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LIFE AND OPINIONS  
OF  
MAJOR GENERAL  
SIR CHARLES MACGREGOR



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A. P. THORNTON.



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THE LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

MAJOR-GENERAL

SIR CHARLES METCALFE MACGREGOR

“ We thus learn not to judge of the wisdom of measures too exclusively by the results. We learn to apply the juster standard of seeing what the circumstances and the probabilities were that surrounded a statesman or a general at the time when he decided on his plan : we value him not by his fortune, but by his *Προαίρεσις*, to adopt the expressive Greek word, for which our language gives no equivalent.”—Sir EDWARD CREASY.





Ch. Macleod



THE LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

MAJOR - GENERAL

SIR CHARLES METCALFE MACGREGOR

K.C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL IN INDIA

EDITED BY

LADY MACGREGOR

IN TWO VOLUMES

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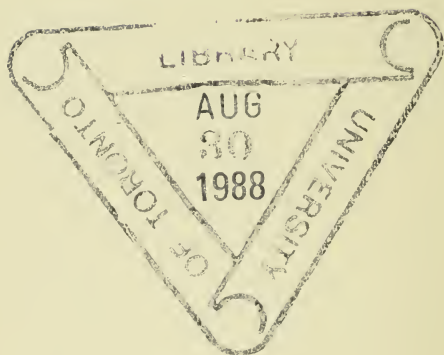
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TO

V I V A,

THE STORY OF HER FATHER'S GALLANT FIGHTS

AND SAGE COUNSELS,

OF HIS BRAVERY AND ENDURANCE,

AND OF

HIS LIFELONG DEVOTION TO HIS COUNTRY AND HIS QUEEN

IN DEFENCE OF INDIA,

IS DEDICATED BY HIS WIDOW,

CHARLOTTE MACGREGOR.



## P R E F A C E.

---

IN preparing the following memoir of my late husband for publication, I have desired to reproduce, as nearly as possible in his own words, a personal account of the stirring and momentous events in which he played always an active and latterly a leading part.

The principal portion of the biography relating to his early career up to the time of his promotion to field rank is taken from the unstudied letters written in camp and bivouac by Charles MacGregor to his parents during the period which includes the Indian Mutiny, the Chinese War, the Bhutan Campaigns, and the Abyssinian Expedition.

The death of my husband's father in 1869 unfortunately brought to an end the interesting correspondence, which forms an almost complete autobiography of the General up to his thirtieth year. For the continuation of the memoir recourse has been had to diaries and demi-official memoranda,

from which a more or less connected narrative of Sir Charles's later services has been compiled.

The full details of my husband's arduous duties, whether at the desk of the Quartermaster-General's office or on toilsome journeys performed in the saddle, during his preparation of the 'Central Asian and Frontier Gazetteer,' would afford but little interesting matter for the general reader, and therefore this portion of the biography is not dwelt upon at any length. The ponderous tomes of the 'Gazetteer' itself, forming, as it does, a standard work of reference for all time, bear sufficient testimony to the patience and energy of their author.

The story of the famine in Northern Bengal and the strenuous exertions which it demanded on the part of the Director of Transport, the duties of which my husband so successfully carried out, has been gathered from official documents and Sir Richard Temple's minutes. The conduct of relief operations on a large scale involves in reality the organisation and working of such numbers, that it is in every respect equivalent to the command of an army in the field, but with this difference, that, in the case of military operations, the combatant forces have been already trained to co-operate, and are fully under the control of proper departmental officers; then, again, active service is exciting, and the achievements, if not the rewards, are brilliant:

whereas, on the other hand, in the combat with dire famine, the multitudes are undisciplined and the staff of officers has to be extemporised for the occasion ; then, again, the exposure and fatigue are distressing, the task is irksome and laborious, whilst the proper performance of the duty is thankless, and leads neither to acknowledgment, promotion, nor honour. My husband always considered his service in North Bengal during the famine of 1874 as the hardest and most creditable work in which he had been ever engaged.

The journals of Sir Charles MacGregor's explorations in Khorassan and Baluchistan have already been published during his lifetime, and his journeys, therefore, in those countries need but be briefly alluded to. Nevertheless there is some matter added to the account already published, which will serve to explain several points that have been much misunderstood.

It has been found necessary, of course, to exercise considerable judgment in selecting for publication the portions of my husband's journal kept during the last campaigns in Afghanistan. From his position, as Chief of the Staff to more than one general, his facilities were unusually favourable not only for observing minutely the direction and progress of the military operations during the war, from the beginning to the end, but also for noting the characters

and abilities of officers of all ranks who came within his observation ; and he made the fullest use of his opportunities. Having attained the rank of major-general, and therefore expectant of obtaining an important command, he, not unnaturally, took careful note of the capabilities, special aptitudes, and personal characteristics of all with whom he came in contact, so that he should know on whom he could thoroughly depend in the critical moment when the emergency should arise. It is almost needless to add that any passing remarks which could cause the least annoyance to any one have been altogether omitted, and much personal and confidential matter has, of necessity, been suppressed.

With regard to the concluding chapters, relating to Sir Charles's directorate of the Quartermaster-General's Department, here again the multiplicity of routine duties and the busy cares of official life offer but little attractive reading or amusement to the public in comparison with the more romantic episodes of a soldier's life in the field ; but, nevertheless, to the military student the perusal of the chapter dealing with this important period of staff service, so absolutely momentous in its effect on the stability of British power in India, will prove highly instructive, and to the politician deeply suggestive. It should not be forgotten that this work is intended to be a book for the service as well as for the general



public, and many details, therefore, are preserved for their military interest.

Sir Charles MacGregor worked hard to break down the inelastic red-tape system by which the departmental work had been fettered previous to his taking office, and by infusing some of his own energy and determination, created a spirit of activity in his colleagues, and of emulation in his subordinates, all of whom became zealous adherents of their gallant chief. In fact, to use the words of a distinguished general, Sir Charles MacGregor "*cast a halo o'er the post of Quartermaster-General in India, and brought the status of the holder to a pitch never attained by any predecessor.*"

In the Intelligence Branch especially, my husband induced by his example the officers to take an interest in countries beyond the frontiers of Hindustan—in fact, wherever the Indian army might, by the remotest possibility, have to march through or to occupy, for defensive or aggressive purposes. It is most certainly owing to this encouragement that a school of military explorers has now been established in India, and a quantity of strategical and economical information has been amassed and systematically arranged by the Intelligence Department—a department which, thanks to Sir Charles MacGregor's fostering care, differs somewhat perhaps from the much-lauded Prussian Office of In-

telligence, but which possesses a superior scope, and takes vigilant cognisance of a far vaster area of territory.

In preparing the biography for the press, I have been greatly assisted by several of my husband's brother officers, who have in the most friendly spirit contributed information, advice, and explanation on various subjects which otherwise I should have had some difficulty in dealing with, and I beg them to accept my cordial thanks, and acknowledgments of their kindly services.

It is not easy for a wife to write impartially of a departed husband, but from the numerous sympathetic communications which have reached me, it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that the name of Charles Metcalfe MacGregor is deeply impressed on the memory of his comrades in the Imperial armies in India and at home.

CHARLOTTE MACGREGOR.

STRONACHLACHAR, LOCH KATRINE,  
*October 1888.*

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MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES MACGREGOR, *Frontispiece*  
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*By permission of the Royal Artillery Institution.*



MAJOR-GENERAL  
SIR CHARLES MACGREGOR.

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CHAPTER I.

THE CLAN MACGREGOR.

1413—1855.

*“A’ the country, far and near,  
Have heard MacGregor’s fame.”*

THE CELTIC SEPT OF MACGREGOR—POSSESSIONS IN ARGYLESHIRE AND PERTHSHIRE—EVICTION OF THE TRIBESMEN—THE WICKED CLAN—LETTERS OF FIRE AND SWORD—MACGREGORS OF GLENSTRAE AND GLENGYLE—LOYALTY OF THE MACGREGORS—PENAL STATUTES RE-ENACTED—THE JACOBITE REBELLION OF 1715—LINEAL DESCENT OF CHARLES MACGREGOR FROM MACGREGOR OF GLENGYLE—SCHOOL-DAYS AT GLENALMOND AND MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE—MR CONNELLY, THE SCULPTOR—REMINISCENCES OF YOUNG MACGREGOR’S BOYHOOD.

IN writing the biography of a true Highlander, his pedigree must of necessity be alluded to, however briefly; and therefore, without entering too minutely into the intricacies of Scotch genealogy, it may

suffice to observe that, by direct lineage, the forebears of Sir Charles MacGregor belonged to a distinguished branch of that most ancient clan, MacGregor, "so famous for their misfortunes, and the indomitable gallantry with which they maintained themselves as a clan, linked and banded together in spite of the most severe laws, executed with unexampled rigour against those who bore this forbidden surname."<sup>1</sup> These clannish partialities were eminently noticeable in the subject of the following memoir, who proved himself to be no mean scion of this race of warriors who peopled the glens and "Hieland hills aboon the Balmaha."

It is absolutely certain, according to Sir Walter Scott, that "the Celtic sept of MacGregor held, by the right of the sword, widely extensive possessions in Argyleshire and Perthshire, from days immemorial,"<sup>2</sup> which were iniquitously encroached upon by the Earls of Argyll and the Campbells of Glenorchy, by means of charters obtained from the Crown under various pretexts; and the tribesmen, thus evicted from their ancestral glens, defended themselves with such ferocity, that in the reign of Queen Mary, now three hundred years ago, a commission was granted to the Campbells to exterminate the Clan Gregor by fire and sword. Some years later "another cru-

<sup>1</sup> See Introduction to vol. vii. original edition of Waverley Novels, 'Rob Roy.' December 1817.

<sup>2</sup> Dougal Ciar Mohr, the fifth son of Gregor, Laird of MacGregor, died in 1413, and his eldest son, Duncan MacGregor, married a daughter of the Laird of Macfarlane.

sade was directed by an Act of the Privy Council against the *wicked Clan Gregor, so long continuing in blood, slaughter, theft, and robbery*, in which letters of fire and sword were denounced against them for the space of three years ;” and Sir Walter Scott goes on to state, that notwithstanding these severe denunciations, which were acted upon as cruelly and severely as possible, some of the clan still possessed property ; and in 1604, the chief, designated Allaster MacGregor of Glenstrae, was slain in a fight with the Colquhouns at Glenfruin, where his foster-brother, the celebrated Dugald Ciar<sup>1</sup> Mohr, gained an unenviable notoriety.

“By an Act of Privy Council, dated April 3, 1603, the name of MacGregor was expressly abolished, and those who had hitherto borne it were commanded to change it for other surnames,” under pain of death ;<sup>2</sup> and “by a subsequent Act of Council, 24th June 1613, death was denounced against any persons of the tribe formerly called MacGregor, who should presume to assemble in greater numbers than four ;” whilst again, “by an Act of Parliament passed in

<sup>1</sup> Dougal Ciar, eldest son of Duncan MacGregor, married a daughter of Stewart of Coincachan, and had six sons, Gregor, Malcolm, Dougal, Patrick, Duncan, John. His eldest son, Gregor, took a lease of the Crown lands of Glengyle from the Marquis of Montrose, who had purchased them, and married Janet, daughter of Thomas Buchanan of that Ilk, and had four sons and one daughter. He fought at the battle of Glenfruin in 1604. He was succeeded by his second son, Malcolm MacGregor of Glengyle, who purchased, in 1659, Portnellan for 1000 marks.—MacGregor MS. pedigree.

<sup>2</sup> Under this Act MacGregor of Glenstrae was tried before the Court of Justiciary, 20th January 1604, and hung at Edinburgh.

1617, these laws were continued and extended to the then rising generation.”

The execution of these fatal Acts was chiefly carried out by the followers of the Earl of Argyll and the Campbells, whilst the MacGregors failed not to resist with the most determined courage, sometimes gaining transient advantage, but always selling their lives dearly.

The outlawed tribesmen, although submitting to the law so far as to take the names of families amongst whom they happened to live, nevertheless, “to all intents and purposes, yet remained the clan Gregor, united together for right or wrong; and they continued to take and give offence regardless of legislation until a statute was enacted, in 1633, re-establishing the disabilities attached to the clan, and granting a new commission for enforcing the laws against such a rebellious race.”

Notwithstanding the severities exercised by Kings James and Charles towards these infuriated mountaineers, the MacGregors espoused the cause of the latter monarch during the civil war. Duncan Abbarach and his son, Patrick MacGregor, were at this time the chiefs of the clan, to whom Montrose promised full redress of all their grievances; and later, when summoned to resist the invasion by the Commonwealth's army in 1651, the Clan Gregor claimed the immunities of the other tribes.

Upon the Restoration, King Charles II. “annulled the various Acts against the Clan Gregor, and re-

stored to them the full use of their family name with the other privileges of liege subjects;" but later the penal statutes against the MacGregors were re-enacted, although not so severely enforced, until, finally, "full redress was obtained from the British Parliament by an Act abolishing for ever the penal statutes which had been so long imposed upon this ancient sept."

The Ciar Mohr branch of the clan lived chiefly in the mountains between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, and the chieftain of this tribe in 1690 is said to have been Donald MacGregor of Glengyle,<sup>1</sup> a lieutenant-colonel in the service of James II., a younger son of whom was afterwards celebrated as the great freebooter, Rob Roy.

During the Rebellion of 1715 a large force of MacGregors assembled at the lower end of Loch Lomond, commanded by Gregor MacGregor (or James Grahame) of Glengyle, and acted under the

<sup>1</sup> Donald, the eldest son of Malcolm of Glengyle, was married to a daughter of Campbell of Glenlyon, and had one daughter and three sons—(1) John, (2) Duncan, and (3) Robert, surnamed Rob Roy. (1) John succeeded to the estate of Glengyle, married the daughter of Campbell of Duncared. His eldest son Gregor, surnamed Ghlune Dhu, married Mary, daughter of Hamilton of Baldowie, and was buried at Glengyle 1777. His eldest son John, born 1708, married a daughter of William Buchanan of Craigwain. His eldest son James, married 1777, Isabella, daughter of Captain M. MacGregor of Inverarderan. (2) Married Henrietta, daughter of Alexander MacGregor of Ardmacmuine, died 1798. His eldest son, John MacGregor of Glengyle, born 1795, married Jane, daughter of Daniel MacGregor of Inverarderan. His eldest son, James MacGregor of Glengyle, born August 1812, the last survivor of the eldest branch of the family of Glengyle, is still living, 1888.

directions of the Jacobite Earl of Mar; and thirty years later, Robert MacGregor of Glencarnoch, generally regarded as the chief of the whole clan, raised a regiment for the Chevalier—but the race of Ciar Mohr, according to Sir Walter Scott, formed another corps, commanded by MacGregor of Glengyle, apart from the Glencarnoch regiment.

Subsequently the majority of the clan entered into a deed recognising Sir John MacGregor, Bart., as the representative of the Glencarnoch family, and acknowledged him as their lawful chief, under whom a large number of MacGregors formed themselves into a regiment, called the Clan Alpine Regiment, in 1799.

The MacGregors descended from Dougal Ciar, however, appear to have refused their adherence to MacGregor of Glencarnoch. So far Sir Walter Scott.<sup>1</sup>

From the MacGregor family papers it appears that Lieutenant-Colonel Donald MacGregor of Glengyle, before mentioned, had one daughter and three sons, John, Duncan, and Robert, surnamed *Rob Roy*. The second surviving son, Rob Roy, was left guardian to his nephew, Gregor of Glengyle. Gregor

<sup>1</sup> The foregoing outline of the main historical facts connected with the MacGregors has been taken from Sir Walter Scott's well-known history of the clan; for, although this author's details are oftentimes rather more picturesque than strictly accurate, yet his broad sketch of the misfortunes of that old "proscribed, nameless, red-handed clan," frequently referred to by Sir Charles MacGregor, may be accepted on the whole as a fair representation of the real facts.

married Helen Mary, daughter of MacGregor of Comar, and died in 1735, leaving five sons, Coll, Duncan, James, More Ranald, and Robert Oig.

The eldest son, Coll, resided at Balquhidder, and married a daughter of MacGregor of Glencarnoch, by whom he had one daughter and two sons, John and Duncan. The elder son, John, became a captain in the 60th Regiment of Foot, and served in the American War, being repeatedly mentioned in General Murray's despatches. He married a daughter of John MacAlpin in Edinburgh, and had two sons, James and Robert.

The elder son, James MacGregor became a major-general in the Hon. East India Company's service. He was present at the siege of Seringapatam, and was frequently mentioned in despatches and general orders. He died in 1818. He married Catherine Wedderburn, daughter of Thomas Dunbar of Westfield, Caithness, and had three sons and two daughters. The sons, Robert Guthrie, James, and Thomas, were all officers in the army.

The eldest son, Robert Guthrie MacGregor, became a major in the Bengal Artillery. He served in the Burma war, where he was severely wounded, and also at the capture of Bhartpur, where he lost the use of his leg.

He married Alexandrina,<sup>1</sup> daughter of General Archibald Watson, of the Bengal Army, by whom he had eight daughters and three sons, Edward,

<sup>1</sup> Mrs MacGregor is still living, and resides at Ealing.

Charles Metcalfe, and Norman. Major R. G. MacGregor was one of the managers of the Agra Bank, and Charles Metcalfe MacGregor, the second son, and the subject of the following memoir, first saw the light at Agra on the 12th August 1840.

After living four years in Scotland under the care of his maternal grandmother, when eight years of age young Charles MacGregor was put to school at Glenalmond College, in Perthshire, then ruled over by Dr Wordsworth, now Bishop of St Andrews, where he remained until 1853.

When he was thirteen years old, Charles MacGregor was placed at Marlborough College as a boarder in the house of the Rev. J. Sowerby, and entered the form then under the Rev. Herbert Plater, the present head-master of the Grammar School, Newark, in August 1853. Here he formed a friendship with P. F. Connelly, a boy of about the same age as himself, and in the same form.

“We belonged,” writes Mr Connelly,<sup>1</sup> “to a class of boys to whom a state of hostility to everything was more or less a matter of duty. He was, I think, the first to start an improvement, and produced a revolution by gaining a prize, an unheard-of innovation. If I am not mistaken, it had something to do with the history of Charles XII. of Sweden. . . .

“I was almost the only one of his schoolfellows

<sup>1</sup> P. F. Connelly, Esq., 6 Piazza del Carmine, Florence, 1887. A sculptor of considerable eminence, whose studio, says the ‘Times,’ no visitor to Florence should neglect to visit.



with whom he formed any intimacy.<sup>1</sup> He was reserved with all. I only remember one incident, such as you look for. He and I, with two others, made a whole holiday out of a fine Sunday, leaving chapel, dinner, and four o'clock call to others. We all enjoyed amazingly the livelong day under the greenwood tree, the forest, the deer, the provender, and even a bird's nest, which we did not take, having surprised the pretty little hen sitting, and being enchanted with her courage in staying there and looking us straight in the face. When we returned we were somewhat astonished that even next day nothing was said; one was punished for one absence, another for another, but we, as a whole and on the whole offence, had not been caught; but in the course of the week it got out, and we were reminded of it. It had been understood by us from the first that it was a question of giving and taking, and we had made up our minds to the latter. The grand avenue was where we went to, and I think a description of the magnificent forest would adorn any tale.

“I regret that, though I seem to see him before me, I do not feel able to write anything which would be such as I should enjoy reading if any other person wrote it. Even at that age, as far as

<sup>1</sup> In a letter of Charles MacGregor (dated “Camp, Pachgawa, November 21, 1859”) is the following: “I see in the paper the death of Fred. Vernon. All boys (and men too, for the matter of that) have some one to whom they look up more than any other, and Fred. Vernon was my favourite. He was the runner, cricketer, &c, at Marlborough.”

I can remember, his whole mind was towards the army; he, at least, never talked about 'choosing a profession,'—his profession was chosen. I never knew of, or heard of, anything of any sort or kind being said against him, nor can I now think in what direction it would have been possible to expect any such saying. That he had a temper was manifest; but before he got very angry he got very red, which was not inconvenient to others.

“From all I remember, and from what I hear, he was as a boy very much as his after-life would point back to.”

Mr John S. Thomas, the present bursar of the College, who was also a schoolfellow of Charles, writes:—

“At the end of 1854 Charles MacGregor was in a form under Mr H. R. Tompkinson, and although second in his class, was a prize-winner. The prizes at Christmas were not necessarily given to the head boy or to any one boy in a form, but to all such as won a sufficient number of classes in the various branches of education.

“Charles MacGregor got a second class in classics, a first in divinity and history (combined), and a second in French. His friend Connelly was for some reason absent from this examination, and therefore not placed.

“At midsummer young MacGregor was under the tuition of Mr A. Martin,<sup>1</sup> but his friend Connelly

<sup>1</sup> Mr Martin, Fellow of Christ Church College, Oxford.

was now separated from his form, being removed into the modern school. At Christmas, however, the friends again got together, MacGregor having also passed over to the modern side of the College. He was now head of the form, with his friend Connelly next below him. The Rev. H. B. Pugh writes of him at this period: ‘MacGregor, I remember, was then a strong, powerful lad of about fifteen, and was the close friend of a boy named Connelly. MacGregor was, as I recollect him, a very reserved, silent fellow, and was, I should say, known intimately by few others.’ This evidently is true as far as it goes, and explains the difficulty of learning what one would wish to know about him.

“Another master of Marlborough writes: ‘I doubt if any master got inside the impenetrable armour of the irreconcilable MacGregor. Only after much coaxing could he be got to come to tea in my room with Connelly; and when there, I remember being amused at his sort of *under protest* air.’

“Connelly and he were chums in quite a remarkable way, and singularly apart from every one else.

“Another master, who was a good deal MacGregor’s junior, writes, that somehow he sat next to him in hall, and that ‘though he always stood up for his rights, Charles MacGregor was not a bully; and I quite remember, although it is about thirty-three years ago, feeling quite sure that I should not be subjected to petty tyranny if he was by.’

“These few remembrances of MacGregor’s school-boy days indicate pretty clearly the kind of boy he was. Silent and reserved; strong of body,—with none, however, of the characteristics which too often in those rougher times went with the possession of strong sinews and made the possessor a terror to the weak instead of an assurance of protection.

“Dr Cotton, the late Bishop of Calcutta, was master of the school; and the head prefect, when MacGregor arrived among us, was Canon Saumarez Smith,<sup>1</sup> and when he left, E. C. Boyle.<sup>2</sup> Charles MacGregor left Marlborough College at the end of the year 1855. Among the most distinguished officers, old Marlburians<sup>3</sup> and contemporaries with MacGregor in the army, might be mentioned Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir George Harman the present Military Secretary, and Colonel V. Clayton, R.E. The total number of boys in the school was then a little over 400, and MacGregor’s house would have consisted of about 50 boys.”

On leaving Marlborough College Charles joined his brother Edward, who was studying for Haileybury at the establishment of Mr Inchbald, a tutor and crammer for the Indian service.

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Canon Saumarez Smith, Principal of St Aidan’s College.

<sup>2</sup> E. C. Boyle, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, now deceased.

<sup>3</sup> The late Colonel Byron, an old Marlburian, accompanied Sir Charles MacGregor on a visit to their old school during Sir Charles’s stay in England, 1882-83.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE REVOLT OF THE SEPOYS.

1856—1857.

*“Lest when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,  
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare.”*

APPOINTED TO AN ENSIGNCY IN THE INDIAN ARMY—ENSIGN MACGREGOR JOINS THE 57TH NATIVE INFANTRY—LIFE AT FIROZPUR — THE MYSTERIOUS CHUPATTIES — THE GREASED CARTRIDGES—SYMPTOMS OF MUTINY—END OF THE PERSIAN WAR —INCENDIARY FIRES—DISAFFECTION AND DISBANDMENT OF NATIVE REGIMENTS—MUTINY AND PANIC—THE OUTBREAK AT FIROZPUR — THE 45TH NATIVE INFANTRY IN OPEN REVOLT—CONDUCT OF THE 57TH NATIVE INFANTRY—THE MUTINOUS REGIMENTS PROCEED TO DELHI—MRS ROBERTSON’S ESCAPE FROM HISSAR — MUTINY OF THE 10TH LIGHT CAVALRY — ENSIGN MACGREGOR SAVES THE LIFE OF MRS SHAW—HE VOLUNTEERS FOR SERVICE AT DELHI—THE CAWNPORE MASSACRE—DEATH OF LIEUTENANT EDWARD MACGREGOR AT LUCKNOW—ENSIGN MACGREGOR POSTED TO THE 1ST BENGAL EUROPEAN FUSILIERS—HE PROCEEDS TO DELHI.

IN 1856 both Edward and Charles MacGregor obtained commissions in the Indian army, that of Charles being dated from the 20th October ; and very shortly afterwards the brothers proceeded to Calcutta, where Charles arrived on the 1st December.

The young ensign did not like what he saw of Calcutta, which, Charles writes to his mother, "is not much of a place. It's all very well if you like balls, and all that sort of thing." He only stayed, however, a fortnight in Calcutta, after which time Charles was ordered up to do duty with the 40th Bengal Native Infantry at Dinapur, whilst Edward had been sent to Benares for duty with the 37th; but they were both much disappointed at being posted only as third ensigns, having expected to join their regiments at least as second ensigns.

Whilst at Dinapur, Charles lived with his relatives the Turners,<sup>1</sup> and seems to have enjoyed himself during the cold weather, having no drill, and doing much as he liked. He took to music, practised singing, and wrote home asking that a concertina and plenty of songs might be sent out to him. He also requested cricket and racket bats, foils, single-sticks, and boxing-gloves. He hunted with the garrison scratch pack of hounds, and, of course, got a spill out hunting which he made very light of. He was fond of drawing; caricaturing was his *forte*, and he asked for drawing materials and paint-box, &c.

After a few weeks' stay at Dinapur,<sup>2</sup> young Mac-

<sup>1</sup> Major Turner, then holding a civil appointment, had married a cousin of MacGregor.

<sup>2</sup> He left Dinapur, 22d January, with his brother Edward, with whom he stayed at Benares for two or three days, and at Meerut for three weeks. Whilst at Benares, MacGregor, hearing there was a vacancy in the 19th Native Infantry for a second ensign, determined to apply

Gregor was posted to the 57th Bengal Native Infantry, which regiment he joined at Ferozpur in February 1857, having parted with a light heart from his elder brother, whom he was destined never to meet again in this world. From this station he writes :—

“*March* 12. — I play rackets and ride, and in fact take an immense lot of exercise. We have got a gymnasium in our compound, and leaping-poles, dumb-bells, &c., besides single-sticks, foils, &c. I declare life would be intolerable if it was not for something of that kind. Unless you do something (of this kind), India is the slowest place in the world, not even excepting Bognor. However, with all these things I manage to get on very well. Tomorrow I begin those delightful drills. I look forward to them with such real joy.”

Meantime the remarkable circulation of the mysterious *chupatties* occurred throughout the North-Western Provinces of India, the significance of which was never understood by the authorities; whether heralds of sedition and conspiracy, none could tell. “There was outward serenity everywhere,” writes Sir John Kaye, “and apparent cheerfulness and content, when suddenly a cloud arose in an unexpected quarter, and a tremendous danger, dimly seen at first, began to expand into gigantic proportions.”

for it, but was dissuaded by his uncle Mackenzie, who pointed out that there was more chance of promotion in the 57th.

As early as the 28th January, General Hearsey had reported "that an ill feeling was said to subsist in the minds of the sepoys" at Barrackpur,<sup>1</sup> and the story of the greased cartridges was by this time in every mouth. There was not a sepoy who did not believe that the issue of these cartridges was a deliberate plot on the part of the English, designed to break down the caste of the native soldier and to extirpate the creeds of the country. The rebellion was soon to break forth in widespread and rapid fury.<sup>2</sup>

"57th Mess, Ferozpur, March 30.—There have been some tremendous rows and mutinies out here. The 19th Native Infantry at Bahrampur mutinied, and have been marched down to Calcutta to be disbanded. Five regiments have mutinied at Barrackpur on account of the cartridges having bullock's fat in them. The artillery and her Majesty's 53d are ordered to hold themselves in readiness, and the 84th are coming over from Maulmain in Burma. In Madras three regiments have mutinied during the last year, and altogether there is as jolly a kick-up as one could wish for.

"The Persian war is all over, at least so the papers say. There has not been much fighting. Bushire was taken some time ago, and the 3d Bombay Cavalry are said to have broken smack through a hollow square, the Persians being armed with the bayonet. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Barrackpur, an important cantonment on the Hugli river, sixteen miles above Calcutta.

<sup>2</sup> See Kaye's History, vol. i. p. 496.



“I can tell you that you knew I was a second ensign a precious deal sooner than I did. We only got the news the other day while on a court-martial. To pass for the interpretership is the hardest examination you can pass, so that I must take time about it. Hindustani is the driest stuff going; however, I have the *moonshee* over every morning.

“Don’t talk to me about drill, unless you want me to do something dreadful. I have drill all day long. I dream about bayonets and right about faces, company drill, and the goose-step. I am awoke at five o’clock by the bearer, who tells me it is time to be on parade. At twelve, perhaps, I am deeply engaged in something or another—a tall sepoy walks in, salutes me, and, without uttering a word, presents me with a musket or belt—oh, it is awful!”

During February incendiary fires were frequent at Barrackpur, and were followed by nocturnal meetings amongst the sepoys, who sent letters by which the excitement was spread to distant cantonments.

At Bahrapur, a hundred miles to the northward of Barrackpur, were stationed the 19th Native Infantry, a corps of irregular cavalry, and a native battery of artillery; but no European troops were there quartered.

On the 25th February the 19th Regiment mutinied, or rather turned out in a panic, only lodging their arms when the cavalry and artillery called out to

overawe them had retired. A week after the occurrence of this outbreak Colonel Mitchell was ordered to march the 19th Native Infantry to Barrackpur to be disbanded. This disbandment was carried into effect in front of all the available troops of the presidency division, European and native, including the 84th British Regiment and two field-batteries, on the 31st March—the 84th having arrived from Rangoon in the steamer Bentinck on the 20th March. Meantime the native officers and sepoy of the 34th Native Infantry at Barrackpur had been disrespectful to their English officers, and on the 29th March the adjutant of this regiment was attacked by one of his men on the parade, whilst the *jamadár* and the sepoy of the quarter-guard looked on. The disbandment of the 34th was therefore taken into consideration by the Government, but not immediately carried out. These were the forerunners of evil; nevertheless there were no more overt acts of mutiny at Barrackpur, where the native regiments did their duty, sullenly perhaps, but still quietly.<sup>1</sup>

“We are in a state of some anxiety,” wrote Lieutenant Hodson to his brother on the 7th April, “owing to the spread of a very serious spirit of disaffection among the sepoy army. One regiment (the 19th Bengal Native Infantry) has already been disbanded, and if all have their dues, more yet will be so before long. It is our great danger in India; and Lord Hardinge’s prophecy, that our biggest fight

<sup>1</sup> See Kaye, vol. i. p. 581.

in India would be with our own army, seems not unlikely to be realised, and that before long."

Ensign MacGregor wrote: "*Firozpur, 27th April.*—There have been some fires going on at Umballa. Nobody knows who lit them, notwithstanding a reward of 1000 rupees having been offered. They burnt down the empty European barracks, the 5th Native Infantry hospital, besides several private houses, and attempted to get the artillery barracks alight when the men were away putting out the other fires. Edward's regiment will very likely be moved to Meerut. . . .

"The 3d Cavalry has mutinied.<sup>1</sup> I believe the sepoy's have threatened to take possession of Fort William, but I expect they may fish for that. No, no! they can't play any of their larks where there are European regiments."

"*Firozpur, May 8 or 9.*—There is an awful *shine* going on; every regiment is mutinying on account of these cartridges. The 19th have dis-

<sup>1</sup> The troopers of the 3d Cavalry at Meerut, on the 24th April, were the first to resist the orders of their officers, eighty-five out of a parade of ninety refusing to touch the abhorred cartridges.

Those significant fires which had precluded the outbreak at Barrackpur became frequent and alarming at Umballa in the middle of the month of April, and nightly fires indicated the general excitement among the native soldiery. The European barracks, the commissariat storehouses, the hospital, and the huts in the lines, night after night burst out into mysterious conflagration, the work, it was believed, partly of the sepoy's of the regiments stationed there and partly of those attached to the musketry depot. The *jamadar*, 34th Foot, was hung on the 22d April, and on the 6th May the 34th Bengal Native Infantry was disbanded and disgraced at Barrackpur.

banded, ditto the 34th. The *subahdar*-major of the 2d Grenadiers has been caught sending letters to every or nearly every regiment in India. A *jamadar* of the 34th has been hung. Eighty-five men of the 3d Cavalry at Meerut refused to take the cartridges: they are all in prison waiting their trial.

“The 7th Oudh Irregulars refused also, so Sir H. Lawrence, instead of having any humbug, ordered all the regiments out with the artillery, and told them if they didn't take them he'd fire right into the middle of them.<sup>1</sup> They all turned and cut away to the nearest cover. The native portion of the artillery at Meerut are disaffected — fires having been going on all over the country — all the lines at Umballa have been burnt down,<sup>2</sup> and so also have those of the 7th, 8th, and 40th Native Infantry at Dinapur. At Sealkote a placard was hung up on a tree calling on all sepoys not to receive the cartridges.

“We have brigade parades almost every week to hear an order read about some *jamadar* or *subahdar* being hung or transported.

<sup>1</sup> On the 2d May, Captain Carnegie reported to Sir Henry Lawrence, Chief Commissioner of Oudh, that the 7th Oudh Irregulars were on the verge of revolt, and inciting the 48th to rebellion at Lucknow. By the evening of the 3d, Sir Henry concentrated his whole brigade of all arms before the lines of the 7th, seven miles out of Lucknow. A panic seized the regiment, the greater part of which broke away and fled, the remainder laid down their arms, were stripped of their accoutrements without resistance, and escorted back as prisoners to Lucknow.

<sup>2</sup> On the 7th May the lines of the Native Infantry were burnt down.

“There was a placard stuck up on the brigadier’s gate here. They say it was done by our men, consequently there was a parade ordered, after it had been referred to the colonel commanding, and we were told that, if we didn’t take care, we should be pointed out as a disaffected regiment. The other day Shaw, our adjutant, sent his orderly to the magazine for one of the new muskets. The man went, and on his way back passed through our lines, and was nearly beaten to death. All this was what appeared in the papers; but a court of inquiry being instituted, it was found that it was all humbug. The man hadn’t been beaten but only abused, and we are not certain as yet if he had even that done to him.

“With regard to the other charge, I don’t see that it was proved that our men did it at all. Certainly it purported to come from the ‘Lord Moira’ [the 57th Regiment], but that doesn’t prove it, and I think that there at least ought to have been some inquiry set on foot before the brigadier talked, laughed, and joked about it in public as he did. . . . There are here two native infantry regiments, 45th and 57th Native Infantry, one cavalry, 10th Light Cavalry, one Queen’s, her Majesty’s 61st, and a lot of artillery. Colonel Liptrap commands the 45th, Major MacDonald the cavalry, Colonel Jones the 61st, Colonel Garbett the artillery, and Brigadier Innes the station.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “Brigadier Innes had arrived,” says Kaye, “to take command of

“*May 13.*—Parade to have order read about the *subahdar* of the 34th. The new brigadier (Innes) arrived, and I had to go to mess and wait to be introduced to him.<sup>1</sup> Dressed as usual for rackets, went over to tiffin, had a couple of games of billiards with Bond, when, during the second game, De Brett came in and said,—‘I say, you fellows, just come into the mess-room;’ so we went, and he read out an order which had just come in, ‘that the 57th were to go out and to encamp opposite the European regiment, the 45th on the Ludhiana road, the cavalry opposite their own lines, and the 61st were to remain under arms by the barracks.’ All women and children to move immediately into the European barracks. The reason for this order was that the brigadier had cause to suspect disaffection in the country.

“You can imagine what a sensation all this created amongst us. Immediately we all went over to our houses to get everything ready. Parade was ordered at 5 o’clock. Accordingly as the clock struck the whole regiment was drawn up in line, and at about

the brigade only on the morning of the 11th. On the following night news came from Lahore that the sepoy in Meerut and Delhi had risen, and the brigadier was informed that the native troops at Lahore were to be disarmed on the following day.”—Vol. i. p. 438.

On the 10th May Lord Canning wrote: “The sooner this epidemic of mutiny is put a stop to the better. Mild measures won’t do it. A severe example is wanted.”—Kaye, vol. i. p. 594.

<sup>1</sup> After the parade was dismissed, Brigadier Innes called a council of war. The members summoned were the political officers, the commandants of the regiments, and the Commissary of Ordnance. It was determined to divide the native regiments, and to disarm them separately on the morrow.—Kaye, vol. i. pp. 438, 439.

5.30 we marched to our destination, the men cheering a good deal on the way. Halted opposite the burial-ground, piled arms, &c. About an hour afterwards an orderly came in and said that the 45th had attempted to take possession of the fort, having procured scaling-ladders from the Sudder Bazaar, but they didn't succeed. Major Redmond wounded in the repulse of them.

“At about 6.30 we saw a light glimmering in the distance, and we all thought it was the light of our mess-cart with the dinner; but it went on increasing till it became a regular blaze, and shortly after, although we were about three miles off, it gave quite enough light to see plainly about you, and with the aid of Walcott's glasses we saw that it was the church on fire.<sup>1</sup> This showed such very great ill-feeling among the natives, that, coupled with the

<sup>1</sup> The 57th quietly bivouacked on the space allotted to it; but the 45th, who were marched through the Grand Bazaar, lost there the little loyalty left in them, and as they went, the sepoy, catching sight of the European soldiery, raised a cry of treachery. Numbers of them fell out, loaded their muskets, and made a rush on the magazine. The rest marched on to their camping-ground. The magazine was defended by a guard of Redmond's Europeans. The sepoy within did their best to assist their comrades with scaling-ladders, but the Englishmen were more than a match for those within and without. The former were seized and disarmed, and the latter driven back, but not before Redmond himself had been wounded. The magazine was thus saved, and three more companies of the 61st having been thrown into it, its security was established; but with so small a body of European troops, it was impossible to defend the cantonments. The great bazaar poured forth its multitude to plunder. The bungalows of the European officers, the mess-houses, and the churches were sacked and fired. The night was a night of terror, but the families of the English officers were safe in the barracks of the 61st.—Kaye, vol. i. pp. 439, 440.

open mutiny of the 45th, it made us rather anxious as to the state of our own men ; however, we walked about laughing and whistling as loud as we could, by which we meant to let the sepoy's in general, and the mutinous ones in particular, know that they were quite welcome to come and cut all our throats. In about three hours after, I counted no less than nine houses alight at the same time. At last dinner came, and although it was a very good one, everybody declared that they did not feel a bit hungry—however, it served to cheer us up a bit. Some of the sepoy's said that they were very glad they were out here, as if they had been in their own lines they would have been accused of setting fire to the bungalows. Again they said, ‘What shall we do? there are all our lines burning, and everything in them.’ This certainly did not sound very mutinous, and consequently I began to feel rather jolly, and as safe as when I was in my own bungalow ; and I was walking about, as bold as a cock-sparrow, when the colonel came up to me and said, ‘You had better keep your sword ready by you to-night, and not go to sleep ;’ and although I strove to divest myself of the idea, I couldn't help thinking to myself, ‘Well, Charles Metcalfe MacGregor, you may thank heaven if ever you see daylight again.’ . . . However, I determined to be prepared for the worst, so loaded my revolver and kept my sword half-drawn.

“Shaw and De Brett went to sleep, and asked me to keep guard over them : did so for about two



hours. I then went and lay down on my bed, but not with the intention of sleeping. It would be useless to have thought of making any stand if the Jacks tried to do anything,—the only thing would be to make straight for the European barracks. We made certain that our mess-house was burnt down. Went off to sleep from sheer fatigue: awoke about four o'clock, after having slept for about three hours."

"*May 14.*—Got up and congratulated the other fellows on being able to say Good morning. A gun fired, and we thought it was *the* gun; but we were mistaken, as two or three fired directly afterwards.

"Willes came, and said that they report the 45th quiet, and encamped in front of the 61st lines. He also told us that Beatson's, Salmon's, Vicar's, Harvey's, and Hunt's houses were burnt, and that all those houses which had a guard over them were safe. Heard more guns, and concluded they were firing into the 45th. Salmon's bearer came and said that two companies of the 45th had broken into his house and set it on fire. This seemed to confirm our suspicions about the firing. Our magazine blew up—put it down to the 45th blackguards; but presently an orderly came up and said that it was done by order of the brigadier, and that they had been shelling the magazine: this explained all the firing.

"On seeing their magazine blow up, all the sepoy's took up their arms and ran away, thinking

they would be fired into next. However, they soon came back.

“Simeon came over and said that the brigadier had ordered the men to lay down their arms.<sup>1</sup> Dawall did not like this, so he sent Simeon back to tell the brigadier that the men were very quiet and cheerful, and that there was no danger. Simeon came back and said that the brigadier said that the men were not to be forced to lay down their arms, but only asked to volunteer to do so, and that if they did so they should all go to their lines; but if they didn't like to do it, 200 men should go to the lines, and get anything they wished from their lines to make them as comfortable as possible. For about one hour none would do so. Simeon came again with the same order. Dawall asked him to harangue the men, so had them all in a circle round us, and speechified for about half an hour. Officers again went to speak to them. The light company volunteered to go to the 61st quarter-guard and deliver their arms to the brigadier, provided Salmon walked in front, as they had got an absurd notion that the 61st were going to open fire upon them.

“The light company went off, and were watched by the others with great eagerness. The 61st guard turned out of course. The sepoys thought it was in order to scrag the light company, and accordingly they ran away again. Again they came back, and

<sup>1</sup> Colonel E. Dawall, commanding the 57th Native Infantry, afterwards of the 3d European Regiment.

part of the Rifles volunteered to lay down their arms, so they were marched off, with Wauchope at their head, and of course the guard again turned out, and the Jacks again took fright. The Grenadiers now volunteered, then the 8th, 2d, 1st Rifles, 4th, 3d, and 6th companies followed. They were just going to march, when it became evident that there was some row going on. On our parade, the sepoy declared that the light company was massacred—that they were not going to stay to be done the same thing to. Shaw was sent off to the brigadier to say what had happened. I never wished I could speak the language more than at this moment. There were the sepoy in an awful state of panic, and I not able to speak a word to them. Shaw came and said that the brigadier had sent a company of 61st on to our parade. While he (Shaw) was gone, all, or nearly all, the men had dispersed, as they said, for water. He rode out after them, and remembering what had happened with the 34th, I went out after him. He tried to stop them, but it was no go, so he said, as nearly as I could understand, words to this effect: ‘Go; I can’t stop you. I have been kind to you, and this is the way you repay it.’ He put his hand to his heart, and pointed with the other to heaven. He addressed a sepoy by his name, ‘and what! are you going also?’ The man turned round, looked at him for a moment, and came and stood by his horse’s head for a moment. About 200 sepoy stayed behind, so the colonel told

them to go and put up their tents, and we would do our best to make them comfortable. They did so, and are at this moment very quiet, and engaged in pitching their tents.

“An order has come from the brigadier that we are to march opposite the 61st barracks, and if we remain staunch he will not disarm us. Walcott went to the men, and they say they will go anywhere the European officers go with them: the order at present is that we are to march in at five o'clock.

“Mercer has just come in with the following order. We are ordered by the brigadier to come in with all the officers and as many men as are staunch. They think that our men have mutinied and shot Bond, and gone off to Tonk; but Mercer was told to take back word that our men had only gone for water. He told us that the 45th had gone off with their colours to Ludhiana; that they had only left forty men with the officers; that they had sworn to shoot their officers, and to return and play all kinds of pranks in cantonments to-night.

“Codrington, being officer of the day, was sent down to the quarter-guard. We have had word that the quarter-guard has all gone, consequently we don't know where Codrington is. Shaw says he thinks the men won't come back—they may have fallen in with some of the 45th; but a man came to say that Codrington was struck down by a *coup de soleil*.

“To-day is my first experience of hot winds, although Forsyth says this is nothing. Dust has been flying about all over the camp: dirty is no word for the state of filth we are in.

“Order from brigadier that the 45th having all gone, and we remaining staunch, he will not disarm us. Another order about an hour afterwards that we are to march in and deliver up our arms. Colonel in a great way about these counter-orders. However, it was told to the men, and they seemed all right, willing to obey, and fell into line to march in. Men all very cheerful and jolly. They plundered an unfortunate *Bania* of his cucumbers. Seventy-two files present. Only fancy that out of a whole regiment. Arrived at the European barracks with band playing. Stopped in front of quarter-guard. Men told to pile arms—did so without the least hesitation. The brigadier then gave us leave to go to our own lines.

“With the light company and that part of the Rifles who came in at first, I suppose we have got about 200 men. Had dinner out on the parade-ground. I like the scramble for one’s meals which goes on on these occasions.

“One company of Europeans, a troop of cavalry, and two guns arrived to protect us, as we were without arms. Took my bed and went into my lines (*i.e.*, 6th company), and tried to tell the men it was all right. I think I succeeded, because they were very quiet. Dropped off to sleep, but was presently

woke by some firing in the fort. Heard the sentries challenging right and left. About ten minutes after I heard the sentry of the European company challenge. Jumped out of bed, stuck on my sword and revolver, and went out in front, thinking, Hurrah! we're certainly in for a row now with those 45th chaps. Presently one sentry fired, then another, then a whole lot of men: this was kept up till every man had finished his charge.

“Those Europeans fire very badly. Indeed, I heard balls come whizzing past my ear, and I was standing in quite a contrary direction from whence any enemy could come in. What made it seem still more certain that we would have a row was, that when about half the firing was over I heard a voice cry out, ‘Quartermaster-sergeant! have you got a *dhoolie* there?’ I thought, here is one of the Europeans shot by the 45th. I was right so far that the man was shot, but not that he was shot by a 45th Jack, for it turned out that a 61st soldier had been shot dead by one of his comrades, thus illustrating what execrable shots they are. We never found what it was that caused the alarm, but no bodies were found the next morning, or any blood, &c. After all was quiet, as I felt very sleepy, I went to bed and slept till morning. All of us are staying in Shaw’s tent—three lie on the tops of the beds and three below. Forsyth rather seedy to-day with cramp, so got him right before the *tattie*, and kept sticking wet towels on his head. About five o’clock

the brigadier came down with Woodcock, Vicars, MacDonnell, had the men all out and told them that nearly every regiment had mutinied, that they were a credit to the army, that they should have a great name, he would tell the 'Lord Sahib' about them, &c. One man fell out, and asked if the officers were going into the fort that night. Everybody laughed at the bare idea of such a thing. By the by, the brigadier told us that the Lahore regiments had arrived at the Sutlej; but as there were no boats, they would all have an awful business to get across.

"I told the men that as long as every officer stayed with his company they were all safe, and that if anything happened, the *sahibs* would have as much chance of being knocked on the head as them. A great number of men arrived during the night. The night before there were only thirteen men in my company, now there are perhaps about fifty. They give up their arms as quietly as possible, and walk off to the brigadier with them with the greatest alacrity. I saw one man carrying no less than five muskets. Shaw went down with a batch of forty, and came back with the news that pardon was stopped, so that Bond had to hurry down with his batch. Two more men of the Rifles came in, and were in a great funk, asking Shaw if they would be shot.

"There were 2500 men loose all over the country, luckily without arms, a reward offered for every mutineer's head, and we are of opinion that scarcely

a man of them will escape, as the villagers are all hostile to them. Rather a funny thing to leave us without protection when nearly 3000 mad mutineers are roving about the place within six miles of us. The ladies are all ordered to go into the fort, as an attack is expected from the Lahore regiments to-night. The men told me when I went to my 'bed' that the *Banias* would not give them grub; told them to tell the *Banias* that I would give my pay for their grub. Night passed without a shot being fired."

"*May* 15.—Heard that the 45th,<sup>1</sup> when they saw the artillery and cavalry coming after them, quarrelled and threw their colours down a well. The Lahore chaps didn't try to cross the river.

"I like this kind of life; it brings out a man's true character,—everybody is so obliging and jolly. The colonel of the 45th came down, as usual, with a lot of news: that man has always some news to relate, and, strange to say, it seldom if ever comes true. Amongst other things the old gentleman remarked that his corps (he hadn't got one, as the colours were lost) was as good as ours. Although I kept a serious countenance and assured him that there couldn't be the slightest doubt about it, that his corps had only been found in open mutiny, still

<sup>1</sup> The 45th turned their faces towards Delhi; but Brigadier Innes sent some companies of the 61st, with two squadrons of the 10th Cavalry and two horse-artillery guns under Major Marsden, the Deputy Commissioner, who scattered the mutineers over the country.—Kaye's Hist., vol. i. p. 441.



I felt violent roars of laughter going on somewhere about my sleeves. . . . General van Cortlandt<sup>1</sup> (the Multan man) has been ordered to collect as many Sikhs as possible to assist the loyal troops.

“Mercer and Anderson came down to say that all the officers at Meerut had been massacred ; but the murderers were cut to pieces by the 6th Carabineers, who went at them more like tigers than men. Five thousand stand of arms came in last night with only a *naiik* and four men : it just shows what fools those niggers are — they might have boned those arms as easily as possible. Only 200 men left Lahore at all.

“The 45th officers never stay in their lines, but stop in their bungalows all day : that is not the way to make their men repose confidence in them. I hear the heat in the fort is something awful ; we have *tatties* down here. There they have to sleep in gun-sheds, without a punkah or anything. Mrs Dawall and Mrs Shaw are two uncommonly plucky women. On the first night, when the fires took place, they walked right down to our bazaar, where a lot of murderous mutineers were walking about, only to make arrangements about their houses. On coming back the sentry challenged. Of course they didn't know what the parole was, so they began laughing. They didn't even know that the sentry had shot at them till afterwards. Went over to the 45th mess, saw everybody assembled there : they

<sup>1</sup> An old officer of Ranjit Singh's army, in the Company's service.

didn't seem to care a bit about their corps, and evidently think we are as bad as themselves. Got the list of the killed and wounded at Delhi—everybody wearing a European garb was massacred in cold blood. Lieutenant Willoughby blew 300 sepoy up in the magazine. It was said at first that he blew himself up also, but it turns out that such is not the case.

“Officers of the 20th Native Infantry murdered; the 20th, 11th, 15th, mutinied at Meerut, and the 9th at Aligarh. A council of war was held at Mian Mir, consisting of General Reid, Brigadier Cotton, Brigadier Neville Chamberlain, Colonels Edwardes and Nicholson, and the following measures were resolved on: That General Reid assumes chief military command in Panjab. His headquarters will be the headquarters of the Civil Commissioner. A movable column will be formed at Jhelum at once, which will move on any station in the Panjab where open mutiny requires to be put down by force.

“I have not heard anything about the regiments in Oudh; and as the King of Oudh is related to the Delhi princes, I should think there would be a terrible kick-up, especially as there are few European regiments in the province; and as Edward's [his brother's] regiment is all by itself, and there are no Europeans nearer than Lucknow, it will be a bad look-out for them if the 41st mutinies.

“There have been no reports heard from Benares, consequently none from Dinapur, so I don't know

whether Turner is all serene or not; and as there are three native infantry regiments there, it is not at all unlikely they have mutinied.

“Delhi is to be retaken on the 8th proximo, and every soul that is found in it will be massacred. Not a stone is to be left on another, and most likely on the 9th or 10th nothing but ruins will be left of the splendid city where the Great Moguls used to reign. There are six mutinous regiments in the place.

“The 45th Native Infantry were disbanded, or rather the remnant of them were: they were surrounded on three sides with cavalry, artillery, and the 61st. If anybody had asked me what I thought about my regiment, I should have said, ‘They knew nothing about the plot, else why did they keep to their guards? Why didn’t they murder us all the first night?—why didn’t they murder us during the past fortnight? The only reason they went away was because they were panic-struck. Why did they not go away with the treasure-chest?—they might have done so.’ If I had said that, I should have got these answers: ‘You think your regiment is staunch? You place great confidence in them? You would trust yourself in the middle of them at night without arms?’ ‘Yes,’ I should have answered, ‘I would.’ ‘Would you do so after you have heard what we have found out by pumping your Jacks? for if you did so, you would not have any confidence in them—now, for what we have found out. The

reason why your Jacks were so quiet the first night was because some of them were allowed to go to their lines, and on their way they saw three guns pointed at them and a troop of cavalry; if they had gone to their right they would have seen the same. You fancied yourself in a very perilous situation; but you were not. You say they knew nothing about the plot? Listen. At sunrise on the 15th May, the 45th were to come to the 57th officers and kill every one of them. The 57th were to go to the 45th officers and kill them. They were then to kill the European officers of the artillery and cavalry, after which the 45th were to be let into the fort by the guard which was supplied by the 57th. They were to turn the guns on the 61st barracks, while the 57th marched up and attacked the barracks. If they had been successful, there would not have been a European here to tell the tale! Again, about their not leaving their lines during all the fires. They did leave them; they joined the 45th, and burnt bungalows. None of your bungalows were burnt, in order that there might be no suspicion attached to your corps. In the morning they came back to their guards, and when the officers came, of course they were all present. About the treasure. Every single man except the *jamadar* left the quarter-guard. They came back in the middle of the night and tried to loot the chest; the *jamadar* drew his sword, and swore he would kill the first man that tried to open the chest. Now, do you

believe in natives in general, and your own sepoys in particular?' 'No,' I should have answered, 'no. And if what you have heard is true, I wish from the bottom of my heart to see them taken out on to the *maidan* and have grape fired into them till not one man escaped! If this is all true, never will I trust a native, after treating them in the kindest manner possible, and they to turn round and murder you in cold blood—perhaps at this moment, perhaps on such and such a day or night, while we are making ourselves as uncomfortable as possible by sleeping in their beastly lines without arms in order to place confidence in them—perhaps on such a night they will come and cut our throats.' . . . I have seen a list of officers killed at Meerut: Lieutenant Pattle, Captain and Mrs MacDonald, Mrs Chambers, and poor young MacNabb. He was at Inchbald's with me, and a nicer or more gentlemanly fellow I never met."

"*May* 30.—We have just received very good accounts from Oudh, from Lucknow, but none from Sitapur; so I suppose the 41st [his brother Edward's regiment] is all right. These are the regiments which will be most likely disbanded: 9th, 11th, 19th, 20th, 15th, 29th, 34th, 45th, 54th, 55th, 57th, 74th. These are nearly certain, and I should not wonder if these were (judging by what we have found out about our regiments after all was over): 3d, 5th, 7th, 8th, 16th, 26th, 37th, 40th, 49th, 60th. These last may or may not be disbanded, but there

have been signs of disaffection in every one of them. This finishes all I have to say at present. In my next I will give you an account of the taking of Delhi, &c.; and now you need not be in the slightest alarm about me, as I am all serene—although I think I have had as narrow a shave of being cut in two as is possible. I also think Edward is all right.

“ I daresay that by this time you will have heard the most fearful accounts about the mutinies. It has been bad enough, but not so bad as they will make out at home.

“ We have been out encamped on our parade-ground for the last three weeks. It is not very hot, although the beginning of June. I am getting heartily sick of this kind of work, so dull and unexciting. It would be almost a blessing to have a bit of a row with somebody.

“ We have settled to buy a step; it will make me senior ensign, and I shall get my lieutenancy shortly, by the line step. All this bonus fund is knocked on the head for the present; but I hope that directly everything is all quiet they will set it going again.

“ Is it not strange that every regiment I have been posted to has mutinied?—*i.e.*, first of all I was going to the 9th; I was then posted to the 57th, but Dawall sent in my papers for an exchange into the 19th: I did not exchange, but came to the 57th.”

“ *May* 31.—The day I finished my last letter I

was on duty, and having sealed it, I mounted my *tattums* and went round the guards. Before, however, I got half-way round, and I was passing the adjutant's house, I saw all the officers, with Shaw and Mrs Shaw, collected in a group. I accordingly went up to them, and Shaw said, 'You need not go round your guards, as we are to be disbanded to-morrow.'

"At about seven o'clock two companies of Europeans, six guns, and a troop of cavalry came down to our lines to protect our houses against a lot of men perfectly dispirited and down in the mouth at the injustice of being disbanded without cause. I never saw such rot in my life, and I perfectly agreed with Shaw when he asked, 'What is the good of all this force down here?' 'Why, to protect you,' was the answer. 'Protect us!' said Shaw; 'give the men loaded muskets, and I would go and sleep in the lines among the whole lot of them.'

"I went down to our lines to see the men before they went. They came up to us, some of them crying like children; and to see a strong man lay his head on your knee and cry like a child, is one of the most trying things I know of. Poor beggars! they said that they were 'just coming down to make their salaam before being turned out like so many pariahs.' Of course there were some bad men in the regiment, but those had gone on the 14th, and I cannot believe that those men, who were seemingly so devoted and so broken down, could be guilty of

such cold-blooded deeds as it was stated would take place on the 15th.

“The brigadier twice referred the matter to the Commander-in-Chief; but no. He said: ‘They are a mutinous set of scoundrels. I want the number, and I don’t care if every one of them was as true as steel, I’d have that number scratched out of the Army List.’ He ordered a court of inquiry; but before he could have heard of the proceedings we were disbanded and he was dead, his last act being one of injustice.”

“*June* 1.—On the morning of the 1st June six companies of the 61st, six guns, and two troops of cavalry were drawn up to disband the immense number of fourteen files, the rest having been told that they might go the night before if they liked. However, I am not sorry they are gone: they might not have withstood another temptation to mutiny. The 57th is amongst the things that are past; and what on earth they are going to do with us I don’t know. I hope they will turn us into the 4th Europeans or something of that sort.

“We all live over in one bungalow, the largest in the station. There are ten of us, so that in case of any attack on us we’d give them a pretty fair reception.”

“*June* [13 ?].—General van Cortlandt marched out of Ferozpur on the 8th, with 300 Sikh levies and 400 men of Raja Jowahir Sinh. . . . This morning twelve men were blown from guns and two



hung. They belonged to the 45th. . . . A wing of the 61st, and the remnant of the late 57th Native Infantry, are ordered to march this evening for Delhi. They are to take possession of any kind of conveyance they can find, in order to get down there quickly.

“It is very strange that I have not heard a word from Edward since the beginning of this row. All accounts from Oudh state that it is remarkably quiet. I hope he is all right. If anything happened to him, I never could look on a native with any other feelings but those of hatred and disgust.”

The next letters are filled with accounts of the progress of the Mutiny and the struggle before Delhi, all remaining quiet at Ferozpur. He writes :—

“This row has put an end to my studying. There is not a *moonshee* in the station, so that I have to try and get on by myself. If the heat in India is never more than this, it is not much. Here we are in the middle of June, and in the day-time it is not so very bad even without a punkah, while at night, or rather early in the morning, it is even cool. We have got a ripping garden, fruit of all kind in it.”

The long list of killed and wounded at Delhi and Meerut here follows.

“*June 25.*—Another mail passes, and Delhi is not taken yet. Meanwhile everything is getting worse. Cawnpore is done for, so is Lucknow; and for all that we know the low stations may be in a state of

mutiny. At Dinapur nothing much has happened since I wrote last time. A wing of her Majesty's 61st went from here a short time ago, and as its destination was Delhi, I asked the brigadier if I might go with it. He said, 'No; they've quite enough officers already.' A few days ago an order came that four volunteers were wanted from each disbanded regiment. Of course the four seniors would have the first choice; they did, and four were got without me. So I toddled off to the brigadier again, and asked him if he could not allow five to go. 'What an awful young fire-eater you are! I only wish I could let you go: we should take Delhi in no time. However, the order is only for four, so you can't go; I can't take the responsibility of allowing five to go.' *Responsibility!* Everything is *responsibility*. Nobody will take a bit of it on himself. These big-wigs are more like a set of old women than soldiers. However, never say die. There is another wing of the 61st going when the 1st Bombay Fusiliers come here; I'll try again. It is an awful bore. I am the only subaltern in the station who has not been sent on service, because, I suppose, I am the youngest. . . . Nobody out here now goes to sleep without placing a couple of double-barrelled guns or so by his bed; and although in nine cases out of ten nothing ever happens, it is just as well to be prepared for the rascals, or they'd cut your throat while you are asleep, as at Meerut and Delhi. . . . Mind you write regularly. We look forward to a

mail now almost as much as we used to look forward to the weekly 6d. at school."

"*July 6.*—My drill stopped on the 15th May, the day of the outbreak here, but I have not passed in it yet. It is a great nuisance, as these sepoy could have waited another month before they tried to cut our throats, and I should then have passed all right. . . . At Sitapur the 41st Native Infantry mutinied, after going out to drive away others [on the 3d of June]. Among others, Colonel Birch, Captain and Mrs Gowan [and Lieutenant Graves] were killed. The rest are reported to be safe at Lucknow."

"*July 25.*—I believe Edward is safe at Lucknow, but he must have had a shave of it. It must have been a regular case of cut and run. . . . I asked the brigadier to let me go down to Delhi instead of Forsyth, but he wouldn't let me. That's the third time I have been refused. Oh! it's no good volunteering, you always get sold. All the same, I don't intend to give in just yet. I'll ask a fourth and a fifth time, if I see any way I can get down."

"*Aug. 3.*—Mrs Robertson gave me an account of her escape from Hissar. One morning, just after breakfast, she heard some firing, but did not think much of it till her ayah rushed into the room and told her to fly, as the sepoy (Hariana Light Infantry) were coming to murder her. She ran out of the house and compound into the compound of a Lieutenant Barwell for safety; but she had

hardly got there when about fifty or sixty sepoy came into the compound. She ran and hid herself in the garden under a bush, and while she was there she heard shrieks from the house. In a few minutes Lieutenant Barwell rushed out, dragging Mrs Barwell with a child in her arms. They made for a buggy (Barwell had just come in from breakfasting with another officer), and were just getting in when the sepoy came out of the house and rushed at them. Barwell fought like a lion, shot four men with his own hand, and wounded several others with his sword. He placed Mrs Barwell between the buggy and himself, while he tried to keep the ruffians off; and he was just going to turn to his wife, apparently to tell her to get into the buggy with the child, when he heard a bang behind him. He turned, and saw that a sepoy had got round to the other side and blown his wife's brains out. He caught hold of the child and ran towards the gate; but before he got twenty yards he was shot in the back. He fell, and just before he was murdered himself he saw the hell-hounds take the poor innocent baby, throw it up in the air, and catch it on the points of their bayonets. They then cut off his head with a *tulwar*. Mrs Robertson all this time was nearly fainting. She says she did not feel particularly frightened, she had quite given herself up for lost. She knew her turn would come next—in fact she had determined on showing herself, so little did she hope for her life; but when she

saw the fiends go out of the compound, leaving the buggy, she got up and went towards the buggy, and when the *syce* saw her (the wretch had been looking on quietly), he ran out of the compound calling after the sepoy, and saying that there was another *mem sahib*. She got into the buggy, lashed the horse; but after being fired at several times, and pursued for about a mile, she found herself safe. She went on, however, at a furious pace for about five miles, when she drove more gently. After going ten miles more, she met an old Sikh mounted on a camel. She stopped and told him her story, and he mounted her on his camel and brought her in safe here, to Firozpur, after behaving in the most respectful manner to her, giving her money and tying his *pugree* round her head (she had no bonnet); and she came into Firozpur with her things scarcely hanging on to her, and an enormous *pugree* tied round her head."

"Aug. 6.—General Havelock, with a force of Europeans, has crossed the river and proceeded to the relief of Lucknow. Hurrah! Edward will get off all safe now."

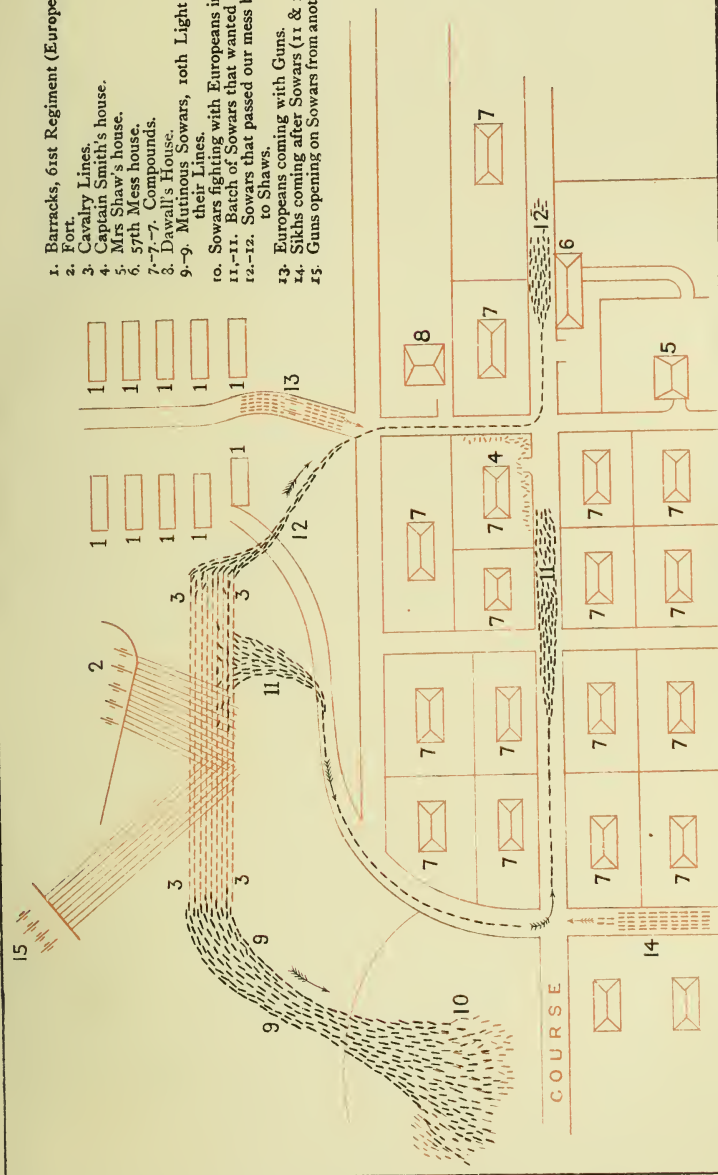
"Aug. 10.—They say that Lucknow was relieved on the 30th of the month, and that the Europeans, together with the Nepalis, razed the city to the ground. I now hope to be able to get letters from Edward. I have tried all kinds of ways to write to him. The only way, and ten to one that would not do, is to write *viá* Bombay and Calcutta."

“ Aug. 20.—The 10th Light Cavalry has just been playing off some of its larks here, trying to murder everybody they could get hold of; however, I am happy to say they only killed one, the veterinary surgeon.

“ Yesterday morning, about one o'clock, I heard a gun fired, but didn't think anything of it, as I thought they were only knocking down a portion of the Sudder Bazaar (there had been a committee on the subject). About three minutes after, I heard another gun and a roll of musketry, also the bugles sounding the alarm. Well, thinks I, there's something up, evidently. Just at that moment one of my guard rushed in and said that the *ressaldar* had tried to take some of the guns—in fact, had mutinied. ‘Bearer!’ I holloaed out, ‘my white jacket and sword’—shouldered a couple of double-guns, and, telling the *syce* to get my pony ready, I rushed off to Mrs Shaw's house to get her into the buggy. I rushed into the room (it was no time to stand on ceremonies), found her in an awful state of *déshabille*, and told her to get ready immediately. She did so, and we started for Captain Smith's compound. His house is a large *pucka* one, in which you might keep any amount of Pandies off. Just as, or rather before, we got on to the course, we heard a noise as if a lot of horses were trotting—these were some fifteen or twenty *sowars*. There was no time to be lost, so I told Mrs Shaw to run on with the baby, while I tried to keep the rascals off. I waited

1. Barracks, 61st Regiment (Europeans)

2. Fort.
3. Cavalry Lines.
4. Captain Smith's house.
5. Mrs Shaw's house.
6. 57th Mess house.
- 7.-7.-7. Compounds.
8. Dawall's House.
- 9.-9. Mutinous Sowars, 10th Light Cavalry, leaving their Lines.
10. Sowars fighting with Europeans in Church Garden.
- 11.-11. Batch of Sowars that wanted to do for me.
- 12.-12. Sowars that passed our mess before I went over to Shaws.
13. Europeans coming with Guns.
14. Sikhs coming after Sowars (11 & 12) had passed.
15. Guns opening on Sowars from another part of the fort.



SKETCH OF CANTONMENT, FEROEZEPORE.  
 To illustrate outbreak of 10th Bengal Light Cavalry on 19th August 1857

BY ENSIGN C. M. MACGREGOR, 57th N.I.





till they were within twenty yards of me, and then let blaze a couple of barrels at them, and had the pleasure of seeing a couple of them fall to rise no more. I then took the other gun and blazed both barrels, but this time only wounded one man. I turned round and saw that Mrs Shaw was all right in the compound, and taking my sword in my hand and shouldering the guns, I am not ashamed to say I fairly hooked it, with a score of *sowars* at my heels. The beggars did not come into Smith's compound, not liking the idea of taking their chance against some twenty barrels on the roof of the house—so, after all, I arrived safe and sound on the top of the house. I then hooked it off to Dawall's compound to see if they were all right in there. I found old Dawall and Salmon running about the compound, dodging behind the walls and bushes to get out of the way of the grape, and pecking at the *sowars* as they went past. Mrs Dawall came out in an awful state of mind, clutched hold of my arm, and asked me whether I thought we should all be murdered. Her voice, position, and manner were so capital that I couldn't help laughing, as I knew there was no danger if they kept within the house.

“You know they say a dismounted dragoon is about as effective as a goose on the turnpike road. The Europeans came down in skirmishing order and cleared the station of the beggars, not before they had murdered the veterinary surgeon. They cut at everybody they saw. The brigadier had a fight

with three *sowars*—of course he did for them. He is an immense man, and this is not his first scrimmage.”

“*Aug. 22.*—There are very bad accounts from Lucknow. The 32d Queen’s and European officers are besieged by a force of 27,000 men, making the most fearful odds against the Europeans—upwards of twenty-seven to one. However, they’ll never give in, and General Havelock is on his way to Lucknow with help. If it is God’s will that Edward should not come safely through these dangers, we have the satisfaction of knowing that he will have died the death of a soldier, with his sword in his hand and his face to the foe—that he will have died as a MacGregor should die. We all know what Europeans can do against natives, and I think it not at all unlikely that they will hold out against almost any odds. I suppose they muster 1000 men, counting all the officers and *keranies*; and it is to be hoped they have got possession of the guns. If they have, I think there is little doubt they will hold out. At all events, there will be fearful slaughter amongst the natives.”

“*Aug. 23.*—We had an alarm here yesterday. In the morning, just as I was sitting down to my bread-and-butter, my bearer (he’s a good old fellow) rushed in and said, ‘*Sahib!* all the *sahibs* are going to the fort!’ ‘What’s up now, old cock?’ He didn’t know, so I walked over to Smith’s house to ask, and found them all gone to the fort; and as

the danger, whatever it was, did not seem very near, I sat down and finished my breakfast. In about ten minutes after, four Sikhs came rushing in, saying there was a force of 10,000 men coming from Tonk, and another force coming from the river. ‘So we’re going to have a little fighting, are we?’ thought I. ‘Well, we’ve got 500 Europeans, and one of the largest magazines in India, and I daresay we shall manage to beat them off. However, I was not going to the fort to get stifled by the heat before I was pretty certain what it really was; so I told the *syce* to get the pony ready, and off I went to see if I could get a look at the 10,000 warriors. I rode about three miles out, and saw—what do you think?—you’ll hardly believe it, but I saw—a large herd of goats and black bullocks, or rather buffaloes; and so it turned out that everybody in the fort was trembling because a herd of 300 cattle was within three miles of them.”

“*Sept.* 5.—I have just got an account of the Cawnpore massacre.<sup>1</sup> It is frightful, as you will

<sup>1</sup> Cawnpore was the headquarters of the Cawnpore division, then commanded by General Sir Hugh Wheeler. A great strength of native soldiery garrisoned the place, with some 60 European gunners, to which were added 60 men of her Majesty’s 84th Regiment, 74 men of her Majesty’s 32d (invalids), 65 Madras European Fusiliers,—altogether, including the officers of the sepoy regiments, numbering some 300 English combatants.

The sepoy regiments—1st, 53d, 56th, and 2d Light Cavalry—in all counted about 3000 men.

General Wheeler had intrenched with a mud parapet the European barracks near the river. When the outbreak occurred on the 4th June, the sepoys recognised the Nana Sahib as their leader, under whom they

see from my list. Only one officer escaped—viz., Lieutenant Delafosse of the 53d Native Infantry.”

“*Delhi, Oct. 14.*—After having volunteered four times to go down to Delhi, I have been ordered down, and have been here about a month now. I arrived just after the assault, to my very great disgust, and consequently saw very little fighting: there was a bit of street-fighting, but no hand-to-hand encounters. The city is most fearfully knocked about, and all the shops and houses are cleaned inside out—chairs, tables, clothes, everything, all heaped and lying about in the streets; while Europeans, Sikhs, Ghurkhas, Afghans, are all looting to their hearts’ content. You don’t know how sold I felt at not being in at the death. I wanted most awfully to see some fighting, and wanted nothing more than to get a chance of getting the Cross. If

commenced an organised attack on the British earthworks on the same day. The memorable siege of Wheeler’s feeble garrison lasted from the 6th until the 26th June, when an armistice and negotiations took place. The Nana promised a safe-conduct and carriage for the women and children to the river-side, and then to send them safely down the river to Allahabad, together with the garrison, which was to march out with their arms and sixty rounds of ammunition. How the evacuation was carried out, and how the little force was treacherously slaughtered, need not be recorded here; the story is too well known.

Mowbray-Thomson and Delafosse, with Privates Murphy and Sullivan, alone reached friendly territory, and survived to tell the story. All the women and children, who had not been burnt or bayoneted, sabred or drowned on the 27th June, were carried to the Savada House, and afterwards to the Beebee-ghur. The order for the final massacre was given on the 15th July, and some 200 British women and children were hacked to death in the course of a few hours, their bodies being thrown down an adjacent well.—See Kaye’s History, vol. i. pp. 206-373.

I had been at the assault I should have had a chance, but, as it was, I arrived after it, and saw very little fighting, with just as much chance of being knocked over by a bullet from the tops of the houses.

“It took five days to take the whole of the city, which is eight or nine miles round; and if the cowardly Pandies had only fought *tolerably*, the small force we had ought never to have got out of the city again; or if they did take possession of it, there ought to have been at least three-fourths of them disabled. As it was, sixty-six officers were killed and wounded. I am doing duty with the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, and this regiment alone has lost nine officers killed and wounded. They were the first up at the Kashmere breach. The most of the casualties happened while we were in the city. The breach was won almost at once, the cowardly blackguards not liking too close quarters with so much British steel. . . .

“There is one thing I have just heard, to avoid which I would gladly have given my right hand—namely, poor Murray Mackenzie is no more. He died at Simla, of his wounds received down here. A finer, braver, or better fellow never drew sword. . . . By this sad occurrence aunt Emily must, I know, be left nearly destitute, and therefore I propose to devote every farthing I can spare to her. I shall be a lieutenant soon, if I am not one already. That will give me 100 rupees more a-month, and that, small as the sum is, I intend to give over to aunt Emily.

It will help her a little, and God only knows she is welcome to anything I can do for her. . . .

“Not a word of any sort have I heard from Edward since the 5th May. His regiment mutinied, and all escaped except Colonel Birch, who was killed. They escaped to Lucknow, and as that was relieved on the 25th September, we must hope that poor Edward is still among the survivors of the gallant little garrison. You may be sure that anything I hear about Edward I will let you know. No list of the garrison has come in, and all we know is that Sir H. Lawrence, Major Banks, and a Captain Hayes are killed. The papers are, as usual, all wrong. The sepoys who witnessed the execution at Firozpur,<sup>1</sup> so far from being paralysed or livid with fear, didn't care a bit about it. I didn't like the sight at first, but after seeing such a lot of them hung and blown away, I don't care a bit about it. I went to see those two imps of the devil, the two princes, shot, with about as much the same kind of feeling as I would go to see a dog killed. I would have shot them myself sooner than they should have got off.

“Our colonel *still* believes that the 57th never mutinied, so I sent him something the other day which, I fancy, rather shook his belief in that magnificent set of blackguards, the old 57th, in the shape of a general order by Bukhtiar Khan, the man who commanded the mutineers at Delhi. It ran as follows. After telling off a number of different regi-

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 40.

ments to specified posts, it said : ‘ Regiment 57th, *Pultun Lord Moira*, will send its left wing to the Kabul Gate, and, in company with the soldiers of the *Hamilton Ka Pultun*, will defend that post. The right wing will proceed to Salimgharh, and form part of the garrison of that place.’ And so the blackguard went on giving every regiment its post. The orders of this man were capital—everything was done as regularly and with as much order as when they were the *Kampani Bahadur’s* petted and pampered Sipahes; and if the Sipahes had had the smallest atom of courage, and been able to carry out these arrangements, it would perhaps have gone precious hard with our little force. If the cowardly dogs had defended the Kabul Gate to the last, as they were ordered to, most likely we should never have got there. I have filled my room here with loot—nearly everything I have got is plunder—my chairs, tables, plates, cups—everything, in fact. If the prize-agents would only go about it in the proper way, they would find no end of loot in the city.

“ The row out here is nearly all over; the wretched sepoys get licked everywhere. They got a splendid thrashing the other day. A force of them had been thrashed by Cawnpore force, and in retreating they got between the Ganges and the Gogra. Grant’s column hearing of this, pushed on and cut them all up, driving all they didn’t kill into the river, where, it is to be hoped, they all went to the bottom.”

“ Oct. 30.—My dearest mother, prepare yourself for the worst concerning Edward’s fate. The list of survivors has come ; in vain have I looked for the name of MacGregor. O God ! that I should ever have to write such a thing—to think that poor Edward is cut off, so young, I can’t believe it. When the list came in I hardly dared look at the 41st. When I did, I sat staring at it, at the blank where Lieutenant MacGregor ought to have been. A kind of a chill came over me. I felt the blood fly away from my heart. I threw down the paper, rushed up-stairs, and flung myself on my bed and burst out into loud sobs. I tried to be cool, but I couldn’t. Sooner would I have given up my own life than Edward should have suffered. We used to quarrel, but God only knows how I loved him, such a fine generous boy as he was. I used to be so proud of Edward, and now he is under the cold turf. It is His will that it should be so—that we should lose as fine a young fellow as ever breathed. . . .

“ He was generous, brave, and good-hearted. Oh ! why was he killed ? Why wasn’t I at Lucknow and he at Ferozpur ? . . . Much better that I should die than such a one as Edward was. He would have risen to be a great man if he had only lived.<sup>1</sup> . . .

<sup>1</sup> Later, in December, Charles MacGregor writes : “ Poor dear Edward, not a word have I heard about him since the 4th May, but I can’t and won’t believe that he is killed ; I feel for you most deeply, as mail after mail comes in and still no tidings of Edward. How-



“The only piece of hope I can gather from the list is, that at the end of it are the following words : ‘and very many more,—in fact *very few* have been *killed*,—whose names will be communicated hereafter.’ I need not say how much I hope he will ; perhaps the Almighty intends to bring him safe back to us. God grant it may be so.”

ever, we have not actually heard that he is dead, so we must hope for the best. May God grant that our hopes may be realised.”

It was not till 5th January 1858 that any lingering hope was finally dispelled. “*Camp Fatehgarh*.—My poor mother, how will you bear up with such a calamity ? there is no doubt about it—no doubt that your darling Edward has gone to his long home. May God Almighty grant that he is in heaven. To think that after waiting for eight long months, hoping almost against hope, to think that the first news we receive of poor dear Edward is, that he is lying cold and stiff under the sod. After living through the whole of that dreadful scene, after escaping shot and shell, to die within a few days of the relief, O my God ! is quite maddening. It would have been better if I had gone—rather than such a fine fellow as Edward was—a mean thought never entered his head. He was as thoroughly unselfish as possible.”

## CHAPTER III.

## SUPPRESSION OF THE MUTINY.

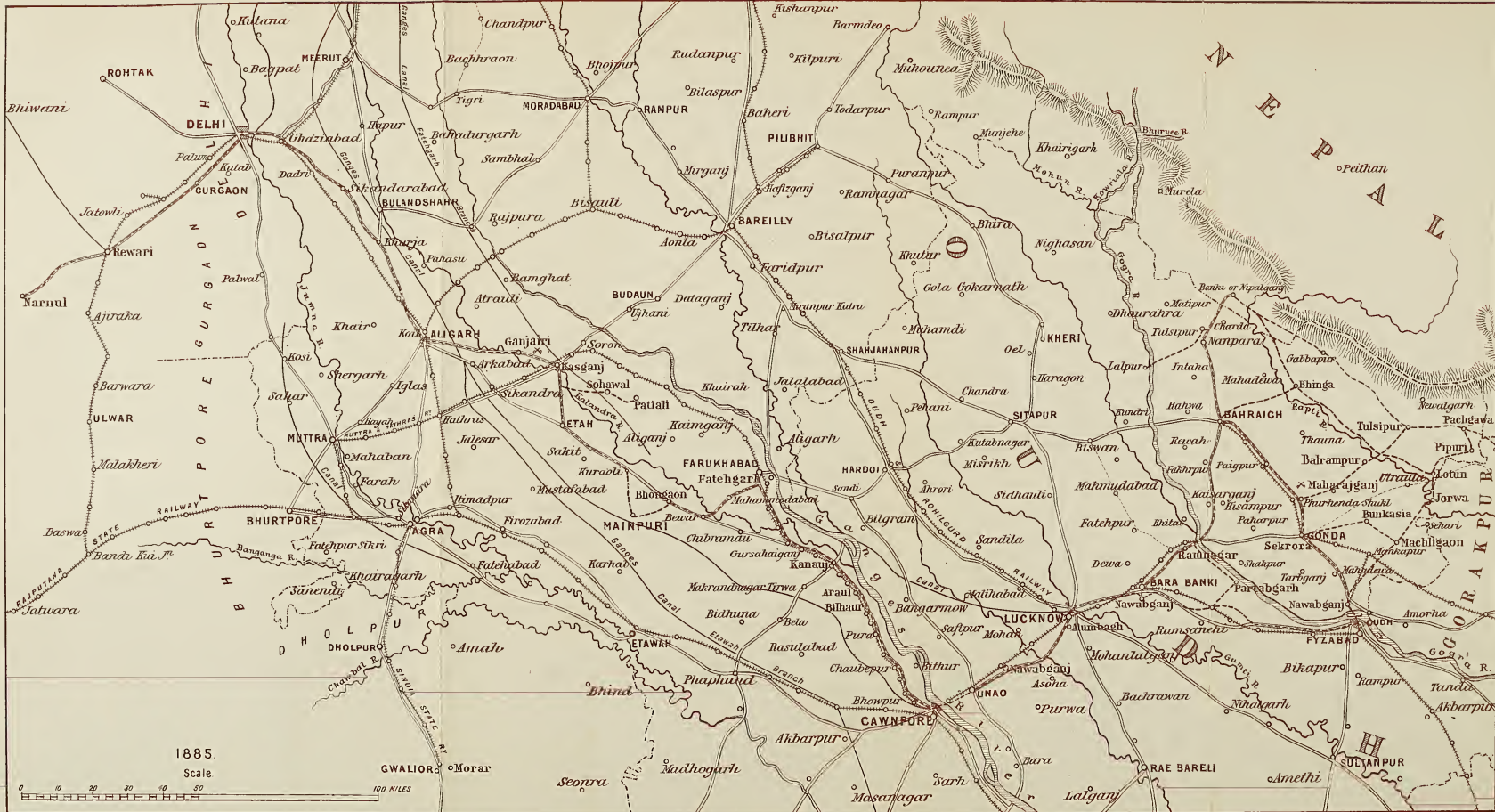
1857—1859.

*“The mutineers were crushed, dispersed, or ta'en,  
Or lived to deem the happiest were the slain.”*

THE BENGAL FUSILIERS WITH GERRARD'S COLUMN—THE FIRST BATTLE NEAR NARNUL — AFFAIR AT GANJAI RI — CAPTURE OF REBEL CAMP AT PATIALI—SWORD *VERSUS* TULWAR—ADVANCE ON LUCKNOW — HIS BROTHER'S SWORD — OUTRAM'S DIVISION ENTERS LUCKNOW—A SINGLE COMBAT — ANOTHER PERSONAL ENCOUNTER — AN ADVENTURE — WITH SIR HOPE GRANT'S COLUMN—IN PURSUIT OF THE BEGUM—DELIGHTS OF CAMPAIGNING — LOVE OF FIGHTING — FAVOURITISM OF THE SERVICE—SICKNESS AMONG THE TROOPS—ATTACHED TO HODSON'S HORSE — WOUNDED IN A CHARGE AT DARYABAD — A SWELL DAFADAR—LORD CANNING'S PROCLAMATION—ACROSS THE GOGRA — APPOINTED ADJUTANT IN HODSON'S HORSE — FIGHT NEAR TULSIPUR — PRIVATE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT—AMBITION TO GET THE VICTORIA CROSS—LETTERS ON IRREGULAR CAVALRY — OUT ON A “DAUR” — KILLS MURAD BUKSH—PROJECT FOR RAISING A CAVALRY CORPS.

APPENDIX.—MAJOR HUGHES'S LETTER, ETC.

IMMEDIATELY after the capture of Delhi, General Wilson lost no time in following up his victory by



ROUTE OF LIEUT. C. M. MACGREGOR FROM DELHI THROUGH OUDH TO NEPAL FRONTIER,  
1858 - 59.



despatching forces in various directions in order to scour the Gangetic Doab, and prevent the fugitive sepoys forming fresh combinations under partisans of the Delhi princes. Brigadier Greathed commanded the first of these columns, which succeeded in relieving Agra; whilst Van Cortlandt restored order in the district of Rohtak, to the north-west of Delhi; and a third column, under Brigadier Showers, was despatched on the 2d October to clear the Mhairwara district to the west and south-west.

*Oct. 19.*—On the return of Showers' column to Delhi, General Penny, who had succeeded General Wilson, received intelligence that the rebels, reinforced by the mutineers of the Jodhpur legion, had reappeared in the districts just traversed by Showers, reoccupying Rewari. It became necessary, therefore, to despatch another force to restore order. A column, composed of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers [in which corps Ensign Charles MacGregor was now serving] under Captain Caulfield, the 7th Panjab Infantry, a troop of Bengal Horse-Artillery under Cookworthy, a heavy battery under Gillespie, a portion of the Sikh Guide Corps, cavalry and infantry, under Kennedy and Sandford, with the Multan Horse under Lane, was ordered on this duty, and the command of this brigade was given to Colonel Gerrard<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Immediately after the fall of Delhi, Colonel Gerrard, who had first joined the Bengal European Regiment in 1825, was appointed to its command, and as he was an officer both respected and beloved, his return was a matter of much congratulation and joy.—History European Regiment, p. 496.

of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers. In all, this force consisted of about 2500 men.

*Delhi, Nov. 9.*—Gerrard's column was ordered to encamp outside the Kashmere gate of the city on the 9th November, in readiness to proceed against several strongholds occupied by the mutineers in a westerly direction; and the following morning the brigade marched, reaching Rewari by the 13th, when the fort was reoccupied without opposition, whilst the troops were reinforced by two squadrons of Carabineers.

*Kanauj, Nov. 15.* — At Kanauj, which was reached two days later, the column was further strengthened by a portion of the Haryana Field Force, including the 23d Panjab Infantry, and next day (Nov. 16) pushed on over a sandy plain, a distance of fourteen miles, to Narnul, where it was supposed the enemy had mustered in force.<sup>1</sup>

Saunand Khan, in expectation of an attack, had drawn up his troops in line of battle on the ridge overlooking Narnul on the morning of the 16th November; but about 10 A.M., no signs of an enemy appearing, he withdrew the sepoy's back to his camp, near a fort two miles to the rear, so that Gerrard on approaching Narnul soon afterwards found the place unoccupied. However, after a short halt, the enemy

<sup>1</sup> This fort of Narnul had been reduced during the Mahratta war in 1803. See article in 'Blackwood's Magazine' of June 1852. The writer of this article, Dr Brougham, was present at the action described above.

appeared, hastening to reoccupy their former strong position, upon which Brigadier Gerrard ordered an immediate advance of his line.

In the centre were the 1st Bengal Fusiliers and the 23d Panjab Infantry, followed by the 18-pounders, escorted by a company of the Guides Infantry; to the right, the Carabineers and Guides, with a wing of the 1st Panjab Infantry; to the left, the Irregular Cavalry and Multan Horse, with four light Sikh guns and Sikh infantry.

The fight, as usual, commenced with an artillery duel, succeeded by the rapid advance of the Carabineers and Guides, who sabred the enemy's gunners at their guns. The guns, however, which had not been spiked, were retaken by the sepoy infantry, but the Bengal Fusiliers quickly charged the battery, and gallantly captured and spiked the guns. Colonel Gerrard, conspicuous on his white charger, was killed by a musket-shot, Captain Caulfield assuming the command of the brigade. Meantime the Fusiliers pushed on to a small mud fort held by some of the enemy, who were defending it with one trap-gun. The Fusiliers captured this gun at the point of the bayonet, driving the enemy before them into their camp beyond, where another gun was captured. As the regiment went forward, the sepoy returned, retook the guns, which were again retaken and spiked by the Fusiliers. The enemy's camp-equipage, cattle, and eight guns fell into the hands of the British.

Unfortunately MacGregor's letter, describing his first action, has not been preserved; but in his record of service it is stated that Ensign MacGregor captured a gun and cut down one of the gunners.

“ *Camp Patiali, Dec. 20 to 29.*—The battle of Narnul took place on the 16th November, so that I shall give you an account of what has happened since then.

“ After Narnul we marched into Delhi, where we stayed for a few days to the 7th of this month, when we marched towards Aligarh, in charge of a large convoy of carriage intended for the troops below, and consisting of no end of *hackeries*, camels, and elephants, covering, when on the march, a space of sixteen miles of road.

“ We arrived at Aligarh all serene, nothing of any consequence happening. We heard here that one of the rebel chiefs, Walidad, was likely to try and stop the convoy on the Grand Trunk Road. So Colonel Seaton, our chief, determined to leave the convoy under the walls of Aligarh, and march and give Mr Walidad a good licking.

“ Our force consisted of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, a hundred of the 3d Europeans, a troop of horse-artillery, three heavy guns, Hodson's Horse, and a squadron of Carabineers.

“ Kasganj, situated about thirty-five miles from Aligarh, was the name of the place where the Pandies were supposed to be, so off to Kasganj we started. When we got to Ganjairi (Dec. 14), one march from Kasganj, we halted, and a



party of Carabineers and Hodson's Horse were sent out to drive in a picket of the enemy about three miles off. About two hours or so after they had gone, we saw Wardlaw of the Carabineers tearing in at full gallop to the camp. We got up from our breakfasts and went to meet him, and he told us that the enemy were advancing in force on our camp. The alarm and assembly were immediately sounded, and in a few minutes after, we were all drawn up in line, and ready to receive the beggars. The cavalry and horse-artillery were ordered to the front, and presently we heard our artillery opening on the Pandies. The artillery fired away for about a quarter of an hour, when the Carabineers were ordered to charge: they did so in splendid style. The *Golundazes* let fly five rounds of grape before they came up, and when they (the Carabineers) had swept through the guns, they turned them round and gave them another round; but it was no good, the guns, three in number, were soon in our hands. The Carabineers lost two officers killed in the charge, which was a most gallant affair. There were only ninety of the Carabineers against 1200 of the enemy with guns. Two more officers were killed during the day, being shot at from behind banks by the Pandies. The cavalry pursued the enemy, and cut up upwards of 300 of them, and then returned to camp. The infantry were not engaged; only one or two round-shot came over our heads. The whole loss of the force that day was three officers killed,

one wounded very badly ; six men killed and fourteen wounded in the Carabineers ; five men killed and fourteen wounded in Hodson's Horse ; fourteen killed and twenty-nine wounded in the whole force, making a most frightful proportion of killed to wounded, and also a very great proportion of officers hit. Out of the five officers the Carabineers had with them, three were killed, and another dangerously wounded. Their names were Wardlaw, Hudson, Vyse, of the Carabineers ; and Head, of the 9th Lancers, dangerously wounded.

“Next morning (Dec. 15) we marched to Kasganj, but found the birds flown. Our next march (Dec. 16) was to Sohawal. We just caught the tail of the cowards as they made off. About fifty of them were cut up by the cavalry. At last, on the 17th, we had the pleasure of coming up to them at this place—Patiali.

“It was about seven o'clock in the morning when they opened the ball. They fired very pluckily for about three-quarters of an hour, when they seemed not to like the heavy fire of our artillery, and gradually their fire slackened—though at one time I was in hopes that we had at last found a set of Pandies with a little pluck in them, for the shot and shell came rattling over our heads pretty thickly.

“We had got them between two cross-fires, and they could not stand it, and bolted, leaving a few men with the guns. Directly our horse-artillery saw this, off they dashed, guns and all, into their camp,

and with the staff actually took possession of the guns which were there (seven). The cavalry was now sent in pursuit of the beggars, and the infantry was ordered up to skirmish through the sugar-canes. I went with my company—No. 3—and we alone, in a distance of two miles, cut up fifty of the skulking brutes. I declare not a man we came across was without arms, and yet not a man made the least resistance. The cowardly wretches knelt and crouched at your feet, licking and kissing them, and telling you you were the protector of the poor, and no end of a *sahib*, begged their lives; but it would not do to forget that our women and children had no doubt begged their lives too, and been refused,—or rather I don't believe our women or even our children would beg it in such an abject manner as I have described,—so the word was given, and another fiend was launched into eternity. After breakfast I went out again with No. 3 to clear the fields and *topes* of the beasts. We killed a lot more, the whole of them behaving in the same disgusting cowardly manner as before: there was perhaps only one exception, and that was a man who came at me. I saw him lying crouching in a ditch, with nothing but his *dhotee* on. I asked him who he was. He got up on to his knees, put up his hands, and begged his life. I was just going to grant him it, when I saw something blue peeping out from some grass by the side of him. I went up to it, and lo and behold! there was a light cavalry jacket, as perfect as

possible, with its orange facings and white trimmings. Oh ho ! my boy, thought I ; so you're one of the dashing light cavalry, are you ? I called out to a man by me to come and shoot him, as I was not going to let any of these *sowars* off. All of a sudden the beast jumped up, snatched a *tulwar* from underneath the grass, and rushed at me. As I was not prepared for him (my back being partly turned to speak to my man), he was on me before I knew where I was, and had given me a cut on the head with his *tulwar*. I saw the brute's eyes sparkle as he gave the cut, thinking he had done for me, and expecting to see me drop ; but thanks to a *solah topee*, with a good *pugree*, the blow did not touch my head. I went at him at once, and gave him a cut across his cheek ; but my sword not being sharp, it did not floor him as I expected, so I was preparing to give him point 3 in his stomach, when he turned and bolted. I went after him, and instead of giving him the prod in his stomach, gave it him through his back. He fell heavily on my sword, and broke it. I told one of our men to put a bullet through him, which he did. I then went up to look at his jacket to see what regiment he belonged to, and found he belonged to the 2d Light Cavalry—those fiendish beasts that murdered our women and children. You may be sure I was thankful I had polished that fellow off. On that day we took thirteen guns, killed upwards of 800 of the enemy, took all their baggage, and with all that, what do

you think our loss was? Only one killed and four wounded. I never heard of a more complete thing in my life.

“It would always be the way if commanders would only give up thinking that because there is a good butcher’s bill it has been a good fight. The plan is to give them plenty of artillery; don’t go making infantry take guns without thoroughly silencing those of the enemy. To be sure, they could take the guns if there were fifty to be taken, but look at the difference; we lose in the whole force five men instead of eighty-four, as we did at Narnul. At Narnul we only took eight guns, and here we took thirteen guns.

“On the 20th we heard that 6000 men, with twelve guns, had crossed the Kali Nadi, and were coming to attack us. Such a story could hardly be believed, as the niggers are never in a hurry to attack the *Goralogs*;<sup>1</sup> however, in this case it was true. They were a lot of rabble from Bareilly. No doubt they were awfully plucky, having had it all their own way in Rohilkand; but directly they heard that we were marching against them, off they bolted, thinking better of their bit of bravado. Of course it was of no use our trying to follow them across the river, as they had all the boats on their side.”

“Dec. 22.—We stayed at Patiali for two or three

<sup>1</sup> “White folk,”—a contemptuous expression in a native’s mouth.

days, and this morning we have marched from thence to Sahawar. . . .

“I daresay you will think that our fights are most harmless affairs, and so they are. Jack Pandy never will stand properly; he hasn’t got it in him; he won’t even fight when it’s all up with him; nothing will make him fight, neither *bhāng* nor desperation. At no one place has Jack fought as he used to fight for us, and that was never very well.

“I had a letter about my exchanging into a European regiment, but I don’t see the advantage of it. There are only three into which I could exchange. The 1st Fusiliers I am now with; and although the regiment is a splendid one, I do not like the officers of it, and I could never get on with them if I didn’t like them: I can’t be civil to fellows I dislike. Then, again, I should have to go in as fourth ensign, whereas if I do not go into it I am a lieutenant.

“*Dec. 23.*—The report here goes that the Commander-in-Chief has taken Fatehgarh; if he has, it will spoil our fun, as we might have gone at it. However, I hope we shall have a bit of a scrimmage at Mainpuri.”

“*Camp Mainpuri, Dec. 29.*—We have since the 23d marched from Kasganj to Mainpuri. Here I thought we were in for another scrimmage, but the cowardly wretches only fired on us for five minutes and then bolted clean, leaving seven guns. We got into the Rajah’s palace, and did not find a

soul there : they might have made a beautiful stand there, as the walls are immensely high, and the palace is in the midst of the city, and consequently we should not have been able to have got our guns up close. Of course every single thing was looted. Among other things, I found a European woman's nightcap, showing too plainly that the poor creature had fallen into that drunken little creature Tej Sinh's hands. I found a whole packet of European letters. In the city afterwards I came across a whole collection of silver cups, &c., some silver boxes, one of them a jolly spice-box. I gave it to Caulfield, whose tent I have been living in all the time we have been out. We had a very jolly Christmas, with no end of singing, speechifying, &c. I sang "The Monks of Old" and "Those Evening Bells" in my *usual style*. We halt here till the 31st, when we march to Bhongaon."

The new year opened sadly for Charles MacGregor, his worst forebodings as to his brother's fate being fully confirmed. He writes to his mother :—

"*Camp Fatehgarh, Jan. 5.*—Our worst fears are realised about poor dear Edward's death : he died in September. I wrote to Major Aythorp about him, and received an answer in these words : 'Your brother was taken ill of fever a fortnight before he died. During his illness every attention was paid to him by the doctor who attended him and the officers of the regiment ; but from the first he

never rallied. Like a number of others in Lucknow, he was a good deal weakened before he was taken seriously ill, from the effects of foul air, sameness of food, no liquor, and constant exposure. Like all the officers of the regiment, he lost all his property saving his gun, sword, and clothes on his back. Captain Saunders, 41st Regiment, was president of the committee of adjustment of his estate, and I have no doubt, if your poor brother had any trinkets or anything that could be kept as a memo. for his friends, he has preserved them. I will write and ask him, and let you know.'"<sup>1</sup>

“*Jan. 13.*—We arrived here from Mainpuri on the 4th, and we found the Chief here with an immense force. The following regiments are here: Her Majesty’s 8th, 23d, 42d, 93d, 82d, 53d, 64th; 2d and 3d battalions Rifle Brigade, her Majesty’s 9th Lancers, squadron 6th Dragoon Guards, 1st European Bengal Fusiliers, Hodson’s Horse, some Panjab Cavalry; 2d, 4th, and 7th Panjab Infantry; 500 Naval Brigade and about twelve heavy guns; Turner’s troop Horse-Artillery, Blunt’s do., Remington’s do., and Bouchier’s battery. . . . *Havelock is dead!* . . . Outram commands at Alambagh.”

“*Camp Bilhaur, Jan. 29.*—We (the Fusiliers) have been ordered down to Cawnpore, and we are now on our way there. I suppose we shall see the place where the women were murdered. We shall go to Lucknow very soon. There will be a regular

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, chap. ii. p. 54.



good fight there ; none of your potting little fights like we have been having lately, but a regular good one—one in which we shall have our 2000 killed and wounded.”

“*Feb. 5.*— We arrived at Cawnpore the day before yesterday. I went off to Captain Saunders, and got dear Edward’s sword from him : it was all covered with blood, and the hilt and the scabbard are all dented as if with bullets, showing that it has not remained idle in its sheath, but has drunk the heart’s blood of more than one of these fiendish mutineers.”—

‘ Many a hand’s on a richer hilt,  
But none on a steel more ruddily gilt.’

—“ I wrote the other day to Mr Balfour to ask him if he knew anything about the money which my father was kind enough to lay aside to buy me a horse. He wrote back, and told me that my father had actually placed 1000 rupees in his hands to prevent my running into debt by these mutinies. Imagine my surprise at his kindness ! Now, next time you see him you must catch hold of his hand and nearly wring it off, and tell him from me that if ever there was a thoroughly kind old governor, he is one ; but thanks to the *Lord Moira Ka Pultun*,<sup>1</sup> they did not take it into their heads to murder their officers and loot their bungalows, so that I have lost nothing ; besides, if I had, I should get it from

<sup>1</sup> The disbanded 57th Regiment Native Infantry.

Government. I am not a bit in debt, and I shall be some few rupees on the right side of the book when I receive all my pay. Meanwhile I must think of others besides myself. Aunt Emily must have suffered as much as any one by these mutinies, and if the 1000 rupees were handed over to her, I should like it much better. She wants it much more than I do. I am sure poor old Murray Mackenzie would have done the same to you or me if we had been placed in the same circumstances, and aunt Emily was very kind to me when I was at Meerut."

"*Feb. 8.*<sup>1</sup>—We marched from Cawnpore towards Lucknow the other day (6th), and are now encamped at Unao, twelve miles on the Lucknow side of the river Ganges. Things are gradually drawing to a close. All the Chief's army has arrived at Cawnpore, I believe; waggons of shot and shell are continually on their way to Lucknow; Chamberlain's column is well into Rohilkand by this time; and Jung Bahadur, with Colonel Franks, are reported to be close to Fyzabad. I may be knocked over at Lucknow, and, if I am, this is the last letter you will get from me. I may as well say Goodbye now as at any time, so that, if Jack Pandey puts a bullet through me, I have said Goodbye to you all. Kiss the youngsters for me and say Ta-ta. If I have

<sup>1</sup> By Governor-General's Order, No. 192, dated February 8, 1858, Ensign C. M. MacGregor was promoted Lieutenant 57th Bengal Native Infantry, from the 17th November 1857.

your and my father's forgiveness for anything I have done to pain you, you may be sure I shall feel none the worse for it when my time comes. However, I may not get knocked over, and then I will write you another letter, giving such accounts of the fights, single combats, &c., as I have been in. If I am to march, I shall have done my best to cry quits with the Pandies for poor dear Edward's death. I don't think I owe anything out here—at least, if I do, I have got five months' pay to receive, so that will pay it all."

"*Camp Nawabganj, Feb. 18.*—Here we are still sticking. Only got as far as Nawabganj, twenty-five miles from Lucknow. Meanwhile we have a most awful lot of picket-duty. What between being bullied by Cockney hussar soldiers and those swell Rifle Brigade officers, who think that there is not a regiment like themselves on the face of the earth, this begins to be unbearable. Hussar officers who don't know their right hand from their left try to teach you your duty, and by way of doing so they come haw-hawing round your picket at night with a *lantern!* with their hands in those eternal peg-top trousers. . . .

"What do you say to my going into the Agra Bank; I wrote once or twice before on the same subject. Myself I don't think it would be a bad plan, only I wish I had done it before."

"*Camp, Alambagh, March 2.*—Since I last wrote I have been engaged in the painful task of collecting

news from different people about poor dear Edward's death. A letter I got from Keir says : ' He was taken ill about the 20th September ; about the 1st October he began to get better and rally a bit, but he had a relapse which caused his death on the 14th October.' With the exception of Colonel Birch and Lieutenant Smalley, all escaped from Sitapur ; when they arrived at Lucknow they were ordered to do duty at the Machi Bhawan. Shortly after, Edward went to live with Sir H. Lawrence at the Residency for change of air. Keir was thus separated from him, and being in another part of the garrison, had neither time nor opportunity to see much of him. Dodgson, who, I think, is a cousin of yours, is here. He went into the garrison with Havelock, and was with poor dear Edward till he died."

" *March* 9.—The Chief arrived on the morning of the 2d, and marched on to the Dilkusha, of which he took possession on the same day without any resistance.

" On the 6th, Walpole's division, to which we belonged, marched across the river, much to the surprise of the Pandies, who did not find it out till we were over in the direction of the cantonments.

" You know the song ' Of what is the old man thinking ? ' I ask, Of what is old Sir Colin thinking ? We may be said to have appeared before Lucknow on the 2d. Nothing has been done since that, not a battery raised, no attempt made to push on,—no. All that has been done is, the troops have

been unnecessarily harassed for the last six days. I have hardly been in bed or under shade for that time; we are turned out every five minutes, have to sleep accoutred, and visit the sentries every hour or so. Well, I should not care about this if it was of any use, but it is not. All these false alarms come to nothing. Jack Pandy never attacks properly; if he does, he opens fire so very far out of range always, that all the troops are under arms long before they come up. Only yesterday<sup>1</sup> we were attacked by these beggars, and the first we knew of it in camp was round-shot coming in like mad. We turned out sharp, formed line, and in our innocence were going off at a double to take the Pandy guns, when a swell staff officer galloped up and gave the order for us to lie down. Of course we had to obey, as the order came from the general, but I never heard of such an absurd order. Fancy making us lie down when we were only just within range of the enemy's guns. However, we lay down, and after the Pandies thought they had bothered us enough, they took their guns back into the city; whereas if we had been allowed to advance on their guns we should most likely have taken them. The great mistake all the swells *now* in command out here make, is that of treating the Pandies as if they were European troops; there is too much caution."

<sup>1</sup> The Fusiliers were encamped, on the 8th March, with Outram's division, on the Chinhat road, when they were attacked by the enemy, who were driven back. See p. 77.

Colonel Innes writes :<sup>1</sup> “ On the 16th March our brigadier<sup>2</sup> received permission to cross the river, near Sikandra Bagh, over a hastily constructed pontoon-bridge floating on casks ; so marching past the 32d mess-house—or rather, where the house had stood—we reached the Kaiser Bagh, when an attack was ordered to be made on the Residency, which still contained some of the rebel troops. A rush in the face of a few wild shots, and the Residency was in our hands, the defence of which now formed a feeble contrast to the occasion on which Outram and Havelock with their brave force had held the position for months in the teeth of countless multitudes. Our troops, still pushing on, seized the ruined fortress of Machi Bhawan, from which Captain Salusbury with his company pushed on up to the gateway overlooking the Husainabad, capturing three guns upon the river-bank and one at the gateway of the garden.

“ Lieutenant Charles MacGregor, attached to our regiment, was as usual to the front, and greatly distinguished himself by engaging in single combat with one of the bravest of the rebels, whom he reduced to eternal submission by sending his sword through his body up to its hilt. Brougham says, ‘ *Mac returned looking very warm, and exceedingly wild and happy.*’ . . .

<sup>1</sup> History Bengal European Regiment, by Colonel Innes, p. 523. By Governor-General’s Order, No. 192, of February 8, MacGregor had been promoted Lieutenant 57th Bengal Native Infantry, but he continued attached to the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers.

<sup>2</sup> Brigadier Douglas.

“Lucknow was taken on the 20th, after two days’ fighting. The Fusiliers were, as usual, in the thick of it. General Outram said they behaved just as he expected. Everybody down here has a great opinion of them, and they certainly are a fine regiment.

“Sir James Outram says, ‘The left column of attack, composed of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, supported by two companies of the 79th Highlanders, carried the Chakr-Kothi or Yellow House, the key of the rebels’ position, in gallant style, and thereby turned the strong line of intrenchments which had been constructed by the enemy on the right banks.’

“General Outram then ordered a part of the Bengal Fusiliers along the river-bank with some heavy guns, to enfilade the enemy’s works. No reply being offered to our fire, Major Nicholson of the Engineers, who was commanding, thought the rebel batteries must be deserted. Lieutenant T. A. Butler of the Fusiliers swam across the stream, sixty yards across with a rapid current, and alone, unarmed, he entered into the enemy’s battery and signalled that they, the works, were empty. For this gallant act he received the Victoria Cross.”

This officer, now Major Butler, writes what he knew of MacGregor personally :—

“He [MacGregor] joined our regiment a little before the capture of Lucknow, and was attached to my company. You will know what his age was [seventeen and a half years]. He was not by any means a genial

companion, and we used to consider him of rather a sulky disposition. At mess he would sometimes sit all dinner-time and not say half-a-dozen words; but the moment there was any chance of fighting, it was extraordinary to see the change in his face and manner. It was a very common thing for one of the fellows to come into the tent and say, 'Look out, you fellows! we shall be turned out directly; the enemy are coming on,' just to *draw* MacGregor. The effect was magical. He immediately became full of smiles, and talked away merrily. He was the *only* man I ever met on service that I *really believe* loved fighting. He did not know what fear or danger were. My company was the centre one when we entered the Yellow House at Lucknow. MacGregor rushed on ahead of the men, and though I shouted to him to keep back with the men, as the place was full of the enemy, he would not stop. A sepoy stepped out and fired his musket right in his face: luckily it only blew his cap off, and blackened his face. MacGregor killed the sepoy, and turned round to me with a blackened face beaming with satisfaction. He did not seem to have the slightest idea of the awfully narrow escape he had had. I need hardly say the men very soon got confidence in him, and would have followed him anywhere. I often heard them saying what a fine young fellow he was.

“After we got into Lucknow, as he was going through the courtyard of a house, a powerful sepoy



sprang out on him. MacGregor fought him with his sword, and being a very good swordsman, and as cool as the proverbial cucumber, played with him for a few minutes, and then ran him through, and he was in the best of tempers for the rest of the day."

In a letter of later date, MacGregor gives the following extracts from his diary of this period :—

"On the 6th March we crossed the river as part of Outram's force, and after humbugging about the whole day, we bivouacked under some trees. On the 7th we went into camp on the Chinhat road. On the 8th the Pandies came out and attacked us; but as they had only a mile or so to go to get across the river, we did not get any of their guns. On the 9th a battery was raised just in front of the Yellow House, and after battering it for half an hour, we charged and took it, losing a few men. I was twice very nearly shot: once I felt the bullet strike the curtain of my *pugree*; and, secondly, I was the first up to the Yellow House, and, like a young fool, was just going to rush into the rooms, which were chock-full of Pandies, when I saw a fellow inside with his musket within a yard of my breast. I thought, 'Thank you, no!' and bobbed behind the wall. We took as far as the Badshah Bagh that day. On the 10th we did nothing, except erect flanking batteries. On the 11th we advanced as far as the Iron Bridge—in fact, took all the other side of the river. On

the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, nothing was done except blazing into the Pandies with shell. On the 16th we formed one of the regiments of a brigade which crossed the river by the Yellow House. We took (*i.e.*, our brigade) the Chattar Manzil Residency, Machi Bhawan, and Imambara and Husainabad that day, and I had to sleep out in the streets. On the 17th the regiment was put into the Husainabad. On the 18th nothing for us. 19th, ditto. 20th, four companies, among which I was, were sent to take possession of Ali Nuckt Khan's house; we did so, and lived there till we were ordered out with Grant's column. It was a jolly house on the banks of the river, and we used to have boating and bathing like bricks."

"*Lucknow, March 24.*—We passed through the Residency the other day on our way to the city. There is scarcely a square foot of it that is not perforated with round-shot and shell. It is perfectly incredible how they could have held out: there are scarcely any intrenchments, just the same as it was at Cawnpore. It only shows what despicable cowards these sepoy's are. . . .

"The Chief makes a great deal of the Highlanders—too much, I think; he is always pushing them forward. I do not know what I shall do for a tent during the hot weather, the one I have now got is only a wretched sepoy's *pál*, and doesn't keep the heat out at all. Then, again, those black-guard sepoy's stole my revolver, and if it was not

that I got poor Edward's sword, I should not have one, my own having broken over that wretched Pandy at Patiali.

“I have had two very interesting adventures since we came this side of the river Gumti. The first is as follows. I was out with two men just underneath the Daulatkhana: we were out skirmishing, and I had got separated from the rest of my company somehow. Well, I felt very thirsty, so I said to the men, ‘Just break open that door and let us see if there is any water in the court.’ They did so, and we went into the court. There was a well in it, and we commenced drawing some water, and just as I was drinking, one of the men shouted, ‘Look out, sir!’ and fired off his musket at one of four men who came rushing out of the house with *tulwars* in their hands. Luckily it knocked the fellow over, so that our numbers were equal. I went at one fellow with my sword, and the two men went at the others with their bayonets. Well, they soon polished off their two; but I couldn't manage my chap so soon, as he was, like most of these niggers, a pretty tolerable swordsman. However, I had not quite forgot my lessons at Angelo's, and besides, these niggers can't understand the point; so I waited, not trying to hit my man, but keeping my eye on him (which, by the way, was very necessary, as he danced and jumped about like a madman, now hitting at my right side, then dancing round like lightning at my left). I gave him a sharp jerking kind of cut on

his knuckles, his sword dropped, and I was just going to give him No. 3 through his body, but he picked it up again too sharp for me, and began cutting at me again ; but it was of no use, he couldn't hold it, and dropped it again, and he received the long-delayed No. 3 in his stomach. Over he went of course, and I picked up his *tulwar* and cut off his head very nearly with it. This is the first regular good single combat I have had, and I hope it may not be the last. If I had had a revolver, I could have polished the beggar off at once."

"*March 20.*—Adventure No. 2 was as follows : As we were passing up a lane, while scouting, we saw a fellow's head popping over a wall, evidently with the intention of having a pot at us. We looked round for a door to break into the place. We soon found one, and broke it open, taking care, directly we had burst it open, to jump on one side, to escape the volley with which we were sure to be greeted. It was just as well we did so in this case, as it was no exception to the rule ; however, the volley given, we rushed in, and had the pleasure of polishing off four as jolly Pandies as could be. As there was another door leading into an inner court, and I thought it not improbable that there might be some more of the beggars hiding inside, I went with some men and looked in. Instead, however, of seeing any more men, we were just in time to see two women jump down a well. Of course we went in, got a rope, put it down the well, and told them to

catch hold of it; but no, they wouldn't. They said, 'You have killed our brothers, and you will kill us too.' We told them that the *Goralog* never killed women. They wouldn't believe it for a long time. At last, however, they asked us if they came up what would we do with them. Would we take them away? As we said No, they might go where they liked, they seemed to be satisfied, and told us to pull. We did pull, and the first we brought up was a little bit of a boy about three years old,—such a pretty little beggar. The next was a young girl of about eighteen, very pretty, and evidently the mother of the child. She was perfectly insensible, and her hands had been tied by the other two women below. Next we pulled out her sister, and then the mother. As two of the women were all serene, only a bit frightened, we got a lot of clothes, lit a fire, and left them to get the girl round as they best could."

"*Camp Belhir, April 18.*—I am now out with a column, under the command of Sir Hope Grant. We are supposed to be pursuing the Begum, but we don't get on very fast. We have now been out for eight days, and are little more than thirty miles north of Lucknow. I am sick and tired of all this campaigning, if campaigning it can be called. All my desire to see service has been taken completely out of me. Days, weeks, months have been wasted doing nothing; and however zealous and however

eager I was when I first came out from Firozpur, now there is not one who wishes to get back more than I do. I can't think that the one fight, which we get perhaps on an average once a-month, at all compensates for the twenty-nine days of marching, dirt, and heat, the latter of which is now no joke. In tents in the middle of the day it is  $114^{\circ}$ , and still it is only the middle of April: May, June, and July have got to come. By that time it will be probably something under  $300^{\circ}$ . . . .

“To give you some idea of the delights of the kind of campaigning we have, I'll just describe a day to you. The *générale* sounds at three, and we are supposed to commence our march at four; but, owing to *unavoidable* delays of all sorts, we mostly commence at five, or at daybreak. The sun gets up very soon after daybreak, at six say. Well, we go on marching till sometimes two or three in the daytime (the sun being upwards of  $130^{\circ}$ ). You see dogs, horses, camels, every animal panting for water. Men fall down with sunstroke all about you; others lie down, unable to bear up any longer, and swear they won't move another step. The men get quite mutinous. Camels go mad with the heat, break their strings and charge wildly about, not being very particular as to where they go to; sometimes they knock you and your pony over. When we do get in, our tents do not come up for a good hour, and we have to sit on the hot ground until they do. When your tent is up, your thermometer never gets

lower than 110° till the evening, which is the only enjoyable part of the whole day.”

“*April* 18.—I don’t think that I shall stop much longer in this horrid service ; not that I think that the Company’s is not as good and better than the Queen’s, but I don’t like either. To like the army a man must have no feeling of sensitiveness : he must be able to stand being bullied, insulted, and bothered without a word. To enable him to obey any order, however wrong, without a word, if he has not interest or money, he must stand by and see himself wronged, see others far junior to him placed over his head, see himself after years and years of meritorious service still at the bottom of the list. Nothing must make him ‘down in the mouth,’ but he must be able to go on hoping against hope for promotion and advancement. If a man has all these qualities he is a true soldier. Such a man was Havelock. . . . Poor old Murray Mackenzie was a real soldier. He was just as eager when he died as the youngest *griff*. in the service, always doing his duty and volunteering for everything. I feel that a soldier’s calling is not mine. I can’t stand being bullied and snubbed continually, for no other reason than that if you are encouraged you may prove yourself a good man and swallow up all the appointments that otherwise would go to the bigwigs’ friends. All I want is your permission to cut the whole concern and go into the Agra Bank. I should get on much better there, and be

able to make a little money, and get out of this cursed country altogether."

*May 19.*—Continuing the same subject at length on 19th May, Lieutenant MacGregor alludes to his personal habits as follows:—

"Now I flatter myself that I am both healthy and strong, and by bodily exercise, such as riding, rackets, &c., I could counteract the ill effects of stooping over a desk all day. I am also very temperate, abstemious almost. I never smoke, and a bottle of beer makes me quite silly, so that I don't think my health can be considered as any objection."

"*Lucknow, May 19.*—Report says, but I don't think it is true, that Sir Colin Campbell is dead; if it is so, I don't know who can succeed him, unless it is Sir James Outram, who is the man who ought to have been put in at first before Sir Colin. It is to him that most of the *kudos* for all that has been done is due; but being a Company's officer, of course he did not get any. It was Outram who sent Sir Colin Campbell a plan of Lucknow when he was coming to the relief of the garrison; he established signals by means of semaphores; he planned the retreat out of the Residency, a retreat that was so perfect that it was hours nearly before the enemy even knew that the Residency was empty—for that alone he deserves more praise than has been given him. Again, it was Outram who planned the attack on the other side of the Gumti, which was altogether a most masterly thing. Thus the whole of the enemy's



batteries, the whole of those immensely strong intrenchments in rear of the Martinière, were taken in flank by our column and rendered totally useless. The Pandies, finding their mistake at once, evacuated the whole line of batteries. They had to do the same with their second line of intrenchments, and by our playing on the Kaisar Bagh line Sir Colin's attack was greatly aided—in fact, it is well known that the Kaisar Bagh was found evacuated.”

“*Lucknow, May 22.*—There is a sentence in your letter to me of 17th April which makes me think you are favourable to a plan I have formed for some time, and about which I have written repeatedly—viz., my wish to go into the Agra Bank. You say, speaking about my getting a little work at the bank, that you don't think I would like that sort of work unless I have changed very much since the days when I had the offer, and declined it. True; but then nothing would have induced me to go into any other profession but the army. I thought it would be the most delightful service: everything was *couleur de rose* then, and when you said I should find the army had its disagreeables, I thought you alluded only to the drills and parades, &c. These, I thought, will soon be over. Of course, one must expect to be bullied a little at first by one's colonel and adjutant, but they will leave that off directly I know my work. However, I soon found my mistake,—that drills and parades were not the only disagreeables of the services, but tyranny and favouritism. I found

that, from the moment you entered the army, you were a slave. A slave at the beck and call of your seniors, who might bully you, abuse you, and use you unjustly, without your ever being able to hope for redress. You say to me, Work hard at the languages! Suppose I do, I should get nothing by it without interest. Moreover, all depends on one's commanding officer. If he doesn't choose, one will never be known as a good officer, and then how will one get an appointment? In short, I do not think the advantages of the bank and the army can be compared. In the latter, it takes twenty years before you are known at all, and you never make even a competence in it; whereas in the former, fifteen or twenty is ample to enable you to make a fortune.

“ In the army favouritism is everywhere rife. To give you an instance. Brigadier ——, being the brother of a Minister, has been pushed on, notwithstanding that he has done nothing but commit gross military blunders ever since he came; and though his last feat at ——, where by simple carelessness or stupidity he lost 150 killed and wounded uselessly in five minutes, amounts to a crime, he is now to be promoted to the command of the —— Division.

“ Lieutenant Hodson, on the other hand, is an instance the other way. Although he had, before the Mutiny, seen a great deal of fighting, and had done excellent service, he died absolutely without reward; for though he was made a major, he was

promised that before. Every one knows what his service in the Intelligence Department and as a cavalry leader have been ; but if I give you a few of his services, it will bring the contrast between his treatment and that of —— into stronger relief.

“ 1. He made a line from Karnal to Meerut, to open communication with the force at the latter place, though the country was swarming with rebels. 2. Before the arrival of the army at Delhi, he rode right to the rear of the enemy's position to reconnoitre, in spite of the enemy's cavalry. 3. His capture of the King of Delhi is well known. 4. When with Seaton's column he rode from Bihar to Gosainganj to open communication. 5. In a charge at Shamshabad, where, it is said, his men would not follow, he dashed alone into the enemy. For all this and much more, he got simply nothing, not even the Victoria Cross, which he deserved a dozen times.<sup>1</sup>

“ I do not understand how I could work as you propose in the Agra Bank while I am in the army. In the first place, they would not let me—in the next, my duty would not permit of it; so that I must be one thing or the other, a soldier or a civilian,

<sup>1</sup> It must be remembered by the reader that young MacGregor, when he penned the above, had not completed his eighteenth year. It was believed that Hodson's hands were not clean, and for that reason his promotion, so well deserved, was kept back. Reynell Taylor, who, as Commandant of the Guides, had to inquire into the alleged misdealings of Hodson, fully acquitted him from the damaging charge.

and I would rather be the latter. . . . Ever since November I can't see that we have gained anything towards the suppression of this mutiny. We have taken the principal towns, it is true. Lucknow, Fatehgarh, Bareilly, are ours; but that is all we can say. I wouldn't ride out five miles from any one of them. Oudh is just as much in the Pandies' hands as it was months ago. There are forts within ten or twelve miles of this place crammed full of Pandies, yet nothing is done. Columns are sent out, but they never do anything. . . . The fact is, things are not going half so well as they should, owing to the want of energy and decision in high quarters. The enemy have lost comparatively few men, and they know we lose a great many, though we may not get many killed. The hot weather, without the excitement which was expected, is beginning to tell its tale. Out of our regiment there are 150 sick. The 20th have 166, the 90th 120, and the 97th have one-fourth down; while the 38th, who came out 1100 strong, are only 600 now. Simply from sickness 57 men die in a week in Lucknow alone, and the force there is about one-fourth the whole army, so that about 200 die a-week, for the average in the rest of the army is probably not less than here. They are mostly out in tents: we are in some sort of quarters.

“This doesn't include the Bombay or Madras columns, who have their sick also. Here it is very sickening, for you can hardly move in the direction

of the burial-ground without meeting three or four funerals. Notwithstanding, I am as well as ever : I take lots of exercise, and have a swim in the Gumti every evening."

"*Camp Nawabganj, Aug. 4.*—As you say you do not wish me to go into the bank, I shall neither say nor think any more about it. I must therefore think of going in for an appointment, and to do this must pass ; for though passing does not seem necessary now, when the air begins to clear a little more, no doubt one will be expected to. I would like to get into an irregular cavalry regiment. One has more chances of distinction than in any other branch, and besides, my inclinations lean more to the rough-and-ready than to the martinet side of soldiers. It seems to me that the great generals of the parade-ground do not come out quite so strong as might have been expected from the way in which they lay down the law. I don't by any means despise or ignore the necessity of drill, but the tricks of the barrack-square don't make a general.

"For instance, poor Hodson, who belonged to the company of this regiment which I am now in (a company which, under its gallant leader, Tommy Butler, has proved itself second to none in the Mutiny), was not one of the tricksters of the parade-ground, but a born leader of men. I overheard a rather amusing conversation between two men of my company one day when Hodson was passing with his regiment, which is to the point. 'I say, Bill, d'ye reckon

'Odson? Well, 'e 'ad no more idea of telling off a company than 'e 'ad o' flying.' 'Oh yes,' answered Bill; 'but he's a good 'un. I don't believe that chap could walk his 'oss. He's always a gallerping.' 'Yes,' said the other; 'that's just where it is. 'E could 'a told off a company well enough if he'd liked, but it was too slow like for 'im. What he wanted was to be on 'is 'oss again and into them niggers.'

"The martinet school goes too much by rule for me; a man has not a chance of showing what is in him if his every action is to be regulated by rules. I confess I have not got an eye for the *minutiae* which delight some men. I think it is quite enough if a man's arms and accoutrements are clean and in serviceable order; but having every buckle so that you can see your face in it won't make him fight more pluckily or more intelligently for these reasons.

"I have been trying to get away from this regiment, but have not succeeded. Directly the cold weather comes I shall apply again for an irregular cavalry regiment, as I am determined that if I can distinguish myself, I will do so. As yet I am in capital health, and I am not likely to get worse in the cold weather, so I shall have no excuse for not volunteering for everything.

"I met Simon Martin the other day, who knew Edward in the Residency, and said that, seedy as he was, he used to crawl up to the outposts to try and do what he could to help. I don't believe there was

a finer or more noble-hearted young fellow anywhere than Edward.

“The other day, when riding into Lucknow from here, I saw some of the enemy’s cavalry hovering about three miles off. Perhaps, as I was dressed in *khakee*, they did not see me; however, if they had come, I could have given them their fill, as I had two revolvers, but Pandies are not fond of close quarters. I am very fond of riding. You will hardly believe the number of spills I get from mad attempts to jump impossible ditches; but I have never been hurt yet. Poor old Murray Mackenzie was a beautiful rider; and I shall never forget the day he put me on a large kicking waler of his, and his standing by with a cheroot in his mouth prepared to enjoy my probable discomfiture.”

“*Camp Nawabganj, Aug. 8.*—I was thinking of writing to Sir John Lawrence and asking him to do something for me—to give me a ‘doing-duty’ appointment in some corps of the Panjab Cavalry, without pay, if he likes: all I want is an opportunity to distinguish myself. Give me that, and I will do my best not to disappoint you. When I get the Victoria Cross, I will send you my portrait with it on my breast.”

“*Camp Daryabad, Sept. 6.*—Ree’s ‘Siege of Lucknow’ seems to be in a great measure prejudiced. Get Anderson’s account.

“There is not the slightest trace anywhere of poor dear Edward’s grave. In addition to the fact that all

who died in one day were buried together, the rebels tore the graves up after the evacuation. . . .

“There are several immense jungles in Oudh, and each of them has got one or two forts in them. I have found out three different forts here—those of Byrampur, Harinarapur, and Banda-Serai—and I have told Major —— of them, but he won’t take any measures to blow them up and cut the jungle about them down. I hope he will find out what a humbug he is making of himself. When we leave Daryabad these three forts will be again occupied.

“I have written to Sir John Lawrence to ask him to put me into an irregular cavalry regiment, saying that I don’t wish for any extra pay, but only for an opportunity to distinguish myself. I don’t know what he will do, as I have not had an answer; perhaps he will write to ask what I mean by such a piece of presumption: if he does, I shall say that if he thinks it presumption to try and get on in the service I am sorry I wrote, but that I hope he will lay it to my youth and inexperience. . . . I have made up my mind to do my best to get the Victoria Cross. When I go out to reconnoitre the camps or positions of the enemy I never feel a bit afraid of death itself, but I do feel afraid of what may come after death. Again, although not afraid of death, I am too worldly not to regret leaving life.”

Added later on, outside sheet: “*Sept. 17.*—I have been wounded and mentioned in orders; it was a sword-cut on right side of the calf of the right leg.



It just cut the bone. My horse has been shot ; however, I shall be up and at the Pandies in a month or so—so don't be in a way. C. M. M."

In August Lieutenant MacGregor had been attached, for duty, to Hodson's Horse, and Colonel Hume, commanding at Daryabad, wrote in his despatch of September 18 as follows : "Lieutenant MacGregor, in a most gallant way, led the irregular cavalry rather lower down into the river and across, the water being well over their saddles ; the Enfield rifle doing good execution, turning the rebels out of their rifle-pits, and forcing them to take the open plain, when Lieutenant MacGregor charged them with Hodson's Horse most steadily. I regret to say that Lieutenant MacGregor, whom I appointed to command Hodson's Horse, was severely wounded whilst charging the rebels, and his horse in three places, which has since had to be destroyed. The gallant manner in which the officer behaved on this as on previous occasions when he was with Hodson's Horse, seemed to gain the entire confidence of the men, and his being wounded was a great loss. No officer could have behaved in a more gallant manner or set a better example to his men than Lieutenant MacGregor did, and the men themselves speak of his bravery on the occasion. I trust that he will soon be able to resume his duties."

See also Major Hughes' letter<sup>1</sup> and Major Hume's report, published in General Orders of Commander-

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, p. 119.

in-Chief, 14th December 1858, in which particular mention is made of "Lieutenant MacGregor's gallantry, and the steady manner in which he led a cavalry charge, to which branch of the service he had then for the first time been attached."

"*Camp Daryabad, Oct. 13.*—I got a letter from Colonel Daly thanking me for having led his men so well, and offering to apply for me to do duty with his regiment; so I wrote to-day to him, thanking him, and saying I should only be too happy. The despatch will be out soon, and I will copy it and send it to you. I am not able to walk yet; but I go out in a *dhoolie* every evening, and am getting all right. The skin has grown over the wound in one or two places . . . My ambition is to write *P.S.C.*, as well as *V.C.*, after my name, foremost with my book as with my sword.

"I have been exchanged to the 68th Native Infantry, and in a few months I shall have two or three lieutenants under me, whereas in the 57th I should have had none at all.

"Hodson's Horse, which in all probability will be my regiment for some time to come, was raised by that fine fellow Hodson under the very greatest difficulties, so that, as far as drill goes, they are not much, but they fight capitally for mere levies. They are inclined to be swell, at least the officers are. The uniform is a red silk turban and *kummerbund*, a blue coat with braid, spotless leather breeches, and large top-boots; however, I don't intend to come very

swell—a cotton turban does as well as a silk one, and the old blue coat that I wore last year with the Fusiliers will do well enough.

“The troop that is at Daryabad was in a most deplorable condition, but I am getting them into a little order; and as I have come down pretty sharp on one or two men, they think me no end of a fellow, and funk me accordingly. If I wallop a man, I do it directly I find out that the offence has been committed, and after it is all over I call him to me before the troop and shake hands with him, and tell him I shall be as kind to him as ever till the next time I catch him out in anything, and then I will give him double what he got this time; and as this all takes place while I am lying in a *dhoolie*, they can't make me out, and wonder what I shall do when I get all right. I am convinced that the only way to rule soldiers is by fear and love mixed—*all* fear and *all* love is nonsense and useless.”<sup>1</sup>

“Oct. 15.—We have just received reinforcements, consisting of a wing of the 88th and two guns, as the Pandies are said to be near in great force—8000 with

<sup>1</sup> Major Butler, V.C., writes: “MacGregor had a squadron of Hodson's Horse with us in camp at Daryabad, and for some reason or other the officer commanding them was taken away, and I believe I got MacGregor appointed to the command of them. He led them most splendidly in several sharp skirmishes. He came out of one with his long boots all slashed to pieces, and his horse wounded in more than a dozen places. He had charged ahead of his men right into the thick of the enemy.” This charge seems to have taken place at Bamuri Ghat (*Bahram Ghat?*) or Partabpur, near Daryabad, as MacGregor alludes to the affair indifferently under each of these names.

three guns—and our commander consequently feels proportionately uncomfortable. His name is Major Hon. J. J. Bourke,<sup>1</sup> and I do hope he is a good man.

“ At Partabpur, the other day, all the orders given to me were to cross the Nadi; for the rest I was left to myself, and so did what I liked. I kept round the flanks of the enemy, intending to wait till the infantry had broken their formation and then to go into them; but what was my surprise to find that no infantry came, so all my plans about charging the enemy when broken were frustrated. (I afterwards heard that the commanding officer had no intention of crossing the infantry at all.) As it was, the Pandies, seeing that no infantry crossed, began to get cheeky and advanced against me. I had no choice but either to retreat towards the Nadi or charge them, so I formed line and charged and got wounded. I had twelve men and ten horses killed and wounded out of sixty.

“ I have an awful swell in my squadron. He is a *dafadar*, and is remarkably good-looking; he rides a splendid horse with English officer's appointments, and, contrary to the general rule, he is a very plucky man. At my charge at Partabpur he had three horses shot under him. Partabpur was my first trial of a cavalry charge, and, as I thought, it was one of the most exciting things in the world. After I gave the word *Charge!* I forgot everything, except

<sup>1</sup> A brother of Lord Mayo, afterwards Viceroy of India.

that there was a slashing, digging, and yelling for a few minutes, and then I found myself with a cut across the leg, and my horse with three. . . .

“From every account that I read of, either the Peninsula war or Sikh war, I feel how small, how childish, have been our fights when compared to them. . . . As my swell *dafadar* said to me, when I was trying to give him some idea of Waterloo—‘Ah, *sahib!* that was the fight of kings; our fights are those of slaves!’”

“Oct. 15.—There are three officers commanding the different regiments of Hodson’s Horse: their names are, Major Sarel of the 17th Lancers, Captain Palliser, 63d Native Infantry, and Major Sir H. Havelock, 18th Royal Irish. Colonel Daly of the Bombay Fusiliers commands the whole. Although the regiment was only raised after the Mutiny broke out, there is scarcely an action which has been fought on the Bengal side that Hodson’s Horse has not been at, and a good many gallant fellows have won their laurels with them—Hodson, Macdowell, the two Goughs, Baker, Mecham, &c., &c. Our Lucknow prize-money does not seem to be forthcoming, and, to be candid, I don’t believe it will ever be so. . . . I wish they would settle us all, and give us regiments. I don’t like belonging to strange messes and book-clubs, &c.”

“*Camp Daryabad, Oct. 26.*—The order posting me to do duty with Hodson’s Horse has been sanc-

tioned,<sup>1</sup> so that I am at last free from the bother of the 1st Fusiliers, with their pipe-clay notions of discipline. . . .

“All our best men are either removed or placed so that they are of no use—witness Chamberlain, Seaton, Napier; even Outram is made a Member of Council. He is much too energetic to be in the field. Oh, for Sir Charles Napier! Jung Bahadur, as the natives called him, and with reason too. How he would have pitched into the niggers. We should have had all settled before the Mutiny had reigned a year,—there would have been camel corps, flying columns, and such cuttings-up. Chamberlain, Seaton, and Napier would have been received with open arms by him. Sind would be played over again.”

“*Fyzabad*.—I enclose Colonel Hume's despatch.<sup>2</sup> It is the first time I have been mentioned in orders; I hope it won't be the last. I am now at Fyzabad, and my leg is all well again. I only wait till I can get a horse, and then I shall try and join the 1st Regiment, which as yet is more likely to see service than the 2d. A horse is a thing almost unknown here, and although I have managed somehow to scrape the money together, I can't find a single one for sale anywhere.”

<sup>1</sup> By General Order, Commander-in-Chief, of 15th October 1858, Lieutenant C. M. MacGregor was appointed to Hodson's Horse, to date back from 17th September 1858. He had joined, however, in August.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 93.

“*Oct.*—My present commanding officer is Major Sarel of the 17th Lancers. He is a brick, and a very fine fellow. Our adjutant is the Hon. James Fraser, brother of Lord Saltoun: he is fat, very good-natured, but oh, so prosy!

“Columns have gone out to look up Mr Beni Madhu, and I hope ere long he will be disposed of, and also that I may be in at the death. The Nana is up in Bahraich direction. I would give anything to catch him while on a separate command. I warrant his last hours would be anything but pleasant.

“I am getting on in my promotion. I am now eighth lieutenant,—in a month or two I shall be seventh. If my luck keeps up I shall, at this rate, be a captain in about four years more. Wouldn't that be stunning? I shall only be twenty-two, and, having got my company, I should be eligible for brevet majorities, C.B.-ships, and all kinds of things.

“By the way, let me offer a few remarks on those same brevet majorities. Unless a man is a captain, never mind what he does, he can't get anything in the shape of brevet promotion. I give you a most glaring instance of this. There are two officers, by name Watson and Probyn: they were both at Delhi, in command of squadrons of Panjab Irregular Cavalry; both went down with Grant's column to the relief of Lucknow; both came out of Lucknow again, and were present at exactly the same actions up to the capture of Lucknow, when Probyn got leave home. Probyn went home as Brevet-Major Probyn, C.B.,

V.C., and Watson is simple Lieutenant Watson, V.C. Watson's merit was allowed to be fully equal to that of Probyn, both by the Chief and by the army; still, because he was a subaltern, he has got nothing. They were both of them lieutenants at Delhi. There have been some little skirmishes lately. Brigadier Troup (of the 68th) took twelve guns the other day, and at Daryabad they took five—of course, as usual, they were deserted. . . . I have got a galloway—the nearest approach to a horse that I can get—but it is such a thorough-going 'bad un,' that it is of little or no use on parade. I have had it now three days, and I have been thrown twice, and expect to be pipped a good many times more before I have done. However, there is nothing like it to teach one to ride. I thought I could ride most horses, but this little beast is at present completely my master. He has got a knack of walking on his hind legs, and all of a sudden whirling round with you like a peg-top. I must learn Mr Rarey's dodge.

“ We had the Queen's proclamation<sup>1</sup> read out here the other day, and, will you believe it? it promises amnesty to all who will return to their homes before January next. Oh the folly of granting an amnesty before they have received a good lesson at

<sup>1</sup> The famous proclamation of Lord Canning to the landowners of Oudh, offering full and immediate restitution to all who should by a certain date present themselves and tender submission, excepting always those who had been concerned in the murder of British subjects. This proclamation answered its object, although it was disapproved by many in India.—See 'Men and Events of my Time in India,' by Sir R. Temple, p. 172.



our hands! However, when a second slaughter of helpless women and children takes place they will open their eyes.”

“*Camp Bunkasia, Dec. 7* (about thirty miles north of Fyzabad, with Sir Hope Grant’s force).—It is now three or four months since I wrote to Sir John Lawrence, and I have received no answer, so that I fancy your first supposition is right—namely, that his rise gives the desire to recollect differences in an unfriendly way. However, I am glad that I asked him in the manner I did. . . .

“I am now with Sir Hope Grant’s column, in Hodson’s Horse, and since we crossed the Gogra, we have come across the Pandies twice—once at Wazirganj, where, if they had let us loose, we might have cut up a good many; and once at Machhligaon, where it was all jungle, and consequently impossible for cavalry to act, so we had nothing to do.

“We are now at Sekrora,<sup>1</sup> about thirteen miles from Bahram Ghat, where Lord Clyde is, with a force, waiting till he can make a bridge across the Gogra.

“Every prisoner that is taken now is let off, whether he is a sepoy or not. The reason of this is, I believe, because the people will not put any faith in the proclamation, but think it is all a trap, so that every sepoy that is caught is sent off with half-a-dozen copies of the proclamation with him. However, I am glad to say this absurd policy is to be put

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* ‘Incidents in the Sepoy War,’ by Sir Hope Grant (Blackwood, 1873), p. 315.

an end to on the 1st of January 1859, when I hope all found with arms in their hands will be summarily dealt with.

“ My brother officers in Hodson’s Horse are Lieutenant-Colonel Daly, Major Sarel, Lieutenants Hon. J. Fraser and Warde, and Dr Wethered. Daly I cannot make out at all. Sarel is a very nice fellow, and so are the other three. There is one good thing in being with Grant—viz., that he is always ready to mention you if you do anything—in fact, I think he’s almost too much so.”

“ *Camp Lalpur* (ten miles to the west of Tulsipur), *Jan.*—On the 5th we took fifteen guns from the Pandies ; but, can you believe it ? without firing a single shot, notwithstanding that every advantage of position and numbers was on their side !

“ I get on very well with Colonel Daly now, and I think he begins to like me. If it was not for my temper, I would get on well with every one ; but I cannot curb my temper as I would : it will break out every now and then, and get me into trouble. I now do a good deal of writing for Daly, as the adjutant of the regiment is such an awfully lazy fellow. I don’t perhaps get much for it now, but it all goes down to my account afterwards. Daly always sends me on all the patrols, and I have been lucky enough to bring in, on every occasion I have gone, very good information.

“ All the officers of the irregular cavalry do a thing which seems to me anything but right : they

wear steel gauntlets, and steel down their arms and legs. Now I should say that officers already have advantage enough over their enemies without resorting to armour. They have good horses, good swords, and a revolver, whereas the Pandies have only a *tulwar*, or at most a *tulwar* and matchlock ; besides, their own *sowars* must think it so strange—they see their officers go into action covered with chain-armour, when they have nothing but their *tulwars*. What can their thoughts be ? . . .

“ There is something cheering in the thought that I am no longer a burden to you. Not only no burden, but, as you said in one of your letters, you are proud of me. Since beginning the above, it has pleased the great soldier at our head to issue an order declaring that rebellion is trod out in Oudh, and that peace reigns. All I can say to his lordship is, ‘ I would like to see you go to the Rapti valley alone ! ’

“ Colonel Daly and I are great friends now, and I am happy to see that I have won his good opinions, as he is thought a good deal of at headquarters, and consequently it is just as well to have him on your side as not. Biddulph (who is General Grant’s adjutant-general) wrote to Daly to ask if I would take charge of the treasure-chest of the force here, and Daly answered : ‘ All right about MacGregor ; he’ll take it ; and I am glad you offered it to him, as he has done good service, and is always ready and willing to make himself useful.’ We have got Sir Henry

Havelock (son of the general) here as commandant. He is a good fellow."

"*Camp Bhinga, Feb. 13.*—You don't seem to have the slip cut off a newspaper which contained the despatch of the affair at Bahram Ghat. Since I last wrote, peace has been proclaimed, and most of the troops have been sent to quarters far distant from the seat of war. Carriage has been ordered to be suspended by all troops except those who are to remain Trans-Gogra. The consequence of all of which will be that, as soon as the hot weather returns, the Nana will make his appearance again; and although he will never give any cause for alarm, he will serve to hold the band of cut-throats and thieves together in one of our districts, who will plunder the *ryots* and otherwise amuse themselves till the approach of some column, when they will all miraculously disappear. Columns will have to go, as the police are nothing but a name; and the rebels, cowards as they are, would soon send the whole ten battalions to the right about.

"Colonel Daly called me into his tent this morning, and said that Government had sanctioned a 'doing-duty' officer with every cavalry regiment, and that consequently I was all right. This shows that he intends to keep me in the regiment, so that I hope soon to become an adjutant. . . .

"I am pretty certain that if Daly lives we shall see him Sir Henry Daly before long. He has struck me more than any one I have met with the idea of

a future great man. We have a good many parades now, as the regiment has had no drill since it was raised."

"*Camp Tulsipur, April 20.* — I have been appointed acting adjutant of the 1st Regiment Hodson's Horse, and I have had to bring up a lot of work to date, as it was neglected by our former adjutant. The adjutancy is vacant, and if Colonel Daly can get it for me he will. He told Anderson, our brigade-major, that he would apply for me, and when I went into his tent to thank him, he said: 'Don't thank me, thank yourself. I tell you, when you first came I didn't think much of you; but now I don't know any one I would sooner have for an adjutant, and there is no one I would sooner have by me in a hard day's work than yourself, young fellow.' He then said that if he couldn't get the adjutancy of the 1st for me, I should have the first vacancy it was in his power to fill up.<sup>1</sup>

"On the 31st March we had a fight with the rebels under Gunga Sinh, who was a *subahdar* in

<sup>1</sup> Extract from letter by Colonel Daly, C.B., commanding the brigade (three regiments) of Hodson's Horse: "My view of MacGregor is, that his character is such that he has it in him to win the purest Victoria Cross that can be won, and should be inclined to say, from all I have heard, that at Daryabad (before I saw him) his conduct was most gallant, most distinguished, and, probably, thoroughly entitled him to the Victoria Cross. I was not there; but from what I heard of his bearing from some of my native officers and men, I resolved to get him attached to the corps, and many times—ay, scores of times—I selected him for reconnaissance requiring *nerve* and judgment, and took him to Sir Hope Grant and introduced him as one who had performed these duties, and I wrote to General Mansfield testifying to the same effect."

poor Edward's regiment. The 1st Sikh Infantry was sent out to the edge of the jungle as a kind of outpost, and the rebels came on, some thousands strong, and kept a fire on them till we came at a gallop from Tulsipur, and then they began to make off. I was with the advanced-guard of about fifty *sowars*, and off I set as hard as I could split to try and head them and get them away from the jungle. I succeeded in turning them; but they only went into jungle lower down, so I charged them and just got through the rear of the main body before they disappeared in the jungle. I got two elephants, and killed about thirty of them in the charge. The loss on our side was about fifty killed and wounded, but most of them were in the 1st Sikhs. Out of fifty men with me one was killed and nine wounded, and eleven horses wounded. I don't know whether I am mentioned in Brigadier Horsford's despatch, but I think I am; however, time will show."<sup>1</sup>

"*April 20.*—I have got two steps, and I am now sixth lieutenant. I hope this luck will continue. There is some talk about amalgamating the two services, and they will probably introduce the purchase system into our service.

"I have written some letters to the 'Delhi Gazette' on Irregular Cavalry. The first has appeared. When I have finished, I will send all of them to you. I go on the tack that an irregular ought to be for work and not for look, and would like to discard every-

<sup>1</sup> This action was at Jarwa Ghat. See Appendix, p. 120.

thing that is merely ornamental. I have been for the last three months in charge of the military chest with the Trans-Gogra force, and the staff allowance for it is 250 rupees a-month—not bad, eh?

“There are lots of wild boar here, and we go out very often pig-sticking. I am very fond of it, and am getting rather a dab at it.”

“*Camp Gonda, May 11.*—I marched here from Tulsipur under the command of Lieutenant Bethune of the Royal Artillery. On the way he lost as splendid a chance of distinguishing and making himself as ever man did. Just as we arrived at Maharajganj the *thanahdar* came to say that there were about 200 rebels looting a village close by, so I set off with my men (120 in number) to try and account for them. I galloped as hard as I could, and the first thing I saw of the rebels was in the Balrampur jungle. There were upwards of 2000 of them instead of 200, and as they were in the jungle—and cavalry are useless in jungle—I drew up just out of fire, and sent back a man to tell Bethune to bring up his two guns and the infantry. Presently the Pandies began to make off, and in ten minutes or so were no longer visible, so I went with four or five men to the edge of the jungle, and as I heard or saw nothing, I ventured to enter. After going twenty yards, we came on a good open road. . . . I brought up my detachment at a gallop through the jungle, and came up with the rebels about two miles ahead. They were still in the

jungle, so I merely went along with them in a parallel line, keeping out of fire. This went on for some time, so I determined to try and frighten them back, so I galloped ahead and advanced towards them at a trot; but it was no go, they merely went deeper into the jungle and kept up a desultory fire. As neither the guns nor infantry came on, I returned. I never saw them march in such dense masses, when artillery would have acted with such fearful effect. . . .

“The real reason why Bethune did not come on was that he feared responsibility. Never mind, he won’t get the chance again, I know. I had one man shot through the chest, and I myself got a spent bullet in the thigh. [MacGregor’s second wound.]

“You will have heard ere this that Tantia Topi has been caught and hung. He is the only man amongst the rebels I feel for. He has done well, and has beaten all our generals in Central India. There were nine columns after him, and they would not have caught him yet if it had not been for the treachery of Man Sinh.

“The Nana, Bala Rao, Khan Bahadur, Gunga Sinh, the Begum, Mahmoud Khan, are all yet uncaught, and, as far as I can foresee, likely to remain so for some time to come.

“I always said that the only way to catch these fellows is to do what they do—*i.e.*, march without tents, provisions, or any baggage, and don’t take any Europeans after them. Let some good irregular



officer be sent after them, with a force composed entirely of natives, and, if he takes no baggage, depend upon it our Sikhs, Afghans, or Ghurkhas can go anywhere, and as fast and as far as the Pandies. I am perfectly convinced that the Pandies only want pressing to give in—they will never fight. A Pandy never gets desperate.”

“*Camp Pachperi Ghat, May 27.*—Sir Hope Grant has just taken the two last guns in the hands of the rebels, and got within four miles, it is said, of the Nana. To give you some idea of the way things are going on. There are ten different columns on the banks of the Rapti, all quietly encamped there to stop the rebels if they try to cross. Ha, ha! If they *try to cross!* Why should they want to cross? There is no one driving them towards the Rapti, and they, of course, find it much better fun encamping than marching. However, it is now too late: last night was the commencement of the *Chota Bursat* (the early rains), and no troops can act now *with* baggage. We are to be kept out here during the rains, and it is my firm belief that scarce half of us will ever see the Gogra again. This is not my opinion, given recklessly, but that of every doctor I have spoken to. . . .

“We have got a new commanding officer in the place of Havelock—Colquhoun Grant of the Bays (ain’t we aristocratic?) He is a good-natured fellow, but, thanks to his constitution, will not stay long. Meanwhile I have to do the whole work of

the regiment, as Grant sleeps all day and lets me do as I like, so that I virtually command the corps.

“Now I don’t like this sort of thing, although it is very jolly being totally independent. I would far sooner see some fine bold energetic fellow at our head. To-morrow is the 28th; and as it is the day on which Hodson’s Horse was raised in 1857, I give a dinner to the whole regiment. Now, don’t be alarmed, and think that I am running into extravagance. A native dinner is not a formidable affair, whether you look at it on the table or at the paying time. I enclose a list of the books I want. I don’t mean them to be given to me, but only that you should pay now and I pay after,—I insist on this. They are all good books on India.

“I am under physic now, but merely as a precautionary measure; when the rains really commence, I shall take four or five grains of quinine every morning.”

“*Fyzabad, Oct. 7.*—The adjutancy of the 1st Regiment Hodson’s Horse has been given to a young fellow by the name of Dayrell; but I have been acting second in command ever since the 20th June, and from the 1st September till the 26th September I was acting commandant.

“We have got a new commandant named Caulfield, who was with me in the 1st Fusiliers. Hughes, our new commanding officer, is a real soldier, and cares no more for responsibility than for wiggings, if he is doing his duty. I would give anything to

go out under him. We might have a chance of getting the Nana, which is what I have been looking forward to for a long, long time ; and I know, if ever I get near him, it will not be for want of pursuing that he gets away. I will stake everything on that, and will disobey orders sooner than lose a chance of a run after the fiend.

“ If to catch the Nana is all they want, I would volunteer to-morrow to go and do it with 300 men. They would, perhaps, laugh at me ; but I know, and you know, what natives are, and what a determined man can do against them. Hodson, when the rebels were in their full strength, volunteered to go down with a force of under 1000 men and open the road to Cawnpore. Had they permitted him, the Cawnpore massacre would not have taken place ; but as it was, they thought he was mad. Give me 300 men with carbines, and let me pick them and their horses, and I would do it or get a bullet through me. I would pick the men out of the three regiments, as I know most of the good men in the brigade. I would also pick their horses, and as we have not yet got our accoutrements (and consequently some have wretched bad ones), I would also pick them ; and believe me, for work like that, I would sooner have my 300 men than 400 Europeans. All I would ask for would be one other European officer, as if I got shot natives are apt to get *ghabraed* (confused) if they have not some head to look to ; with that they are splendid.

“I am hard at work studying for the examination in November. I went down to Calcutta to pass; but before I was there six days I was ordered back, so that I had a good deal of expense for nothing. I am now fifth lieutenant, by the death of Major Barclay, so that I expect at most to be a captain in five years more, which will make me eight years' service and twenty-four years of age—which, taking it all in all, is very good luck.

“Fancy, little more than a year ago I was fretting and fuming at the bullying I met with in the 1st Fusiliers, and wishing to go. Now, give me £500 a-year, and I would tell you I would rather stay and take my chance of being ‘Sir Charles’ some of these days. However, I have the pleasure of knowing that, whatever I am, it is not owing to head-quarter interest, and that the only interest I have—viz., Daly and Hughes—is owing to my own exertions. . . .

“I am very likely to get the brigade-majorship of Hodson's Horse. If Anderson, the present incumbent, goes, I am pretty sure to succeed him. He wants me to do so, and Hughes also, so that I have a very good chance. I would sooner be brigade-major than second in command for the position. A few years of that would give me a regiment, to say nothing of being constantly associated with such a clipping soldier as Hughes. . . .

“My idea of a uniform for India is *khakee*—i.e., dust-colour. There is nothing like it; and when I

get a regiment, I shall dress them according to the style of work they have to do.

“How are we related to Sir Malcolm MacGregor, who is the chief of the clan? We must be somehow, but I fancy rather far off. A brother of his out here has just got his brevet-majority; he is the only one on our side, besides myself, of the name. . . .

“Dr Brougham, the old doctor of the 1st Fusiliers, when I was in Calcutta the other day, expressed surprise that I had not been recommended for the Victoria Cross. He says he thinks that I deserved it for Bahram Ghat, if not before that. . . .

“We have got a very nice set of men in the 1st Regiment, and all who are to be enlisted in future are to be Afghans, so that we shall have a squadron of them. We have got some of the old *Gorcharas* of Runjit Sinh’s time—the fellows that you used to hear of in the Panjab war, as playing the deuce with our dragoons. . . .

“I am doing my best to become a good swordsman and rider, and I think I am getting on very well, and fancy that if we do come across Jack Pandy again he won’t find it so easy to cut me over the leg as he did before.”

“*Camp Lotun* (Gorakpur Frontier), *Nov. 17.*—Here we are again at the old work—looking up rebels, and ready for a pounce on them whenever they are foolish enough to show themselves. . . . I have an establishment of spies, who bring me all the news of the rebels; this I retail to Colonel Brett, of

the 54th, who thinks me no end of a fellow—as he doesn't know how to set to work to get news, and is very much obliged to me for getting it for him. Besides getting intelligence, I have to look after the regiment. I have sent to find out all about Bala Rao, the Nana's brother, and have some hopes of being able to catch him. If I could do it, I should be a made man. I'll try and see if it can be done. If I do it, I am certain of a second in command, and a command in a few years, say five—fancy at twenty-four commanding a regiment!

“I have just come in from a long ride. I went to look at the country round about, so that if the rebels come I shall know the ground and be able to ‘sarcumvent ’em.’ My greatest ambition is as yet unaccomplished—namely, the Cross. A great deal goes by looks, and people think that all who get the Cross must be heroes; but I know many men who have got it for doing things that I would not mind doing half-a-dozen times. My idea is, that I ought to have got it for Daryabad.”

“*Nov. 17.*—I am going to Colonel Brett to ask him to put me in charge of the Intelligence Department. I think he will do it, as no one in camp seems to care a bit about hearing intelligence. The Nepal people are beginning to make a move towards turning the rebels out of their country, and they (the rebels) are all moving off westward towards Tulsi-pur. It is hard to say what they will do; but I think that, unless things are well arranged at Tul-

sipur, they will try and get westward into the Khairigarh jungles, which extend from the hills to the Gogra river. If they were to get there, it would be hard to turn them out without considerable loss of life. . . .

“I have not sent you my letters in the ‘Delhi Gazette’ on ‘Irregular Cavalry,’ because I left them behind at Calcutta. From what I hear people say they are generally approved, and it is curious to sit at mess and hear conversations on them. Only a few of my friends know that I wrote them. All I say about them is that they were roughly written without much thought, and only what appeared most palpable was noted. I hope at some future period to be able to enter more fully on Irregular Cavalry. -

“I intend to try and get appointed to go with the China force—there may be some fighting there, and I would like to be wherever there is anything going on. If I am spared through it all, I will take a run home and see you all. What a brown face I shall have by that time. It is pretty well already, what with the sun and exposure. I don’t fear the sun a bit. I wear a turban like the Sikhs, and a thick *kummerbund*—so that, although my face gets more burnt than with a helmet, I don’t suffer half so much from the force of the sun’s rays. You would not know me if you saw me in riding costume.”

“Nov. 19.—I have just been ordered out on out-post duty, with orders to go at the rebels wherever I find them, if they don’t lay down their arms.”

“*Pachgawa, Nov. 21.*—Here I am, arrived on command. I have my own detachment of cavalry and some infantry—so if the rebels come here we will make precious short work of them. I have orders not to cross the Nepal frontier, however, which is rather a bore; but if they come (even half-a-dozen), I will pursue right into the Nepal territory. I have a good lot of men with me—most of them wild Afghans, who talk nothing but Pushtu. I have also a few Hindustanis—men who stick to us through thick and thin, and are splendid fellows, such horsemen, and such hands with their weapons. They would take the shine out of our swell hussars and lancers in a very short time. They can start off at a gallop and pull up dead short, and take a ring off a string with their spears. What our cavalry want is practical teaching—as I said in one of my letters to the ‘*Delhi Gazette.*’ A British dragoon, from the time he is enlisted till he joins the ranks (a supposed cavalryman), has never once used his weapons at a gallop.”

“*Camp Pachgawa, Nov. 26.*—I am now reading Abbott’s ‘*Mission to Khiva.*’ It is very interesting; and I often think, while reading such books as that and ‘*Ferrier’s Caravans,*’ &c., that I should like to go to those rude people and make a kingdom of my own. I should have the kind of work I like—lots of excitement; and it would require only firmness and decision to bend them all to one’s will. Perhaps in no country in the world do men of determined



minds take the lead so quickly as in Afghanistan. Look at Dost Mahamad Khan, Yar Mahamad Khan, Fatteh Khan, Akbar Khan—all of them determined men; but all, like most Afghans, disfigured by the possession of such qualities as cruelty, avarice, and selfishness; and all of them—except the first-named, who will most probably meet a violent death—have been assassinated.

“Only fancy, when the Dost dies there will be nothing but strife; they will all fight till they have exterminated each other and exhausted the country. Fancy stepping in then and taking hold of the reins of government, and establishing one’s self securely, by a series of decisive actions, before they had recovered from their strife! It might be done; I wonder no one has ever tried it. Things more wonderful have come to pass. Hodson was just the sort of man to have done it—totally unscrupulous, and with a head to plan and a heart to perform anything. There are some who say that, if he had not got off that court of inquiry, he would have done something of the sort. He would have been worth an army to whom-ever he transferred his services.”

“*Nov. 30.*—I have just been out on a *daur*, in which I killed Murad Buksh, *subahdar* of the battery which fired on the boats at Cawnpore. By accident part of a village (Chappiah) was burnt; but the brigadier<sup>1</sup> says that he is pleased really, although

<sup>1</sup> Brigadier-General Holdich, commanding forces on the Trans-Rapti frontier.

he shall most likely have to wig me. If a man is pleased, why can't he say so? and not have any of his diplomacy, which, in my opinion, means swearing black is white in order to gain an object. Every one is pleased, but because the village was burnt I must be wiggled. It is an accident which is just as likely as not to happen to the brigadier. The whole village is composed of nothing in the world but grass and wood, which would account for it in the eyes of any sensible man. Because we are afraid of offending Jung Bahadur we must go and tell lies, for it is simply that.

“I hope, if ever I become a general, that I shall have the courage to say that black's black and white's white, and not care what his Excellency the Governor-General in Council says. All our best generals hated diplomacy.

“I have improved in riding considerably, and now I don't mind riding any horse. It is the only kind of exercise I am really fond of, and I always take plenty of it. How I would like to raise a regiment of my own, about 350 strong, which is quite enough for a cavalry regiment. By my plan I would save Government 3000 rupees a-month, or a lakh in three years, which in the present time would be acceptable. If I could get one grand chance at the rebels, in which I could cover myself and detachment with a mixture of wounds and glory, I would propose to Government as a reward that I might raise three troops of 100 each for service all over the world, and

when nothing is going on elsewhere, to be stationed on the frontiers. To show that I did not want the filthy lucre, I would ask for only 500 rupees a-month instead of 1000 rupees. I would, at the end of the year, ask for a committee to look into the affairs and prospects of the regiment, and if they did not consider the regiment likely to be one of the best in the service, I would resign. What a dreamer you must think me! To say the truth, I do dream, but my dreams are not improbable, I think. I look forward to the day when I shall get the order to raise a corps. I feel that that day will come. I expect to become a general, not of first-rate ability, because I have not that in me; but at all events celebrated, and I don't expect to be buried at home, but out here somewhere I shall be killed in action. All this may seem nonsense, but I have long thought it."

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### APPENDIX TO CHAPTER III.

#### AFFAIR AT JARWA GHAT.

EXTRACT from letter of Major M. T. Hughes, commanding Hodson's Horse, to the Adjutant-General of the Army, Headquarters, Simla :—

“CAMP GONDA, 4th June 1859.

“There is no officer now with the 1st Regiment Hodson's Horse, so intimately acquainted with the men as Lieutenant MacGregor; moreover, he has led them in action on many

occasions, and always with distinguished daring; while in Colonel Gordon's fight at Jarwa Ghat, in March last (the 31st), alluded to by Captain Grant, four rebel sepoys were slain by Lieutenant MacGregor in hand-to-hand combat."

A *résumé* of the actions in which Lieutenant MacGregor was engaged, after the fall of Delhi, may be here given from the official record of that officer's services, as it includes the names of two or three fights not mentioned in the foregoing pages:—

*Actions.*—Narnul, Ganjari, Patiali, Mainpuri, siege and capture of Lucknow, operations in Oudh, actions of Bara, Nawabganj, Daryabad, Bahram Ghat (*wounded*), passage of the Gogra river, Wazirganj, Machhligaon, Kamdakot, Maharajpur (*wounded*), Jarwa Ghat, Pachgaon. Four times mentioned in despatches, received thanks of Governor-General. (*Medal and clasp.*)

## CHAPTER IV.

## WITH FANE'S HORSE IN CHINA.

*“ Though far and near the bullets hiss,  
I've 'scaped a bloodier hour than this.”*

EVENTS WHICH LED UP TO WAR WITH CHINA—REPULSE OF ADMIRAL HOPE AT THE PEIHO—LIEUTENANT MACGREGOR APPOINTED TO FANE'S HORSE—RAISING VOLUNTEERS AND PURCHASING HORSES—INTELLIGENCE BETTER THAN BEER AND CHERROOTS—IN CAMP AT KOWLOON—A MOVE NORTHWARDS—DISEMBARKATION AT TA-LIEN-WAN—LANDING AT PEHTANG—SPOILING FOR A FIGHT—BATTLE OF SINHO—STIRLING'S GUNS IN DANGER—CHARGE OF SIKH SOWARS UNDER MACGREGOR—THE TARTARS PUT TO FLIGHT—SEVERELY WOUNDED—AN EVENTFUL BIRTHDAY—ON A HOSPITAL-SHIP—CAPTURE OF THE PEIHO FORTS—ADVANCE TO TIENTSIN—REMARKS ON TARTAR CAVALRY—THE ARMY MOVED TOWARDS PEKIN—TREACHERY AT TUNGCHOW—FIGHT AT CHANG-KIA-WANG—SACK OF THE SUMMER PALACE—A ROW WITH FANE—SURRENDER OF THE ANTING GATE—END OF THE CAMPAIGN—RETURN TO INDIA.

THE treaty with China, which had been signed by Lord Elgin and the Chinese Commissioners at Tientsin in June 1858, contained a clause providing for its ratification at Peking within a year; and accordingly, Mr Bruce was directed to proceed thither as

envoy, in March 1859, in company with M. de Bourbolon, the representative of the Emperor Napoleon.

On the 20th June 1859, the English and French envoys, on arrival at the entrance of the Peiho, in Admiral Hope's squadron, found the river-mouth barricaded against them, the defences of the Taku Forts increased, and the tone of the Chinese officials most arrogant and uncompromising.

Under these circumstances, Admiral Hope determined to clear the way; but upon his blue-jackets attempting to remove the booms and obstructions on the 25th June, the forts opened fire upon the English gunboats, four of which got on shore and were disabled. An attempt was then made to storm the forts, which proved an utter failure, the admiral himself being wounded, as was also the commander of a French ship in his company.

The allied envoys were forced to retire to Shanghai with their disabled vessels, whilst nearly 450 of all ranks were killed and wounded in this disastrous repulse. The English and French Governments therefore determined to send back Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, backed by a formidable expedition of combined forces, of all arms, naval and land, under General de Montauban and General Sir Hope Grant, to obtain redress, within the walls of Peking if necessary. The fleet was strengthened by despatching vessels and gunboats from England, Admiral Jones being appointed second in command to Admiral

Hope, whilst the expeditionary force was organised in India with reinforcements sent from home and the Cape.

The despatch of this expedition was the main feature of the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament in January 1860. Lieutenant MacGregor's letters commence at this period.

“*Camp Fyzabad, Jan.*—Now for the grand news. To-day I sent in my name as a volunteer for service in China in the irregular cavalry. Colonel Hughes, who has just left us, and is in the head-quarter camp, wrote to me and advised me to send in my name sharp. He is my only hope, and I am not at all sanguine. . . . Go to China I will, if it possibly can be done. If they will not let me go in the cavalry I will go in the infantry, and when once there, I'll manage somehow to get in the cavalry. I got into it and on in it through my own exertions before, and I really do not see why I should not do so again.

“At present we hear that four troops of irregular cavalry are to go under Captain Fane (a splendid officer), and there is to be one second in command, one adjutant, and two officers per troop. They are all to be picked men, and the officers are to have some knowledge of irregular cavalry, and to be young. Now, although I say it, I think that I know as much about the interior economy and system of irregular cavalry as any one of my standing, and I know no one of ditto who has got more

*kudos* than I ; alas ! it is only *kudos*, for even to this day I have not been confirmed in anything.

“Once in China, if they only fight, I shall have another chance of the Victoria Cross. Fancy Lieutenant MacGregor, V.C. ! You can form no idea, and I cannot describe to you, how I look forward to the day when I shall see my name in orders for the Victoria Cross. I am ambitious, there is no doubt. I do look forward and expect (if not laid low) to become a successful general. But I declare to you that I would gladly lose a leg or an arm, and with it all chance of any further distinction, if by so doing I could secure to myself the Victoria Cross.

“If my application is successful, I only look to a ‘doing-duty’ appointment ; but Fane is an old adjutant of Colonel Hughes, and I would act on any suggestion from the latter.

“I enclose my letter on ‘Irregular Cavalry.’ In some particulars my ideas have changed, but none of them materially, so that you will know what my opinions are.

“I am preparing everything in case of being ordered to China, and shall take only the smallest quantity imaginable—two mule-loads—no more. I have invented a camp-bed, and am having it made up here by a *mistri*. It is slight, simple, and strong. When it is made I propose trying my hand on a chair, table, &c. Shall I take out a patent ? ‘MacGregor’s patent Self-Collapsing Bedstead,’ &c.—eh ?



“I was thinking of taking a couple of Arabs to China, but now I think that the risk is too great in the present state of my funds. Arabs I should have to pay heavily for, and if they died I should only get 500 rupees, and that only if they were killed or died from the effects of board-ship or a wound.

“I hope by the next letter I write that I shall be in orders for China. Hurrah for some more of the sword and spur!”

“*Feb. 20.*—Since I wrote last I have arrived at Cawnpore on my way to China. Fane’s Horse, with which I am doing duty, marched from this on the 8th, and I am staying behind for horses from Hapur.<sup>1</sup> I think that Fane may thank me for getting his corps together so soon. He arrived on the 15th, and I on the 18th January, and he had not a single man or horse; so I galloped from Lucknow out some sixty miles to the 3d Regiment of Hodson’s Horse (which is about to be disbanded), and got him 120 volunteers. I then went to Rai Bareli, to a wing of the 1st Regiment, and picked him out fifty more—making a total of 170 *sowars*, or the best part of his corps, which consists of 300 *sowars*. However, all I got for this was—‘Thank you, old fellow; you’re a brick.’ It is very strange no one ever can make me out at first. I know well enough, notwithstanding what I’ve done for him, that Fane doesn’t think much of me. Hughes, I know, gave

<sup>1</sup> The famous *Hapur* stud, near Meerut.

me a capital character, but Fane thinks he is mistaken. I am rather amused at all this, as I know it will all come straight in the long-run. Daly at first told me I would never do for irregular cavalry. Ask him his opinion now!

“On the voyage I intend going in hard at a Chinese vocabulary, and on arrival I shall entertain one or two Chinese servants, and speak nothing but Chinese to them. Being able to speak Chinese tolerably will tell very greatly in my favour; besides, unless a cavalry officer can speak the language of the country he is serving in, he can be of little use in patrol and reconnaissances; therefore, if I study hard I shall most probably be employed in these kind of services in preference to others, and it is these separate commands that make you known. Hodson’s great point was ‘Intelligence’; and I shall spend my extra cash in an ‘Intelligence Department’ of my own, instead of in beer and cheroots.

“Another great thing is to be well mounted; if you are, you can volunteer for bits of service that you could not otherwise be able to; you then get a reputation of being made of iron. People see a man always in the saddle, galloping here and there, and instead of thinking ‘How capitally mounted he is!’ they think ‘How indefatigable he is!’ If they were only to try, they would not find riding a hundred miles half so fatiguing as they fancy. Yes! mark my words; you will yet hear of the ‘indefatigable

Lieutenant MacGregor' in one of Sir Hope Grant's despatches.

"Another thing is, I have noticed Fane is a lazy fellow, and likes other people to do things for him. I like this, and always offer to do everything, never mind how fatiguing it is. Hope Johnstone, the second in command, is an immense man, too heavy to be much of a cavalry officer.

"I have a fair chance of pushing myself forward, for the men (170 of them) know me better than any one else in the regiment, and fifty of them are those whom I have been with for two years, and who would go anywhere with me. We have mutual confidence in each other. They have seen me in action more than once, and I them. This is a great thing. They are plucky fellows; but natives don't care to go *muckers* with men they know nothing of.

"I suppose there will be an interchange of medals similar to the Crimea; I therefore stand a chance of getting the Legion of Honour. If I get the Victoria Cross, I am certain of it. Medals are great nonsense, but they often tell in your favour. With some big-wigs a good row of medals raises you several degrees in their estimation. Send me out a pair of skates—my foot is ten inches. Direct them to Hong-Kong, care of the bank agent. In the north of China there is lots of ice, I believe."

"*Camp Raniganj, March 14.* — Since I last wrote, we have marched from Cawnpore to this place, some 600 miles, on our road to China. I am

now simply 'doing duty,' but I have some slight chance of the adjutancy, as our second in command (Hope Johnstone) will not be able to come with us on account of severe injuries received out pig-sticking. The consequence of this will be, that the adjutant will be promoted to second in command, and one of the 'doing-duty *walas*' to the adjutancy. The only question is, Will that be me? I intend putting in my claim to it.

"We have had rather a serious bout of cholera—seventy men out of 350 have had it, and of these about twenty died in twenty-four hours. One of the finest native officers in the regiment died. However, now we are free from it. You may talk of the horrors of war, but cholera beats them all. If there were seventy casualties in battle, we should be praised to the skies, but 500 cases of cholera excite little attention."

"*Kowloon* (on the mainland opposite Hong-Kong), May 10.—I arrived here on the 22d of last month. The ship<sup>1</sup> in which I commanded was the only one of the whole force which did not lose any horses; others lost five, six, even seven. We proceed north in a few days, when it is said that there will be a grand smash, as the Johnnies have marched with an immense force to drive the barbarians back into the sea directly they presume to set foot on Celestial soil.

"Our camp here is the most extraordinary one I

<sup>1</sup> The Vortigern.

have seen, and resembles, I am told, the camp at Sebastopol. We are all perched on hills wherever any open spot presents itself. The fore legs of our horses, when we first landed, were on the top of a hill, and the hind legs in a ravine. The run ashore has done them a great deal of good, though the *Royal Commissariat* are counteracting the good effects as fast as they can, by feeding our horses on paddy-straw, decomposed by the sun and rain into something like dung.

“A General Order the other day announced that the services of the Bengal Commissariat would be no longer required, consequently they were to proceed on the first opportunity to Calcutta. This is, in my opinion, one of the maddest steps that could have been taken; and unless the Royal Commissariat very much improve, we shall have the first winter in the Crimea business over again. Arrangements that only manage to collect one week’s supply of grain and about three of fodder, cannot be good; and officers taken from their regiments plump and put into the Commissariat, and told to find food for 15,000 men and 1500 horses, cannot do it. It is not their fault: they do their best no doubt, but the authorities are in fault for choosing young and inexperienced officers before some of the best officers in the Indian Commissariat. Fitzgerald and Martineau haven’t superiors in any commissariat.

“Probyn, of whom no doubt you have heard a good deal, is commanding the other regiment of

Irregulars here. He has the advantage of Fane in having earned a name during the last war; and though five years junior to Fane in the service, he is his senior by brevet. He has also the general's confidence, and a larger and older regiment than Fane. Therefore he has the odds on his side, and ought to do more than Fane. However, we shall see. A sudden order has fixed the date of our embarkation on Monday. Some say the reason of this is, that a force of Chinamen is coming to the coast, and others that Sir H. Grant wants to go forward before Lord Elgin comes out. I care not which is the reason, as long as we get to work. One of my plans for getting on is to volunteer for the Intelligence Department; but as I have few claims to that sort of appointment, I must do something before I apply. If the Chinamen are within riding distance, I will soon do this. It would be just the appointment I would like. If I got on it, I should apply for thirty picked men as an escort and some spare horses; and I fancy I could keep the general tolerably well acquainted with what was going on, provided he would give me unlimited credit, and let me do it my own way. Hodson made his name principally as an intelligencer."

"*May 10.*—As I have not told you who my brother officers are, I proceed at once to do so. First of course comes Fane, whom I have described; the second in command is Hope Johnstone, who was Mans-

field's A.D.C. in the last war. The adjutant is Cattle, an old officer, but too fond of appearance to make anything of an Irregular. The quartermaster is Anderson, who was our brigade-major in Hodson's Horse. He is the best officer and the finest fellow I know anywhere. Luard is the senior 'doing duty'; Maclean is a fine plucky fellow, and one of the best-hearted fellows going, but he is dull. Upperton's qualities are transcendent in the choice of patent-leather boots, and his coats are beautiful. Campbell is an Old-Bailey-Guardite. Fitzgerald is the hardest working fellow in the corps; he is an excellent warm-hearted fellow, and is related to *the* Fitzgerald of the Sind Camel Corps. Drake was our 'doing-duty' *wala* in the 1st Hodson's Horse: he is a young cub at present; but having a deal of good in him, only wants whipping to make him bright. Carnac is a nice gentlemanly boy. Daly, the doctor, was in my old regiment, and is a capital operator; so if I do get a bullet through my leg, you may rest assured it will be well taken off. Wallis is the junior *medico*, and is a good fellow. Field, the veterinary surgeon, is rather heavy. There you are. I come after Campbell, so that I am low down. Never mind, I was lower in Hodson's at first, and I rose higher than the lot of them, and *I'll do it again.*"

"*Hong-Kong, May 20.*—The force here is beginning to move off. General Napier and staff went the other day, and the 8th and 9th Regiments of

Panjab Infantry followed. Every day a regiment or part of one embarks; but the authorities seem in no hurry to get us off.

“Some days ago the whole force was reviewed, and though there was scarcely room for a company to march past, there was something very striking in the appearance of the troops defiling over the hilly ground. . . . Among the men-of-war in harbour now are the Chesapeake, Urgent, Sphinx, Fury, and Magicienne, besides several large French men-of-war, all of them crowded with troops. After all I had heard about the excellency of the French arrangements, I was surprised to see how they crowded their ships. . . .

“General Grant returned some days back from Shanghai, where he had been to consult with the French General.<sup>1</sup> He was present at the review, and is not changed from the unpretending man I remember him at Lucknow. He looks thinner, but not so anxious as he looked in Oudh. . . . Warm clothing has been served out with no niggard hand, and considering that less than four months ago scarcely anything was in preparation, the whole equipment of this force reflects great credit on General Napier, who had the superintendence of the greater part of the business. As you may not perhaps know what the China expeditionary force is composed of, I give you all the information I have.”

<sup>1</sup> Le General de Division, Commandant-en-Chef C. de Montauban.



[Here follows imperfect list of troops, a corrected list of which is given below.<sup>1</sup>]

“*At Sea, June 11.*—By the 1st June the whole of the China force were embarked; but, owing to the head-winds which prevailed outside, they did not fairly start till the 5th or 6th. Each steamer has three ships in tow, generally two transports and a gunboat.”

“*Ta-Lien-Wan Bay, June 18.*—We arrived here on the 14th, and H.M.S. Imperieuse, flag-ship of Admiral Jones, arrived on the 17th with Sir Robert Napier on board, and the Alfred with Sir John Michel, from Shanghai, both looking as well as ever.

<sup>1</sup> *Generals of Division.*—Sir John Michel and Sir Robert Napier.

*Brigadier-Generals.*—Colonels Sutton, Jephson, Staveley, and Reeves.

*Headquarter Staff.*—Colonel Stephenson, D.A.G.; Major Dormer, A.A.G.; Major Taylor, D.A.A.G.; Colonel K. Mackenzie, D.Q.M.G.; Colonel Ross, A.Q.M.G.; Lieut.-Colonel Garnet Wolseley, D.A.Q.M.G.; Dr Muir, P.M.O.

*Cavalry.*—1st King’s Dragoon Guards, two squadrons, under Brigadier-General Pattle; 1st Sikh Cavalry, under Major Probyn, V.C. (called Probyn’s Horse); Fane’s Horse, under Lieutenant Fane.

*Royal Artillery.*—Two batteries Armstrong guns, Major Barry’s and Major Milward’s; one ditto 6-pounder smooth-bore guns, Major Desborough’s; one 6-pounder ditto, Captain Stirling’s; one Rocket battery, Major Govan’s; one 6-pounder ditto, Major Rotton’s; Siege-train, guns of position; two batteries Madras mountain-train—the whole commanded by Brigadier Crofton, R.A.

*Royal Engineers.*—One company, Fisher’s; one company, Graham’s; half-company, and Madras Sappers, two companies, all under Lieutenant-Colonel Mann, R.E.

*Infantry.*—2d battalion 1st Royals; 1st battalion 2d Royals; 3d Buffs; 31st; 44th; 2d battalion 60th Rifles; 67th Regiment; 99th; Loodhiana Regiment; 8th, 15th, and 19th Panjab Infantry—in all, 439 officers, 13,116 men. Total, 18,555, with 1800 horses.

*Military Train and Chinese Coolie Corps.*

The bay is really most beautiful. It is almost surrounded with hills, laid out in terraces, cultivated to their very tops.

“Here and there, in the valleys and nooks and corners, are the villages, peeping out from fine clumps of trees. Notwithstanding all this, however, it does not seem to be thickly populated, and the fact of there being great scarcity of water confirms my opinion. Great efforts are being made to supply tools to the working-parties, which are sent on shore every day to dig wells.

“Some forty or fifty junks have been detained. They were making all sail towards the Gulf of Pecheli, where they would, I have no doubt, have given a very fair account of the whereabouts of the ‘barbarians’ to the Emperor.

“The rendezvous of the French troops is at Chefoo, to the west of the promontory of Shantung.”

“*June 19.*—I went to see the wells which are being dug. Two of them are in play, and the rest, about five or six in number, are progressing fast. Water is found about twelve feet from the surface. Those employed in digging are the soldiers of the 1st Division, the 2d Division being too far from the shore.

“The fleet is anchored in five lines from north to south : (1) Ships of the 1st Division ; (2) ships Royal Navy ; (3) transports Cavalry Brigade ; (4) Ditto 2d Division ; (5) ship Royal Navy. . . .

“Lord Elgin is the great bugbear of this force.

Every one dreads his coming, as every one is firmly convinced that if he does come he will come only to make terms. However, it is my opinion that he will not be able to make terms just yet. The Imperialists are by far too flushed with their late victory,<sup>1</sup> and our subsequent dilatoriness, to be in a fit state for the settlement of this difficulty. Terms made now would only give them the idea that we had had enough of it, and wanted to sheer off."

"*June 21.*—News has just come that Lord Elgin has arrived at Hong-Kong, determined to make peace."

At Hong-Kong Lord Elgin heard from Mr Bruce that the *ultimatum* which had been forwarded from England had been delivered to the Chinese Government, with the intimation that an answer was to be sent to Shanghai by an early date. Lord Elgin decided, therefore, to proceed to Shanghai, where he met Mr Bruce; and on the 5th July he sailed for Ta-lien-wan, where he arrived on the 9th July.

"*Odin Bay, Ta-lien-wan, July 11.*—By the 24th all the transports had arrived, and apparently we only waited the arrival of Lord Elgin to proceed to our destination. At the commencement of the current month we were all disembarked; the 1st Division at Victoria Bay, the 2d at Hand Bay, the artillery and cavalry at Odin Bay, all of which are

<sup>1</sup> The repulse of Admiral Hope's vessels with Mr Bruce's mission, at the mouth of the Peiho in June 1859.

inlets of the large bay of Ta-lien-wan. Just as we had settled down in our respective camps, Lord Elgin made his appearance, and after stopping a couple of days went yesterday to Chefoo, where the French are established.

“ At Victoria Bay I went to the top of the highest hills, and the other day I went to the top of Mount Samson, the highest peak near here (3000 feet), and had a capital view of the hilly country around the Gulf of Pecheli. On the 6th I took advantage of the escort of a party of officers, and went to see King-Chow, a large walled city about nine miles from Odin Bay, passing through a country which reminded me of Caithness-shire. On arrival, the walls were mounted by crowds of Tartars, but our request for permission to enter was flatly refused. Nevertheless, an inferior mandarin was sent out to give us tea and ginger. Notwithstanding the stiff nature of the soil, the whole country is most highly cultivated, whilst in the fields were numbers of oxen, ponies, and mules, occupied in ploughing, grinding corn, or drawing carts. The plough is similar to that used in India. Nearly all the people are dressed alike, in a Tartar cap of black felt, a coat of white cloth and wide loose trousers, with shoes made of cloth excepting the soles. There is some talk of leaving a force behind here. Sir R. Napier has got into bad odour with the naval authorities for opposing the organisation of a Naval Brigade. I cannot see the necessity of turning sailors into soldiers.”

“*July 25.*—The artillery were embarked on the 23d, the cavalry yesterday, and the whole of the force, including stores, will be on board this evening. We sail for the Peiho to-morrow, and will pay off old scores with interest. The mail goes in an hour or two, so there is no time for a long letter. I am all right—in capital health and spirits, and eager for a brush with the Tartars. Good-bye.”

The French at Chefoo named the 25th July as the date when they would be ready to advance; but they had had great difficulties in consequence of the non-arrival of their *matériel*, having no oriental base of operations, as the English had in Hong-Kong.

“*Off the Peiho, Aug. 4.*—We arrived some twenty miles off the mouth of the Peiho on the 28th, and stayed there until the 30th, when part of the force moved in to within six miles of the land off Pehtang, and on the 31st the whole force moved. Ere I write again I shall be out of my teens, only eight days more—a short time, but one that is likely to be an eventful one. I write to-night, as we may land to-morrow, and there would be no saying when you could hear again from me.

“The infantry and artillery have landed and taken possession of the forts,<sup>1</sup> with no loss; but yesterday the Chinamen came down and attacked us, and we

<sup>1</sup> The original plan of operation had been that the English should land at Pehtang, about eight miles north of the Peiho, while the French were to land some twelve miles south of that river, and effect a simultaneous advance on the Taku Forts. The French, however, decided it was impossible to effect a landing to the south.

drove them off with small loss—Major Greathed of the Bengal Engineers wounded, one French officer killed, one French general and several officers wounded. We know nothing more out here as yet. Part of our regiment landed to-day, and although there is no order, we are likely to go to-morrow. We land with three days' provisions and our great-coats, so that I hope we shall see some real campaigning. I am better mounted than any officer in the regiment, and have got good arms, so don't be in a way about me."

"*Pehtang*, Aug. 8.—The disembarked force, destined to secure a landing-place on the 1st, consisted of about 6000 men, half English and half French. The English force was the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, commanded by Brigadier Sutton, and consisting of the 2d Royals, 60th Rifles, and 15th Panjab Infantry, without guns. The landing was made without molestation on the south side of the Pehtang, between the town and the fortified camp of the Tartars. The force marched up within shot of the Pehtang Forts, and passed the night drawn up in columns of fours on a narrow road, totally exposed to the fire of the fort, which might have raked the road. They could not have formed a front to the fort on account of the boggy nature of the ground. At daybreak, on advancing, the fort was found evacuated, the inhabitants flying in all directions.

"Next morning the French made a reconnaissance, supported by Brigadier Sutton's infantry, on

the return of which pickets were thrown out and arrangements made for landing the rest of the force. This was all accomplished by the 7th, although the gunboats were few in number, and the distances very far.

“There were upwards of 3000 horses, 3000 baggage-ponies, some 15,000 men of all ranks, besides ammunition, baggage, and food for the whole force; and to do this there were some ten gunboats available, so that you can imagine the number of trips that had to be made.”

“*Aug. 8.*—The orders about marching onwards have come out. The 1st Division march along the road towards the intrenchment, heading the column—then comes a French column, and then another English. On the enemy opening fire the English are to debouch to the right of the road, and the French to the left. The cavalry have no orders, but I fancy will be sent to get round into the enemy’s left rear, and so cut them off from the Taku Fort. What appears rather absurd to me in the orders is the minuteness with which it is laid down what is to be done when the enemy opens fire, and when the fire is reduced, and when the enemy retreats—taking it for granted that the Tartars will open fire, give in, and retreat all to the minute.”

“*Aug. 9.*—A reconnoissance, consisting of cavalry and infantry, has gone out, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Garnet Wolseley, D.Q.M.G. The orders are not to fight except under very pressing

circumstances. This will be a good chance for Wolseley to improve his luck, which is the best in the army. I am glad the force is going to move out, as this place is beginning to smell very strong, and the filth might produce cholera.

“We have a fight to-morrow, and to my great vexation there is a chance of my not going. This is owing to my being so junior. Therefore I have made up my mind to get my friends at headquarters to get me something where nothing but merit will tell. *I don't care for pay—but for fame.*”<sup>1</sup>

Aug. 12.—Mr Bowlby, the ‘Times’ correspondent, thus describes the action which ensued:—

“On the 9th inst., a reconnoissance by Lieutenant-Colonel Wolseley, Captain Brabazon, Colonel Dupin, and some other officers, with a party of cavalry, was made across the mud on the right of Pehtang, up to the Tientsin road, about six miles in front. The result was satisfactory. The mud was discovered to be practicable for cavalry and artillery during dry weather, and beyond the four or five miles to which it extended was a hard plain with abundance of good water. It rained in torrents during the 10th, so it was impossible to start on the 11th, as originally intended. The weather having improved on that day, the Commanders-in-Chief determined to lose no time, and the army was ordered to march at daybreak on the 12th.

<sup>1</sup> “What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,  
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.”



“The small town of Sinho, against which operations were directed, lies on the road from Tang-kow and the northern forts to Tientsin. About seven miles south-west of Pehtang, three miles north-west of Tang-kow, and six miles north-west of the northern forts, it forms the most advanced position of the Chinese on the north bank of the river. Three intrenched camps, commanding the causeway from Pehtang, had been made towards the east of the town, the last intrenchment resting on Sinho itself. They were constructed in the usual fashion, of mud and straw, with crenelated walls and a deep ditch, and were of very recent formation.

“After the reconnoissance of the 9th, it was determined to make a double attack on this position, so as to turn the left flank of the Tartars, cut them off from the Tientsin road, and drive them into the forts in their rear. For this purpose General Napier, with the 2d Division, was to diverge to the right 300 yards from the causeway gate, and march across the mud to the Tientsin road, while the 1st Division and the French marched along the causeway and attacked the intrenchments in front. At 5 A.M. on the 12th, the division commenced defiling through the gate. First came an advanced-guard of three companies of the Buffs, with two of Captain Milward’s Armstrong guns in support; then four other Armstrongs, of Milward’s battery, the 23d company of Royal Engineers, 8th Regiment of Panjabees, 44th Regiment, Rotton’s rocket battery, Royal Marines,

Madras Sappers, and right wing of the 67th Regiment. The rear-guard was formed by the left wing of the 67th. The cavalry—King's Dragoon Guards, Probyn's Horse, and Fane's Horse, with Stirling's battery—followed soon after, and were attached to the division. On leaving the road, it became abundantly apparent that the mud was most difficult to cross. The infantry were ankle-deep, and before proceeding 200 yards all the Armstrong waggons had sunk above the axle. In vain were ropes attached, and fatigue-parties of soldiers called into requisition. All their efforts were in vain. The waggons were immovable; so the limbers, containing thirty rounds a-gun, were detached and brought on, the remainder of the waggons being left in the march, and eventually taken back to Pehtang. Meanwhile the guns themselves kept advancing through ground such as has seldom been traversed by artillery. Over and over again the horses' legs disappeared in the mud, and the carriage sank above the axle. Quick as thought the horses were unharnessed, the guns unlimbered, ropes applied to the wheels, and, with a strong pull and a pull together, the men had the guns out of the hole. Then came large ruts, or rather small trenches, over which they had to be rattled at a gallop, and then mud, marsh, and slush again. For fully five miles were the guns knocked about before reaching hard ground. Arrived on the plain, General Napier halted the division, and ordered the cavalry to advance from the town. After an

hour's halt the cavalry arrived, and the whole force advanced, right wheel, on Sinho. First came a picket of Sikhs under Major Probyn. Then two companies of the Buffs, in skirmishing order, with the Armstrongs on their left. Behind them the main column of infantry, with the cavalry on the right, up to the Tientsin road, and protecting the rear. Vedettes of Tartar horse were seen in front, flank, and rear; but they retired as the army approached, without firing a shot. After marching upwards of an hour, we arrived before Sinho, about a mile from which place General Napier halted the division. The plain extended up to the town, which was open in front. On the proper right of the Tartars were the three large intrenchments; on their left market-gardens, and a small intrenched camp on the road to the river. The possibility of their being attacked on the road from Tientsin had never occurred to them, so no preparations whatever had been made to receive us. A large body of Tartar cavalry took up position in front of the town when they saw the army approach, their line extending for about a mile and a half. General Napier's dispositions were soon made. The infantry was formed in line of contiguous columns at quarter-distance, the Buffs in advance, in skirmishing order, three Armstrongs in the centre, three more on the British left flank, the cavalry on the right, partially concealed by the Tientsin road, with Stirling's battery to cover that road. And now the Armstrongs in the centre were ordered to open

fire on the Tartar cavalry. The Tartars stood right manfully for ten minutes, when they found the place too hot for them ; so, after some wavering, they took the desperate resolution of attempting to turn both flanks of the English, and so get into their rear. A large body of Tartar cavalry rushed up the Tientsin road, while a smaller force advanced on our left. The latter were soon disposed of by the three Armstrongs. The former halted when they saw our cavalry, stood irresolute for a time, and then retreated. Captain Stirling at once brought his battery to bear, and pounded them well in flank. Just at this moment the guns of the 1st Division and the French were heard on the left, so the Armstrongs were ordered to cease firing into the intrenchments. I galloped across to Stirling's battery, and was admiring his practice, when, to the surprise of every one, a body of 80 or 90 Tartars rushed from their front to take his guns in flank. On they came, with the most wild and unearthly cries. So unexpected was this attack that Captain Stirling had barely time to fire two rounds of case, when they were within 100 yards of the guns. There was no infantry near, but a guard of twenty-five of Fane's Horse, under the command of Lieutenant MacGregor, was attached to the battery. Now was the time, now the chance to test the Sikhs against the Tartars. Without a moment's hesitation, and regardless of numbers, Lieutenant MacGregor gave the word to charge, and away went the Sikhs in most gallant style. No flinching, no

craning; every spur was well in the horse's side, when one-half the Tartars met them in full shock. The effect was instantaneous. One of the leading Sikhs ran his spear right through the body of a Mongol horseman, the head entering at his chest, and going out at his back. The spear broke in the middle: the Mongol fell to the ground spitted, and never moved a limb. Lieutenant MacGregor singled out his man, and was in the act of spearing him, when another Tartar fired his matchlock within ten yards point-blank. The slugs hit the lieutenant in five places—three lodging in the chest, two in the forehead. For a moment he was blinded by the fire, which burnt his face; but the work was done. The Tartars dispersed in every direction, the whole affair lasting little more than a minute. I am happy to say that Lieutenant MacGregor is fast recovering from his wounds, which, though severe, are not in the least dangerous. Nothing could be more gallant than his conduct, for he had no supports, and but a handful of men. The Sikhs were delighted with the result, which naturally inspired them with the greatest confidence, and proved their unquestionable superiority over the Tartar cavalry. The 1st Division and the French, who had advanced along the causeway, now commenced a tremendous fire against the more advanced intrenchment. Barry's Armstrong breech-loading guns and Desborough's and Govan's batteries, with three batteries of French rifled cannon, were in full play. The Tartars

opened a sharp and harmless fire from jingalls and matchlocks, but were driven from one intrenchment to the other by the artillery alone, no infantry having been engaged. At the end of an hour the enemy had retreated along the causeway to Tang-kow, and down to a ferry over the river. Sinho was in possession of the Allies."

One of his brother officers, who saw young MacGregor fall to the ground in the fight at Sinho, writes that, at first, they all made sure he had been killed, and one of them exclaimed, on reaching him, "Poor MacGregor's gone, I'm afraid!" whereupon the youth, desperately wounded as he was, cheerfully replied, "No! there's plenty of life in me yet." And again, when the surgeon approached to examine his wounds, which must have been very painful, "This is a nice birthday present they've given me!" he gaily cried, for it happened to be his twentieth birthday.

A day or two afterwards, whilst the disabled officer was lying *hors de combat* in his tent, there was an alarm that the enemy had attacked the camp. MacGregor, weak as he was, at once jumped up, and determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, propped himself up against the tent-pole, and, whilst he held his pistol with his left hand, strove to open his swollen eyelids with his wounded right hand in order to see the enemy. Fortunately it turned out to be a false alarm.

"Aug. 20.—Dr Wallis, our doctor, will have in-

formed you that the Tartars have done for me for some time. My wounds, making three or four in number, are as follows. In my right cheek and neck are three slight wounds from slugs; in my right shoulder are six slug wounds and one bullet ditto. Of these it is supposed that three slugs are still lodged in my shoulder.

“I am doing very well indeed, and though I shall be able to ride soon, my sword-arm will not be strong for some little time. I have no strength to record at length. Suffice it, I was on escort with twenty-five men over a battery of guns. The Tartar horse, about 150 strong, charged the guns, and I just caught them in the nick of time, at the charge, and succeeded in driving them back and saving the guns.

“In the *mêlée* which ensued, a Tartar galloped up from my left front and delivered his fire right in my face. By bobbing my head a little to the left, he missed my face, and skiffed my neck. I was totally unable to guard off his matchlock, as at the moment I had my spear through a man on my right. After I had received this last wound I was perfectly blind. At the moment it appeared to me that the whole of the side of my face was blown away; but the excitement soon passed, and I felt that if I could only see my way, I was game for any Tartar that ever stepped.

“The Commander-in-Chief came to see me, and said that ‘it was a most gallant action, and couldn’t have been done better.’ The brigadier commanding

cavalry said, 'He had heard of my gallant charge, and should not forget to mention me in his despatch.' The officer commanding the battery thanked me for my 'pluck in saving his guns.' The 'Times' correspondent is said to have witnessed it, and written about it in his letter; while men I had never seen before came in and congratulated me on what I had done.

"Strange to say, Fane was the only one who said nothing.

"The general opinion in camp is that I deserve the Cross. Whether I shall get it or not I don't know. I have neither applied nor said anything about it to any one; but several officers have said, 'Oh! you're sure to get it.' Anyhow, if I do, I deserved it more at Daryabad and Jarwa. I am afraid I have laid my heart too much on it, and that I am doomed to be disappointed. I can't write more. Don't let my mother get into a fright about me. I am all jolly, and if the Tartars will only go on fighting, I'll pay them out.—Your affectionate but (for the present) rather done-up son, CHARLIE."

It seems that General de Montauban and the French Engineer officers were strongly desirous of attacking the southern forts across the Peiho first; but Sir Hope Grant's objection overruled their project, and it was decided to capture the northern forts at Taku before commencing any operations against the more formidable works on the other side of the river. Accordingly, Sir R. Napier was intrusted



with the preliminary advances of the heavy artillery against these strongly constructed casemated forts, the approaches to which were most difficult for siege-ordnance.

By the morning of the 21st, Sir R. Napier's 10-inch mortars and heavy guns opened at 700 yards range, the field-guns being 200 yards nearer. The gunboats also threw shells into the Chinese works at long range. A heavy fire was maintained for four hours, Milward's and Govan's batteries being gradually advanced, and the siege-guns firing over the heads of the infantry, who had been advanced within 300 yards of the ditch. Two explosions occurred about 9 A.M., under cover of which pontoons were brought to the ditch, and crossings were effected by several storming-parties, who, after encountering a stubborn resistance, effected the capture of the outer fort. As soon as the Chinese saw this fort to be in the possession of the Allies, the fire from all the other forts ceased, and white flags were hoisted.

The next and larger fort was entered without opposition, and finally the southern fort surrendered, or rather was evacuated, before sunset.

These southern forts were only approachable by narrow causeways a mile long, on either side of which were extensive mud-flats impassable for infantry: they were thus secured without a shot being fired, and the whole of the Taku Forts, including 600 guns, were in the hands of the Allies during the 22d and 23d August.

Admiral Hope with his gunboat flotilla at once proceeded up the Peiho; Mr Parkes and Mr Loch being sent by Lord Elgin to accompany the admiral. The Tientsin forts were occupied by blue-jackets, and the admiral's yacht anchored off the Yamun by the evening of the 23d, with the Allied flags flying from the walls of the town of Tientsin.

On the 31st, Kweiliang, one of the commissioners who had signed the treaty, entered into negotiations with Lord Elgin, who required the following terms:—

1. An apology for the attack on the Allied forces in 1859.

2. The ratification and execution of the treaty of 1858.

3. The payment of an indemnity to the Allies for the expenses of the expedition.

The proposed convention also included a provision that a portion of the Allied forces were to advance to Tungchow, near Peking, from whence the Ambassadors, with a large military escort, might proceed to Peking to present their credentials to the Emperor.

Meantime the army steadily advanced to Tientsin, Brigadier Staveley taking possession of that town with the 1st Royals, the 67th Regiment, and a battery of artillery, a small garrison being left in the large southern fort at Taku.

“*Hospital-Ship, the Sir W. Peel* (off the Peiho), Sept. 6.—You will see, by the improvement in my handwriting, that I am getting all right. I can now sit up and write for a short time. The wounds in

my neck are very nearly closed, and my shoulder is getting on capitally. In short, I hope by about the 20th to be at work again.

“The war is all over: there will be no more fighting, and I am happy to think that I have not let the only opportunity I had pass by. I have a chance of the Cross. It stands thus. Everybody in the Cavalry Brigade thinks that I deserve it. Fane has said that if he had seen me he would recommend me at once. Now, I know who did see me, and I intend to work it all up when I get on shore. I am not too sanguine, but I say that I deserve it, and without one dissentient voice they have all declared I ought to get it for the affair of Sinho. I deserve it ten times more for Daryabad and Jarwa. If I get it, my second in command is safe, and I shall get the Legion of Honour from the French, if they give any honours to our army.

“What I now propose is this. When I am well, to go to Tientsin, and if they give me a good appointment, to stop with the force that is going to winter there; but if I can't get an appointment, to try and get to Calcutta before the regiment. On arrival there, get leave to stop and pass the languages, also send an application for a second in command—my old one in preference, backing it by the following papers: Extract of Colonel Hume's despatch; copy of Major Hughes's letter about the adjutancy; letter of thanks from Brigadier Holdich; letter of thanks from his Excellency the

Governor-General; extract of despatch of his Excellency Lieutenant-General Sir H. Grant, and of Brigadier Pattle, commanding Cavalry Brigade. If these will not do, I don't know what will. That's more than most young fellows can achieve before twenty, taking in four wounds into the bargain. If everything turns out as I hope, I shall join my regiment till the hot weather comes on, and shall then try to get leave home for fifteen months. . . .

“I cannot, of course, hope to get my book along as I had intended, still I must get through the rough of the work. My wound has thrown me back a good deal; in fact, to-day will be the first time I have looked at my manuscript.

“Every day shows me more and more how necessary some new system is in *all* our cavalry. The conduct of both Fane's and Probyn's regiments shows me that if there had been a cool and determined enemy to deal with, we should have heard of defeat instead of victory. The men went tearing like madmen all over the country. With fifty men—drilled men—I would have cut Fane's regiment to pieces, and with 200 men I should have attacked the whole brigade with confidence. As I have said, ours and Probyn's were totally disorganised; and as for the King's Dragoon Guards, I have great contempt for them: you could pick them off without scarcely losing a man. If they charged, I should dissolve: they would get out of hand, and then woe to them!

“I was much struck with the coolness of the

Tartars : they behaved with considerable pluck at first, and when they did run, though they went as fast as they could, they stopped every now and then and fired, taking considerable care in their aim.

“ Some of them, both in advancing and retiring, dismounted and fired. This is one of my ideas, and what I saw of its efficacy at Sinho makes me more than ever in its favour. I don't care who says aught to the contrary. I assert that a man cannot take proper aim on horseback : the horse may stand fire to perfection, yet the mere act of whisking off a fly deranges the aim fatally. The Tartars had no arm but their matchlocks, which were not at all formidable. Their swords are useless, mere pieces of iron, and so blunt, that though I got a fair cut over the head, it did not even cut my turban. Some few carried wretched bad spears, but all had leaded sticks, something like our life-preservers. Bows and arrows were also much in fashion ; but their arrows went with no force—a belt or a thickly padded coat completely stopping them.

“ In appearance they are very fine men, and only want good training to make excellent soldiers. They are mounted on ponies about 13.2 or 14 hands high. These appeared to be very active.<sup>1</sup>

“ The Tartar cavalry since Sinho have disappeared

<sup>1</sup> “ But spirited and docile too,  
Whate'er was to be done would do ;  
Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,  
All Tartar-like he carried him.”

altogether. No one knows where they have gone to: they seem to be regularly disheartened.<sup>1</sup>

“ Don't forget to send me the books I wanted ; you had better do so by book-post. There is one subject which I consider myself very lucky in thoroughly understanding, as it is one in which few officers have any experience. I mean the transport of horses. I have paid a good deal of attention to it, taking the opinions of various officers, and going myself to see their ships. As these have been fitted at various places, they have been fitted up in a different manner, so that I can see exactly what has been omitted in each, and can give a very tolerable opinion on the proper manner of fitting and provisioning a horse-ship. This, as it is a very important subject, will form one of my chapters. I hope to get a good deal more information in Calcutta, where horse-ships are constantly arriving from Australia. I shall also add some hints about transporting horses in railway and in boats. I have always seen horses put in and out of boats in a very slovenly manner, and I intend to propose a plan which will enable us to get horses in safe and expeditiously.”

On the 8th September Sir Hope Grant set out from Tientsin, which was garrisoned by Sir R. Napier's division, with an advanced force of 800 infantry, Fane's Horse and Dragoon Guards, Stir-

<sup>1</sup> Immense quantities of hay, collected for the use of the Tartar cavalry, were found at Sinho, sufficient to supply the Allied armies for at least six weeks.

ling's and Barry's batteries, followed by Sir John Michel's division and the French, 1200 strong. A halt was made at Ho-si-wu on the 13th. On the 17th this force marched to Matow, Lord Elgin and Baron Gros remaining at Ho-si-wu—Admiral Jones, Lord John Hay, R.N., and Mr Bowlby, 'Times' correspondent, being guests of Lord Elgin.

“*Sept.* 11.—I have arranged to go on the 15th, making very little more than one month from the date of my being hit. I believe the regiment has gone on to Peking, on Lord Elgin's escort, so that I shall have a long ride to catch them up. I want to see Peking, and arrange about this Cross business; this done, I shall try and get an opportunity by steamer to India at once.

“The hospital on board this ship is very badly managed. Attendance and superintendence is very bad. One man is told off to attend on some ten or eleven officers. He has to tie up their wounds, clean their rooms, feed them, besides anything else they may have to ask him; and the consequence is that he has so little time that nothing is done properly. The bandages are loosely tied, your room remains dirty, and you get your meals at all sorts of hours.

“The report is, that the Emperor says that he cannot pay what we want; we may do what we like,—bring up our whole army to Peking, he will not fight us, but will treat us as well as he can, and we may stop as long as we like. This shows considerable tact, and if it is true, I shall be curious to

know how Lord Elgin manages it. If the Emperor sticks to this, the only way would be to take charge of Peking and levy some tax; also, on the river, junks might be taxed, and a ransom on the city might be levied."

On the 14th, Messrs Wade and Parkes were sent by Lord Elgin to the Chinese commissioners at Tungchow, when a convention was definitely agreed upon. It was arranged that the Allied armies were to advance to within ten miles of Tungchow, where they were to remain while the Ambassadors proceeded to Peking.

"*Camp seven miles from Peking, Oct. 1.*—I arrived here on the 26th September, after a ride of about fifty miles, and I am happy to say it has done me no harm. Though my wound is not quite closed, the doctors say there is no fear of my hurting it by work.

"During my absence there have been two fights, in which the cavalry took the principal part, and though I am sorry to have lost them, I have the pleasure to know that it was not on account of any delay of mine. You may look upon me as perfectly recovered, and thank God with me that it should be so. I don't anticipate a single evil effect from the wounds—no stiffness of joint or pain; and though perhaps my face is a little scarred, I am now game for another go at the Tartars.

"We march, I believe, to-morrow towards Peking, taking up ground for our baggage, and the day after



attacking the city, which, it is said, will be well defended. The cavalry, of course, will not be able to take part in the storm, so that it will be sent across the Grand Canal to the north of the city, to prevent the escape of the Tartars.

“I must now give you some account of the events which have occurred since I left the regiment.

“First of all, they marched to Tientsin without anything of importance happening; they stopped there till the 11th, enjoying the fruit and ice immensely. As the inhabitants of Tientsin made no resistance, it was thought that the Emperor might come to terms; however, the mandarin sent to negotiate had no power to sign aught, so that it became necessary to proceed nearer the capital. Accordingly, the 1st Division and cavalry marched about the 11th, and marching slowly, reached Ho-si-wu on or about the 15th. On the 16th the march was continued to Matow, and from thence, on the 17th, Mr Parkes was sent to Tungchow (a large city ten miles from Peking and twenty-two from our camp) to arrange about Lord Elgin’s reception, he (Lord Elgin) not intending to go further if matters could be amicably arranged at this place.

“In Mr Parkes’s train was a Mr Loch, one of the *attachés* to Lord Elgin, and the following officers accompanied him out of curiosity: Colonel Walker, Q.M.G. Cavalry Brigade; Mr Thomson, Commissariat; Captain Brabazon, Q.M.G. Artillery Brigade; Mr Bowlby, ‘Times’ correspondent; and Lieutenant

Anderson of Fane's Horse, in charge of an escort of sixteen men. This party arrived at Tungchow on the 16th, and was very well treated; but on the 17th, whilst they were leaving, a French officer was set on and killed, and the rest taken prisoners. Colonel Walker and Mr Thomson, with some troopers, cut their way out and reached camp.<sup>1</sup>

“On the 18th the force marched to attack the Tartars, who had come out to Chang-kia-wang to meet us. We beat them, killed a good many, and Chang-kia-wang was looted.

“On the 21st we marched again, and met the Tartars, 30,000 strong, near Tungchow. They behaved very pluckily, charging the French guns; but after some hours' fighting they gave way, and the cavalry killed a great many.

“After the fight of the 18th, the 2d Division was ordered up, also the heavy guns: they have arrived, and we proceed to attack Peking to-morrow or next day.

[<sup>1</sup> On the 17th Lord Elgin sent Mr Parkes to make final arrangements at Tungchow; with him he despatched Mr Loch, Mr de Normann, a member of Bruce's Legation, and Mr Bowlby, with an escort of six Dragoon Guards and twenty *sowars* of Fane's Horse, under Lieutenant Anderson. Colonel Walker also went, to select ground for the encampment, and Mr Thomson, to make commissariat arrangements. Mr Loch, on observing the treacherous preparations of the Chinese troops, returned and met Sir Hope Grant, whom he informed of the dangerous situation of Parkes and his companions. He afterwards rejoined Parkes with Captain Brabazon, R.A., who was with the advanced-guard. The action commenced, and the above-named were made prisoners under the immediate orders of Sang-ko-lin-sin, the Chinese Commander-in-Chief. The story of their imprisonment, the death of some and the escape of the others, is well related by Mr Loch in his 'Narrative of Events in China' (Murray: 1869).]

“Lord Elgin previously sent word that if the prisoners were not given up in three days Peking would be burnt and looted. The three days elapsed last night, and we have heard nothing of any intention to give them up. Therefore it only remains for Lord Elgin to carry out his threat. As for poor Anderson, now he is in misfortune, I only know that I am ready and willing to do anything that would help to release him.”

“*Oct. 3.*—We march to-day close up to Peking, and to-morrow the whole of the cavalry march round to the north, so that I shall perhaps not have an opportunity of writing again for some time. I hope to get some more opportunities of adding to my name, which is already pretty good in this force. Every one thinks that I deserve the Cross—in fact, most people think I have been recommended, and I wait in hope. I shall get the Legion of Honour perhaps. If I get any loot, I will send you all home something. I have already got a beautiful dressing-gown for my father—grey satin, lined with unborn lamb’s wool, and trimmed with light-blue silk.”

“*Outside Peking, Oct. 10.*—I am all right, but am in a row with Fane, the issue of which will be I don’t know what. Don’t be alarmed: let them do what they like, they will not put me down. If I go down, Fane comes with me sooner or later.”

The Chinese, after their defeat on the 21st, retreated to Peking, and occupied a position to the east and north-east of the city. The Allies only advanced

a few miles beyond Tungchow, on the road leading to Peking, and there halted to wait for the heavy guns, supplies, and reinforcements from Tientsin. Lord Elgin saw that the prisoners' lives depended on vigorous action, and informed the mandarins that he would sign no convention except within the walls of Peking.

On the 6th October the Allies moved round the north-east angle of the Tartar city, the French, who were on the right of the line, occupying the Yuen-ming-yuen. During the 7th and 8th the army occupied a position in front of the north wall, concentrating their objective on the Anting gate, Lord Elgin insisting on Prince Kung's compliance with all his demands.

On the 9th the siege-guns and mortars were got into position by the artillery, and the Allied Commanders-in-Chief gave the Chinese authorities till noon of the 13th to decide on surrender or renewal of hostilities. On the 12th the surviving prisoners were brought in. The batteries were completed by the 13th, on which day the Anting gate was surrendered, and taken possession of by the 67th Regiment, Desborough's battery, and 8th Panjab Infantry. On the following days the bodies of De Normann, Anderson, and two Sikh *sowars*, and subsequently those of Mr Bowlby and Trooper Phipps, King's Dragoon Guards, and the other Sikhs, were brought in. Captain Brabazon and Abbé de Luc, had, it appeared, been beheaded on the 21st at Pah-li-chao.

“*Pekin, Oct. 21.*—Everything here is now in a fair way of being settled, and it is said that there is a likelihood of a great part of the force going back. The Tartars have agreed to all our terms, and are to pay up in a day or two.

“Anderson, who was taken prisoner by them, has died of starvation and ill-treatment, and was buried the other day in the Russian cemetery. Along with him lie Captain Brabazon, Mr Bowlby, and M. de Normann. There was a very large attendance of officers, and I was glad to see that the French were not behindhand: they attended in great numbers, and some in full dress.

“The family of each officer who died is to get £10,000 out of the indemnity paid by the Chinamen.

“The other day the Cavalry Brigade and one of infantry went and burnt all the palaces and public places of the Emperor within reach of Peking. While doing this we got a little loot, which will enable me to come home more comfortably. I have not very good news about the Cross for you, though every one in camp thinks I deserve it. The solid truth is that, of those who saw me, one is afraid and the other frightened to take upon themselves the responsibility of recommending me. Meanwhile I can hardly tell you how much I feel losing this again.”

“*Yung-Tsin, Nov. 15.*—The force to stop at Tientsin during the winter is the 31st, 60th, 67th, Fane's Horse, and Desborough's and Govan's batteries: the rest all go to India or England, except

one or two regiments, which go to Hong-Kong and Shanghai.”

On the 18th Sir John Michel's division moved into Yuen-ming-yuen, the buildings and palaces of which it had been determined to burn as a punishment on the Emperor for the violation of his word and the act of treachery to a flag of truce. The money found in the Treasury was taken possession of by the prize-agents for distribution among the troops. All loot taken before the 18th had to be handed over to appointed officers, and was sold by auction, the proceeds going to a general fund. During the whole of the 19th the Summer Palace buildings were burning, the volumes of smoke being swept by the wind over Peking.

The Chinese army, on the advance of the Allies to the north of the city, retired to the west, and subsequently to a greater distance. Reconnaissances made by Fane's and Probyn's Horse fell in with the advanced pickets, which fell back, and no fighting took place.

The necessity of an early retirement to winter quarters at Tientsin induced an early date being fixed for the signature of the convention and the ratification of the 1858 treaty. This was carried out with imposing ceremony on the 24th, in the Imperial Hall of Ceremonies, by Lord Elgin and Prince Kung, in presence of the chief officials of the State. The French convention was signed the following day. Mr Loch, in charge of the treaty and convention,

reached England at the end of December. The war was now at an end, and Major Anson and Colonel Greathed took home despatches from Sir Hope Grant and Sir Robert Napier.

“As Fane is going to stop here, and I don't like cold, and there is no chance of any more fighting, I have resigned my appointment, and am going back to India in charge of invalids. I don't know what vessel I go in as yet, but I daresay it will be in one of Probyn's ships. I'll bet it will turn out all for the best: my luck has not been so good just of late, but it will turn soon. I have great faith in the fickle jade, if you stick to your work.”

“*Hong-Kong, Dec. 15.*—I have arrived at Hong-Kong in the *Mathilda Atheling*, having left Fane's Horse for good. To-morrow we start again for India, where we shall arrive about the 20th of January 1861—a year which, I trust, may be fuller of happier times than '60 has been. It began with me full of hopes of doing good service in a splendid regiment, but soon did I find out my mistake. . . . A gleam of sunshine broke upon me when I was wounded; but it was damped by what occurred in the beginning of October, so on the first opportunity I left the corps.”

“The wars are all over,  
Our swords are all idle,  
The steed bites the bridle,  
The casque's on the wall.”

Lord Herbert, when he moved a vote of thanks to

“Her Majesty’s forces engaged in China” in the House of Lords, in the course of his speech said: “The first engagement which then took place exerted considerable influence upon the after-part of the campaign. Sir R. Napier states that the enemy’s cavalry nearly surrounded the whole of his force, in skirmishing order. Their number was very large, and the Tartar horsemen showed not the slightest fear or hesitation in meeting our troops. One body of cavalry galloped close up to a half-battery of our guns, which was protected only by an escort of thirty of Fane’s Horse. This escort was almost overwhelmed by the numbers opposed to it; but Lieutenant MacGregor, who was in command, undismayed by the disparity of numbers, charged with his men with such a will that he broke quite through the Tartar ranks and scattered them most effectually. This was an important achievement. The Chinese cavalry were numerically vastly superior to our own, and it was important to solve the problem whether the Sikh horsemen could cope with them under such circumstances. Lieutenant MacGregor and his troopers answered the question most satisfactorily. This engagement had the effect of dispiriting thenceforward the Tartar cavalry, and, in the encounters near Peking, as we shall presently see, our cavalry, by their rapid and impetuous charges, had the best of every encounter.”



## CHAPTER V.

IN THE 10TH BENGAL CAVALRY (HODSON'S HORSE)—  
IRREGULAR CAVALRY STUDIES.

1861-64.

*“ Any man that doubts my word  
May try my gude claymore.”*

IRREGULAR CAVALRY STUDIES—LEARNING HINDUSTANI—SIR HUGH ROSE — THE WILD-LOOKING MAN WHO GALLOPS — ADJUTANCY OF 2D IRREGULARS — SECOND IN COMMAND OF 2D REGIMENT (HODSON'S HORSE)—10TH BENGAL CAVALRY—BUYING TROOP-HORSES AT LUCKNOW — MAKING UP SADDLERY—HOME AND INDIAN STAFF-SERVICES COMPARED — LECTURES AT THE SOLDIERS' INSTITUTE—WORK ON NATIVE CAVALRY—IMPROVEMENT OF HORSE EQUIPMENT—INVESTIGATION OF BRIBERY—SPEAR, SWORD, AND HORSE EXERCISE — PIG-STICKING A FAVOURITE SPORT—STRICTER REGIMENTAL DISCIPLINE ENFORCED—INTERVIEW WITH THE COMMANDER - IN - CHIEF — WITH THE 7TH DRAGOON GUARDS—STUDIES IN VETERINARY ART — TACTICS AND EQUITATION — DISCIPLINE IN AN ENGLISH REGIMENT—ESCORT TO LORD ELGIN — APPOINTED BRIGADE - MAJOR OF CAVALRY—SUPERSESSION OF SECONDS IN COMMAND—BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT — WORK ON MOUNTAIN WARFARE — THE INDIAN ARMY REVIEW.

APPENDIX.—ABSTRACT OF REPORT TO THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, SIR HUGH ROSE, “ ON IRREGULAR CAVALRY,” IN 1862.

*“ Calcutta, Feb. 1.—Most welcome was the budget of kind letters from my sisters. I received*

them just after I had the news that I was turned out of my old appointment, and they did much to cheer me.

“At one time I thought as you do about the ‘Cross.’ I thought that they could not refuse it to me, but now I know they both can and have.

“In addition to this, they have filled the ‘second in command,’ I suppose, because I have not passed ; but I am now hard at work, and am pretty certain to get through at the beginning of April. Meanwhile I have written to the Chief, stating my case exactly, and asking for an appointment. I shall get an adjutancy somewhere, but no ‘second in command,’ though there are no less than four vacant, one of these being in Hodson’s Horse, the incumbent of which has not passed and never will pass. There are five vacant adjutancies, so they have no excuse for not giving me something.

“I am longer in the irregulars than all the adjutants but three, and there are only eleven ‘seconds in command’ who date before me.”

“*Feb.* 22.—I am hard at work at Hindustani from eight to nine, ten to twelve, two to five every day, and I am sanguine of passing on the 8th April. Calcutta is very gay : every night there is something going on, but all are eschewed by me till I pass. I don’t let anything interfere with my working, and during the hours I work I lock my door against friends not in the same predicament as myself, and

who, having nothing to do, are quite willing that I should also do nothing."

"*Feb.* 28.—I have procured a great many books relating to military operations in India, and I am carefully studying them, and selecting such parts of them as are necessary to what I have in view [*i.e.*, his projected work on Irregular Cavalry]; but the more I read the harder does the task I have imposed upon myself appear, but in this I am comforted in the reflection that the harder the work is, the more credit will be due to me when it is finished. Before I get all the books I want, it will cost me some 700 or 800 rupees, so expensive are most of them. Many are out of print, and it is only by hunting up in the bazaars that I can get any of them. The authorities to be referred to are upwards of 120 books, most of which are two volumes, the general orders and despatches of 115 years, besides the records of innumerable corps. This seems at first rather overwhelming, but I hope to get through it all. The work is such as I like, and it only wants a will to enable one to get through anything."

"*March* 14.—Yesterday I went to see the Chief (Sir Hugh Rose<sup>1</sup>), and luckily found him alone. He was very civil and kind, but did not make any promises. He asked me what appointment I wanted, and several questions about irregular cavalry, especially as to whether I thought it was a good

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards created Lord Strathnairn: he had succeeded Lord Clyde as Commander-in-Chief in India.

plan to have many officers with the irregulars. I answered, 'Few, most decidedly, provided these few are none but the best.' *Sir Hugh*. 'Then, do you think that native officers will lead the men well in action?' 'Yes; I think that a good Sikh, Pathan, or Rohilla would lead men as well as a European officer.' *Commander-in-Chief*. 'Then how do you account for the fact that the rebel cavalry behaved so badly during the mutinies?' 'I will ask a similar question, sir: How do you account for the equally bad behaviour of the Sikh cavalry in the Panjab campaigns?' 'How many officers do you consider necessary?' 'One commanding officer, one adjutant, one officer for each squadron,'—and so on for half an hour, he asking me questions and luckily I answering them without any hesitation, for I was well up in the subject. He then gave me my *rukhsat* (leave to go). He never promised anything, and even on my answering his questions he did not show whether he agreed with me or not, so that I don't know what to make of it exactly; but I think that, on the whole, we may consider it satisfactory."

The next letters are full of the amalgamation scheme, in which the advantages of the Staff Corps are fully discussed. "I expect they will give us till August to decide. If they do, you will have lots of time to answer: I shall be guided by what you say."

"April 17.—Though I don't know a soul in Cal-

cutta, every one knows me by sight. I am known as that 'wild-looking man who always gallops at such a pace.'"

"*April 18.*—I went to the Chief yesterday, and thanked him for my appointment (adjutant of the 2d Irregulars), and at the same time plainly told him that I thought I deserved more. He said there were no 'seconds in command' vacant except the 17th Irregulars, which he had just filled up."

"*April 20.*—By last mail I wrote a few lines to say that I had passed. I was glad to receive the extract of Lord Herbert's speech:<sup>1</sup> it is an honour which few at my age have attained, and I am proportionally proud of it."

"*April 22.*—I write a line just to say that I have received a most complimentary letter from the Chief, in which he says, having thought over my claims, he has determined to appoint me 'second in command' of the 2d Regiment Hodson's Horse; so I am off to-morrow to join them at Gonda."

"*Gonda, May 9.*—I arrived here on the 7th, and found that the only corner I could get was a piece of the mess-house, which is as nice a tumble-down building as I have seen for some time. I am afraid I shall find it very hot, and very leaky in the rains. *Khair!* I must just put up with it.

"I have already procured a *munshiji*, and commenced to study Persian and Pushtu. Both

<sup>1</sup> [The appearance of Lord Herbert's speech (see *ante*, p. 164) in the newspapers seems to have influenced Sir Hugh Rose.]

languages will be very useful if I get up to the Derajat frontier; and, I think, ere long I may have reason to thank my stars that I learnt Persian. On the death of the Dost at Kabal, there will be fine goings-on; and though an army may not be sent, missions are not unlikely to go; so that in either case I shall have a good chance of getting on up there—especially if I am lucky enough to inaugurate my arrival in the Panjab force with a brilliant charge on some of the marauding tribes up there.

“Palliser, our commanding officer, is one of the most dashing brilliant officers in the service, and from what I have seen of him, I like him. He appears to me to be upright, generous, and energetic.”

“*Lucknow, June 19.*—I am in here to buy horses for my regiment, and for that purpose I have got 10,000 rupees; so that, you see, I am managing to make myself useful. I have declared for the Staff Corps, as there does not seem to be any chance of my getting my company soon, and I cannot afford to wait long on lieutenant’s pay. . . .

“What a deliberately iniquitous scheme the amalgamation is! Every day shows it up more and more. They offer us three courses—general service, local service, or the Staff Corps. If you take the first, you will starve; if you take the second, they kill you by hard work—such as escorts, &c.; and if you take that sugared plum the Staff Corps, they may get rid of you without trial under paragraph 98.

“I want you to make me a birthday present—*i.e.*,

to give me a sword, for I have not got a good one. So you must inaugurate my twenty-first birthday with a real 'Wilkinson'; he has got the pattern I want."

"*Bareilly, July 29.*—I have written a long paper on cavalry in India, including a series of questions which I have proposed shall be put to every commanding officer in the service, and then submitted to a committee of the best officers in the service. This I have sent to the Chief anonymously, as writing in the papers does no good, and I should only be snubbed if I signed my own name. Whether the Chief will take any notice of it, I don't know; but I am not at all certain that he won't. If he does act on the hint and assemble a committee and send questions round, I shall send in my own answers to the questions, with patterns and plans that I propose. I shall then take care that Sir Hugh Rose shall find out who it was that wrote the papers to him; and when he comes to inspect the regiment next, I will show him some feats of horsemanship which, I reckon, he will never have seen before. . . . If Sir Hugh Rose does not take any notice of the paper, it cannot be helped. I must just wait till I can publish my work on Cavalry; but I cannot do this without first going home and thoroughly inspecting the systems of the cavalry of every nation in Europe; my opinions will then carry some weight with them.

"I am going to Meerut in a day or two to make

up saddles for the regiment; and after that—I expect in November—I shall have to visit some of the horse-fairs to buy horses.

“We are not well mounted, but, with care, we might become so in a year. Altogether the regiment is in very bad order: the men cannot ride, and none of them know their work. They themselves are dirty, and their horses ungroomed; they have got bad accoutrements and uniforms—in fact there is nothing good in the regiment but the *physique* of the men: they are fine fellows, and only want brushing up to make good troopers. Six months would suffice to get the regiment into order if I tried; therefore I wish Palliser would take six months’ leave, and let me do it for him.

“I have enlisted a man in my service who is without exception the best rider that I ever saw. He is to teach me some of his feats, and under his tuition I hope to improve wonderfully in horsemanship, and learn to teach it to others. I must learn also the dragoon system of equitation; for though I don’t approve of what I know of it, still one ought thoroughly to understand a system before one presumes to find fault with it; and moreover, by learning every system of riding, I shall be able to cull the good points and throw away the refuse. . . . My ambition is to perfect myself in all the *minutiæ* of my profession, as well as in the grander points—not only to be thought a good officer of cavalry, but the best cavalry soldier in India. When I have



thoroughly, mastered every point, I shall write my book, which, I hope, will be quite complete in every detail."

In August Lieutenant MacGregor writes home, desiring his father to find out for him the price of cloth, saddlery, arms, and appointments for native cavalry. He wishes "to be able to show people that things are not so very expensive in England as they think;" and he also wishes to draw up a scheme by which Government, by paying *sowars* 35 rupees, can have them mounted and equipped in the very best style possible, and made fit for service in Europe. He proceeds:—

"There is a great deal of humbug talked out here about sending native cavalry to a European war. I assure you I only know three regiments in the whole army that I would depend on against Europeans, and that only with their present commanders. To say that any regiment would distinguish itself in Europe is utter folly. I am certain that unless they sent picked officers, picked men, picked horses, picked arms and accoutrements, nothing but disgrace could possibly ensue. The natives of India have got it in them to fight Europeans, but they want the very best management. Under such officers as Hughes, Chamberlain, Merewether, and Sam Browne, they would do; under such men as —— and ——, they would come to grief. Under the first I am certain that no cavalry in the world could surpass them as Light Horse; under the second, the cowardly

Cossacks would beat them. — and — are as brave men as you often meet, but they are not cavalry officers."

"*Meerut, Aug. 14.*—I am making up saddles, and hope to gain considerable *kudos* when they are made, for they will be, without exception, the best in any regiment of native cavalry. Palliser has given me *carte blanche* to make them up as I please. If he would only do this in every other case, I would guarantee him a good regiment; but his allowing me to use my own discretion with the equipment of the men is a victory.

"I am living with Phillips of the 8th Hussars, a very nice fellow, who hearing I was looking out for a room somewhere, offered to share his house with me.

"In the 8th there are several men who rode at Balaclava. I am going through their riding-school, and attending at their stables, parades, &c., in order to learn something of their system, for I have heard so many abuse it that I wish to satisfy myself before I follow suit. Bad as the system may be, I may pick up something worth knowing."

"*Aug. 30.*—For amusement I am writing a series of letters to the 'Delhi Gazette' on subjects concerning the interests of the army. One of them is about the Guides; when they are published I will send you copies. The *nom de plume* that I have assumed is 'Ghorechara,' which means trooper or horseman. I wish there was a military paper or magazine, in

which subjects of professional interest could be discussed ; one's letters lose half their weight by being published in our Indian papers, and even if the home papers would publish them, no one at home would take any interest in the subjects."

In October Lieutenant MacGregor returned to Bareilly, and in some long letters written to his father, he discusses the advantages and disadvantages of home service as compared with the Indian Staff Corps service, for which he had declared. He was at this time very anxious that his father would permit his exchanging into the Queen's service, and pressed his arguments as to the desirability of this step with great eagerness. "I am certain," he writes, "that there is more chance of my getting on in the world in the Queen's army than in the Indian service."

"*Oct. 27.*—On Thursday last I gave a lecture at the Soldiers' Institute, which, if you can judge by the clapping and 'Hear, hears,' was very successful indeed. The subject was 'China.' Next week I give another on 'The Afghans.' I felt rather nervous at first ; but after reading the first page or so, I got on swimmingly."

"*Nov. 17.*—I think I have succeeded in getting an engagement to write for the 'Bombay Saturday Review' on military subjects. I will send you home anything of mine that may be published. I am also engaged in writing a small work on 'Native Cavalry,' which I hope to publish in a month or two.

“Palliser has gone on a month’s leave, and I am consequently left in command. I am trying my best to get the regiment into some order; but one month is not long to do anything in, far less to turn a rabble into a decent corps.

“I have had some walls and ditches made, over which, after every parade, I make every man in the regiment jump before going home. I have had some few accidents, but no serious ones. . . .

“My saddles and equipment are already beginning to make a name. Colonel Chamberlain of the 1st Irregular Cavalry has written to me asking about them, and a friend of mine, Luard, is going to show them to the Chief when he visits his regiment.

“I have got my name put down by Sir Robert Napier as a volunteer for any service that is going.

“I am reading regularly with a *munshi*, and can now read a native *urzie* in the running hand pretty fluently.”

“*Nov. 31.*—Two of my articles have appeared in the ‘Bombay Saturday Review,’ which I will send you. I am now engaged in writing a pamphlet on our Native Cavalry, which I hope will be successful. I don’t care to make money by it, and shall send it round to people in India, amongst others to the Chief, who does not know what to do with native cavalry, and is constantly asking every one’s opinion. I have tried to write impartially, and to back my opinions by those of our best officers; and it is for this reason that I expect it will be successful. If it

is, it will place me high on the list for command. It will be ready by the beginning of next year.

“Bribery has been going on to an immense extent in our regiment, and I am now making inquiries preparatory to laying it all bare. I ought not, as most ‘seconds in command’ do, sit quietly by while the men are being swindled out of their money by villanous contractors and *munshis*.

“The *Mir Munshi* of the regiment is said to have made 30,000 rupees since he was enlisted. I will find out how he did this on 30 rupees a-month; fairly, such an amount could not be amassed under a salary of 5000 rupees. There will be a great shindy in this regiment soon, but don’t fear for me. I shall not exceed my duty, but am determined to act up to it.”

In December another lecture was given by Lieutenant MacGregor to the soldiers of the Rifle Brigade on the “War in the Carnatic, from 1745-1760,” at the Soldiers’ Institute.

Early in 1862 the answer from his father, disapproving of his son’s home-service scheme, reached the young cavalry officer, who was still at Bareilly, much to his disappointment. He writes:—

“*Jan.* 12.—My not getting the Victoria Cross or my brevet was the beginning of my unrecognised services—may it be the end? I fear not. The die is cast, and I shall now apply myself to an Indian career without dreaming of home any more, as that is now a closed book to me.”

“*Bareilly, Jan. 29.*—I have long felt that some book on cavalry, in which everything should be clearly laid down, from commanding a division of that arm to putting on a bridle, is necessary, and I have often heard other officers express the same opinion. It is one of my ambitions to supply my service with such a guide, and I have already commenced collecting materials. . . . It will be years before such a work can be finished. Another book which I propose to write, if possible, is a ‘History of Cavalry in India.’ This will be nothing but a compilation, but will be very interesting to cavalry officers in India. . . . I look forward to being able to publish these two books, as I do not wish my reputation to rest entirely on my fighting qualities, which are tolerable.

“I can now read *urzies* written in the native *shikast* [running] hand quite fluently, and though I make mistakes in speaking, it is more through carelessness than anything else. I can read the native newspaper I take in as well as our *munshi*.

“I have also, for the last few months, been practising hard at spear and sword exercise on horseback, and can now beat any man in our regiment at either. I have also mastered several other feats of horsemanship. I can jump off a horse at full gallop, and jump on again without stopping him (this only requires nerve). I can jump on to a horse fifteen hands three inches high without catching hold of anything; and only yesterday I jumped

on to a horse standing, off the ground on which I was—seventeen hands in one spring—without help from any one. I have been pistol-practising also, but do not succeed well at it. I can put ten bullets running, twenty-five yards off, into a space the size of a man's body, but this is nothing; some men can break a bottle twice out of three times at that distance. I hope to improve. . . . What do I owe you for the sword, which has arrived in Calcutta? I hope it will be a success."

"*Feb.* 4.—I have heard that a committee is to assemble to determine the future organisation of native cavalry, and I have written to Colonel Sarel, who is Deputy Adjutant-General of cavalry at headquarters, to ask him to mention my name to the Chief for the duty of secretary to the committee."

"*Feb.* 17.—About the native officer who embezzled.<sup>1</sup> Directly he came back, I went to Palliser and said he ought to be put under arrest, and a court of inquiry assembled on him. This was done. I was president, or rather superior officer, and we sat from ten in the morning till half-past eight in the evening. I then sent in my opinion that the charges of embezzlement were true; but that they would never have been brought forward if a dispute had not taken place between the accuser and the accused about the amount of hush-money the former was to receive from the latter. Here the duty of a court of inquiry ends, and here I ended. Palliser

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 177.

released the man from arrest, and intends to send him to the invalids. Shortly after he had been released he came to make his salaam to me. I sent word that I would rather be excused having anything to say to him.

“So far from my being pecuniarily the better from the pamphlet I have written, I shall be 300 rupees out of pocket. I hope it will do me good professionally. However, whatever they say of it, they can say nothing worse than that I am over-zealous.”

“*March 2.*—Palliser has acknowledged that I was in the right, and has proved that he really means this by giving me a *carte blanche* to make out Standing Orders for the regiment, in which the duty of each and every rank, under all circumstances, shall be clearly laid down. In consequence of this, I have been pretty busy for the last week or so. I have carefully looked up all Standing Orders of the Army and other authorities, and have nearly finished my task. When finished, I shall give it to Palliser, and express a hope at the same time that, since I have had the trouble of making out a routine for him, he will keep to it himself, and make others do so also. Whether he does so or not does not seriously matter to me; in the regimental office my system will remain as a record that I have done my duty, and none can attempt to lay any blame on me after reading it.

“There are one or two petty disturbances in



India now. The tribes on the Eastern frontier are getting troublesome; but as they are not very warlike, they will soon be disposed of. The Chief of Datia, a small principality between Gwalior and Jhansi, is also troublesome. A force has gone out against his fort, into which he has shut himself. If these affairs are well managed, it will be all right; but the smallest failure on our part produces quite a sensation amongst all the *budmashes* and evil-wishers, and they might possibly become serious. If they do, I will get employed somehow, for I am still of opinion that I ought to lose no opportunity of seeing service."

"*March 14.*—I am just recovering from a severe sprain of my right wrist, contracted when out pig-sticking just a week ago. It will be well again soon, and directly it is I shall go out again. Pig-sticking is the only sport I care about. Shooting small game and deer is, I should say, very unexciting; tiger and bear shooting must be better, but not equal to pig-sticking.

"My sword has just arrived, and is a beautiful blade, and well balanced. I like it very much; it is just what I wanted. What do I owe you for it?"

"*March 26.*—I sometimes feel very wretched at having no one to whom I can talk familiarly. I scarcely ever make a friend, as I am so difficult to please. Here I have no friend; indeed, in India I have scarcely half-a-dozen. I have often thought that I shall be much better liked when I grow older,

when I get to a higher position, as now I am better liked by my inferiors than by my superiors. The men of this regiment like me very much, but the native officers who are nearer me in rank do not. If I was raised higher above them, they would like me as much as the men.

“When I feel that a man is my superior, really, I always wish to know him well; but I am horribly abrupt to men my superiors in rank, but not in anything else: consequently they do not like me. I don't know whether you will understand this feeling, but I do actually experience it often. For instance, I think I should make a good ‘second in command’ to Hughes, but perhaps a bad one to ——. I am writing an article on ‘The Guides.’ I intend to show that it ought to be kept up, as a most useful corps.”

“*April 12.*—I enclose the copy of a letter I wrote in answer to one the Chief wrote, asking for the opinion of the *officer commanding 10th Bengal Cavalry [Hodson's Horse]* on the employment of European and native officers with native cavalry. It is rather long, but I hope he will be pleased with it. I have stated my opinions somewhat decidedly, for I believe it is necessary for me to do so, in order to give them some weight. Palliser has gone, and I am now in command of this regiment, at which, you may be sure, I am working hard. I will have it in apple-pie order by the time he comes back. I get no help from any of the European officers—in fact I have regularly to drive the adjutant to work.

Two of the native officers are good and willing, and the men are willing; and though they do not as yet like me, they admire me, as it was with a troop of this regiment that I first figured at Daryabad. They will get to like me soon; the really good men do so now."

"April 30.—Yes. I am improving in horsemanship; for the last two months I have never used stirrups, and can sit any horse over a jump without them. To give you an idea of my skill in spear and sword exercise. The other night, when the *élite* of the regiment were out at this practice, I got a spear and fought with three of them together, and was not once hit, but hit them all, one after the other. With the single-stick I can beat any two men, be they armed with spear or sword. With the spear, riding without a saddle or a blanket, I can beat the pick of the whole regiment, he riding in a saddle. This is nothing to what I hope to do in another year. In the hands of a man who can use it, the spear is a terrible weapon. I should like to have a bout with some of your regular, pipe-clay Lancers.

"I have now had command for one month, and already a change has come over the scene. Men who could hardly put their horses into a gallop without nearly falling off, now jump walls without stirrups, and mount without stirrups; duty is performed properly; the men are fast improving in their drill; native officers are beginning to stand on their dignity, and exact greater respect and obedi-

ence from the men. All this has been done in one month. I have one month and a half more of command. They shall improve still further.”

“*May 31.*—We will say no more about the Victoria Cross till another opportunity arises, and then *jo hoga so hoga!*<sup>1</sup> In a future campaign I shall have double chances of distinction, for now I can use my weapons properly, and I have got as good weapons as can be got, and my sword has my mother’s blessing. I can never thank you both sufficiently for your constant thought of me. The present of a rifle, now on its way, serves only to strengthen my gratitude.”

“*June 13.*—Palliser has come back, and is pleased at the improvement in his regiment. Yesterday he had a grand *darbar*, at which all native officers and non-commissioned officers attended. He then made me a speech, of which the following is the *mutlab* [gist]: ‘I must first thank you, MacGregor, for the zeal, energy, and intelligence you have always displayed since you have been with the regiment. I notice very considerable difference since I left; and since you first joined, an immense improvement has taken place in the efficiency of the corps. I shall always be glad to help you to the utmost of my power, and I hope to see you with a command of your own before long.’ Such is the substance of what he said, only dear old Palliser accompanied it with stammerings, blushing to any extent. This is good.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, “Che sarà, sarà.”

“Here is a copy of Palliser’s order about me on my proceeding on leave : ‘Lieutenant and Second in Command MacGregor being about to proceed on two months’ leave, the commanding officer desires, before his departure, publicly to express the very high estimation in which he holds that officer. Since his rejoining Hodson’s Horse as second in command of the 2d Regiment, Lieutenant MacGregor has exerted himself unceasingly for the benefit of the corps ; and to his intelligence, zeal, and energy the commanding officer willingly and unhesitatingly imputes in chief measure the evident improvement in appearance, discipline, and drill that has taken place during the past year. Lieutenant MacGregor has travelled long distances at his own expense for the purchase of remounts ; and to his invention and careful superintendence at Meerut the corps is indebted for the excellent saddles now in use, which in lightness, strength, and comfort can hardly be improved on. The new code of Standing Orders lately introduced into the regiment was compiled by Lieutenant MacGregor by direction of the commanding officer. Lieutenant MacGregor has on three or four occasions, during the temporary absence of the commanding officer, most ably and efficiently commanded the regiment, gaining, by the just but strict discipline which he has enforced, the esteem and respect of all ranks.’”

“*Simla, July 16.*—I must give you a detailed account of what occurred at my interview with the

Chief. On seating myself I began as follows: 'When your Excellency gave me my appointment last year, you expressed a hope that I would not give you cause to regret having conferred such a favour on me, and I have come to show you what I have done in the first year of my tenure.' I then showed him Palliser's order. He read it through and said, 'Well, I am most gratified to read this, and to see that you have justified my selection so fully.' He then asked me if I liked my regiment. Of course I said 'Yes; very much.' He then said, 'Yes; it is a real good regiment.' I next said that 'while in command the other day I felt the want of being thoroughly grounded in my work, and I wished now to ask him to let me go and do duty with the 7th Dragoon Guards to pick it up better. He said, 'Yes; most certainly.' I then added, 'And besides, Lieutenant Palmer, who has just been appointed adjutant, has been through the course of instruction with the Hussars, and therefore he probably knows more about the *minutiæ* of cavalry drill than I do, and I should not like to serve in the same regiment with a junior who knows more about his work than I do.' At this he was quite delighted, and said, 'I am very glad to see this feeling in you, Mr MacGregor; it does you very great credit, and it will give me great pleasure to remember you for promotion.' Then he talked about cavalry, and said a deal about the folly of officers thinking themselves good soldiers because they knew their drill. I quite agreed with this, and

said that a parrot could learn the mere drill by rote, but it was the application of the drill that should be studied. It was useless to go through manœuvres on parade if the advantages of those manœuvres were not thoroughly understood. Then he talked about native cavalry, and I gave my opinions, and ventured to say that I had paid a good deal of attention to the subject. He did not say a word about 'Ghorchara'; but he asked me to write down my opinions about native cavalry, and gave me a note to the Adjutant-General of Cavalry, Sarel.<sup>1</sup> Just before I was going, I asked if I was to do duty without prejudice to my appointment. He said, 'Most certainly you must not be a loser. I will take care of your interests.' He then asked me to dinner."

"*July 30.*—I went to-day to say good-bye to the Chief, and had another talk about native cavalry, and he was as civil and jolly as ever. He is tremendously pleased at my wishing to go to the 7th Dragoon Guards, and said once or twice that he was much gratified to see such an anxiety to learn in me, and that it did me great credit. When I got up to go away he said, 'You shall not be a loser, Mr MacGregor; I will take care not to forget you.' Thus ended my visit to Simla. The Chief gave me a letter<sup>2</sup> to his military secretary (O. T. Burne),

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, p. 202, at end of chapter.

<sup>2</sup> "Lieutenant MacGregor, second in command 10th Bengal Cavalry, will give you this note. He is an excellent officer. Pray confer with him about all the requirements of native cavalry, and beg him to put down his opinions in writing."

to write a note of introduction for me to Colonel Thomson, who commands the 7th Dragoon Guards, and Colonel Sarel gave me a letter to the adjutant of that regiment, so I shall enter with good credentials."

"*Sialkot, August 15.*—I arrived here yesterday, to do duty with the 7th Dragoon Guards, with which I shall pass the next four or five months. I like much of what I have seen of the officers, especially the adjutant, who, an excellent officer himself, seems willing to impart his knowledge to others in an obliging manner. I intend (1) undergoing a thorough course of instruction with this regiment, so that it shall be reported that they can teach me no more; (2) studying languages, so as to make myself a better linguist; (3) studying veterinary art; (4) studying tactics; (5) miscellaneous. Then, if this time next year I can show the Chief, in addition to what he knows of my services, that I am thoroughly acquainted with every minute detail of cavalry duty, with language, with veterinary art, with tactics, and, in addition, that I have given the most complete satisfaction to all my commanding officers, and that in these respects I am superior to all other 'seconds in command,' I think it not improbable that I shall succeed in getting him to promise to promote me. This time next year I shall go to the Chief and ask him for a command."

Lieutenant MacGregor received intimation shortly afterwards that he was only to get lieutenant's pay



whilst doing duty with the 7th Dragoon Guards, which was a great blow to him, putting him some 1000 rupees out of pocket.

“*October 17.*—I am going on well towards being passed through this dragoon instruction, and the nearer I get to the end of it I wonder the more how little they have taught me that I did not know before. If I would let them, they would spoil my seat on horseback and substitute the cramped unnatural seat of the dragoon, so that in riding I have learnt actually nothing, and in drill it is the same. When I first attended the weekly examination in drill, I saw at once that I knew more of it than most of them, and as much as any, so that what I have learnt simply consists of the sword and carbine exercises, neither of which it is any use knowing. But if the usual course has not done me much good, that which I carry out for my own pleasure has done me much good. At single-stick I have learnt much, and can make fair play with most of those with whom I have tried. I have learnt a good deal about horse-doctoring, and can perform some of the simple operations and can shoe a horse. I can play the trumpet sufficiently now to enable me, when I leave, to perfect myself alone; but above all, I have learnt what neither I nor any one else thought I would learn—that is, from attending orderly-room as often as possible, I have seen a good deal of the workings of discipline in an English regiment; and though this is a remarkably well-behaved corps, I

have seen enough, if not to make me think less of my countrymen, at least to think more of natives. I have seen that the former can be guilty of as much (or nearly so) of backbiting, deceit, &c., as the latter. I know now that I was wrong in thinking these vices confined to natives. I have seen one man brought up for stealing, others for insolence, others on frivolous grounds from spite, others with frivolous complaints from the same cause, and I look back and remember that these are very much the same faults that appear at our *darbars*. I am to a certain extent sorry that I know all this. I had been accustomed to look on the English soldier as a model for the native, but now I cannot,—the spell is broken.”

“*Bareilly, Nov. 29.*—I have left the Dragoons, having learnt as much as they can teach me, and got my certificate from the colonel. This is not as good as I could have wished, but is better than they generally give.”

“*Camp, Sikandra Rao, Jan. 27.*—We have been marching ever since I last wrote, and have now arrived at this place, which is on the trunk road, about twenty-five miles from Aligarh. We have been considerably amused by the presence of the Rajah of Karauli in our vicinity for the last few days. He has come down to bathe in the Ganges, and of course wishes to do so with as much state as possible; and it is his idea of pomp which tickles me—the whole of his line of march is a continued series of all sorts

of mountebanks, *i.e.*, preposterous imitations of our army.”

“*Agra, Feb. 15.*—We are in the vortex of great doings here, but they are not such fun for us as for the great people. We have to stay out in the sun, drawn up in line, for four hours together, constantly and continually saluting the native swells that come to see his Excellency. On the 13th there was a *levée*, at which great and small attended, and rubbed shoulders indiscriminately. I never saw such a badly managed thing in my life, and I have seldom seen a more undignified-looking man than Lord Elgin—he looks like a butler. However, he is said to be able, so this scarcely matters.”

“*Camp, Faridabad, March 1.*—We are now within a few miles of Delhi. This escorting Governor-General is a great nuisance, and I hope I shall never have to do it again.”

“*Roorkee, March 16.*—Since I last wrote we have been marching onward. At Meerut there was a grand field-day—all the troops being out under General Wheeler, who performed a series of manœuvres, which made me think it was just as lucky there was no enemy. The Governor-General [Lord Elgin] and Commander-in-Chief were there with a very large staff, and, altogether, it was the most brilliant-looking parade I ever was present at. I saw Colonel Tombs, to my great pleasure: he looks what he is—a dashing horse-artilleryman. There was no want of celebrities; some came up to my

expectations, some did not. The Chief looks finer on horseback than in a room. By a strange fatality he had another accident. Just as he was galloping down the line, and had got opposite our regiment, his horse stumbled or put his foot into a hole, and, notwithstanding that the Chief held him up splendidly, he could not recover himself and fell over, the Chief rolling on his side. He was not in the least hurt, and was up again in a manner that could not have been surpassed by many a younger man present; indeed, so much was this the case that few saw that he had fallen at all."

" *Umballa, April 3.*—We have had the honour of escorting Lord Elgin thus far, and here taking leave of him. The other day I was honoured by an invitation to dinner, and of course went. The dinner was good and passed off jolly enough, and after it Lord Elgin came up to me and asked if I had been in China. I said I had that honour; and Stewart, one of the A.D.C.'s, who knew me, then put in: 'He is the officer, sir, who was so badly wounded in defending Stirling's guns.' 'Indeed,' said his Mightiness, 'I am happy to meet you; I have always heard it was a most gallant action.' He then went on talking about China, and then about India and the Sikhs and our campaigns against them. This lasted for half an hour, I trying to make as much of my opportunity as possible. I suppose I was immensely honoured, for he came up to me directly after dinner and talked till just before he

left, the whole time only saying a few words to others.

“The Chief inspected our regiment on the 30th, and expressed himself much pleased, saying there had evidently been a deal of painstaking with it; but what more especially concerned me was, that he called me out to the head of the regiment, and said he did so to thank me at the head of my regiment for my repeated gallantry, and that it gave him great pleasure to be enabled to do so. As he was leaving parade, he told Sarel to send him copies of despatches in which I had been mentioned, so that I seem to be increasing in favour with him.”

“*Jalandhar, June 16.*—I cannot make out what is the matter with me. No sooner do I get well of one thing than something else attacks me. My rheumatism has gone, but in its stead I have a sort of indefinable feeling of sickness and weakness. Can it be that this blessed climate is beginning to touch me up? I hope not, for I must stay here till I have made a name.

“Herat has fallen to the wonderful old Dost. What an extraordinary old man it is! Why, when you first came to India Dost Mahamad had commenced his public career for about a dozen years, and still we have him to the fore. He is undoubtedly a great man; he has ruled the Afghans longer and more successfully than any one. What will come of Herat, falling into the Dost’s hands? Will Russia egg Persia on to try and recover it? I think they

will keep quiet till the Dost's death, and then try and seize it in the confusion consequent on the strife which will ensue for the paramount power between the brothers. Depend upon it, some day will see a British army at Herat."

"*Nov. 11.*—I have been appointed brigade-major to the Cavalry Brigade at one of the camps of exercise at Lahore; but do not know whether I shall go there or not, having volunteered for service on the frontier against the Bunerwals and Swatis. This campaign will, I fancy, not last longer than a couple of months, so that I can see it all and be at the camp, a little late, perhaps, but still in time for the manœuvres." (The Umballa campaign ended by Christmas.)

"*Attock, Dec. 15.*—On the 1st I rode twenty-five miles from Gujrat to the field of Chilianwala<sup>1</sup> in order to see the ground. I met a native, who

<sup>1</sup> Chilianwala, the disastrous battle, was fought on the 13th January 1849, by Lord Gough against the Sikhs, under the rebel chief Chatter Singh, who had just made an alliance with Dost Mahamad. The Sikhs, under Sher Singh and Atar Singh, were drawn up in front of the river Jhiam, between Rassul and Mong. Campbell's division of two brigades, including the 24th Foot, attacked Sher Singh's right. The right brigade carried the guns, but being attacked by the Sikh infantry and cavalry, broke and fled back to Chilianwala, suffering heavily. Campbell's left brigade was doubled up by Atar Singh's force's flank attack, which was somewhat checked by the horse-artillery. Gilbert's division was outflanked by Sher Singh's left; and the cavalry, notably the 14th Dragoons, broke and swept over their own guns, causing the capture of six pieces. Nevertheless the British infantry beat back the Sikhs, aided by Dawes's 9-pounders, and the Sikhs fell back on Rassul. The British claimed the victory, but it was a victory uncommonly like a repulse. The British lost 2500 killed and wounded.—See Sir H. Durand's account.

showed me over the whole field, and was very much interested in the account he gave me. The place is one mass of very thick jungle, and I cannot fancy a place more calculated to induce a general to be more cautious, and yet Lord Gough appears to have acted without any plan, and sent regiment after regiment to be broken against the rock-like firmness of the Sikh infantry. I returned twenty-five miles, having altogether ridden sixty miles, and been, with the exception of an hour, when I got off to feed my horse, in the saddle thirteen hours."

"*Jan. 2d.*—I went with some of our native officers to see the practice of the Armstrong guns. They were much struck with the ingenuity in the construction of the projectile, which can be used either as a shot, shell, or grape, and at the distance which the piece carried. They have a great opinion of artillery of all sorts, and firmly believe that it was by our fine management of it that we won India.

"*3d.*—Marched into Jhilam, a very pretty little station indeed. I went over the scene of action fought here during the mutinies between the rebel 14th Native Infantry<sup>1</sup> and the two companies of the 24th Foot. The rebels fought well, but our force

<sup>1</sup> A force of horse-artillery, Multani horse, and some companies of her Majesty's 24th Foot, under Colonel Ellice, was despatched by Sir John Lawrence to disarm the 14th Bengal Native Infantry. The sepoys defended their lines and the village with great tenacity, and even captured one of the guns, which was turned on the discomfited attacking force. Two attacks were repulsed on the 7th July 1857, but by the following morning the sepoys had fled. The affair was terribly mismanaged.—See Kaye, vol. ii. p. 623.

was inadequate and not well commanded, our loss being very large—larger in proportion to the number engaged than either at Alma or Inkerman. I think it is by looking at the proportion of killed and wounded on both sides to those engaged that shows how hard the fighting was. Several of our Indian battles would rank higher in general estimation if this method of measuring the fight was adopted by every one.

“4th.—We marched on. I have marched the whole way from Lahore on foot, and find myself much better for it. I rode out in the evening to see the old fort of Rotas, built three hundred years ago by Sher Shah, one of the Delhi kings. It is in most excellent preservation, and must have been very well built.

“5th, 6th, 7th, 8th.—Marched again. Went to see the famous *tope* at Manikiala.”

“11th.—Marched into Rawal Pindi, and stayed there two days.

“I met Colonel Olpherts, a V.C., and better known in India as ‘Spitfire Jack.’ He said he remembered seeing me at home once,—I did not remember it. He is the bravest of the brave, invariably dashing up with his guns to within grape-distance before he fired.

“12th.—We are now formed into one force under the command of Colonel Macdonnell, and consisting of ourselves, 3d battalion Rifle Brigade, and a battery of Armstrong guns—the only one which has



reached India. We are under orders to march to Hoti - Mardan, a place some fifteen miles from Peshawar.

“On the 13th we arrived at Hasan Abdal, the very prettiest little spot I have seen in India, and well worthy of being, as it is, mentioned in Moore’s ‘Lalla Rookh.’”

“*Peshawar, Jan. 24th.*—They would not let me go to the frontier, and owing to there being no camp, I have not been acting as brigade-major; but I am still of opinion that it is my plan to volunteer for every sort of service going on.”

“*28th.*—It is quite certain that the news of the supersession of ‘seconds in command’ is perfectly true. The day after this came out I went to see the Chief, who said he was very sorry indeed, but that he was quite helpless. I then asked him if I might send in an application to him to be recommended for a brevet-majority. He answered at once, ‘Send it in, and I will give it fair consideration.’ The home people had limited him to recommending officers whose services were very particular, so that he could make no promises; but if my case seemed to him to come within the limits set him, he would have much pleasure in forwarding it, and I had better make the most of my services and send in the application as soon as possible to Colonel Sarel. I believe from what Sarel said that I am to be appointed senior squadron officer, but my present feelings prompt me to resign if they supersede me.”

“*Feb. 4.*—I, in common with almost every ‘second in command’ in the service, have been superseded. It is all over—the fiat has gone forth; four years of honest service have been thrown to the winds. Where is the use now of distinguishing one’s self? Where the use of risking one’s life? None. I am quite broken by this; there is no longer any hope of my getting a command while I have yet energy in me to do something. I have not yet resigned, but I may do so. Oh for a campaign, a long one and a fierce one! One that would put me in my grave, or place me above injustice.”

“*Feb. 11.*—I am afraid that it is likely to be a very long time ere I make a name sufficient to permit of my going home; as far as this year has gone, it has been the most unlucky I have had. Everything has gone against me, and instead of progressing steadily if slowly up the ladder, my foot has slipped, and I find myself in a position less in every way to what I occupied five years ago.”

“*Rawal Pindi, Feb. 26.*—I have seen Sir Neville Chamberlain, and though he did not tell me, I heard that it is his opinion that every ‘second in command’ who has been displaced should appeal against the order of the Commander-in-Chief. I have therefore made up my mind to do so, and propose to write a letter respectfully appealing against the order, with a request that if it is beyond the power of the Chief to see me righted, he will forward my appeal to the Indian and Home Governments.”

“*Jalandhar, April 5.*—I have got the best news that I have had for a long time. I had begun to despair of any success in my application for a brevet-majority, both on account of the length of time which had elapsed since I applied, and of the continual bad luck which has stuck to me lately. Now, however, the silver lining to my cloud is beginning to appear. Yesterday I received a notification from the Adjutant-General of the army to say that my application was forwarded for the favourable consideration of Government on the 7th ult.; and to-day Colonel Norman, in answering a letter of mine to him regarding my old ambition, the Guide Cavalry, said: ‘It gave me great pleasure to send to the Secretary of State a few days ago the *strong support* of Government to your application for a brevet.’ Thus far it seems that I am to have better luck in future. The Duke of Cambridge said that if the Indian authorities recommended me, he would also do so, so that there seems some chance of my getting it eventually; but I am not sanguine. I have been disappointed so often that I will not try to believe in my good luck. . . . The greatest fear I have concerning it is, that they will say they cannot entertain it till I am a captain; and by that time, heaven only knows what may happen. . . .

“I have been rather coming out in a new line—going to archery meetings, picnics, and balls, and, above all, giving a ladies’ prize for the game of the rings. I have not gone the length of dancing

yet, but I daresay I may some day summon courage for that even."

"*Simla, April 29.*—I am at Simla, having come here on two months' leave. My object in doing this is to see if I cannot get an appointment out of either the Chief or Sir John Lawrence, and I have several irons in the fire. There is a chance of service in Bhutan at present, and I shall be off there, you may be sure. I intend to try and get an appointment in the Quartermaster-General's Department, or, if not that, a brigade-majorship—I will volunteer for everything that is going. I will not woo Mistress Fortune any longer, I will command her to lay herself at my feet!"

"*July 8.*—I am now engaged in writing a small work on 'Mountain Warfare,' which I hope to finish about October or November. I do this with a view of bringing myself into notice, in case of there being another hill campaign out here, which is not at all unlikely, and for this reason I publish under my own name. I hope it will be successful, as I have been steadily reading for six weeks all works that bear on the subject.

"There seems some chance of a force being sent to Bhutan to avenge the insults put upon our Envoy, and I intend before I go down to the plains to make a special request to both the Governor-General and the Chief that I may be attached to it, in the capacity of either brigade-major or assistant quartermaster-general. There also seems a probability of

the Akhun of Swat trying to stir up the tribes in the north-west against us again, so that if he succeeds, there will be another campaign up there."

"*July* 28.—I have embarked in a paper speculation. It is to be called the 'Indian Army Review,' and is to be edited by Captain Thomson of the Invalids. It will give the best news of the goings-on (military) of any paper in India, more especially when any campaign takes place. Hanna and I have made ourselves responsible for the amount required. The editor is going to work for us from *esprit de corps* till the loan required to start the paper is cleared off.

"I don't care much to make money by it, but I can easily believe that it is very probable I will."

"*August* 10.—You will have heard that I have been promised my majority on getting my company, and it is therefore very important that I should do so at once. This new scheme of Sir Charles Wood will make me first lieutenant in the 68th, and thus it will only require one step to make me captain. I am not aware that any one in the 68th wishes to go; but if any can be induced to do so by an offer of money, this is a case which should not be neglected. Till I get my company I can never be anything but second squadron officer, drawing 420 rupees or so a-month; directly I am a captain I shall be major also, and cannot possibly get anything lower than a 'second in command' on 700 rupees."

## APPENDIX TO CHAPTER V.

ABSTRACT OF REPORT TO THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, SIR  
HUGH ROSE, "ON IRREGULAR CAVALRY," IN 1862.

THERE are three kinds of constitution—viz., Mixed Regiments, Class Regiments, and Regiments with Class Troops.

The Mixed Regiment system is principally upheld by officers of the Bombay army, as being that which bore them safe through the tempest of rebellion which swept over the Bengal army. In support of their opinion—

*First*, It is said that though the Poorbeea element of the Bombay army was larger than any other, and moreover, though it was undoubtedly disaffected at heart, it was so counteracted and held in check by being indiscriminately mixed with other races (who always gave timely warning to their officers), that all attempts at rebellious combinations were rendered almost impossible. It cannot be denied that the Poorbeea element was held in check; but I cannot allow that it was entirely so from the fear of other races, for the facts of the Mutiny prove that the distance from their homes and the want of sympathy of the country people with the disaffected, had as much to do with keeping them within bounds as the influence of other castes. . . . Such being the case, I cannot believe that, if those regiments of the Bombay army in which the Poorbeea element outnumbered all other had been stationed in or near Oudh, the counteracting influence of other races would *alone* have proved sufficient to have enabled them to outride the tempest in safety; and if particular stress is laid on the warnings given by their men of different castes to their officers, I would state that in my humble opinion there was no want of warning in regiments on the Bengal side. . . .

*Secondly*, It is urged that the feeling of caste is lessened by being pitted against other tribes, and that discipline is in consequence better upheld. Undoubtedly the exclusiveness of caste is diminished, but none of its serious prejudices are removed or shaken; for in the whole of the Mohammedan world there is none more bigoted than the Hindustani, whose ancestors were originally Hindus, and who in almost every transaction of his life is mixed up with them. He merely tolerates them and their prejudices, without abating one iota of his own; and if discipline was better upheld in the Bombay army I do not think this can be fairly attributed to the fact of its being formed of mixed regiments, but to its more enlightened system, which rewarded merit instead of imbecility, and, totally ignoring all caste, gave to its native officers that influence and authority in their regiments, the want of which did much to hasten the ruin of the Bengal army.

*Thirdly*, It is said that more military spirit and emulation is shown in regiments formed of general mixture. With regard to this, I suspect military spirit will be found in any regiment commanded as well as the generality of the Bombay corps were, and I would point out that emulation can and does exist in class regiments and regiments with class troops, fully as much as in mixed regiments. . . . The *esprit de corps* of the Guides (a class troop regiment) is well known throughout India. On the whole, therefore, I am of opinion that it would be injudicious to form the native cavalry entirely of mixed regiments; for in the spirit of tolerance which does undoubtedly arise among races between whom, prior to their being brought together in such close fellowship, intense animosity existed, I see great danger. . . . Nevertheless I am fully alive to the advantage that would arise from the total ignoring of all class or caste or distinction of race; but I am most strongly of opinion that the time for this desirable consummation has not yet arrived.

The system of Class Regiments is upheld by many very

distinguished officers, among whom I may mention Colonel C. Chamberlain and Captain R. Godby. The former holds that in regiments with class troops the separation of races cannot be so complete as to prevent the formation of an amount of mutual good feeling, which in the event of the disaffection of one race, would induce the others to act against it unwillingly; whereas he thinks that if regiments are kept entirely separate, they could never have the smallest hesitation in acting against another disaffected regiment of a different race. But though perhaps it must be allowed that regiments formed wholly of one class have less in common with each other than class troops of the regiment, still it is necessary to take into consideration the distance of regiments from each other, and the possibility that the nearest regiment to the one disaffected might be of the same race.

I think, therefore, that the danger of the introduction of class regiments through the service would be very great; and though perhaps the feeling of clanship would not be greater than in class troops, it would be infinitely more dangerous, for there would be no body of men on whom the English officers could rely for support in any energetic measures they might wish to take to crush or counteract as much as possible the effects of mutiny; and the mischief that a regiment might do in a district before aid could arrive would be incalculable as well as unavoidable. Nevertheless, as there are some very gallant races who will not willingly serve except in class regiments, I think it very advisable that some corps should be formed on this system, as, in addition to the wider field it would give for recruiting, these races not being enlisted in other regiments, it would prove most useful as a counterpoise to all of them.

The objections against Class Troops, urged by the opponents to the system, are,—*Firstly*, That it serves to intensify caste. Now I maintain that there is a vast difference between class and caste. Class feeling can be used to great advantage in managing natives, while the permitting caste



prejudices to take ground must inevitably strike at the root of all discipline. *Secondly*, That class troops have a tendency to form themselves into a clique, and on command to cease to identify themselves with their regimental headquarters. I am of opinion that the first part of this applies as much to mixed regiments; for if cliques are formed they are formed in the lines among sects, as it is only natural to suppose that men of one tribe or caste or district should prefer each other's society to that of another race, with whom they can have little in common. With regard to a class troop ceasing to identify itself with the headquarters of its regiment, I do not see how it can well do so, provided it is frequently visited by an English officer, and relieved as often as possible; and we must consider that all its pay and all its orders come from headquarters, and that it has the same interest and stake in all regimental institutions as if it was present. . . . *Thirdly*, That greater facilities for plotting are afforded in class troops. When men are plotting they do not sit down to do so in the middle of the lines, but they retire to some spot where there is little chance of their being disturbed by those who are not in their secret. *Fourthly*, That native officers acquire undue influence in class troops. If a native officer is well affected towards Government, I cannot conceive what amount of influence can rightly be termed undue; but if he is disaffected, I cannot imagine why, after fair warning, he should be permitted to remain in the service at all. . . .

Before concluding this subject, there is one point which I consider it my duty to notice—namely, a suggestion that the native cavalry should be constituted of class troops, commanded by native officers of a different race from the men. This suggestion appears to me so fraught with danger to the efficiency of our native cavalry, that I would most respectfully state my entire want of concurrence in it. My experience of natives goes to tell me that the native officer of such a troop would generally either be bribed or

bullied by the men, or if he was firm enough to make them do their duty, he would be intensely hated by them, and in the hour of trial they would make a point of deserting him. I consider that there is not one native officer in a hundred who could command such a troop properly, and at the same time gain the esteem and respect of the men; and that in preference to such a system, the introduction of more English officers would be more popular with the men, as well as better for the interests of the service. In conclusion, I would respectfully give it as my opinion that the bulk of the native cavalry should be constituted of class troops, but that there be some corps formed of general mixture, and that some others be class regiments of a race different from those in the rest of the cavalry.

The debt of the native cavalry is a subject which should occupy the serious attention of all who care for its welfare; for though since the abolition of recognised banks the amount of known debt is less, and commandants are enabled to send in clean sheets, I am of opinion that were it possible to make out a *true* statement of debts owed by men of every regiment, the amount of them would astonish all, and none more so than those who are now congratulating themselves on not having a “single man in debt” in their regiments. The remedies proposed for this evil are numerous, . . . but I would not recommend the adoption of any of them, and instead would state that the only plan that appears to me to give any probability of success, is to have it made illegal for any to lend money to a soldier of the native army without the sanction of his commanding officer, under penalty of the forfeiture of the entire amount of the loan. In addition, in order to check the possibility of sanction being granted too freely, quarterly reports of all debt should be sent in to headquarters. . . .

I have stated that I considered the appointment of three “doing-duty” officers necessary for the efficiency of the native cavalry. Since then I have heard an objection advanced to

their appointment which did not occur to me, and which I wish now shortly to notice. While it is allowed that 'doing-duty' officers would be most eminently useful on a campaign, it is said that in times of peace enough work cannot be found for them without interfering seriously with the native officers. Were all other reasons wanting, I consider the mere fact of these officers being considered useful in time of war quite sufficient to ensure their appointment in times of peace; but far from there not being enough work for them, I am of opinion that there is work sufficient to occupy a fair share of their energies and time. *Firstly*, I consider it absolutely indispensable that an English officer should be sent in command of all detachments over the strength of a troop. *Secondly*, They would command squadrons on parade far more efficiently than native officers. *Thirdly*, There should be an English officer of the week in every regiment of native cavalry, where it is wished to carry on work properly. *Fourthly*, They could help immensely in the drills and in the riding-schools. *Fifthly*, The following work could be divided among them: The charge of the magazine and all its contents; the superintendence of the horse hospital, the bazaar, the workshops, the shoeing, and the conservancy arrangements; the charge of the leave and furlough registers; the distribution of pay to men and regimental servants. It is urged that much of this work could be performed more efficiently by experienced native officers than by young and inexperienced English officers.

I am of opinion, from the experience I have had of native officers in four regiments of native cavalry in which I have served, that not two native officers in twenty could perform any of the duties above detailed as well as an average English officer, who had undergone the usual course of instruction with a regiment of English cavalry, and that not one in twenty could perform them better. The performance of the duties I have detailed would not interfere with the

native officers commanding troops, and they are quite equal in amount to those performed by the generality of subalterns throughout the army.

In order to secure an efficient light cavalry, equal to all the multitudinous duties that fall to their lot on service, the qualifications possessed by English officers for these most difficult commands must be narrowly attended to. I recommend that every officer be required to do duty with an English regiment for at least two years after his arrival in the country; and if after that time he showed an *aptitude* for cavalry, and held a character for zeal and energy from his commanding officer, and had passed the Hindu examination, he should be sent to do duty for at least one year with a regiment of English cavalry. After the expiration of this period, he should be required to undergo an examination in all duties of a cavalry officer, in addition to a stricter examination in colloquial. If successful, he should be considered eligible for the appointment of 'doing-duty' *wala*. For promotion to the rank of adjutant he should be required to show a certificate for *marked zeal* in all his duties. He should be examined in all the duties of an adjutant; again in colloquial, and in reading and writing common native *urzies* written in the *shikast* hand. For promotion to the rank of second in command, he should be liable to be examined in any part of that laid down for adjutant; also as to his knowledge of keeping all regimental accounts, and as to his practical and theoretical knowledge of cavalry tactics. For promotion to the rank of commandant he should show a thorough knowledge of all that appertains to the command of cavalry, both on service and in quarters, from the minutest details of drill to the rules which should guide in the command of large bodies of cavalry.

There is one point which I have not particularised above—viz., I consider it absolutely necessary that every officer who aspires to the command of native cavalry should know enough of a horse to enable him to choose good serviceable

remounts; for an officer who is not a judge of a horse may, even with the best intentions, inflict incalculable injury on his regiment by introducing horses of worthless qualities but showy appearance. I would also lay great stress on the acquisition by all officers who are to command natives of a thorough colloquial knowledge of their language. This can hardly be too strongly insisted on, for no officer can obtain a knowledge of the characters of his men without the power of conversing fluently with them, and without this knowledge I maintain no man can command any soldiers justly. I am bound to say that several officers with whom I have conversed on this subject have stated their opinion that the power to read and write *urzies* is not necessary; but when it is considered that a large and most important part of the business of native regiments is carried on in Persian, it will be seen what a margin is left for possible fraud when all the English officers are unable to read *urzies*. . . . I hope it will not be thought that I have proposed too high a standard—I do so in the conviction that the command of a regiment of native cavalry is one of the most difficult appointments in the service to do justice to; for in addition to the high qualities considered necessary for a commander of cavalry, it is necessary that a commander should excel in all feats of horsemanship, and be a good judge of a horse, a fluent linguist, an unerring judge of the native character, and an exact and ready accountant.

With regard to the armament of native cavalry, I consider the sword to be the queen of weapons for the light horseman, for it is the only one that comes into play at all times—in the charge, *mêlée*, and pursuit it is equally effective. As there are few, if any, really good native blades, I would recommend that swords be got from some good English manufacturer. Shape is a matter of custom,—the Vilayaties liking that of the crooked Irani scimitar; while Sikhs prefer the straighter shape of the Goojerati *tulwar*. As I

consider that one pattern sword cannot be suited for men all of different length and strength of arm, I would recommend that men be permitted to choose, from blades of different lengths and shapes and weights, the pattern which is most suited to them. Handles should be fitted on in India, only the blades being sent from England. In addition to a sword, each man unprovided with a carbine should have a double-barrelled pistol of the same bore as the carbine, and of as handy and light a pattern as possible. I consider it necessary that every man should have firearms of some sort, and do not think that the objection that the men would be apt to trust to them too much in action would hold good in a well-disciplined corps.

Though it is undoubtedly necessary that every regiment of cavalry should have a body of trained carbineers, I cannot subscribe to the opinion that every man should be armed with one. I think that the placing too great faith in the long shots of a carbine is quite opposed to the spirit of cavalry service, and I would therefore propose that only some twelve or fifteen men per troop be armed with it, taking care, however, that these men shall undergo such a course of training as shall fit them to use it effectively under all circumstances, whether mounted or dismounted.

I am of opinion that the lance in the hands of a master in its use is the most deadly of all weapons; but I know from experience it is so difficult to learn the use of, that I would not venture to recommend its general adoption in any regiment of cavalry. On the other hand, I would not wholly abolish it, for in Indian warfare there are times when a few skilful lancers can be of the greatest service. The only drawback to having an unfixed number of lances in a regiment would be their appearance on parade; but, while I think that appearance should on all occasions be sacrificed to utility, I think that a little management might so place these lances as not to offend the eye of the most particular.

The most important of the equipments of a cavalry soldier are the saddle and bit. The main points to be looked to in the choice of a saddle are that the chance of galling a horse's back shall be reduced to the least possible extent, while the seat shall be such as to suit the generality of riders.

The most perfect saddle of the kind I believe to be that in use with the 10th Bengal Cavalry; for though it has only been in use for a short time, such is the ease with which the men have adapted themselves to it, that after every commanding officer's parade the regiment goes over without a fall a  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -feet wall and an 8-foot ditch without stirrups. I consider that the supposition that one pattern bit will suit every horse's mouth to be as opposed to common-sense as the expectation that one-sized hat will fit every man's head. To ensure the perfect command of their horses, so necessary to the trooper, every horse should be bitted according to the feeling of his mouth and the touch of his rider's hand. . . . Nevertheless, whatever gear is adopted, there is little chance of its proving of much service, unless the horses are thoroughly trained. Whatever might have been the case in former days, it is very certain that ready-made native horsemen cannot be now procured in any number, and therefore I would respectfully suggest that some system be adopted in every regiment of native cavalry for teaching both horses and men. I would propose that in each troop there be appointed a rough-rider, or *ghorchara*, who, himself an excellent horseman and thoroughly *au fait* at the use of all the weapons of the cavalry soldier, shall be competent to teach both men and horses, and that neither the one nor the other be passed into the ranks without having undergone a course of instruction under him.

## CHAPTER VI.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT—THE  
BHUTAN CAMPAIGNS.

1864—66.

*“ He was a hedge about his friends,  
A heckle to his foes;  
If any man did him gainsay,  
He felt his deadly blows.”*

MOBILISATION OF BHUTAN FIELD-FORCE — APPOINTED BRIGADE-MAJOR TO GENERAL DUNSFORD'S COLUMN—CAUSES LEADING TO THE WAR—BHUTIA *RAZIAS*—THE BRITISH ENVOY INSULTED—PREPARATIONS FOR AN ADVANCE—MAINAGURI OCCUPIED BY MAJOR GOUGH—MARCH THROUGH JUNGLE—CONTEMPT FOR THE ENEMY—DALINGKOT TAKEN BY ASSAULT—WOUNDED FOR THE FIFTH TIME—EXPLOSION OF A POWDER-BARREL—FIGHT AT CHAMURCHI — ARROWS AGAINST BULLETS — CAPTURE OF CHAMURCHI — DISASTERS AT THE OUTPOSTS — EVACUATION OF DIWANGIRI—LOSS OF GUNS—ABANDONMENT OF BALA—*SAUVE QUI PEUT*—DEFENCE OF BAXA—AGAIN WOUNDED—A BULLET THROUGH THE LEFT HAND—APPOINTED DEPUTY QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL, N.E. FRONTIER—WITH GENERAL TYTLER—RECONNAISSANCE INTO BHUTAN—AN ARDUOUS AND IMPORTANT DUTY—A DISGRACEFUL PEACE—AN EXPEDITION TO TONGSU PROJECTED—RESIGNATION OF GENERAL TYTLER—GENERAL





PORTION OF BHUTAN FRONTIER.  
 To illustrate Campaigns of 1864-65-66.

S. Pefferd Green, Capt.



REID IN COMMAND—THE AGRA BANK FAILS—GENEROUS SYMPATHY—THE BHUTAN REPORT—ARRIVAL OF MISS MACGREGOR—FURLOUGH TO ENGLAND—THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

“*Simla, Sept. 30.*—Sir Hugh Rose has been kind enough to appoint me brigade-major<sup>1</sup> to Brigadier-General Dunsford’s column of the Bhutan field-force, which is to assemble in a short time to enter Bhutan, in order to punish the Bhutias for their treatment of our Envoy, Mr Eden, in the spring. It is not expected that there will be much fighting; but even if there is not, there will be some fair opportunities for me to show my mettle. . . . I am sorry to say, from all I hear, that I think it very improbable that these men will fight, though they certainly have a very strong country to hold.<sup>2</sup> General Mulcaster is

<sup>1</sup> Governor-General’s Order, No. 78, of 28th September 1864. Appointment as Brigade-Major, Dwar Field-force, Eastern Frontier District.

<sup>2</sup> *Right Column (Gauhati).*—Brigadier-General Mulcaster commanding; Captain F. Norman, Assistant Quartermaster-General; Captain E. Lightfoot, Brigade-Major; Dr Nasmyth, Principal Medical Officer; three mountain-train guns under Captain Cockburn, R.A.; two squadrons 7th Bengal Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, C.B.; 43d Native Light Infantry, Colonel Campbell (Assam Light Infantry); one company Sappers (Bengal), Captain Perkins, R.E.

*Right-Centre Column (Goalpara).*—Colonel Richardson, C.B., commanding; three mountain-train guns, Eurasian Company of Artillery; one squadron 7th Bengal Cavalry, under Captain Ward; 2d squadron 14th Bengal Cavalry, under Major Murray; one company Sebundy Sappers, Bengal; Wing, 44th Native Infantry, under Major Dinning; Wing, 12th Native Infantry, under Major Stevens. (*Sidli.*)

*Left-Centre Column.*—Colonel Watson commanding. (*Kuch Behar.*) Lieutenant Gilbert, Staff Officer; three Armstrong guns, Lieutenant Cameron; two 8-inch mortars, Lieutenants Anderson and Waller, R.A.; one company Sappers, three pontoon-rafts (*Sebundy*), Lieutenant

to command the whole force, and four columns are to enter at different points, each having a separate plan of operations. Brigadier Dunsford is to command the two left columns, and they are to penetrate into the western part of the country, described as being very rugged, consisting of hills, some of which are 12,000 feet high. The Bhutias have stockades and stone forts, but few firearms of any sort, and as they are to be attacked with Armstrong guns, much resistance cannot be expected. Nevertheless, from what I have seen of the maps of the country, I think this system of detachments is bad, —bad in any country, but particularly in this, where not one of them can communicate with another, and thus each will have to depend on support from its own rear. This division of force is bad, and though it may not be unsuccessful against such an enemy, I consider that it is rather tempting Providence. The reason assigned is that there is a difficulty of finding supplies for a large force on one route. This is a childlike reason, there being no mountainous country in the world in which it would not be equally applicable, and a decent com-

Collins, R.E.; 3d Ghurkhas, Major Sanders; 11th Regiment Native Infantry, Captain Garstin; one squadron 14th Bengal Cavalry.

*Left Column.*—Brigadier-General Dunsford, C.B., commanding; Captain J. May, Assistant Quartermaster-General; Captain C. MacGregor, Brigade-Major; three Armstrong guns, Major Griffin, R.A.; two 8-inch mortars, two 5½-inch mortars; one company Sappers, Lieutenant Armstrong; 18th Native Infantry, Captain Vinson; Wing, 30th Panjab Infantry, Major Mayne; Wing, 5th Bengal Cavalry.

missariat could surely make arrangements to feed a force in concentration, as the furthest we can go is only 200 miles from our frontier. If we get thoroughly well beaten in detail, we shall deserve it for such generalship. However, this is *entre nous!* I have to go to Calcutta, thence *viâ* river to Goalpara.”

In his ‘Experiences of the Bhutan Campaign’ Lieutenant MacGregor gives the following account of the causes which led to the war:—

“On our conquering Assam from the Burmese, we were involved in a series of disputes with the hill-tribes along our newly acquired frontier. Among these were the Bhutias, who had been in the habit of committing *razias* on the inhabitants of the plains, who claimed the Aham princes as their masters. These princes could neither stop these raids nor punish the perpetrators of them, and so they agreed to give over to the Bhutias a certain portion of the low country, in consideration of their desisting from all future attacks on their subjects. The British Government confirmed them in the possession of these lands on the same conditions, but it was soon found that these conditions were not kept. In 1837 the Bhutias came down in force to threaten us, but were soon dispersed, and it was not until 1841-42 that we resumed dominion over the low country, but unfortunately we gave them compensation, thus affording them a display of weakness. The raids went on; the Bhutias burnt villages, mur-

dered women and children, and carried off the men as slaves, whilst the Indian Government wrote letters of remonstrance to a power that did not exist.

“At last, after years of endurance, the Bengal Government, finding their remonstrances in vain, thought of sending an embassy, which should explain all differences and restore peace and quiet.

“The embassy went, and, unfortunately, the Envoy chosen was the Hon. Ashley Eden. I will not recapitulate the result of this gentleman’s embassy; the story of it is one which will go down to posterity. . . .

“The Envoy was insulted.<sup>1</sup> . . . It of course became necessary, then, to punish the perpetrators of this insult, and it was settled that the Bhutias were to lose their plain country, not so much because they were turbulent, as because we were weak, and on account of the conduct of our Envoy.

“The Bengal Government next strove to induce the Supreme Government to believe that one regiment would be sufficient to seize and hold all the eighteen passes from the mountains to the hills; but fortunately the Commander-in-Chief advised sending a sufficient force, and submitted a plan of

<sup>1</sup> “The Tongsu Penlow,” states Dr Rennie, “took up a large piece of wet dough, rubbed Mr Eden’s face with it, pulled his hair, slapped him on the back, and committed other acts of very great insolence. . . . Mr Eden, nevertheless, signed the convention with the Bhutan Government, putting the words ‘under compulsion’ on each copy, on the 29th March 1864, at Panakha, the winter capital of Bhutan.”

operations, with details of strength required to carry out his project.

“The Supreme Government insisted on a modification of the Commander-in-Chief’s plan, reduced the strength proposed, and with this diminution a force was advanced, which took possession of all the frontier posts of the enemy. The civilians were jubilant, but the Commander-in-Chief was distrustful, and addressed memoranda to the commanders, insisting on the precautions necessary in mountain warfare, and on the vigilance requisite against surprise by a savage enemy.

“It seems, however, that the commandants of the various forces shared the confidence of the civilians rather than the distrust of the Commander-in-Chief, for they neglected the most ordinary precautions, and were in every case surprised.”

“*Nov. 20.*—The right column is to advance from its base of operations, Gauhati, against Diwangiri. For sixty miles their route will be through our own territory, which is highly cultivated, and six miles from the frontier Diwangiri is situated. It is not a fort, and its principal strength appears to consist in the difficulties of the ground, which consists of a steep ascent to some 2500 feet above the sea. It is a small place of only some sixty houses; but being the seat of a *soubah*, it has considerable importance. This force, like all the others, is meant to distract the attention of the Bhutias, and induce them to divide their forces, while it also serves to protect

our right flank from any attacks from the savage tribes of the Abors, Mechs, &c., who are believed to sympathise with the Bhutias. Still further to answer this purpose, the left wing of the 18th Native Infantry, under Captain Allen, is to be posted at Jaipur, where it will be in command of the line of communication of the above-mentioned tribes.

“The right-centre column will have to occupy the Bigni and Sidli Dwars, but here no opposition is expected: the cavalry will doubtless have to patrol right and left in the open country, which abounds between the Jaldhaka and Manas rivers. This column will serve the purpose of distracting the enemy’s attention, and forming a connecting-link between the columns on its right and left. The left-centre column, which has assembled at Kuch Behar, was at first detailed as the strongest; but it appears that further information has induced General Dunsford to reduce the strength of this column and increase that of the Jalpaiguri one. This column was made stronger in the belief that Chittakot and Pasakha would prove more difficult to take than any of the other places; and though I am not aware that it has been proved that these places are weaker than was reported, its strength has been changed. It will advance simultaneously with the rest of the force against Chittakot, which offered a determined resistance to a British force in 1792. It is about thirty miles from Kuch Behar, and is separated from this place by a considerable number



of small streams, for the crossing of which a pontoon-train has been provided ; but this, I fancy, will be found superfluous. After taking Chittakot, and leaving a garrison there, this column advances against Pasakha, which is a place of great natural strength. This column is provided with mortars and Armstrong guns, and I hope it may be successful ; but I confess it is the only column of which I have my doubts. The work cut out for them is no joke, and it is the only column that is commanded by an officer of total inexperience in campaigning of any sort. It may come through all right, and I trust it will ; but I consider that intrusting such work to so weak a column with no better support than the rabble of the Kuch Behar Rajah is foolhardy in the extreme. The left column, which will be commanded by General Dunsford in person, is to occupy the stone fort of Daling, and, leaving a garrison there, proceed to the capture of Chamurchi, and then join the left-centre column, which is also to incline inwards after the capture of Pasakha. This column will protect our left flank from any attack from Sikkim or Thibet. As the force advances, the Bengal police will take up the minor posts, and the country will be placed under civil administration as soon as possible. *Thanahs* [police-stations] will at once be established, and the headquarters of two Deputy Commissionerships formed at Diwangiri and Pasakha respectively. It is not meant to keep the troops in the Dwars longer than is absolutely necessary, and

they will be withdrawn as soon as possible ; but this of course depends on the conduct of the Bhutias. Meanwhile, though there has been a good deal of ordering and counter-ordering of regiments, by which Government has been a considerable loser, everything is now ready for an advance. The commissariat arrangements are very complete : 600 elephants and innumerable pack-bullocks have been collected, and three months' supplies have been stored at the bases. The medical arrangements also have not been neglected, some half-a-dozen assistant surgeons have been ordered down, and ample supplies of medicine, particularly quinine, have been laid in.

“ Thus we are now all ready, and there is no doubt that we shall advance by the 1st proximo, when I hope I shall have something more exciting to communicate to you, unless I get knocked over.”

“ *Nov. 21.*—Everything is now ready for an advance along the whole line, and it is quite settled to take place on or before the 1st proximo. The artillery of the left columns are a little behindhand, but they are expected to reach their destinations in a very few days. Captain MacKenzie, Commissariat, and Lieutenant May, Quartermaster-General's Department, are about to leave Sahibganj for headquarters, and it is very evident that the force is about to commence work at last. It is of course quite right that they should not delay for the 14th Bengal Cavalry, who, we hear, have earned the ap-

pellation of the Creeping Jats at the front; they will have the pleasure of knowing that they are debarred from all participation in the campaign on account of their own dilatoriness. The proclamation has been issued. It is very short, and commences with an allusion to the long list of insults which the English Government has tamely received from the Bhutanese, and which have at last been crowned by insults to Mr Eden, our Envoy, more flagrant and gross than any previous; and now, notwithstanding that ample time has been given them, the Bhutanese have failed to satisfy the just demands of the British Government, and have no wish or intention to do so. It therefore becomes the duty of the Indian Government to take steps to ensure for itself that respect which is its due, by, in the first place, occupying and permanently annexing the whole of the Bengal Dwars. The troops will advance for this purpose as soon as possible, and should the Bhutanese then fail to make overtures, the British Government will be obliged to proceed to a further exhibition of their power which the Bhutanese would gladly prevent. All inhabitants of the Dwars are directed to remain quietly at their homes, as they will not be molested in any way, and everything taken for the use of the troops will be paid for at once. Mr Eden's disgraceful treaty must be returned, and should the Bhutanese Government wish to treat, it can only do so on the basis of the entire cession of the Bengal Dwars."

"*Nov. 10.*—General Dunsford joined on the 10th,

and went to Darjeeling to inspect outposts at Ranjit and Pashuk, and to settle about the column going from Darjeeling to Damsang: it was determined not to send it. Two companies 17th Native Infantry were on outpost, and 300 barrels of powder (without guard!!) at Karsiang. On returning, the general went to see the road to Kuch Behar. Regiments came in and assembled by the 28th. Bridge at Paharpur being made opposite Domohanee."

"On the 28th November a column of 140 of the 5th Bengal Cavalry, 150 30th Panjab Infantry, and 30 Sappers, with two 5½-inch mortars, marched from Jalpaiguri, under the command of Major Gough, V.C., to the attack of the stockade at Mainaguri, the seat of a *soubah*, situated fifteen miles by the road, but only seven miles north in a direct line. The force made two marches of this short distance, and consequently found the place evacuated; but as it was ascertained that the enemy had only left during that night, it becomes probable that, if Major Gough had been a little more energetic in his movements, he would at least have succeeded in capturing some prisoners, an object which the very imperfect state of our information would seem to render almost imperative. Had the cavalry been crossed over directly opposite Jalpaiguri and galloped out to Mainaguri, while the infantry, crossing at the same place, pushed on on elephants, this object would have been effected. However, this was not done, and having given the place over to the police,

Major Gough's column joined the main column at Domohanee.

“This had marched from Jalpaiguri on the 1st, and crossed the Tista at Paharpur by a raft-bridge of a peculiarly fragile and oscillating nature, constructed by Captain Perkins, R.E. Domohanee is situated at the junction of the Cheyl, Neora, and Tista, and possesses a small stockade, which was also found evacuated. The force halted here one day, in order to let the rear-guard come up; but on the 3d it marched to Kyrantee, through a good deal of tiger-grass.”

“On the 4th December the march was resumed through the most dense grass and tree jungle I ever saw, the unbroken monotony of which made it most tedious; on, on we went through high tiger-grass reeking with malaria. Nothing but jungle, and again jungle on all sides; no clearing to relieve the eye, all was close and impenetrable jungle, and after eighteen miles of it we came to the river Cheyl, in the bed of which we encamped. What struck me as most strange was that not a soul in camp had the faintest idea of what the ground was like for one mile in any direction: there was a vague idea existent that encamping ground would be found fifteen miles ahead at Cheyldakari; but on our reaching the two houses dignified by the name of this village, a space of about twenty yards square was found, with no water. Thus we went blindly on, trusting to Providence to find us a resting-place, and to the

enemy not to oppose us. From this place the cavalry was sent back, it having been found that they could be of no use."

"On the 5th December, a force consisting of 200 of the 30th Panjab Infantry, Major Mayne; 100 of the 11th Native Infantry, Major Garstin; 100 18th Native Infantry, Lieutenant Loughnan; the Sebundy Sappers, three Armstrong guns, two  $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch and one 8-inch mortar,—marched for Dalingkot, while the rest of the force, under Captain Huxham, remained behind. Though the road up to the fort of Daling was not particularly bad, it presented almost innumerable opportunities for an enterprising enemy to resist our advance, and as we wound round hill after hill, passed height after height, penetrated dense masses of jungle safely, and crossed deep and rapid streams, I must confess that a most thorough contempt of our enemy was engendered in our mind.

"We reached Ambiok in safety. This is a tolerably level and open spot about 400 yards square, and about 300 feet below the fort of Daling. Here we encamped, and Colonel Haughton immediately opened negotiations, which we all feared would be only too successful; but as the replies came in and nothing came of them, while warlike preparations were commencing up at the fort, we still hoped that it would not all end in 'talkee talkee.' Next morning the *soubah*, having failed to comply with Colonel Haughton's direction to present himself at our pickets at sunrise, everything was got ready for

the attack. The fort of Daling is situated at the end of a short spur, and it follows in its outline that of the crest of the spur, so that its shape is altogether irregular; on two sides it is too precipitous to admit of an assault, but from our camp a road ran direct up to it. Along this side were three houses at equal intervals; but they were all pulled down to prevent our firing them, and the gateway is round the hill over a narrow gorge which was visible from our camp. The fort is commanded by more than one point at long ranges, and at the distance of about 300 yards by a small knob on the same spur on which it is situated, and it is dependent for its supply of water on the stream below, so that in default of other ways the means of taking it were ready at hand; but our general is not a man to brook such methodical ways of conquering. Accordingly, the mortars and Armstrong guns were ordered into the open, whence they could obtain a clear view of the fort to play on it. While the advance went on, leaving 100 men in camp under Captain Oliver, the rest of the force advanced thus—the 30th, 11th, and 18th, preceded by an advance-guard up the main road. However, they had scarcely moved off when a note came from Colonel Haughton (who had gone some other way) to recommend the force coming that way. Accordingly they were countermarched, and on this path; but before we had gone many steps, the main column again lost its way, owing to the officer commanding the advance-guard having neg-

lected to throw out connecting and directing links. However, after a slight delay, the chapter of accidents brought us to where Colonel Haughton was sitting, waiting for us within a few yards of a Bhutia barricade, with only a guard of half-a-dozen men. We moved on, the 18th leading this time, and before we had gone many yards, a smart fire of arrows, stones, and matchlocks was opened on us from a dense screen of underwood, and the men of the 18th and 30th, spreading themselves out, kept up a desultory fire, which could have been of very little good, as every man appeared to me to be firing at the sky. As the column came up, the numbers collected, and a regular 'fray' took place, and as the enemy were all this while firing their noiseless messengers of death, a greater number were here wounded than was necessary. Here I received my *fifth* wound, being knocked over by a bullet which went through my helmet and hit the top of my head, fortunately only causing a scalp-wound;<sup>1</sup> here Loughnan of the 18th had his arm actually pinned to his side by an arrow, while several Sikhs were wounded with arrows and stones. From this *sangar* (stone work) we advanced under a sprinkling fire, which was directed with considerable precision. We had by this time got over the gorge where we had seen them so busily at work in the morning, and we then had a tedious halt till the 5½-inch mortar could

<sup>1</sup> From the effect of which, however, he suffered great pain and fever for a month afterwards.



come up. The road, though good enough for men, was beyond elephants, and consequently the mortars were carried up by coolies, and on arriving were at last placed in position, and commenced firing; but after half-a-dozen rounds or so, a most melancholy accident occurred. Captain Griffin, the energetic commander of the artillery, was sitting on the powder-barrel (which was placed a very few paces from the mortar, owing to the nature of the ground, but partially screened from the enemy's fire by a pillar) watching the preparation of the shells; round him were Lieutenants Anderson and Walter, both of them good officers and genial companions, as also some seven men of the artillery, when—a noise—a wind—and a smoke, and where are they all? At one moment they were round the mortars engaged in their duty, and at the next they are blown to atoms! They died at their posts like the gallant soldiers they were. God's mercy go with them! How did it occur? The general impression seems to be that, owing to the fuse being defective in some way, the shell burst at the muzzle, and a splinter flying back ignited the powder-barrel. After some more artillery practice, by which a small breach had been made at the north-east corner, the general, getting impatient, ordered an escalade at this place, and an explosion-party to blow in the gate. Accordingly, part of the sappers advanced to it with powder-bags, and notwithstanding that there was no firing, it was a service of considerable danger, as there was a

house on fire near at hand ; but it was successfully performed by a plucky little Ghurkha, and a safe entrance was effected. Meanwhile a storming-party, under the leading of Major Mayne, escalated the breach, when such of the enemy as had not already bolted, evacuated with a celerity that did equal credit to their discretion and to the warlike appearance of the Sikhs. Thus fell Dalingkot, a stronghold of no mean order, and capable of a determined resistance if adequately garrisoned ; but this on the present occasion it was not, for the *soubah* could never have had more than sixty men with him. We have been accustomed to regard these Bhutias as a despicable, pusillanimous race, and yet we see them with stones and arrows offering no contemptible defence to some 500 or 600 men with Armstrong guns, and inflicting on them a loss of fifty-eight killed and wounded. It has also been the fashion to laugh at such arms as arrows and stones ; and yet I doubt, and the statistics of action in general will be found to bear me out, if we would have lost many more men if the enemy had been armed with muskets. The arrows are all sharp-pointed, and fly with great precision, having penetration enough to go through a man's body, while on this occasion one man was killed and several received very nasty gashes from stones."

"The Daling fort was garrisoned by 150 of the 11th Native Infantry, and thirty sappers under Lieutenants Becher and Armstrong. On the 9th a

party of sappers under Perkins was sent on ahead to clear the road to the fort of Damsang, which was said to be very bad ; and on the 14th a detachment of 150 of the 30th Panjab Infantry, two Armstrong guns, started under Major Mayne for its capture, but before they had gone an hour they returned with the intelligence that Perkins, finding the place evacuated, had occupied it. It is a place of considerable strength, being a stone fort situated rather low down on the crest of a spur : its walls are some 20 feet high, but it is, of course, open to the usual objection of native strongholds, it is commanded by the upper part of the ridge. A detachment of 50 of the 30th Panjab Infantry, under Lieutenant Durand, occupy it till relieved by the permanent garrison of the 17th Native Infantry from Darjeeling. Colonel Haughton, the chief civil officer, went to this place, as the country was inhabited by Lepchas and Bhutias, who were represented to be friendly ; but I am sorry to say that the abrupt changes of climate which he met on the way over the intervening ridges brought on a most serious illness, and he had to go into Jalpaiguri."

" On the 17th December, Perkins, the indefatigable, again started with his hardy little Ghurkhas to clear the road to Sipcha, which he found unoccupied on arrival ; a detachment of 50 Sikhs under Lieutenant Ramsden went to garrison it. The column then at last left the camp of Ambiok for the bed of the Cheyl river, and thence, after a halt of two

days, to Tonde, a place on the river Jaldakha. Here the force halted for some days; and on the 26th Captain Campbell was sent with a party to make the Sipcha detachment up to 100 men. On the 29th a detachment of 150 Sikhs under Major Mayne started, ostensibly to clear the road and reconnoitre as far as Chamurchi. I went with his party. The road from Ambari to Chamurchi is very good indeed, though it winds a good deal, and the last part of it is through dense forest and jungle. On the arrival of the detachment on the plateau, which lies very much as does Ambiok with regard to Daling, a picket was sent to the road up the hill; but they had not been there long ere the enemy came down to attack them in considerable force, uttering their peculiarly unearthly jackal-howls, and the gallant *subahdar*, being a man unaccustomed to take an enemy's challenge tamely, advanced on them, driving them back up the hill. On this Mayne sent another subdivision under Campbell to support the *subahdar*; but he joining in the fight, the Sikhs went on at a run, and seemed to bid fair to take the place then and there, when Mayne, fearful of some disaster to his small party, recalled them. By this time twelve had been wounded by arrows, only two of them, however, dangerously. One would certainly have bled to death if it had not been for the timely arrival of Dr Spry. The night passed without any attack; a few arrows fell into camp in the morning, but no one was hurt."

“*Dec.* 31.—About 11 A.M. the main column came up under the general, and the rest of the day was spent in reconnoitring the position and getting the baggage-animals down the hill again, as there was neither water nor space for them above.

“Chamurchi, then, is situated low down on a spur from a high range of about 8000 feet, which runs from north-east to south-west. It consists of a few houses and a monastery, placed on a piece of ground which has been cleared of jungle, and scattered along the crest of the ridge, while a stockade had lately been erected at the highest part of the clearing. Overlooking it, at a short range, is a small knob rising abruptly out of the ridge and commanding the whole of it, and a little further up another spur leaves this one and runs down towards the plains, enclosing our camp in its course. Between this spur and the larger one runs a small stream, and just across it, 500 feet below the stockade, was the camp. From the camp one road ran steeply, and in serpentine fashion, to the crest of the hill; and another, after running to the left for a time, eventually joined it. The enemy only expected an attack from the front, and they had prepared this road in a manner that would have done credit to a European engineer. Every turn, every spot whence it was commanded, was strongly barricaded, and these were made so close together, that the enemy evacuating one could find shelter behind the next before we could arrive, while each would offer an obstacle to

our progress. If we had attacked by this road, we should have lost 100 men at the least. The attack was planned accordingly. A column, under Perkins, of 100 men was sent up the little stream to gain the crest of the smaller spur, and following it, to come in in the rear of the enemy and intercept his line of retreat. Another column of 200 men, under Garstin, was sent up the left; and in order that Perkins might have time to get into position, he started four hours before the other column. Meanwhile one mortar was placed in camp, and two Armstrongs across the stream, on a small plateau, which gave a clear range to the whole Bhutia position. These were meant to play on bodies of men who attempted to oppose Garstin; but they were too late in opening, and after a couple of rounds it became dangerous to fire them. Garstin meanwhile made his way up the hill to the left, and met with no opposition till near the point where his path came in view of the place. Then the arrows began falling, and men were getting hit, when Captain Huxham, seeing that if they persisted in that road, it would be at the risk of great loss, turned off sharp into the jungles, and led his men round the forest to the left rear of the enemy's position, coming upon them with a suddenness which such a happy manœuvre deserves. This gained the day--the column only lost five men. The enemy, out-manœuvred here, retreated hastily to the next house. But Sikhs are not men to give a flying enemy much time for thought, and as soon as they

arrived at one place there was a body of Sikhs ready to charge them, and so they ran through everything, no time even to make a stand at the stockade, impetuous Sikhs and Pandies still at their heels, and so on they must go—on, on till Perkins, with his Ghurkhas, brings them up with a volley. Having no other resource left, pressed in rear by men in red and in *khakee*, and brought up in front by Ghurkhas, they dived into the jungles in every direction, and were no more seen. Thus ended the attack. Chamurchi was ours with a loss of five. The carefully prepared main road was never used in anger; and the enemy, taken in flank and rear almost simultaneously, lost a greater number than they had in any previous action. With the capture of this, General Dunsford's occupation's gone. What could we do better after a smart little campaign and hard day's work than wind up the old year with a jovial dinner-party in the *soubah's* house? 'Here endeth the first lesson' to the Bhutias! The Dwars are ours! When the second commences, where will it end?"

"*Jan. 3.*—Accompany General Dunsford on tour of posts. . . . All appeared quiet, and the order was expected to break up the force."<sup>1</sup>

In his 'Experiences of the Bhutan Campaign,' Lieutenant MacGregor writes:—

"At daybreak, almost on the same day, at the end

<sup>1</sup> Route of General Dunsford's tour: 3d, camp in bed of Ritee river; 4th, Ranjalee Bujna; 5th, Bala; 6th, bed of Torsa river; 7th, Tazagaon; 8th, Nutteebaree; 9th, Demdema Nadi; 10th, Santarabaree; 11th, Baxa; 12th, Tondou. (*See Map.*)

of January, stockades were found on each of the hills which commanded our positions at Diwangiri, Bishen Sing (January 25), Baxa (January 26), Bala<sup>1</sup> (January 27), and Chamurchi, and these stockades were crowded with Bhutias, of the vicinity of whom not a soul in our garrisons had the slightest idea.

“And the position they found them in was this. At all the posts, the jungle surrounded them so close that arrows could be fired into our stockades without an enemy being seen. At Diwangiri (January 30) the supply of water was cut off, the garrison was short of ammunition and supplies, and it was composed of half-disciplined soldiers.<sup>2</sup> Moreover, it was commanded by an officer who, in a similar expedition, had shown such a respect for his savage enemies as to retreat precipitately with his whole force, leaving the civil officer with a dozen men at their mercy. If the Bhutias had a general amongst them, he must have seen from the first that his success was probable; but when he heard that wild irregular fire which betokens frightened men, striving to relieve their fears with noise, he must have felt that it was certain. But he could

<sup>1</sup> At Bala, Lieutenant Millett, with 50 men 11th Native Infantry, repulsed the Bhutias. Subsequently, on the 4th February, in attempting to take the Bhutia stockade at Tazagong, in the Bala Pass, under Colonel Watson, Lieutenant Millett was killed, and Lieutenant Cameron, R.A., badly wounded.

<sup>2</sup> The 43d Assam Light Infantry, owing to the description of men enlisted in it, who had never been brought together since the formation of the battalion, was quite unfit to be left in occupation of an advanced post.



not have foretold a retreat of so cowardly a conception, so bad a management, or so disastrous a result, and so Diwangiri was evacuated. Lieutenant Urquhart, R.E., was killed, and Captain Cockburn, R.A., was forced to abandon two howitzers, which were carried off by the Tongsu Penlow.

“Although three men belonging to the camp below had disappeared in the most mysterious manner, the force at Bala was no better prepared against surprise than Diwangiri, and on the morning of the 30th January, the stockade was suddenly attacked, though unsuccessfully. The subaltern in command immediately sent for reinforcements, and these were sent up *sparingly*<sup>1</sup> and slowly; and *next morning* a party went to see what the enemy was doing, but before they had got far they found that breastworks and stockades bristled in every direction. This caused a second call for reinforcements, and considering the increased urgency for them,

<sup>1</sup> “The garrison actually in the stockade only consisted of 60 men; but two and a half miles off, in the bed of the river, which ran underneath the stockade, there was a force consisting of one company of sappers, two 8-inch, two 5½-inch mortars, and three 6-pounder Armstrong mountain-guns (manned by British gunners), the whole of the three companies Ghurkhas (less 150 on garrison at Baxa), and a wing of the 11th Native Infantry and one troop of cavalry. In round numbers, 700 infantry, 7 guns, and 60 cavalry.

“First reinforcement of 70 men went up the first day but did nothing. On the second day the party sent up was beaten back. On the third day half the infantry and guns arrived at the stockade, and in more than forty-eight hours a feeble attempt was made to drive the enemy out. There was no hanging back on the part of the native troops, the fault was with the commander.” (‘Experiences.’)

this was as sparingly answered as the former. These arrived in due course, and started to drive the enemy out of his stockades; but this operation failed signally, and the officer in command then called a council of war, and then followed the evacuation of the place. The Bhutias, elated by their success, continued their tactics of approaching us by a series of breastworks, and erected some in the bed of the river within two miles of our camp. Again a feeble attempt was made to drive them out; but as the attack was only half-hearted, it of course failed, and a frightened retirement commenced, and might have ended in a *sauve qui peut* flight, if it had not been for the gallantry of a native officer in charge of a small party of cavalry, who, estimating the Bhutias at their worth, soon put them to flight. Such is a succinct account of the occurrences at Bala, and it is a very sickening one.

“It is very sickening to think that an English officer could ever do such a thing as literally to be forced from his position by a party of savages, though numerically superior, without one gallant attempt to retrieve his position. I can see no excuse for it; nor, when it is known that the officer in command could have attacked the place with 800 infantry and seven guns by noon on the same day, do I think any one can offer one for him.

“Immediately on this news reaching the Commander-in-Chief, he ordered the evacuation of Bishen Sing, and this was accordingly done. Baxa

was more gallantly defended, and Chamurchi was never seriously invested." General Dunsford resigned, and was succeeded by General Tytler.

"*Feb. 16.*—On the 16th February General Tytler rode into camp from a distance of some sixty miles. In this alone there was something to raise our hopes; the man had evidently energy and did not spare it, and we had heard of his having been quartermaster-general to Havelock, and we augured well. He lost no time in mastering the details of the force and the position of the enemy, and while he saw from the general tone of the officers that they were at present in no fit condition for desperate deeds, he felt that this despondency must be put an end to; and though he did not give this out, it soon came to be understood very generally that croaking must cease."

"*Feb. 27.*—He then set off to inspect all the posts, a service which occupied ten days, and as I accompanied him throughout, I can testify they were ten days of as hard work as any general ever went through.

"On his return to camp, General Tytler occupied the days which must elapse before the arrival of reinforcements in gaining intelligence of the enemy; and so completely did he do this, that before the attack came off, every foot of the ground, every path, was known, and the position of every breast-work and of every sentry had been ascertained; and what is more, the attention of the enemy had been entirely drawn away from the direction he

eventually attacked by. The consequence was, that these positions were taken in a very brilliant manner with a very slight loss.

“The same plan was followed at Baxa and Chamurchi, and they fell with equal ease.”

“*Bala, March 15.*—To-day we attacked the enemy’s stockade, and I had a charge requiring great energy, judgment, and pluck. In carrying it out I was severely wounded in the left hand. A bullet hit me on the back of the hand, and by this means saved my life, for at the moment I had just put up my hand in front of my body, and it struck me then. I do not quite know the extent of the injury, but the doctors believe that the bone which runs down the back of the hand, in extension of the forefinger, is broken : they say it may heal, and that at the worst it may only be a crooked hand ; but if it is very badly broken, they will have to cut off the forefinger. Of course, as yet, they cannot tell for certain ; but I write to you to tell you, in case reports get about, as they well may—as the general has just told me that he had heard I was hit in the chest. I am quite well ; but this will lay up my hand for a good long time. However, let us hope for the best.

“This is my *sixth* wound, and I suppose the Chief will do something for me. The general expressed himself very much pleased with my conduct, and I suppose he will mention me handsomely.”

“*Chamurchi, April 2.*—My wound in the head

is now quite well, and I suffer no ill effects from it whatever. You will have heard also by this time that I have been again wounded in the left hand. I do not know whether the bone is broken, but the wound is all but healed, and I cannot bend the forefinger or thumb; however, there is no pain now or inflammation, only stiffness, which I am trying to get over by rubbing. . . .

“This business may or may not be over. I am inclined to think it is not; and moreover, that it can never come to a satisfactory conclusion until we have seized the capital, and placed a man capable of keeping the power on the throne; thus securing to ourselves a friend who will be able and willing to settle all differences which may arise in future, and showing to the whole country of Bhutan that we are able to take the country at whatever moment we please. Till we do this, nothing will be settled. It is the course we were driven to in Nepal and China; and though I am far from approving our meddling policy in this matter, I consider that, now we have begun, we should go through with it.

“General Dunsford has been succeeded by General Tytler. He is a good man, and I believe has a good deal of interest, being connected in some way with Lord Gough and Sir Patrick Grant.”

“*Sylhet, June 1.*—I am now acting as assistant quartermaster-general. I may be confirmed in it or I may not. Lumsden telegraphed the other day

that the Chief had nominated me to Government ; so I have some chance."

" *Cherra Poonjee, June 12.*—I have been appointed deputy-assistant quartermaster-general on the north-eastern frontier. I am glad of this, as I like the work much better than that of brigademajor. The work of the quartermaster-general consists in procuring intelligence of the enemy and information regarding the country. What can be more interesting than this? for in doing this you naturally become acquainted with the history, the manners and customs, of the people; you see a great deal of the country; you know all that is going on. But so absurdly has this been neglected by my predecessors, that I am not exaggerating in the least when I tell you that I have collected more information regarding the north-eastern frontier in a month than all of them have done together.

"I am doing my utmost to get information, and hope by the time I have done to have knowledge of every nook and corner in the place.

"This place is a hill-station nearly 5000 feet above the sea, and a most fearful locality for rain. It is said that the rainfall attains 893 inches in the year; and I believe it to be true that in one February (not at all a rainy month) there fell 70 inches of rain."

" *Dhubri, July 23.*—What a wandering Jew I am!—here to-day, there to-morrow; no resting-place anywhere."

“*Calcutta, Aug. 13.*—I have arrived here, *en route* to the Western Dwar again; and as General Tytler’s foot is bad, I shall probably have to remain here for some time. This I do not like, and I am trying to get the general to let me go up to Baxa to collect information of Bhutan.

“My fever sticks to me regularly, and I celebrated my twenty-fifth birthday by a feast of quinine and iced water. Luckily, though, it appears to come every fortnight as regularly as clockwork: it does not stay long, and consequently does not have much effect on me.

“I have a very great deal of work to do now. All day long I am writing or reading manuscripts about the north-eastern frontier, and a good part of the night I am trying to unravel the conflicting accounts of the different writers; but though I believe I know as much about that part of the country as most men, the more I read the more I am convinced that it will take months, if not years, to write a complete report. However, at present I will send them what I have got, and tell them that I know it is incomplete, but that I hope to finish it at some future date.”

“*Jalpaiguri, Sept. 6.*—We have got here, and to-morrow go on to Jalpesh, and then on to Baxa Dwar, where my real work will begin. There must be no more rest then.

“General Tytler, the other day, to my surprise, said: ‘I say, Mac, suppose you write the account

of our campaign?' I promised to try, and will, but it is not an easy task: it is so difficult for a military man in the service to be honest about a military expedition, and I will not be either insubordinate or sycophantish; so I doubt if I shall succeed. But if I do not, the careful study of the campaign will do me an immensity of good."

"*Beyond Baxa, Oct. 12.*—I have returned all right from my reconnaissance into Bhutan, and the general has invited the approval of the Commander-in-Chief on my having so 'successfully carried through the arduous and important duty.'"

"*Camp Tchinchu-La, Oct. 17.*—I have arrived up here in this camp, which is some five miles beyond Baxa into the interior. We are going on gradually, but are dependent on our supplies. The regular advance will not take place for nearly a couple of months, because we cannot be ready; the old story over again, fiddle-faddling by the politicals till too late.

"In July I wrote to Lumsden, recommending that I should be allowed to go to Baxa and collect information. No one paid any attention to the proposal till near the end of September, and then I was deputed to see if the route by Chirang was not the best to go by. I went, and I think it is, and said so; but said that it was far too late now to go by it. The Commissariat are not ready. However, this will not affect me. I mean to do my best. My report of the reconnaissance went on, with the gen-



eral's opinion that I deserved some expression of the Commander-in-Chief's approval.<sup>1</sup> Meanwhile Lumsden has joined this force as deputy quartermaster-general, and he tells me it is settled that if I care to stay in the department I shall be appointed to the Peshawar Division. . . .

"I send a copy of my pamphlet on 'Mountain Warfare.' . . .

"I am going on a friendly mission to some villages some eight or ten miles off, down the hill, on the opposite side of the river. There is some chance of peace with the Deb Rajah ; but I fancy we shall have some fighting with the Tongsu Penlow in the east. Wherever it is, as long as it comes, I don't care."

"*Camp Tapsi, Oct. 31.* — This is very wretched work here. We don't know whether there will be war or peace, and we are getting on very slowly with the road. I have hunted the hills in every direction, and know every foot of them between here and Baxa. . . . I am in the most splendid health and condition now, and think nothing of walking eight or ten hours each day. . . .

<sup>1</sup> "Here is a copy of the Chief's letter about my Chirang reconnaissance: 'I have had the honour of submitting your despatch of 11th October to the Commander-in-Chief, and am instructed, in conveying his Excellency's acknowledgments for the same, to request the goodness of your communicating to Lieutenant MacGregor Sir William Mansfield's approbation of the very creditable report, and appreciation of the service rendered by that officer and party under his orders, in effecting, under difficulties, the reconnaissance from Dalmah to Chirang,' &c."

“Since I wrote we have done nothing—in fact, I believe it is all over. I have been doing my very utmost to add to my name, but I confess my efforts have been a good deal circumscribed by my not being able to survey. Nevertheless, I have been more over the country than any one else, and there is certainly no one else in camp who enjoys more reputation than I do; moreover, I am fast learning to survey, under the teaching of my friend Lumsden.”

“*Nov.* 11.—I am afraid our little game is all up here. We are to have peace—in fact, as I write I believe it has been signed. . . . So I am sold again, and must turn my attention to other things.”

“*Nov.* 17.—This war appears to be over—a peace utterly unworthy of us, and most damaging to our prestige, has been concluded; and so I have lost all interest in the business. What I am going to do when this force is broken up, I don’t know. Go back to the eastern frontier and complete my report on it; then I am to go to Peshawar as assistant quartermaster-general. . . .

“It is a frightful disappointment to me this peace.”

“*Jan.* 4, 1866.—*Tapsi* is about fourteen miles from Baxa Dwar. I have been engaged steadily in preparing a *précis* of all the information I can collect about Bhutan, as well as in making a vocabulary of the Bhutia language. I have very complete information of the west of Bhutan, and have asked

permission to be allowed to go to the east and complete my report."

"*Baxa, Jan. 18.*—We have left the front and come down here, because there has been an idea that the whole thing was up. General Tytler and Lumsden left on the 6th, and the rest of the divisional staff cleared out to-day; but meanwhile there are signs of its being anything but over. The Tongsu Penlow has refused to give up our guns except on his own terms. Now we do not give them the 'black-mail' unless they give up the guns, and if they do not get the money they are not likely to be friendly to us; so I should not be at all surprised to hear soon of hostilities commencing again. This would be splendid. I mean some day to write an account of this Bhutan war, and let people know who were the black sheep and who not."

"*Baxa, Feb. 4.*—I believe it is all settled that they are going to send a column to Tongsu, under the command of Colonel Richardson, to the exclusion of General Tytler. The reason for this I believe to be that they are at their wits' end to get out of this at once and soon; and as General Tytler's plan of operations involves considerable delay, they jump at the idea of being able to send a column to Tongsu, and settle the whole thing, and they are annoyed at General Tytler for not approving of their crude scheme. . . . The whole affair will miscarry."

“*Feb.* 6.—A telegram came yesterday from Grey,<sup>1</sup> political officer on the right, to say that Colonel Richardson was to advance, and shortly after, another to say that he had advanced, under direct orders from army headquarters. Tytler immediately sent

<sup>1</sup> “After Colonel Bruce’s departure, which took place immediately after the ratification of the treaty, his place was taken by Colonel Agnew, from Diwangiri, and Agnew’s place was taken by a young lieutenant named Grey. Grey was of opinion that a force could march to Tongsu, burn it, and be back at Diwangiri in from eighteen to twenty-one days. This plan chimed in with the wish of the Government to make a speedy termination of the business. Colonel Richardson was a man who would undertake anything without counting the risks, and when the Government addressed him as to the advisability of the undertaking, said he would do it willingly. General Tytler now, seeing that Government were about to commit themselves to an operation for which they had neither the means nor the knowledge, once more addressed them on the danger they were incurring by sending a force into such a difficult country without intelligence or transport; and then, having done all he could, he declared himself ready and willing to undertake anything the Government might direct. Government, under these circumstances, chose Colonel Richardson. The object of the enterprise was to force the Tongsu Penlow to give up the two guns which he had taken from us at Diwangiri, and the plan proposed was to make a dash on the fort of the Penlow, and either recapture the guns or burn and destroy the fort, and return in a period of time under twenty-four days. The feat undertaken by Colonel Richardson was this: in twenty-one days to march close upon 300 miles, passing four snow-passes, over 11,000 feet, crossing six unfordable rivers, over perhaps the worst road in the world, and against opposition, which would commence after the first thirty miles, to take and destroy a strong fort; and this with only 120 coolies. What the force actually did accomplish was this: in eleven days they had advanced twenty-five miles, and secured the passage of one of the streams, when luckily the guns were given up. And just before the guns came in, Lieutenant Grey telegraphed to Colonel Agnew that the force could go no further, and unless the guns were soon given up they would have to retire. A more conclusive proof of the wisdom of General Tytler’s advice could not be wished for.”—Experiences of the Bhutan Campaign, 1864-1866. By C. M. MacGregor.

in his resignation by telegraph. To-day an answer from the Chief came to say he thought Tytler was unreasonable, and that he recommended him to recall his resignation. Tytler immediately telegraphed back that he adhered to his determination.

“Colonel Richardson, who started from Diwan-giri with the avowed intention of making a forced march of thirty miles to seize the bridge over the Manas, telegraphs now that he only made five and a half miles the first day, and hoped to be able to reach Salika, a place about half-way to the Manas, the second: so much for the surprise. If the Bhutias wish to cut the bridge, they will have time to cut one hundred such before Richardson comes up.

“There is one chance for them, that Tongsu Penlow will get frightened and send in the guns sharp. If Tongsu refuses to send them in, Richardson is done for.”

“*Feb. 8.*—General Tytler has resigned. I think he was perfectly right, as he has been most shamefully treated. There is not much more news from the column under Colonel Richardson. I daresay they will get to the Manas easy enough, as there is little population, and they would not oppose.”

“*Tapsi, Feb. 13.*—This Bhutan treaty is causing great excitement out here: the papers are very indignant. I wonder what they will say at home. Meanwhile the whole of the north-west frontier is said to be in a very unsettled state, and it is generally believed that there will be a row. I only hope

it will hold off a bit,—for I can get nothing for it, even if I get up there. If it would keep off till I had got my majority and been fully established in the deputy assistant-quartermastership at Peshawar, it would be very lucky. . . .

“This is very slow wretched work here. An order has come preventing us going any distance into the interior for fear of *rencontres* with the Bhutias, and consequently we are tied down to the road into and the road out of camp. Thus, beyond the Bhutias who pass through, I have not much opportunity of adding to our knowledge of the country, so I am now engaged in endeavouring to arrange a Bhutia vocabulary and grammar, for the use of the poor devils who may be sent here hereafter.

“The following is a copy of the Governor-General’s remarks on my Chirang business: ‘Having submitted to Government your memo., No. 534, of 28th ult., with its enclosure, I am directed to acquaint you, for the information of the Commander-in-Chief, that the Governor-General in Council entirely concurs with his Excellency in thinking the service rendered by Lieutenant MacGregor in effecting the reconnoissance from Datmah to Chirang as very creditable to him and all that accompanied him.’ So much, such is military glory! You throw yourself with half-a-dozen men into the heart of an enemy’s country, and it is said to be *very creditable* to you!”

“*Darjeeling, May 6.*—Tytler, after resigning the command, left for home on the 23d March, and said he was going to see you. . . . General Reid, Tytler’s successor, is a difficult man to get on with; but I do so capitally at present, and hope to continue to do so.”

“*May 12.*—I am afraid that I cannot write the account of the Bhutan war in the way you recommend; such a miserable business has it been that to leave out who were the black sheep would be to leave out nearly all. Very few did well. Altogether I think I had better have nothing more to do with it.”

“*Darjeeling, May 25.*—I have just seen telegrams from England, in which it says all the banks are going right and left. Bates, our brigade-major, has just been here, and tells me he thinks it most probable that he has lost £5000. I do not understand it all, and I don’t know why they smash: I only hope that the Agra Bank is safe, or that you are out of it. I suppose that it is, because people say that the Agra Bank is as safe as a church. Bates says also that General Tytler has lost some money,—I am sure I hope not.”

“*June 1.*—People seem to be recovering from their panic, and I hope the worst is over, and that we shall hear of no more smashes.”

“*June 20.*—I have just heard the worst news I have heard for a long time—namely, that the Agra Bank has stopped payment—that is, I suppose,

failed ; and I am afraid that this is too true. There seems no doubt whatever about it. I scarcely dare believe the worst for you. I can hardly bring myself to think that you are ruined by it, yet I do not know how it can be otherwise. I know not in the least what your arrangements were, whether you had money elsewhere, or whether something may not have been saved. I hope so, for I tremble to think of my darling mother and sisters if the worst is true. For any sake write, and tell me exactly how you stand. I shall be miserable till I know ; but please remember that I am your son, that now it has pleased God to do this thing, I will prove that I am so. Remember, please, that I will place every farthing I have at your disposal—all is yours—you never stinted me when you had it, and God knows I will not be backward in giving all I have now. I have written off to find out if my small balance at the bank, and also the £500 you put there for me [this was to purchase his step], can be got hold of. I don't know the rules of the banks ; but mine was a floating deposit, and I hope this may not be lost also. It is only about £600 ; but if I can get it and the other £500, I will send it to you sharp by next mail. And I will do anything you propose. I can spare £40 a-month, perhaps more ; and I will send this to be of what use it can, directly I have paid off the few debts I owe—or I will have one of my sisters out to live with me, sending you also any balance we can save. I will do



anything you tell me, only please let me know in what way I can help you and I will do it, even to resigning my soldier's career. That would be to me the greatest sacrifice; yet I would not hesitate one instant, if I could add to the comfort of yourself and my darling mother and sisters. I telegraphed to you to-day, and hope to get an answer soon. This all seems like a dream to me, it has come so suddenly; a fortnight ago I had not the slightest suspicion that you were so near being ruined, and now! I can hardly believe it even now. However, we must bow in submission; but let us all do one thing, let us stick to each other, do not let adversity sunder us. I for one will do so. My earnest hope and prayer now is, that I may become the prop of your old age, and that God will give me strength to stand by you. God forgive me! I have thought too much of self, too much of honour and glory, too little of my darling parents. God forgive me! and direct all my energies and all my thoughts on them for the future. My ambition was one day to lead squadrons in battle; now it shall be to place at your disposal competence, if not affluence. I thought little of money before, I cared not for it—I will now, I will treasure up every farthing for you. Please tell my darling mother this. I have no spirits to write any more. Thank God, for your sake, I am in health. But do not despond, do not let people see that a MacGregor is struck down by this blow. In the old days they tried to destroy us. This is a

different kind of blow ; but let us meet it as our forefathers did—let us be worthy of our race and name. Let us stick to each other for better and for worse. Bright days will come again, and we shall enjoy them the more for this sorrow. Believe that I shall be true to you. I have given over self, and now only think of you. I will help you in every way I can.”

“ *Darjeeling, July 15.*—I have just received yours of the 11th ult., and I can hardly tell you how glad I am that you are not very hard hit, and how proud I feel of your splendid conduct at such a moment as to give £15,000 voluntarily for the sake of some of the poorer shareholders. Of course you know best, and as you especially say that you have still enough to live upon, I suppose it is all right ; but remember I by no means cancel what I have said. If you want me to do anything, I shall be very glad indeed to do it. This upturn of affairs is indeed fortunate. . . .

“ My report <sup>1</sup> on Bhutan is finished, and has gone off, and the general took the opportunity of recommending that I be confirmed in my appointment as soon as possible, having shown myself ‘ peculiarly suited for the Department’ [Quartermaster-General’s]. Of course I must regret not getting promotion, as

<sup>1</sup> A Military Report on the country of Bhutan, containing all the information of military importance which has been collected up to date. (12th July 1866.) By Lieutenant C. M. MacGregor, Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General, late Bhutan Field Force. Calcutta : Printed at the Secretariat Press, 1873. Fol., 74 pages.

what soldier who cares about his profession would not? . . . I must confess to being somewhat annoyed at the change of Ministry, which has put off the grievance question indefinitely. I suppose I shall remain a lieutenant for ever.

“Since I have been up here I have been learning surveying and drawing, and I find that though I shall never be a really good draughtsman, I shall soon learn enough for my purpose.”

In November Charles MacGregor wrote that he had nearly determined to go home in the following April. His fever and boils, which had not troubled him for five months, had now reappeared, and the doctor said that nothing would drive them away but a lengthened change of air. In the following month the medical authorities sent him before a board of officers, who invalided him to England.

Early in 1867 MacGregor went down to Calcutta, and on his arrival he was “astounded” to hear from his mother that his sister had already sailed from England to join him in India. He received this intelligence on the 10th January, and on the 6th his sister had left Southampton. He immediately telegraphed to her at Malta, Alexandria, and Suez, to try and stop her continuing her journey; for he had sold off everything he possessed, taken his passage to England, and was on the point of starting. He was greatly inconvenienced; but finding his telegrams were not received, he went to the President of the Medical Board by which he had

been ordered a voyage home, and told him that circumstances made it of very great importance that he should not go home just then. "He stormed, and said if I did not, he would have me ordered." Lieutenant MacGregor then telegraphed to Colonel Paton asking if he might still hold on to his late appointment, deputy assistant-quartermaster-general, and received an affirmative reply.

Miss MacGregor reached Madras on the 11th February, and her brother met her. He was very pleased at seeing her, and writes — "I am sure, though I do all for her possible, she is very little more trouble than if I was alone." He then took his sister up to Ootacamund, that she might see something of a hill-station. She was delighted with the place, and enjoyed the ride up.

The brother and sister left Bombay on the 14th March, and reached England about a month afterwards. After remaining with his family in England four months, Lieutenant MacGregor, who was now twenty-six years old, proceeded to Paris, where the Exhibition was then going on, and here he stayed a few weeks.

Soon after his return to England, the expedition to Abyssinia was fitted out. MacGregor at once telegraphed, offering his services to Sir Robert Napier at Bombay, and being promised a Staff appointment, made his preparations without loss of time, and sailed for the Red Sea.



MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF SIR ROBERT NAPIER'S EXPEDITION TO MAGDALA 1868.

Scale





## CHAPTER VII.

## THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

1868.

*“Just ponder what a pious pastime war is.”*

IMPRISONMENT OF EUROPEANS BY KING THEODORE—CONSUL CAMERON PUT IN CHAINS—MISSION OF MR RASSAM—BRITISH ENVOY AND SUITE MADE PRISONERS—SIR ROBERT NAPIER PLACED IN COMMAND—PRELIMINARY RECONNAISSANCES—COLLECTION OF TRANSPORT—*CARTE BLANCHE*—ANNESLEY BAY—CAPTAIN MACGREGOR APPOINTED TO GENERAL STAVELEY'S DIVISION—POSITION OF AFFAIRS—COMMENCEMENT OF THE CAMPAIGN—ORDERED TO THE FRONT—A RIDE TO SENAFÉ—OCCUPATION OF ADIGERAT—MEETING WITH THE PRINCE OF TIGRE—DEPOT FORMED AT ANTALO—WITH THE PIONEER FORCE—OVER PASSES 10,000 FEET HIGH—CONCENTRATION OF BRIGADES—ALLIANCE WITH MASHESHA—RECONNAISSANCE OF MAGDALA—PROJECT FOR ATTACK—THIRST AND FATIGUE—BATTLE OF AROGEE—A FLAG OF TRUCE—GREAT LOSS OF THE ENEMY—THE STORMING OF MAGDALA—DEATH OF THEODORE—BAD TASTE OF SOME OFFICERS—A CRUEL FIEND—GENERAL NAPIER'S ADDRESS—THE RETURN MARCH.

APPENDIX.—ON THE RELEASE OF THE ABYSSINIAN PRISONERS.

As far back as 1865 attention had been called in Parliament to the conduct of King Theodore towards some unfortunate British subjects in Abyssinia, who,

having gone to that country as missionaries, were forced by the monarch to manufacture ammunition and make roads instead of reading the Scriptures, which was their proper vocation.

Captain Cameron, who had been appointed Consul at Massowah in 1862, was strictly prohibited by his Government from interfering in any of Theodore's private quarrels, and consequently that king became offended with the English. A letter he despatched to Queen Victoria in 1863 remained by mistake unanswered, and Consul Cameron was suspected by him of intriguing with the Egyptians.

The enraged Negus (as the ruler of Abyssinia was styled) soon imprisoned and otherwise maltreated all the Europeans he could lay his hands on, and in January 1864 Mr Cameron and his suite, besides the missionaries, were confined in chains at Gondar, and brutally tortured. They were subsequently removed to Magdala.

On the news of Cameron's imprisonment reaching England, Mr Rassam, Assistant Political Resident at Aden, was sent by the Foreign Office bearing a letter from her Majesty, translated into Arabic, to Theodore; and this Envoy, accompanied by Dr Blanc and Lieutenant Prideaux, reached the camp of the Negus at Damot in January 1866.

In April not only were the prisoners, who had been released and were on their way to the coast, brought back and again confined; but Mr Rassam and his suite were also made prisoners under circumstances



of great indignity. One of them, however, Mr Flad, was sent to England, conveying a letter to the Queen of England as well as one from Mr Rassam to Lord Clarendon (written by order of Theodore and inspected by him), requesting machinery and artisans.

In December 1866, Colonel Merewether, Political Resident at Aden, arrived at Massowah, and wrote to the Negus, saying that the machinery and artisans were at Massowah, and would be forwarded as soon as the captives arrived at the coast.

Mr Flad found Theodore at Dembea in April 1867. His followers were rapidly deserting the demented monarch, who finally marched with the remnant of his forces to Magdala, his rock-fortress, where the prisoners were confined, in October. The transport of his heavy ordnance prolonged his march, so that he only reached the plateau of Talanta in February 1868.

Colonel Merewether from the first clearly foresaw that no diplomacy would suffice, and perpetually urged upon the Foreign Office that force alone would cause Theodore to yield the prisoners; but it was not until April 1867 that the British Government first began to contemplate the possibility of an expedition to Abyssinia. Only reluctantly was a military expedition determined on, some three months later.

At last the Secretary of State for India telegraphed, on July 10th, to the Governor of Bombay, inquiring how soon a force could be ready to start from Bom-

bay harbour, if an expedition were determined on. No orders were given for preparation. On July 23d Sir Robert Napier, Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, submitted his views to the Government of Bombay, and within a week Sir Stafford Northcote telegraphed ordering the collection of transport; but it was not until August 13th that the Cabinet decided on despatching a force, and proposed that Sir Robert Napier should go in command of it.

The expedition being once decided upon, the Duke of Cambridge and the Secretary of State for War gave *carte blanche* to Sir Robert Napier to seek his materials both in England and India. The Admiralty, War Department, Foreign Office, and other branches of the Government vied with one another in coming to the front with zealous co-operation.

Preliminary reconnaissances were carried out by a committee under Colonel Merewether, including Colonel Phayre, Quartermaster-General, Colonel Wilkins, Royal Engineers, Major Mignon, Commissariat Department, Major Baigrie, Captains Goodfellow and Pottinger. After surveys conducted under great difficulties, Colonel Merewether occupied Senafé, 7000 feet above the sea, on December 5th, with the 10th Bombay Native Infantry, the 3d Cavalry, and the Bombay Mountain-Train.

Early in December Sir Charles Staveley arrived with the Sind Brigade, from Karachi, in Annesley Bay, and assumed command. Vigorous measures were adopted for the disembarkation of the expedi-

tion, a land-transport corps was organised, and stores pushed up to Senafé.<sup>1</sup> Water was condensed on a large scale, and wells were dug along the route from Zulla to Koomaylo, where the ascent of the mountains commences towards the inland highlands of Abyssinia.

*Jan. 2.*—Sir Robert Napier arrived and took over chief command of the force on the 2d January 1868. On the following day Captain MacGregor writes:—

“*Annesley Bay, Jan. 3.*—I write a line to say I have at last landed on Abyssinian soil. I am assistant quartermaster-general of cavalry, and Brigadier-General<sup>2</sup> Merewether is my general.

“Sir Robert Napier arrived to-day, and General Merewether only waits to see him, when he goes on to the front again, and I go with him. General Merewether wants to be allowed to remain in front, and I daresay he will succeed, as being the most fit man. . . . I have already got into harness, and have a deal of work on my hand, and my fingers are aching like mad.”

“*Jan. 7.*—It is all arranged that I am to go on, not with General Merewether, however, but in Sir Charles Staveley’s division, and I hope with General Collings’s brigade. It is expected the whole thing

<sup>1</sup> The British Expedition to Abyssinia. Compiled from authentic documents by Captain Henry M. Hozier, 3d Dragoon Guards, Assistant Military Secretary to Lord Napier of Magdala. (Macmillan & Co., 1869.)

<sup>2</sup> Colonel Merewether had now been appointed brigadier-general while on the staff of Sir Robert Napier.

will be over by June; but all this depends on their setting to work at once, and more on Theodore not bolting from Magdala."

"*Jan. 11.*—Annesley Bay is the place which General Merewether chose for the landing-point. It is a long narrow bay, flanked by low hills of burnt rocks and sand, with the mountains of Abyssinia as a background.

"The camp is pitched on a sandy plain, where the only green thing is the camel-thorn bush, and consequently the dust is continuous. We eat in dust, sleep and move in a cloud of dust. . . . And, if you take into consideration that on this thirsty plain there is no water, and that the thermometer is 90° in a tent, you will realise that we like to have all the water we can get. But as even the American pumps cannot coax a drop out of this soil, we have to trust to the condensing of the various steamers for anything to drink. Every particle of food also has to be supplied from the ships, even down to the grass for the horses. In fact there is nothing here that will supply any known want of man or beast. Then think what labour, what zeal, what good plain sense must have been required to turn this inhospitable wilderness into what it is now! You land at a pier which runs out for a quarter of a mile, your things are placed in a truck and trundled along to the end, whence they are taken on in carts to their destination. On your left, as you land, are all the official

Commissariat sheds, where are piled up mountains of food of all sorts, and where men are all day patiently weighing out grub to hungry men and still more hungry beasts; then there is the office of the harbour-master, the post-office, telegraph, the watering-place, Engineer stores, Ordnance and Magazine do., all with their vast accumulation of stores, apparently huddled together anyhow, but really in order and get-at-able.

“General Merewether has been as far as Adigerat, and his opinion is that a force should go on at once there, while an advance party reconnoitres on to Antalo; and when sufficient troops have arrived, then to push on to Sokota, and finally to Magdala.

“Letters have arrived here from the prisoners, with news of the Magdala lot to the 16th ult. All of them are in a great funk of Theodore, who, despite all the stories of his being on his last legs, still manages to keep up a wholesome dread of himself.

“Nobody can form any conjecture as to what will be Theodore’s line of conduct, and till he receives the ultimatum of Sir Robert Napier we shall not be able to do so. Five copies have been sent to him, two of which Rassam has taken on himself to destroy, on the plea that they will do no good, and would cause the death of any one who gave them; and the probability is that none of them has been given to Theodore. . . .

“You know one of my favourite army hobbies is that the Quartermaster-General’s Department should

be the Intelligence Department, so you may imagine my feelings when I found ten officers of that department here, and *not one* engaged in their real work, but all supposed to be disembarking troops, a duty which, to my mind, could be more expeditiously and more satisfactorily performed by an intelligent midddy.

“They have not been very successful in some of the men they have sent out here, on account of their knowledge of Abyssinia. . . . The best man of the lot is a shy quiet Swiss, named Munzinger, who was French Consul at Massowah, and is now one of the most useful men here. He has great influence, and is very willing to do anything if he is well treated.

“There is a frightful disease here, which attacks horses and mules, and carries them off in a few hours.<sup>1</sup> The vets. are at their wits' end. One regiment, the 3d Cavalry, has already lost 180 horses by it.

“The affair stands thus. There are four powers in Abyssinia — Menilek, King of Shoa; Wagsham Gobize, ruler of Lasta; Kassa, ruler of Tigre; and lastly, Theodore, who once ruled the whole country, but who is said now to have only possession of the ground his camp occupies. Nevertheless he is the ablest and most feared of any of them. Now each of these men want to take Magdala, partly, I take it, because it is an important position, but chiefly

<sup>1</sup> African glanders.

because the prisoners are there. If Theodore succeeds, as I think he will, as the other chiefs are great cowards, we shall have to hunt him down; and if any of the others get the prisoners we shall be no better off, because, depend upon it, their terms will not be easier than Theodore's, and it would then be a very curious phase in our operations if we had tacitly to acquiesce in receiving assistance from him.

“I believe the next few days will tell us that the prisoners have been taken away by Theodore, because he must have heard of our move, and will doubtless strain every nerve to possess himself of them; and when he has done this, he will have means of extorting from us very favourable terms, because, though I do not doubt our ability to run him down eventually, it would be awkward to be told, ‘One step more after me, and I will cut the throats of all the prisoners.’

“If he can only be kept out of Magdala for a time, a dash of cavalry would doubtless be able to release the prisoners there; and these being the principal ones, we might easily make terms about the small fry.”

“*Annesley Bay, Jan. 14.*—Until we have six months' supplies stored at Senafé it will be impossible to move on; for as the road up to the highlands lies up the bed of a mountain-torrent, liable to be flooded on a fall of rain, it is, of course, absolutely necessary that all these stores should be collected above before the rains come on and cut us off from

our supplies. Sir Robert Napier knows well what he is about.

“It appears that many parts of the plain here are below the level of the sea, so they have set to work to raise embankments to keep the sea out, and are raising everything on piles before the rains come on.

“The arrival of Sir Robert Napier is very opportune to throw oil on the troubled waters. There were too many masters, but now things are going better. . . . The prospects of the campaign have not brightened, as I do not see much chance of fighting. Letters from the prisoners report everything *in statu quo*—Theodore still at Wadela, within two days’ ride of them, so that we have not much chance of getting there before him.”

“*Senafé, Jan. 20.*—I have been ordered up to the front, and I, of course, took precious good care that they should not have a chance of again countermanding me, so I was off within an hour, and made the whole distance of sixty-five miles<sup>1</sup> on one horse in thirty-six hours, which, considering the road, is pretty quick. The first part of the road is over a sandy plain for fourteen miles, on which is not a drop of water, and only a few dried-up bushes when you arrive at Koomaylo, our first depot. Here the

<sup>1</sup> Zulla to Koomaylo, . . .	14 miles.		
Koomaylo to Sooroo, . . .	12 "	2000 feet elevation.	
Sooroo to Undul Wells, . . .	13 "		
Undul Wells to Rayray-Guddy, . . .	18 "	6000 "	"
Rayray-Guddy to Senafé, . . .	8 "	7000 "	"
—			
Total, . . .	65 miles.		



same incessant round of supplies pouring in and empty mules going out is going on all day. It is Zulla on a small scale—huge mountains of grass and grain, piles of casks of rum and biscuit, strings of oxen and sheep, show that we are being looked after here. What a sight this must be to the miserable, half-starved wretches, called Chohos, to whom a handful of rice is a godsend, flour a dream, and *ghee* a mere tradition! Why, the greatest of their chiefs never had so much grain by him in a year as is here collected for a day's use. How they must wonder! and when . . .”

On January 25th Collings's brigade was ordered to hold itself in readiness to march from Senafé on Antalo, and Sir Robert Napier left Zulla for the front.

“*Senafé, Jan. 27.*—I have not had a moment's time to myself. Since writing last I have been a good deal about the country, and am perhaps now as well acquainted with it as any one. A force has been in orders some days to go on to Adigerat. We are waiting for carriage, and shall then move. The Chief is said to have left Zulla, and will be here tomorrow, and then an onward move will be made of the whole force to Adigerat, but not much further. We have had one sad blow in the loss of Colonel Dunn, V.C., 33d Regiment, who shot himself by accident. He was beloved by every one, a gallant soldier, a perfect gentleman, and one who appeared to have a brilliant future before him.”

Sir Robert Napier, after leaving Zulla, inspected all the stations in the pass, and reached Senafé on the 29th, by which time friendly relations had been opened with Kassa, the ruler of Tigre.

On the 30th January the British vanguard occupied Adigerat, thirty-six miles beyond Senafé.<sup>1</sup> Goonagoona, Mai Magrab, and Focada, the three stations between Senafé and Adigerat, were also occupied by infantry, cavalry, and engineers, who were engaged in making the road practicable for transport and guns.

Senafé was regarded as the secondary base of operations in the campaign, the great storehouse for supplies to be pushed on to the front.

The Commander-in-Chief on the 5th February reached Adigerat, the chief of which was captive to Wagsham Gobize, the ruler of Lasta. Here Sir Robert Napier halted till the 18th; but the pioneer force had occupied Dodo, seventy miles south of Adigerat, on the 10th, and Antalo was reached by Colonel Phayre, with 150 horsemen, by the 15th February.

At this time Theodore was reported within one day's march of Magdala, to which place he had sent all his prisoners. Sir Robert Napier marched from Adigerat, on February 18th, with a wing of the 1st

<sup>1</sup> Senafé to Goonagoona, . . . . .	12 miles.
Goonagoona to Focada, . . . . .	12 "
Focada to Adigerat, . . . . .	12 "
	<hr/>
Total, . . . . .	36 miles.

battalion 4th Regiment, a wing of the 10th Native Infantry, four guns Murray's Armstrong battery, the 3d Bombay Cavalry, and a detachment of Royal Engineers, taking provisions for thirty days.

In two marches he reached Adabaga, where a halt was made to give Kassa, Prince of Tigre, an opportunity of meeting the Commander-in-Chief, and a fortified post was constructed.

Letters from Magdala reported that Theodore could not be in that fortress until the first week in March, and many schemes were proposed for rapid advances of the troops, by means of forced marches or flying columns.<sup>1</sup> The Prince of Tigre, through whose territory the line of march extended for above 150 miles, made his appearance on the 25th February, and a satisfactory interview between him and Sir Robert Napier ensured the goodwill and co-operation of this Abyssinian potentate, who also undertook to supply weekly, at certain depots, some 60,000 lb. of wheat and barley in return for handsome pay. He also promised to protect the telegraph wire on the line of communications.

The following day the British column marched onward, halting at the Dongolo river, thirty-eight miles south of Adigerat. The banks of the Agula were reached on the 27th, and another march of fif-

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix. Total distance from Zulla to Antalo is 192 miles. *Stages*.—Adigerat to Mai-Wahiz, Mai-Wahiz to Adabaga, Adabaga to Dongolo, Dongolo to Agula, Agula to Dolu, Dolu to Eikhullut, Eikhullut to Antalo.

teen miles up the Sallat Pass brought the force to Dolo river, where a halt was made till the 29th.

The next day the march was resumed to the river Haik-Hellat, the advance-guard being at Musno, twenty-eight miles in front, and Collings's brigade at Buya, six miles south of Antalo.

Sir Robert's column arrived in camp at Buya, near Antalo, on the 2d March. This station, Antalo, is about half-way between Zulla and Magdala. Here Collings's brigade was encamped, and halted with the main body of troops until the 12th.

Antalo was the third main depot which was established on the line of communication, and here the army was redistributed in divisions, ready for the advance to the south.<sup>1</sup>

Sir Robert moved with the 1st Division, south-

<sup>1</sup> *Headquarters Staff*.—His Excellency Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Napier, Commander-in-Chief; Lieutenant-Colonel Dillon, Military Secretary; Colonel Hon. F. Thesiger, Deputy Adjutant-General; Captain Holland, Assistant-Quartermaster-General; Captain Pottinger, Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General; Major Maude, Deputy Judge-Advocate-General; Captain Hozier, Assistant Military Secretary; Captain Scott, Lieutenant R. Napier, Lord C. Hamilton, Aides-de-Camp; Colonel Fraser, Commandant Headquarters; Brigadier Merewether, Political Officer; Lieutenant Tweedie, Political Secretary; Major Grant and Captain Speedy, Intelligence Department; Count Seckendroff, Prussian Guards (attached); Captain Moore, Arabic Interpreter.

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP ANTALO, 4th March 1868.

The following distribution of troops is ordered :—

#### 1ST DIVISION.

The whole of the troops from Antalo to the front will compose the 1st Division. Major-General Sir Charles Staveley, K.C.B., to command; Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, Assistant-Adjutant-General; Major R. Baigrie, Assistant-Quartermaster-General.

wards, on the 12th March, by Amba Mayro and the Alaji Pass, 9500 feet above the sea, to the Atala valley. The main body of troops halted

*Pioneer Force.*—To march two days in advance of the 1st Brigade, 1st Division. Brigadier-General Field to command ; Captain Durand, Brigade-Major ; *Captain C. M. MacGregor, Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General* ; Lieutenant Shewell, Commissariat Officer ; Captain Goodfellow, Field Engineer ; Lieutenant Jopp, Field Engineer. Colonel Phayre, Deputy Quartermaster-General, will accompany the pioneer force, and survey the road and the country in its immediate neighbourhood.

*Troops.*—Forty sabres 3d Light Cavalry, Colonel Loch ; forty sabres 3d Regiment Sind Horse, Major Briggs ; 3d and 4th companies Bombay Sappers and Miners, Captain Goodfellow ; two companies 33d Foot, Captain Trent ; two companies 27th Native Infantry (Baluchis), Captain Hogg ; one company 23d Panjab Pioneers, Captain Currie.

#### 1ST BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION.

Brigadier-General Schneider to command ; Captain Beville, Brigade-Major ; Captain Hogg, Deputy Assistant - Quartermaster - General ; Major Mignon, Commissariat Officer.

*Troops.*—Headquarters, wing 3d Dragoon Guards ; 3d Regiment Light Cavalry ; 3d Regiment Sind Horse ; “G” Battery, 14th Brigade, Royal Artillery (four guns) ; “H” Battery, 21st Brigade, Royal Artillery ; 4th King’s Own Regiment ; headquarters and eight companies, 33d Regiment ; headquarters, 10th company Royal Engineers ; headquarters and two companies, 27th Native Infantry (Baluchis) ; headquarters, wing 10th Regiment Native Infantry.

#### 2D BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION.

Brigadier-General Wilby to command ; Captain Hicks, Brigade-Major ; Captain Fawcett, Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General ; Major Bardin, Commissariat Officer.

*Troops.*—Headquarters, wing 12th Bengal Cavalry ; “B” Battery, 21st Brigade, Royal Artillery ; two 8-inch mortars, with detachment 5/25th Royal Artillery ; Rocket Battery, Naval Brigade ; “K” company, Madras Sappers ; headquarters and seven companies 23d Panjab Pioneers ; wing 27th Native Infantry (Baluchis).

#### 2D DIVISION.

Major-General Malcolm, C.B., commanding ; Major G. Bray, Assistant-

at Meshik; but the Commander-in-Chief, with a cavalry escort, caught up the pioneer force at Atala, across a mountain-pass of 10,000 feet elevation, under the peak of Amba Afagi.

From this point Sir Robert accompanied the pioneer force on March 15th to Makhan, a severe march of fifteen miles, Sir Charles Staveley with his division reaching this station on the 18th, through the Belago Pass, 9700 feet above the sea.

Adjutant-General; Captain Watts, Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General; Major Leven, Assistant-Commissary-General. All troops to and from Senafé to Antalo will compose the 2d Division.

*Antalo Garrison.*—Brigadier-General Collings to command; Major Quin, Brigade-Major; Captain James, Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General; Lieutenant Hore, Commissariat Officer. *Troops.*—Wing 12th Bengal Cavalry; 5/25th Royal Artillery; headquarters and “H” company Madras Sappers; 45th Foot; 3d Regiment Native Infantry.

*Adigerat Garrison.*—Major Fairbrother to command; squadron 10th Bengal Cavalry; two guns, 8/14th Royal Artillery; headquarters and 2d company Bombay Sappers; wing 25th Native Infantry.

*Senafé Garrison.*—Lieutenant-Colonel Little, 25th Native Infantry, to command; Lieutenant Becke, Staff Officer; Captain Edwardes, Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General; Major Thacker, Commissariat Officer. *Troops.*—One squadron 16th Bengal Cavalry; one company Native Artillery; three companies 21st Panjab Native Infantry; wing 10th Native Infantry; detachment 21st Bombay Native Infantry or Marine Battalion; headquarters, wing 25th Native Infantry; depots of all regiments in advance.

*Zulla Command.*—To be composed of all troops at Zulla and the stations in the passes. Brigadier-General Stewart to command; Captain Fellowes, Brigade-Major; Major Roberts, Assistant-Quartermaster-General; Major Gammell, Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General; Captain Hawkes, Commissariat Officer. *Troops.*—One squadron 10th Bengal Cavalry; “G” company Madras Sappers; 1st Company Bombay Sappers; 2d Regiment Native Infantry (Grenadiers); 18th Regiment Native Infantry; headquarters and five companies 21st Panjab Native Infantry.

Sir R. Napier with advance force camped at Lake Ashangi on the 18th, moving forward over the plain of Wofela to the camping-ground of the Mesagita on the 20th. On the 22d Sir Charles Staveley and a portion of his leading brigade joined Sir R. Napier at Lat, south of the Womberat chain of hills, 10,000 feet high. It was from Lat that the real rapid advance on Magdala began. So far Sir Robert had been making steady preparations. He now prepared for a swifter move on his enemy's stronghold.

The headquarters and advanced force arrived at Marawa on the 23d, and the next day to Dildi, where a depot was established, moving on the 26th to Wondaj. Sir Charles Staveley's division followed at one day's march to the rear. On the 27th the advance was continued to Moja, and on the following morning the passage of the Takkazie was secured and the plateau of Wadela occupied, Sir Robert halting on the river Santara, where the 1st Brigade arrived on the 28th.

Here the 1st and 2d Brigades were concentrated, and Mashsha, the uncle and emissary of Wagsham Gobize, came in from that chief with instructions to render to the British all the aid in his power.

On March 31st the 1st Brigade moved from Santara to Gaso, and, on April 1st, from Gaso to Abdakom. At this time the whole British force in Abyssinia consisted of 10,800 combatants.

On April 2d Sir Robert shifted his camp to Vesendi, and Sir Charles Staveley came on to Abdakom,

within two miles, so that the force was concentrated in case of attack.

On the 4th Sir Robert moved across the ravine of the Jadda to the Talanta plateau, while the 2d Brigade occupied Bethor.

Theodore's camp at Islamgi was now visible from the British camp. On the 9th the main body of the British moved forward five miles across the plain to the summit of the descent into the valley of the Beshilo, where it encamped within sight of the heights of Falla, Selassie, Islamgi, and Magdala, around which the army of Theodore could be clearly distinguished.

On the 5th April the Commander-in-Chief despatched to King Theodore a formal demand for the immediate and unconditional surrender of the prisoners; and arrangements were made with Mashesha and Masteat, the Queen of the Gallas, to cut off the retreat of Theodore in case he might attempt to fly and carry off the prisoners.

Captain MacGregor's letters are continued from this date.

“*Camp Talanta, April 6.*—I thought ere this to have written and told you of the capture of Magdala; but there has been great delay, and we are still two marches from it, and it is not certain that we shall be there for some time. Yesterday the troops made what really was a tremendous march, for though it was only nineteen miles in actual distance, 3500 feet had to be descended and then



ascended in the course of it, the ascent and descent being just the very steepest I have ever seen. The consequence is, the force halts to-day. These spasmodic efforts do little good. If this march had been done in two days, we should have got just as far and with less hardships to the troops. The other day an event occurred which seemed likely to cloud our relations with Gobize. His brother Mashsha, the Governor of Lasta, had been paying a visit to the Chief, and, on leaving, was passed out of our pickets all right; but, through the carelessness of some one, the 2d Brigade (which was encamped two miles off) was not warned, nor was an officer sent to take his rabble through their pickets; consequently, when he and his 'mounted brutes,' as Colonel Fraser calls his cavalry, arrived in front of the 2d Brigade pickets, they were challenged, and not replying satisfactorily, were fired into.

“The whole brigade was now got under arms, under the impression that some of Theodore's rag-tag were before them, and the cavalry having just arrived, were ordered to the front. Luckily, in the meanwhile Mashsha's men were running like hares, and though the cavalry were coming up to them hand over hand, they had got so far off that time was afforded to an officer to gallop out and stop the cavalry ere they got amongst them. Five minutes more, and Mashsha and all his men would have been polished off, by skilful combination of cut and thrust from Gough's men. The result was, one man

was shot and one cut down. Luckily it was no worse. Mashsha does not care, and otherwise it will not have a bad effect. We have had several letters lately from Rassam. He says all the prisoners have had their chains knocked off; but he always warns us against a night-attack, a fact which shows he has too high an opinion of Theodore's prowess, and does not know that a night-attack by undisciplined men against disciplined troops is an absurdity. The worst result of such an event to us would be to deprive us of a night's rest. Theodore is said to be busy on his last plundering, taking all the food from the villages near, so that I suppose he means to fight; report says that he means to contest the passage of the Beshilo. I only hope he will, for then indeed he will dig his own grave. I don't think he has much hope of safety; but to come out of Magdala and fight us in the open is playing our game in the most complete manner. If he does this, I hope measures will be taken to keep him in play on the Beshilo, and to send a body of picked men by night to surprise the fort denuded of its defenders, and cut the prisoners out. This would be splendid, and we could then come back and thrash Theodore in style, if he was disposed to want more, which is doubtful under the circumstances. I believe this to be quite practicable. Our state of information of the place is most unsatisfactory: we have only native report to trust to, no proper reconnaissance having yet been made. This, I hope,

will be done soon, and to-day we are all going with the Chief to see the place. I confess I do not approve of putting off this most important point so long, and feel sure that it cannot be done properly in a day or a few hours. A place like that would take three or four days' careful reconnoitring: of course it is no business of mine. Colonel Phayre cannot go without orders; but I am certain that the less we know of it before we attack, the fewer chances we give ourselves of carrying that attack through successfully. It is said that Theodore has with him 4000 musketeers, about the same number of rag-tag (whom we needn't count), and about twenty-five guns of sorts: with these there is no doubt that if he likes he can make a very good stand. Magdala is a strong position to assault, and 4000 determined men would make it difficult to take. We shall bring into the field 600 4th King's Own Royal Regiment, 600 33d, 400 45th, 400 Baluchis, 400 Panjabis, and 200 Sappers—total, 2600 infantry; and four 12-pounder Armstrongs, twelve 7-pounder rifled steel guns, and a battery of rockets and two 8-inch mortars. Of these, however, we must deduct 300 infantry to guard our camp, so that 2300 will be all we shall have,—not many, you must allow, and considering we have 10,000 in the country, very conclusive of the folly of those who recommended that the expedition should be composed of 2000 men at the commencement. The Chief means, I believe, to use every means to prevent Theodore escaping with

the prisoners and thus prolonging the campaign indefinitely; and as he has tried to make no terms, and in fact no terms would be granted him, this, in connection with the fact of his own natural pride and prestige, and the presence in Magdala of all his treasure, may make him fight. So you see things are looking up a bit, and we may not have all our campaign for nothing.

“A week ago I received my China medal, and with it an intimation that my claim to the Indian medal (which I had also ventured to apply for) was being investigated, so that I may hope to get it in another ten years, if I live so long.

“I remember Bella, when she saw my preparations for Abyssinia, remarked what a number of things I was taking. Among other items were six pairs of boots. Notwithstanding her chaff, I am sorry I did not bring eight, because here we are, with I don't know how much more before us, and I have completely worn into shreds, beyond all mending, four pairs of boots, and am now painfully looking to the time when I may have to take to sandals. In other respects I am pretty well off — *i.e.*, bearably so. There are certainly some holes in my coat, but one doesn't mind that, whereas a hole in your boot is a very serious affair. At the last moment we have run short of flour, and consequently tremendous efforts and awful prices are being proclaimed to induce the natives to bring some of their inferior flour, but here there is none. The plain of Talanta, which

we are now on, is as bare of every trace of a village or of cultivation as in the day it was created. Theodore has burnt all the villages, and there are no villagers to cultivate.

“I have been much pleased at the high praise the Bengal troops elicit from every one who sees them. The 21st and 23d Panjabis, and the 10th and 12th Cavalry are thought a great deal of; but I have also been amused at finding that no one will believe that these regiments have not been especially selected as the best in the Presidency. ‘Oh yes,’ they say; ‘of course they are not selected, of course all your troops are as good!’ Now the fact is, that all our troops are not as good, but all our North-West regiments are; and they are only selected inasmuch as Panjab troops always are sent in preference to others. I have seen a great deal of Bombay and Madras troops, and know every regiment in Bengal, and my idea is, that taking an average Panjab regiment as the standard, there are, perhaps, one-sixth of the Bombay army, and one-tenth of the Madras, fit to be compared with them; but you know my idea of the Indian army is to have it very small, but all picked men, and to keep them constantly in work. Perhaps some day I may give my ideas on army re-organisation, a subject on which I have thought and continue to think a great deal. All the foreigners in camp are unanimous in condemning our policy with regard to Abyssinia: they stigmatise it as weak and timid in the extreme, and think it would be a

crying shame to give up Zulla; that now we have opened Abyssinia in a measure, we have no right to close it again, as would be the case if we give Annesley Bay over to the Egyptians. I am inclined to agree with them. Zulla is the finest port on the Red Sea, and if we give it up, we shall not reap the very smallest advantage from the expedition.

“There is an agent of that most indefatigable of all engineers, M. Lesseps, here, and one of his objects is to secure that the 4th and 33d Regiments, which go home after this business, go through the Canal. He says Colonel Ross, the Deputy Quartermaster-General in Egypt, has approved, and adds that this route would be most comfortable, and cheaper than sending them in the usual manner by rail. If it is cheaper and easier, I hope the Palmerstonian opposition to the Canal has sufficiently died out not to militate against its adoption; but on the other hand, if it is not, no absurd spirit of liberality to a former opponent should make us take to it. The French officers say we are jealous of the Canal. We may be, and we certainly were at one time; but I have an idea that if they can prove practically to John Bull that it will pay him to use it, that gentleman is one of the last to wish to pay more for the sake of an idea.

“In Magdala there are said to be confined nearly 300 political prisoners—Theodore’s former opponents; and as these men belong in a great many instances to the families who are regarded as the

rightful governors of the various provinces, it becomes clear that if we release them, as of course we must, the possibility of very serious complications occurs. It is said that there are men among them who, if released, would draw off the adherents of Kassa or Gobize at once, so these individuals are not likely to care much for their release ; and yet if we do not release them, what can we do ? Altogether, I foresee that Abyssinia is not likely to be in the least bettered by our invasion ; there seems to be no man strong enough and able enough to take the lead and keep it. Theodore was the one man, but latterly he has become an insane devil. And of course, unless some man does take the lead and keep it, we can expect no commerce. You will see by this, that the fall of Magdala will by no means end our difficulties. True, neither Kassa, Gobize, nor Menilek has done much for us ; but they will not, for this reason, be the less inclined to expect much ; and if they expect much, and get nothing but fair words, they may cut up rusty.

“The one way out of the difficulty that suggests itself to me, is to select a man—Kassa, Gobize, or Menilek, whoever is the ablest—and give him the sort of assistance we gave the Imperial Government in China, after we had laid it so low that it could not hold its own against the rebels. The results of that policy have been sufficiently successful to justify an attempt here, if thought advisable on other grounds. I should not be inclined to recommend

such a policy, and just mention it as the only way, if we were to continue to have anything to do with Abyssinia; but if we persist in our determination of washing our hands of the country, and letting it go to the devil its own way, of course there would be no need of such a plan.

“It is a difficult question how far we are bound to do anything for them. Some people think we have no business to come here and destroy the only strong governor they have had, and let them fall into the hands of the Egyptians; but it is certain that if we chose a good man, and gave him the aid of officers, a few cannon, and a few thousand stands of arms, we could gain the end of securing a strong government for Abyssinia, and consequently of trade for us, at comparatively little cost; and, as the officers would be volunteers going at their own risk, with very little fear of after-complications arising.

“I have just returned from the reconnoissance with the Chief, and we have seen Magdala as plainly and well as you can see six miles off. Magdala itself is an oblong rock of volcanic origin, scarped all round, and only accessible in two places to the north and south. To the south it is separated from the main range, of which it is a spur, by a low saddle, completely commanded by the Amba. To the north it is connected with a precipitous hill called Selassie by a narrow strip of land named Islamgi: this hill is higher, and about 1500 yards off, and apparently,



as far as one can judge, is the key of the position. The Selassie hill is scarped all round; but to the north-west it trends gradually towards another hill called the Falla, whose descending contours intersect it, and the two here form a narrow neck or saddle. The Falla hill is not under 3000 yards from the Selassie at its nearest point, and is lower, so that it is commanded by artillery; but it also commands the only road which leads up from the plateau of Arogee below it, along its eastern sides, to the saddle above mentioned: therefore, if this road is to be used, it will be necessary to have possession of the Falla hill. Now the problem is: Given this position, defended by twenty guns and 8000 fairly determined men (we must credit them with this), how are you, with 2300 men and eighteen guns, to take it and prevent the escape of Theodore with the prisoners? Taking this last necessity as absolute (for if he did escape with the captives, the campaign would surely be prolonged into the rains), it becomes necessary to look for some means of preventing such a movement; and on examining the ground, we find that the hill of Magdala is a spur connected with the main range from Tanta by the low saddle aforementioned, below and on the south of the Amba, and that immediately on the east and west of this spur other spurs leave the same range, and trending irregularly to the north, are eventually lost in the Beshilo river. These spurs give us the means of occupying the main range, and of command-

ing any exit from Magdala on the south—at which point is placed the only other gate, and which would consequently be the probable point at which he would attempt to escape. Therefore this point, Tanta, must be occupied by a column of greater or less strength—rather less, I should say, as flying men are not difficult to handle. Having secured against the possibility of his successfully carrying off the prisoners, we have still to solve the other part of the problem—which is to take Magdala, with the balance of our force. To do this, we must have first the Falla hill and then the Selassie hill. The first can be done by sending a column, consisting of sufficient infantry, the two mountain-batteries, and the rocket battery, by paths to the foot of Falla; escalading that hill with infantry, and then getting up the artillery to the nearest point to Selassie, and sweeping with our fire the north slopes of that hill, so as to clear it of men who might be disposed to harass the advance of a second column, who would advance at this moment up another and more east path to the assault of Selassie. Selassie taken, our four 12-pounder Armstrongs and two 8-inch mortars could come up the King's road, covered the whole way by our troops on that hill and by the natural formation of the ground, which slopes to the north and west, and hides everything from the foot of Magdala till the crest of it is reached; and the mountain and rocket batteries could also descend the south-east slopes of Falla, and hugging the north and west

slopes of Selassie, establish themselves on the Selassie hill.

“Thus we should have eighteen guns and all our infantry in Selassie, the key of the position. Once there, no troops could live for a quarter of an hour on Magdala, with the fire of our guns plunging into them from such a commanding height; and the consequence will be that, within that time of our opening fire from Selassie, Theodore and his brave army will be making the best of their way out. But here an objection offers to clearing off the Magdala plateau with a fire of shells and rockets. These, which will cause such havoc among Theodore’s men, and which will burn his houses, are likely—nay, almost certain—to place the prisoners and the houses they occupy in equal danger; so we must either risk this chance, or, abandoning our plan of shelling the fort, try some other. In front of Selassie, and commanded by it, is the Kokirbur gate, the only way in from our side: we must therefore advance and assault this gate—the advance of our troops being covered as long as possible by the fire of our guns and of marksmen sent forward. In this last way we shall lose a great many more men, but we shall give ourselves the best chance of saving our prisoners. It is a choice of evils. We shall see which Sir Robert will take.

“Thus you see I have taken Magdala for you (on paper). What I have said is founded on what I have seen. But if I was general, I would not be at all

satisfied with my observations: there may be formations of the ground, pathways, &c., which we could not see, and which would change the whole plan of attack. I would have the place thoroughly reconnoitred in every direction, so that not a stone on the hillside should be unknown to me, not a path nor a bush unseen by me. I suppose Sir Robert will do this. I have not the faintest idea where I shall be placed, but shall, of course, try for a good one; and as Colonel Phayre is a brave, forward man, I daresay we shall get pretty much to the front.

“To-day the 2d Brigade has arrived, and to-morrow the heavy artillery (called so by comparison only) and the 45th will be up, so that the capture will come off on the 9th or 10th. I am just going out with Colonel Phayre to reconnoitre further, and we may have some slight skirmishing with Theodore. They say his troops are much dispirited, and he has to try to keep them up with lies. It is very curious that he has not made the slightest sign to show that he knows of our arrival in the country. Does this look promising of a fight, or not? Good-bye. I hope the next letter will give you the real, undoubted, true, and particular account of the fall. I trust I shall come out of it as I have come out of many as great dangers.”

“*Magdala, April 12.*—I think my last was from Talanta, within sight of Magdala, written in that state of pleasing uncertainty which they say is the

fate of bridegrooms-elect before they take the fatal plunge. We are waiting and looking—for I think every single individual in camp went to do that, from his Excellency down to the muleteers; and of course, each one that went to look came back and felt called upon to give his idea of the best way of taking it. I gave you the benefit of my idea in my last; and judging from events, and those of others, I don't think it was so wild as some I have heard. I think, if 'tis ever my fate to command an army in the field, I shall insist on a very careful medical opinion with regard to the temperaments of my chief officers, as I think the possession of such information would enable one to form more just ideas as to the value of each report which might be submitted. Some men's reports are always coloured with the hopeful roseate tint proceeding from their own sanguine natures, while others invariably display dark washes of Indian ink. One man sees in Magdala an impregnable mountain position; to another, with the same opportunities of judging, it merely appears a hill with easy approaches—and it should be remembered that both are perfectly honest in their opinions. The one can see no more reason for the tints of the other than he can fly. In addition to these discrepancies of opinion, proceeding from the different temperaments of men, a general has to remember other causes which, if they do not alter, intensify these opinions.

“On 7th April I was sent forward with the regiment

of pioneers to select a good position for the bivouac of the army, and secure the passage of the Beshilo. I went without tent, or even change of clothes, and consequently got wet through and had to lie in the wet all night. However, we managed the work we had come for unmolested, and secured a position that all Theodore's men could not storm or turn, were they ten times the men they are. On the 9th I stayed there till the afternoon, and then walked up to camp to report progress, getting wet through again. On the 10th I went with Colonel Phayre on ahead, to reconnoitre, as far as we safely could, towards Magdala, the 1st Brigade, with Sir Charles Staveley, coming up to support us, or take advantage of any opportunity for securing important points which we might discover. We advanced carefully up the ravine which leads to Magdala for two and a half miles, and then found a path which took us to the crest of the heights overlooking it, and went to within two miles of the foot of the Falla hill (mentioned in my last); here we waited till Sir Charles came up with some troops, and the ground in front being pretty open and unoccupied, we pushed on to the King's road, to about half a mile of the Selassie hill, without seeing an enemy below. We then came back and chose a position for our camp, and sat down to rest—having been then walking, almost without intermission, for eleven hours. I confess I was then very nearly played out, and sat down with that feeling of intense pleasure which only a thoroughly

tired man can feel when he sees the end of his labours. It was not so much the distance covered—I have walked double as much before—but the sun was fearfully hot; we had had nothing to eat, and we got not a single drop of water the whole day, and we had to climb up some extremely stiff places. Several men and officers gave in, regularly done; and if you had seen the way the men straggled—with that painful distressed look, their tongues cleaving to the roof of their mouths for want of moisture, and yet all that was in them pouring out in big drops of perspiration—you would have said: This has evidently been a hard day, yet a good one, one to be cherished up as a standard of comparison when more hard days shall come. I tell you, I felt, not once but several times, that I must give in if I got no water. I gave first my telescope, then my aneroid, then my sword, to a brother officer who was riding; then I felt even the prismatic compass a weight, and gave that; then off came the coat (a fig for military appearance! thought I)—till at last, when in decency nothing more could come off, I began to have thoughts of giving in. I don't know how far they affect other men, but with me they are a sure sign of being nearly pumped. When you *think* (for the time only, certainly) glory is a mistake, fame a delusion, and distinction a snare, nothing seems worth going on ten minutes further for. You, who before prided yourself on that very quality of endurance, on never giving in, are ready now to

confess that you are completely done; and yet, somehow, you don't confess it. You struggle on, feeling that courage is oozing out with each drop of perspiration, another round turn; you say: How infernally hot! Have you a drop of water? and thus, humbug to the last, manage to stumble in more dead than alive, to try and persuade yourself, even when the fatigue is over and the thirst quenched, that you could have endured more. This was my feeling. I was quite done; I must have dropped in half an hour more. I have gone through some hot days, some tiring, hungry, and thirsty ones before, but never one where intense heat, raging thirst, and dull fatigue combined so completely to make me confess what a poor thing I was after all. And if I may be permitted to judge from my own feelings, I should say this was pretty much what every man who walked the whole day felt. Some rode, and of course have no right to talk of hard work—though their horses may. Phayre and I came in alone, ahead of a few cavalry as escort, and I think it was a toss-up which was the most done; and I assure you it was balm to see, as each wretched straggler toiled painfully up to the little knoll on which we sat and then threw himself down, that we were not the only victims to the day's work. After we had been in an hour, word came up from the rear, 'Colonel Cameron reports that the 4th are so done up they cannot come on.' So it was with the Panjabis, and the Baluchis, and all who walked.



“While we had been sitting, thankful for the rest, making anxious inquiries about the water, and arranging for a camp, we noticed that the number of men on Falla hill had increased greatly and was increasing more; but we thought curiosity was their object, for as each man crowded up, he strove to get to the front to see the first of English soldiers. It was lucky we were too far to make out much of their movements, much less their faces, or they might have seen how done up we were. There was a tolerably clear space round one man in red, whom we afterwards learnt was Theodore, and he seemed to be speaking with frequent gesticulations, and the crowd swayed about as if by his order, when after a time they went back, and out of the crowd, dragged or lifted or pushed by many men, came some things which could only be made out as black objects, but which turned out to be guns.

“Then we began to think they might fire at us, and it was curious to watch the magic effect of the thought. For six months had the men toiled and slaved with half rations and the barest necessities of life; for six months had they borne this without a murmur, and borne, what was far worse to them, the sneers of the home papers at a campaign without a fight—borne it, with one hope, one wish uppermost,—yes, above that of the release of the captives—for soldiers are not less selfish than other people, I suppose,—and that was that Theodore might meet us on the open hillside and give us a chance; and

when that thought became changed to a reality when the first gun of the campaign was fired, the effect was marvellous. All jumped to their feet, and not a mere cheer, but a frantic yell of delight broke out, and Theodore's pluck was clapped with an energy and an excitement which I have only seen equalled by an audience listening to the warblings of the divine Patti.

“Where is the heat now? where the hunger, thirst, or fatigue? all are gone: who said her Majesty's 4th were so done up they could not come on? they are doubling, yes, *running*, to get under fire, noisily, cheerily, talking the while; and the Baluchis, the Panjabis, are so ‘completely knocked up’ that they are running down the hillside like cats.

“‘D—n me if I want any water now, Bill!’ ‘Chalo Bhai, ab badla lenge!’ were the characteristic cries of the Indian and the British troops. And as Sir Charles Staveley (a few minutes before looking a haggard, worn-out man from the effects of his late illness, but now with a bright eager look and erect bearing, gave the orders in quick succession, ‘*Infantry will take their packs off!*’ ‘*Naval Brigade to the front!*’ ‘*The Panjabis to support the artillery!*’ a man who did not know troops and the feelings that move them, might have thought he had ordered each man some tangible personal advantage; and yet to them these orders only meant, Go forward and take your chance of a bullet. The

crowd on the hill was meanwhile leaving the crest to us, and moving away, first to the rear and then to the road, down which they came in a quick confident way that surprised me, and showed those men were accustomed only to victory. Down they streamed, without hesitation or stoppage, on to the plateau in front of us, riding boldly, confidently up to the very edge, crying and flourishing their spears and firing occasionally. Meanwhile the rockets of the Naval Brigade were preparing, and as they got to the edge of the plateau, which went one into the middle of them, causing them to reel and disperse, and calling forth a thousand throaty and hearty cheers at our first shot. Then the 4th sent forward skirmishers, the Baluchis and Sappers in support, the artillery firing shell, and the Panjabis for the present in support of them, and then came Theodore's first introduction to the terrible Sniders. Quick, sharp, angry shots were heard, and after them men were seen to fall like logs. The effect was tremendous, and the 4th and Baluchis (armed with Enfields) then getting into line, advanced firing. The Abyssinians did not run back, but went back huddled together as if they could not make out this beautiful array, and were bewildered at the terrible fire which reached them from so far; but even as they went back, over the swell of the ground behind came the thin line of red and green (the 'worn-out' 4th and the Baluchis), spitting fire, as it were, and then as they reached the road back to their fort, they turned

to the left—whether to avoid the deadly fire, or to outflank us in that direction or not, I don't know—and made for the ground overhanging the ravine up which our baggage was coming. But woe to them for this fault! the woe that falls to men who dare to cross the front of an enemy within range; for no sooner was the move commenced, than it was noticed,—noticed by a Chamberlain, and one who brought much of the promptitude and daring of his dauntless brother Neville to bear on the position. In an instant a wing of the Panjabis were doubling down the hill, and then, circling round the contour just below the crest, they caught the Abyssinians just trying to cross the next ravine, and that they smote them severely, frequent volleys at fifty paces augured, and the number of dead bodies next morning proved. Then those of Theodore's men who remained were peppered by the 4th; those that remained on the hill, and did not go down to that valley of death where the Panjabis were, were torn to pieces by the shells from Penn's (Plucky Penn of the Crimea) battery. Of those who went to that valley, many stayed, to go down valleys no more; some got up beyond, and some got too far, but were caught again in flank by the baggage-guard of the 4th. And so the thing ended; at 4.45 it commenced, at 6.15 it ended.

“Theodore fired from eight guns at us, from his commanding position on Falla, and the near slopes of Selassie by the saddle, yet he hit no one, not one

man or horse, with all of them. His infantry fired as well as they could, and the result of their fire was Captain Roberts, 4th, wounded, and about twenty men of the different regiments engaged. Of the result to him we can tell little, but it must have been terrible. I have just heard (but not yet surely ascertained) that our burying-parties have buried 370 bodies; if this is the case, his total of killed and wounded will not be less than 500.

“I was fortunate enough to be present throughout the whole fight, at first by the Chief, then having carried an order for him, with the 4th, and lastly, having fulfilled the same errand for Sir Charles Staveley, with the Panjabis; so I had an opportunity of seeing the whole fight, and under different and favourable circumstances. The effect of the rockets on the enemy was very great. After they got to know them, they ran from them like sheep from the dog; and though the fire of the Naval Brigade was very wild at first, it became much more steady towards the end, and one of them, we hear, went within a few yards of where Theodore was standing on the hill directing the guns. The mountain battery, familiarly termed in camp the *Steel Penns*, also did excellent service with their shells and rockets. On our side the danger was not much, as shown by the casualties; but the results of the action were, as this letter will show, simply wonderful. During the whole fight it was pouring with rain, so we were all wet through; and as the troops

had to march back and stand by their arms the whole night, I think I am not saying too much when I say that, as far as actual hardship goes, that twenty-four hours has not often been surpassed. I had to go to see about the water and the camp, so that I did not get away till 11 P.M., having been on my feet, with a short rest, since 5 A.M., *eighteen hours*, and then General Merewether gave me some cold beef and a *chupattee*, and I lay out in the open, for no tents were up."

"*April 11.*—Next morning, about 6.30 A.M., a flag of truce appeared, and shortly afterwards Prideaux and Flad rode into camp. They said that the King, on seeing his army bolt, and the casualties amongst them—for, in addition to those killed and wounded, very few went back that night to him—became very anxious, and in the middle of the night sent Wladimir to Rassam to say, 'I thought I was a man, I thought I could beat men sent by a woman, but I am mistaken; I am beaten, all my best men are dead, I have nothing but women left, and tomorrow they will come and kill the rest: you must reconcile me.' Rassam sent the two above mentioned: they came mounted on mules with gaudy trappings, belonging to the King, and as they rode in, the soldiers crowded round them, wrung their hands, and cheered most vociferously. I must say I felt wild, and kicked up as much row as the noisiest 'Tommy Atkins' there, till somehow I felt that 'lump' in my throat, which shows how true are

Shakespeare's words, 'One touch of nature,' &c., and that the hardest of us have their soft moments. I am sure the old Chief had the 'lump' very bad; he couldn't speak when he shook hands with them, and it is sure that if he had tried he would have burst out into as unmistakable a 'boo-hoo' as ever came from schoolgirl's throat. Both Prideaux and Flad looked in excellent condition, the first as if he had been kept all the time under a glass case, and dusted by a servant-maid. They seemed very confident Theodore would give them up at once; but said he had said nothing about terms, but had only asked to be reconciled.

"After getting some breakfast, they went back with the Chief's answer, which was (I speak under correction, as of course I did not see it), 'Unconditional surrender of all the prisoners, and of the King, his life and honourable treatment being guaranteed.' They went away, and came back about 3 P.M., looking very blue. The King had flown into a passion, and nearly shot them when he heard the answer; he would not give the prisoners unless his fort was left unmolested. Prideaux seemed to be very much down in the mouth, thought they would be killed, and things generally became very black. The Chief had a long interview with them, then came out looking wretched, walked near his tent in a half-dazed manner for five minutes, then went back and sent for Sir C. Staveley, General Merewether, Colonel Thesiger successively. Came out

again, looking eighty, the weight was upon him, what was he to do?

“I thought as I looked at him, and heard round the careless talk and light laughter of the soldiers, Here is the most terrible part of a general’s duty, the weight of the responsibility for the lives of brother soldiers, and his whole professional life at stake. I thought, Here is a man who at this moment feels physically and morally that every man in England is looking at him, watching him for an answer, waiting for his word, before breaking out into the angry disappointed howls which would wither him as if struck by lightning, or into the applause so dear to every soldier’s heart, notwithstanding theories about duty, &c., and I asked myself whether I would change with him at that moment.

“But he stood firm, and the answer was (I believe) still the same unconditional surrender. About 6.30 P.M. Prideaux came again to say the King had tried to shoot himself, was now nearly blind, and quite silly drunk, was sending down Rassam and all the English prisoners, and was crying on the top of the hill himself. Sure enough, about eight, Rassam, Cameron, Blanc, Flad, Kereus, Rosenthal (and Mrs), Stern, Mayer, &c., came in. Here was a stroke of luck. Five hours before Theodore had in his hands terrible cards, and now he had thrown them up, put the game into Sir Robert’s hands, and had given over the prisoners without a word about terms. Next morning, Easter Sunday, the rest of the prison-



ers, consisting of Mrs Flad and the German artisans, also came in, also without terms, so that now Sir Robert had everything his own way. It is true that Theodore said he would never come, but would die at the head of a few faithful followers in Magdala; but this afforded no cause for fear, but rather for congratulation, for although his resolution might affect the number of casualties, it could not affect the final result. The capture of Magdala was now certain, and I can imagine how the Chief must have chuckled that there was nothing but bullets in his way. No responsibility now as to their lives,—all was clear. Such is the uncertainty of war! I will defy any one to afford the slightest clue to the reason of Theodore's late actions: it was not fear, nor remorse, nor kindness, nor policy; neither remorse nor kindness was in the man, and if he had felt fear, the very last thing he should have done would have been the surrender of the prisoners. In this, as in many other circumstances, he had been our best friend. The best general, the greatest statesman in the world, could not have brought about a more completely successful combination of circumstances than was now at Sir Robert's disposal to make the most of.

“The first news we heard on waking on Easter Monday (April 13) was that Theodore was off. This was true; he had left, or tried to leave, but, whether from seeing the place surrounded, as it was, by Gallas thirsting for his blood, or because his chiefs prevented him, I know not; anyhow he came

back. The troops were formed up for attack, the 33d leading; because, though no fighting was expected, it was necessary to proceed in exactly the same way as if we were to be resisted. The Armstrong guns and 8-inch mortars took up their respective positions, and everything, down to scaling-ladders and powder-bags, were held in readiness, and we advanced. As we were going up, all the people on the hill began shouting, '*Lill! lill! lill!*' in welcome of us, and pouring down, threw down their arms without the slightest hesitation, and so we got possession of Falla and Selassie without a shot.

"A report came in that Theodore had shot himself, then another that he had told every one to go except those who meant to die with him on the hill, and so on, each contradicting the other, but each having some sort of foundation of truth. From the top of Selassie, to which we now went, we could see quite plainly that there were scarcely any men in Magdala, at all events that very few were moving about outside the houses; but notwithstanding this, the Chief thought it necessary to precede any attack by three hours' shelling, and this proved to be the very worst artillery practice I ever saw in my life; a large proportion fell far short, and those that reached did no harm.

"Then the order was given to advance. Two companies of the 33d going first in skirmishing order, they kept up a terrible fire with the Snider; but inasmuch as there was no one to fire at, I must

say I thought their doing so most unsoldier-like. The Sappers then came to the front, and went up the path to the gate,—there was little or no fire on them, perhaps twelve men defended the gate,—and when they got there, they found it shut and barricaded, so the 33d turned off and clambered up the sides, got in, shot the few men there were, and Magdala was ours. There was one man who was seen to stick to the gate to the last, and then to escape up to the second gate, fired at a hundred times, and closely pursued by the 33d. On getting to the second gate, this man was wounded, and seeing that escape was hopeless, he turned suddenly round, faced his foes, and putting his pistol to his head, fell dead as the first man of the 33d reached him. This man was Theodore, King of kings! Negus-Negus! Emperor of Abyssinia! That lump of clay was he who had created all this fuss, and now he was less than the least of us.

“I am glad he died game, glad that when his hour was come he faced it like a man. And when that man died, the cup of Sir Robert Napier’s good fortune was full. If nine months ago one had prophesied that in three and a half months from date of the Chief’s landing the prisoners would be released without a hair of their heads being injured, Magdala would be taken with so slight a loss that it may be called no loss, Theodore would be dead, and that all this would be done without a single miscalculation being made by our Chief along some 400

miles of road, you would have shook your head and called him sanguine: you would have said, 'Such luck is most unlikely; the best-laid plans are very seldom so completely successful in war, and if we get the prisoners alive and well, we shall be lucky!' And yet the above is neither more nor less than what has happened.

"I do not know of a single campaign where the results have been more completely in consonance with the plans or the desires of those who ordered it. There is very little of any value in the place, a trumpery crown being the most costly object. There was talk about treasure, but none has been found as yet; but prize-agents have been appointed, and whatever there is is to be sold by auction, and the proceeds divided at once among the soldiers. The Kirwee prize-money has taught English commanders a lesson they must profit by, if they would keep their soldiers from plundering and consequent disorganisation.

"If the whole of this result can be attributed to any one action, I should say that it was owing to the terrible lesson Theodore learned at the fight at Arogee on Good Friday. After that, no one would stand by him, and there is no doubt all his actions after that were the result of this feeling of want of confidence in his men. As there has been a good deal of controversy, and still great difference of opinion about this, I will return to it in a future letter. If the Abyssinians were astonished at the

Sniders on Good Friday, they must have been equally or more astounded on Saturday to see parties of English soldiers coming out to bury their dead, and take their wounded for treatment. Foremost in this good work was one of the Chief's *aides*, Lord Charles Hamilton. I saw this young fellow, who is perhaps one of the gayest and most reckless young *sabreurs* in all her Majesty's Hussars, take a wounded man up in his arms, put him on his own charger, and take him thus into camp, up a steep hillside. There is nothing much in this perhaps, and on paper it seems only what any one would do; but when you come to actual facts, you find that many men would not do it. There are some men who would pass by a wounded man without vouchsafing a drop of water; others, who would give this, would not deign more than a word of empty pity; others would go so far as to order a stretcher; but that day I only saw one who did what young Hamilton did. To turn to a contrast, I will mention a thing which disgusted me beyond measure. Theodore's dead body was lying in the fort, surrounded by a crowd of soldiers looking at it, when a rush of fiends, vultures, dressed like Englishmen, broke through, and tearing the clothes off the corpse, fought for bits as mementoes! I was sickened. I never saw anything more completely disgusting and unmanly in my life. . . . Heaven knows there is no maudlin sensitiveness in me; but I say, a dead body is a dead body, and should

always be respected as such, whether it is that of the greatest ruffian unhung or not. Mind, it is not because it was Theodore's body. I think the earth never produced a more cruel monster, and that we should have been quite justified on the score of outraged humanity in hanging such a brute. No honourable treatment or respect was due to the living Theodore, but to the dead corpse there was.

“The ex-captives left this to-day (15th). They are all quite well except Bardel, who has had fever. In fact, if they had all been living under the most careful system of diet and exercise, they could not look better; and judging from their houses, &c., in the fort, they appear to have been treated well enough, except in the matter of the chains, which was done more as a precaution than anything else.

“Ever since the 11th we have been in the greatest straits for water: we have had each about three quarts of putrid black stuff; and as, of course, this is not more than enough for drinking, only those who have had time to spare have been able to go to the river, six miles off, and get a wash. Our plan for the last four days has been to sacrifice a quart between us, and dip the end of our towels in, taking a sort of schoolboy rub as far as the water will go. This is very nasty for you to read, but it is much nastier for us to endure, and as we have a great deal of walking in a hot sun, the deprivation of a sufficiency to wash is a severe hardship. It is very much worse than Zulla; for

there, if the water was bad and scarce, you could at all events always buy liquor—beer, claret, or champagne being present in abundance. There never was much water at Magdala, or near it, but what there is has been rendered undrinkable; and this I say, though we do drink, we only do so because we must or starve; but it is worse than black-draught, which has with it the consolation that it may do you good—with this water the only wonder is it does you no harm. I fully expect to have something horrible in consequence.

“The filth of Magdala is indescribable. You know the Abyssinians are the dirtiest people under the sun, but at Magdala it is awful. They eat enormous quantities of meat, and their invariable practice is to kill the ox or sheep, eat as much as they want, and leave the entrails to rot outside their door. Theodore must certainly have been the most cruel fiend the world ever saw. On Thursday last it appeared there was not a sufficiency of provisions for his prisoners, so he had 308 human beings thrown over a precipice below their prison. This is practical proof. I saw the bodies rotting there yesterday; but for this I should have felt inclined to have given him honourable treatment if he had given himself up, but after this I think we should have been perfectly justified before God and man in hanging him. To have the power of ridding this world of such a monster, and not to exercise it, would have been a crime and a blunder.

“All that has been collected of the prize is to be sold to-morrow, and perhaps I may be able to pick up some curios for Seton Guthrie; but I do not fancy there is much that he would care about, so I shall not buy many things.”

“ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
HEADQUARTERS CAMP, TALANTA PLAIN,  
*20th April 1868.*”

“SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF THE ARMY OF ABYSSINIA,

“The Queen and the people of England intrusted to you a very arduous and difficult expedition—to release our countrymen from a long and painful captivity, and to vindicate the honour of our country, which had been outraged by Theodore, King of Abyssinia.

“I congratulate you, with all my heart, on the noble way in which you have fulfilled the commands of our Sovereign.

“You have traversed, often under a tropical sun, or amidst storms of rain and sleet, 400 miles of mountainous and rugged country.

“You have crossed ranges of mountains, many steep and precipitous, more than 10,000 feet in altitude, where your supplies could not keep pace with you.

“In four days you passed the formidable chasm of the Beshilo; and when within reach of your enemy, though with scanty food, and some of you even for many hours without either food or water, you defeated the army of Theodore, which poured down



upon you from its lofty fortress in full confidence of victory.

“ A host of many thousands have laid down their arms at your feet.

“ You have captured and destroyed upwards of thirty pieces of artillery, many of great weight and efficiency, with ample stores of ammunition.

“ You have stormed the almost inaccessible fortress of Magdala, defended by Theodore and a desperate remnant of his chiefs and followers.

“ After you forced the entrance to his fortress, Theodore, who himself never showed mercy, distrusted the offer of it held out to him by me, and died by his own hand.

“ You have released not only the British captives, but those of other friendly nations.

“ You have unloosed the chains of more than ninety of the principal chiefs of Abyssinia.

“ Magdala, on which so many victims have been slaughtered, has been committed to the flames, and now remains only a scorched rock.

“ Our complete and rapid success is due, firstly, to the mercy of God, whose hand, I feel assured, has been over us in a just cause; secondly, to the high spirit with which you have been inspired.

“ Indian soldiers have forgotten the prejudices of race and creed, to keep pace with their European comrades.

“ Never did an army enter on a war with more honourable feelings than yours. This it is that has

carried you through so many fatigues and difficulties; your sole anxiety has been for the moment to arrive when you could close with your enemy.

“The remembrance of your privations will pass away quickly; your gallant exploit will live in history.

“The Queen and the people of England will appreciate and acknowledge your services; on my part, as your Commander, I thank you for your devotion to your duty, and the good discipline you have maintained throughout.

“Not a single complaint has been made against a soldier, of fields injured, or villagers wilfully molested, either in person or property.

“We must not, however, forget what we owe to our comrades who have been labouring for us in the sultry climate of Zulla, the Pass of Koomaylo, or in the monotony of the posts which maintained our communications. One and all would have given everything they possessed to be with us; they deserve our gratitude.

“I shall watch over your safety to the moment of your re-embarkation, and shall to the end of my life remember with pride that I have commanded you.

“R. NAPIER, *Lieutenant-General,*  
*Commander-in-Chief, Abyssinia.*”

Captain (now Major-General) E. F. Chapman, Royal Artillery, gives the following account of the retirement to the coast:<sup>1</sup>—

“The army started in three columns on the 21st,

<sup>1</sup> Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution.

22d, and 23d of April. These experienced some difficulty in the return march to Antalo, owing to the number of troops and followers in each, the exhausted state of the cattle, and the stormy weather they encountered, and some modification in their original formation was made. It would no doubt have been impolitic to reduce the size of the columns, so as to enable them to perform long and difficult marches with comparative ease, and too hurried a return would not have been sufficiently dignified; yet the reassembly of the force at Antalo on the 12th of May without disaster was a relief to those who feared for our supplies, and dreaded the immediate downfall of the rains.

“Once in Tigre, we came upon the admirable roads constructed by the 2d Division during our advance, and single-file marching was at an end.

“The casualties amongst the European troops since the commencement of the operations at this time only amounted to 27—5 officers and 22 men; 2 officers died violent deaths—out of a total of 520 officers and 4250 men landed in Abyssinia, and the expedition had lasted six months.

“The following congratulatory message from her Majesty the Queen was published at Antalo :—

“HEADQUARTERS CAMP, ANTALO,  
12th May 1868.

“The Commander-in-Chief has the highest satisfaction in conveying to the army of Abyssinia the following message received this day by telegraph.

“ Sir Robert Napier most heartily congratulates all under his command on this flattering recognition of their services by her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

“ ‘The Queen sends hearty congratulations and thanks to Sir Robert Napier and his gallant force on their brilliant success.’ ”

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## APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VII.

### ON THE RELEASE OF THE ABYSSINIAN PRISONERS.

*Adigerat, February 17, 1868.*

IT is very evident that Theodore is trying to reach Magdala for the express purpose of getting the prisoners into his own immediate power; and it is certain that if he succeeds and carries the prisoners off with him, the campaign will be indefinitely prolonged, and the expense immensely increased. I therefore take it for granted that it is desirable to release the prisoners before Theodore gets to Magdala, and also that if this should unfortunately prove impossible, we should have some sure means of knowing exactly where they are taken to, and of seizing on the instant any opportunity which the fortune of war may give for their release.

There are three ways of doing this. One is to induce either Menilek or Gobize to forestall Theodore, and take Magdala before he can reach it; but this has the disadvantage that, whoever takes Magdala, also gets possession of the prisoners; and I see no reason to believe that if they were in the hands of Menilek or Gobize, these chiefs would give them up on easier terms than Theodore would, and

even if they did we should, by placing ourselves under an obligation to them, only the more complicate matters.

Another plan might be to send a flying column to take Magdala before Theodore got there, or at all events to cut him off from that place. Such a plan would doubtless be feasible to the extent of overcoming all opposition—Theodore's 5000 musketeers notwithstanding. But, however much a flying column might dispense with baggage, it must eat; and the feeding of even a very small column in a country which yields no supplies, and for a forced march of 300 miles, is a very serious affair—in fact, if such a proposition is put into figures, it will be found that it must be limited by the amount of days' rations a mule can carry for man and beast (not forgetting in the calculation the food of the mules themselves and their drivers). Therefore it must be admitted that, till such a column got within this number of days of Magdala, a dash could not be carried out; and it is not asserting too much to say that before it got to this point Theodore would hear of its approach, or rather of the approach of the large force the fear and imagination of the peasantry and his spies would have exaggerated it to, and hearing of it, he could hardly do otherwise than surmise that its object was intimately connected with the release of his prisoners. Under these circumstances, his most natural course would be to throw himself from Wadela into Magdala, carry off his prisoners before our column arrived, and as we should then have come nearly to the end of our supply, an immediate and continued pursuit would not be possible. Now, the third way of attempting, if not actually to release the prisoners, at all events so to aid them as to make their eventual freedom pretty sure, would be to send a small party by forced marches to the vicinity of Magdala, or if the prisoners had been taken from that place, to their immediate neighbourhood. The strength of this party must be limited by three considerations: it must be so small that it could supply itself with provisions—so small that Theo-

dore would not anticipate any very decisive action from it, even if he heard of its approach—and so small that its real intentions might be veiled with a fair chance of success; and yet it must be so organised, equipped, and commanded, as to give it all the power it is possible for so small a body to possess. I would point out that I do not propose anything so quixotic as the despatch of a forlorn-hope to take Magdala sword in hand, and release the prisoners at all hazards and under any circumstances. My object is not to offer chances of gaining the Victoria Cross to each individual soldier of this party, nor yet to provide each man at the smallest possible notice with six feet of Abyssinian ground; but it is to suggest a means by which the commander of this army may be kept surely and certainly acquainted with the movements of Theodore and his prisoners, and by which he may instantly seize any chance for their release which the fortune of war may momentarily present. The party should not be a body of Don Quixotes, burning to engage anything from a windmill upwards, but a party of cool, determined, untiring partisans, who should hover round the prisoners, watching over them and furthering their release, either by seizing unhesitatingly practicable opportunities for this end, or by enabling the commander of the army to do so.

It were unprofitable to detail how this could be done, even if it were possible. A partisan can no more lay down what he will do on the morrow than he can be sure of what is passing in his enemy's mind; having his object clearly in view, he can but act as circumstances direct. To-day he may be striving for his end by stratagem, to-morrow he may be retreating to save his party from capture, and the next day he may return, and by a bold stroke carry his object.

The desired object having been thought out and understood, the means having been carefully organised, the way must be left to the judgment of the officer in command; and as I have above stated what the object is, I will now

shortly detail how such a party should be constituted, equipped, and organised.

Of course in such a case everything depends on the commander, and therefore coolness, judgment, energy, pluck, and resources are *sine qua non*; but the commander may be ill, wounded, killed, what not—therefore there should be a number of officers under him selected for the same qualities, and also competent to command in case of necessity. The strength of such a party must be limited, for the reasons in the fourth paragraph of this paper; fifty is the outside, and I recommend thirty. These should all be English, and each man must be selected; each man must be physically without disease, or signs of it; each man must be enduring, intelligent, brave, and obedient, and he must be able to ride as well as walk. Each should be armed with the Snider carbine, and carry sixty rounds of ammunition, and with a sword. His uniform is a matter of indifference, as long as it is comfortable and warm enough; he should have strong boots and gaiters and a greatcoat. Each man should be mounted, and there should be one spare horse to each. Each man should carry in a belt as many dollars as possible. There should be one spare mule for ammunition, one for dollars, and one for a few cooking things, medicines, &c. I think thirty such men could be chosen out of the 4th, 33d, or artillery, and doubtless officers could also be obtained from the various regiments. The officer commanding should have an interpreter, if possible a European, or one who could talk English or Hindustani; I should object to any native Abyssinian, if it can possibly be avoided.

Having now shown in as much detail as is necessary what my scheme would be, I will endeavour to meet such objections as I foresee may be made to it. It may be that the chiefs of Tigre or Lasta would raise objections to such a party going through their country, but it is not likely: we have no quarrel with them, and though they may not

do much for us, it is not likely they would do anything against us—in fact, they would most probably endeavour to make capital by professing great regard for us, and the least they could do would be to let our parties alone. But while they might not think it worth the trouble to stop a party going, either of them might endeavour to intercept it if it was returning with the prisoners. Certainly in such a case it would be difficult to prevent an open rupture with them ; but if they were treated in a conciliatory manner and delayed, time might be given for the arrival of a supporting force. If, again, Theodore, hearing of the approach of a party, should, as the prisoners say he can, throw himself into Magdala and carry them off, the only thing then to be done would be to follow him, hang about him, watch for every opportunity of aiding the prisoners, and by personal observation, constant intercommunication with the prisoners and the army in the rear, help the commander to form correct judgment on the circumstances.

The party might succeed in getting to Magdala, and having found the garrison ready, be unable to do more than communicate with the prisoners ; yet it must be allowed that this constant communication with friends near at hand would be to them a certain source of consolation, and should events happen luckily, perhaps also of real aid. Theodore or some of his troops might sally out and endeavour to destroy the party ; but if the commander was on the lookout, the enemy would surely find he was going after a Will-o'-the-wisp—an intangible something there was no catching and no driving away. Failing in this, the enemy might threaten to kill the prisoners if the party did not leave ; but allowing this difficulty, it must not be forgotten that it is a contingency which is much more likely to happen when a large force shall appear in their vicinity with the avowed intention of rescuing the prisoners, an intention which in the case of the small party need not be avowed or hinted at.



It is also necessary to think of the probability of some of the party falling sick or being wounded, or if these all keep well, of the fact that amongst the prisoners there are weakly women and children, and it certainly is a very serious thing to think of the possibility of having to submit them to hardships and dangers to which their tender natures no less than their lengthened captivity have unfitted them; but these dangers and hardships should be compared with those they are enduring and have endured for years, and the vision of freedom in the background should not be forgotten. Women have had to suffer hardship and brave dangers greater than these, and have done so nobly and uncomplainingly, and I feel sure they would rather risk such dangers than any longer continue in the hands of Theodore. And if the worst came to the worst, if every endeavour shall have failed to throw off pursuit, and the party was driven to bay, if relief even should not arrive from the force, the fate that would then be theirs would not be worse than what they may expect if Theodore finds us deaf to all his terms; and as for the party, the lives of all having been freely risked, would be as freely given in so good a cause.

Again, though it must be admitted that the lives of these thirty men would be risked, and even allowing that there would be more danger to them than I anticipate, surely the risking thirty lives to aid a cause for which England has come prepared to sacrifice 12,000 (and not only 12,000 men, but as many more as may be necessary to gain her end), cannot be considered rashness of purpose or recklessness of life.

It is possible — nay, even probable — that Theodore, on finding the Magdala batch slip out of his hands, would in a rage put all the others to death; but in making this objection it is necessary also always to keep in mind that if he once succeeds in getting the Magdala prisoners in his hands, such a fate is just as probable not only for the Debra Tabor

prisoners but for the whole. Moreover, once the Magdala lot were safe, he would feel that his trump-card was gone, and that the best thing he could then do would be to conciliate us by offering the others; and even if he did not, if he kept them to try and force us to his terms, we should be in no worse position than if we had not got the Magdala batch—on the contrary, we should be just so many better off. And be it remembered that, if once the prisoners slip from his hands, his followers, even those now faithful to him, will feel that they are indeed trusting to a broken reed, and they are more likely to leave him or betray him. Once the prisoners are released, it is certain Theodore cannot pursue very far in any one direction, for he is surrounded by enemies, and his only safety now appears in sticking to his guns.

Thus I have sketched briefly an outline of my proposed plan. I myself consider it perfectly feasible, because it is not based on wild foundations, but on the belief that thirty well-armed determined Englishmen are not to be easily stayed or destroyed by a few thousand undisciplined, badly armed, half-hearted Abyssinians, because they will be working on a well-organised plan, and will be backed by the disaffection rampant in Theodore's camp, no less than by the knowledge that they are only the advanced-guard of an irresistible army.

If his Excellency would intrust the command of such an operation to me, I can only say that, having thought it out, I shall be equally glad to carry it into execution.

CHARLES M. MACGREGOR,  
*Captain, D.A.Q.M.G.*

To the Military Secretary  
of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief,  
Abyssinian Expeditionary Force,  
&c., &c., &c., &c.

## CHAPTER VIII.

FRONTIER AND FAMINE — I. 'GAZETTEER' WORK ON THE FRONTIER—II. FAMINE RELIEF IN TIRHUT—III. SPECIAL ORDNANCE COMMISSION.

1868—1874.

*“ Say, then, that he was wise as brave,  
As wise in thought as bold in deed.”*

SOCIETY AT SIMLA—SIR JOHN LAWRENCE—'GAZETTEER OF CENTRAL ASIA'—CAPTAIN MACGREGOR'S MARRIAGE—ALONG THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER—PROMOTION—VOLUNTEER FOR THE KASHGAR MISSION—POLITICALS THE REAL FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS—COLLECTING MATERIALS FOR THE 'GAZETTEER'—PUBLICATION—UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION FOR INDIA—ON THE SIND FRONTIER—SHOULD A SOLDIER MARRY?—ALARM-TOWERS—MEMORIAL CAIRNS—PANJAB FRONTIER SYSTEM COMPARED WITH THAT OF SIND—FORMATION OF A BALUCHI REGIMENT—POSTS TOO LARGE FOR THEIR GARRISONS—SIR HENRY DURAND'S GRAVE—WITH COMMISSIONER PLOWDEN—CROSSING THE FRONTIER FORBIDDEN—FAMINE IN NORTH BEHAR—VIGOROUS ACTION OF LORD NORTHBROOK AND SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL—GRAIN IMPORTED FROM BURMA—SIR RICHARD TEMPLE—COLONEL MACGREGOR IN CHARGE OF TRANSPORT—DIFFICULTIES OF ORGANISATION—DEPOTS AND "BREAKING-BULK" STATIONS—SUCCESSFUL ISSUE OF THE OPERATIONS—ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF COLONEL MACGREGOR'S SERVICES — SPECIAL ORDNANCE  
COMMISSION.

APPENDIX.—REORGANISATION OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER.

By August Captain MacGregor was up at Simla again; and now he went more into society than he had formerly been accustomed to do, and he mentions meeting, amongst others, the Misses Durand, "very nice, good-looking, and clever."

"*Aug. 22.*—I went to breakfast this morning with 'King John' [Sir John Lawrence, Governor-General]. Long table, filled with young A.D.C.'s, who in turn are so filled with awe, that they scarcely manage to fill themselves with food. Altogether, there was a decidedly filial aspect about the meal, John doing stern parent, and growling out some remark now and again. After breakfast, John asked me to come up to his room, asked me how my father was, in a tone which plainly said, You know I don't care a blow, but it's civil to ask. Then he went to other topics—Abyssinia, Bhutan, Bombay army, arming native troops with rifles, frontier rows, —opinions of men I had served with, &c. . . . You won't care to hear. He kept me an hour and a half talking, and then, something in the manner in which a bear would look if you gave it some honey, he said, 'Good-bye; glad to have seen you,' &c. . . . I can only hope my interview has done me no harm. I don't think it has. John is a frank honest man, and with these sort of men I generally

do pretty well. After having thus polished off the Governor-General, I thought it right, while my hand was in, to have a try at the Commander-in-Chief, so I went to Sir William Mansfield,<sup>1</sup> a very different sort of man, dark, Machiavelian, 'very knowing.' He asked me a good deal about the campaign, about Phayre, was particular in calling Sir Robert *Lord*, never hinted a word against him, and wound up by asking me to dinner. . . . I have just seen a portion of the Abyssinian brevet ('Gazette' of the 15th August). I wonder what I am down for; if anything, you will know before me, but I was told I was recommended for a brevet-majority on getting my company. We shall see."<sup>2</sup>

"*Simla, Oct. 19.*—You will have heard of my luck in being selected to write a 'Gazetteer of Central Asia.' I consider myself a made man now, for by the time I have finished it I shall know more about it than any man in India or in England either; and as I am working at Persian also, I shall be more likely of employment almost than any other man."

"*Umballa.*—The Clan are going it rather. You<sup>3</sup> are just well from your upset, and I followed suit. Last night I was driving my successor into the artillery mess compound, when one of the wheels

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Sandhurst.

<sup>2</sup> Lieutenant MacGregor was not promoted captain until October 20, 1868. His brevet-majority was dated the following day, 21st October, but the 'Gazette' was not published until April 1869.

<sup>3</sup> His mother.

caught, and over we went. My friend disappeared somehow, and after I had finished seeing fireworks in the air, I found myself with my left foot under the bar of the dogcart, which had turned completely over, and with the horse's hind-hoof within an inch of my nose. Luckily the brute was in such a fearful funk that he lay as if he was dead, and some men came and lifted the cart off my foot. Fancy, neither I, the *syce*, nor Knollys, was hurt in the least, and the cart was only slightly broken !”

“*Oct.*—I leave Umballa to-morrow or next day for Simla, and then I commence on my task, the ‘Gazetteer of Central Asia.’ This will be very difficult and very hard work indeed. . . . I hope I shall have time to pass in Persian, as it will be very useful to me hereafter, and when I come home by way of Persia and Russia in April. I am almost afraid the ‘Gazetteer’ will keep me longer ; but I will do my utmost to get away, and will try and get Lumsden to place no end of clerks at my disposal to help me. B—— will show you the copy of a despatch from the Horse Guards to Lord Napier which puts my lieutenant-colonelcy, I think, beyond much doubt. I hope to be able now to get either a C.B. or C.S.I. for Bhutan, as I was specially mentioned eight times, thanked by the Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General, and twice wounded in that campaign. I mean to find out whether they mean to include Bhutan for the frontier medal every one says they are going to give, and if not, I shall write to

Lord Strathnairn and General Tombs to use their influence to get it for us. If they give this, and one for Abyssinia, and I get C.B. or C.S.I., I shall have five medals, which will be pretty fair going for twelve years' service."

A month later some new rules about furlough were promulgated, under which MacGregor was not entitled to leave before December 1870. He was now engaged on the 'Gazetteer,' which he expected would be finished by May or June. In December Mr Rivett-Carnac, C.S., was married to the eldest of Sir Henry Durand's daughters, and as Major MacGregor acted as best man to the bridegroom, he was thrown into greater intimacy with the bride's younger sisters, in whom the young Deputy Quartermaster-General found some likeness to his own sisters. However, till the end of the year he was more anxious about his brevet being gazetted than anything else. In January Lord Mayo took over the Government from Sir John Lawrence.

In February Major MacGregor's letters are taken up with the praises of the youngest Miss Durand. "Some croquet-parties, two or three picnics, and half-a-dozen morning rides," as he says, "must have had something to do with it;" and, after obtaining his much-wished-for majority in April (when his promotion appeared in orders), we find him, in May, "quite accustomed now to the state of being engaged."

The wedding between Major Charles M. MacGregor and Frances Mary Durand, who was barely eighteen years of years, took place at Simla on the 22d September, the Venerable Archdeacon Bayly officiating at the church. Both the Governor-General (Lord Mayo) and the Commander-in-Chief were among the 200 guests whom Sir Henry Durand (then member of the Governor-General's Council) entertained on the occasion.

"I must say," wrote Major MacGregor a month before his wedding, "I do not care much for any supposed honour there may be in allying myself with any one in the position of Sir H. Durand; if he was a Royal Duke I should think the same, for I am proud enough of my name to think that no other can add lustre to it. But I do feel proud of the prospect of being allied to such a man. Names and position are nothing to me, yet I think the best man in Europe might be proud to have Sir Henry Durand as a father-in-law; for if fearless honesty and singleness of purpose entitle a man to a high place in the regard of his fellows, no one is more entitled to it than he."

After the wedding Major MacGregor and his young bride proceeded on their wanderings through the hills to Dharmsala, thence *viâ* Lahore to Peshawar, and down the N.W. frontier. "I foresee," he wrote, "that the first year of our married life will be a regular scramble — *i.e.*, we shall be moving about during most of it." Thus the honeymoon was



not an idle holiday, but utilised in collecting materials for the 'Gazetteer of the Frontier.'

Whilst still on his honeymoon tour in October, Major MacGregor heard the news of his father's death at Hallsannery, near Bideford, in Devon. The letter from his sister giving the first news and details of his father's last illness and death appears to have been lost in the wreck of the steamer *Carnatic*, so that beyond a few words of allusion to his father's end in the letter received by him at Sultanpur (Panjab) on the 11th October, he had no information of the facts connected with his father's decease till some time afterwards. He was devotedly attached to his father, and always spoke of him with love and veneration.

Throughout November and the following winter months letters from Chamba, Dalhousie, Nurpur, &c., show that Major MacGregor was constantly on the move, and busily engaged in the tedious work of compiling the 'Gazetteer.' After personal investigation and research at the frontier posts, he proceeded to examine the old records in the public offices, and for this purpose went down to Calcutta in the spring. Meantime he had been deservedly promoted brevet lieutenant-colonel for his services in Bhutan.<sup>1</sup>

"*Calcutta, April 19.*—I went yesterday to the office, and worked all the time from ten to five, except for an hour. I got through a good deal, up to

<sup>1</sup> Governor-General's Order, No. 1223, of 10th December 1869.

1834 from 1775. This, of course, is no criterion of what time I shall take to get through the rest, as the last years are always more heavy than the first."

"*April 23.*—I will most assuredly get over my work on the 'Gazetteer' as quickly as I can; but I am doing that already. I can form no idea yet of how soon I can get away, as I do not know how much there is left. I have done up to 1845, but that gives you no ground to form a judgment upon."

On the 29th April it seemed probable that Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor would be attached to Mr Forsyth's<sup>1</sup> mission, then about to start for Kashgar, for which service he volunteered. Unfortunately, Lord Mayo would not permit the numbers of the mission to be increased.

"*April 27.* — The Waziris are most awfully cheeky; they come behind the posts, raid, and murder as they please. A few days ago they cut up a guard of Norman's regiment. Everything there is working up for a row, and you will see that unless they take away that dear, pompous old noodle, —, and put —'s head in a bag, they will have a campaign. I always say politicals are the best friends soldiers have! If you want a row, commend me to a supercilious ape like —, or a blundering idiot like —, or a Bœotian old bull like —."

General Jacob relates how he heard a soldier during a march in the first Panjab campaign remark,

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir Douglas Forsyth.

“Them politicals spoils all;” to which his chum replied, smacking his hand on the breech of an 18-pounder which they were escorting, “Them’s your real politicals.” This was the view of Colonel MacGregor, who nevertheless well understood—none better—the superiority of moral force, if wielded skilfully, over mere physical strength of numbers.

“*April 28.*—I finished yesterday all I have to do at the Foreign Office—*i.e.*, all the indexes—and directly they can get all the papers out I am off; but they may take a long time. Yesterday they had only got out for me the papers up to 1844. I go to-day to the Asiatic Society and the Surveyor-General’s.

“*April 29.*—I told you that I got an answer from Mr Forsyth about going to Kashgar with him. He didn’t hold out any hopes, but he wrote in reply to Carnac that he would like some one to help him; so I wrote off again to Dillon, Lumsden, and him. I said to Lumsden, ‘I think, in a military and political point of view, that it is of the utmost importance that some officer should be deputed for the special purpose of gaining information of these countries, and as I see at present the intention is not to send any such officer, I think it ought to be worked. This is an opportunity that will never perhaps come again, and it is impossible to say how soon we may have bitter cause to regret our not having done it. Of the use that such a man can be, I need only refer to ‘Elphinstone’s Mission to Cabul,’ which to

this day remains a standard work.' To Dillon I say, 'Do not send me, for there may be other men far more fitted. All I ask Lord Napier to do, as a matter of the first necessity, is to urge on Government the importance of sending some one to do the work. True, I submit that, having been engaged one and a half years in collecting materials for a 'Gazetteer' of these very countries, I am in this respect at least more qualified than some others might be; but really and truly the primary object is to send *some one*. I ask to go, to get this opportunity as reward for the hard work I have already had in this very matter, and in the hope I should not shame the choice.' To Forsyth I write much the same.

"*April 30.*—Yesterday I went to the Surveyor-General's Office, both General and Revenue Departments, and satisfactorily proved they had nothing to help me; but they gave me a splendid set of maps. After I had finished with them, I went to the Foreign Office, and there Mr Belletti told me he would have everything ready by to-morrow.

"I got a letter to the effect that I was to stay on at my present work till 1st October, so I wrote and told Lumsden (Quartermaster-General) it would not be finished till October 1872 or 1873, if then, and so they had better give it up, or else face it and put me on special employ till it is finished. It is all bosh going on in this half-hearted way. I am thinking of going straight to Lord Mayo and telling him to order one thing or another. They cannot expect

a man to settle down to work if they are always talking of stopping it.”

Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor's labours on the 'Gazetteer of Central Asia' lasted throughout the year 1870-71. In September 1871 he dated his brief preface to parts ii. and iv., which comprised Afghanistan and Persia,<sup>1</sup> from Simla. In this he merely states that his work did not pretend to be a complete account of Persia, but a compilation from information contained in the records to which he had had access. He hoped that it would be much improved and added to hereafter, as more information should become available.

In October Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor went to Calcutta to see about the printing of his 'Gazetteer' and correction of the proofs.

On the 6th he writes: "I went to Mr Cutter the printer, who says he can give me forty pages a-day to correct; but unfortunately, the last ten days of this month are holidays, so that what I shall make up in one way I shall lose in another; however, I will shove him on as quickly as possible."

<sup>1</sup> Central Asia. Part II. A contribution towards the better knowledge of the Topography, Ethnology, Resources, and History of Afghanistan. Compiled for political and military reference by Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. MacGregor, Assistant-Quartermaster-General. (Calcutta, 1871.) Pp. 869.

Central Asia. Part IV. A contribution towards the better knowledge of the Topography, Ethnology, Resources, and History of Persia. Compiled for political and military reference by Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor, Assistant-Quartermaster-General. (Calcutta, 1871.) Pp. 800.

“*Oct.* 7.—I am getting on famously with the proofs, having corrected about twenty pages to-day before breakfast. If they keep at this rate I shall do. . . . I think my two books will come to about 1200 pages, and the ‘*Frontier Gazetteer*’ to about 600 more. This, with the heap that I have done of the other countries, is not bad work for two years ; but the undertaking is awfully heavy, and I see no end to it.”

“*Oct.* 10.—I went yesterday to the Surveyor-General’s Office and saw Captain Waterhouse, who is in charge of the Photographic Department, and he sent for his head man and asked him to undertake to teach me. He agreed willingly, and to-day he came down here, and I had a preliminary talk. He seemed most intelligent and nice. He is a Scotchman, and I really think they are the most reliable people in the world ; only don’t give this opinion out, as people might think one prejudiced.

“Mr Mackenzie says I must have a native to help me, so I am going to try and get one here, who is to go to the photographic studio and be taught to do all sorts of things, such as cleaning plates, &c. This will be a great help. I think if I can get a month with Mr Mackenzie I shall get on all right, as he seems a quiet practical man. It will be a great thing if I can really become a good photographer by the time I go to the frontier, as my report will then be ever so much more useful and interesting. . . . I am getting on swimmingly with

my proofs, and have already in four days corrected double the number that Ker did in three months. I have got up to page 200, and only CH finished, so I calculate it will not be far off 800 pages alone ; and then Persia, &c., is quite as much more. . . . I am afraid this proof-correcting will take me fully to the end of November, as there are some holidays here which go on to the end of the month, and the press is shut."

The two volumes of the 'Gazetteer' published before the end of the year only formed a portion of the great work on Central Asia in which the Quarter-master-General's Department was engaged, the editing and superintendence of which was intrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor, whilst Khiva was the task allotted to Captain Lockhart, Bokhara to Captain Chapman, and Kokhan to Captain Trotter. Afghanistan and Persia were undertaken by Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor himself, and were the first volumes issued ; but they were branded as *Confidential*, and therefore have not been generally known or sufficiently recognised beyond official circles in India. This 'Gazetteer' is a compilation of the information contained in accessible published works and in official records. In it are full separate accounts of the tribes, rivers, mountains, provinces, towns, alphabetically arranged, with the authorities quoted. The Afghanistan volume includes Kulm, Kunduz, Badakshan, Balkh, and Maimana in Afghan-Turkistan.

“ *Calcutta, Oct. 26.*—I want very much to get hold of some one who will teach me to take latitudes and longitudes, for then I shall be complete in my knowledge of surveying, &c., and able to go everywhere. . . .

“ I shall have a frightfully difficult job on the frontier. They have given me too little time, and the men on the frontier will be very jealous of my getting information, so it will require a great deal of tact to manage them, but I don't despair. One thing, I shall be very careful to keep everybody's letters. I have now got a great bundle of papers of correspondence relating to the 'Gazetteer,' which of itself will make a small volume. These I am going to have printed, and all I get or send now I shall keep copies of.

“ I know the Government are too petty to undertake the exploration of the countries on a grand scale, and so I don't expect to succeed; but I should like to have it on record that I tried over and over again to induce them to do so, and then, when the time comes, they will not be able to come down on me for not giving them the information they want.”

“ *Calcutta, Oct. 28.*—I had a regular outing this morning with my photographic things. Of course one is not good at it yet; but I took four views, which I am going to print on Monday, and will send you. One is a view across the water of the pagoda in the Eden Garden, another the pagoda close up, the third a little bridge over some water, and the



fourth the statue of Sir William Peel, with the promenade and the shipping in the background."

"*Nov.* 1.—The first volume of my book is all finished, and the second is pretty well on. The printer here wanted to make one volume of it, but as it will take 1000 pages, it would, I think, be too big, so I have ordered two. It will be bound in a red cover, with 'Central Asia, Part II.; Afghanistan, Vol. I.,' and 'MacGregor' below. I think it will look very well. I think when you come to consider that I have in addition got enough for four more volumes, and that I went through all the preliminary grind of at least four others besides, they may say that I have done pretty well; but the work is too vast for one man."

When on leave in 1867, Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor had conceived an idea of extending to the Indian army the advantages of a local institute similar to the royal establishment in Whitehall Yard; and at last, after continuous exertions on the part of MacGregor, the United Service Institution of India was founded at Simla. By 1871 the first annual report showed 800 members belonging to the Institution, and the proceedings since published prove it to be an association not unworthy of the older society maintained by the sister services of Great Britain.

On 9th January 1872, Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor started off again on another tour of reconnaissance along the frontiers of Sind and the Pan-

jab, to collect new materials and correct previously acquired information for his 'Gazetteer of the Frontier.' At Muzaffargarh, which place he reached from Multan on the 9th, he writes in his rough private diary as follows:—

"9th.—It must be confessed that parting gives one's feelings a tremendous wrench, and I can see very plainly now why it is that marrying is said to spoil a soldier, and how easy it would be for a weak man to fall away from his duty if much pressed by a woman he loves; how difficult it would be for any one not to deteriorate under such influence. I must therefore thank my star that I have got a wife that will never use her influence so as to induce me to go against my duty. So the rule that a soldier shouldn't marry, though I think a very good one, is no more without exception than any other. I could not help thinking, after I had seen the last of my darling, how many such partings take place in the service that are never heard of, and how much do soldiers subdue all the highest feelings of our nature at the call of duty, and yet no credit is given them; on the contrary, it is a far too common opinion that soldiers do scarcely anything but amuse themselves."

"*Dera Ghazi, Jan. 11.*—I left Muzaffargarh yesterday morning, and walked for the first five miles, in order to get myself in trim, in case I shall have any walking in the hills. I then rode the mare, who tried to buck when she felt the sword, so I

had ignominiously to take it off. The road is good enough; but the country very sandy and waste. We were going the whole day till 6 P.M., twenty-five miles, the Indus taking a frightful time to cross. I didn't go out of a walk, as my *munshi* had a really awful animal, and I wanted to have a lesson in Persian and Pushtu. I try to combine both, first asking a sentence in Persian, then getting him to put it into Pushtu for me. I have not got very far, but can say the usual salutations, and so I practised these on every Pathan I met, much to his astonishment. One meets a good many Afghans of sorts down here, as they come in the cold weather to get work. They are splendid-looking fellows, but lazy-looking. I mean to photograph a lot of them.

“I have been busy all the morning arranging papers, &c. I have got such a heap of them that I do not know what to do, and —— having done absolutely nothing of ——, has thrown me out tremendously. I am sure it will end in my having to do the whole thing myself.”

“*Jampur, Jan. 16.*—I hear the Barohi gentlemen, who are in rebellion against the Khan of Kalat, refused to let Pollock go through Katchi; and though Sandeman offered to take him through the Mari hills, Merewether has very properly determined to escort him through with the Sind Horse. . . .

“I did a capital day's work yesterday, and have

got a bit of information about the hills that will enable me to fill up a good deal of the blanks in the maps. The only thing that strikes me as wonderful is that the people of the district should not have got it long ago; but Sandeman (or *Sinman*, as they call him) has no tact for geographical inquiries."

At Rajanpur MacGregor was able to photograph some views and a group of Baluchis, a chief and his followers.

"*Jan.* 18.—Sandeman says he cannot take me into the hills; but I mean to see what I can do, as I have the orders of the Panjab Government. The military here are supposed to guard the frontiers, and the civilians (*politicals*) will not let them know anything about the people or the passes."

"*Rojhan, Jan.* 21.—I rode yesterday from Rajanpur to this, forty miles, and it was quite cloudy and cold, so I did not feel it in the very least. The chief of the Waziris is not here, so I am going to defer making a photo of them till I come back.

"*Kashmor, Jan.* 22.—I got here after a ride of five hours. The whole country is one dense jungle, and I only passed one wretched village for twenty-five miles. The soil, however, is quite good, and if the would-be politicals of Jacobabad would only attend to their own work, it might be an extremely fine country. I am now in the land of *tapals*, *gindees*, *saman*, and *patte-walas*, where Jacob once used to roam unmolested over the wastes of Sind."

MacGregor reached Toj on the 23d, and Sal-

gani on the 24th. "This last place is one of the old posts of the Sind Horse, and boasts of a most extraordinary sort of tower, which was built by Jacob in order that his Excellency might come and have a look at the country. It is forty-five feet high, and commands a very good view, indeed, of everything to see for miles round; but as there is nothing to be seen, it does not seem quite as useful as it might be if there were."<sup>1</sup>

"Yesterday I rode a long way with an awfully funny chap. His name was Satan. He told me his occupation was to go about begging. He was mounted on a bullock, and had a sort of guitar, which he played with great delight. He said he went roaming about, he didn't know where, wherever God took him, and he got to eat here and some money there, and so got along. I gave him a 4-anna bit, and he played to me for some miles—an awfully jolly-looking chap."

On arriving at Jacobabad on January 26th, Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor became the guest of Sir William Merewether. He found all the frontier officials at loggerheads about the khanate of Kalat. "The frontier policy, in my humble opinion, certainly wants reforming the whole way along. I am working up the case, and shall give my opinion of it to Aitchison [the Foreign Secretary]."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This tower subsequently suggested to MacGregor an idea for the establishment of frontier alarm-posts with a command of forty feet elevation.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix at end of chapter.

“*Jan.* 27.—I have a lot to do here, and I get on very well with Merewether, and also with Phayre; but I cannot get Sandeman to say exactly what he knows, however. . . . The whole road to Afghanistan is shut, and so no caravans have come down this year, and as there are very few merchants here, I have not been able to hear of any turquoises for you.”

“*Jan.* 29.—I am going first to a place called Uch, and then round the Sind frontier posts to the Panjab. I am going to report on them very carefully. My idea is that they are badly placed, and are a great deal too strong.

“Merewether has seen the memorandum I wrote when down here two years ago on the Sham plain, and thinks it so good that he has asked me to let him have it reprinted and sent to the Governor of Bombay, and I said he might.”

“*Goranari, Feb.* 1.—This is one of the Sind Horse posts. They are all alike, in the middle of a desert, but good houses and stables. The first march to Dil Morad yesterday was simply the worst march I ever had. The wind was blowing, and it was fearfully cold. At night the tent let the wind in all round, and in the morning all the water was frozen.”

“*Feb.* 3.—I took photos of the post at Sanri yesterday, and one of a Jat encampment, which came out fairly.

“Coming along the posts here, I had been asking

about the hills, and had been repeatedly told there was nothing but sand-hills till I got to a place called Gandri, and that they were all isolated. This was against my experience of hills, which are always connected by a distinct watershed with other ranges, so I determined to see for myself. After about ten miles, we got into the bed of a river, and I found myself between two distinct ranges, very low, to be sure, but evidently connected with the hills to the north.

“ I am now encamped in the bed of this river, and having gone up a high hill near, had a good survey of the country. Where I was told there were no hills, I am literally so surrounded by them that I can see no plain or sign of one, except in the basin of the river; and the sand-hills, which were said to be so easy you could ride over any of them, I find to be for at least one-third of the circle so frightfully impracticable that I don't believe that a cat could get over them. Certainly not ground for cavalry.

“ *Gandri, Feb. 4.*—Marched this morning through eighteen miles of a perfect waste of sand, and we never even saw a living thing the whole way. I passed several places where they told me there had been fights; and if the numbers of heaps of stones really mark the spot where a man was killed, they must have fought very well. They have the reputation of doing so, and it certainly is borne out by facts. For instance, of four Baluchis with me, the headman has got three bullet and one sword wounds, while an

old villain of a *dafadar* has six wounds on him. He seems to have been an awful old scoundrel, and to have been in every fight for the last forty years. Perhaps he romances a little, but he could not have got all those wounds in his sitting-room."

"Feb. 8.—On the 5th I went to Sui. It is believed to be the place where the famous beauty of that name, the bride of a celebrated Baluchi robber, Tami, met an early death from over-indulgence in sour-milk. These old stories are somewhat interesting. The dust and wind were fearful all the 6th, and on the 7th I went to Kashmor, and got here today. I must halt somewhere, or all my folk will be laid up. Since I left Dera Ghazi I have marched 380 miles, which is pretty good."

Passing Shekhwali on the 9th, and Banduwali on the 10th, Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor reached Tozani on the 11th. He observes:—

"Don't at all approve of the Panjab system of shutting themselves up in forts. They actually provision them for a month, as if these wretched jackals of Baluchis were going to besiege them. In Sind there is no sign of an enclosure even. I like Jacob's system on this border. It is much more worthy of a great Government than the present one.

"The country here, Tozani, is a howling wilderness. Not counting the posts, I have come to exactly four villages since I left Jacobabad, which is, by the road I came, at least 120 miles. For the last three days I have not seen a single soul on the road ;



and the two next marches are worse again—viz., Sabzil Kot and Rum Ka Thul.”

“*Drigri, Feb. 14.*—I had not a very long march from Rum Ka Thul, and so have had some time to get through some work. This place is a fort strong enough to keep off the whole Baluchi nation. It is ridiculous spending money in this sort of way.

“*Harand, Feb. 15.*—Just come in from a very long and hot ride to the passes to our front. I had a capital view of them, and understand the geography of the country now much better than I did.

“*Harand, Feb. 16.*—Jalb Khan, the *thanahdar*, is a fine young fellow, and anxious to get on. He says that there would be no difficulty in raising a regiment of Baluchi Horse, under the following conditions: 1st, To be composed wholly of Baluchis, the non-commissioned officers to be leading men of the tribes; 2d, not too much uniform or drill. There is no reason why these shouldn't be granted, and it would be a decidedly good move to open a new field for enlistment. There is a new generation springing up who have never enjoyed the sweets of looting, and yet who do not take quite kindly to agriculture. Service in the army seems to me at once the fittest outlet for them, and to open a new field for recruitment to Government. I think this is a far more legitimate and effectual way of taming them than the present system of paying them for doing nothing. Then they would make money, and become civilised by constant intercourse with us and other

racers, while they would earn their pay. Now they must see that their present employment is more as a sop to stop looting than anything else, and twenty years of this sort of work would see them just where they are now. I believe that an officer like MacLean, who likes them, and has the knack of attaching men to him, would make a very good thing of it. I shall certainly moot the question when I get back to Simla."

Five days' continued riding, with unwearied observation (which are recorded at length in his minutely accurate diary), brought Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor to Dera Ghazi Khan nearly on the morning of the 21st February. After breakfasting, "having got a cart, I drove off to the *ghât* to meet my darling, thinking I should be decidedly early. On passing the *dâk* bungalow I noticed a trap standing outside, went in, and found my wife there. We went to Anderson's, and I did no work that day."

"*Feb. 22.*—Stayed at Dera Ghazi, during which I searched the records of the Staff Office, but didn't find much to the purpose."

"*Batil, Feb. 27.*—The road is a capital one for galloping, and runs through one mass of cultivation the greater part of the way. I could not help thinking that it would be far better if our civilians would try to extend the green line of cultivation on this border rather than the red line, which only marks territorial lust. I rode to-day through splendid soil, that seems crying out, 'Give me water and labour,

and I will return you one hundredfold'; and so it is more or less all the way from Jacobabad, and yet the commanding officer of this district has been over three months away from his headquarters meddling in things that do not concern him in the least.

“When I rode up to the Baluchi post at Vidor, I found the door locked and not a soul in it, the *dafadar* in charge having gone into the hills to attend a wedding. When he came back he said, ‘All is well, sahib; I have been patrolling round the posts.’ I gave him a letter to Colonel Jones reporting him. This is by no means the first lie I have heard from this truth-loving people. When I got here I sent for the headman of the Kosahs, Sikandar Khan. After talking half an hour, I rather liked him, and pumped him pretty dry about his tribe.”

“*Feb.* 28.—This morning I rode by Nurpur to Kala, about nineteen miles, all the way through good soil and cultivation. There is a great sameness about these frontier roads, there being no trees to relieve the dead level; but occasionally one comes to pretty bits, and the background of mountains makes the view sometimes bearable. Nurpur is a post, as usual, six times too big for its garrison. Except Banduwali, I don't think I have yet come to a post that has not been a great deal too big, but still they go on repairing them. Government spends a great deal of money unnecessarily.”

“*Mahoi, Feb.* 29.—This place is an enormous fort

built by the Sikhs, and kept up by us for the benefit of some twenty dirty Baluchis. A proper garrison for it would be at least 500 men. I have got hold of a capital Baluchi, recommended by Neville Chamberlain and Pollock, by name Pir Bakhsh. I am going to send him to explore the road to Thal and Bori, and then to find where the source of the Luni river is. I shall give him 200 rupees if he brings back a good account, and recover it from Government, if they are not so mean as to refuse to refund it. Old Ghulam Haidar, chief of the Lunds, came to see me, a shrewd old man, reputed very rich. He looks at you sideways out of his one eye, and looks a very devil. He gave me an account of his tribe and their sections, and is going to give me a list of the Lund villages, &c.

“*Mangrota, March 1.*—I got here about nine this morning, took two photos of the fort, a place large enough for 2000 men, with a garrison of 40, and since then I have either been writing or pumping Baluchis for the benefit of this blessed ‘Gazetteer.’”

“*Kot Kasrani, March 5.*—I went to-day into the Sanghar Pass, and then round through the hills and out by another pass. I never saw anything so extraordinary as some of the hills: they were exactly like huge walls, rising straight out of the earth, perfectly upright, and, moreover, just as if they had been covered with *chunam*, being white, and as smooth as the wall of a house. Then they

nearly all run due north and south in lines behind one another, as correct as if they had been laid out. From east to west they are utterly impracticable, but from north to south you can go the whole day along them for miles."

On the 4th, MacGregor rode thirty miles to Vihowa, where he was joined by Captain Carr, a very cheery companion; and on the 7th he writes from Draban, where he was much exercised by the obstructive meddling of the political officer of the district. On the 9th he rode fifty miles into Dera Ismail Khan, and here he took a photograph of the marble block which covered the grave of his father-in-law, Sir Henry Durand.<sup>1</sup> At Dera Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor spent several days looking over the "fusty old records of the commandant's office, which he found very tiresome work."

After he had passed through Draban and Zarkani (the burial-place of the Povindas), thence a march of twenty-five miles, over stony roads, brought MacGregor on March 18th to Manglin, in a pretty valley, which seemed Paradise after the previous waste he had just traversed.

On the 21st the post at Murtaza was visited, and next Girni, an outlying station, liable to be cut off by the Waziris. Tank was reached on the 22d.

The next halt was at Chinai Pass, where the party encamped, a place celebrated for robbers, but where

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Durand died from the effect of an accident at Tank on the 31st December 1870.

the nearest station is eight miles off. A long march was then made to Umar Khel; and on the 27th, "I started at 3 A.M., as I had to go up a pass which had never been explored before. I got through all right; but one place was so steep that I had to dismount, and regularly drag my horse up some natural steps for some fifty paces. The people did not at all like it, and I heard them shouting abuse at us."

So the journey continued through Daraka and Jani Khel to Banu.

"*April* 1.—Not a very easy line of country to defend, and which wants a thoroughly new selection of posts."

From Banu an expedition was made to the Gumati Pass, across the Kuram river. Thence on the 7th April the frontier trip was continued *viâ* Latamar, Bahadur Khel, and Bandah to Thal, where a *darbar* was being held by Plowden, the Deputy Commissioner. Here MacGregor joined the Commissioner's camp, as it gave him an opportunity of meeting the various local chiefs and notables of the district. Darsamand and Matkoza were the next stations. "I have had all sorts of dirty chiefs coming in to see me all day. It is a bore. If I want to get any information out of them, I can send for them, and I often long to tell them so; but I suppose Government would say that I should bring on an Afghan war."

After ten days' rest at Kohat, Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor resumed his tedious journey on the 28th

April, passing over "a mixture of cinders and rocks, with patches of green here and there," to camp at Jabar.

"*Fort Mackeson, May 3.*—I got a letter yesterday, saying I was to be peremptorily forbidden from going beyond our border. I have been over it dozens of times if they only knew it, and I mean to go again whenever it seems necessary."

Hard work, grinding away at his papers, detained MacGregor at Peshawar during the first half of the month of May, by which time his appointment to work on the 'Gazetteer' came to an end. Notwithstanding, he still worked away on the remaining papers till the end of May. Davidson and Captain Lockwood assisted him greatly in his voluminous compilation.

So the work went on day after day, and the above brief extracts will serve to show that the collection of information for the 'Frontier Gazetteer' was no child's-play. The amount of information acquired by Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor was marvellous, considering the difficulties placed in his way by some of the obstructive politicals, for whom he does not, in his correspondence, conceal his contempt. Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor returned to Simla in June, and his only child, a daughter, Geneviève Muriel (Viva), was born on the 15th of that month.

Barely four months during the hot weather had passed when Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor was again on the north-west frontier, on the same tedious

business as before. During this interval he had not been idle; for besides continuing the literary work at his desk, he took the opportunity of going through a course of instruction in army-signalling, obtaining a certificate of qualification as instructor. "I wonder," he writes, "what they will give me after all this is over? I shall have to grind away like blazes when I get back to Lahore, so as to finish my work by the end of April. Shall I not be glad? I will never undertake anything on the same scale, or in so blind a manner again. I will, if they ask me, say, If you give me such and such help, I will agree to do so much. I don't believe any Government ever got so large a work done for so little before."

"*Girnee, Nov. 6.*—I took Earle<sup>1</sup> all round to show him everything, and though I do not in the least obtrude my opinions on him, I think he is coming round to mine. I believe the reason why my views, if upheld, will triumph, is simply because I base them entirely on common-sense military grounds. If you can show me that any selected position of mine is bad on military grounds, I will abandon it, but not because some deputy commissioner chooses to advance some ridiculous political reason. . . . We have already ridden 356 miles, and are only about one-third through with it."

"*Tank, Nov. 7.*—We made a tedious round over the stones to-day, round the absurd posts, and my

<sup>1</sup> Colonel W. Earle, Military Secretary to the Viceroy, Lord Northbrook.



only consolation was that Earle, after seeing it all, said, 'Well, I must say I agree with you about these posts: they are shockingly badly placed, and ought to come back' (to the line I propose). The ignorance of the officers here, as well as their apathy, seems also to have struck Earle forcibly. They don't know the very commonest things, and from their talk one would think they were in a penal settlement. The fact is, all the seniors are tired of this work, and long to get away, and the juniors take their tone from them. I think the best thing they could do would be to relieve the whole force gradually, and send some new blood here. The worst man must feel some little interest in what would be to him such new work, and there would be far more chance of the work being properly done, than by the 'old soldiers,' who are always trying to dodge their work."

"*Peshawar*.—To-day we are going round the Doaba Forts, and end up by floating down the river on a *massak* [skin] raft, which I daresay Earle will enjoy. All this is no fun for me."

By the end of this year, part v. of the 'Central Asian Gazetteer' was issued from the Foreign Department press at Calcutta. In this part (342 pages) are comprised portions of Asiatic Turkey and Caucasias.

After a prolonged wandering over the debatable ground beyond the Indus, Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor returned to army headquarters at Simla,

where his wife and child were residing, and completed his reports and the editing of his colleagues' compilations. In April the state of his wife's health necessitated her proceeding to England, and he took her to Bombay, where he saw her off in the P. & O. steamer Khedive. Mrs MacGregor was taken ill on board ship off Malta, and died on the 9th May just before the vessel reached Southampton, at which place she was buried, being only twenty-one years of age.

Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor, on hearing by telegraph from Malta of his wife's dangerous illness, obtained immediately leave of absence, and followed by the next available packet; but at Malta the telegram announcing his wife's death was handed to him, and on reaching England the nearly heart-broken widower decided to return at once to India, leaving his child with an old friend of his wife. On the death of this guardian, the little girl was confided to the care of her mother's sister.

On the 1st May the Indian Government had sanctioned the printing of part i. of the 'Central Asian Gazetteer,' comprising the North-West Frontier, at the Government press in Calcutta. On his return to India, after superintending the completion of the work, and seeing the proof-sheets through the press, Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor was posted to the Presidency District as Assistant-Quartermaster-General.

The Secretary of Government, Military Department, wrote on the 17th July, notifying the sanc-

tion of the Governor-General, Lord Northbrook, to Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor's reappointment as an Assistant-Quartermaster-General for a further term of five years from 10th August 1873, which was duly announced in General Orders.

Colonel Burne, Secretary to the Government of India, Military Department, in forwarding the distribution list of part i. (North-Western Frontier), 'Central Asian Gazetteer,' begged on July 14th that the work might be treated as strictly confidential, and wrote that—"The Government of India have seen with great satisfaction the result of the labours of Colonel MacGregor. . . . They consider that the compilation is a most valuable contribution to our military and political knowledge of the north-western frontier; and I am desired to request that you will move his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief to convey to Colonel MacGregor the cordial appreciation of Government for the labour and ability with which he has carried through this work."

With respect to the satisfactory completion of the 'Gazetteer,' the Quartermaster-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts, V.C., R.A., was directed to submit to the Government a brief statement of the time and manner in which this work had been performed under Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor. He observed that Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor commenced the 'Gazetteer' at the end of 1868, and finished parts i., ii., iv., and v. before the end of 1873, by which time part vii. (Kashmere), by Captain Bates, and

portions of part vi. (Kokhan), by Captains Collet and Trotter, were also compiled and printed. Part iii. (Baluchistan) was undertaken by Captain Lockhart, and would soon be ready for the press. The greater part of this extensive work had therefore been completed in five years; and the whole, when finished, would only have cost the Government of India, in addition to a lieutenant-colonel's travelling expenses, the staff pay of an assistant-quarter-master-general and the salary of a clerk (1200 rupees for one year), besides the printing expenses.

It was believed that such an amount of information had never before been collected for the State in so short a time at so small a cost; and Colonel Roberts was instructed to represent to the favourable consideration of Government the great zeal displayed, and the indefatigable labour bestowed, by Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor in accomplishing a work which required special qualifications, and which, comparatively unaided, he had brought to so successful a termination.

The time actually occupied by Colonel MacGregor in compiling the books was thirty-two months,<sup>1</sup> and besides, seven months were occupied

<sup>1</sup> 1st November 1868 to 1st March 1869, . . .	4 months.
1st May 1869 to 15th October 1869, . . .	5½ "
15th May 1870 to 1st November 1870, . . .	5½ "
1st January 1871 to 10th October 1871, . . .	9 "
15th June 1872 to 15th October 1872, . . .	4 "
1st December 1872 to 1st April 1873, . . .	4 "

in printing, two months in the Viceroy's camp, thirteen months collecting material, and seven months on leave.

In consequence of the failure of the usual rains during 1873, not only was the summer crop of rice in Behar and Northern Bengal unusually short in yield, but the autumnal or principal crop also failed, whilst the seed sown for the coming spring harvest was prevented from germination by the drought. Then, again, the amount of grain in store had been greatly depleted by exportation, so that the deficiency of available food-supply could not possibly be made good from local resources, and a disastrous famine impended, affecting some twenty millions of people.

Lord Northbrook and the Government of Bengal, under Sir George Campbell, set vigorously to work to counteract the dire effects of such a calamity by the importation of grain from British Burma, where there happened to be an unusually abundant harvest of rice, in sufficient time to combat the anticipated distress in March 1874; and 450,000 tons of rice were purchased and transported to Calcutta by steamers, this store being estimated sufficient to last throughout the forthcoming summer, autumn, and winter, until the crisis was tided over.

Sir George Campbell's health breaking down, his duties devolved upon Sir Richard Temple in January 1874, by which date the consignments of grain

were beginning to arrive from Rangun at Calcutta, whence they were conveyed by railway to the banks of the Ganges.

On entering North Behar at this time, Sir R. Temple "was struck by the difficulties affecting the transport of grain in large quantities during the dry season, which had already begun, and would become drier still as the months rolled on. The traffic of the country was ordinarily carried by boats on the many navigable streams which flow from the Himalayas to join the Ganges; but these streams were now almost devoid of water. Wheeled carriage for commercial purposes did not exist in any considerable quantity, and thus trade was for a time paralysed. The only persons possessing carts and draught-bullocks in large numbers were the European indigo-planters, who used these vehicles for their manufacturing work. Their business was so slack that they could spare their carts, which were accordingly hired by tens of thousands, and the transport of the Government grain was so far secured. The organisation of this enormous amount of hired transport was placed under Colonel C. M. MacGregor of the Quartermaster-General's Department, a public servant of high capacity and unsurpassed energy, with a large staff of military officers."<sup>1</sup> Colonel MacGregor took over these duties under the Relief Department on the 8th February.

<sup>1</sup> Men and Events of My Time in India. By Sir Richard Temple, Bart. (1882), p. 392.

Unfortunately his private diaries are not available, but some idea may be formed of the work from the following extracts from the official reports.

Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor, writing to Mr (now Sir Stuart) Bayley, Commissioner of the Patna Division, says :<sup>1</sup>

“I am entitled to speak regarding the transport operations. The problem in this department was one which it is no exaggeration to call appalling. It consisted of the transport of no less than 5,200,000 maunds (185,714 tons) of grain from the Ganges to 142 different magazines, at an average distance of seventy miles from the base ; and this not by the aid of railroads,<sup>2</sup> or even over good roads, not with the aid of a regularly organised Transport Department, but through the means of officers and men collected from the length and breadth of India, most of these without the slightest experience of organisation on a large scale, and of contractors, innocent of any greater feat of transport than that of a few cartloads of indigo from their fields to their factories once a-year. . . .

“It has been reported that before the arrival of the military officers all was more or less chaos ; but having had as good opportunities of knowing the state of affairs as any one, I may perhaps be permitted, as the senior military officer in the Patna

<sup>1</sup> No. 852, dated Bankipore, the 19th October 1874.

<sup>2</sup> A temporary railway was afterwards constructed by Captain Stanton, R.E.

Division, to place on record my opinion of the singular injustice of any such remark. If, at the commencement, there was some confusion apparent, I can only say that is nothing unusual; the same thing has happened more or less in every large operation I have seen, and in most I have read of: it seems to be left to the Prussians alone to start into life with a complete organisation. There was some confusion, but it seemed to me that all that was possible had been done or thought of, and it is sufficient to remark that the main plan of the campaign had been determined, and that it was this plan which crowned our efforts with eventual success. That plan, briefly stated, was to call out the whole available strength of the country in carts, by making it the interest of those whose experience of, and influence in, the country was greatest, to assist you and to direct this transport by the most direct routes to the points at which aid was most required.”

The primary base of operations was, of course, Calcutta, and the secondary bases or depots on the left bank of the Ganges were settled at the *ghâts* of Champta and Bankar, and afterwards, as operations extended, at Jamatia, Simaria, and Parihara. “The work at these depots consisted of receiving and landing the grain from the boats, its preservation on shore and its despatch by carts—that is to say, this was all that was apparent to a casual observer; yet the most important and most difficult part of



the work was the managing the numerous individuals necessary to carry this programme out; that is, coaxing and directing inexperienced contractors, frightening, petting, and wheedling cartmen with understandings more dense than those of their own bullocks, and prejudices much stronger than their carts; work which required method, zeal, and untiring energy, tact, firmness, and good judgment."

Having organised these depots, the next point was the state of the roads, and it was arranged that the whole field of operations should be divided into separate lines, leading by the most direct route to the *golas* (stores) to be filled. An officer was placed in charge of each line, averaging seventy-five miles, with assistants—viz., one native officer on each fifteen miles, one sepoy on each three miles, and twenty or more coolies on each mile.

Besides, where possible, every bridge was made by sappers, and special parties told off to keep them in repair, and arrangements were made for the supply of materials for mending the roads at convenient intervals. Where sappers were not available, the road officers had to construct the bridges themselves. The duties of the officers were most onerous; they required the most constant supervision and entailed great exposure: they consisted, in addition to keeping the roads in order, in making arrangements for grass and fodder, keeping the traffic moving, assisting in the repair of carts,

making reports of the traffic—in fact, doing all in their power to secure the end in view; and right well they did it.

Difficulty was experienced in getting carts to work far from their homes, and so it became necessary to select points at which the carts from the south could be relieved by those from the north. These were termed *breaking-bulk stations*, and were administered by the officer in charge of the road in addition to his other duties. Besides the cart-traffic, another of the operations was the river transport in East Tirhut.

Another branch of the working of the department which Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor had to direct was that connected with the Tirhut State Railway. The only detriment which occurred to the public service during the operations was occasioned by this branch of the department being commanded from Calcutta, whilst the whole of the rest was administered in Tirhut (a district of Behar province).

The plan of operations rested on the determination to make use of all available strength in carts of the district. The problem was to carry up 5,200,000 maunds in 120 days—a task wellnigh impossible—indeed Lord Northbrook informed Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor he did not expect it could be done. Nevertheless it was done, and successfully accomplished, despite the exposure and hard work under the burning sun, without failure even in a single instance.

When "the month of May set in, the famine had thoroughly declared itself," and "the contest for life was intense till the middle of June, when the blessed rain fell and a change for the better was at once experienced."<sup>1</sup> In the autumn a good harvest was reaped, and by the middle of October few recipients of relief from Government were left. The famine campaign had been overcome without loss of life, and a reserve of grain, which had been provided in the event of a prolonged drought, remained on hand—an essential precaution.

In concluding his report, Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor remarks that the name "Transport Department" hardly gives a correct idea of the variety of duties which fell to its lot. It is true, he says, that 4419 carts, 11,280 ponies and mules, 11,948 bullocks, 98 buffaloes, 1360 camels, &c., had been directly under its orders and worked by it, but the department had, in arranging the feeding of all these animals and many of the men, also performed duties which strictly belong to the Commissariat. In addition, it had the direction of 44,679 carts belonging to contractors, a work of considerable magnitude by itself, necessitating a staff of about 35 Europeans and 47,000 natives, whose only controlling power came direct from the Director. It kept in repair 1173 miles of road, and constructed and maintained, for four and a half months, fifty-nine bridges. It had the direction of a large fleet of

<sup>1</sup> Sir Richard Temple, *op. cit.*, p. 402.

boats,<sup>1</sup> necessitating a total change in arrangements; and lastly, the Director had acted as chief of the staff for all matters connected in the remotest manner with the work in hand.

“The first place in this branch of the operations (transport service),” writes Sir Richard Temple, “belongs to Colonel C. M. MacGregor, Assistant-Quartermaster-General. He was the Director of Transport in North Behar. The magnitude of his charge may in general terms be measured thus: He had at one time about 50,000 two-bullock carts, and in addition about 15,000 pack-animals, working under his supervision, carrying from first to last 282,000 tons of grain, equal to over four million bags. He had to distribute this mass of grain amongst the numerous depots and granaries, according to instructions received from the Relief Department. He had sixty-five European commissioned officers under his immediate command, and at his disposal were the services of two companies of Sappers and Miners and four companies of the 32d Pioneer Regiment. In the discharge of these duties he displayed many of those qualities which make up the character of an administrator—intelligence in mastering facts, skill in adapting means to the end in view, aptitude in raising resources against difficulties, power of combining and concentrating efforts from many quarters on particular objects, and persistency in carrying

<sup>1</sup> Eight hundred canoes were sent by the Oudh Government by the river Gogra.

measures to their termination. His services were most valuable in the accomplishment of the important task devolving on the Transport Department.”<sup>1</sup>

The Commander-in-Chief expressed himself as “very much pleased, but not in the least surprised, at the testimony borne by the Lieutenant-Governor to the valuable assistance rendered by Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor, who has never failed to distinguish himself by the high qualities for which he is commended by the Lieutenant-Governor.”<sup>2</sup>

In August Mr Hewett, officiating Junior Secretary to the Government of Bengal (Scarcity and Relief Department), writing to the Military Secretary of the Commander-in-Chief, forwarded a letter from Mr S. C. Bayley,<sup>3</sup> Commissioner of Patna,

<sup>1</sup> Extract from minute by Sir Richard Temple, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in letter to Secretary of Government, Military Department.

<sup>2</sup> Letter from Colonel Dillon, Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief.

<sup>3</sup> MR BAYLEY, Commissioner of Patna, to SECRETARY OF BENGAL.

“11th August 1874.

“Having been associated and in close communication with Colonel MacGregor from the day of his taking charge of the famine transport, I may perhaps be permitted to record my admiration of the persistent and indefatigable energy, no less than the skill and administrative ability, with which he has performed a task the magnitude of which is scarcely represented by figures. To the main fact already known to Government—that he has in the limited time at our disposal succeeded in conveying to the numberless *golas* scattered through Tirhut over four millions of maunds of grain, the average distance of which from the river being about seventy miles—I would add that, notwithstanding the numerous companies of contractors, as well as depart-

under whom Colonel MacGregor was then serving, bearing strong testimony to that officer's efficiency as Director of Transport in Tirhut. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir Richard Temple, who had closely watched the transport operations throughout, was gladly able to indorse all that Mr Bayley said, and forwarded a minute,<sup>1</sup> in which he acknowledged Colonel MacGregor's services.

Sir Richard Temple added that in the North Behar Transport Department were collected a large number of officers from all parts of India. All these officers had been placed under Colonel MacGregor, and the way in which he organised them, taught them their work, and managed them throughout, evinced most creditable tact and power of managing men and affairs on a large scale.

*Dec. 12.*—At this time a Special Ordnance Commission, which had been appointed some months previously, was engaged in determining, amongst other matters, the ordnance establishments necessary

ments of all kinds, with whom his duty brought him into contact, there has been little or no friction, and with me his work has been most perfectly harmonious; and I can only say that, in case of being ever called on to undertake such duty again, I could not wish for better fortune than to have Colonel MacGregor for my coadjutor.

“S. C. BAYLEY.”

<sup>1</sup> Minute by the Hon. Sir Richard Temple, 2d July 1874: “Before leaving Darbangah for the present, I desire to communicate to Colonel MacGregor the expression of my high appreciation of the skill, foresight, promptitude, and perseverance displayed by him in the discharge of his arduous and important duty in the Grain Transport Department of Tirhut during the several months past. . . .

“R. TEMPLE.”

for India, and the sites which they should occupy ; and as many questions of a purely military nature were involved therein, application was made to the Commander-in-Chief for the services of an officer who was qualified to be associated with them in considering the requisite departmental information, and in preparing the final report. For this service Lieutenant - Colonel MacGregor's extensive knowledge and study of the requirements of the Store Departments, and arrangements necessary for the reorganisation of the methods of distribution, pre-eminently fitted him, and he was appointed a member of the Commission.

A glance at the map which accompanied the report of the Commission, will enable any one to gain a slight idea of the intricacy and importance of the distribution scheme recommended by the Commission, and which has been adopted and worked with such satisfactory results ever since. The campaigns of 1878-81 in Afghanistan, and the recent expedition to Burma, have tried the resources of the ordnance depots severely ; and the system, although so rigorously taxed, has withstood the strain to which it has been subjected most satisfactorily, and no heavier test of its working could possibly have been applied. Whatever Colonel Charles MacGregor applied himself to he did thoroughly, put his heart into it, and never flinched until he had put things through in his own practical, straightforward fashion. No work was too hard for him ; but he expected his

colleagues to work with a will too, otherwise he had no mercy on them. He hated shufflers, and consequently was not popular with idlers. He was employed on the Ordnance Commission until February 1875, when he served as Assistant-Quartermaster-General to the Rawal Pindi Division.

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## APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VIII.

### REORGANISATION OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER.

ON the 6th January 1878, Colonel MacGregor sent in to army headquarters another memorandum<sup>1</sup> on the Reorganisation of the North-West Frontier, which was based on a similar paper he had submitted seven years previously, and referred to a recent minute on this subject, issued by Lord Lytton. The following is an abbreviated epitome of the paper, which will serve to give his opinions on the subject. He wrote:—

“The first point, then, which strikes one is, that the system under which the frontier was first administered was never regularly planned and thought out. The fact was that Government had then the advantage of the services of quite a unique batch of young and singularly able soldiers, who had proved their valuable qualities by the roughest and best test—that of war. Having the services of such men, it seemed better to leave them to work out their own system according to their lights.

“All the men on whom they thus relied seem intuitively

<sup>1</sup> Although this memorandum was written in 1878, it forms a sequel to the frontier work devised by Colonel MacGregor in 1868, and has therefore been attached to Chapter VIII.



to have recognised the real state of affairs, to have realised they had to deal with bands of robbers without cohesion and with no respect whatever for any authority. They treated every frontier complication, every irruption into our territory, in a decided and determined manner, which exactly suited the requirements of the case, and which was consequently thoroughly understood and appreciated by the tribes; and there can be no doubt that in those first years of our rule across the Indus, our prestige stood higher than in any other part of India.

“How is it, then, that having begun so well, the administration fell from bad to worse, till we are now face to face with an overwhelming concurrence of opinion as to the necessity for its immediate readjustment? The answer is, With advancing years these men one by one disappeared, so that by '70 there was scarcely any of the old leaven left.

“Government now determined to enter on an era of peace on the border, and in order to succeed in this, they unfortunately also began to interfere more and more in frontier affairs, without having sufficient knowledge of the subject to enable them to intervene judiciously.

“In the old days posts were placed out on military grounds, and raiders nearly always got more than they gave: and when things got worse, political and military officers being of one mind, and well supported by Government, they soon brought matters straight again. But now, knowing well Government would not countenance any decided measures, officers were obliged to keep the peace, or seem to keep it, by other means—by paying them black-mail, by a system of reprisals, by using border chiefs in negotiations, by pitting one section of a tribe against another, by concealing crime.

“Thus Government was blinded, and finding how easily Government was hoodwinked, every effort was directed to keeping all frontier questions a profound secret, the key

to which could only be obtained through the frontier politicals.

“From 1864 things have been steadily going from bad to worse. Warnings, however, were not wanting to active and adventurous minds; there was something peculiarly charming in a visit to the frontier, and from time to time a great many outsiders have ridden along it.

“But they soon found the mantle of the old men had not fallen on the new; and it is a curious fact that every outsider who visited the frontier, came back impressed with the lamentable state affairs had fallen into.

“At first all such reports were met with a mighty disdain; the frontier quidnuncs argued that what had taken them years to master, could not seriously be considered graspable by even the ablest man in the course of a month or two’s ride along the border. Yet, notwithstanding, the impression that things were wrong has been growing in strength every year till now; ‘an overwhelming concurrence of opinion’ thinks so, and happily we have his Excellency the Viceroy’s minute to put it beyond dispute.

“The key-note of all frontier affairs is this. Raids are sometimes *voluntary*, sometimes *instigated*. The former are not so difficult to deal with as the latter, which, from the fact of their being brought about either by men beyond the border or by men within our border, are more complicated, because they are not undertaken from pure devilry or love of plunder, but with the object of paying off some old spite, or of leading the stream of Government reward to flow self-wards.

“The raids voluntary, if the military were used as they might be, and should be, would of course cease, and there is equally no doubt in my mind that the second would cease also, if there was no encouragement for them—that is, if the frontier management was changed—if the present system of secret and political management of the tribes is

abandoned,—if, in fact, we give up trying to act the part of Afridis with Afridis.

“The theory of this political management is as above, the practice as follows: The robbers beyond the frontier are regarded by the civil officers as so many petty independent states, each with its chief and its council of state. If a raid is committed, it is at once said this tribe or that tribe did it; we must send for their council (*jirga*) and call the tribe to account, or we must seize all the property of the tribe in our territory.

“I will now turn to Lord Lytton’s scheme, and see how far it seems to me to meet the requirements of the case. First, I may say I agree entirely as to the necessity for taking the frontier management away from the Panjab Government. Frontier affairs are an imperial question, and as such should be dealt with by the Supreme Government alone.

“I am also of opinion that there must be some officer of rank who should have charge of all frontier relations, who should be in the confidence of the Viceroy and directly responsible to him, who, frequently visiting the border, would be thoroughly familiar with the actual state of affairs, and who would report on them direct, unbiassed by any local prejudices.

“These points it is proposed to encompass by the appointment of a Chief Commissioner for the north-west frontier, who shall be in charge of all our border relations of a province consisting of the present frontier districts of Sind and the Panjab, and an additional district from Trans-Indus Sind, and of the relations of the Government of India with Afghanistan and Baluchistan.

“To assist him to carry on these duties, it is proposed to provide him with a ‘secretary, assistant-secretary, and staff and office establishment, proportionate to his position;’ besides, there are to be two additional commissioners, at least six judicial assistants, and an increase of assistant-

commissioners throughout the province, besides an increase of the police force under 'picked officers.'

"The necessity for a thorough change of system, and for working out a clear simple plan, suited for all time, does not seem to me to have received sufficient consideration. Instead of a Lieutenant-Governor, a Chief Commissioner is substituted; but no thorough change of system is insisted on: the same officers are to be employed, and the same system to be continued. But it is evident that frontier management is still to be regarded from a political point of view.

"It is proposed to place under the Chief Commissioner our relations with Kabul and Kalat. I cannot conceive why. In the first place, it cannot be too clearly stated that Kabul politics have nothing to do with the border; and further, I submit everything should be done to discourage any idea they have.

"The Chief Commissioner cannot have any knowledge of Kabul or Kalat politics that the Government of India are not in possession of, and as he cannot have any policy of his own towards Afghanistan and Baluchistan, there seems nothing but disadvantage to be reaped from his being placed in charge of the relations with those countries.

"A radical change of system is required. The proposals of Lord Lytton will not effect a radical cure, but only a partial amendment. The first step must be in removing the frontier officers from all connection with border matters. The second must be a thorough change of system, for I am so convinced of the rottenness of the system that I do not think even a new set of men could make it work satisfactorily.

"I would treat the frontier as a police question, whereas it has always been regarded as a political problem. I do not mean to say I would defend the border by civil police, but by that greater police—the army.

"The system I propose is simply that by which Jacob

brought the Sind frontier from a state of the most frightful anarchy and bloodshed to one of almost complete peace in less than five years. He looked on the border tribes not as separate nationalities to be negotiated with, but a mass of incoherent marauding robbers, to be coerced into conforming to his will or suppressed; and the way he accomplished his object was, putting out his posts on military grounds alone, and giving them a few simple orders suited to the case.

“I would appoint an officer to the command of all the troops from Abbottabad to Quetta, and place him in charge of all relations with the border, call him ‘Commandant and Viceroy’s Agent of the North-West Frontier,’ and provide him with a staff consisting of three or four officers. He should have command of all the troops, and charge of all frontier relations. Under him I would divide the frontier into three districts—viz., (1) Peshawar and Hazara; (2) Kohat, Bannu, and Dera Ishmail Khan; (3) Dera Ghazi Khan, Jacobabad, and Quetta. For the Peshawar command, the present brigadier-general at that place would suffice; for the Kohat command, the present brigadier-general of the Panjab frontier force; and for the lower district, the brigadier-general from Karachi. These officers have their staff, and there need therefore be no increase of expense on this account.

“The districts I would subdivide as follows [here follows list of subdivisions].

“In each of these sub-districts there would be a certain number of outposts, the larger ones of which would be under the command of an English officer. The sites of these posts should be selected entirely on military grounds, so as to give our own troops every advantage of ground, and place raiders under every disadvantage. The next thing to do would be to lay down a frontier road, which would connect each post by a good galloping road (as far as possible), and also each post with its support at the sub-district

headquarters. Much of this is already done, and troops should be employed to do the rest.

“Then a military cordon should be carefully drawn, which would include all villages which, from their position on the immediate border, were liable to attack. This cordon once established and understood, it would follow that all who resided beyond it should be liable to aid in frontier defence, and be exempt from all taxation. All situated within the cordon would belong to the civil district of which it forms a part, and be subject to the same administration as at present.

“In addition, I would enlist a body of men who should be termed ‘Militia,’ and consist of men only from within our border on whom we could thoroughly rely. Their duty would consist principally in serving as guides to the regular troops, for which reason they should be local.

“The force at the disposal of each officer commanding a sub-district would therefore be—(1) regular troops, who would hold the outposts and do whatever fighting was necessary; (2) militia as guides; (3) villagers of villages beyond the cordon, who should be regularly enrolled and armed, and whose duty would alone consist in defending their own villages and lands, and in taking charge of posts when the regulars were away.

“A few simple rules would be necessary for the satisfaction of our own troops and the information of the border tribes. These could not be too clear. . . .

“I have often talked the matter over with frontier officers, and though I have met with objections, I never met with one that would stand the test of strict examination.

“Though I propose the institution of a firm military system for the border, I do not forget that it should always be the desire of Government to make the tribes our friends. Thirty years of mutual distrust and reprisal have proved that this end will never be accomplished by the present system. The first step in reclaiming any savages must be

to make it impossible for them to carry on their marauding practices, and having thus instilled into them fear, respect will follow; and if we give over our distrust of them, and cultivate more frequent intercourse with them, that respect will be followed by confidence in our justice and our high-mindedness.

“C. M. MACGREGOR.

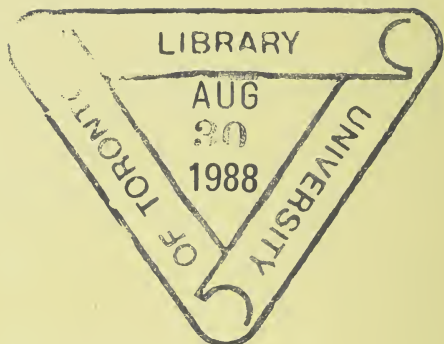
“*January 6, 1878.*”

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.









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