plausible proposition which Lord Ellenborough, in his place in the House of Lords, has virtually asked the British public to receive on the strength of his valuable *ipse dixit!*

If half-a-dozen Turks were to visit Cheltenham as missionaries of Mahometanism to the lower orders, or if one Turk were to visit an English village for the same purpose, very few persons in the neighbourhood could remain ignorant of the fact after this strange work had been in progress even for a few weeks. The case is entirely different in India. Not only in Calcutta, but even in such a place as Ghazeepore, (the station with which I am best acquainted,) a European might live for twenty years in the European quarter without seeing a missionary preach in a bazaar, or hearing a native profess Christianity, or knowing whether the native city contained one convert or five hundred, unless he happened to see the fact stated in a newspaper or subscription-list. The *gora-log* and the *kala-log*, the white race and the black, live entirely apart, servants alone excepted. A few years ago, it would have been necessary to make one other exception. There is no district-visiting at an Indian station—

no such thing as looking in upon poor people and sick people in their cottages, to give them clothes, good advice, or jelly. If a famished beggar, with caste, comes to my door, he will rather starve than eat my bread or meat. I can help him only by giving him money, that he may buy food prepared in a certain way. I may not cross the threshold of a Hindoo's hut to minister to his bodily wants, however urgent. Mahometans often affect to be equally scrupulous, and speak of their caste, which is nonsense. In short, there is at present an impassable social barrier between Europeans and natives. From this you will understand, in some measure, how it happens that white people often have so little knowledge of what is going on among the black.

It must be admitted, however,—and the missionaries have never attempted to conceal it,—that conversions in Bengal and the North-western provinces, have hitherto been comparatively few. In Southern India, on the contrary, they have been very numerous indeed; and I believe that there is as much sincerity among the converts as there is among an equal number of professing Christians at home. But although the results in this part of Hindustan from which I am writing are statistically small, the fidelity and steadfastness of native Christians during the most trying period of the mutiny are a subject of rejoicing to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Those who are best acquainted with the religious aspect of India, think that a great crisis is at hand.

On the 25th of May 1851, the Hindoos of Calcutta, alarmed by conversions to Christianity, held a public meeting for the purpose of devising a method by which those who had lost caste might regain it on easier terms than had previously been considered orthodox. "It was proposed to accomplish this by a pecuniary fine, gradually diminishing with the caste of the person, instead of penances and ablutions, requiring in the case of the Brahmins fifty years for their performance." "There were present at this meeting three hundred native gentlemen, nearly a hundred of whom were Brahmins of highest repute upon all questions of Shaster law." The conference took place "for the avowed object of saving Hindooism from the encroachments of Christianity." You see, therefore, that although the missionaries in Bengal do not say that the number of converts, on whom they can depend, is so great as in other fields of labour, the measure of success attained has been sufficient to shake the very foundations of native society, and make the Brahmins tremble.

The number of natives who are formally joined to the Christian Church in India, including all the Protestant missions, *exceeds a hundred thousand.* This is not a rough guess, but a fact ascertained "after a most rigid investigation of the published statistics." Besides these avowed Christians, there is a large class of *almost* Christians, and a still larger class of doubters, who despise the Puranic fables, but have no fixed or definite creed of any kind.

But, indeed, those who believe that India is to be converted by the use of the ordinary means, ought to consider on how small a scale these means have hitherto been provided, when the territorial extent and teeming population of the country are taken into account.

That it is the duty of the Christian Church to do what she can to propagate Christianity among the heathen, admits of no question. What you say about the importance of home-missions to the heathen in European cities and towns is true; but it is equally true that we are bound to extend our sympathy and our efforts beyond the limits of our native land. The Bible says that, "if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." But the fact that a man is bound in a special manner to provide for his own house by no means relieves him of the obligation to help a needy or suffering neighbour when it is in his power. And the question, "Who is my neighbour?" has been answered unanswerably. If Christian Britain discovers that the heathen inhabitants of some remote dependency are famishing, it is her plain duty to do what she can to supply them with food. And if she knows that many millions of British subjects in her Indian Empire are perishing for lack of the best of all knowledge—the knowledge of the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent, which "is life eternal" —she is equally bound to do what she can to supply them with that knowledge. My impression is, that her failure to discharge this duty according to her ability,

may be one of the causes of the untold misery that has been endured in this country within the last few months, and of the sorrow that now darkens a thousand English homes. We see in the Old Testament, and also in the New, that God has regard to national as well as individual responsibility. I doubt not that now, no less than in the days of old, a nation is rewarded or punished in its corporate capacity, according as it obeys or violates the law of conscience in its public acts and public policy. Nay, more, I believe that the larger the circle to which the Christian charity—the unselfish love—of an individual or a nation extends, the happier that individual or that nation will be. If any one thinks he can disprove this, I should feel anxious to see his argument. But if the principle or law which I have just stated is either a revealed truth or a correct generalisation from facts, what follows? —I leave you to draw the inferences.

LXVIII.

CAMP, FUTTEHGURH, *Jan.* 28, 1858.

I have bought a six-barrelled revolver, by Manton, from a Sikh. The man says he took it from a Reseldar whom he killed at Delhi. He took off his coat and shewed me a frightful sword-cut healed up, on his shoulder and arm. This wound he received, if I understood him, in his struggle with the Reseldar.

So good old Mrs Ellerton has gone home. We little

thought, when we saw her at the palace, in March last, apparently dying, that the Bishop would precede her. She remembered seeing Warren Hastings go out to fight the duel with Sir Philip Francis in the 18th century!

Captain Probyn, I think, will recover. He is one of the bravest men in the army, a splendid swordsman, and a universal favourite.

There was a battle yesterday near Shumshabad, about thirteen miles from here: particulars not received yet. Two squadrons of Lancers, two hundred of Hodson's Horse, the 42d Highlanders, 53d Foot, 4th Punjaub Rifles, one troop of Bengal Horse Artillery, and four guns of Bengal Foot Artillery, are out—in all about two thousand five hundred men, under Brigadier Hon. Adrian Hope. Dalzel accompanied the Lancers with ten doolies, and it is said that some officers are wounded. The Commander-in-Chief has sent a party to procure intelligence of what has really happened.

P.S.—10 P.M.—On returning from the Field-hospital, before dinner, I found Captain Steele surrounded by the doctors and brother-officers in his tent. A soldier was cutting off with a scissors the sleeves of his coat and under-clothing, which were saturated with blood. He has been wounded severely in the right wrist, shoulder, and thigh. The point of his adversary's sword passed over his face from right to left, but drew no blood, leaving only a mark like a pin-scratch. A narrow escape. When he was struck in the wrist, his sword fell from the wounded

hand, and he was barely able to keep in the saddle and ride to the rear. Captain Hodson has also been badly cut in the wrist, but he moves about with his arm in a sling. Lieutenant M'Dowell, of Hodson's Horse, had one of his legs shot off by a cannon-ball, and died last night. Lieutenant Goldie's kitmutgar was terribly hacked: a slice has been taken off his forehead, and he is otherwise wounded in several places. But we lost more men by the bursting of tumbrils, through carelessness, than by the enemy. About sixty have been killed or wounded. The rebels left two hundred dead on the field. They were led by Mooltan, Khan of Mhow, and Neaz Ahmood, Khan of Bareilly. The rebels were entrenched behind a sand-bag battery on the mound, and opened fire from their five guns on our artillery as it came forward to take up ground on their flank. The Highlanders and 53d Foot advanced from the right, and our cavalry from the left. The enemy bolted to the horizon in the rear, and nobody knows how much further.

Sir Colin's intention to move troops to Shumshabad was kept secret even here until they left this camp at eleven on Tuesday night. The moon was nearly full. About six miles from Futtehgurh, they became enveloped in a dense mist. After groping their way for some distance rather unsatisfactorily, the column halted till daybreak. At first no fires were allowed to be lighted. Officers and men lay down in their cloaks, and got up saturated with moisture. But husky throats were cleared by grog, and at eight o'clock they were in front of the Pandies. These

having no means of knowing what our chief was about to do, were taken by surprise when they saw a British force paraded before their camp yesterday morning. Their preparations had not been completed, and the suddenness of Brigadier Adrian Hope's appearance no doubt greatly disconcerted Generals Mooltan and Neaz Ahmood. Our artillery moved up steadily under fire until the guns were within easy range. One of our first shots went into the mouth of a large gun, and gagged it. Another blew up their magazine. A third struck their treasure-chest. Then our infantry and cavalry advanced, and five or six thousand heroes, including two Bareilly regiments of mutineers, ran with precipitation. The cavalry trod upon their heels for a couple of miles, and cut up a great number. A woman fought against us with desperate valour. First, she fired at a soldier; then cut at another with her tulwar; and lastly, attempted to kill a Lancer, who ran her through the body, not knowing till afterwards that she was a woman. The Rev. Mr Ross, Chaplain of the 42d, is my authority. He saw her lying on the ground, her long hair spreading out from her head, great firmness and energy expressed in her countenance, and the death-wound fresh and gaping. She had nothing on but a *dotee*.* Some of our men were firing at a tumbril with their muskets, for the purpose of breaking it open! It exploded, and scorched awfully at least thirteen of them. Several cannot survive. Did you ever hear of such madness?

At another part of the field some Sikhs were blown up.

* Loins-cloth.

In the mosque-tomb on the summit of the mound, about a dozen armed rebels took refuge. They were burnt out, and one after another was shot down in attempting to escape. It is said that one poor wretch of the number had not an inch of skin on his body. He had been literally roasted, before anguish and despair compelled him to rush upon the muzzles that awaited him outside. Mr John Power, Magistrate of Furruckabad, was at the battle.

LXIX.

CAMP, FUTTEHGURH, *Friday, Jan.* 29, 1858.

At four this afternoon I preached and distributed tracts in the hospital of the fort; called on Maxwell, who is getting on finely; and then had some conversation with Brigadier Seaton and Captain Hodson, at their quarters, until the funeral procession arrived with the remains of poor M'Dowell. Seaton and Hodson mourn deeply for the gallant young soldier. Hodson speaks of his own wound as a trifle, but it disables the sword-arm. The Brigadier — a very hale and hearty-looking officer, of attractive manners—told me he came to India thirty-five years ago, of which twenty-nine have been spent in this country. He looks like a Highlander of forty, fresh from his native hills. Hodson's face expresses high culture, if I mistake not. He was rather silent, brooding over the loss of his companion-in-arms. At the funeral, the band of

the 82d Regiment played the "Dead March" very grandly and solemnly, as the coffin, covered with military trappings, was borne on men's shoulders along the crest of the ridge overhanging the Ganges. Far across the plain of Oude the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, on our right, as we slowly approached the gate of the burial-ground. Many officers followed M'Dowell's coffin, with their caps in their hands. Although I did not know the deceased, I could not look and listen without being deeply moved. It was one of those scenes that photograph themselves upon the memory, leaving a clear and true impression of details.

After this funeral, I galloped up to the hospital of the 53d, where another was to meet me. The funeral-party had left before I arrived. Hastened to the mission burying-ground, but they were not there. It now appears that they dug a grave under a tope of trees, and buried the soldier in a place by himself.

Accepted an invitation to dine with Sir Colin to-morrow.

LXX.

CAMP, FUTTEHGURH, *Saturday night, January* 30, 1858.

Just returned from the Commander-in-Chief's tent. There were present at dinner General Hope Grant, Sir David Baird, Colonel Anthony Sterling, Major Norman,

Hon. Captain Anson, Major Metcalfe, and Captain Alison. Sir Colin seemed interested in what I said to him about our straits at Cawnpore, just before his return from Lucknow. English news by telegraph from Bombay, dated yesterday, arrived while we were at table, and was read aloud. I came away before nine o'clock, and met on my way to this camp eleven pipers, and eleven drummers of the 93d, with a *gowdie*,* all playing at once. The music was very fine of its kind; but it would have sounded better at a distance.

Two services to-morrow, and the funeral of two men of the 53d who were scorched by the explosions at Shumshabad.

P.S.—Sunday night.—We leave for Cawnpore to-morrow morning at three o'clock. First bugle at two. The large staff-tent was crowded at the twelve o'clock service for officers to-day.

LXXI.

CAWNPORE, *Friday, Feb.* 5, 1858.

Left Futtehgurh on Monday morning at three o'clock with the cavalry and some guns, which were ordered to escort the Commander-in-Chief to Cawnpore. The distance is about one hundred miles, and we came in four marches, starting at a very early hour each morning. We are all tired and glad to rest. But think of the servants

* Big drum.

and camp-followers, most of whom performed the journey on foot, besides doing their work every day on reaching the new encampment! Some of the women were allowed to ride on the grass-cutters' ponies part of the way; but it must have been a trying time to most of them. In such rapid movements, want of sleep is perhaps as much felt as fatigue. The Rev. Mr Cowie, a new chaplain from home, met us on the way, and returned with the troops to this desolation. We arrived yesterday to a late breakfast, which was spread out on the bare floor of a large room in the Savâda. Sir Colin is going immediately to Allahabad to confer with the Governor-General. The remainder of the troops from Futtehgurh will not be here for some days. Continuous marches of twelve miles each are quite long enough for infantry. The roof of my tent was torn on the way, and I find it difficult to get any one to mend it.

We are "Know-nothings." Mystery hangs over the future movements of the army; but the prevailing idea is, that we shall cross into Oude almost immediately, and leave Rohilcund to be cleared after the reduction of Lucknow. A brigade under Colonel Campbell of the Bays, and composed of the 7th Hussars, 79th Highlanders, and Anderson's troop of Horse Artillery, went across the Ganges yesterday. Nana Sahib is somewhere near us, trying to escape. He keeps constantly moving, and disguises himself in various ways. Several persons resembling him in appearance have been attached to his personal escort. In his own camp it is a capital offence to inquire as to his whereabouts. Watson is off in quest of him, and will

ferret him out, if anybody can. The "slaughter-house" has been levelled with the ground, and the well built over with a circular mass of brick and plaster about fourteen or sixteen inches high. A second bridge of boats, for troops only, has been thrown across the Ganges, behind Bruce's Bungalow. Dined this evening with Moore, who is now comfortably settled in a house at the river-side. Chaplains Kirwan and Cowie were there, and three officers. I have just reached my tent in a garry; and it appears that we are ordered to march into Oude to-morrow morning with the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, and some Horse Artillery. Your letters to me have gone on to Futtehgurh, but will be forwarded to our camp sometime before next Christmas.

LXXII.

CAMP, OONAO, OUDE, *Monday night, February* 8, 1858.

We expected to remain at Cawnpore for a week; so that the order to march on Saturday took us aback. The day was windy, cloudy, and dusty. When crossing the bridge of boats, the elephants frightened some of the horses, and the wonder is that bipeds and quadrupeds were not pitched into the river. But I have not heard of any accident. Had a long talk with Major Frank Turner on the road. The wind blew fiercely that night, after our arrival, and we looked for rain, which would be a great

blessing; but only a few drops fell, and the sky cleared again. Service yesterday in the open air at eight A.M., and afterwards in the hospitals of the Rifles and 1st Bengal Fusiliers. Two grass-cutters were flogged for bringing *mussuks** of arrack to the soldiers in camp. Dalzel has been appointed to the 1st Bengal Fusiliers.

This morning I rode around the outskirts of the village of Oonao with Brigadier Little and Captain Sarel, who were visiting the pickets as usual. Havelock fought two battles here. We saw several pawn-gardens. Pawn is the leaf of the betel-nut plant, which we see natives chewing continually. Each garden is on a little hill, perhaps fifty feet high. Stakes are fixed in the ground in straight rows, perhaps thirty inches apart; a separate plant is trained on each of these stakes; and they support a light roof of straw which covers the whole garden. The sides are also protected by a straw matting. We dismounted and entered one garden, to the great alarm of the old man to whom it belonged, and looked down the long vistas of green leaves, where a thousand men might hide. Pawn-gardens are, I believe, profitable. After cleaning the leaves and removing the stalks, a native lays several leaves one above the other, smearing the topmost one with a little wet *chunam.*† He then puts a bit of betel-nut and some cardamom-seeds into the white paste, and wraps the whole in the green leaves, fastening the packet with a little pin of betel-nut. Chewing this injures the teeth, and makes the saliva as red as blood. But if the chunam

* Skins. † A white powder made from shells.

be omitted, neither of these effects is produced. It is from the combination of the alkali in the chunam with the juices of the pawn that the colour results.

About noon I met General Hope Grant and his Aids-de-Camp arriving with troops from Cawnpore. A change has taken place in the arrangement of the commands.* General Hope Grant's Division now consists of cavalry alone, divided into two brigades; the one, including the 9th Lancers, 2d Battalion Military Train, 2d Punjaub Horse, Detachment 5th Punjaub Horse, and Wale's Horse, under Brigadier Little; and the other, including the 7th Hussars, the Bays, Volunteer Cavalry, Detachment 1st Punjaub Cavalry, and Hodson's Horse, under Brigadier Campbell. H.M's 34th and 38th regiments and the 4th Punjaubees have joined us to-day. The crisis of the campaign is at hand. May God prepare those who are to die!

LXXIII.

CAMP, OONAO, *Wednesday, Feb.* 17, 1858.

General Hope Grant and his two squadrons of Lancers left us on the 12th. Yesterday, the General took command of a column consisting of upwards of three thousand men,—Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry, and Sappers—and proceeded in the direction of the Ganges, to meet large bodies of the insurgents, who are said to be coming down on the

* Appendix I.

left bank to harass our force between Cawnpore and Lucknow. They have taken provisions for ten days. The four hundred ladies and children, who ought to have come from Agra to Cawnpore with the siege-train, delayed for some reason; and Sir Colin has had to send out Walpole to protect them from the Calpee rebels.

On the day the two squadrons left us, Captain Peel on horseback, with his Naval Brigade, passed through our camp to a place about a mile and a half further on. The band was playing. Some of their big guns were drawn by twelve pairs of bullocks.

On Monday I rode to their camp with my friend the Quartermaster, and found the sailors enjoying a gala-day. A straight course for sack, foot, and pony-races was fenced off by stakes and ropes. At the flag-staff winning-post stood Captain Peel on a barrel, with great glee superintending the fun, and acting as judge of the races. The "shippies" are worked hard to perfect them in artillery-practice; and their dexterity surprises a novice.

We have had a series of most lovely mornings; and as this neighbourhood is extremely picturesque, and studded with ancient buildings of various kinds, including mosque-tombs, Hindoo temples, and so forth, I have had some very pleasant rambles. There are few men in hospital here, and my work is light.

Yesterday, at one o'clock, I was amusing myself by analysing "King Lear," when my critical studies were interrupted by a voice giving the word—"Prepare to mount!" Looking out from the tent-door, I saw Lancers

on horseback,—the Brigadier and Sarel armed and in the saddle,—Lieutenants Scott and Chadwick leading a squadron towards the road,—and a group of officers talking earnestly in front of the mess-tent. The squadron soon returned. It is said that some camel-men had been plundering a village in our neighbourhood, and that the villagers running away, and the camels floundering about, kicking up clouds of dust, had been mistaken by our picket for the approach of rebels.

LXXIV.

CAMP, BUNNEE, *Wednesday, Feb.* 24, 1858.

Yesterday, we heard much firing of heavy guns in the direction of Cawnpore. Peel, Vaughan, and Lord Clinton dined at mess. Among the guests recently entertained by the Lancers have been Brigadier Campbell, Brigadier A. Hope, Colonel Lugard, Colonel Hay, and Captain Hodson. After I had turned into bed last night, Dr Macrae came to the tent-door, and said, "We march at five in the morning to Bunnee."

Accordingly, I rose early, saw my things packed, and had some *chota hazri.** Saw a very pretty mosque in a caravanserai at Busrutgunge, and another, which I think is larger, at Nawabgunge, ten miles from Bunnee. At Busrutgunge, I met the Rev. Mr Cowie, who has

* Small breakfast.

been appointed to the 3d Brigade. He told me that General Hope Grant had an engagement with the rebels yesterday, and routed them. This accounts for the booming of artillery which we heard. Brigadier Franks has also won some laurels, having cleared the road from Sultanpore to Lucknow. When passing Nawabgunge, we watered our horses at a beautiful *jeel*, or lake, the sight of which in the midst of the parched land was not a little refreshing. As we were crossing a bridge, I saw two men of the 7th Hussars, and their horses, down in the dry bed of the stream, covered with mnd. The parapet was very insufficient. One of the men seemed a good deal hurt. Galloped across country from Nawabgunge with Brigadier Little and Captain Sarel, to avoid the dust, which was stifling. My pony behaved extremely well, keeping up with the chargers, and clearing all the little obstructions in our course without a trip. This rapid movement was exciting, and made the journey appear about half its real length, besides establishing my character for decent horsemanship,—a matter which gives me great concern. Found Bunnee bridge broken in the middle. The rebels blew up the pucka-work some time ago, but planks have been laid across the breach, and this temporary repair makes the transit safe enough even for guns. The Lancers, however, forded the river. On our arrival here, the officers of the 79th Highlanders kindly invited us all to breakfast, but their camp was nearly a mile off, and we had our table-cloth spread under some shady trees in the usual way, until the tents were pitched. Captain Herbert

Macpherson joined us at our morning meal. He belongs to the 78th, formerly his father's regiment, but is at present acting as Brigade-Major of Russell's Brigade. Major Powys informed me that Macpherson had greatly distinguished himself. I believe he is to get the Victoria Cross.

Colonel Taylor of the 79th, one of the most agreeable men in the army, dined at mess this evening. The last time I saw him was at the Ardersier station of the Nairn Railroad. He was then commanding at Fort-George.

Sir Colin had an interview with Lord Canning at Allahabad on the 8th. He has returned to Cawnpore, and may be expected here as soon as the whole force for Lucknow has crossed the Ganges.

LXXV.

CAMP, BUNNEE, *Thursday, Feb.* 25, 1858.

We now find that Hope Grant's column engaged the enemy on Tuesday, at a fortified town called Meangunge, surrounded by a high stone-wall, with several bastions and three principal gates. Two of our heavy guns battered the wall for nearly an hour, until a sufficient breach was made. Through this breach the 53d entered, and then divided into bodies, one of which, under Colonel English, turned to the left, and the other, under Major Payne, to the right. The enemy fled before them

through tortuous and narrow lanes, and rushed out at the gates, where our cavalry and infantry awaited them. Brockhurst of the 53d, and Jones of the Naval Brigade, have been wounded. Altogether, only two men of our force were killed, and nineteen wounded, if so small a loss after street-fighting can be credited. Several hundreds of the insurgents were killed, and four guns (some say six) taken. Lieutenant John Evans of the 9th Lancers killed eleven rebels. One scoundrel, when going to be hanged, said, "I have dishonoured your women, and cut up your children, and I die happy." He used some obscene language, which so enraged the soldiers that they beat him severely before hanging him. Captain Johnson has heard that, in one day lately, a hundred and sixty-nine cannon-balls were thrown into the Alum Bagh of the Lucknow mutineers. Yet only one officer and six men of Outram's garrison have been killed since the Commander-in-Chief came away with the ladies in the end of November. The 78th Highlanders are with General Outram.

LXXVI.

CAMP, BUNNEE, *Friday, Feb.* 26, 1858.

Very heavy firing at Lucknow during the night. At four this morning I heard the bagpipes in the camp of the 79th Highlanders. Mounted my nag at seven, and

saw the 79th, the Bays, Artillery, 42d Highlanders, and Naval Brigade proceeding in the order in which I have mentioned them to Buntara, which is a little further on the road to Alum Bagh and Lucknow. A fine band was playing Scotch airs; and when "Auld Langsyne" was struck up, loud and hearty cheers rang through the camps and groves in the neighbourhood. The guns were booming at Lucknow all the time, and thus the men's blood was stirred by two kinds of music to which their patriotism promptly responded. You perhaps may have heard already the details of Franks's successes. After having achieved several, he attacked the Nazim on the 23d inst. at Badshahgunge, two miles from Sultanpore, and carried the day against a force of twenty-five thousand men with twenty-five guns. He took twenty guns, besides all their ammunition and standing camp, and it is reported (but the figures are staggering) that eighteen hundred rebels were killed, while we had only two killed and sixteen wounded! The fact is, we are fighting a race of cowards. The brave men among them are rare exceptions.

The village of Bunnee, on this side of the river, has been turned into a fort, which is held by black Madrassees, who have proved themselves stanch. To-morrow morning our camp is to be moved to a spot nearer the bridge. Sunday next is the Hooly festival, or New-year's-day of the Hindoos, and a grand sortie from Lucknow is expected at Alum Bagh.

LXXVII.

CAMP, BUNTARA, *Monday night, March* 1, 1858.

Yesterday Sir Colin rode from Cawnpore to Alum Bagh, and back to Buntara, upwards of fifty miles. What a vigorous old hero he must be! General Mansfield, his right-hand man, was with him. We moved our camp to this place last evening, and found, after pitching our tents, that we were on the wrong ground. It was, therefore, necessary to move again about a hundred yards this morning. The trouble was not much less than it would have been if we had marched. We had a false alarm to-day, and the Lancers were called out. Heard pipers practising "The Soldier's Return" this evening. Poor fellows! I hope they may live to realise the story of the song, and be able by and by to sing to their wives or sweethearts in Scotland—

> "The wars are o'er, and I 'm come hame,
> And find thee still true-hearted."

I rode along the front of our camp, which looks towards Lucknow, contains about fifteen thousand soldiers, and extends over nearly two miles. Heard a Sikh band playing "Pestal" wonderfully well, and listened with delight to the varied and artistically-executed music of the band of the 79th. General Grant and his victorious column arrived in time for dinner, and our mess-tent contained a very lively party, from which I have just separated, for the purpose of enjoying "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

LXXVIII.

CAMP, LUCKNOW, *Tuesday night, March* 2, 1858.

This has been an eventful day. First bugle at three in the morning. Started from Buntara at five, with the Lancers, Sikh Cavalry, Bengal Artillery, Royal Horse Artillery, under Tombs and D'Aguilar, Hope's and Russell's Brigades, and Sikh Infantry. The road was very straight, and the force extended from one horizon to the other. After marching nine miles, we passed Alum Bagh on our left. It is a large square garden, surrounded by walls, with octagonal summer-houses at the four corners, and a palace in the centre. The Commander-in-Chief was with us, and Sir James Outram came out to meet him. Advancing through a camp pitched outside the walls, we paused before reaching the deserted fort of Jellalabad about a mile further on, and had some refreshments from the mess-doolies during a thunder-storm. A heavy shower of rain fell, which had the happy effect of laying the dust. Alum Bagh had been returning shell for the enemy's round-shot all the morning. Now, as we approached the Dilkoosha Palace, over grassy ground on which were scattered many black, skinny, mummy-like skeletons of rebels killed some time ago, the roads led through a half-ruinous village, standing on a slight elevation. When we were crossing the open space where the unburied corpses lay, a large gun (the first) suddenly opened upon us from a tope of trees on our left, opposite to the village. What followed was exciting. The

Lancers dashed forward. Then came the Horse Artillery bounding over low dykes and ditches, as if the heavy field-pieces and carriages were baby-carts. One artillery-horse was struck, and left behind dying or dead. Each gun had four horses. They had next to be dragged through a narrow lane, traversed by pits and chasms, all but impassable. There one of the horses got into difficulty, and could not be induced to go a step further. This blocked up the passage, and prevented the possibility of pushing on the carriages immediately behind. There was no room to turn, and no other available road. In a twinkling one of the gunners cut or unbuckled the traces, releasing the animal; the road was cleared; and cavalry and artillery hastened on. There was only one gun in the tope or grove, but the rebels served it rapidly, and a good many shots were fired before our field-pieces could be got into position. Presently a poor Lancer was brought to the rear in a doolie, with his lower jaw horribly shattered. Then the gun was captured, and the Sikhs brought it on after us, as we proceeded towards the Dilkoosha, one of the ex-king's suburban residences. Dilkoosha is Hindustani for *heart's delight.* The edifice looks like a French château, decorated by an Italian. It has a flat roof, with some statues and gilded ornaments. Around this palace is a large park, with one very deep dry nullah gaping across it, and a high wall inclosing it. The trees which formerly adorned the place have all been cut down by the rebels to clear the ground, and turned into charcoal for the manufacture of powder, it is said.

I must refer you to the enclosed plan, in order that you may understand what I have to say. The enemy's fire opened upon us from the Martiniére, as soon as we came within range. The park was immediately occupied by our infantry and Turner's Battery, while the Lancers deployed to a tope in the low ground on our left. There was very high broken ground on our right, sloping gently downwards for a mile to the front of the palace, where the terrace descends rather abruptly, and overlooks a wide plain. From this terrace, which has now become our front, and on which Major Frank Turner's guns were planted as soon as we arrived, the view extends to the winding Goomtee flowing towards us, the Martiniére College on this side of it, and the canal, (beyond the Martiniére,) stretching from the river in a waving line westward, between us and the great city with its advanced guard of palaces. The Quartermaster, with whom I was riding, had been directed to mark out ground for a camp. As we were crossing the park, a large round-shot from the Martiniére tore up the earth within a few feet of us, and we retired in a dignified manner from a position so inconveniently exposed. After some conversation with Dr Munro of the 93d, and Lieutenant Ewan Macpherson, who were in the park with their regiment, I crossed the deep nullah, and passed behind the palace to a spot where General Lugard and his staff were standing and watching the progress of the day's work. Here Brigadier Adrian Hope shewed me a plan of Lucknow, and asked me to take some ginger-pop with him. General

Lugard was closely observing the enemy through a glass, and giving directions. With a countenance full of benevolence and gentleness, uncrossed by one stern line, he looks more like a Bishop than a General. But he is a distinguished officer. Leaving this group, I shook hands with Major Turner, who was on his way to the perilous post in front, to command his battery, at which the enemy's guns were levelled. I then walked on to a knoll inside the further gate of the park, where the 42d Highlanders were lying, under arms. After some conversation with my friend Mr Ross, the Presbyterian Chaplain, who was having tea with some officers under the massive gateway in a shady spot, I was standing by my pony, using the saddle for a writing-desk, when a round-shot came bowling like a cricket-ball among the Highlanders, tossing up the dust in clouds, and ricochetting near me in its progress, but hitting no one. The native servants fled with precipitation, and it must not be concealed that I myself saw the expediency of taking up a new position. Notebook in hand, I climbed the park-wall, and sat on the broad coping, leaving my nag with the syce. A young officer, whom I did not know, came up and sat beside me; I had been there perhaps an hour, running some risk of sunstroke, for the sake of watching the movements of the troops, and the effect of the round-shot which came tumbling into the park in considerable numbers, when one whistled a few feet over our heads, and lodged in a tree behind us. This was a little surprising, as no shot had reached so far hitherto, and we had supposed our-

selves to be beyond the range. As the gentleman is not known either to you or to me, there can be no harm in mentioning that my companion "scuttled" down the wall with indecorous haste, and fell sprawling on the grass, but without sustaining any bodily injury. It was evident, however, that his feelings were hurt. He probably bumped his self-esteem and love of approbation. But he was a pleasant fellow. I now rode away in search of the Lancers' camp, which was about half-a-mile off, at the top of the rugged slope in the rear of the Dilkoosha Park. From the moment of our arrival this forenoon, the cannonade and musketry-fire of the enemy have been unceasing. They have rifle-pits, or trenches, in front of the Martiniére; and, as they are well-protected, I do not suppose that they have suffered much, although our cannon-balls have sent them scampering from point to point. Some riflemen are firing from the windows of the College, but their rifles do not carry so far as the Dilkoosha. Orders have been received from headquarters *not* to pitch tents to-night.

At five P.M. I was extremely sorry to see Brigadier Little brought wounded into camp in a doolie. He has been struck by a musket-ball in the left elbow-joint. It is impossible to say at present whether he will lose the arm or not. I cannot but remember poor Lewis's wound in the knee-joint. Of course the Brigadier receives every attention that can be paid him, and he is in the hands of a skilful surgeon. He lies on a charpoy in a small shuldaritent, which the Quartermaster has lent him, as no regular

tents can be pitched. Dr Clifford says he must be kept very quiet, and I hope he will not be disturbed by the mistaken kindness of visitors. The difference of an inch or two in the direction of the bullet would have sent it through his heart. I may safely say that his absence from the active operations will be sincerely regretted by every man in the regiment.

At half-past six I dined with House in the open air. We relished our beefsteaks and tea as only hungry men can.

At half-past seven the regiment came in. It was dark, and they had great difficulty in finding this out-of-the-way camp. The mess-table was spread under the stars. One of the officers says that three bullets struck a tree close to Sir Colin. The rebels seemed to know him, and kept popping away at his Excellency wherever he went. Two of Peel's Naval-Brigade men were terribly wounded near the tope where the Lancers were posted. One had his forehead shot off. A comrade jumped up, and stuck it on again—a large piece of skull and brains; and the unfortunate man is living still, though in a hopeless state. The other had his thigh frightfully smashed by the same round-shot.

As there is no wind to speak of, my argand lamp stands lighted here on my little camp-table, and I can write with pen and ink; but I foresee that, during the next few weeks, my correspondence may be much interrupted. I shall try to make memoranda regularly, D.V., sending them on as I may be able; but you need not be surprised if days elapse without your hearing from me.

NOTES AT THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

Wednesday, March 3, 1858.

At nine o'clock last night, I retired to rest in the open air. The word *retired* is not particularly appropriate, as all the officers were in their beds around me. The bearer placed the ends of my inverted charpoy on two trunks, and I felt quite comfortable; but the firing continued all night. Some time after turning in, I got up to visit the Lancer whose chin was knocked off, and the sailor whose leg was smashed. Spoke to them both as they lay in their doolies. The other sailor, whose forehead had been broken, was still alive, but unconscious.

The Brigadier is as well as could be expected. Captain Peel came to see him. Colonel Hagart of the 7th Hussars has been appointed Brigadier of Cavalry for the present. He has no Indian experience, and the officers regret extremely being deprived of Colonel Little, whose clear head, quick eye, strong common sense, and thorough acquaintance with the details of military duty in India, were so important to the Brigade at such a time as this. Captain Coles has gone out with Captain Hutchinson, Lieutenant Evans, and a squadron of Lancers, to meet Franks, who has no cavalry.

This morning we moved our camp a short distance—not many yards—and permission was given to pitch tents. The sailor who was unconscious last night is still living; he is a Roman Catholic. From our elevated position here, we have a fine view of the environs of Luck-

now, from beyond the Goomtee on our right to some scattered buildings and gardens in the direction of Alum Bagh on our left. Between us and the river is a large flat-roofed house, called Bibiapoor, surrounded by noble old trees. Immediately below us are several camps—then the Dilkoosha Palace and Park—then the Martiniére—then strong batteries lately erected by the enemy at the canal—then (across the canal) Major Banks's Bungalow, the Begum's Palace, Secundra Bagh, the Observatory, the Mess-house, the Motee Mehal, the Kaiser Bagh Palace, the Chatta Munzil Palace, and, beyond them all, the ruins of the Residency. We can see the line of Havelock's advance to relieve Inglis and the ladies, and still more distinctly, the line of Sir Colin's advance to relieve Havelock and the beleagured garrison. All the houses and palaces I have mentioned lie between the city and the river, and it was by a line halfway between the city and the river that the Commander-in-Chief led his army in November last, when the awful slaughter and burning of rebels took place in Secundra Bagh. Havelock and Outram, on the other hand, advanced through the city to a point behind Banks's Bungalow, and then turned off as nearly as possible at right angles to the canal, and skirted the city to the gate of the Residency. The scene is already one of great historical interest; and to that interest the operations now commenced will unquestionably add. I spent sometime after breakfast with several officers in surveying through our "binoculars" the nearer localities on this side of the canal.

A telegram received to-day informs the Chief that Hope Grant, Lugard, and Peel have been made K.C.B.'s. Good news. I am very glad. When the Chaplain of the Naval Brigade, who happened to hear the intelligence almost immediately after it arrived, went up to Peel and held out his hand, saying, "Allow me to congratulate you, Sir William," Sir William looked as blank as it is possible for his expressive face to look, and asked what he meant. The Chaplain explained, and the new knight's eyes filled with tears. For a few moments he was completely overcome. His country had honoured him with the modern substitute for a laurel crown, and the brave sailor felt it. It is said that the Lords of the Admiralty disapprove of Peel's being engaged in fighting on shore. This may be one reason, besides the true modesty of genius, why the news took him so much by surprise.

Our position in the rear gives the officers of the 9th a great deal of picket-duty. All last night and to-day the siege-train has been coming in from Buntara, and getting parked in the artillery-camp below us.

Thursday, March 4.

From sunrise to noon, a tremendous cannonade. The musketry-fire has never ceased, I may say, day or night. If there are any pauses, they are of very short duration. Sir Colin tells our riflemen not to waste powder at long ranges.

Captain Coles and his squadron have arrived with General Franks, whose large force is encamped a few

miles off. The Head-quarters' camp is now at Bibiapoor House, on our right, between us and the river. Sir Colin sees that the rebels have made a fatal mistake in neglecting to protect their flank. They have three strong lines of fortification, one behind the other, and nearly parallel with the canal; but their guns are all pointed this way through embrasures, which prevent the possibility of turning them; and there is no provision whatever for protecting their position from our guns, if we can get upon their left. In order to this, it is necessary to cross the Goomtee; and busy preparations are going on this evening for the construction of two pontoon-bridges below Bibiapoor. The Sappers are lashing empty beer-casks to pieces of timber, in such a way that planks may be laid upon them for the transit of troops and guns. The work must be done very quickly and quietly; for vigorous opposition from the enemy on the other side of the river would, at least, greatly retard the flank movement which Sir Colin evidently contemplates. The river is at present not more than one hundred and fifty feet wide at the point referred to. The moonlight is very much in our favour in one way, but not in another; it facilitates the night-work, but increases the risk of discovery. The casks are to be fastened together on the bank, and pushed off in sections. Sir Colin is very anxious to have at least one bridge ready by daylight to-morrow; and the men, by their exertions, seem to say, "If it can be done, it shall be done."

Brigadier Hagart, and his Aid-de-Camp, Lieutenant

Gore, of the 7th Hussars, dined at mess. It appears that the Hon. Captain Anson and Captain Jones, R.N., entered the breach at Meangunge before the officer in command of the men ordered to the duty had time to reach it. The intrepid bravery of the two gentlemen just mentioned has been proved on several occasions; but the propriety of preceding the officer in command is hotly discussed. Some think that the latter has good cause for complaint, inasmuch as he is deprived of an honour to which he has been regularly appointed. Others think that ceremoniousness is rather out of place when a walled town is being taken by assault, and that if any officer on the spot is willing to take the risk with the honour of being the first to enter the breach, nobody can reasonably object to his dashing through. I am inclined to the latter view. Anson, however, is Sir Hope Grant's Aid-de-Camp, and there may be force in the objection, that he ought to be near the General's person, for the purpose of conveying orders. Captain Jones is a volunteer.

Friday, March 5.

This morning the sepoys discovered our operations at the river, and attempted to stop them. One bridge had been completed before sunrise, and a picket was posted at the other side. At an early hour some of the enemy's horsemen were seen hovering about on the left bank. Three guns on the same side were soon brought into position, and made to play upon the finished bridge. Then a gun from the Martiniére was directed towards

the same point. This was becoming unpleasant. Round-shot tumbled into the Commander-in-Chief's camp at Bibiapoor, some distance behind the bridge; but none struck the pontoon itself. The fire of our artillery compelled the rebels to withdraw their three field-pieces, and Sir William Peel brought two heavy guns to the river-side to stop the Martiniére gun, but the obstinate brawler would not be silenced. The distance was too great, about three-quarters of a mile, I *guess*. One troop of Lancers and another of Bays went down to the bridge at the same time to co-operate with Peel, if necessary.

We hear that a private letter has been intercepted, which shows that the Calpee rebels meditate an attack upon Cawnpore, in order to create a diversion. Accordingly Tombs's Troop of Artillery, the 7th Hussars, Hodson's Horse, and Wale's Horse have gone away with fifteen days' provisions. This looks as if we may be detained here for some time. We were to have crossed the river to-day, but the movement is deferred.

The Hon. Major Powys has been in command of the 9th since we came into Oude, as Major Ouvry was obliged to leave on sick-certificate. A paymaster-serjeant, fresh from home, stepped into Powys' tent this morning, and sat down in a very free-and-easy style, looking around him and saying something of this sort :—"Ha! very comfortable indeed! Can you tell me where one gets money here? We are all at sixes and sevens, and hardly know which way to turn for anything."

The Major answered, (supposing that this party must be

a Colonel at least,) "I believe you can get money from the Paymaster-General by making out a set of receipts in duplicate, triplicate, quadruplicate, and so on, and having them endorsed by the General of Division. I think I must have seen you before somewhere."

Serjeant. "Oh! no; you never can have seen me before. May I ask who I am speaking to?" [*looking uncomfortable.*]

Major. "I am Major Powys, commanding the 9th Lancers."

Serjeant [*jumping up as if he had sat by mistake on something red hot.*] "I beg ten thousand pardons, sir; and I hope you will forget all I have said." [*Exit in haste.*]

The man had imagined himself to be in the tent of the regimental Paymaster. Powys enjoyed the joke immensely.

A man was brought up to-day, charged with drunkenness. Sentence, fourteen days' marching in camp, for four hours per diem, with his kit on his back, and no allowance of grog.

Saturday, March 6.

At two o'clock this morning, the Lancers paraded in front of the Bays' lines, and our camp was left under a guard, "until further orders." At sunrise our tents were struck and packed for a march. Franks's force has joined the army before Lucknow, which is said now to consist in round numbers of thirty thousand fighting men, of whom ten or twelve thousand are natives of India.

The Lancers, the Bays, and the Hussars crossed the Goomtee with a Division of Infantry and thirty guns, all under Sir James Outram, who has left Alum Bagh and assumed the management of the flank movement. A heavy fire of artillery opened upon the troops, and long train of baggage and camp-followers, as they were crossing. Almost immediately after our van had entered upon the plain, the enemy's cavalry and infantry began to pour out of the city by the Fyzabad road, intending to shew fight. But they were quickly routed. The Bays made a prominent figure on this occasion, charging the rebels with a degree of impetuosity which brought themselves into unnecessary hazard. Some of them advanced too far. Major Percy Smith was killed by a musket-shot, and two privates of the same regiment were left dead on the scene of the skirmish, which took place near a circular yellow building, almost in a line with the canal, but on the opposite side of the river. A Corporal of the Lancers took the body of Major Smith on his back, and attempted to carry it away under a shower of bullets. But he was unable to succeed. Then a Cornet of the Bays made the same attempt. He also failed. The corpse was unavoidably left behind at the time. Several men have been wounded.

In the afternoon I sent my camels across the river, and rode down alone to the Commander-in-Chief's camp at Bibiapoor. As the staff-tent was there, and to-morrow is Sunday, I hesitated whether to remain, and perhaps have service with the officers, or cross the river to the Lancers'

camp, where there is not much prospect of an opportunity of preaching. My camels, however, had passed down to one of the bridges, and if I had not crossed, it would have been said that I was afraid; as Fawcett informed me that the enemy's artillery was directed to the bridge, and that there were parties of their cavalry on the left, for four miles, from the bridge to the new camp. Taking all things into consideration, I determined to rejoin the Lancers. The cannonade was rather heavy as I approached the bridge. Seeing Lieutenant Martin at a little distance, I rode after him; and he cleared the way for himself and me through a dense crowd of terrified camel-drivers, grass-cutters, camp-followers of all sorts, elephants, bullocks, and ponies. I think no shot was fired when we were actually on the bridge. As soon as we were out of the throng, we galloped hard until we thought ourselves out of range. About a mile from the bridge of casks, which had proved so admirably strong, we came up with the baggage-guard of Lancers, 79th Highlanders, Mounted Irregulars, and Artillery. The long train was taken by a circuitous route, (to avoid the enemy's fire, I presume,) and we reached Outram's position, about four miles from the Goomtee, just as darkness had closed around us. It was considered too late for the Quartermaster to mark off ground for our encampment: so the officers had to sleep with the sky for their canopy. But I had the inner part of my tent put up; and Sarel, our Brigade-Major, shared it with me. He slept on the spare canvas of the tent, which the bearer rolled up into something like a mattress,

in one corner. I dined on a few scraps from the mess-doolie, and a cup of tea. Sarel had just pulled off his boots, and was about to throw himself into the arms of Morpheus, after the day's hard work, when a trooper of the Bays came to say that the enemy was pressing hard on the picket. The weary Brigade-Major had to get up and go to see about the matter. I slept, but afterwards saw him slipping away before daybreak. He lost a finger at Bolundshuhur; but the stump has lately healed up, and there is not a more energetic officer in the field.

Sunday, March 7.

Was disgusted this morning by the senseless, unprovoked, and abominable swearing of a certain Brigadier.

At breakfast-time the rebels attacked our camp. While the officers were at table, a round-shot fell into the adjoining tope. Then the regiment was called out. Steele, (whose wounds are healing fast,) the Paymaster, and I, were still seated at the table, when a round-shot, nearly spent, whistled *hesitatingly* and most unpleasantly somewhere above our heads, and then dropped among the trees. As I walked to my tent, one shot fell on my left and another on my right, about thirty or forty feet off. Dr Macrae then directed my attention to one tossing up the dust, still further to the right. About the same moment one fell among a group of servants, and immediately in front of a native woman with a child in her arms. She jumped up nimbly, frightened of course; but the cloud of dust cleared away, and no one had been

injured. About a dozen balls fell among the tents and the trees behind them within a few minutes. My syce brought me one of them, a six-pound shot, hammered, not cast, and with some brass peeping through the iron. It was laid on the mess-table to be looked at. Remmington's battery and our picket-guns opened very promptly and vigorously. Preached in the hospitals of the Lancers and Royal Horse Artillery. Saw a man who to-day was shot in the head with a musket-bullet, and another who was wounded yesterday in the arm. The small number of our casualties is quite wonderful. Those who have had experience in the field seem to think so. I had real enjoyment in the hospital services. May God follow them with a blessing!

Captain Octavius Anson * has fever and inflammation of one lung. I saw him bled in his tent. He was with the regiment throughout the siege of Delhi, and he has been in India for many years; but the mid-day sun and the blinding dust of the last few days have prostrated his herculean frame and endangered his life.

In the evening I buried Major Percy Smith, (whose body was recovered in a mutilated state,) and a Corporal of the Bays, in a tope near their camp. The whole regiment attended the funeral, which took place so late that it was necessary to have a lamp at the graves.

The Lancers and Bays were out during the greater part of the day with Sir James Outram, reconnoitering around the cantonments on this side of the Goomtee, which have been abandoned by the enemy.

* Since dead.

Monday, March 8.

Sir Colin came over to confer with Sir James this morning, and then returned. Major Percy Smith's effects were sold by auction at his tent. These sales produce a most painful impression. The horses, the uniform, the arms, each article of dress to the very shirts and stockings, the bedding, table, chairs, crockery, knife and fork, spoons, tumbler, and, last of all, the tent, of an officer who was in the enjoyment of health and strength within forty-eight hours, are sold lot by lot to the highest bidder, while the mangled corpse of the late owner is under-ground in its last resting-place.

News from home! Major Ouvry is Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel and C.B., Octavius Anson and Hamilton are Brevet-Majors, and Macrae is a full Surgeon. This seems to be an idle day, and I have had a succession of agreeable visitors at my tent—among others, a very gentlemanly Roman Catholic priest, whose winning suavity reminds me of Archdeacon Manning.

At five P.M. the bugle sounded—"Boots-and-Saddles!" We were ordered back to the other side of the river. The Artillery directed to accompany us kept the Lancers waiting so long that it was about dark when we marched. The negligence or blundering on this occasion might have led to disastrous consequences. After long delay, the Artillery applied for a guide to shew the way to the bridge. No qualified person could be found. The advance-guard of Lancers at length started—then the Artillery—then the 9th. Powys, Steele, Wilkinson, Evans, Thonger, and I,

rode in front. The dust was even worse than the darkness. It not only prevented us from seeing the road by starlight, but half-choked us. I found myself riding down the side of a steep turf-wall, and my pony deserves credit for not tumbling over his head. A trooper fell from his horse at this spot, and Dr Fuller informs me that the horse rolled over him. The man was stunned, but restored by a sip of brandy from somebody's flask. The camels, elephants, grass-cutters' ponies, and bullock-waggons, so crowded the ground over which we were passing that constant vigilance was necessary in order to avoid accidents. Again and again we had to stop. For the first half-mile or more, the Artillery kept near us—sometimes in front—sometimes abreast; and there was more or less danger of being run over by the horses or guns as they rattled through ditches at a rapid pace. It was at times necessary to make the artillery-horses canter, for the purpose of surmounting obstacles. I was peculiarly uncomfortable. The Lancers were pressing on, and their big horses hate ponies, and like to have a fling at one occasionally. Then we got into a field of high *dall* (which is a strong shrub, growing almost as close as thin wheat,) and we had no small difficulty in getting out of it. The horses floundered about in dangerous style when they were urged through the stiff crop reaching up to their eyes. Had any horse fallen, the probability is that the animals pushing on from behind would have crushed the rider to death before any other person could have an opportunity of preventing it. We lost sight of the ad-

vance-guard entirely, and of the Artillery too, which we were *supposed* to follow closely. And how do you think we were guided? Lieutenant Evans had been over the ground once before, and he steered us by two stars, which he believed to be in a line with the point we intended to reach! After a time there was less dust, and by and by none at all, as we crossed a shallow stream or slough in approaching the Goomtee. The stars shone out brightly, and the night was delightfully mild. The fires on the other side of the Goomtee were at regular intervals in certain places, so that (as some one remarked) we seemed to be approaching a city lighted by street-lamps. Had the enemy been aware of the dire confusion which prevailed in the train, at least three miles long, which was now winding through the plain, there can be little doubt that a vast deal of mischief might have been done, as we were in no condition to defend ourselves or the baggage. We crossed the bridge in safety, however, and found our camp, after some further delay. The ground pointed out to us was intersected by nullahs.

A number of the camels, with tents and baggage, did not arrive. Mine were missing among the rest. We all felt hungry, and for a long time could get nothing to eat. At last the mess-doolie, with a lighted candle in it, appeared at the bottom of a ravine. Either the bheestie was absent, or he could find no water; so tea could not be made. But I was thankful to get some bread and tongue. On the top of the ridge, Steele lay on a charpoy, Sitwell was sleeping in a doolie, and House took up his

quarters for the night in his buggy. I had nothing to lie on. Sitwell's Madras boy helped me to roll myself in the canvas-wall of his master's tent, and a trunk supplied the place of a pillow. The canvas had the bamboos in it, so that it was very stiff and impracticable, not unlike a pair of stays, six feet long, and twelve or fifteen feet wide. Nevertheless I slept soundly, with my face towards the spangled vault.

Tuesday, March 9.

At early dawn, the Quartermaster emerged from his buggy, and, having an eye for the ludicrous, drew public attention to the recumbent Padre, whose eyes and nose only were visible between the peak of his cap and the edge of the canvas. The scene was sketched, with Bibiapoor House, half-a-mile off, in front,—camels, and the camp-bazaar, on this side of it,—scattered tents in the middle distance,—and in the foreground, Sitwell dressing at his doolie, a lot of trunks and basket-furniture, and the narrator folded up in a bundle.

It appears that the servants and camels lost their way last night. Nor is this to be wondered at. Even the officer in charge of a rear-guard of forty Lancers, marched by mistake to our old camp, on the high ground in the rear of the Dilkoosha Park, and found, on his arrival there, that there were only six troopers behind him! This will give some idea of the dust on this side of the Goomtee.

The yellow house across the river was assaulted by Sir

James Outram this morning, and taken, after a desperate struggle on the part of some fanatics inside. The General then pressed on, cleared out two villages, and at nine o'clock occupied the Padishah Bagh, (King's Garden, opposite the Fureed Buksh Palace,) from which he enfilades the enemy's lines of defence. So far the movement to take them in flank has been a complete success. Sir Colin, perceiving that this point had been gained, immediately ordered his artillery to open fire on the Martiniére, and prepared to assault that building in front. Peel took up a position beyond the Dilkoosha, and with four heavy guns, behind an earth-work, battered the huts adjoining the Martiniére, and endeavoured to sweep every spot in that neighbourhood where the rebels were sheltered. The enemy kept up an angry but ineffectual fire from three batteries,—one at the corner of the Martiniére, another at the canal behind it, and a third on our left, in front of Banks's Bungalow. The Commander-in-Chief directed Sir Edward Lugard to make ready for taking the Martiniére by assault at two o'clock. Part of the order runs thus:—"He will employ for the purpose the 4th Brigade, with the 38th and 53d Regiments of the 3d Brigade in support. The 42d Highlanders will lead the attack, and seize, as a first measure, the huts and ruined houses to the left of the Martiniére, as viewed from the Brigadier-General's front. While the movement is being made upon the huts in question, the wall below the right heavy battery will be lined very thickly with at least the wing of a regiment, which will be flanked again by a

troop of Royal Artillery. The huts having been seized, this extended wing behind the wall will advance right across the open on the building of the Martiniére, its place being taken immediately by a regiment in support, which will also move rapidly forward on the building. But the attack on the huts is not to stop there. As soon as they are in, the Highlanders must turn sharp on the building of the Martiniére, also following up the retreating enemy. The heavy guns of the right battery, as well as those belonging to the troops, will search the entrenchments of the tank, and the brushwood to the right, while this advance is going forward. The whole line of the ruined huts, Martiniére, &c., having been seized, the Engineers attached to the 2d Division for the operation, will be set to work immediately by the Brigadier-General to give cover to the troops. The men employed in the attack will use nothing but the bayonet. They are absolutely forbidden to fire a shot till the position is won. This must be thoroughly explained to the men, and they will be told also that their advance is flanked on every side by heavy and light artillery, as well as by the infantry-fire on the right. The Brigadier-General will cause his whole division to dine at twelve o'clock."

Rode at half-past one to the Dilkoosha Park, and observed the movements through my "binocular," from a point near the white tomb. The villages across the Goomtee were on fire. Two or three hours before, Sir William Peel had been wounded in the thigh by a musket-ball—an occurrence universally regretted. Now one could

see the value of the siege-train, for which Sir Colin had waited so long. Our heavy guns during three hours had shattered the Martiniére terribly, and must have damaged the insurgents to a serious extent. But they did not begin to retreat till the sunshine on the bayonets of the advancing infantry warned them what they had to expect, and brought up vividly before their memory, no doubt, what had happened at the Secundra Bagh in November. I was not in time to see the Highlanders and Sikhs when the Chief addressed them behind the Dilkoosha Palace, just as they were going out to the assault. They had descended from the terrace on which the palace stands; and ere they reached the Martiniére every rebel who had the use of his legs was scampering across the plain towards the canal. Before the first Highlander entered the front of the College, the last rebel had gone out at the back of it. Sir Colin and his staff came down from the flat roof of the Dilkoosha, where they had watched with their glasses the progress of events, and rode over to the Martiniére, regardless of the fire from the battery in front of Banks's Bungalow. Some round-shot came into the Dilkoosha Park while I was there; and one of the officers of the 9th, a spectator like myself, was slightly wounded by a spent bullet.

Now was made manifest the beautiful effect of Outram's flanking movement. He sent shot and shell flying from beyond the Goomtee into the enemy's bastion behind the Martiniére, and drove them out of it. That bastion is now occupied by one of our pickets. Our loss has been again

almost incredibly small, especially when one considers the great importance of the advantage gained.

When I was returning to camp I met two doolies with a wounded 93d Highlander in each. Two men of the 42d have been killed, but none of the 93d. The loss of Peel's services will be felt by Sir Colin, who has unbounded confidence in his coolness and courage. The bullet has been extracted. It passed almost through the thigh, close to the bone. Chloroform was administered. It is said that the Peel family are peculiarly sensitive to pain; and the Captain, though one of the bravest of the brave, is no exception.

The heat cracked the ivory of my "binocular" to-day. *Mem.* Never bring anything cased in ivory to India. Nothing is so serviceable for such purposes as real Russia leather, which the climate cannot injure, and moths will not eat.

Wednesday, March 10.

During the night the insurgents attempted to regain their first line of defence, where it abuts on the Goomtee, behind the Martiniére; but they were warmly received and promptly routed. This morning all their front batteries up to a point beyond Banks's Bungalow have been occupied by our troops.

Captain Coles is ordered out with Lieutenants Goldie and Murrough and a squadron of Lancers, to meet Jung Bahadoor, a few miles from here. Small-pox has shewn itself among the Goorkas, and for this and other reasons

they will be a most unwelcome accession to the army. It is believed that we are quite strong enough without them; no reliance is placed on Jung's integrity; and whatever aid they may render will be apt to affect our prestige unfavourably. The sepoys may say, "If the Sikhs and Goorkas had not assisted you, you could not have subdued us, or retaken Oude." Mr Brereton, Civil Service, whom I met at Benares, died of small-pox at Goruckpore.

This evening I found Brigadier Little in Bibiapoor House, preparing to get into a doolie and go down to the Head-quarters' camp, which is now on the proper left of the Martiniére. When accompanying him, I met Captain Coles, and found that the squadron which left camp at noon has not gone to meet the Nepaulese Chief after all. No guns could be spared conveniently. Goldie went out, however, with a message to Jung, whom he met about two miles from here.

Outram got his heavy guns into position to-day, for the purpose of raking the two remaining lines of defence, and pounding the Kaiser Bagh Palace in front. He has pushed so far up the river that his guns command two bridges—one of iron and the other of stone—which are the principal avenues to and from the city on the north side.

Thursday, March 11.

The cannonade and musketry-fire seemed to be incessant all night. The noise and heat prevented me from sleeping. This morning I rode with Dr Macrae to the

Martiniére, and had such a magnificent view from the upper windows of the operations beyond the canal, that I spent the greater part of the day in watching the progress of the siege.

The first line of the enemy's defences being in our possession, the second line, running from the Motee Mehal at the river, by the Mess-house, in a south-easterly direction, was the next object of attack. Brigadier Napier, the Chief Engineer, completed his arrangements in a manner greatly admired by those who understand them, and the bombardment of the mass of buildings called the Begum Kotee, behind Banks's Bungalow, commenced. Peel's 68-pounders—the enormous guns drawn by elephants—were brought to bear, and they battered away hour after hour. Sir James Outram, from the other side of the river, taught the sepoys what enfilading means, —a lesson which had somehow been neglected in their military education. In the tower of the Martiniére the spectators were numerous. It was most deeply interesting to stand there with a good glass, and watch the effect of every shot and shell. A puff of blue smoke at the Naval-Brigade battery—then a cloud of dust at the Begum Kotee; a cloud of blue smoke beyond Banks's Bungalow—then another cloud of dust at the Begum Kotee; a cloud of blue smoke in the King's Garden—a shell describing a parabola through the air—another cloud of smoke at the Begum Kotee—then crack-crack-crack as the shell burst among the rebels. Thus did the work proceed on our side, (only much faster than my pen

describes it,) while the thundering replies of the enemy from the Kaiser Bagh and their other batteries, made as much noise perhaps, and sent up as much smoke and dust, but did comparatively little harm. Every time the cloud blew away from the Begum Kotee, each line of the minarets and of the roof came out distinctly, and we could see rebels on the tops of the adjoining buildings standing, and running, and firing, and performing various evolutions unintelligible to us. At three o'clock, the cannonade on our side was fiercer than it had yet been; and at four, the 93d Highlanders, a regiment of Goorkas, and the 4th Punjaub Rifles took the Begum Kotee by storm after a severe struggle. About this time I came down from the tower of the Martiniére to see Jung Bahadoor's meeting with Sir Colin. A squadron of the 9th, with flags on their lances, marched slowly towards the Head-quarters' camp, which is immediately below the College, between the tank and the river. I supposed at first that the Nepaulese Chief was coming with this escort. But in this I was mistaken, and he delayed so long past the appointed hour that I did not think it worth while to wait. I saw a canopy in front of the Commander-in-Chief's tent; and I understand that, after I left, his Excellency and Jung shook hands under it. Sir Colin, who usually wears a blue frock-coat and corduroys, had to put on his regimentals, and the whole affair bothered him. His head was full of what was going on at the Begum's Palace at that very moment, and the interview was a bore. Besides, Jung's want of punctua-

lity on such an occasion was not exactly polite. The idea of his keeping the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in India waiting for him at least three-quarters of an hour, in the middle of a siege, and at a most critical juncture in it, could not be otherwise than provoking. When they did meet, they could communicate only through an interpreter. The only part of the conversation reported to me is, that Sir Colin alluded to the circumstance of their being both Highlanders. This appeared to please the wily Bahadoor. His rich dress was in a blaze with diamonds and gold. While the two magnates were smiling on one another, Captain Hope Johnstone rode up and announced that the Begum Kotee had been taken. Sir Colin was so delighted with this that he could not be plagued with Jung any longer, and the uncomfortable interview terminated amid bagpiping and salaaming.

Jung Bahadoor visited England in 1848, as ambassador from the King of Nepaul, and he used to be seen at Lady J——'s parties, and other fashionable places. His magnificent dresses and lavish expenditure attracted some attention. In 1846, Jung shot Futteh Singh, Futteh Singh's son, and fourteen other noblemen in one room, within a few minutes, in the presence of the Queen of Nepaul. A massacre followed, and upwards of a hundred sirdars fell within the precincts of the palace. Jung pleaded necessity as his excuse. He is an unerring shot. So much more formidable than had been supposed were the difficulties in the way of success at the Begum Kotee, that it is said the storming would have been delayed, had

the General known the real state of the case. Our men went in with a rush, however, and carried everything. It was the bayonet that did the work; and the experience of the last few months shews plainly that when this weapon is judiciously brought to bear upon sepoys, their courage oozes out at their heels. Behind stone-walls they will hold their ground for any length of time; but a glimpse of the cold steel advancing in bristling lines has the most magical effect. And in this one particular, I cannot help sympathising with them. What can be more intensely disagreeable, to one who values in the least his personal comfort, than the prospect of being punctured, perforated, loop-holed, and finally spitted, bored, impaled, or transfixed, without consideration or mercy? My opinion now is, that if the insurgents were ten times as numerous as they are, British skill opposed to their ignorance, and British pluck opposed to their cowardice, would make the re-conquest of India a matter of certainty. Their want of every noble quality makes them as contemptible in war, as their treachery and cunning make them dangerous in peace. But a bullet from the match-lock of any sneaking poltroon may be deadly; and we have lost to-day, among others, two officers of high mark, Major Hodson at the Begum Kotee, and Captain Moorsom on the other side of the river. Poor Hodson had merely gone to see the battle. Moorsom was shot when leading a storming party against a house which contained thirty sepoys. Every man of them was killed. Sir James Outram had the highest regard for Moorsom, who was

on his staff. I never had the pleasure of meeting this young officer; but those who knew him best, speak of his character and abilities in terms of warm appreciation.

The rebels stuck up a union-jack beside one of their 24-pounders. An old Engineer officer informs me that a hundred and fifty of the enemy were killed in one part of the Begum's Palace, and a hundred and eighty in another. Sir James Outram has made an important advance up the left bank of the Goomtee to-day.

Friday, March 12.

Spent about six hours in the tower of the Martiniére, watching the progress of the siege. Every one who has been to the Begum Kotee is astonished that the troops were able to take it with so small a loss. The stench from dead bodies is said to be horrible. The dust throughout the afternoon was so blinding that we were frequently unable to see anything at a distance. But our guns battered away at the Emambarra of Gazee-oodeen Hyder, a large edifice between the Begum Kotee and the Kaiser Bagh, and also at the Kaiser Bagh itself. Called on Major Anson, who is very ill. Hodson was buried at sunset behind the Martiniére, in the garden.* The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hope Grant, Sir Edward Lugard, and other officers were present. The Rev. Henry Smith, D.D., read the Burial Service.

Lugard's Division has been relieved, and Walpole's has gone to the front. The Sappers are cutting a passage

* Appendix K.

through the mass of buildings beyond the Begum Kotee. Lieutenant John Scott saw five hundred and forty black corpses buried in that vicinity this evening.

Saturday, March 13.

From six o'clock last evening till nine this morning, the booming of cannon has, I believe, never ceased. A little after nine, we heard the solemn notes of the "Dead March" in the distance, and learned that it was being played at the funeral of two officers and ten men of the 42d Highlanders. The Dilkoosha Palace is now the Field-hospital. Major Anson is in one of the upper rooms, dangerously ill. After seeing him, and taking a view from the roof, I rode over with the Chaplain of the Naval Brigade through clouds of dust to the Martiniére, where I remained till sunset. The Head-quarters' camp moved forward in the afternoon from below that edifice, to a tope half-way between it and the canal; and Brigadier Little intends to take up his abode in the College to-morrow morning.

The "sap" is going on steadily between the Begum Kotee and the Emambarra; and the 68-pounders of the Naval Brigade must have produced a decided effect on the walls of the latter building to-day. Several mortars are now in position, and the shells already thrown have done good service. The Goorkas have taken possession of a suburb on our left, and north-east of the Char Bagh. With his Excellency in front, Outram on one flank, and Jung on the other, the mutineers must be aware by this

time that all their resources will scarcely be sufficient to enable them to hold out much longer. Sir Colin returned Jung's call to-day, and found his Highland friend more magnificent than ever.

I don't understand exactly what is going on; but it is plain, I think, that the extraordinary activity which we observed indicates an approaching *coup* of some sort. Troops are going forward to the canal, and horsemen are flying in all directions. Oh for a good shower of rain to lay this distressing dust!

As there is nothing for me to do in the Lancers' camp, except on Sundays, and a dead camel buried behind my tent made a change desirable, I have obtained the Brigadier's permission to remove to a position nearer Major Anson. Accordingly I am now in the Dilkoosha Park, where I found my tent pitched, and everything in order, on returning at sunset from the *bellevue* tower.

Coming down stairs from Anson's bedside, when it was getting dark, I heard Sir William Peel calling "Stewart," his servant; and as there was no person to answer at the moment, I entered the room to offer any assistance in my power. He shook hands very cordially, and was highly delighted with some things I mentioned as spoken of at mess about the gallant conduct of the sailors at the Begum Kotee.

Dined on dry bread, and tea without milk. This will never do. I must connect myself with some mess, or arrange for stores from the Commissariat. This army is a huge machine, and if one stirs out of his own groove, even

to avoid the inconvenient proximity of a dead camel, the chance is that he will have to pay for the liberty in some way.

Stood for a time in the starlight on the front steps of the palace, and afterwards on the roof, observing the shells with their burning fusees, like meteors, curving grandly through the air. They are thrown from mortars on our right, against the Emambarra and Kaiser Bagh. Part of the devoted city is on fire, and the blaze is spreading. A considerable number of shells burst in their flight. This is often attended with danger to our own soldiers, when they are advancing in front of the mortars. Received letters from home.

At a quarter past eleven the cannonade was so tremendous, that I put on my cloak and went out again to the front of the Dilkoosha. The night, calm and beautiful, having opened her thousand eyes, looks down in silent wonder on all this horrid uproar.

Sunday, March 14.

The thunder of guns and mortars was almost deafening when I fell asleep last night, and this morning, between five and seven, it was louder than ever, and more continuous. On my way to the Brigadier's tent, I saw a Hindoo funeral, with music. An old bard-like man walked in front, and from time to time he stopped the small procession, turned round towards the corpse, which was wrapped in a very white cloth on a charpoy, and sang stanzas which appeared to be in praise of the deceased *sirdár*. He

was accompanied by a fellow with two little bowl-shaped drums, supported at his waist by a cloth around them and his body. This drummer kept time to the singing-man; and, after each series of stanzas, one of the mourners put money into the hand of the latter before he had concluded his strain, as if to induce him to stop what was felt to be tedious. A man followed with pieces of wood for the funeral pile. They were carrying the deceased to the river, head-foremost, according to custom. The shape of the body is always partly discernible through the shroud in which it is wound.

Rode over towards the Lancers' camp, and met Macrae and Wilkinson, who told me that it was being moved; so I returned with them to Anson's room in the Dilkoosha. Spoke to a 93d Highlander in the hall below. He had been shot through one limb. Wilkinson went in to see Peel, who has had a bad night. I would go into his room often, but his chaplain tells me that he prefers not being visited by any one, excepting at times his intimate friends, as he is obliged to keep very quiet. The fire in Lucknow is still burning, and a cloud of black smoke rolls over one side of the city.

About 10 A.M. I came to the Martiniére, and took possession of a room in the third storey, where I now am. Brigadier Little has two rooms in the fifth storey, immediately above. The smells in the Dilkoosha camp last night were so bad that I decided to leave as soon as possible. I am glad to be near the Brigadier, and this place is within five minutes' ride of the Dilkoosha.

Met Captain Allgood in the Head-quarters' camp. He informed me that the Emambarra, part of the Kaiser Bagh, and twenty-five or thirty of the enemy's guns, are in our possession. This is great and astonishing news. No one expected that we should succeed so soon. Taking the Kaiser Bagh is equivalent to taking Lucknow.

The Lancers are now on a plain near the Goomtee, a mile and a half from here. I rode over in the afternoon, and found a good many men in hospital. The sanitary condition of their last camp was such that it would be no wonder if half the regiment were down with fever. Had Divine service in two tents.

When returning by the Dilkoosha, about sunset, I saw in the distance rising above the scene of our operations, in or near the Kaiser Bagh, the pillar-like cloud of smoke which indicates a great explosion of loose powder. The Dilkoosha, at a distance of two miles, trembled, it is said, as if shaken by an earthquake. On reaching the Field-hospital there, I found that there had been a previous explosion, and saw those who survived of the men that had been burned. What an awful sight! The faces of some of them were as black as those of the blackest Africans, from the effect of the powder, and their bodies from head to foot were, in some instances, almost raw. One of the worst cases was that of Serjeant Bell of the 34th. He was burned from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. The doolies containing the sufferers stood in a row outside the back-door of the palace, and they were taken in one by one, as fast as the beds could

be got ready. Bell was one of those outside; and as his doolie was broken, and his body touched the ground—a circumstance which added greatly to his agony—I got him taken in before his turn. One poor boy, shot in the breast, begged for some water to prevent him from fainting. I got him some. As soon as the burned men saw the water, they were terribly eager to obtain some to drink, and to pour on their excoriated hands. I could not withhold it from the poor fellows, but gave each only a little, fearing that the momentary relief might have the worst consequences afterwards. I never saw men more thankful for anything. The surgeons and their assistants did all that benevolent and clever men could do; but it was necessarily a slow process to dress injured surfaces of such extent. At last they were all done up in cotton, and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. The mattresses were on the floor, in two rows, one on each side of the hall. A number of men, with gun-shot and other wounds, lay in the same place.

Before leaving the Dilkoosha I went up-stairs to Anson's room—he is very ill—and I remembered that my pony had been left long before tied to a doolie in front of the building, (as the syce had asked leave to go to dinner.) He had tried to get loose, and chewed his bridle almost through, thinking no doubt that it must be supper-time. On my way down the road, a party of Sikhs stopped me and requested me to settle a quarrel amongst them. I endeavoured to explain the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, (which often seems to strike men of that class

as metaphysical and unpractical,) and left them to apply the doctrine for themselves. But it was so dark that I lost myself for a few minutes in crossing the broken ground between the high road and the Martiniére; for even that great mass of buildings was invisible, though only a few hundred yards off, and surrounded by camp-fires. Ultimately descried it, after a short interval of embarrassment. The night scene from the upper windows is eminently suggestive. Four great fires appear to be spreading in different parts of the city. What a world of mental and bodily suffering there is within two miles of this nice room at the present moment! Not only the whole Emambarra and Kaiser Bagh—their citadels—but the Observatory, the Mess-house, the Motee Mehal, in short, the entire third line of the enemy's defences, are occupied by our troops. It is said that the sepoys fought desperately when driven to bay in courts and corners. What a Sunday!

Monday, March 15.

It is quite true, as I heard last night, that Lucknow is ours. Considering the immense result, the loss of life on our side has been small; but the Field-hospital presents a scene of dreadful suffering to-day. None appear to endure such indescribable agony as the men burned by explosions. I have not seen a tithe of the victims. Many men of our various native corps are among the number. Saw Colonel Sterling in the Head-quarters' camp. He told me I might ride through Lucknow to-day. Scarcely a

musket-shot is heard. Thanks be to God! this dreadful but necessary work will soon be over. We hear that the rebels now hiding in the city are to be shelled.

Besides the hall of the Dilkoosha, one of the large rooms up-stairs is now crowded with wounded and dying men. Spent some time among them, and in the upper room exhorted the men collectively. The Rev. Dr Smith is the Chaplain of the Field-hospital; but he is unwell, and his strength is overtasked; and as I have little to do, of course it is a pleasure to help. Mr Ross, Chaplain of the 42d, was also there. Saw the 93d man's cot empty, and found on inquiry that he was buried last night.

Enormous quantities of plunder have been taken by the troops in the Kaiser Bagh and other palaces. Captain Hope Johnstone went with some officers to the Zenana to protect the Begums from violence; and one of the ladies directed his attention to a box which contained *one million rupees' worth of jewels.* He placed sentries at the door, accompanied the ladies to a place of safety, and returned to look after the "treasure trove." The Zenana was in flames, and the jewels were gone! Some shrewd rogue probably set the building on fire, and took himself and the box away under cover of the smoke. The Begums are here in a wing of the Martiniére, and are described as a set of dirty-looking hags.

Bought from a native, whom it seemed to encumber, a bronze statuette, which is of course part of the *loot.* Sir Colin allowed the troops who entered the Kaiser Bagh yesterday to take for themselves whatever they could carry

away. I suppose that a prize-agent will be appointed immediately, as usual in such cases. My Roman standard-bearer in bronze is a beautiful work of art. The standard, which he held inverted, (with a medallion finely cut, and "S. P. Q. R.," *Senatus Populus Que Romanus*, engraved upon it,) has been broken off unfortunately, but it can easily be repaired.

Tuesday, March 16.

Went into the Dilkoosha hospital, and saw a burned man die. Read to the patients. The smell from the scorched surfaces is dreadful. Sir Colin has offered to spare the city for a ransom of one million sterling, and threatened to shell it to-night if the ransom be not forthcoming. So I hear.

At half-past four, I rode across the canal for the first time, and found Sir Edward Lugard and his staff in the Observatory. Had a good view of the front of the Kaiser Bagh and its defences. The palace is now occupied by three of our regiments. Saw loads of spoil being carried to the various camps on coolies, camels, elephants, and bullock-hackeries. It appears that the inhabitants of Lucknow were thronging out of the city all last night, by way of the stone-bridge; but both the iron-bridge and the stone-bridge have been taken by us to-day, and the total number of guns captured is seventy or eighty. I have seen some bodies at the roadside, and, of course, a very considerable number must have been killed in the palaces and houses adjoining; but I place no reliance on

guesses at the number killed, as a disposition to exaggerate in such cases is very common, and leads to gross misrepresentation. In one recent instance, fifteen hundred were said to be killed, when the correct figure turned out to be a hundred and fifty. The difference, it is true, was a mere nothing!

The city has refused the million sterling, and therefore is to be shelled, we suppose. Sir James Outram's head-quarters are now in Banks's Bungalow.

Wednesday, March 17.

A few guns were heard during the night, just enough to remind us that we are campaigning; but there certainly was no shelling. Perhaps the Commander-in-Chief has changed his plan.

Colonel Taylor and the 79th Highlanders are quartered in the Emambarra of Azof-oo-Dowlap—a magnificent range of buildings beyond the Residency. The enemy was compelled to retreat last night to the Moosa Bagh. The Lancers were out all yesterday, and are very much fatigued to-day. They rode about twenty-five miles, and did not get back to camp till ten o'clock at night.

At half-past three, I accompanied Captain Bruce and some sowars into the Kaiser Bagh. It is the Versailles of the East—a series of quadrangles and gardens, with marble statues, marble elephants, marble fountains, marble pavements, and one marble arbour—all in the open air. In the great apartments are marble tables; immense mirrors with massive gilt frames, all broken; torn paintings;

quantities of rich china; heaps of shattered chandeliers, and crystal vessels of various sorts, on the floors; odds and ends of European furniture of an expensive kind; and (in auctioneering phrase) a variety of other articles too numerous to mention. Among the soldiers quartered there, I saw heaps of shawls, embroidered dresses, and carpets, a perfect *embarras des richesses;* and I hear that some of the men have jewelry to a vast amount in their possession. In the midst of all this splendid jumble of the remains of Oriental and European luxury, we passed numbers of black corpses on the walks, swollen in the most hideous manner, and filling the air with the stench of putrefaction. Passing through a gateway into one of the courts, I was accosted by a serjeant. He asked me to visit two officers who, with forty-three other soldiers, had been injured by an explosion of powder. I immediately dismounted, and followed him into a house. Never did I witness a more awful spectacle. Lieutenant Brownlow, of the Bengal Engineers, lay in a doolie on the floor naked, and burned most frightfully. His face was black, and his eyes were scarcely visible through the blistered eyelids. The skin of his arms and legs was peeling off. Patches of scarlet, perhaps a foot square, covered his back and legs. His chest and stomach were hopelessly scorched. The sufferer was almost mad with pain.

"Are you a clergyman?" he gasped.

"Yes," I replied.

"Oh, then, do pray for me, and continue to pray for me when I cannot pray for myself!"

I knelt beside the doolie, and he joined with great earnestness in the petitions. A young officer who had shared the same tent with him, behaved nobly on this occasion. He was not ashamed to confess Christ before all who were present. This friend, with tears in his eyes, was the first to ask me to pray with the dying man. When I had concluded, he remained kneeling at the other side of the doolie, with his Bible in his hand, whispering passages of Scripture into poor Brownlow's ear, and evidently praying with him and for him. After I came out from seeing Captain Clark of the Royal Engineers, who was in the next room, and just in the same state, but quite insensible seemingly, the young officer, who still continued to kneel by Brownlow, requested me to pray again. I did so. To all that was said the sufferer paid the most marked attention. Once, for a few moments, the intolerable pain made him frantic, and he suddenly kicked his foot, covered with blisters, through the strong roof of the doolie. To relieve him in some degree the doctors who were present prescribed laudanum, but he was most unwilling to take it, lest he should die in the dark. At last he took a little from my hand. It is impossible that either he or the other officer can survive. I prayed beside Captain Clark, but he was not aware of my presence, I believe. After a time, seeing that I could be of no further use, I took leave, and hastened to the Dilkoosha hospital, two miles off, to visit the thirteen European soldiers who had suffered in the same explosion. (The remaining thirty were Sikhs.) The surgeons and their

assistants were most actively engaged in applying oil and cotton to the disfigured Sappers. Several of the poor fellows were in almost or quite as bad a state as Brownlow. They were terribly thirsty, and the doctors could allow only a very little water. When an opportunity offered, I urged them to trust in the Lord Jesus as their only Saviour, stating the gospel in the fewest and simplest words. But their pain was so agonising, that I cannot say whether the men thus addressed were able to take any interest in the message. So little prospect is there of recovery, that graves have already been ordered. This was mentioned to me before I left the Dilkoosha Park. Some cart-loads of powder had been sent to a well for the purpose of being buried, and rendered useless. It is said that a rebel unnoticed came out of his hiding-place and threw fire into the well; but whether this was done before the arrival of the carts or after some part of the powder had been thrown in, is not yet ascertained. However this may have been, the powder in the well exploded, communicated with the laden carts, and destroyed the whole party. Some Sikhs were killed on the spot, and it is not likely that one of the survivors will recover. Even in a cold climate they would have but a poor chance. Here, the heat aggravates every symptom and hurries off the victim. There is less reactive energy in the system; sloughing and mortification are followed almost immediately by death.

Another explosion took place in the vicinity of the Kaiser Bagh, soon after I left: but I have not heard that any one was injured.

Sir Archdale Wilson was installed this evening as a K.C.B. by the Commander-in-Chief, a chapter of the Order of the Bath being held in the Head-quarters' camp.

Nothing to eat but dry bread, as I have been too busy to arrange about dinner.

Thursday, March 18.

Went to the Kaiser Bagh, and found that Captain Clark died last evening soon after I left, and Lieut. Brownlow in the middle of the night. The funeral was ordered for half-past one P.M. I proposed to officiate; but an officer (whom I supposed to be Brigadier Napier's Aid-de-Camp) informed me that he had asked Smith to read the service, as I happened to be out when he called at my quarters. All right. Being requested to visit Ensign Cooper, who was dying in the Dilkoosha, I proceeded thither. Passed Banks's Bungalow on my way. It is like two bungalows, one standing above the other, with a thatched roof over the verandah of each, and a sort of square pucka-top crowning the whole. Sir Colin visited Outram there to-day. Ensign Cooper's last hour on earth must be at hand. He was glad to see me. His conversation shewed that he had not delayed preparation for a future state until now. Read and prayed, and came away with the impression that this young officer loves the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Read to Anson from two excellent books on his table, "Thoughts of Peace," and "Mason's Remains." Spoke to some of the wounded men in the great supper-room of the hospi-

tal. It was dinner-time with them, and as some were eating, and I was tired, I did not remain long. Called on the Chaplain of the 42d, who told me of a narrow escape he had on the 4th. A round-shot burst through the tent in which he was, and passed within a few inches of him. It was a ricochet. The shot had just before knocked off a water-carrier's leg.

The Goorkas took eighteen guns yesterday from the rebels on our extreme left, at the Char Bagh. Mrs Orr and Miss Jackson were found in that part of the city, and are now safe in camp. Captain M'Neil of the Bengal Artillery, and Lieutenant Bogle, have done themselves credit by their management of this matter. At great personal risk, they threaded their way with some Goorkas through streets still occupied by rebels, and by the help of a guide found the ladies in native dress in the house of Wajid Ali, a Darogah, who had concealed them. The officers placed them in a palanquin, and carried them off to the Goorka lines. This is a very happy event. I am not sure whether it happened to-day or yesterday.

Dined up-stairs with Brigadier Little, and read prayers before we parted. It is believed that his arm will be saved, although bits of bone coming away sometimes give him a good deal of pain.

Friday, March 19.

It is one year to-day since L—— and I landed in Calcutta. What an eventful year to us! How deeply grateful we ought to be to our heavenly Father for His merci-

ful preservation of us, in the midst of so many and so great dangers!

I ran some risk of being at least scorched in my bed last night. The bearer lighted a small lamp, and put it under my charpoy, I suppose to prevent the light from annoying me! The charpoy supports my mattress on woven twine, strung across, some of which is broken and hangs down. So I was on a sort of hempen gridiron, over a slow fire, with a layer of cotton between! I don't know how it was that my attention happened to be attracted to the circumstance. Had I been roasted, the bearer would have turned up his eyes, and exclaimed, *Kismut!* (Fate!)

Breakfasted with Smith and six surgeons in a mess-tent beside the Dilkoosha. Preached in a tent where I found a Serjeant Raikes very ill. Visited the Field-hospital. Read and prayed with Mr Paullet of the 2d Punjaub Infantry, in the room next to Anson's. The corpse of poor Ensign Cooper, who died at five this morning, lay at the other side of the room. Afterwards preached to the crowd of wounded men on the second floor of the building. Walked over to the burial-ground near the palace, and saw the place where Cooper is to be buried.

Met Sir Colin in the Head-quarters' camp, and was sorry to hear from him that Captain Hutchinson of the Lancers—the officer who made such a marvellous escape at Cawnpore on the 6th of December—has been wounded in the eye to-day, by an arrow or spear. Met a trooper on the road, who had heard that Hutchinson was dead.

He is in the Great Emambarra, about four miles from here; and as it was getting dark, and the man said I could not get to the place without passing about twenty guards I saw that it would be folly to attempt the journey to-night.

The Moosa Bagh has been taken. Within it and around it were five or six thousand insurgents, it is said. There was some blundering on our side; but the wonder is that blunders are not more frequent. Sir Hope Grant moved up the left bank of the river with a column; Sir James Outram moved to the assault along the street in front of the Great Emambarra; and it was intended that Brigadier Campbell, with the Hussars and Native Cavalry, should be at a certain point, to be reached from the south side of the city, for the purpose of cutting off the sepoys' retreat. Brigadier Campbell, for some reason not yet ascertained, either did not appear at all, or arrived too late. When Outram was entering one side of the Moosa Bagh, the rebels took leg-bail at the other. There was nobody there to stop them, and so they got away, and it will be necessary to hunt them down somewhere else, as most of them are sepoys. When they fled, the Christian drummers of the 22d Native Infantry, who had been among them, (against their will, they allege, and perhaps truly,) walked over to our side and claimed protection. Twelve guns, a few elephants, and a silver howdah have been taken, but some guns have been carried off, which is a pity. The Lancers killed about one hundred of the enemy, but were themselves caught in a trap, and had two

volleys fired into them from a nullah through which they could not ride. When Hutchinson was wounded, he fell off his horse insensible. One of the sergeants was shot in the mouth by a man on horseback who had a woman mounted in front of him. Lieutenant Thirsby ran the man through with his sword. The want of artillery was much felt.

Dined sumptuously on soup, chops, and pudding, with the Brigadier.

Saturday, March 20.

Rode at sunrise to the Lancers' camp, and buried Private George Prangnall, killed in action yesterday. Called on Anson; preached in two hospitals of the 93d, by request; and then rode off with some officers to the Great Emambarra, a long way on the other side of the Residency, to see poor Hutchinson. As we passed along, under broken arches, and through doorways in a chain of buildings beyond the Kaiser Bagh, we heard sharp musketry-fire on our left, where the Goorkas and some rebels probably had come to close quarters in the streets. This continued for half-an-hour. Passed the iron and stone bridges, which I now saw for the first time. When riding through a long street, where European guards were posted at close intervals, we reached the Emambarra of Azof-oo-Dowlap. Its grandeur astonished me. I have not yet seen anything in the East to be for a moment compared with it.

Found Hutchinson in a large apartment, used as an

officers' barrack, on the right-hand side as I entered, of the inner court. He has never recovered from the state of insensibility caused by the wound. Yet nothing is to be seen but a puncture, such as an arrow's head might make, in the inner corner of one of his eyes. His cheeks have a healthy colour, and his pulse is not very quick. But he did not know me. He did not seem to be even aware that any one was speaking to him. I could do nothing but pray at his bedside. He appeared to be tenderly watched and cared for by the Serjeant in attendance.

Thirsby, Murrough, and I, ascended to the top of one of the minarets,—a fatiguing journey, for which, however, we were more than amply repaid. Never can I forget that wonderful panorama. Lucknow—its winding river, its bridges, its mosques, its palaces, its tortuous streets, with bright green trees shining out between and above the flat roofs—lay around us. We saw its utmost limit; and in the distance, beyond the canal, the Martiniére, quite small, and the Dilkoosha smaller still.

Having descended, I entered the principal building, which is used as a barrack for the 79th. The middle apartment, I am informed, is the largest in the world without pillars. It impresses one by its vastness and height, and the magnificence of its arches, just as Westminster Abbey and York Minster do. The floors were covered by Highlanders and their kits.

Rode home; dined with the Brigadier; read over my sermon for to-morrow, and went to bed.

Sunday, March 21.

Divine service in the Lancers' camp at half-past six A.M., and at four P.M. to the officers in the Head-quarters' staff-tent, where I preached a thanksgiving-sermon.

When riding in the morning from the Lancers' camp to the Dilkoosha, I saw some natives laying out a dead body behind the palace, and near the captured guns which are parked there. The corpse was bloody. On inquiry, I discovered that the deceased was a *garry-wán* (carter) who had wandered after dark among the guns. The sentry challenged him, and receiving no answer, shot him dead. The probability is, that the miserable garry-wán did not understand the challenge, or know what to answer to a question in English or Irish. Probability! did I say? there are ten thousand chances to one that the native had no idea in the world what the challenge meant, why it was given, or what he ought to reply. Very rash of the sentry, say I, in a place nearly surrounded by European tents. *Rash* is too mild a word. Is it uncharitable to conjecture that the British soldier may have been frightened, or groggy, or both?

Two officers were murdered in the city last night, and their headless bodies were found this morning. The names, I believe, are Thackwell and Cape — the one Baggage-master of the Engineers, and the other Baggage-master of the Artillery.

The Moulvie, who was hiding in the heart of the city, with fifteen hundred followers and seven guns, has been driven out of his concealment, but *not caught.* Govern-

ment offers £5000 for his head. Two officers, named Wyld and Hood, commanding a Sikh corps, have been severely wounded.

Monday, March 22.

Felt rather unwell yesterday and to-day. The thermometer stood at 100° in the shade, in the Lancers' camp on Saturday.

Poor Hutchinson died at ten o'clock last night. A piece of his skull was pressing on the brain, which accounts for his condition after receiving the fatal wound. Buried him in the beautiful walled garden, at the riverside, below the Dilkoosha, at half-past five this evening. The band of the 42d Highlanders accompanied the funeral procession to the burial-place. Brigadier Hagart and the whole of the 9th were present. The Lancers carried their lances with the flags reversed. The deceased (who had an income of £2000 a-year, they say) was laid in the grave sewed up in his bed-quilt and a white sheet. A coffin could not be obtained.

Dined at the Head-quarters' mess with Captain Robertson. Among those present were Colonel Pakenham, Adjutant-General of Queen's troops—a remarkably fine-looking man, with a large smooth forehead, and long black beard; Colonel Young, Judge-Advocate-General; Captain Fitzgerald, Commissary-General; and Mr Russell of the *Times*, called here "Leviathan."

Tuesday, March 23.

Very unwell to-day. The doctor kindly came to see

me, and told me the following delightful story about Mrs Orr and Miss Jackson :—

When expecting to be murdered, they begged an old native woman to procure for them a Bible. She replied that she dared not. The child who was with them became dangerously ill, and they begged a little medicine for her. For a long time this also was refused. But at length it arrived, in a bottle wrapped up in part of a leaf of the Bible. The verses printed on this fragment of a quarto leaf were these (so applicable to their circumstances) :—Isa. li. 11, "They shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away. I, even I, am he that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? and where is the fury of the oppressor? The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit." [The paper was torn after the word "pit," but on the other side of the leaf was the whole of the last verse of the chapter.] "But I will put it into the hand of them that afflict thee; which have said to thy soul, Bow down, that we may go over: and thou hast laid thy body as the ground, and as the street, to them that went over."

The two ladies thanked God, and took courage. They said to the native woman that they were not afraid now,

because their God had sent them a message, and promised to deliver them. When Captain M'Neil and Lieutenant Bogle, on the 19th instant, made a noise at the door of the Darogah's house, where they were concealed or imprisoned, the old native woman called out to them to use no violence, as she would open the door. The ladies expected to see sepoys. Imagine, then, their amazement and gratitude when they saw a European officer in the room. So overcome by emotion were they both as they started up from their miserable corner, dressed like native women, that they were for some time unable to utter one word. It is said, that even now they can speak only in a whisper, or very low tone of voice, so dreadfully have terror and anxiety operated on their nerves.

Yesterday forenoon, the brigade under Brigadier Campbell attacked a body of fugitives and fanatics near the Moosa Bagh, and killed, some say, forty, others three hundred. Wale, of Wale's Horse, a valuable officer, was shot dead. Poor young Bankes of the 7th Hussars lost a leg and an arm, and the remaining arm must be amputated. Lieutenant Wilkin of the Irregulars received two wounds, and Captain Slade of the Hussars one. Even if three hundred were killed, it was a dearly-bought advantage. But everybody wonders how the rebels have been allowed to escape. Another hot-weather campaign is now inevitable, and Rohilcund will doubtless be the scene of it.

Read in bed an account of the wreck of the *Ava* near Trincomalee.

I was too unwell to visit a very sick soldier in the Lancers' hospital to-day, but sent him a number of texts which I wrote out on purpose. I now find that he is dead.

Wednesday, March 24.

Buried Corporal Newman soon after sunrise in the Dilkoosha Garden, at the river-side. The Hospital-Serjeant told me that he read to the dying man the passages of Scripture in my handwriting. Lieut. Thirsby attended the funeral. He regrets the man's death very much, and intends to write to his father, who is a farmer in England. Few now survive of the men who were burned by explosions.

Sir Hope Grant took twelve guns to-day at Khoorsee, some place near Lucknow; but we have lost Lieutenant M'Donald of Probyn's Horse. Probyn has now to mourn several of his most gallant companions-in-arms—Younghusband, M'Dowell, Hodson, Wale, and M'Donald—all connected with Irregular Native Cavalry.

Thursday, March 25.

Called upon Mrs Orr and Miss Jackson in a house behind Banks's Bungalow. Mrs Orr's brother-in-law introduced me. The two ladies came out to the verandah to receive my visit. Mrs Orr shewed me the torn leaf of the Bible containing the verses of Isaiah li. which gave them such comfort in their deep distress. They both looked pale and sad. Miss Jackson may be seventeen, and Mrs Orr under thirty. Sir Mountstuart Jackson, the brother of the former, and Captain Orr, the husband of the latter, with

some others, were blown from guns in the city, at the very moment when the shouts of Sir Colin Campbell's victorious troops announced the final relief of the garrison in the Residency. Of course I could ask no questions about this.

I rode down to the *Chowk* to-day, and through several streets in the heart of the city. Pickets and guards are posted on all sides to prevent plundering. Bought a carriage from the prize-agent. At the Chowk there is a large building in which the prize-property is being deposited,—quantities of carpets, shawls, mirrors, furniture, ornaments, photographic instruments, and so forth.

Friday, March 26.

Major Anson left this morning for the hills, on sick-certificate. I preached in the hospital of the 9th.

Saturday, March 27.

A very hot and dusty day. Visited a dying man of the 84th, and others in hospital, and officiated for Smith at a funeral. Brigadier Napier, who looks very ill, has taken up his quarters in the lower part of the Martiniére.

Sunday, March 28.

Divine service in the Lancers' camp at 6.30 A.M. Visited two dying men—the crabbed man and the mild man. Prayed at the bedside of the former. The other was asleep. Also prayed with the Lancer whose jaw was

broken. Preached at four P.M. to the officers in the staff-tent. Then rode to the bungalow occupied by Mrs Orr and Miss Jackson, and read prayers with them and the Messrs Orr. The 10th left this morning for Azimgurh, which is in great danger. Sir Edward Lugard is to command the "Azimgurh Field-Force." He and Brigadier Douglas leave to-morrow with the 34th and 84th, and some Horse Artillery.

Monday, March 29.

We hear that Azimgurh has been taken by the rebels. Ghazeepore must, therefore, be in imminent danger, and I am anxious to go down at once. The Cavalry Division has been broken up, and Sir Hope Grant is to command the Lucknow Division. Buried the poor crabbed man at five o'clock.

Tuesday, March 30.

The Governor-General has issued a proclamation to the people of Oude.

At half-past three, Captain Scott's troop of Lancers paraded at the Field-hospital, and afterwards escorted to Bunnee the invalids proceeding to England, *viâ* Calcutta. Applied a second time for leave to proceed to Ghazeepore.

Wednesday, March 31.

The Brigadier kindly sent me down two eggs for breakfast. After consulting together, and weighing deliberately

the *pro's* and *con's*, we have decided in favour of sheep's-head for dinner. News: Lord Derby is Premier—Sir F. Thesiger, Lord Chancellor—Disraeli, Chancellor of the Exchequer—and General Peel, War Secretary.

Thursday, April 1.

Buried two men in the Dilkoosha enclosure, at 6.30 A.M. When looking for the Secundra Bagh, where two thousand rebels were killed in November, I rode into the Motee Mehal, a very pretty place on the right bank of the river. I asked a native to direct me to the Secundra Bagh. He answered partly in English. I said—

"You speak English. Where did you learn it?"

"In Calcutta."

"Were you in Dr Duff's school?"

"Yes, I was."

"Are you a Christian?"

"No, sir," (smiling.)

"After all you learned in Dr Duff's school, you must know that Christianity is the only true religion."

"Yes, I know that."

"Why, then, are you not a Christian?"

"I cannot."

"Because you do not wish to leave your friends, I suppose?"

He was silent. I continued—

"You ought to think of this."

"What did you say, sir?"

"I say you ought to consider this great subject."

He assented, and seemed interested. I rode around the garden, and found him apparently waiting for me near the gate. As I came up, he said—

"Where do you live, sir?"

I gave him my address, and I believe he intends to call, as I invited him to do. He has sixty rupees a-month as a writer. Many pupils of Indian mission-schools are, doubtless, in this half-and-half state of mind, wavering and undecided. The young man had a companion with him, also a pupil of Dr Duff's, but unable to speak English.

Friday, April 2.

Letters from Ghazeepore. There is an uneasy feeling in the station. Went to the Post-office in the Head-quarters' camp, and found only Dr M'Andrew's tent there. Sir Colin and the magnates have moved forward to the Observatory and the Mess-house. Dined with the Brigadier. He leaves for England to-morrow morning, at an early hour. I shall miss his good company very much.

Saturday, April 3.

At half-past two this morning I went down to the garden to see Colonel Little set out on his journey by moonlight. He had twelve Sikh horsemen and sixteen bearers. I felt very sad at parting. May every blessing follow him wherever he goes! Major Powys has also left for England.

I quite forgot that yesterday was Good Friday. One is very apt to forget such things in such a place as this.

Dined at the mess of the 93d.

Easter Sunday, April 4.

Was awakened by a rat, which had perched on my shoulder. Divine service in the Lancers' camp at 6.30 A.M., and afterwards in the hospital. Came home after an early breakfast through a dust-storm of extraordinary violence. Preached to the officers in the staff-tent, Mess-house compound, at five P.M.

Having been unable to obtain a kitmutgar on any terms, and the Brigadier's kitmutgar being away with his master, I am now (at nine P.M.) actually suffering from hunger as I do not remember having done before. I have had nothing but two thin chupatties to eat for thirteen hours. After six o'clock, I sent my grass-cutter over to the messman of the 9th for some sandwiches and a loaf. I gave the fellow my pony, in order that he might return quickly, as I was hungry *then*. He has not returned; and I am at this moment experiencing what I may almost call [the grass-cutter luckily arrived, all right, as I was about to write the words] a new sensation.

After dinner, I endeavoured to persuade my bearer that Hindooism is false, and Christianity true. By using my dictionary freely, I think I made him understand the greater part of my meaning. He seemed very much interested indeed, and listened for nearly an hour. He reads the Devanagari New Testament I gave him at Futtehgurh.

Monday, April 5.

Pitched my tent in the Head-quarters' camp, and joined the Head-quarters' mess, by permission. I can-

not get away, it seems, until an answer arrives from the Archdeacon; and, as living on air in the Martiniére does not agree with me, I am very glad to be here. While my tent was being pitched, I went over to the Motee Mehal. In the principal building of the range, there are two halls, one above the other. I found the upper room, which opens upon the river, and looks into the enclosed garden on the opposite bank, delightfully cool and agreeable.

Captain Hotheyd. "Hallo! Padre, I thought you had left for parts unknown."

Padre. "I need hardly say that you were mistaken, Captain Hotheyd; but the mistake is pardonable. I did apply for leave."

Captain Hotheyd. "Hast been refused the boon?"

Padre. "I am detained
A prisoner of war, and bound, alas!
By fetters of red tape."

Captain Hotheyd. "Unhappy man!"

Padre. "Tormented, like Laocoön, with folds
Of crushing, boa-like, head-quarters' tape."

Major Easye. "Bravo! proceed! It's as good as a play, gentlemen."

Captain Hotheyd. "Well, I don't wonder, Padre, at your wishing to get away from this nasty neighbourhood. Lucknow is no longer a place for anybody with a nose. We shall all be away directly."

Padre. "Why, as the siege is over—and the weather is getting hot—and I am not very well—and the Cavalry Division is broken up—and the smells are abominable—and Ghazeepore, which contains my chief earthly treasure,

is threatened, I have made up my mind to leave Sir Colin Campbell to take care of himself."

Major Easye. "He won't mind that, sir, take my word for it. You may consider yourself lucky, however, in having been Head-quarters' Chaplain through the campaign. You'll be promoted, sir."

Padre. "To what, Major?"

Major Easye. "I don't exactly know. I never was in the ecclesiastical department. But I do know, that everybody connected with Head-quarters will be made a Colonel, or a C.B., or a Knight, or a Grand Cross, or something or other."

Padre. "Such honours are only for soldiers and civilians. There will be one line of thanks in the *Gazette* to all the Field-chaplains, nothing more. I wish the Chief would honour me with another line in General Orders, allowing me to proceed to Ghazeepore."

Major Easye. "I thought the clergy believed that all things work for their good."

Padre. "Every true Christian believes that, or tries to believe it."

Major Easye. "I wish I could believe it. Do you?"

Padre. "I do indeed."

Major Easye. "And why do you grumble about this delay in granting you the leave you want? It is for your good."

Padre. "Not a doubt of it, Major. This is my infirmity. I am not consistent. I feel the rebuke."

Major Easye. "Then I 'm sorry for having adminis-

tered it. I don't want to make any one uncomfortable."

Padre. "But I believe it will be for my good, Major, and I thank you for the rebuke."

Major Easye. "Ahem! Is that honest, or is it a subtle form of duplicity or self-deception?"

Padre. "Honest, I believe."

Major Easye. "I daresay you do think so. Let it pass. There is a doubting devil in me at times."

Captain Hotheyd. "Easye, you're a pagan."

Major Easye. "Am I?—stop—let me think—a pagan?—no, no, not a pagan, but a—a—a little lax, perhaps, for straitlaced folk."

Captain Hotheyd. "Do you love anything in the universe?"

Major Easye. "There is one thing that I hate most religiously."

Captain Hotheyd. "What is it?"

Major Easye. "Exeter Hall. By Jove! I do."

Captain Hotheyd. "He is fanatical on that point—I may say, a monomaniac."

Major Easye. "Pray, add your favourite phrase, 'mad as a hatter.' Can you account for the origin of so peculiar a form of expression, sir?"

Padre. "I fear not."

Major Easye. "I account for it, not historically, but conjecturally, in this way. An intelligent hatter has thought with himself, 'Here am I spending my life in adorning the exteriors of empty interiors!' and the

thought has driven him mad, very mad. Hence the phrase, 'mad as a hatter.'"

Padre. "Ingenious, to say the least. May I now ask you to account for the origin of your grudge against Exeter Hall? Not conjecturally, but historically."

Major Easye. "Do you think, Padre, that Oude will ever become Christian?"

Padre. "As I believe the Bible, I cannot doubt, Major, that the whole world will be Christian by and by."

Major Easye. "Well, I don't mean to deny the Bible, but I have great doubts about the possibility of converting Oude, or indeed the natives of any part of India. And, more than that, saving your presence, I am not absolutely certain that they would be happier under any other religion than they are under their own."

Captain Hotheyd. "What 's that, Easye?"

Major Easye. "Oh, don't be excited. I suppose a man may express his opinion. I say that a man may perhaps be as happy in believing Hindooism, or Mahometanism, as in believing Christianity, if he is only sincere."

Padre. "Then you object, I suppose, to Christian Missions?"

Major Easye. "*In toto.* I would deport every missionary now within the confines of India to the place from whence he came. I am of the old school, sir. I have been all my life in India, I may say; and when I compare some of my Hindoo and Mahometan acquaintances with some of my Christian acquaintances, my conclusions are not always favourable to Christianity."

Captain Hotheyd. "Bah! he doesn't believe anything in heaven, or earth, or hell."

Major Easye. "I beg your pardon. I believe that bigotry and intolerance abound on earth; and since they cannot have come from heaven, I am unable to avoid the inference that they must have come from hell, if there is such a place."

Captain Hotheyd. "That does not follow. Another specimen of your logic, Easye. Why may they not have been indigenous to earth?"

Major Easye. "Sir, I'm not going to chop logic with you. But I have my opinion. And I hope I'm not a very bad Christian, after all, although no boaster."

Padre. "Yet, Major, truth must be consistent. Do you not admit that our Creator—the Creator of our consciences—must be a God of truth? He cannot have sanctioned half-a-dozen religions essentially different, and in many respects diametrically opposed."

Major Easye. "I'm not so sure of that. He is the Creator of my appetites, desires, and passions, as well as of my conscience; and among these results of creative power there is often a sharp conflict."

Padre. "Christianity explains your objection—'God made man upright; but——

Major Easye. "Excuse me. Are you going to quote Scripture?"

Padre. "I intended doing so, in order to account for a state of things which appears to perplex you."

Major Easye. "But it is not fair to quote the Bible in

defence of Christianity. Is not that reasoning in a circle, Hotheyd?"

Captain Hotheyd. "Nothing of the sort. Quite fair. Perfectly legitimate. The Padre was merely going to give the Christian explanation of a fact by one or more texts of Christian Scripture."

Major Easye. "And then he would have made the existence of the fact account for the texts being there."

Captain Hotheyd. "Well, they never would have been there if the fact were not a fact."

Major Easye. "If that is not reasoning in a circle, what is? But I never was at Oxford. So let it pass. When one man like Sir William Hamilton has such quantities of logic and metaphysics in his head, it is no wonder if many of his countrymen are left without any. But I am against interference with the natives in religious matters, Padre."

Padre. "No one proposes to use forcible interference, or to proselytise by means of bribes direct or indirect. But every man who believes in Christianity is bound to propagate it by the use of persuasion, so far as he can do so consistently with other obligations."

Major Easye. "I cannot agree with you."

Captain Hotheyd. "I go much further. I would do what John Knox did in Scotland at the Reformation. If you want to get rid of the rooks down with the rookeries! If you would abolish Moulvies and Brahmins, level the mosques and temples. We have now the upper hand in

Oude. Why not destroy every remnant of idolatry and superstition at once,—open a school in every zillah,—teach the children Christianity and the English language,—and compel every parent, as the Prussian system does, to send his offspring to be instructed, on pain of fine or imprisonment? I should be for no half-measures."

Major Easye. "Phew! Sir, if I may speak plainly, all that is nonsense. Even the Padre here will tell you it is nonsense."

Padre. "I do not recommend anything of that sort. Christianity does not need physical force for its propagation. Had there not been a Divine energy in it, it must have perished long ago. That Divine energy will in due time conquer every prejudice, and speak the truth from pole to pole."

Major Easye. "Ha! quoting Scripture again, Padre!"

Captain Hotheyd. "Ho, ho, ho!"

Padre. "No, Major, I believe not. But I am not to be debarred from quoting Scripture. You seem to be very much afraid of it."

Captain Hotheyd. "He knows more of the Koran than of the Bible."

Major Easye. "Your pardon, Padre, for interrupting you. You were proposing to spread the truth from pole to pole. What *is* truth?"

Captain Hotheyd. "Somebody asked that question once before, and came to a bad end, Easye."

Major Easye. "Yes, I know; Pontius Pilate. What does that matter?"

Padre. "There is no harm in the question, if put in a right spirit."

Major Easye. "That is, in a spirit of implicit obedience to the authority of the Church, eh?"

Padre. "I mean to say, in a sincere spirit. But you move so fast from point to point that it is difficult to follow. You have mooted several immense questions since we began to talk."

Major Easye. "Well, sir, what would you do about religion and so forth, if you were Governor-General? Give us your policy."

Padre. "I would abandon the policy of discouraging proselytism, because it is a policy of dissimulation, (as the natives well know,) and in every way unworthy of a Christian Government. I would openly avow Christianity to be the religion of the Government, and extend to native Christians all the facilities for entering the public service which have hitherto been confined to Mahometans and Hindoos. I would give legal toleration to all religions, reserving only the right to suppress public observances offensive to decency and social morals. I would advance none merely on account of his Christianity: I would keep back none merely on account of his heathenism. I would authorise the formation of native Christian corps in the army, giving the native officers and men exactly the same pay that is given in regiments consisting of Mahometans and Hindoos. I would try to prove by my public acts my unwillingness to act on Warren Hastings' maxim—'By the sword we have conquered, and by the sword we

must retain;' shewing the people of all classes, that the great object contemplated by Government is henceforth to be—not money—not territory—not class-interests, but the welfare of the people. I would not hesitate to declare distinctly that in my opinion Christianity is necessary even to the permanence of political freedom; adding, that the people of India need fear nothing stronger than argument and prayer on our part, in our endeavours to convert them. I would establish normal-schools for training the cleverest youths in the art of teaching, giving a monthly allowance from the public treasury to every certificated master actually employed. I would encourage the use in every school of a Manual of Universal History, embodying the leading historical facts of the Old and New Testaments: and sanction a daily class for Christian instruction to voluntary pupils at a certain hour, as soon as it is possible to secure a Christian teacher. I would authorise no school-book which excludes the assertion of physical truths in geography, astronomy, and the other sciences, in deference to the teaching of Shasters which place Benares in the centre of the earth, six seas of milk around the centre, and the earth itself on the back of a tortoise. I would do everything in my power, by liberal rewards, to promote the study of the English language and literature, and of every branch of science. I would admit none, after a certain date, to offices in the courts until they could read their own language in the Roman character, and write it in the character in which our correspondence is conducted. I would require all judicial

decisions to be recorded in this character,—a measure which would deprive vakeels and munshis of numberless facilities for cheating and misrepresenting. I would make English law, as far as circumstances may permit, the law of India. I would allow no non-military person to possess or carry arms without a licence. I would encourage half-military colonies of Europeans in all the mountain ranges. I would give European troops a hill-station every alternate hot season, and open industrial schools to enable them to occupy and amuse themselves without frequenting bazaars and canteens in the middle of the day. I would have a very moderate native army, but efficient corps of drilled policemen, under European serjeants, instead. I would push on railroads and lines of telegraph with all possible speed, and make the Ganges and the Gogra navigable, and put model government-steamers on them, each capable of carrying, if needful, half-a-dozen light guns. I would have a small, but serviceable, entrenched fort in every cantonment, with guns manned only by Europeans. I would——

Major Easye. "In short, you would anglicanise, and colonise, and christianise Hindustan, and turn it into another New Zealand, and set up a hundred bishoprics, with cathedrals, deans, and chapters, and a mechanics' institute in every zillah, and a reading-club in every bazaar, and so forth, and so forth. Sir, excuse me, you are painting Utopia."*

Captain Hotheyd. "Not a bit of it. What the Padre

* Appendix L.

says will all be done before long, and we may live to see it. We want a dashing policy. No half-and-half, milk-and-water, namby-pamby measures. I'm for going the whole hog, now that we are on the top of the wave. Up with the dominant race! Down with the niggers!"

Padre. "My idea is different. I say, up with the niggers! up with them as far as they will go!—and if we whites are not able to keep in advance of them, then we ought to assume our umbrellas and walk out of the country, in which thenceforward our presence must be an unwarrantable intrusion. But I don't approve of calling the natives 'niggers:' it irritates them, and does us no good."

Major Easye. "This Motee Mehal is really a very pretty place. I shouldn't mind being quartered for the hot weather in this airy hall, overlooking the river. With tatties and punkahs it might be made a very tolerable residence. Hotheyd, oblige me with a light. I must go. Good afternoon, Padre. Excuse my freedom of thought and word. I fear you have a bad opinion of me."

Padre. "Are you happy, Major?"

Major Easye. "Very far from it, sir. But you can't do anything for me. Adieu!"

[*Exit Major Easye, smoking.*]

About four o'clock, I went over to the Chatta Munzil, where the Field-hospital now is, and saw Smith, who astonished me with the sad intelligence that poor Kirwan died of small-pox on the 2d instant. This is strikingly sudden. I saw the deceased chaplain in the Dilkoosha

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THE LAST HOURS OF SIR H. LAWRENCE.

An eye-witness publishes in the *Anglo-Indian Magazine* the following interesting account of the last hours of Sir Henry Lawrence:—

"It is impossible to describe the sickening sensation that came over one on hearing, early in the morning of the 2d of July, and only two days after the commencement of the siege, the breathlessly-uttered report, 'Sir Henry is killed!' But he was not dead. A mournful company was soon seen bearing his shattered frame across the open position from the scene of the disaster to Dr Fayrer's garrison. The enemy was attacking heavily, yet many braved all, and with horror-struck faces quickly gathered around the couch of their grievously-wounded and beloved Chief, in the open verandah, where he was first laid. It was a terrible wound; the fragments of a shell had struck and partly carried away the under portion of the thigh. He was quite sensible to everything around him; and during examination by the medical men, asked frequently but calmly how long he had to live. When one of them, more directly appealed to, pronounced with sorrowing hesitation, the fatal verdict, 'Not many hours, sir,' he turned to the chaplain for the Church's ministrations. The enemy (who throughout the siege had the 'best intelligence') would appear to have already known of our Chief's state and his place of shelter. Almost immediately after his removal from his own quarters, a close, continuous fire poured in on Dr Fayrer's house, and the balls were flying thick among us as we gathered round to partake of what was to him, and to many others also, the last sacrament. Not one of us was touched! yet scarcely had he been removed into an inner room and our party dispersed, when two casualties occurred at the very place where he had so lately stood and knelt; the officer in command of the guard and a private were seriously wounded.

"The Communion ended, he lay for nearly an hour, talking during the intervals of severe pain. Who will forget the deep humility and penitence expressed by this good and noble man

for the sins and shortcomings of his life, and the meek yet steadfast faith in his Saviour? He spoke most unreservedly of those things, in affectionately-warning solicitude for the friends around him. He had words of counsel for all in his farewell; some he thanked tenderly for their service and affection; but it was, perhaps, still more touching to listen to his appeals for forgiveness from others to whom, in the course of his duty, he imagined that he might have spoken or acted harshly. His directions for our conduct of the defence were most decided. He appointed Major Banks and Colonel Inglis as his successors in command, the latter subordinate, and distinctly declared that it should be in military hands. He had done most wisely, and to his utmost, so long as mere policy could avail; and now he knew, and said, that there was nothing but to fight and to endure. There was to be no thought of making terms; relief might be looked for in a month; but if two should elapse before succour came, we must still hope on; and, rather than surrender, die to a man. The thought of the women and children he was leaving in such peril seemed to affect him deeply. 'God help the poor women and children;' 'Take care of the poor women and children,' was his frequent cry. The fear for them, and for the future well-doing of his own foster-child—the Asylum—distressed him much. Over and over again he rang the changes on these two subjects of dread: 'Don't let them forget the Asylum,' alternated constantly with that other cry, 'The poor women and children.'

"He evidently foresaw the great difficulty of a friendly advance on our position. A force of two thousand Europeans was the smallest, he said, that should be permitted to attempt it, and we were, by repeated messages, to impress this on the leader of the looked-for relieving troops. No possible means of securing the safety of the garrison escaped him, even in that time of greatest personal need. We had some State prisoners of rank, nearly allied to those known to be amongst the most active of our foes. In case our provisions began to fail, he enjoined us to endeavour to make use of the influence of these men in obtaining supplies.

"After urging many similar likely ways of making the best of

Park only a few days ago. He died in the hospital. Smith shewed me the royal apartments, where the doctors are now quartered,—the ball-room, bath-room, tombs, &c. &c., all very splendid. How singular the idea of having tombs in the very heart of the palace! Dined at the Head-quarters' mess.

LXXIX.

LUCKNOW, HEAD-QUARTERS' CAMP,
Wednesday, April 7, 1858.

I have this morning received a letter from the Archdeacon, authorising me to "proceed to Allahabad," where I am now to be stationed. I was so unwell yesterday that it was necessary for me to remain in bed, and consult Dr Clifford. Through God's blessing on his skilful treatment, I am very much better to-day, although rather weak.

I have presented my letter to Major Norman, Assistant-Adjutant-General, and said "Good-bye" to the magnates in the Observatory.

An escort leaves the Dilkoosha Palace at an early hour to-morrow morning. My bullock will not be able to keep pace with cavalry, but I hope to be before daylight out of Lucknow.

APPENDIX.

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CHINESE ILLUSTRATION OF THE "CHUPATTIE MOVEMENT."

WE arrived at Chaborté on the fifteenth day of the eighth moon, the anniversary of great rejoicings among the Chinese. This festival, known as the *Yuê ping*, (Loaves of the Moon,) dates from the remotest antiquity. Its original purpose was to honour the moon with superstitious rites. On this solemn day all labour is suspended; the workmen receive from their employers a present of money; every person puts on his best clothes; and there is merry-making in every family. Relations and friends interchange cakes of various sizes, on which is stamped the image of the moon; that is to say a hare crouching amid a small group of trees.

Since the fourteenth century this festival has borne a political character, little understood apparently by the Mongols, but the tradition of which is carefully preserved by the Chinese. About the year 1368, the Chinese were desirous of shaking off the yoke of the Tartar dynasty, founded by Tcheng-Kis-Khan, and which had then swayed the empire for nearly a hundred years. A vast conspiracy was formed throughout all the provinces, which was simultaneously to develop itself on the fifteenth day of the eighth moon by the massacre of the Mongol soldiers, who were billeted upon each Chinese family for the double purpose of maintaining themselves and their conquest. The signal was given by a letter concealed in the cakes which, as we have stated, are on that day

mutually interchanged throughout the country. The massacre was effected, and the Tartar army dispersed in the houses of the Chinese utterly annihilated. This catastrophe put an end to the Mongol domination; and ever since the Chinese, in celebrating the festival of *Yué ping*, have been less intent upon the superstitious worship of the moon than upon the tragic event to which they owed the recovery of their national independence.

The Mongols seem to have lost all memory of the sanguinary revolution; for every year they take their full part in the festival of the Loaves of the Moon, and thus celebrate, without apparently knowing it, the triumph which their enemies heretofore gained over their ancestors.—*Huc's Travels.*

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HAPPY RELEASE FROM LUCKNOW.

THE following is from a medical officer in the Artillery to his friends in Berwickshire:—

"CAWNPORE, 3*d December* 1857.

"Of the number which sheltered themselves behind the Residency wall on the 30th June, barely half left that Residency gate on the night of the 23d November last. It was with chequered feelings that I rode away from the scene of so much hardship. The open country and the free air of heaven were all before me, and although we left empty walls behind us, still we also left a full churchyard. Many of England's noblest young blood lay there, like Sir John Moore, in their martial cloaks, or perhaps more frequently in their shirts and pantaloons, sewed up in counterpanes. They were buried, poor fellows! as they fought and fell. They were buried also by night, for we could not bury them by day on account of the enemy's bullets. These night-burials, especially in wet weather, were depressing and dreary in the extreme.

"My first experience of the open country, after being so long

confined within walls, was in the highest degree cheerful. It was at a place called the 'Dilkoosha' (Pleasure of my Heart), the summit of a gentle eminence, whereon was encamped a brigade to guard the baggage. It was a fine, cool, breezy, sunshiny day—such a day as makes a heart disposed to be happy. The fine pipal and mangold trees rustled overhead, and waved wide over the country, a broken sea of green. The river Goomtee wound gracefully as a sea-snake around the foot of the slope, a sheet of living water. Around me were herds of camels, flocks of sheep, rows of elephants, bullock-carts, infantry-pickets, cavalry-pickets, and troops of Horse Artillery, with horses harnessed, and riders standing by booted and spurred, all ready for the mount. Away down three miles to the west lay the city, filled with smoke and the roar of artillery. All was bustle and action, and yet all to me was quiet rest. It appeared, to borrow the remark of a friend, a long Sunday come at last. In such a place, under such circumstances, I sat down to breakfast, supplied me by the liberality of the 9th Lancers' mess, in a tope under the shade of a fine pipal. For five months I had not seen bread or butter—for five months I had grubbed in dark holes and corners, amongst mice, rats, and cobwebs—for five months I had fed on tough beef and chupatties. No wonder, then, if with feelings akin to rapture, I sat down to that table, covered with a clean table-cloth, to tea, with milk and sugar, served in china and made in silver, and, above all, to find fresh bread and butter. On the evening of the 24th, we marched from Dilkoosha to the Alum Bagh (seven miles); on the 27th, from Alum Bagh to a place called Bunnee (fourteen miles); on the 28th, from Bunnee to the Ganges (thirty miles); and on the 30th, into Cawnpore (four miles.) The thirty miles' march proved a stumper for the old garrison. Many of them were forced to fall out; most of them were foot-sore and lame—caused by scurvy. That little band stumping along was a proud, yet, at the same time, a melancholy sight for Old England; for, though covered with glory, they had left five hundred of their number behind in the graveyard, and out of nearly twenty officers—gallant fellows as ever stepped—four only marched with our regiment."

He then proceeded with Sir John M'Caskill's force into the Kohistan, and had an important share in the brilliant affair at Istaliff. Next year he was promoted to a regimental majority, and nominated Persian Interpreter to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough. At the close of 1843, he accompanied the army to Gwalior, and was engaged in the battle of Maharajpore. In 1844, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by Brevet. In 1845, he proceeded with the army to meet the invasion of the Sikhs, and was actively engaged in the battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon. At Moodkee, he had two horses shot under him; at Sobraon, a third horse was smitten down by a cannon-shot, which passed through his saddle-cloth. On the conclusion of the Sutlej campaign, he was appointed Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops at Bombay. The second Sikh war now broke out, and his elder brother, Colonel William Havelock, was killed at Ramnuggur. His own regiment, the 53d, having been ordered into the field, he quitted his staff employment at Bombay in order to join it, and had proceeded as far as Indore when his further progress was countermanded, and he returned to his post. Twenty-five years of incessant and laborious service now began to tell on his constitution, and his medical advisers, in 1849, sent him to Europe for two years for the restoration of his health. He returned to Bombay in 1851, and was soon after made Brevet-Colonel, and appointed, through the kindness of Lord Hardinge, by whose side he had fought in the three battles of the Sutlej, Quartermaster-General, and then Adjutant-General, of Queen's troops in India. On the despatch of the expedition to Persia he was appointed to the second division, and commanded the troops at Mohammerah, the glory of which action was, however, reserved for the naval force. On the conclusion of peace he returned to Bombay, and embarked in the *Erin* for Calcutta, in which vessel he was wrecked, in 1857, off the coast of Ceylon. Five days after he obtained a passage in the *Fire Queen*, and, on reaching Calcutta, was immediately sent up to Allahabad as Brigadier-General, to command the moveable column.

"His subsequent career has been so recently the subject of pub-

lic admiration, that we need do no more than recapitulate the leading incidents. With the greater portion of the 64th and 78th Regiments he first attacked the mutineers at Futtehpore, on the 12th of July, and on the 15th, at Aoung and Pandoo Nuddee; on the 16th at Cawnpore, where he had a horse shot under him, and where the enemy lost twenty-three guns. Advancing from Cawnpore on the 29th, he captured Oonao and Busseerutgunge, and nineteen guns. This position he was obliged to give up, but retook it on the 5th of August, inflicting great slaughter. On the 12th of August he again defeated the mutineers, and on the 16th attacked them at Bithoor. Eventually receiving reinforcements under Sir James Outram, he entered Lucknow on the 25th of September, and held his ground there until the garrison was finally relieved by Sir Colin Campbell on the 17th of November.

"For his first exploits in the early summer of last year Brigadier-General Havelock was rewarded with a good-service pension of £100 a-year. Since that time we have heard in rapid succession how Havelock has been raised to the rank of a General Officer, honoured with the riband of a Knight Commander of the Bath, and rewarded with the more substantial prizes of £1000 annual pension and the colonelcy of the 3d Buffs; and, finally, how, on the 26th of November last, the *London Gazette* announced that Her Majesty had been pleased to elevate him to a baronetcy as Sir Henry Havelock of Lucknow. Alas! on the very day before the *Gazette* appeared, Sir Henry Havelock had paid the debt of nature, having died of dysentery, brought on by exposure in the field and the anxieties of his trying position,—one which it certainly required a charmed life and almost superhuman strength to maintain.

"Sir Henry Havelock married, in 1827, Hannah Shepherd, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr Marshman, of Serampore, the learned and accomplished Biblical scholar, by whom he has left a family of three surviving daughters and three sons, the eldest of whom—now Sir Henry Marshman Havelock, second Baronet—was born in 1830. He at present holds a captain's commission in the 18th Royal Irish, and has been lately serving in India as Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General under the gallant father whose honoured name he bears, and whose loss he must

so deeply deplore. It was only about a fortnight ago that Lady Havelock, after a short stay in London and at Bath, left England for Germany among the congratulations of her friends; and in the course of yesterday she would doubtless learn the sad intelligence of an event which has made herself a widow and her children fatherless. She will not want the hearty sympathy of the British public in her own and the nation's loss."

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THE LUCKNOW LADIES.

"ALLAHABAD, *Dec.* 16 *and* 17.

"The last letters you received from us, after the cantonment mutiny, must in some degree have prepared you for what so soon followed. From the 6th of June, which was the day the sepoys mutinied at Cawnpore, we were totally cut off from all communication with the outer world. I never shall forget that fearful month; the suspense was almost worse than anything we went through afterwards. Every day came fresh news of murders and massacres which had taken place in the district, and fugitives flying for their lives from the outlying stations arriving perfectly destitute in Lucknow. The only tidings which reached us from Cawnpore was brought in by spies, and each account, of course, only increased our anxiety and dread for the fate of the unhappy garrison, and our terror for what might yet be in store for ourselves. On the 29th of June the entrenchments were abandoned, and dark rumours were afloat about the tragical events which had taken place at Cawnpore. We thought it too horrible to believe, and the worst was not made known for many days afterwards—indeed, I never heard the particulars until Sir J. Outram's reinforcements reached us, though the sad history was known to the authorities before we were shut up. On the morning of the 30th of June that most fatal action at Chinhut took place, which brought things to a crisis, and the enemy down upon us sooner than was anticipated. A small force went

out with the intention of reconnoitring, it having been reported that the advanced guard of the insurgent army was at a place called Nawabgunge, and it was hoped that if they could be driven back, it would intimidate the rest from coming any nearer. You will read the sad story in Brigadier Inglis's despatch; how, instead of a small number, our devoted troops encountered an overwhelming force, were surrounded, taken at a disadvantage, cut to pieces, and the survivors obliged to retreat with the loss of five officers, two hundred men, and several guns. The remnant who returned were no sooner within the Bailey Guard than the gates were closed, and half-an-hour afterwards we were closely invested, and the siege, which was destined to last so many weary months, had commenced. On the third day of the siege poor Sir H. Lawrence was mortally wounded, and all felt then as if our last hope was gone; he was brought into Dr ——'s house, and lingered in great agony for forty-eight hours. —— was constantly with him, and I and another lady took turns at his bedside to attend upon him. His sufferings were most painful to witness; his Christian resignation and humility could not be surpassed. You may imagine what an affecting scene it was to witness such a deathbed; the whole time he was dying the house seemed to be the mark for the enemy's most deadly fire. The heavy cannonading and volleys of musketry never ceased for an instant. . . . From the 30th of June to the 25th of September, on which day Sir J. Outram and Sir H. Havelock fought their way through the city, and, instead of relieving, were shut up with us, we had no news whatever from the outside, with the exception of three little notes brought in by a faithful old spy, a pensioner called Mized; the only one of the numerous messengers sent out who ever returned. The first letter he brought was on the 26th of July, and was from Major Fraser Tytler, the Quartermaster of General Havelock's force, telling us that we should be relieved in five days. You may fancy the joyful excitement which this caused, and how heart-sickening was the disappointment when day after day passed, and we heard no more of our expected deliverers. At last, the latter end of August, Mized, who had gone out again, returned with a second

letter, and we then learnt, for the first time, that General Havelock had been obliged to retreat upon Cawnpore, and was waiting for more reinforcements. For another weary month we had to wait, and then the news came that Sir J. Outram had joined Havelock's force, and that they were advancing on Lucknow. The evening of the 25th September they succeeded, after tremendous fighting and a terrible loss of life, in making their way to the Residency; and the scene of their arrival baffles all description. I am sure it will never be forgotten by any of those who witnessed it. We had no idea they were so near at hand, for though we had been in a state of excitement the whole day, hearing the firing going on in the city, we had no idea they would make the rush they did, but fancied they would work their way through gradually, and we might not see them for some days. Suddenly the musketry-fire came quite close, then we heard tremendous cheering sounding from all sides of the entrenchments —the excitement was intense. An instant after we saw the soldiers rushing wildly up the road; our compound and verandah was filled with Highlanders, the bagpipes playing triumphantly, and we found ourselves sobbing, laughing, shaking hands violently with officers and men, exchanging fervent 'God bless you's' with all, embracing each other, hugging the children, and doing all sorts of frantic things, easy to be imagined. The emotion displayed by the soldiers was most affecting at the sight of the women and children they had rescued from the fate of those at Cawnpore. They seized the children from our arms and covered them with kisses; and 'God bless you, ma'am,' 'Thank God we are in time to save you,' resounded on every side. The poor fellows were so dreadfully exhausted we could not supply them with water fast enough. Some of us rushed down and made tea, but we had not much else to offer in the way of refreshment, for we had long been on very short-commons; and after this great increase to our force arrived, without bringing with them any increase of supplies, our rations were still further reduced. Such luxuries as milk and sugar ceased in about two months, and the few goats we had went dry very speedily. Wine and beer lasted till within six weeks of the end, when we were all reduced

to toast-and-water. Our fare usually consisted of chupatties made of the coarsest unsifted flour, parched peas or grain boiled, and rice; for meat, the gun-bullock beef, which no amount of stewing ever succeeded in reducing to tenderness. We used always to take our meals in a dark underground room, called in India a *Tye Khana;* it was a most vault-like place, a receptacle for cobras and rats, and so dark, that so long as our store of candles lasted, we were always obliged to burn one during breakfast and dinner. For the first two months of the siege, the ladies and children of our party lived entirely down in this horrible cellar. We used to sleep on the floor, fitting into each other like the bits in a puzzle, and the rats and mice running races over us. When the rains began, however, the room became so damp it was impossible to stay there; every one got so ill we all declared it would be much better to risk the bullets up-stairs to the certainty of sickness by remaining below; so the gentlemen barricaded the windows with every available box and mattress, and we came up to sleep in the dining-room, which, being in the centre of the house, was tolerably safe, and there we managed to arrange two rows of bedsteads, which placed us in comparative luxury. Nearly all the servants ran away on the third day of the siege. They seemed to think, when Sir H. Lawrence was dead, that there could be no hope for us, and all went off in a body. People in England can have no idea how dependent one is for one's comfort on servants in this country, and what a hardship it is to be without them, especially in the hot weather. The ladies were all obliged to divide the work of the house between them, and as five out of the eleven were very delicate, and the sixth was an old lady, the labour fell mostly on myself and four others. We had between us to keep the rooms we lived in clean, weigh out the rations, make the tea, cook for and wait upon the sick, nurse the children, and slave, in one way or another, from morning till night. I am sure this did me, for one, a great deal of good; one felt one was being of use, and it prevented one brooding over one's troubles, or thinking too much of the horrors around us. I used to be so dead-tired at night, I often slept through the most tremendous assaults, and knew nothing about

them till the next day. Down in the Tye Khana we used to have wretched nights, kept awake constantly by the poor sick children, with whom I used to be often up the greater part of the night, and never was a bit the worse for it.

"People all seem as if they could not do enough for us; anything like the kindness and hospitality we have received cannot be imagined; the Governor-General's tents pitched for us, and every comfort provided. . . . . Allahabad is by far the prettiest, most English-looking place I have seen in India, and must have been lovely before all the bungalows were destroyed and trees cut down. This fort seems impregnable; if we had had such a place well-provisioned we might have laughed our 50,000 besiegers to scorn. There is a beautiful walk round the ramparts, which we promenade every morning before breakfast. Fresh air in itself is a perfect treat after being cooped up as we were in the most impure atmosphere for so many months. Mr —— and I have set up a school in the barracks for the soldiers' children since we have been here. We went there the other day and found them all running wild, and their mothers telling us 'as how they'd lost all their larning,' and were getting fast unmanageable; so, in absence of school or schoolmistress, we took possession of an empty room, and invited the children to come and be taught every day at two o'clock. We have not a single book except the Bible and Prayer-book, and many of the little ones do not even know their letters, so it is difficult to manage; but we have had them for three days, and collect between thirty and forty, dividing them into two classes. We have got on pretty well hitherto. I take the big ones, make them read, answer questions, spell, and repeat tables; but it is bothering work without any helps in the way of books, slates, &c. Some of the mothers seem much obliged, and I hope it will be of a little use. The women and children will be going away as soon as the steamers come for them; but at present the river is so low, the vessels have extreme difficulty in getting up here."

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A REBEL PROCLAMATION.

The following proclamation, issued by Khan Bahadoor Khan, the rebel Nawab of Bareilly, to the Hindoo chieftains, is a strange exposition of the terms upon which Mussulmans and Hindoos were to merge their own differences and co-operate for the overthrow of the British rule :—

"Greeting to the virtuous, illustrious, generous, and brave Rajahs, preservers of their own faith and props of the religion of others!

"We wish you every prosperity, and take the present opportunity to apprise you all that God created us to preserve our faith, and our religious books fully inform us what our faith is. We are all determined to preserve that faith. O ye Rajahs, God has created you, and given you dominions that you should all preserve your faith, and extirpate the destroyers of your religion. Those that are sufficiently strong should openly exert their strength to destroy the enemies of their religion, but those that are not sufficiently strong should devise plans for causing the death of those enemies, and thus preserve their religion. The Shasters inculcate that it is the duty of a man to die for his religion, and not to embrace the religion of an alien; God has said it; and it is a notorious fact that the English are the destroyers of the creeds of other nations. Let this fact be thoroughly impressed upon your minds, that for years past, with a view to destroy the religion of natives of India, the English have compiled books and have disseminated them through missionaries throughout Hindustan. They have from time to time forcibly dispossessed us of our religious books. Their own accredited servants have divulged this to us. Now, you should all devote your attention towards the plans which the English have been forming for destroying the religion of the natives of India. Firstly, they have promulgated a law that a Hindoo widow must re-marry; secondly, they have forcibly suspended the rights of suttee, (burning of widows with the dead bodies of their husbands on the funeral pyre,) and passed laws prohibiting those rights;

thirdly, they have often pressed us to embrace their religion on promise of future advancement under their government, and they have often requested us to attend their churches, and listen to their doctrines. They have made it a standing rule that when a Rajah dies without leaving any male issue by his married wife, to confiscate his territory, and they do not allow his adopted son to inherit it, although we learn from the Shasters that there are ten kinds of sons entitled to share in the property of a deceased Hindoo. Hence it is obvious that such laws of the English are intended to deprive the native Rajahs of their territory and property. They have already seized the territories of Nagpore and Lucknow. Their designs for destroying your religion, O Rajahs, are manifest from their having had recourse to compulsive measures to force the prisoners to mess together. Many prisoners refused to mess together, and were consequently starved to death, and many ate bread together, and, of course, forfeited their religion. When the English saw that even such measures were ineffectual to convert the Hindoos, they caused bones to be ground with flour and sugar, and mixed particles of dried flesh and bone-dust with rice, and caused the same to be sold in the shops. In a word, they devised every plan they could for destroying your religion. Eventually, a Bengali told the English that if the native army would use the profane things, then the inhabitants of Bengal would make no scruple to accept the same. The English liked this proposal, little knowing that, in enforcing it, they would themselves be rooted out of the country. The English told the Brahmins and other Hindoos serving in their army to bite suet-greased cartridges. When the Mussulmans serving in the army saw that the English were plotting to undermine the religion of the Brahmins, they also refused to bite the greased cartridges. But the English were bent upon destroying the Hindoo religion. The native soldiers of those regiments which refused to bite the cartridges were blown away from guns. This injustice opened the eyes of the sepoys, and they began to kill the English wherever they found them. A small number of English is still left in India, and measures have been adopted to kill them also. Be it known to all you

Rajahs that if these English are permitted to remain in India, they will butcher you all and put an end to your religion. It is surprising that a number of our countrymen are still siding with the English, and fighting for them; but let it be well impressed upon your minds that the English will neither allow your religion to remain safe, nor will they permit those countrymen of ours that are assisting them to keep their religion unmolested.

"We would now ask you, O Rajahs, have you found out any means for preserving your religion and lives?

"If you all be of the same mind with us, then we can easily root out the English from this country, and maintain our national independence and our religion.

"As all the Hindoos and Mahometans of India have found out that the destruction of the Englishmen is the only way by which we can save our lives and religion, we have printed this proclamation. We conjure you, O Rajahs, by the holy water of the Ganges, by the sacred plant of Toolsee, and by the sacred image of Shalugram, and we conjure you, O Mussulmans, by the Almighty God, and by the sacred Koran, to attend to us. These Englishmen are enemies to the Hindoos as well as of the Mussulmans. It is a duty now incumbent upon both nations (Hindoos and Mussulmans) to kill all the Englishmen in India. Both nations should, therefore, combine together and destroy the Englishmen.

"Among the Hindoos, the slaughter of kine is looked upon as a horrible sin. The Mussulman chieftains have all agreed, that should the Hindoos join them in killing the Englishmen in India, they (the Mussulmans) will cease to slaughter cows. The Mussulmans have made solemn promises by the sacred Koran to abstain from eating flesh of cows. Should the Hindoos join them, the Mussulmans will look upon the flesh of cows with the same horror which they feel at seeing pork. If the Hindoos do not attend to this solemn appeal, and do not kill the English,—nay, if they shelter them even,—they will be considered guilty of slaughtering cows and eating beef.

"Should the English, with a view to neutralise our proposal,

make a similar agreement, and urge the Hindoos to rise against the Mussulmans, let the wise Hindoos consider that if the English do so, the Hindoos will be sadly deceived. The Englishmen never keep their promises. They are deceitful impostors. The natives of this country have always been tools in the hands of these deceitful Englishman. None of you should permit this golden opportunity to slip away. Let us take advantage of it. Our epistolary intercourse, though not so charming as personal interview, is still calculated to revive remembrance of each other. We trust you will concur with us, and favour us with a reply to this appeal, which is made with the full consent of both Hindoos and Mussulmans of this place."

Published by Moulvie Seyed Kootub,* Shah Buhadoree Press, Bareilly.

True translation.

(Signed) J. C. WILSON,
Commissioner on Special Duty.

THE INDIAN MUTINEERS.

The following is a specimen of the correspondence of the mutineers. The writer was tried by a general court-martial, and found guilty of sending this letter, for which he was condemned to be blown from a gun:—

Translation of a Hindustani Letter from Sepoy Sheikh Ibrahim to his uncle, Mahomed Hunef, Private, 2d Company, 24th Regiment, Secunderabad. Dated Bhopal, 13th Zee, Kidja.

After compliments:—

"I am well at Bhopal. I hope you are the same. I am much distressed at not hearing from you. From Delhi to Hindustan (that is to say, throughout Hindustan) the infidels have been destroyed. Those who were in Bhopal also have gone to hell. God does as it seemeth Him fit.

"The birds of the air do not move on wing without the Divine permission. God it is who does justice to us. May God put it into the heart of every Mussulman to destroy the infidels, and

* "This man was Persian teacher in the Government College, Bareilly."

may He not leave one alive! Because they have subverted the Mussulman religion, may God blacken their faces, and may their accursed countenances never again appear! Because they mixed bones [no doubt pigs' bones, but not specified] with sugar, and distributed it, [understood,] and gave out cartridges made of pigs' skins. For this reason all Mussulmans have come to the front, and destroyed twelve thousand soldiers, [English,] and four thousand Englishmen, [evidently the writer means officers.] All in Hindustan have sided with the King of Delhi. I am in the Nawab Secunder Begum Sahib's (Junghee) battalion. When you write, address to me as follows:—

"'To Sepoy Sheik Ibrahim, 6th Company, Junghee Battalion, in the Army of Nawab Secunder Begum, Bhopal.'

"Salaam to all. Give this letter to Subadar-Major Ghuffon Khan, and read it in all the Musjids. Moulvie Abdool Uzeem Khan sends his compliments to all. You know everything; why should I attempt explanation?

"Listen, all ye Mussulmans!

"It is forbidden [by the Koran, understood] that you should eat your food with the 'accursed Christian in your bosom,' [that is, near you.] You will never get such an opportunity again. Send them all to hell! Send me a speedy answer. Do not shew indifference. Tell me all what is going with you."

True translation.

W. R. CAMPBELL,
Second Assistant-Resident.

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DR DUFF ON BISHOP WILSON.

It does one's heart good to read the following testimony to such a Bishop as Daniel Wilson, from such a Presbyterian as Alexander Duff:—

"On the morning of the 6th January the mortal remains of Bishop Wilson were consigned to the tomb, amid the sorrowing regrets of the whole of the leal-hearted Protestant community

of Calcutta. It is not for me to attempt to delineate the character and labours of such a man. And yet I should be false to my own convictions, and a traitor to the great cause of the communion and brotherhood of saints, were I to pass over in silence the departure from amongst us of such a 'master in Israel.'

"When he arrived here a quarter of a century ago, he was in the very zenith of his powers of active usefulness. And, certainly, few men have toiled more, or to more good purpose. Naturally endowed with great energies of mind and body,—energies, in his case, happily sanctified and consecrated exclusively to the promotion of God's glory,—he kept all around him in a state of constant friction and glow. About his manner of speech and action there were some peculiarities, and even eccentricities, which might have proved fatal to the credit and influence of a less ordinary man; but in him, like the somewhat corresponding qualities in Rowland Hill, of whom he was said to be a great admirer, if not partial imitator, these served only to impart a certain spicy zest to all his appearances, alike public and private.

"While fondly and conscientiously attached to the government and discipline of his own Church, he had a large catholic heart, which eagerly embraced and sympathised with whatever was really good, holy, or excellent, in the membership of any other. Of this trait or feature in his renewed nature, one characteristic exemplification now occurs to me. About the end of July 1847, shortly after tidings of the sudden death of Dr Chalmers had reached us, I happened to visit a poor countryman of ours, who had been confined in the great jail for debt. On my return from jail, passing the new cathedral, which was at no great distance from it, and seeing the door of it open, I turned aside to have a look at the interior. There, unexpectedly, I encountered the Bishop himself, and his excellent chaplain, Mr Pratt, now Archdeacon of Calcutta. The Bishop, saluting me in his own usual frank and hearty way, took me by the arm, and, walking up and down for a little, making a few friendly inquiries, he suddenly stopped, and with much feeling addressed me as follows:—'Ah, dear friend, what a loss has your Church, and not your Church only, but the whole Christian world, sustained in the death of

that great and good man Dr Chalmers! How singular, that the Lord should be pleased to leave me behind, who am three years older than he was! Is it not a warning to me to be ready? Dr Chalmers was a man whom I not only admired, but loved. I have all his works in my library, and have not only read, but studied them. And what think you? I myself once became a Dissenter in order to hear him preach. That is, I rushed with the crowd to a Dissenting chapel in London. And, though it is thirty years ago, I never think of that wonderful sermon without feeling the thrill of it here still,'—laying his hand on his heart —'and I seem as if I felt it now.'

"But the most distinguishing peculiarity of his character, and that which constituted the real secret and fountain-head of its catholicity, indefatigable laboriousness, glowing warmth, and athletic force, was his remarkably vivid apprehension of and resolute adherence to the doctrines of pure primitive apostolic Christianity. On the fundamental Pauline doctrine of 'justification through faith alone, without the works of the law,' never did Luther's own trumpet give a clearer or more certain sound. On the sovereignty of Divine grace in salvation, so glorifying to God and so humbling to man, Augustine, Calvin, and Knox would have hailed his utterances as those of a kindred spirit. Pelagianism, in all its forms, by repudiating the inherent depravity of human nature, and the consequent necessity of the Holy Spirit's regenerating power, was the object of his special abhorrence. On Socinianism, under its varied Proteus-like modifications—which, by denying the Lord that bought us with His own atoning blood, would degrade the Eternal Word, the Son of God, the brightness of His Father's glory, into a mere creature, and so reduce Christianity to the baldness and the barrenness of at best a mystic Mahometanism or æsthetic Deism,—he was wont to cast the most withering frown. Into the anti-scriptural character of Popery no reformer had a more penetrating insight, or with intenser aversion denounced its malignant, soul-destroying tendencies. In modern Tractarianism, with its patristic and high-sounding mediæval pretensions, he, from the very first, was led to discern the very germ and rudiment of the whole Popish

system: or, as that noble champion of Protestantism, Captain Gordon, late M.P. for Dundalk, once, with rare felicity termed it, '*the tadpole of Popery;*' and hence the frequency and vehemence, the severity and success, of his exposures of it. For his eminent services in this department alone, not his own Church or other Churches in India only, but all the Reformed Churches throughout the world, owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude. But without enlarging any further, as my heart would prompt me, I may compendiously express my own conception of his character as a Christian man and evangelical bishop, by asserting my firm persuasion that, had his lot been cast in less favoured times, he would, for 'the testimony of Jesus,' have been found marching joyfully to the stake, in company with Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, and, by the fires of his own martyrdom, helping to light up that torch of evangelism in England which all the powers of darkness never can extinguish.

"Besides his services in the cause of Christ generally, those which he rendered to the cause of missions must ever be conspicuous. The evangelisation of the world at large, and of India in particular, was ever uppermost in his heart as a subject of prayer and exhortation. Under this head, perhaps his most notable achievement was the authoritative repudiation and ejection of the *caste system* from the native churches of Southern India. His task was all the more difficult from its having been tolerated in modified forms by Schwartz and his associates, and treated and connived at as a *civil* rather than a *religious* institution by the gentle Heber and his successors in the Indian episcopate. But the principle of caste being evil and heathenish to the very core, and entering into the very essence of Hindooism, did not fail, however guarded and fenced, gradually to issue in intolerable practical abuses. With these Bishop Wilson was called upon, at an early period of his career, officially to grapple. And it redounds to his eternal credit that he did so in a Josiah-like style. Having fairly mastered the subject, and satisfied himself of its utterly antichristian character, he proposed no mere half-measures — no merely modifying limitary regulations. No; his firm and resolute decree was, that the system must be extirpated, root and

branch, from the membership of the native churches, or the membership of the native churches must be ejected from their bosom, until they heartily abjured and flung out the evil thing from among them. This decree swept through the churches like the blast of a hurricane through an ancient forest. All that was crazy with age, or gnawed into cankers, or crusted with the moss of rottenness, fell before it. But the cause of truth and righteousness was all the better for the clearance. And the future sons and daughters of India's expurgated churches will rise up to bless the memory of Bishop Wilson.

"But I must bring this meagre notice to a close. In the days of his greatest vigour Bishop Wilson blazed like a sun in our Christian firmament; but, like a tropical sun in the meridian, while he always illumined, he was apt at times to scorch. In his decline he shone like a sun still; ay, and, like the natural sun, he not only seemed, but really was, 'larger at his setting.' But, oh, with what ineffably mild and mellow lustre he did shine! No words of mine can convey any adequate idea of his firm and faithful, yet soft and tenderly affectionate disposition—his ripe and rich, yet simple, child-like piety. All the loyalty of his spirit towards God, and all the sympathies of his heart towards man, were powerfully awakened by our recent judgments and disasters. Under them he seemed to feel and speak as a Nehemiah or a Daniel would have felt and spoken. When, not very long ago, he last called at our house, in his own easy, friendly, familiar way, never can I forget the simple earnestness with which he again and again declared that he felt that the great work of the remainder of his days would be to do what he could in bringing his people, in connexion with the present awful condition of India, to a state of heartfelt humiliation and prayer. And in this high and holy vocation he assiduously laboured, and not without good fruit, to the very end. But the Master whom he so loved and served on earth has now called him to nobler services in the realms above. And now that he is gone, the fervent prayer of God's people in behalf of poor, distracted, bleeding India, should be, that his mantle may fall on his successor, ay, and a double portion of his Elijah-like spirit."

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THE CAPTURE OF GORUCKPORE.

On the morning of the 6th January the Goorka force, under the Maharajah Jung Bahadoor, set out from Peepraitch. To each regiment a European officer was attached, and one of higher rank to each brigade. It was known that Goruckpore was to be attacked, consequently all were on the alert, and eager to begin. Peepraitch is ten and a half miles distant from Goruckpore; the road to it is heavy and bad, running through thick jungle almost the entire way; there are three nullahs (small rivers), all of them spanned by bridges. The force left Peepraitch at seven A.M.; after marching about two miles they came upon the celebrated Goruckpore jungle, well known to sportsmen. Here one brigade took ground to the right and another to the left, to turn the position the rebels were said to hold, a broken bridge over a nullah in the centre of the jungle. This movement had not been completed before the centre column of the Goorkas came upon the enemy, holding a strong position in the jungle. Our guns at once opened fire, and for a time were replied to by the enemy both from guns and musketry. The rebels did not, however, stand long; on the advance of the Goorka infantry they fled, at once abandoning an iron gun, very serviceable, with limber and bullocks attached. From this for about four miles through the jungle it was a race; but the rebels had the heels of the Goorkas, and the whole road was strewed with shoes which they had thrown off to expedite their flight. On arriving at the bridge, of which the rebels had only removed the superstructure, men were brought up to repair and render it traversable; this was very soon done, the Goorkas shewing a skill in the use of their *kokrees* which surprised the European officers. Crossing over the bridge the leading brigade came upon a party of sowars; a few rounds sufficed to disperse them. Nothing was more remarkable in this advance than the rapid and effective manner in which the guns were handled, due consideration being had to the means of draught. These guns had no limbers, but were drawn by men, the trail being held up on men's shoulders. This was the only

awkward part of the arrangement, for in that jungly country the men perform the work of draught-cattle much better than bullocks could have done. After dispersing the cavalry, the whole force re-united. On arriving at the crest of a little rise immediately on this side of the station, the enemy opened fire upon them from a gun in a clump of trees in front. The Goorkas quickly brought up the guns, made the enemy abandon his position, and then charged *en masse*. From this point it was a run all the way into the station, the Goorkas cutting up stragglers on the road. In the entrenchment, which was very strong, not above a dozen men had the heart to remain; these were all killed, and on went the Goorkas for the river. They soon reached the *ghât* (ferry), and then commenced the slaughter. Had those of the enemy who had succeeded in crossing kept up a fire on the advancing Goorkas, they might have ensured the safety of their whole party; but *sauve qui peut* was the order of the day with them, and they fled in confusion. The consequence was, that without order, without combination, they became a mob, and were shot down in great numbers; boat-loads of them were shot, drowned, or cut to pieces. The river was actually red with blood. So continuous, indeed, was the file-firing for upwards of an hour, that the Maharajah thought that the sepoys were making a stand; he became desperate with excitement, and those who were near him must have thought we were fighting another Inkerman. "Altogether," writes my correspondent, "though no passage of arms, it was a very respectable 'scrimmage;' we took six guns and two things which we have called *zumbooruks*, for want of a better name, mounted on carriages, and two not mounted, besides a little one-pounder brought in by the villagers." The result of this action has been the entire clearing of the Goruckpore district. The rebel leader, Mahomed Hussein has fled to Tanda, a town on the Fyzabad road, in the vicinity of which he has re-collected his scattered forces. The Goorkas still remain at Goruckpore, waiting, it is said, for carriage.

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THE ARMY IN OUDE.

"HEAD-QUARTERS' CAMP, CAWNPORE, *Feb.* 10.

"The troops now in Oude, and those advancing into that province, are formed into divisions and brigades, and staff-officers are attached as follows; the whole being under the personal command of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief.

"Such appointments as now appear for the first time will take effect from this date.

ARTILLERY DIVISION.

"*Staff.*—Major-General Sir A. Wilson, K.C.B., Bengal Artillery, commanding; Major E. B. Johnson, Bengal Artillery, Assistant-Adjutant-General; Lieutenant R. Biddulph, Royal Artillery, Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General; Lieutenant-Colonel C. Hagge, Bengal Artillery, Director of Artillery in the Ordnance Department; Captain C. H. Barchard, 20th Regiment Native Infantry, Aid-de-Camp; Lieutenant H. G. Deedes, 60th Royal Rifles, Extra Aid-de-Camp.

"*Brigade of Field Artillery.*—Brigadier D. E. Wood, C.B., Royal Horse Artillery; Lieutenant J. S. Frith, Bengal Horse Artillery, Major of Brigade. E. Troop Royal Horse Artillery; F. Troop Royal Horse Artillery; 1st Troop 1st Brigade Bengal Artillery; 2d Troop 1st Brigade Bengal Artillery; 2d Troop 3d Brigade Bengal Artillery; 3d Troop 3d Brigade Bengal Artillery; 3d Company 14th Battalion Royal Artillery, and No. 20 Light Field-battery; 2d Company 3d Battalion Bengal Artillery, and No. 12 Light Field-battery.

"*Brigade of Siege Artillery.*—Brigadier G. R. Barker, C.B., Royal Artillery; Lieutenant A. Bunny, Bengal Horse Artillery, Major of Brigade. 3d Company 8th Battalion Royal Artillery; 6th Company 11th Battalion Royal Artillery; 5th Company 12th Battalion Royal Artillery; 5th Company 13th Battalion Royal Artillery; 4th Company 1st Battalion Bengal Artillery; 1st Company 5th Battalion Bengal Artillery; 3d Company 5th Battalion Bengal Artillery; detachment Bengal Artillery Recruits.

"The *Naval Brigade* will form part of the division under Sir Archdale Wilson, but will be under the immediate command of Captain W. Peel, C.B., Royal Navy, and independent of the Brigade of Siege Artillery.

"*Engineer Brigade.*—Brigadier R. Napier, Bengal Engineers, Chief Engineer; Lieutenant H. Bingham, Veteran Establishment, Brigade Quartermaster; Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. Harness, Royal Engineers, commanding Royal Engineers; Captain A. Taylor, Bengal Engineers, commanding Bengal Engineers. 4th Company Royal Engineers; 23d Company Royal Engineers; Head-quarters Bengal Sappers and Miners; Punjaub Sappers and Miners; Corps of Pioneers.

CAVALRY DIVISION.

"Brigadier-General J. Hope Grant, C.B., commanding; Captain W. Hamilton, 9th Lancers, Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General; Lieutenant F. S. Roberts, Bengal Horse Artillery, Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General; Captain the Hon. A. H. A. Anson, Her Majesty's 84th Regiment, Aid-de-camp.

"1*st Brigade.*—Brigadier A. Little, Her Majesty's 9th Lancers; Captain H. A. Sarel, Her Majesty's 17th Lancers, Major of Brigade. Her Majesty's 9th Lancers; 2d Battalion Military Train; 2d Punjaub Cavalry; detachment 5th Punjaub Cavalry; Wale's Horse.

"2*d Brigade.*—Brigadier W. Campbell, Her Majesty's 2d Dragoon Guards; Captain H. Forbes, 1st Light Cavalry, Major of Brigade. Her Majesty's 2d Dragoon Guards; Her Majesty's 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars; Volunteer Cavalry; detachment 1st Punjaub Cavalry; Hodson's Horse.

1ST INFANTRY DIVISION.

"Major-General Sir J. Outram, G.C.B., Bombay Army, commanding; Captain D. S. Dodgson, 30th Native Infantry, Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General; Lieutenant W. R. Moorsom, Her Majesty's 52d Light Infantry, Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General; Lieutenant F. E. A. Chamier, 34th Native Infantry,

Aid-de-camp; Lieutenant Hargood, 1st Madras Fusiliers, Extra Aid-de-camp.

"1*st Brigade.*—Brigadier D. Russell, Her Majesty's 84th Regiment. Her Majesty's 5th Fusiliers; Her Majesty's 84th Regiment; 1st Madras Fusiliers.

"2*d Brigade.*—Brigadier C. Franklyn, Her Majesty's 84th Regiment. Her Majesty's 78th Highlanders; Her Majesty's 90th Light Infantry; Regiment of Ferozepore.

2D INFANTRY DIVISION.

Captain R. C. Stewart, Her Majesty's 35th Regiment, Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General; Captain D. C. Shute, Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General.

"3*d Brigade.*—Brigadier W. Hamilton, Her Majesty's 78th Highlanders, commanding; Captain G. N. Fendall, Her Majesty's 53d Regiment, Major of Brigade. Her Majesty's 34th Regiment; Her Majesty's 38th Regiment; Her Majesty's 53d Regiment.

"4*th Brigade.*—Brigadier the Hon. Adrian Hope, Her Majesty's 93d Highlanders; Captain J. H. Cox, Her Majesty's 75th Regiment, Major of Brigade. Her Majesty's 42d Highlanders; Her Majesty's 93d Highlanders; 4th Punjaub Rifles.

3D INFANTRY DIVISION.

"Brigadier-General R. Walpole, Rifle Brigade, commanding; Captain C. A. Beerwell, 71st Regiment Native Infantry, Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General; Captain T. A. Carey, 17th Regiment Native Infantry, Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General.

"5*th Brigade.*—Brigadier Douglas, Her Majesty's 73th Highlanders. Her Majesty's 23d Fusiliers; Her Majesty's 79th Highlanders; 1st Bengal Fusiliers.

"6*th Brigade.*—Brigadier A. H. Horsford, Rifle Brigade. 2d Battalion Rifle Brigade; 3d Battalion Rifle Brigade; 2d Punjaub Infantry.

"Captain C. C. Johnson, Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General, will be attached to Army Head-quarters; Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General to the Forces, Captain A. C. Robertson, Her Majesty's 8th (the King's) Regiment; Field-Paymaster,

Captain F. C. Tombs, 18th Regiment, Native Infantry; Baggage-Master, Lieutenant J. Morland, 1st Bengal Fusiliers; Provost-Marshal, Captain A. C. Warner, 7th Light Cavalry; Postmaster, Major C. Apthorp, 41st Native Infantry; Superintending Surgeon, J. C. Brown, M.B., Bengal Horse Artillery; Field-Surgeon, Surgeon Wilkie; Medical Storekeeper, Assistant-Surgeon Corbyn, M.D.

"All staff appointments connected with Major-General Sir J. Outram's force not specified above will hold good until the junction of that force with Army Head-quarters.

"All appointments not filled up in the above Order are to be temporarily provided for under the orders of officers commanding divisions and brigades.

"The following is the General Staff of the army advancing into Oude:—

"Commander-in-Chief—His Excellency General Sir Colin Campbell, G.C.B., Her Majesty's Service.

"Military Secretary to Commander-in-Chief—Major A. Alison, Her Majesty's Service (wounded); Acting Secretary and Aid-de-Camp—Colonel A. C. Sterling, C.B, Her Majesty's Service; Aid-de-Camp—Captain Sir D. Baird, 98th Foot; Aid-de-Camp—Lieutenant F. M. Alison, 72d Highlanders; Aid-de-Camp—Captain W. F. Forster, 18th Foot; Commandant at Head-quarters and Interpreter—Captain J. Metcalfe, Bengal Infantry; Surgeon—Staff-Surgeon J. J. Clifford, M.D., Her Majesty's Service; Chief of the Staff—Major-General W. R. Mansfield, Her Majesty's Service; Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General to the Chief of the Staff—Captain R. J. Hope Johnstone, Bombay Infantry; Aid-de-Camp to the Chief of the Staff—Captain C. Mansfield, 33d Foot (wounded); Acting Aid-de-Camp—Lieutenant D. Murray, 64th Foot; Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Army—Major H. W. Norman, Bengal Infantry; Assistant Adjutant-General of the Army—Captain D. M. Stewart, Bengal Infantry; Deputy-Adjutant-General, Her Majesty's troops—Colonel the Hon. W. L. Pakenham, C.B.; Assistant-Quartermaster-General of the Army—Captain G. Allgood, Bengal Infantry; Deputy-Assistant-

Quartermaster-General—Captain C. C. Johnson, Bengal Infantry; Acting Quartermaster-General of Her Majesty's Forces—Captain C. F. Seymour, 84th Foot; Judge-Advocate-General—Lieutenant Colonel K. Young, Bengal Infantry; Deputy Judge-Advocate-General—Captain A. C. Robertson, 8th Foot; Principal Commissariat Officer—Captain C. M. Fitzgerald, Bengal Infantry; Commissary of Ordnance—Captain W. T. Brown, Bengal Artillery; Field-Paymaster—Captain F. C. Tombs, Bengal Infantry; Provost Marshall—Captain A. C. Warner, Bengal Cavalry; Baggage-Master—Lieutenant J. Morland, Bengal Infantry; Principal Medical Officer, Queen's troops—Dr J. C. Tice; Superintending Surgeon—Surgeon J. C. Brown, Bengal Artillery."

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THE CAPTURE OF THE KING OF DELHI.

An interesting account of the capture of the King of Delhi by Captain Hodson is given in a private letter which has been made public by his brother. Captain Hodson was Assistant-Quartermaster-General and Intelligence Officer to the Commander-in-Chief—a most responsible appointment. After the city was taken, Captain Hodson found out that the King was at a place called the Kootub, just outside. Offers of his surrender were sent, and this having been duly reported to General Wilson, that officer, it is distinctly stated, gave orders to Capt. Hodson to promise the King's life, and make what other terms he could :—

"Captain Hodson then started with only fifty of his own men for Humayoun's Tomb, three miles from the Kootub, where the King had come during the day. The risk was such as no one can judge of who has not seen the road, amid the old ruins scattered about of what was once the real city of Delhi.

"He concealed himself and men in some old buildings close by the gateway of the Tomb, and sent in his two emissaries to Zeenat Mahal (the favourite Begum) with the *ultimatum*—the King's life and that of *her* son and father (the latter has since

died.) After two hours passed by Captain Hodson in most trying suspense—such as (he says) he never spent before—while waiting the decision, his emissaries (one an old favourite of poor Sir Henry Lawrence) came out with the last offer—that the King would deliver himself up to Captain Hodson only, and on condition that he repeated with his own lips the promise of the Government for his safety.

"Captain Hodson then went out into the middle of the road in front of the gateway, and said that he was ready to receive his captives and renew the promise.

"You may picture to yourself the scene before that magnificent gateway, with the milk-white domes of the tomb towering up from within, one white man among a host of natives, yet determined to secure his prisoner or perish in the attempt.

"Soon a procession began to come slowly out; first Zeenat Mahal, in one of the close native conveyances used for women. Her name was announced as she passed by the Moulvie. Then came the King in a palkee, on which Captain Hodson rode forward and demanded his arms. Before giving them up, the King asked whether he was 'Hodson Bahadoor,' and if he would repeat the promise made by the herald. Captain Hodson answered that he would, and repeated that the Government had been graciously pleased to promise him his life, and that of Zeenat Mahal's son, on condition of his yielding himself prisoner quietly, adding very emphatically, that if any attempt was made at a rescue he would shoot the King down on the spot like a dog. The old man then gave up his arms, which Captain Hodson handed to his orderly, still keeping his own sword drawn in his hand. The same ceremony was then gone through with the boy (Jumma Bukh), and the march towards the city began, the longest five miles, as Captain Hodson said, that he ever rode, for of course the palkees only went at a foot-pace, with his handful of men around them, followed by thousands, any one of whom could have shot him down in a moment. His orderly told me that it was wonderful to see the influence which his calm and undaunted look had on the crowd. They seemed perfectly paralysed at the fact of one white man (for they thought nothing of his fifty black

sowars) carrying off their King alone. Gradually as they approached the city, the crowd slunk away, and very few followed up to the Lahore gate. Then Captain Hodson rode on a few paces and ordered the gate to be opened. The officer on duty asked simply as he passed what he had got in his palkees. 'Only the King of Delhi,' was the answer, on which the officer's enthusiastic exclamation was more emphatic than becomes ears polite. The guard were for turning out to greet him with a cheer, and could only be repressed on being told that the King would take the honour to himself. They passed up that magnificent deserted street to the Palace gate, where Captain Hodson met the civil officer (Mr Sanders), and formally delivered over his royal prisoners to him. His remark was amusing, 'By Jove, Hodson! they ought to make you Commander-in-Chief for this.'"

General Wilson, when he saw Hodson, exclaimed—"Well, I'm glad you have got him, but I never expected to see either him or you again!" while the other officers in the room were loud in their congratulations and applause. The captain was requested to select for himself from the royal arms what he chose, and chose two magnificent swords, one of which he intends to present to the Queen.

Letters have also been received flatly contradicting the report which has been circulated, that the King was allowed to retain his retinue and his own apartments in the palace.

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MAHOMETANISM AND TOLERATION.

A correspondent of the *Post*, writing from Hyderabad, quite agrees that very little has been done for evangelising India. He believes that if we were driven out to-morrow we should not leave a dozen converts behind us, and they would be nominally Roman Catholics. All attempts to convert the Mahometan soldiers have been dead failures, from the single fact that the violence of the language against their prophet Mahomet has

restrained them not only from believing the arguments adduced in favour of Christ, but from a feeling of pity at the *total want of toleration* practised whilst preached. One fact is worth a thousand fictions:—

"When with my regiment at Jaulna, a havildar of my troop came to me with a pamphlet, which had been circulated, to the extent of 200 copies, in the regiment, by two missionaries from Bombay, who had arrived. His manner at the time struck me so forcibly that it led me to reflection on the subject; and when I considered the thread by which we held the native army, I have often since wondered that it was not sooner cut than it has been in Bengal in 1857. He put the pamphlet into my hand, and asked me to read a portion he pointed out. It was written in the language of the Deccan, which may be termed a *patois*, but is spoken by our men. I read it, and I came to the expression 'Believe not in Mahomet, for he is a false prophet.' I shut the book, spat on the ground in token of my disapprobation, and said, 'I will take this to the Colonel.' A change instantly came over the countenance of the havildar. He had scanned me with a searching gaze whilst I was reading the passage, divining my inmost thought on the objectionable paragraph, and when I rose, exhibiting my feelings as I have above shewn, he merely raised his eyes and said, 'God is great.' I felt then as I feel now, that his confidence in the truth of religious toleration to all, as enunciated by our Government, was truth, and not mere words. I took the pamphlet to the Colonel, who ordered me to collect all in the regiment, and publicly burn them in front of the guard, which I did. From that hour, I believe, no Mahometan in the regiment did not feel that he might worship his God, through his Prophet, without let or hindrance; and I feel still more certain that in the Madras army the confidence of the men in their officers has been materially guaranteed by the spirit of conciliation, free from prejudice, which generally obtains. I make a point of subscribing to their Mohurrum, and their Fatyahs—to the former not in the light of a Mahometan religious festival, but as a carnival, a masquerade, which it is; and to the latter, because it is a distribution of charity, a feeding of the

poor; and in this light I view it, although doled out in the name of their prophet."

Archdeacon Pratt was publicly taken to task by the correspondent of a Calcutta newspaper, for having said in the pulpit that Mahomet was a false prophet! What next?

AN EXPLANATION OF THE PEIHO MASSACRE.

"ARTHUR'S SEAT," PENANG, *April* 4, 1860.

IN reply to your inquiries about Opium and the China War, I enclose the following notes of a warm discussion, which enlightened me, and will interest you. Allow me to introduce you to the disputants.

The old Doctor, who now rents this Bungalow, stands six-feet-two in his stockings. He has a noble face, thin gray hair, and a quiet manner. The Civilian belongs to the Madras Establishment, and seems to be on sick-leave. He is an exquisitely neat little man, about forty, with fine teeth, blue eyes, white hands, and very small feet. He always wears patent-leather boots. The Merchant, just arrived from Shanghae, is a burly Scotchman, fond of good living, a great smoker, and rather pompous, probably because he has grown rich. The Lieutenant of Marines, one of "the boys of Kilkenny," with a sweet brogue, you will picture to yourself as a tall, wiry, jovial fellow, who was wounded in the left shoulder at the Peiho.

Doctor. "Shall we adjourn to the verandah, gentlemen? We are losing the benefit of a fine breeze. Boy, bring out the little table, with the claret and glasses."

Civilian. "This is a paradise. What a view!"

Merchant. "Nothing like that in Madras, I believe."

Civilian. "Not on the coast, certainly. The scenery of the Neilgherries is very grand, you know, but totally different from this. The charm of this picture is, that the eye takes in at one glance mountains and valleys, jungles and gardens, rivers winding through fruitful plains, and green islands washed by the glorious sea."

Merchant. "Some folk like to be poisoned, and opium is a very slow poison—not worse, I say, than Irish whisky."

Lieut. "Ho! ho! ho! Excuse me. Irish whisky! Did ye ever taste it? Irish whisky is one of the finest things in the world."

Civilian. "Many a Chinaman says the same of opium. It is a matter of education and habit."

Merchant. "I hold that there is no comparison at all between the evils of opium, and the evils of whisky. Go into any police-court of a morning, either in Ireland or Scotland, and what do you find to be the cause of nine-tenths of the crimes? Whisky. Who ever pretended that opium was a chief cause of crime in China?"

Lieut. "Did ye ever observe the appearance of opium-smokers?"

Merchant. "I have seen tens of thousands of them, and I don't say that, as a class, they 're healthy-looking."

Lieut. "Healthy-looking! Ye know what a spelding is? An opium-smoker's face at five-and-twenty reminds me of nothing else."

Civilian. "Ah! that takes for granted great excess."

Lieut. "There is no such thing as moderation in opium-smoking, and that 's one point of distinction between opium-smoking and whisky-drinking. Hundreds of thousands of worthy persons take their drop of whisky or their glass of toddy daily, and are none the worse, but all the better for it. Yes, and it 's in earnest I am. Whisky 's a wholesome drink. Opium is poison."

Civilian. "Opium is a valuable medicine."

Doctor. "True; but the Chinese would not consume it to the value of between six and seven millions sterling per annum, if it were used only as a medicine."

Civilian. "But what are you to do for revenue, if you cease to grow opium?"

Doctor. "That is quite another aspect of the question."

Merchant. "But a very important one."

Doctor. "No doubt. The financial difficulties of the Indian exchequer, and the idea of the Income-Tax, make one try to think

of everything that can be said in favour of opium. But if observation and experience prove that it is poison to millions of our fellow-creatures in China, can we assert the propriety of raising revenue at such an expense of human suffering and human life?"

Civilian. "The teetotallers will tell you that about a thousand lives a-week are sacrificed by the use of intoxicating drinks in Great Britain and Ireland. Yet what statesman thinks of abolishing the excise-duties?"

Lieut. "Sacrificed, not by the use, but by the abuse of drink, I say."

Doctor. "If the teetotallers can substantiate their statement, the same principle that would stop the extensive growth of opium, ought to shut up most of the distilleries."

Civilian. "But what is the Chancellor of the Exchequer to do?"

Doctor. "That is an after-consideration, and in every respect secondary. There can be no blessing on a course of wrong-doing, —that is to say, no ultimate advantage from it. This is a truism, surely?"

Lieut. "I say we're poisoning the Chinese by manufacturing opium; but I object *in toto* to the abolition of whisky."

Merchant. "Which means, you will make no sacrifice of your private convenience for the public good; but you would have the necessities of Government, the interests of commerce, and the daily comfort of many millions of people, give way to the whims of Exeter Hall!"

Civilian. "Exactly so. Mere cant!"

Lieut. "Must beg to differ. I know nothing of Exeter Hall, but I know something of the opium-dens of Hong-Kong, Ningpo, Shanghae, and other places; and, believe me, the sale of opium is the next thing to murder."

Civilian. "And the sale of whisky, gin, brandy, &c.?"

Lieut. "A totally different matter, sir. It's nonsense mixing up these things. You don't discriminate. These liquors are largely used in moderation, and with advantage. Opium is never smoked moderately, or with advantage."

Doctor. "If these propositions could be proved, the distinction would be worthy of notice."

Merchant. "I see no reason why opium may not be smoked moderately."

Lieut. "Did ye ever know an instance?"

Merchant. "I have often seen opium-smokers, whose constitutions did not appear to have suffered; and I infer that they were instances."

Civilian. "The question comes to be, What *is* moderation? One man may smoke or drink with impunity what would kill another. But I believe the Chinese grow quantities of opium in China; do they not?"

Merchant. "Large quantities. But their method of manufacture is inferior to ours. The better classes smoke foreign opium only; and the poorer classes, too, when they can. China opium is stronger. The difference is something like that between a mild Havannah and a bit of pigtail."

Doctor. "If foreign opium is a boon to the governing classes, how comes it that the Chinese Government has so earnestly opposed its introduction?"

Merchant. "John Chinaman is the greatest hypocrite on the face of the earth. He grows annually fifty or sixty thousand chests of opium at home, yet affects to be scandalised when it is brought into the country from abroad."

Doctor. "But I can imagine another solution of this seeming inconsistency."

Civilian. "I should like to hear it."

Doctor. "The Government knows—what, indeed, nobody attempts to deny—that opium produces an incalculable amount of misery among the Chinese. It has long forbidden the importation, and resisted with armed force, again and again, the systematic smuggling of it. But finding itself powerless to establish successfully a preventive service over so extensive a coast, it virtually argued thus I suppose:—'We cannot keep Indian opium out of the country. Our sycee silver is flowing in a continuous stream into the coffers of foreigners to pay for this deleterious drug. Since the people will have opium, our only alternative is to allow it to be grown at home. Less foreign opium will thus be consumed, and owing to the com-

petition in the market, a lower price will be paid for what may continue to be imported. The drain of silver will consequently be diminished; the profits of the barbarians will fall; and the amount of smuggling will be sensibly affected by our policy.'"

Merchant. "Very ingenious indeed. But do you believe for one moment that opium was ever smuggled into China against the real wishes of the governing classes?"

Doctor. "The phrase 'governing classes' is rather vague in this case. Of course, every aristocratic smoker of foreign opium always wanted to supply himself at least; and as we could hardly expect the agents of Government in Canton and on the coast to be more immaculate than persons of the same rank in Europe, there can be no question that bribery was as acceptable to Chinese officials as it was convenient for European smugglers. But I see no reason to doubt that the Government at Pekin was sincere enough in its determination to prevent, as far as possible, the importation of the drug, and its use among the people. What other motive than a regard for the welfare of the people could induce Government to resist the importation? If legalised, it might have been made, for half a century back, immensely profitable to the public treasury."

Merchant. "The motives of a Chinese government are unfathomable. There is a jealousy of foreigners, and of everything foreign, as all the world knows. What else caused the abominable treachery at the Peiho?"

Doctor. "Now you open up a wide subject indeed."

Lieut. "Why not ventilate it on this airy summit? We have the evening before us."

Doctor. "My young friend, I cannot but remember events in our intercourse with China, many of which were not entirely to our credit. Some of these occurred before you were born, when the old Company did business at Canton. When I look back, and put together all that I know to be certainly true, my view of the Peiho affair, I confess, is modified. No man can deplore more deeply than I do the sacrifice of so many brave fellows under such disheartening circumstances."

Merchant. "And that fleet of ships in the harbour loading and unloading, and those well-stored warehouses on Beach Street, and those smoking sugar-factories across the water in Province Wellesley——

Lieutenant. "And that row of pretty bungalows lining the shore, and surrounded by cocoa-trees, casuarinas, and magnificent hedges starred with white convolvulus. What mountain is that, over in the Province, on our left?"

Doctor. "That is the Peak of Queda, about five thousand feet high. It is not in the Province, but in the Rajah of Queda's territory. Province Wellesley is a mere strip of land extending a few miles along the coast. The Peak must be some thirty miles from here. It is curious to observe how the altitude of the sun and the state of the atmosphere vary its appearance and seeming distance. Sometimes—as at this moment—it looks quite near, and you see all the ravines and projections, and a considerable variety of colour. At other times, you would suppose it had retired a day's journey further inland; it becomes a dim blueish-gray mass, hardly distinguishable from the darker clouds on the horizon. That Peak is about double the height of this hill."

Civilian. "I imagine that the Gulf of Siam must be visible from the Queda Peak on a clear day. What is the distance across the Malay Peninsula in this latitude?"

Doctor. "I should say about a hundred and fifty miles. A little further up, opposite to Pulo Bouton, the Peninsula is not more than fifty miles across."

Merchant. "Ay, it was proposed some years ago to cut a canal through one of the narrow necks."

Doctor. "That project was at least as wild as M. Lesseps's for the Isthmus of Suez. The point selected was near the southern boundary of the Tenasserim Provinces; and it was found, on inquiry, that a considerable range of hills must be cut through."

Lieut. "Let us make up a party, and go to the top of the Queda Peak, say to-morrow."

[illegible] and the jungle is full of tigers."

[illegible] that there were tigers in the Penang [illegible] me up here."

Doctor. "There has been at least one tiger in the island for some time, and I shouldn't wonder if there were several. The distance from the province is only two miles, and a tiger has been known to swim across. But I have no fear of tigers here. They have too many wild pigs, an easy prey in the jungle, to find it worth while to attack the human animal."

Lieut. "What is the size of this island of Penang?"

Doctor. "Just as large as the Isle of Wight."

Merchant. "At Singapore Chinamen are picked off by tigers constantly. The average is said to be one a-day."

Lieut. "Oh!"

Doctor. "The number of Chinamen killed annually in that way must be very large indeed. I am not sure that the average you mention is exaggerated. But how singular that the Singapore tigers never attack a European!"

Merchant. "Europeans rarely go into the jungle, and never on foot, I suppose."

Civilian. "And the Europeans are comparatively few."

Lieut. "I should think tiger-hunting must be considered one of the principal attractions of the place."

Doctor. "It is not a favourite sport there, however."

Merchant. "Everybody is busy at Singapore. Time is too precious there to be spent in beating for tigers. Time is money, sir."

Lieut. "Except as a matter of sport, it would be bad policy to kill the tigers."

Doctor. "Why?"

Lieut. "Because the Chinese are getting too numerous."

Doctor. "Shocking!"

Merchant. "Ha! ha!"

Lieut. "Is it more shocking than keeping them down by opium, Armstrong guns, and the bayonet? In the one case, we merely don't interfere with the tigers; in the other, we engage directly and actively in poisoning the Celestials, and, if they refuse to be poisoned, in perforating their stomachs or blowing their brains out. That's my way of looking at it."

Civilian. "My dear sir, how very absurd!"

Lieut. "Ye can't surely think that the Chinese played a fair game, or acted honourably?"

Doctor. "I think they acted naturally—that is, just as Chinamen might be expected to act, if they had the opportunity."

Lieut. "It was base, cowardly, dastardly, sneaking, mean, horrible——

Doctor. "I do not wonder that you feel strongly on the subject, because you suffered personally, and lost friends at the Peiho."

Lieut. "Oh! shan't we give the rascals a lesson presently, when the Armstrong guns and the rifled cannon have all come out, and the British and French troops begin to shew their teeth?"

Doctor. "Why, I very much fear that there will be a vast deal of bloodshed before the matter is settled, and that—as in India during the suppression of the mutiny—multitudes of quiet people, entirely innocent of any public crime, will be the greatest sufferers."

Civilian. "In war such things are unavoidable."

Doctor. "So they are; but that is, to my mind, a strong reason for not going to war, if we can help it."

Lieut. "But the honour of our flag, sir! We can never shew our faces in the China seas, if we allow that Peiho business to pass unpunished."

Doctor. "If there was treachery, punish it: but punish the guilty, not the innocent."

Civilian. "*If* there was treachery! Can you doubt it? I never knew a clearer case."

Merchant. "The objectors to a China war will find themselves a very small minority, I fancy."

Lieut. "Erin-go-bragh! I should think so indeed! So many fine fellows murdered in the mud by those bastely haythens!"

Doctor. "The thought of being in a minority does not weigh much with me. You must admit that the ignorance of this, and all former China questions, which prevails among our countrymen in general, is profound. You will meet even clever men who have been in the East, as little informed about the history of our rela-

tions with China, as I am about the topography of the moon. And, my young friend, allow me to say that your strongly-expressed opinion as to the unfairness of punishing the Chinese with warlike weapons, because they will not consent to be poisoned, is not quite consistent with what you have now said. Your feelings blind your judgment, and I am certain that you are not aware how much opium has had to do with bringing about the state of affairs which culminated so disastrously at the Peiho."

Lieut. "I never heard that what happened at the Peiho had any connexion with opium."

Civilian. "Nor do I see how any such connexion can be traced."

Merchant. "Impossible!"

Doctor. "Softly, gentlemen. We must go back a little. From 1637, when English ships first began to trade with China, down to a recent period, the port-charges and other imposts upon our shipping and cargoes caused many quarrels with the Chinese authorities, especially at Canton. Our people thought the charges too high, and often refused to pay them; while the Chinese maintained their right to decline commercial transactions unless their terms were submitted to. Here, at the outset, you will perceive that some elementary questions arise. Has the Government of one country a right to prevent its inhabitants from exchanging commodities with the merchants of another country?—Has it a right to prescribe the terms on which commercial intercourse shall be permitted?—How shall it be equitably decided between the trading nations whether the port-charges and so forth are reasonable, or otherwise?"

Merchant. "No country can have a right to shut out foreign trade, or to impose restraints which are equivalent to prohibition."

Civilian. "The opposite view might be defended, however."

Doctor. "Suppose that the Chinese take the opposite view: what then?"

Merchant. "Then more enlightened nations must bring them to their senses."

Doctor. "As our gallant friend here would say, by thrusting bayonets into their stomachs, and blowing out their brains?"

Merchant. "Yes, exactly so, if they are too stupid or mulish to be brought to reason otherwise."

Doctor. "The modern idea among free States I take to be this. The Creator has distributed throughout the world a great variety of natural productions, for the benefit of the human family in general; and no section of the family is morally at liberty to say to the rest, 'You shall have none of the good things which nature produces in our part of the globe. You cannot have them on any terms.' This, however, is not even now a universally-received axiom; and we ought to deal gently with those who are behind us in the march of civilisation, remembering that they are not more in the dark as to the true principles of political economy than our own grandfathers were. With regard to the adjustment of excessive imposts, experience shews that when they are laid on, not for the purpose of prohibiting traffic, but with a view to revenue, Government overreaches itself by continuing such extortion. Trade ceases to be profitable, decays, and dies. Government kills its goose, and finds no more golden eggs. But there is another preliminary question——

Lieut. "Why not settle it at once? Surveying the world from such a lofty eminence, we cannot help having large views. Why not constitute ourselves a Committee for arranging the affairs of nations? I like this claret extremely."

Merchant. "Not so much as a Chinaman loves opium!"

Doctor. "Has a Government the right to exclude from its ports an article of commerce which it believes to be injurious to the moral and physical well-being of the people whom it governs?"

Lieut. "Of course it has. Nobody can deny that."

Civilian. "The Government's belief may be a mistaken belief. The Chinese might exclude Bibles, on the plea that they believe them to be injurious to the moral welfare of Confucians and Buddhists."

Lieut. "That's not to the point. Bibles and opium are very different things, I take it."

Doctor. "Let me change the form. Has a Government the

right to exclude an article which is admitted on all hands to be injurious to the moral and physical well-being of those who use it?"

Lieut. "Let me think. That could not exclude Irish whisky from Ireland; could it? Of course not. It is a home production, and not admitted on all hands to be injurious. I am unanimous."

Civilian. "But there is a closer question still, my good fellow. Has Government a right to prohibit the production of an article which (it is admitted on all hands) does much more harm than good?"

Lieut. "You 're getting too deep for me. I dare say this is what you call logic or metaphysics. I wasn't brought up to it. Hear the Doctor."

Doctor. "I suppose you will allow that Sir John Davis, the late Governor of Hong-Kong, has no undue partiality for the Chinese. [Boy! bring me the book with the blue cover from my dressing-table.] I shall refer to Sir John for the confirmation of what I say."

Civilian. "Agreed. His facts may be relied on."

Doctor. "Notwithstanding numberless commercial difficulties with the Chinese during the last century, our trade with China continued to increase; and in 1792, Earl Macartney was sent as Ambassador to Pekin 'to obtain, if possible, the permission of the Emperor to trade at Ningpo, Chusan, Tientsin, and other places besides Canton.' The Emperor, in his reply to George III., stated distinctly that the British commerce must be strictly limited to the port of Canton. 'You will not be able to complain,' he wrote, 'that I had not clearly forewarned you. Let us, therefore, live in peace and friendship, and do not make light of my words.' Here, obviously, the question comes up, Had the Emperor a right to prescribe the terms on which alone commercial intercourse was to be permitted? He at least supposed that he had; and we fully recognised the right when we applied to him for permission.

"In 1816 Lord Amherst went as ambassador to Pekin, 'to secure, if possible, the commerce of Great Britain upon a solid

and equitable footing under the cognisance of the Emperor, and with the advantage of a ready appeal to him in case of need.' One of the collateral objects was, 'that an English Resident might be admitted at the capital.' When the embassy reached Tientsin on the Peiho, 'a feast was conferred on the part of the Emperor, and an attempt made to bring about the *practice* of the *kotow*, or prostration, before a yellow screen, preparatory to the grand performance of it before the Emperor himself.'"

Lieut. "The villains! Was the kotow performed?"

Doctor. "No; our countrymen pleaded that Lord Macartney had not been required to perform it, and that it was an act of vassalage to which they could not descend."

Civilian. "But Lord Amherst's mission was a failure."

Doctor. "So far as its immediate objects were concerned, it was. Yet his refusal to kotow did great good. Some years before, the Dutch had kotowed; and what, think you, did they get for 'beating their heads nine times against the ground before the throne?' 'Some broken victuals, principally sheep's trotters, which appeared to have been already gnawed clean, sent them, as from the Emperor, upon a dirty plate.' Lord Amherst's Embassy was treated with more respect after the refusal to kotow than before. The Dutch Embassy, on the contrary, received 'treatment on the journey back of the most mortifying and degrading character.'"

Merchant. "The Russians never kotowed."

Doctor. "Never. Yet they have a Resident at the Court of Pekin."

Lieut. "How did Lord Amherst fail?"

Doctor. "In a great degree, no doubt, through the intrigues of the Canton officials, who had enriched themselves by extortion as well as by connivance at fraud, and now dreaded the opening up of direct communications between our Government and the Emperor."

Merchant. "The Emperor never knew of a hundredth part of the extortions and indignities to which our countrymen had all along been subjected at Canton."

Doctor. "But can any one be so blind as not to see that the

Court of Pekin had very great cause of complaint against the British? Let us be honest, and consider this matter in the light of the golden rule."

Civilian. "Hear, hear!"

Doctor. "There is every reason to believe that one hundred years ago opium was used in China as a medicine only. If any persons had learned to eat or smoke it, the number must have been small indeed; for the quantity imported down to that period had never exceeded two hundred chests per annum. The quantity now imported is somewhere about sixty-five thousand* chests per annum. The East India Company began to send opium to China in 1773. In 1796 the Emperor of China declared the smoking of opium to be a crime. Edicts were issued, warnings were published, and penalties denounced by the Court of Pekin against the importation of the drug. From that time opium was contraband, and could not be introduced into China except by smuggling. But it *was* introduced systematically, in spite of Chinese law and imperial threats, and in quantities which continued to increase enormously. Now, mark ye, who manufactured the opium which the Emperor again and again denounced as ruinous to his subjects? The British. Who carried it to China? The British. Who smuggled it within the river, and outside the river, at Canton, at Lintin, and wherever along the coast they could find a market?† The British. Who fitted out ships, and sent them to explore the coast for the purpose of opening, if possible, new markets for the poison? The British. Nor was all this systematic smuggling carried on merely by private adventurers at their own risk. No, gentlemen; it was carried on mainly by the British East India Company, an authorised body of merchant princes. It was carried on with the sanction of British Governors-General and British Sovereigns; it was protected continually by British cannon; and the profits of the nefarious traffic appeared annually in the balance-sheet of the British Indian exchequer. Had the Court of Pekin, I ask, no reason to complain of all this? Was not this a sufficient reason, had there been no other, for declining to receive a British Resident at Pekin,

* Davis, vol. i. p. 131, and vol. ii. p. 394. † Ibid., vol. ii. p. 412.

while a Russian Resident was received courteously? Russia was not a notorious smuggler at the gates of China. Britain was. Will any man who knows the true state of the case stand up and say that opium has had no connexion with our troubles in China during the last sixty years? I maintain that it has been, throughout, the very 'head and front of our offending.'"

Lieut. "Bravo! There's too much truth in what the Doctor says. I never understood this till now. I'm dead against opium."

Doctor. "Now hear Sir John Davis:—'The smuggling trade in opium, which the exactions of the Portuguese at Macao drove from that place in 1822 to Lintin, a small island between Macao and the entrance of the Canton river, increased with extraordinary rapidity from its commencement, in consequence of the negligence or connivance of the Chinese government.'—'The local government of Canton had placed itself in so false a position, with respect to the Emperor as well as to Europeans, by its long course of secret and corrupt practices in relation to the prohibited drug, that it was even disabled from interfering to protect its own subjects at Lintin, where the armed smugglers lay in open defiance of all law and control. Chinese were on several occasions *shot from the smuggling ships* with perfect impunity. The relations of the deceased, as usual, appealed to the mandarins; but the anomalous situation of these functionaries in respect to the Lintin trade always obliged them in the end to evade or relinquish the demand for satisfaction; and the Company's authorities of course disclaimed all responsibility for proceedings out of the limits of the river, where, the smuggling system being connived at by the lower mandarins themselves, they must take the consequences of their own iniquity.' Because the smuggling system was connived at by the lower mandarins, 'they must take the consequences of *their own iniquity!*' Was the iniquity all theirs, gentlemen? Who grew and manufactured the opium? The Company. For what trade was it manufactured? For the China contraband trade. From whom did all classes of smugglers at Lintin obtain it? From the Company. Who reaped the lion's share of the profits from the smuggling at Lintin? The Company. Now you have driven me to say what I should have pre-

ferred to leave unsaid. I liked my old master. I was proud of John Company. I was sorry when he shut up shop and retired from business. He was a princely fellow, generous beyond precedent. He founded a mighty empire. It was an honour to be among his servants. His very faults were splendid. But I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that the old gentleman had his faults, like other potentates, and that his trading in opium was one of them. Yet I make great allowance for him, and I should like to throw the mantle of charity over his sins, as far as that may be done without misleading the public and propagating wrongs. He was badly brought up, among Tories and despots, and it is no wonder that he often did what he ought not to have done, and omitted to do what he ought to have done."

Civilian. "I can see no harm in our growing opium, notwithstanding all you have said. You have put the case pretty strongly; but I place opium, spirits, tobacco, and all such luxuries, in the same category. The use is good; the abuse is evil."

Lieut. "But what d'ye say to the smuggling?"

Merchant. "The word is offensive. The fact is, the Chinese wanted opium, and would have it. But their great papa at Pekin, the brother of the sun and moon, said, 'No, my boys, you shan't have any.' The boys said, 'We are big enough to judge for ourselves, dear papa; and, although we love you very much, and are willing to obey you in reasonable things, we really must have our pipes.' Well, what did we do? We just quietly filled their pipes for them, and told them to hold their tongues, and then the old governor would be none the wiser. I can almost see a touch of benevolence and brotherly kindness in the transaction which you paint so darkly. I know how thankful I would feel to any one who would run all risks to bring me cheroots, if by some tyrannical law the importation of them were forbidden."

Doctor. "But in estimating the moral character of our commercial and political relations with China, it is only fair that we should look at both sides of the question. [If you will excuse me for a moment, I will fetch two or three other works, to which I should like to refer.] In 1832, a mountain chieftain proclaimed

himself Emperor of China. The reigning monarch ordered his commander-in-chief, Le, to exterminate the pretender and his rebels. After commencing a toilsome march, Le found that one-fifth of his force was so debilitated by opium-smoking, that they had to be left behind. The expedition failed, and the commander-in-chief was transported for life. Let me read a few sentences from Dr Gutzlaff's biography of the late Emperor :—'We must here remark, that the great bane of China was the introduction of the use of opium by foreigners.'—'Many edicts had been issued to prohibit the importation of the drug, and put a stop to the vice of opium-smoking.'—'Opium had made great ravages in the harem, and rumour says that Taou-kwang himself partook of the poison; if so, he soon roused himself from its lethargic and dangerous effects, and resolved to proceed with great severity against the opium-smokers.'"

Merchant. "From which it appears that one may give up opium-smoking, after being addicted to it."

Lieut. "Catching at a straw!"

Doctor. "The author says '*if* so.' He does not vouch for it. But I suppose that there are many instances in which the habit has been abandoned. 'Taou-kwang himself took the lead in adopting measures against the use of opium. Those princes of the blood accused of this vice were disgraced, and others under imputation of indulging in it sent away from court.'—'Throughout the Empire, stringent measures were enforced against the use of opium, and as the custom of smoking it had become general amongst mandarins, soldiers, sailors, and merchants, in the maritime provinces, and many were guilty of having traded in the poisonous drug, the prisons filled very rapidly.'—'The principal place where the poison abounded in China, was Canton; and to strike the decisive blow there, was the firm resolution of Taou-kwang. He chose, as the instrument to effect his purpose, Lin, who as governor-general of Hoo-kwang had proceeded with most relentless cruelty against opium-smokers. As he was a sincere, resolute man, unscrupulous as to the means of gaining his ends, and ready to undertake the difficult task, he received from the hands of Taou-kwang himself plenipotentiary powers to carry out

the Imperial behest of extirpating the opium traffic root and branch.'—'He endeavoured to effect his ends by force; putting the guilty and innocent alike under restrictions, and fulminating dire threats of vengeance, if the whole of the opium in the ships along the coast were not given up. The British representative [Captain Elliot] then stepped between, and gave up the whole of the opium belonging to British merchants, in the name of his Government, in order to save the lives of the merchants.'—'To suppress the vice, Government decreed, at the suggestion of Lin, that dealers in the drug should henceforth be decapitated, and smokers strangled. To wean the latter from this vile habit, six months were to be given them to live in seclusion; when, if they became entirely free from the propensity, they were to be respited; otherwise they were to be executed. The effect of these measures was magical. The people at once felt an abhorrence for the vice; the Government officers endeavoured to find out every scrap of opium and burn it. Terror pervaded the whole land. All business had ceased, and every one trembled, fearing to be dragged to the tribunal and made to suffer for having indulged in the vice. This lasted a few months. Lin triumphed, and suggested that the tithing system should be introduced, and every ten families become mutually responsible for the abstinence of their members from opium-smoking. Thus matters proceeded according to the wish of the commissioner (Lin); and who would not have rejoiced at seeing the whole nation abandoning such a vice? Yet the period of abstinence was short, and in a few months matters grew much worse than they had ever been before.'—'When all Lin's endeavours had failed in inducing the English merchant ships to enter the river, [to carry on lawful trade in tea, silks, &c.,] he procured from the Emperor an order prohibiting the trade with England for ever.' Now, gentlemen, might not the Emperor, Taou-kwang, justly say, after more than twenty thousand chests of contraband opium had been seized at one time in British ships at the gate of China, 'I will have no more dealings with these British barbarians. For more than forty years opium has been declared contraband by my father Keaking and myself: yet in spite of our efforts to stop the traffic, they have continued to

thrust it upon us, and they will not carry on a lawful trade unless they be permitted at the same to poison our people, and set the laws of the Empire openly at defiance. Order them to leave the flowery land for ever'? This was, virtually, what he did say. Had not Taou-kwang reason and justice on his side? Sir John takes great pains to shew that the opening of the China trade in 1834, by the abolition of the East India Company's monopoly, brought on this crisis, and I have no wish to dispute the opinion. It is of little consequence to the moral aspect of the business what the circumstances may have been which hastened an inevitable result. But I object to the distinction which, in so many passages, he attempts to draw between the 'fair trade' of the East India Company in opium and the 'surreptitious trade,' 'contraband commerce,' 'lawless habits,' &c., of private adventurers. *All* trade in opium at the ports of China, by whomsoever carried on, was surreptitious, contraband, and lawless, and, therefore, unworthy of the British people."

Lieut. "Of course it was. How disgraceful!"

Doctor. "Well, a serious crisis had now arrived. 'The men in the cabinet as well as in the council clamoured for war; and, though the Emperor himself was very peacefully inclined, he could not suppress the public clamour. Defensive preparations were made accordingly.'—'Such was the state of affairs in the beginning of 1840. Orders were given from Pekin to put the whole coast in a state of defence, and immense sums were lavished in making the preparations. The British fleet finally appeared, and efforts were made to induce the Chinese Government to listen to proposals; but, according to the stringent orders promulgated all along the coast, these were disdainfully rejected. The strict commands were to fire, and, if possible, annihilate every vessel, and never to enter into any parley whatsoever. Chusan was subsequently taken, and the Emperor ordered that all officers who fled, or abandoned their posts, should be sentenced to death; because it was their duty to die on the spot, and not to retreat in the hour of danger.'—'Finally, the fleet appeared at the mouth of the Peiho, and the British commander insisted upon communicating direct with the supreme

Government. Such a proceeding was not anticipated, and Taoukwang was greatly astounded at seeing the foreigners, of whom he had entertained an innate dread, so near the seat of his power.' —'The anxiety pervading the capital was now very great. Taoukwang saw all the dangers of a rupture with England in their true light, and that the contest carried on in the neighbourhood of Pekin must have ended in his utter discomfiture.'—'Indeed, it is probable that the Emperor, once obliged to leave his capital, without being able to reassemble his scattered forces after a defeat, could not have rallied again.'—'If he allowed his minister to make promises which he never intended to fulfil, or if he, for the moment, entirely discarded all the warlike suggestions of his cabinet, it was from *the impulse of terror.*' What followed at that time is well known. The vigorous measures of Lord Gough, Sir William Parker, and Sir Henry Pottinger baffled the Chinese at every point, and a treaty of peace 'for ten thousand years' was signed at Nankin on the 29th of August 1842. Twenty-one millions of dollars were to be paid by the Chinese to meet the expenses and losses of the British during the war, (including, *miserable dictu!* the value of the confiscated opium:) five ports, viz., Canton, Amoy, Foochoo, Ningpo, and Shanghae, were to be opened for trade under a tariff of moderate duties; Hong-Kong was to be absolutely ceded to the victors: and direct communication, on terms of perfect equality, was to be opened between the courts of Pekin and London."

Merchant. "A very happy result, I hope you will admit?"

Doctor. "A result favourable to commerce and civilisation undoubtedly, but at the same time a result which we *brought about by mere physical force*, employed chiefly because the Chinese Government punished opium-smuggling."

Lieut. "Yes, that's the point, and that point is established. It's as plain as a pikestaff."

Doctor. "What was the immediate cause of hostilities? British opium seized when being smuggled. What compelled the Emperor to sign the treaty of Nankin? British cannon. The whole thing is in a nut-shell. Moreover, observe what followed. Did the British Government stop the illegal traffic? Hear Sir John Davis; he is speaking of 1844:—'Opium had ceased

utterly to be a source of irritation since the war. Not an edict was issued against it, and the drug was openly carried about the streets in broad day, and sold like any other article. Our Consuls had repeatedly (in pursuance of my directions, who wished to observe the treaty as to the prevention of smuggling in general) denounced to the mandarins this open and impudent violation of the law. It was now, however, a dead letter as to opium, and the mandarins often requested that nothing might be said about it. Under such circumstances, it is inconceivable why a certain set of gentlemen in England should any longer rave about opium,—the more especially as the same gentlemen, with a Judaical observance of the Sabbath condemned by the Author of Christianity Himself, drive our own people into the gin and beer shops, by at once flying at and strangling every attempt at more innocent or improving recreations. Opium is neither as brutalising in its immediate, nor as prejudicial in its ultimate effects as spirits.'—This appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary paragraphs I ever read. I can imagine an intelligent Chinaman quietly commenting on it thus:—'We dared not shew our irritation, because we found you were stronger; but it is ridiculous to infer that our Government felt none, after all that had been done to stop the traffic. It was of no use to issue edicts which we were unable to enforce. We are not ignorant that the British in Hindustan continued to prepare the drug, which was "openly carried about the streets in broad day." You wished in your heart to prevent smuggling, Sir John Davis? Then why did you not ask your Government to stop the cultivation and manufacture for our market of an article which could not be brought into China except by smuggling? We Chinese cannot but think that it was impudent hypocrisy in yourself or your Consuls to denounce to the mandarins what your own Government alone could prevent—a violation of law which in truth you never wished to prevent—a system of smuggling which your own countrymen were engaged in feeding and fostering for the sake of money. How grieved you were, O excellent gentleman, that the law was "a dead letter as to opium!" How your benevolent heart must have bled as you contemplated the unfaithfulness of the mandarins, who, being heathens and fond

of bribes, passed the opium, and "often requested that nothing might be said about it!"'—A Chinaman could not be expected to understand the weak remarks in the latter part of the quotation. But he might naturally exclaim, 'If these barbarians not only insist on poisoning our people with opium, in defiance of our law, but drive their own people at home to the use of what is more brutalising than opium, how can they pretend that their religion is better than ours?' The assertion, however, that the Sabbatarians cause the crowding of the gin and beer shops of England, is too absurd to need refutation."

Merchant. "People that try to be righteous overmuch, do a deal of harm in various ways."

Doctor. "Hear the champion of opium again. Speaking of the insurrection in the Canton and Kuangse Provinces in 1850, he says:*—'Commissioner Lin, of opium celebrity, was despatched to subdue them. He, however, died on his way; and it must have been a melancholy reflection for him to look back on his rash acts at Canton as the real cause of the present degradation and troubles of his country.' Is this a generous kick? Is not this trampling on a dead lion? The 'rash acts' were very inconvenient to opium-manufacturers, opium-smugglers, and opium-smokers; but they shewed that Commissioner Lin possessed a degree of practical talent and administrative energy not commonly found among Chinese statesmen. The 'rash acts' were at the time crowned with complete success; and they would have put a stop to the odious traffic had not the British Government backed the smugglers, and compelled the Chinese at the cannon's mouth to pay for the opium which Lin had most righteously confiscated."

Lieut. "It makes a fellow ashamed of his country."

Civilian. "Depend on it, the resolution of the Chinese Government to exclude opium proceeded rather from national spite and financial considerations than from any more worthy motive."

Merchant. "Of course. Morality is a thing utterly unknown among them."

Lieut. "So you, opium-smuggling, palace-inhabiting, cham-

* Davis' China, vol. i. p. 175.

the English barbarians, alleging a breach of faith in respect of the territory set apart for them, invaded the country in great force, spreading like a flood over the seven provinces.'—'The calamities of war lasted three years, without any one being able to bring matters to an end; everything was in the greatest confusion, when, as a last resource, Ilipu, Kiying, and Ninkien proposed to the Emperor of the Tsing to allow trade at Kwang-chau [Canton], Fuh-chau, Hia-mun [Amoy], and Shang-hai, as before, and to give Hong-Kong to the English barbarians for ever. These further extorted 21,000,000 dollars as compensation in full for their merchandise, and their expenses for all the years that troops had been employed, before they would treat of peace. The Emperor of the Tsing, *having no alternative* but to consent to what they required, engaged to pay the full amount of the compensation in three annual instalments.'"

Merchant. "But all this refers to the war that was ended by the treaty of Nankin in 1842."

Civilian. "And has not the most remote connexion with what happened at the mouth of the Peiho last year."

Doctor. "Bear with me a little longer, while I trace the connexion. It is real; of that I am thoroughly satisfied. Hien-Fung, you will remember, has reigned only since 1850."

Lieut. "How many Emperors have there been within the last hundred years?"

Doctor. "Keen-lung ascended the throne in 1736, reigned for sixty years, and abdicated in favour of his son Keaking. Keaking (a dissolute good-for-nothing) reigned from 1796 to 1820, when he died. Taou-kwang, at the age of thirty-eight, succeeded his father Keaking, and reigned till 1850, when he also 'drove the fairy chariot,' as they say, 'and went the long journey.' For the last ten years his son Hien-Fung (general plenty) has been Emperor. Now, what can be more natural, I ask, than that Hien-Fung, knowing as well as the King of Cochin-China how much we were to blame, should be disposed to resent the means employed by our countrymen to extort concessions from his father Taou-kwang?"

Lieut. "Nothing more natural. In my ignorance I thought that the old gentleman we made the treaty with in 1842 was still reigning."

Doctor. "No, we have a younger man to deal with now. One of the stipulations of the Pottinger treaty of 1842 was, that the city of Canton should be thrown open to our countrymen; but it was no stipulation of that treaty that China should be thrown open to our opium-trade. For years after the ratification of the treaty, our merchants appeared to attach little or no value to the privilege of elbowing half-naked Chinamen through the filthy lanes of Canton; and it was extremely doubtful whether the Emperor could, even if he would, overrule the repugnance which the inhabitants felt and expressed against the admission of barbarians. Sir George Bonham suggested to Lord Palmerston, in 1849, that the claim should either be abandoned or enforced. Lord Palmerston declined the responsibility of enforcing it, and the claim was virtually abandoned. As years rolled on, the white residents at Hong-Kong felt more and more strongly every day that the establishment of a trade depôt there had been, for fifty reasons, a monstrous mistake. They wanted to have Chusan instead; and in order to carry their point, they were evidently disposed to magnify every little dispute with the Chinese authorities into a *casus belli*. Sometimes, undoubtedly, the Chinese were to blame, but at other times the fault was entirely on our own side. At last came the affair of the *Arrow*, one of a class of vessels called *lorchas*, which were extensively used in smuggling opium between Hong-Kong and Canton. Opium again, gentlemen, you perceive. These lorchas, if the property of Chinese residing at Hong-Kong, were allowed by us to be registered as vessels entitled to carry the British flag for one year from the date of registration."

Lieut. "Of course it was of no use for the Company to be manufacturing thousands of chests of opium in India, and it was of no use for merchants to be buying it in Calcutta and taking it to Hong-Kong, unless there was some means of getting it forwarded from Hong-Kong to Canton and other ports."

Doctor. "That is obviously true. But I would not say that there might not be other reasons for allowing lorchas to carry our flag. At all events, Yeh suspected a lorcha named the *Arrow* of being something different from what she seemed to be, and directed some subordinates (at least this was charged against

him) to haul down the flag and seize the crew. There was no European on board, and it was found on inquiry that she had no right to sail under our flag, as her period of registration had expired. Moreover, Yeh insisted that she did not really belong to the resident of Hong-Kong in whose name she had been registered, and that the registration had been fraudulently procured, by a bribe. Sir John Bowring, the famous linguist, was then Governor of Hong-Kong and Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China. Yeh, on being remonstrated with, sent back the crew, although he declared himself to be in the right, and subsequent investigation proved that he actually was in the right. Afraid of giving offence, he even went so far as to say that the same thing should not occur again."

Merchant. "Yeh did not know that he was in the right, however."

Doctor. "He may not have been aware, as Sir John Bowring was, that the year had expired; but he had other sufficient reasons for believing himself to be in the right. His defence was—'We considered this to be a Chinese vessel, and the information I have had is, that the flag was *not* hauled down.' Even if this were a falsehood, it might have passed muster as a decent apology from a Chinese diplomatist. Yet I have no desire to be the apologist of Yeh. He was a monster of cruelty, and generally unscrupulous. Did you ever see the blue book containing the account of 'Insults in China,' which we were called upon to avenge?"

Merchant. "No."

Doctor. "It is, in some respects, a laughable record. The most serious of the 'Insults' was thought to be this affair of the *Arrow* lorcha, in which our people were shewn at last to be in the wrong. The fact is, our countrymen were, for ulterior reasons, bent on a quarrel, and a quarrel they would have, whether John Chinaman wished it or not. Sir John Bowring had been instructed by Lord Clarendon to insist upon the right of entry into Canton whenever a favourable opportunity offered. This point was now pressed, after having been waived for sixteen years."

Lieut. "But, my dear Docthor, will ye excuse me for interrupting you? The claret is done."

Doctor. "I beg your pardon. [*Calls*—Boy! more claret!] Now, Jack, was it creditable to our country to keep dodging from one alleged grievance to another, in search of a *casus belli?*"

Lieut. "Disgraceful."

Civilian. "I object to the whole line of argument. But I am curious to hear the conclusion of your statement."

Doctor. "Well, I am coming to that. Before the end of January 1857, we had bombarded Canton—entered the city—taken possession of the forts—and then found ourselves compelled to abandon our positions, one after the other, for want of a force sufficient to hold them, and even to withdraw from the river to defend Hong-Kong. During these operations, the British Factories at Canton were destroyed, and our commerce in that part of China was for a time suspended. Sir John Bowring thought there would be no difficulty in compelling submission: but when the British Admiral had to retire and stand on the defensive, his Excellency's eyes were opened to the true state of the case. The Ministry was thrown out on the China question, and a dissolution of Parliament followed. Up to the middle of May, nothing was done to retrieve our loss of prestige and property in China. Towards the end of that month, Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, with Commodores Keppel and Elliot, destroyed a large number of junks in various creeks near Canton. Then came the news of the Indian mutiny. Lord Elgin reached Hong-Kong in the beginning of July, but soon afterwards proceeded to Calcutta with the *Shannon* and the *Pearl*. About the middle of November, frigates, gunboats, and ambassadors were on the move at Hong-Kong. Lord Elgin, Baron Gros, Mr Reed, General Ashburnham, Colonels Wetherall and Pakenham, and other prominent officials consulted together, and Canton was a doomed city. Then Ashburnham, Wetherall, and Pakenham were ordered off to India. About the middle of December, Lord Elgin sent in his famous letter to Yeh, demanding instantly the fulfilment at Canton of all treaty engagements, including free admission of British subjects into the city, and also compensation in full for losses caused by the disturbances."

Lieut. "In short, Do as I bid you, old pigtail, or I'll blow ye to smithereens."

Doctor. "Yeh answered his lordship, clause by clause, with admirable dexterity. Lord Elgin rejoined, announcing war, and Yeh answered the rejoinder by shewing (conclusively, as I think) that there was no cause for war. On the 5th of January 1858, Canton and Yeh were in our possession. Then England, France, Russia, and the United States gave the Emperor to the end of March to send down his Plenipotentiary to Shanghae, to arrange a new treaty. Soon after this, the ambassadors and fleets went northwards, silenced the forts at the mouth of the Peiho, and occupied the city of Tientsin without a contest. Lord Elgin now required the Court of Pekin, among other things, to receive a British Resident at the Chinese capital. His Lordship admitted, in despatches to Lord Malmesbury, that *compliance had been extorted from the fears* of the imperial court, and that the Chinese authorities contemplated the permanent residence of a foreign minister at the capital with more aversion and alarm than any other of the innovations. The treaty was signed on the 26th of June 1858."

Civilian. "So you think that Yeh's letters to Lord Elgin proved war to be unnecessary?"

Doctor. "This is an opinion which I have the honour to share with many wise and able men. One of the most independent papers in England, the *Saturday Review*, contained the following striking passage, which I thought worth cutting out and pasting inside the cover of this copy of Sir John Davis' work:—'One thing is very clear—that the folly of our agents in China has got us into an ugly scrape, out of which we shall have to extricate ourselves as best we may. What we are to do to retrieve our reputation, or *what we are to fight for* when we have got our troops and our gun-boats into the Canton waters, *we cannot discover that any one exactly knows.* The only information we have been able to gather on the subject is from the ministerial organ, which tells us that we are at war, not with the Chinese empire, but "with the institutions of China," and further, that "the anger of Europe is excited by the *bigotry and seclusion* which form the

traditional policy of the country." In what chapter of the law of nations it is laid down that bigotry and seclusion constitute a *casus belli*, we have yet to learn. Such language as this is only one specimen among many of the *filibustering morality* which, through the medium of the press, is becoming too popular in this country.' "

Lieut. "A stunning view of the business, and capitally worded."

Civilian. "Have you seen the *Home News* for the 18th and 27th of February?"

Doctor. "Here it is. Lord Elgin and Sir Michael Seymour have startled the public by some of their disclosures in Parliament. Lord Elgin says that, during his mission to China he had received from home 'instructions directing him to obtain from the Chinese Government *concessions which amounted to an entire subversion of the traditional policy of that great empire.*' Was it honest on our part to base such demands on the affair of the *Arrow* lorcha?"

Lieut. "In which we were all wrong! Was there anything in the treaty about repealing the Chinese law against importing opium?"

Doctor. "Not a syllable. I have carefully gone over the long summary, published by our Foreign Office of the fifty-six articles of the treaty. Smuggling is strictly forbidden, and even transshipment without a custom-house permit; and there is no hint of a repeal of the statutes or edicts against opium. But on Lord Elgin's return from Japan to Shanghae in October, certain additions were made to the treaty of Tientsin, and signed on the 8th of November. A duty of thirty taels per chest was imposed on opium, and the trade was thus indirectly legalised. The truth is, the Chinese had been thoroughly brow-beaten by us from first to last, and they felt that they were not now in a position to be scrupulous."

Merchant. "If Lord Elgin had remained in China to ratify the treaty of Tientsin, all would have gone on smoothly, and the subsequent misfortune might have been avoided."

Civilian. "But, in this *Home News* report of the Earl's ex-

planation, his lordship says, 'I was never charged with the ratification of the treaty. The treaty was never placed in my possession. I never had the option of going to Pekin.' We know that the Hon. F. Bruce went to London with the treaty for ratification in August 1858; and when returning with it in March 1859, he met Lord Elgin at Ceylon *en route* for England."

Doctor. "From which it appears that the postscript about opium and other things, agreed to on the 8th of November at Shanghae, was not appended to the treaty when Mr Bruce took it to London."

Lieut. "It must have been smuggled in at the tail of the treaty afterwards. Slily managed, by the powers!"

Doctor. "It was no part of the treaty which the Emperor of China agreed to ratify."

Civilian. "But he was bound by what the Chinese commissioners afterwards did at Shanghae."

Doctor. "He may not have taken that view of the matter. The four commissioners possibly exceeded their instructions."

Merchant. "And what o' that?"

Doctor. "Why, if the four commissioners did exceed their instructions, I can imagine Hien-Fung in his imperial palace at Pekin soliloquising thus, when he heard what had been done:—These opium-smuggling English barbarians are indeed justly called by my people 'white devils.' They know that 'it is a principle of the Chinese Government not to license what we condemn as immoral.' They know that we 'glory in the superiority, as to principle, of our own government, and scorn the Christian governments that tolerate these vices, and convert them into a source of pecuniary advantage or public revenue.'* Yet because they themselves love money more than anything else, they have during a long series of years manufactered and imported into China great quantities of a poisonous substance, contrary to the laws of the empire; and because we would not legalise this hateful traffic, and do everything as they desired, they have again and again found some pretext for quarrelling with us. At last,

* Davis' China, vol. i. p. 125

after bombarding Canton, destroying the forts, and taking possession of the city, they had the presumption to fight their way up the Peiho with more than two thousand armed men towards my capital. To prevent them from defiling Pekin with their abhorred presence, I sent Kwei-liang and Hwa-shana, two of my highest ministers, to treat at Tientsin with the English, French, Russian, and American ambassadors. Their demands were most arrogant. The English even required two millions of taels for alleged losses, and two millions more for the expenses of a war iniquitously waged against myself. I yielded all. But I did not repeal the edicts against opium. The barbarians departed, and I felt relieved. Afterwards, the Chief of the English persuaded my commissioners at Shanghae, who were appointed for the purpose of arranging custom-house details, to agree that opium should be admitted, like legal merchandise, on the payment of a certain duty. These men exceeded their powers, and forgot how my father, the late Emperor of happy memory, dealt with Heu-naetse,* for having the boldness even to propose a policy so immoral, and so contrary to the principles of the empire. I will not ratify the treaty, with this cunningly-devised addition. This new concession will be more injurious to the welfare of my people than all the others. I will strengthen the Taku forts, and excuse myself from ratifying the treaty."

Civilian. "Have you seen the original treaty *in extenso?*"

Doctor. No; but I take it for granted that the large abstract published by the Foreign Office conceals nothing. It professes to give the gist of each of the fifty-six articles. Here it is, filling a column and a half of very small type in this newspaper. Suppose, however, what seems in the highest degree improbable, that the Foreign Office actually suppressed a clause legalising opium, this affects the argument but slightly. There is just the difference between openly coercing the Emperor, and craftily entrapping his Majesty. It needs great firmness to resist a demand when your house is the focus of a battery of guns, and your argumentative friend points to the lighted fusees."

Lieut. "Ha! ha! yes. I'm unanimous. Here's a picture of two

* Ibid.

schoolboys. Master John Bull says to Master John Chinaman, 'I want to sell you some of my toffy for some of your pretty marbles.' 'I don't want your toffy,' says Chinaman, meekly, 'it makes me sick.' 'But I'll cram it down your throat, you pig-eyed Celestial.' And with that he pummels the terrified Mongolian till the claret flows right and left, and his peepers are nowhere? 'What d'ye say now, ye yellow brute? Don't want my toffy, don't ye!' Whereupon he seizes him by the tail, spins him round like a humming-top, and kicks him fore and aft with his hob-nailed boots. 'Oh! oh! oh!' sobs John Chinaman, in Chinese; 'I give in—I give in—I give in!' and he spits the claret from his broken lips to make room for words. 'Let me take breath,' he gasps; 'I'll do anything. What d'ye want?' 'What do I want! Swallow this toffy and fork over your marbles, you son of a junk!' So saying, Master Bull stuffs the swollen mouse-trap of his friend with nasty sweets, pockets the marbles, and walks away whistling 'Rule Britannia.' After a good blubber, the Oriental gathers himself up, washes his mug, hitches his wide blue pair of petticoats, and wonders if the sun of China has set for ever. 'That wild beast is a Christian,' mutters he to himself between his remaining grinders; 'I'll have my revenge or die.' Next day, he catches Master Bull napping, and before he has time to wake up, beats him to a jelly with his wooden shoes. I never understood what happened at the Peiho, till you cleared it up, Doctor. We were all taken aback at the time, you know."

Doctor. "I have never been able to discover what kept Mr Bruce for six months in London with the treaty, or why Lord Elgin did not remain in China until Mr Bruce's arrival, in order that his lordship might finish what he had begun. I wish to be charitable. There may have been good reasons. But in a case of this kind the public may fairly ask for them."

Lieut. "Bruce and the Government were perhaps plaiting the tail of the Chinese treaty with Shanghae silk and opium; and Putiatin, thinking that such a use of the British drug might interfere with the prospects of bear's-grease, tipped the wink to the Emperor, and whispered 'Can you keep a secret, old hoss?' (He had seen a good deal of the Yankees.) 'I'll help you with

the Taku forts.' How this claret sharpens one's faculties, Doctor!"

Merchant. "The Russians had no more to do with the Taku forts than the Patagonians had. The whole opium argument is not worth one copper cash."

Civilian. "As I hope to prove now, in a few words. The Government of India never smuggled opium. Benares and Patna opium is now sold to the highest bidder, at the monthly sales in Calcutta. Government takes no cognisance of its destination, and has no further concern with it, after the payment and delivery. If Government were to abandon the monopoly, private individuals would immediately invest capital in providing a supply to meet the demand, and there cannot be a doubt that the quantity would soon be double or quadruple what it now is. In Bombay, a heavy duty is imposed on all the opium produced in that presidency, for the express purpose of discouraging its production. Government purchases whatever is brought to market, and supplies through licensed retailers what is required for home consumption. Malwa opium passing through Bombay for exportation to China pays the enormous transit duty of 400 rupees per chest. Before 1831, the British Resident at Indore purchased all the Malwa opium for Government, and it was sold by auction (like the Bengal opium) at Bombay or Calcutta. Since that year, the Government monopoly has ceased, and the revenue is derived from transit duties. It is not correct, therefore, to say that Britons have been the sole producers of Indian opium."

Doctor. "Did I say so? It is sufficient for all practical purposes to say that they have been the *chief* producers. I am also aware that some Turkey opium is used in China. But allow me to appeal to authority with reference to the manufacture by the Government of India. That clear-headed man, Henry St George Tucker, wrote thus to Sir Robert Peel in 1842—'When I was connected with the finances of India, the policy pursued in the management of the monopoly was to draw the largest revenue from the smallest quantity of the drug. But when the province of Malwa came under our dominion, it occurred to some of our functionaries that an opium revenue might be obtained at Bom-

bay, analogous to that derived from the monopoly of the manufacture in Bengal, and every possible stimulus was given to the cultivation of the poppy. From this time an entire change in our policy took place, and it became the object of the Government to crush the competition from other quarters, which high prices might engender, and to draw the same revenue from a large quantity at lower rates.' In another letter of an earlier date, to Mr Campbell Marjoribanks, Mr Tucker says—'For the last twenty years we have been encouraging the production by all possible means, and *we now export* to China alone the enormous quantity of twenty-seven thousand chests. This I have always considered an intolerable evil, and my voice has been raised against it on numberless occasions.' * As long ago as 1829, the same writer recorded the following opinion:—'By promoting the growth of the poppy throughout Central India, as we have done, by paying high prices, and by giving the native chiefs an interest in *producing* rather than in *restricting* cultivation, we became accessory to the probable extension of a pernicious habit among a race of men whose well-being ought never to be an object of indifference to us. By encouraging and extending the growth of the poppy in our own provinces, and becoming the *retail vendors* of the drug, we shall promote the introduction or extension of the same pernicious habit, which is calculated both to debase our native subjects, and to render the maintenance of a sufficient police more difficult and burdensome to our finances. By forcing upon China such an enormous quantity of an article whose importation is prohibited [Is not this smuggling, gentlemen?] we run the risk of exciting the attention of the Government of that country, and of inducing it to resort to more peremptory and effectual measures for the suppression of this contraband trade.' †—'The competition from Turkey we cannot prevent; but the supply from that quarter is not considerable; and although it is, no doubt, liable to be increased by high prices, I must contend that if a revenue cannot be drawn from such an article as opium otherwise than by quadrupling the supply, by promoting the general use of the drug, and by

* Tucker's Memorials of Indian Government, p. 161. † Ibid., p. 160.

placing it within the reach of the lower classes of the people, no fiscal consideration can justify our inflicting upon the Malays and Chinese so grievous an evil.'* Lieutenant-Colonel Todd is quoted by Mr Tucker as saying, in his 'valuable work on Rajasthan, or Rajpootana'—'This pernicious plant (the poppy) has robbed the Rajpoot of half his virtues; and while it obscures these, it heightens his vices—giving to his natural bravery a character of insane ferocity, and to the countenance, which would otherwise beam with intelligence, an air of imbecility. Like all stimulants, its effects are magical for a time; but the reaction is not less certain; and the faded form, or amorphous bulk, too often attests the debilitating influence of a drug which alike debases mind and body.'" †

Merchant. "The merchant who purchases opium at the Calcutta sales no more smuggles it than the Government of India does."

Doctor. "The Government and the merchant are surely both concerned in the smuggling, since it is admitted that the smugglers are supplied by them. We shall suppose, by way of illustration, that you are living with your wife and ten children in one of those bungalows, down there among the cocoa-trees on the beach. Your children have on several occasions been made dangerously ill by poisonous sweetmeats manufactured by a confectioner who has a shop near the jetty. You have warned the confectioner that if he bring any more of his sweetmeats to your family, you will shew your opinion of his conduct in a way which he cannot misunderstand. He says, 'I never brought any sweetmeats to your family: I never once entered your house with them. I merely sold them to the servants at the gate of your compound. Now, however, I have ceased to take them even to the gate of your compound. I simply manufacture the confections, and sell them at my own shop to the highest bidder. I have nothing to do with you or your family. Your interference with my honest trade is therefore an impertinence.' Does this satisfy you when you find that your children have again been poisoned by the trash? No; you denounce the manufacturer as

* Ibid., p. 158. † Ibid, p. 155.

a public evil, and you request the police to keep an eye on the parties who convey the article from the notorious poison-shop to your gate. As to your own servants, who, in defiance of your injunction, bring the dangerous sweets from the gate to your children in the house, you threaten, punish, or dismiss them. But do you not feel grievously injured by the confectioner who produces, and the smaller dealers who convey, the perilous stuff? And suppose further, that these smaller dealers open a booth for the sale of the confections immediately outside your gate, what would you say then? Now the Government of India is the confectioner. Before the opening of the China trade in 1834, the Company sent the opium in their own ships to some anchorage outside the Bogue Forts, and there sold the chests to those who secretly landed them. But now the confectioner sells to the highest bidder at his own shop, and the smaller dealers who buy from him convey the opium to our colony of Hong-Kong or depôt-ships at the gates of China. If there were no manufacture of the article, there could be no traffic in it; and Government, by ceasing to manufacture, would cease to have the responsibility of the traffic, even if it were afterwards carried on by others. At present the manufacturer and the carriers have the largest share of the responsibility. For the sake of dollars, they are pandering to a fatal lust. This conclusion it is not possible to evade. The consul at Amoy says in his Report, 'The depôt-ships lie among the six islands which form the eastern limit of the port of Amoy. These vessels are supplied with opium by small clipper schooners.' In appending the Report to his book, Sir John Davis says, 'Both the sale and the consumption of opium are now carried on without any attempt at either concealment or prevention.' [Glorious triumph of British diplomacy!] 'It would therefore be quite as impertinent for us to interfere as for the Chinese to interfere with the enormous and far more hurtful consumption of spirits in England.' * This is strange logic. If the Chinese manufactured the greater part of the spirits consumed in Great Britain and Ireland, and sent their cargoes into our harbours for the purpose of selling them to smugglers, (the importation being

* Davis' China, vol. ii. p. 411.

illegal,) I imagine that Her Majesty's Government would not allow such a traffic to make much progress : and certainly an honest Chinaman would have good reason to expostulate with the Court of Pekin for causing so much misery among the Queen of England's subjects."

Lieut. "I hope you'll remember that poisonous opium and wholesome drink are things totally distinct."

Doctor. "Here is an account of a depôt-ship, and a very pleasing proof of Mr Wingrove Cooke's candour :—'I did not land, [at Woosung, near Shanghae,] but proceeded immediately in a sanpan to Messrs Dent's receiving-ship, which lies strongly anchored fore-and-aft in the mouth of the river. Time was when the *Emily Jane* was a floating garrison, with a disciplined crew trained to gunnery and boarding-practice. Her guns are still in very good order, but she is not likely to test their powers; for the mandarin junks are no longer her enemies, and the pirates hold her in great respect. I am afraid she is a very wicked *Emily Jane*, for she is crammed with opium, and the odour of the drug is strong in her spacious cabins. Your "Special Correspondent" ought to be above such base considerations, but temperance advocates have been known to relish a rump-steak cooked upon the furnace-fire of Broadwood's brewery; and I must own that when the frank and hospitable commander of the *Emily Jane* had responded to my letter of introduction by an invitation to join him in some well-cooled sauterne, a joint of capital Shanghae mutton, and a successfully-concocted ice-pudding—grateful contrast to the monotonous fare of a passenger steamboat—I did not look about me with so much flaming indignation as a total-abstinence-from-opium advocate ought to have done. These cool drinks calm one's judgment.'"*

Civilian. "It is not denied that the Indian Government manufactures opium for the China market, or that the importation into China was prohibited down to the date of the treaty of 1858——

Lieut. "Not yet ratified, and therefore not yet valid, I fancy."

Civilian. "The question is, Would the world be in any degree

* China in 1857-58, p. 94.

benefited if the Government of India were to abandon the culture of the poppy and the manufacture of opium? I maintain that production would be increased, and that the drug would in consequence be cheapened and more extensively used."

Doctor. "Therefore the Government of India ought to persevere in an immoral course! Do evil on a moderate scale to prevent it on a larger scale! You would not take such ground as that?"

Civilian. "You are begging the whole question. It is not immoral to prevent the extension of immorality."

Doctor. "No; but it is immoral to continue to do what you know to be wrong."

Civilian. "But I am not sure that it *is* wrong to manufacture opium, or even to smoke it."

Doctor. "Ah! you are changing your line of defence. You just spoke of preventing an extension of *immorality* by continuing the Government monopoly. Now you doubt whether there is any immorality in the case. Well, I am ready to meet you on your new ground. If we were down in the streets and lanes of Chinese dwellings within half-a-mile of that church-steeple, on which the moonlight is shining, I could give you ocular demonstration of the evils of opium-smoking—demonstration which, I do believe, would prevent you from ever opening your lips in defence of the manufacture. And such proof you may have to-morrow, if you will accompany me and one of the police-inspectors. We can go down the hill before the sun gets too high, and come up again in the evening in time for a seven-o'clock dinner."

Civilian. "Agreed."

Doctor. "In the meantime, I can refer you to the testimony of Dr Little, coroner of Singapore, recorded in the *Journal of the Indian Archipelago* for 1848:—'Opium,' he writes, 'has engaged the attention of Government in so far only as it affords facilities for raising money; and the public in general, whether residents here or passing strangers, have looked on the miserable devotees to the vice of opium-smoking in the same light, and visited their abodes with the same curiosity as they would have done a den of wild beasts, or a raving lunatic's cell. They enter

the opium-shop, by pushing aside a filthy mat, and in a small space, they see many men crowded and crouching on a narrow board; dim lights faintly disclose their squalid appearance; the air is impregnated with a close suffocating odour; the heat is oppressive;—a few questions are asked by the visitor, a pipe is shewn, a human being gazed upon as he slowly, and, to all appearance, with much gusto, inhales the sedative vapours;—at last, unable to endure it any longer, a rush is made by the visitor to the door, and, according to his preconceived opinion, what has been seen is a blot as black as Erebus, a canker eating into the vitals of society, a moral curse attended with great and deep physical evils, which are slowly, but surely, extending; or it may be looked upon as one way of spending money, not a bad plan for raising the revenue, a lighter curse than dram-drinking, and a far pleasanter. But let the philanthropist pass from house to house, mark the appearance of the visitors, pursue them to their homes, when, reeling from the effects of the drug, they, heedless of wife or children, pass into a disturbed sleep, to waken to the tortures of the damned when the sun is high above the horizon, and the industrious of their fellow-creatures have been at work for hours: this is the moment they appreciate their wretchedness, when feverish and hot, with a tongue that is dry, yet cannot be moistened, lips that are cracked, yet cannot be softened, a throat parched, and thirst excessive that cannot be quenched, with eyes either closed or running with rheum, a tightness of the chest that prevents breathing, a lassitude, a languor, a pain in all the bones, a downright incapability of exertion, a loathing of food, and a craving for one thing only, which not to attain is worse than death,—and that is, another draught of the poison, which soothes for the moment, but clenches the faster the misery of the victim. No overdrawn picture is this, but sketched from life, yea more, by the victims themselves, and of these victims there are at least fifteen thousand in Singapore.' He then proceeds to describe, from his 'Notes Taken on the Spot' the statements of smokers in the opium-dens of that city:—'June 30th. Visited two shops. In the first were about fifty smoking. After examining these, went up-

stairs and found it divided into sleeping apartments. Saw one female on a bed with two men: they were smoking from one pipe, the one after the other, the female filling for them. Presently the party was joined by a second female. The first female had been a smoker for only ten months; the second, for ten years. Both complained of the bad effects of the habit. The second female had four children. Three were dead. When young she had abundance of milk, but had none for the two last children, from which cause they were sickly and died. In the morning when she awakes, she says, "I feel as one dead. I cannot do anything until the pipe is consumed. My eyes are glued so that they cannot be opened. My nose discharges profusely. I feel a tightness in my chest, with sense of suffocation. My bones are sore; my head aches and is giddy; and I loathe the very sight of food." Such is her account of her daily misery.'—'In entering the second shop, I was struck with the miserable skeleton-like appearance of the owner.'—'One Chinaman, who is a petty shopkeeper, consumes ten dollars' worth monthly of the drug. He states that in one hundred Chinamen, seventy smoke. Almost all the coolies do so more or less. If a coolie earns five dollars monthly, one dollar goes for food, twenty cents for house-rent, a small outlay for a jacket and trousers once in six months, and *all the rest goes in opium.*'—'A great many women smoke, generally the wives of opium-smokers. He who commences with one hoon daily, will shortly require two, to produce the same ecstasy necessary for his comfort.'—'Further he states, that, after his quantity is consumed, he feels no desire for sleep till twelve or two in the morning. Then he falls into disturbed slumbers, which last till eight or nine; (now mark the description of this man's sufferings;) when he awakens his head is giddy, confused, and painful; his mouth is dry; he has great thirst, but cannot drink for vomiting; his eyelids are glued together, and his nose discharges fœtid matter. His appetite is gone, and he can neither read nor write, that is, transact his business. He suffers pain in all his bones and muscles. He gasps for breath. He wishes to bathe, but cannot stand the shock; and this state continues until he gets his morning pipe, when he can eat and drink

a little, then bathes and attends to business. "I was," says he, "ere I gave way to this accursed vice, stout, strong, and able for anything. I loved my wife and children, attended to my business, and was happy. But now I am thin, meagre, and wretched. I can receive enjoyment from nothing but the pipe; and if I am railed at, and abused like a dog, I return not an angry word.'"

Merchant. "Opium-smoking, then, produces meekness, it appears."

Doctor. "Say rather, fatuity. Shall I go on?"

Civilian. "I should like to hear the testimony of one who must have the best opportunities of observing and judging. Go on, please."

Doctor. "'July 9th. Visited several shops. Examined thirty-one men. Their average consumption was six hoons. The greatest daily consumption by one man was fifteen hoons; the smallest, two. The average number of years they had been addicted to the smoking of opium was seven years and some odd months. The average amount of wages of these thirty-one men was four dollars and seventy-seven cents; and the value of opium consumed monthly by each man, at the rate of six hoons daily, was three dollars and sixty cents. Up-stairs I found one woman, who had been an opium-smoker for three years, at the average rate of six hoons daily. She stated that she had two children, but they were very sickly, and always crying. And how did she stifle their cries? I saw the woman pressing to her shrivelled, sapless breasts her weeping offspring, whose thin and yellow face and withered limbs shewed how little sustenance was to be obtained there. Its shrill cries and convulsed limbs seemed now to excite the attention of the mother, who was all the time enjoying her pipe, when, to my horror and astonishment, she conveyed from her lips to the child's the fresh-drawn opiate-vapour, which the babe inspired. This was repeated twice, when it fell back a senseless mass into its mother's arms, and allowed her quietly to finish her unholy repast. This practice she had often recourse to, as her child was very troublesome. She added that it was no uncommon thing for mothers to do so."

Lieut. "Horrid!"

Doctor. "Koo Kin Shan, a literary gentleman of Keang-ling, says, 'From the robust who smoke, flesh is gradually consumed and worn away, and their skin hangs down like bags. The faces of the weak who smoke are cadaverous and black, and their bones naked as billets of wood.'—'Opium destroys life. The poor smoker, who has pawned every article in his possession, still remains idle and inactive; and when he has no means of borrowing money, and the periodical thirst returns hard upon him, he will pawn his wives and sell his daughters. Such are the inevitable consequences! In the province of Nyankway I once saw a man, named Chin, who, being childless, purchased a concubine, [according to Chinese custom.] Afterwards, when his money was expended, and all other means failed him, being unable to resist the desire for the pipe, he sold this same concubine, and received for her several tens of dollars. This money being expended, he went and hanged himself.'"

Lieut. "That shews—doesn't it?—how insatiable the craving comes to be. A man who gives up opium is a prodigy."

Doctor. "Little says, 'I have examined hundreds, and the only limit to their indulgence is their means. All, to a man, have so expressed themselves.' Mr Bruce, superintendent of tea-culture in Assam, thus indicates his opinion of the opium-smoker:—'He will steal, sell his property, his children, the mother of his children, and finally even commit murder, for opium.' Sir Stamford Raffles says, 'The use of opium is so much more dangerous, because a person who is once addicted to it can never leave it off.'"

Merchant. "I have said, and I say again, that opium is rarely a cause of crime, like whisky, gin, and other liquors."

Doctor. "Look for a moment at these tabular statistics compiled by Dr Little. They will astonish you."

Merchant. "No statistics will astonish me. You can prove anything by them."

Doctor. "'The examination of this table,' he adds, 'ought to convince the most sceptical of the dreadful effects of the habitual use of opium, morally and physically. Here we have, in this House of Correction, forty-four Chinese, of whom thirty-five are

opium-smokers, not in a moderate degree, but to excess; not confining themselves to what they can spare from their wages, but actually, in some cases, swallowing them all up and much more. Of seventeen men, the aggregate amount of their wages monthly is seventy-seven dollars, or, individually, four dollars and fifty-three cents. Their monthly consumption of opium amounts to ninety-nine dollars and ninety cents, or, individually, five dollars and eighty-seven cents. So each of these men, in addition to spending all his wages, begs, borrows, or steals one dollar and four cents monthly. When I asked one man, who spent six dollars monthly, and whose wages amounted only to three dollars, how this was: was he not deceiving me? how was it possible he could do such a thing? his answer was graphic, and much to the point, 'What am I in here for?'"

Lieut. "Ha, ha, good! That must have been a rum un."

Doctor. "Little winds up another article in a subsequent number with a telling letter, written 'by a partner in one of the most extensive mercantile houses in China, and which has dealt more than any others in the drug.' I wish I could send a copy of it to every man and woman in England. Here are two or three sentences:—'Let it be borne in mind that the importation of opium into China, and its consumption in the country, are really and truly prohibited by the Chinese Government, however much its efforts may have been frustrated by the corruption of its officers.'—'Let it be further considered whether any inducement, however lucrative, would lead us to incur the solemn responsibility of attempting to introduce this insidious scourge of opium-smoking into a new and untried field; for, if it would not, the same responsibility rests upon us for participating in an old-established evil, when time has developed its true character. But indeed argument is needless. Every Christian who will take the trouble to examine into the matter will find that the opium-trade to China cannot for one moment be defended on Christian principles; that by applying such a test it is at once disclosed to view in its true colours as a monster-evil which is devastating the East, and which, if he have the courage to confess his faith, he can no longer be conscientiously engaged in.'"

Civilian. "I confess that the remark about introducing a taste for opium into a new field is striking; for the evidence adduced compels one to admit that opium-smoking is a ruinous habit. Yet I do not see how the Indian Government can give up the opium revenue; and I am confident that no benefit would accrue to China, even if it did."

Merchant. "Oh, perfect nonsense! I assure you, gentlemen, I could collect from teetotal pamphlets much more shocking statistics than any referred to by our good host."

Doctor. "There is another point worth considering. When India was governed by the East India Company, the British cabinet might excuse itself from interfering directly with the methods of raising Indian revenue. But who is the great opium manufacturer now? Is the name of our beloved Queen to be associated with such an abominable traffic? Every letter in the 'Opium Department' is now posted with the superscription 'ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE ONLY!'"

Lieut. "It makes my blood boil to think of it."

Merchant. "Your blood will have plenty of time to cool before the opium revenue is sacrificed: that I can tell ye. That Mr Wilson too will tell ye."

Lieut. "That is to say, Christianity, morality, and honour are to be thrown overboard for the sake of pounds, shillings, and pence! That's *your* conclusion of the whole matter, is it? I'm afraid there's a black spot on every dollar gained by opium."

Merchant. "Would ye refuse a hundred thousand o' them?"

Lieut. "I might be led astray by temptation, you 'know: but I doubt if the money would do me or mine a bit of good—in the long run."

Merchant. "Ho, ho, ho! I dare say ye believe in witches?—and perhaps in ghosts?"

Lieut. "I believe in honesty, sir: I believe it is the best policy: and I believe that this is almost the only policy which we have not exhibited in China."

Merchant. "Aha! that's quite oratorical. What a pity ye're no' in Parliament! But I'm goin' to turn in, Doctor; it's

gettin' late. I see no connexion between opium and the Peiho business."

Lieut. "Ah! none so blind as those who will not see!"

Merchant. "Is that Shakespeare?"

Lieut. "I don't know. I half think it's original. Anyhow it's true, not to say applicable."

Doctor. "The great Duke of Wellington said, that 'it was not by force or violence that Her Majesty's Government intended that commercial intercourse should be established between Great Britain and China, but by conciliatory measures.'—Lord John Russell said nobly, three years ago, that 'the prestige of England ought not to be maintained at the expense of her reputation and honour.'—It was 'admitted in Lord Elgin's own despatch, that we had no right to navigate the Peiho till after the ratification of the treaty.' Lord Elgin, before leaving China, intimated that the Chinese 'were fortifying the Peiho, and that they were justified in doing so.'—Captain Longley said, that 'it was on our part the declaration of war was made; that there was no treachery on the part of the Chinese at all.' All this you will find in Mr Cochrane's speech, delivered the other day in the House of Commons. Now what have we seen this evening, during our friendly discussion? Have we not, in the teeth of the Duke's principle, used 'force' and 'violence' in settling the numerous quarrels that have arisen, directly or indirectly, out of the foul opium-traffic? When we have extorted enormous sums of money and the most extravagant concessions, by successive treaties signed at the cannon's mouth, thus abusing our *might* for the subversion of *right*, have we not maintained our prestige 'at the expense of our reputation and honour?' If Mr Bruce had no right to navigate the Peiho before the treaty was ratified, Lord Elgin had still less right to navigate it before the treaty was proposed. Nevertheless, the one did navigate it, contrary to his own principles, and brow-beat the Emperor into an agreement, which was contrary to Chinese principles; and the other tried to navigate it, in imitation of his predecessor, but broke down ignominiously at the first stage, and retired, leaving all our prestige and several

gun-boats deep in Peiho mud. If the Chinese 'were justified,' as Lord Elgin asserts, in 'fortifying the Peiho,' I suppose there can be no doubt that they were justified in beating back Mr Bruce when he attempted to pass the fortifications, not merely without leave, but in defiance of repeated remonstrances. And if 'there was no treachery on the part of the Chinese'—if 'it was on our part the declaration of war was made,' to what conclusion could an unprejudiced third party come but this, that we deserved all we got? I am quite aware that, in all our China quarrels, opium has invariably been kept, as far as possible, out of sight. The idea of its having anything to do with the matter has been sneered at, and pooh-poohed, and put down. Our Government often concealed its hand, even from those who had a right to see it; but opium was always the great card it wanted to play. I am not referring to individuals, or to any school of partisans, but to a continuous national policy, as morally rotten as it has been financially successful. I believe in my heart that if Hien-Fung were here to-night, and able to speak our language, he would say, 'Old man, you are right. Opium has been our greatest grievance. The proposal to reside at Pekin without kotowing stands next. The former destroys my people; the latter is an attempt to degrade myself. To smuggle opium is to defy our laws; to insist on a Resident is to trample on our customs. If our laws and customs be violated, what remains to China? The greatest nation in the universe becomes a heterogeneous rabble; the Emperor a powerless puppet. Even the English-speaking American who deals in slaves denounced the opium traffic; and the Russian and Frenchman could not defend it. But Lord Elgin added it to the treaty against my will, and without my knowledge. His successor intruded into the Peiho; and although I did not wish to kill your sailors, I was glad to avoid the ratification. Now you are going to fight again. If you break up China, you will enlarge Russia.'"

Civilian. "This subject is not new to you, I perceive. In Madras, it has never excited much interest."

Lieut. "I begin to feel quite up in the China question, after this passage-at-arms between you three."

Doctor. "You may be surprised when I tell you how long ago my connexion with China began. I was born at Macao in 1801. My father—though a worthy man, according to his light—was an opium-smuggler, and I was for some time one of his assistants. He died in 1820, and I went to England with my mother. After studying medicine, I came out to India, which has been my home ever since."

THE END.

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