

Dhananjayrao Gadgil Library

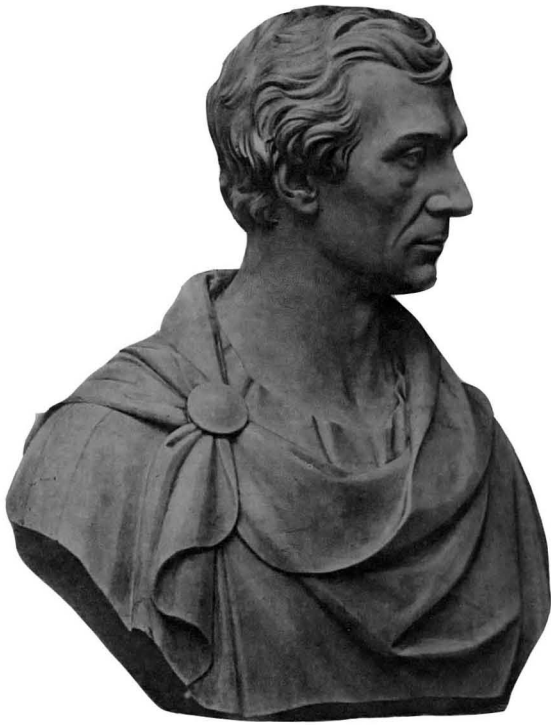


GIPE-PUNE-000962

L I F E

OF

SIR HENRY. LAWRENCE.



Laurence

Chamber's

LIFE Rare section

OF

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

BY THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL

SIR HERBERT B. EDWARDES, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.

AND

HERMAN MERIVALE, C.B.

THIRD EDITION.

With Two Portraits.

LONDON :

H, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE.

1873.

All rights reserved.

Rare

V2, L, 837 Mc

A873

962

PREFACE.

THE first portion of the Life of SIR HENRY LAWRENCE, now presented to the public, was compiled by his dear friend and scholar in Indian administration and statesmanship, SIR HERBERT EDWARDES.

It contains abundant evidence of the early connection between the two. It is only necessary for me to add that Sir Herbert's best-remembered title to the gratitude of his countrymen was gained in the three months, May—August 1848, when, with a mere handful of men at his disposal, he kept in check the revolted Sikhs before Mooltan. At that time Sir Henry Lawrence was absent in England. When he returned to his post Edwardes became one of the most trusted and valued members of his administrative corps of assistants in the Punjaub. When Sir Henry was moved to Rajpootana in 1853 Edwardes remained in his old province. He again earned in a special manner the thanks of his countrymen for his demeanour in the outlying station of Peshawur during the mutiny of 1857. In 1864 he came to England on sick leave. He was then entrusted by the Lawrence family with the charge of preparing a memoir of his deceased friend, and with ample materials for executing it. But he left it unfinished at his death in December 1868. All which he had completed was, however, so thoroughly completed, so accurately worked out even to the most careful copying for the press, that when, after his death, the task passed to myself, I found next to

nothing left for me to do, as far as this portion is concerned, except to superintend the printing.

But Sir Herbert was cut short in his labours, leaving Chapter XII., which contains the account of Sir Henry's sojourn as Resident in Nepal, unfinished. I have deemed it best, though at the risk of some apparent abruptness and want of continuity, to let this incomplete chapter remain as it was left, and begin the next at the point at which I took up the work.

When I received the MS. of Sir Herbert Edwardes's unfinished Life of Sir Henry Lawrence, together with the mass of materials which Sir Herbert intended to employ, I was compelled to make such use of those materials as I could, without any help from the suggestions or directions of my predecessor. For, although Sir Herbert completed in the most careful manner his work as he went on, it was not his habit to make ostensible preparation for what was to come, except by compiling a few brief summaries of future chapters, and by leaving the original documents or copies which he meant to use arranged in fair chronological order. These documents consisted, in the first place, of Sir Henry's letter-books, large folio volumes, in which it was his habit to preserve copies (many in his own handwriting, more in those of assistants); of his letters in general, "both demi-official," to use the common Indian phrase, and private, from his correspondence on the highest matters with Government and high functionaries, down to hasty communications to ordinary friends. These records bear undeniable testimony to Sir Henry's extraordinary activity as a man of business; an activity in the way of writing not a little characteristic of many Anglo-Indian officials, but especially of himself. There were also files of more private correspondence with Governors-General and with military authorities, of his own portion of which he had not, I conclude, thought it advisable to keep copies, and which I have used, I trust, with due discretion. There were also abundant stores of private letters from friends

both in India and in England, and from, and to members of his own family. There were diaries, kept at intervals of comparative leisure, both by himself and by his wife, Lady Lawrence. Further, there were the scattered memorials of himself to be collected from his own literary remains and from the historical and miscellaneous works of others, which necessarily touch on various points of a career so public and so distinguished as his. Lastly, his biography has been given in more or less detail in many periodicals; and more completely by Sir John Kaye in his *Lives of Indian Officers*, full of traits of personal knowledge. Such materials may appear abundant, but they were without any index or written suggestions to facilitate the employment of them. And no one who has not made the experiment can possibly estimate the difficulties of the task of drawing up a complete and continuous account of a life by the mere help of such unconnected fragments. The rude materials of the intended edifice are there; the drawings and plans which should have exhibited its design and general features are altogether wanting. Sir Herbert Edwardes had the subject by heart, and could shape his work accordingly. I was personally unacquainted both with Sir Henry Lawrence and with India, and am fully conscious how little my own literary habits could do towards redeeming such disadvantages. But I have had the advantage of the regular advice and superintendence of members of Sir Henry's family and (occasionally) of that of other distinguished men familiar with his career, and have relied to a great extent on the assistance thus afforded, although the narrative part is entirely my own. With this confession of insufficiency, and these claims to attention, I offer my portion of this work, as partially supplying the deficiency occasioned by Sir Herbert Edwardes's lamented death.

In regard to the much-controverted subject of the spelling of Indian names I have only to say that, being without any pretension to the knowledge of the languages of the country, and being entirely unable to judge between competing systems,

I have thought it best to retain, as a general rule, the orthography of the writers themselves, from whose manuscripts so large a portion of my volume is derived. This may serve as my apology both towards those who prefer systematic spelling on principles of their own, and those who may detect inconsistencies and solecisms in that of the pages before them.

H. MERIVALE.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

DOWN TO SEPTEMBER 1822.

	PAGE
Some Account of the Lawrence Family—Sketch of Father's Military Career—Mother—Boyhood—Aunt Angel—Foyle College, Derry—At School in Bristol—Addiscombe—Home Difficulties—Eldest Sister Letitia—Departure for India	I

CHAPTER II.

FROM SEPTEMBER 1822 TO JULY 1826.

Arrival in India—Life at Dum-Dum—Self-culture and Self-denial—Rivalry between the Brothers Alexander, George, and Henry, in helping their Parents—Influence of Religious Friends—The Rev. G. Craufurd—"Fairy Hall" and the young "Methodists"—The Burmese War—Lawrence's First Campaign in Arracan—The young Lieutenant's Journal—Rev. G. Craufurd's Farewell Prayer—Scott's Bible—Reunion at Chittagong—Lieutenant Lewin's Journal—Violence of Temper—Praying Friends—March of General Morrison's Division—Hardships of the Campaign—Note on the Mutiny at Barrackpore in 1824—Energy of Lieutenant Lawrence—Military Operations—Capture of Arracan—Anecdotes of British and Native Soldiers—Lawrence's Care for his Wounded Men—Visit to the Field of Battle—General Morrison's Force prostrated by Fever—Lieutenant Lawrence appointed Adjutant—Seized by Fever—Peace dictated at Ava by Sir Archibald Campbell	25
--	----

CHAPTER III.

FROM JULY 1826 TO 1837.

Sick Leave to Calcutta—Nursed by Rev. G. Craufurd—Ordered to England—Voyage to China—Arrival at Home—Entry in his Mother's Diary—Letitia Lawrence at Fahan—Mrs. Heath—Angel Heath—Honoraria Marshall—Meeting of Henry and his Sister—The young Lieutenant institutes Family Prayers—What became of Scott's Bible—Occupations	
--	--

	PAGE
of a Sick Furlough—Teaching his Sisters—Joins the Trigonometrical Survey in Ireland—Example of Rippingale, the Artist—Influence of Marcia Knox—The Preaching of Robert Hall at Bristol—John Lawrence wants to be a Soldier—Henry dissuades him—Henry first meets Honoria Marshall—Springtime of Love—Return to India with John and Sister Honoria—Henry posted to Foot Artillery at Kurmaul—Studying the Languages with George—Eulogy of James Abbott—Sketch of an Oriental Adventurer—Visit to the Simla Hills—A Native Chief with a Pocket Bible—Sunday Thoughts in a Forest—Letter of the Lieutenant to the Governor-General about Field Artillery—Death of his Friend, John Edwards—Visit to Captain Cautley and the Ganges Canal—Transferred to Horse Artillery—The Brothers raise a Fund for their Mother—Correspondence with Letitia—Henry passes the Examination for Interpreter at Cawnpore—George's Interview with Lord W. Bentinck—Henry appointed to the Revenue Survey, and Reforms it—The Lessons learned in Five Years' Surveying	56

CHAPTER IV.

FROM 1833 TO MAY 1838.

Love—Ambition—Father's Death—Despondency—Joyful Surprise—Seniority in the Company's Army—Filial Tenderness—Honoria Marshall on her Voyage to India—Marriage—Friendship with Mrs. Cameron—A Wedding Day Prayer—First Impressions of India—Mrs. Wilson's Orphan Refuge—Scenery of the Ganges—Honoria Lawrence a Model Wife—Life in the Jungle—Christianity in Heathen Lands—Allahabad—A Wife's Portrait of her Husband—Letter to Miss Irwin—Thoughts of Emigration—The Traveller's Hymn—Transparency of Lawrence's Character—Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery—A Wife's Thoughts about Death	87
--	----

CHAPTER V.

1838—1841.

Activity and Development of Mind—Instinct for Government—Speculations on War with Burmah and Nepaul—The Theory of a Quartermaster-General's Department—The Grand Trigonometrical Survey—Roads, Canals, and Railroads <i>versus</i> Famine and War—Proposal for a Staff Corps—Patronage a Trust—First Note of the Cabul War—Lawrence offers to raise a Corps of Guides—Entreats Permission to join the Army—The "Hamil" Controversy—Impending Duel—A Wife's Remonstrance—History of the Disuse of Duelling in the British Service—Birth of a First Child—Order to join the Army of the Indus—Halt at Ferozepoor—Palanquin Travelling—Lawrence engages to Write for the Press—Devotes the proceeds to Charity—First Political Appointment—Seeking a Blessing on it—Account of Ferozepoor—Multifarious Duties of a	
---	--

Political Officer—Death of Runjeet Singh—Sikh Troubles—The "Adventures in the Punjaub"—Correspondence of Mrs. Lawrence— Thoughts of Emigration—Simla Scenery—How the Lawrences lived at Ferozepoor—Evils of bringing up Children in India—The Desert—Birth of a Daughter, who is Baptized by her Father—Sick Leave—Volun- teering—Intervention in the Punjaub expected—Stories of Hannah More and Angel Knox, written for Alick—Death of their little Daughter	PAGE 116
--	-------------

CHAPTER VI.

DECEMBER 1841.

Causes of the Cabul War—George Lawrence at Cabul—Surrender of Dost
Mahommud Khan to the English—Shah Shoojah unequal to his Posi-
tion—George Lawrence appointed Political Assistant to Sir William
Macnaghten—Henry Lawrence invited to join the Envoy's Staff, but not
allowed by Government—Embarrassments of the English at Cabul—
Retrenchments resolved on—Insurrection of the Afghan Chiefs—Murder
of Sir A. Burnes—Inaction of General Elphinstone—Blunders and
Squabbles in the British Camp—Success of the Insurrection—Negotiation
instead of Fighting—Murder of Sir William Macnaghten at a Conference
—Disgraceful Capitulation—Retreat and Destruction of the British
Force—George Lawrence and others in Captivity—Darby Connor: a
Prophecy—Henry Lawrence receives the First News of the Disasters,
and prepares Reinforcements—Lord Auckland paralysed by the Issue of
his Policy—The Commander-in-Chief unequal to the Occasion—Vigour
of Mr. Clerk, who pushes on Wild's Brigade to Peshawur—Henry
Lawrence accompanies as Political Officer—Unfriendly State of the
Punjaub—Correspondence of Mrs. Lawrence—The Death of her Brother,
Captain James Marshall—"The Soldier's Bride" 158

CHAPTER VII.

1842.

Our Position in Afghanistan after the Cabul Disasters—Prisoners on both
sides—Loss of Ghuznee—Defence of Khilât-i-Ghilzye—Candahar and
Jellalabad—Paralysis of the Indian Government at this Crisis—Mr.
George Clerk sends forward Reinforcements to Peshawur, and Henry
Lawrence with them—The Commander-in-Chief borrows Four Guns
from the Sikhs—Sketch of General Avitabile—Brigadier Wild's Diffi-
culties at Peshawur—Political Services of Captains Mackeson and
Lawrence—Mutinous Conduct of the Sixty-fourth Native Infantry—Bad
Example of the Sikh Troops—Wild's Failure to Force the Khyber Pass
—Abandonment of Ali Musjid—More Troops sent to Peshawur, and
General Pollock appointed to Command—The Difficulties he found

	PAGE
at Peshawur, and surmounted—How Henry Lawrence helped him—The Sikhs hesitate to aid the English, but yield to the Pressure of Mr. G. Clerk—Our own Sepoys unwilling to go to Cabul—Lawrence reproved by Government for his Plain Speaking—Offers to Resign his Political Post, and serve as a Soldier—Sunday Letters to his Son Alick—Home Love and Public Duty—Pollock to Advance To-morrow . . .	197

CHAPTER VIII.

1842.

Preparations for Attack on the Khyber Pass—Reinforcements from India—Failure of Negotiations with the Afreedees—Mackeson and Lawrence contend for the Post of Honour—Pollock's Advance and Victory—Lawrence's Exertions—Effective Co-operation of the Sikhs—Inevitable Injustice of Victorious Despatches—The Garrison of Jellalabad delivers itself—Meeting of Sale and Pollock—Letter to Mr. Marshman—Frost-bitten Wrecks of the Cabul Army—Hospital Visits—General Tribute to Lawrence's Humanity—Lord Ellenborough succeeds Lord Auckland—He hesitates between Advancing and Retiring—Critical State of India—The responsibility of Decision thrown on Nott and Pollock—The Generals accept it	237
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

1842.

Pollock's Position at Jellalabad—Lawrence supplies Food, Cattle, and Money, and keeps open the Khyber Pass—The Indian Commissariat dependent in War on the Political Department—Pollock's Communications with Peshawur necessarily dependent on Political Officers—Conduct of the Sikh Troops in the Khyber—Lord Ellenborough's Offer of Jellalabad interests the Sikh Court—A Sikh Contingent marches to Jellalabad—Lawrence receives Thanks for the Service, and Pollock calls him to Jellalabad to control the Sikh Soldiers—Havelock at Jellalabad—Akbar Khan's Overtures to Pollock—Anxiety about the British Captives—George Lawrence at Cabul—Treatment of their Prisoners by the Afghans—George Lawrence sent by Akbar to negotiate—Henry Lawrence offers to take his Brother's place in Captivity—His Wife approves—Nott and Pollock agree to "retire by Cabul"—Lawrence to accompany Pollock with five hundred Sikhs—The Advance—The Struggle—The Victory—Lawrence thanked in Despatches—Release of the British Prisoners—Measures of Retribution.—The Return from Cabul—General Court's Congratulations—Pollock dismantles Jellalabad and Ali Musjid—"Home, sweet Home"	263
--	-----

CHAPTER X.

1842.

The Army of Reserve at Ferozepoor—Lord Ellenborough rewards Lawrence with the Superintendentship of the Dehra Dhoon—The Supreme Council declare it illegal—Lawrence is transferred to the Charge of Umballa—Disappointed at getting no Military Reward—Solace of a Happy Home—"The Little Hand"—Insurrection in the Kythul State—Military Licence—Lawrence brings an Officer to Court-martial—Lord Ellenborough puts him in charge of Kythul—Mistake about Companionship of the Bath—Lord Ellenborough appoints him Resident at the Court of Nepal—He wishes to stay on the Sikh Frontier—Summary Settlement of Kythul—Chiefs <i>versus</i> People—Native <i>versus</i> British. Rule—Henry Lawrence's Civilizing Measures—Departure to Nepal—Visit to his Brother John at Kurnaul—Defence of Sir William Macnaghten—The Mutiny of 1857 foreshadowed—Arrival at Nepal Court	PAGE 296
---	-------------

CHAPTER XI.

1843.

Some Account of the Kingdom of Nepal—Its Relations with the English—The Goorkha War—The Policy of Nepal essentially Military—Advice of Mr. Thomason and Mr. Clerk to Henry Lawrence—Internal Politics of the Court—Rise and Fall of General Matabur Sing, the Minister—Inability of British Resident to interfere—The Dead Lion still haunts the Court—Jung Bahadoor appears upon the Stage—The King of Nepal consults the Augurs as to the Result of the Sikh Invasion of India—The Fall of Lahore a Blessing to Nepal Court, Army, and People	315
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

1844.

Nepal (<i>continuat</i>)—Scenery and Manner of Life	339
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

1844—1845.

Nepal (<i>continuat</i>)—Letters and Journals—Recall of Lord Ellenborough—Illness of Mrs. Lawrence—Occupations—Henry Lawrence's Literary Pursuits—The <i>Calcutta Review</i> —Foundation and Early History of the Lawrence Asylum—A Suttee in Nepal—First Sikh War—Summons to the Punjab—Civil and Military State of Nepal	345
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

1845—1848.

Appointment as Governor-General's Agent for the Punjaub and the Frontier	PAGE
—Battle of Sobraon—Occupation of Lahore—Disposal of Cashmere—	
Question of Annexation raised—Opinions of Henry Lawrence on this	
Subject—Treaty with the Sikh Government, the 9th March 1846—	
Dealings with Goolab Sing—"Cow" Disturbance at Lahore—Reduction	
of the Fort of Kangra—Made Lieutenant-Colonel, June 1846—Expedi-	
tion to Cashmere—Installation of Goolab Sing—Treachery and Trial of	
Lal Sing—Treaty of Byrowal—Council of Regency established at	
Lahore, December 1846—Lawrence's Assistants in the Punjaub—In-	
trigues and Removal of the Maharanee, August 1847—Quits India on	
Leave for England—Made K.C.B., March 1848—Outbreak in the	
Punjaub during his Absence—Consulted in England—Leaves again for	
India, November 1848	380

CHAPTER XV.

1849.

Return to India—Relations with the New Governor-General, Lord Dal-	
housie—Siege of Mooltan, January 1849—Second Sikh War—Battles	
of Chillianwallah and Goojerat—Proclamation to the Sikhs—Dis-	
ussions on Annexation, March 1849—Views of Henry and John Law-	
rence respectively—Lord Dalhousie acts in accordance with the Opinion	
of the latter—Resignation tendered by Henry—Reconciliation	425

CHAPTER XVI.

PUNJAUB, 1849—1852.

Constitution of the Board of Administration of the Punjaub—Sir Henry	
Lawrence President—Division of Labour between the Members—Sir	
Charles Napier takes Command of the Indian Army, May 1849—His	
Views and those of Lawrence as to its Condition—Napier's Difference	
with Lord Dalhousie—Character of Lawrence by General Abbott—	
His Locomotive Habits—Tours of Inspection in the Punjaub and	
beyond the Frontier—Visit to Cashmere, May 1850—To Iskardo and	
Ladakh—Outbreak at Kohat, August 1850—Correspondence with Lord	
Dalhousie—Asylum—Writing for the Press	443

CHAPTER XVII.

1852—1853.

Differences in the Board of Administration—Revenue Settlement—Inclina-	
tion of Sir Henry Lawrence towards the so-called Aristocratic View of	

	PAGE
Land-rights in the Punjaub—Bias of John Lawrence in the Opposite Direction—Report of the Board on this Subject—Correspondence between the Brothers—Both tender their Resignation (December 1852)—Sir Henry's finally accepted—Letters of Farewell from his Subordinates—Views as to the Administration of the North-Western Frontier	469

CHAPTER XVIII.

JANUARY 1853—MARCH 1857.

Rajpootana—Mount Abo : Family Life there—Functions of the Rajpootana Agency—Conduct towards his Subordinates—The Kerowlee Succession—Adoption in Rajpootana—Punjaub Affairs—Death of Lady Lawrence Infanticide in Rajpootana—Suttee : Gaol Reforms—Projected Asylum at Ootacamund—Lord Dalhousie succeeded by Lord Canning—Appointment to the Chief Commissionership of Ough	504
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

OUDE, MARCH—MAY 1857.

State of Oude before and after Annexation—Projects for its Government—Talookdars—Pensioners of the former Sovereigns—Arrives at Lucknow—The Local Government there—Its Difficulties and Disputes—Appointed Brigadier-General—Takes Command of the Military Force—Commencement of Mutiny—Defensive Measures—Arrests—The Cartridges—Enrolment of Police—Out-stations—Correspondence with Lord Canning during May	545
--	-----

CHAPTER XX.

OUDE, MAY—JULY 1857.

Lucknow—The Mutiny in the Province—Repressed in the City—Measures of Precaution against an Attack—Adventures of scattered Europeans in Oude—Short Illness of Sir Henry, and Substitution of a Committee of Management—He Resumes Direction of Affairs—Last Letters—Fall of Cawnpore—Action at Chinhut—Repulse—The Muchee Bawn Abandoned—Siege by the Mutineers Commenced—Wound and Death of Sir Henry Lawrence	580
--	-----

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

	PAGE
Fragment apparently belonging to the Period between the Afghan and Sikh Wars	621

APPENDIX II.

Release of Prisoners from Cabul	624
---	-----

APPENDIX III.

Letters by the Board at Lahore to the Government of India	625
---	-----

L I F E

OF

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

CHAPTER I.

DOWN TO SEPTEMBER 1822.

IN the old town of Coleraine, in the county of Derry, about A.D. 1776, a mill-owner died and left six children, the youngest of whom was Alexander, father of the Lawrence brothers, Henry and John, known to most Englishmen.

Nursed within blow of Atlantic storms, and buffeted by hardships all his life, the lot of Alexander Lawrence was just one of those which toughen households, and take noble vengeance on an unkind world by rearing great sons and daughters.

Adam, John, and Richard took their portions on their father's death, and the three brothers went to seek their fortunes in America, where all trace of them was soon lost, though in after years Alexander tried hard to get tidings of them, and even had a project to go himself and carry on the search.

The second brother, William, entered the navy as a surgeon, and Alexander, at the age of ten, was left at home in the care of two elder sisters, who put him to school for two or three years, and then took him away, without apparently knowing what to do next. Strong, active, daring, and impatient of sisterly government, the boy soon took the matter into his own hands, and went off to India. His eventful and soldierly career, of which twenty-five years were spent in that country, is sketched out by himself in the rough drafts still extant of two memorials which he addressed to "His Royal Highness Field

Marshal Frederick Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief," and "The Honourable the Court of Directors of the East India Company." These documents show that "in the year 1783, being then in the seventeenth year of his age," he "began his military career as a volunteer¹ in his Majesty's 36th Regiment, then serving in India, and was soon afterwards appointed, in general orders, by the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir John Burgoyne, an ensign in the 101st Regiment, in which capacity, after having served through a long and arduous campaign under the late Colonel Fullerton, he had the mortification" to find the commission not confirmed at the Horse Guards, from it not having been stated in the recommendation that he was "actually serving in India." Encouraged by senior officers, however, he "bore up under his disappointment, and continued to serve with the army in the field; and the Commander-in-Chief was pleased, in consequence, again to recommend him home for a commission" in the 36th Regiment; but again the commission was diverted to a "half-pay officer in England." It was now "too late to adopt any other profession, and the same friends continuing to interest themselves in his welfare, and to dissuade him from leaving the army, he determined to remain with it, and at length, after four years, during which he was almost constantly in the field, he obtained a commission in the 52nd Regiment *by purchase*, and in the year 1788 was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 77th Regiment."

In 1791-2 he served in Lord Cornwallis's campaigns against Tippoo Sultan; lost his baggage in the retreat from Seringapatam, and by lying on the wet ground at night, laid the foundation of fevers which, in the end, ruined his constitution.

"In 1795 he served at the siege and capture of Cochin, under Colonel Petrie:" "in 1796, in the successful expedition under General Stuart, against Colombo:" and "in the following year he was employed in a very long, severe, and harassing service in the Cotiote country under Colonels Dow and Dunlop."

Modestly as he alludes to this last service in his own memorial,

¹ In those days, youngsters without commissions were allowed to serve as volunteer officers with regiments in the field, till they could either win a commission or get one by purchase. They did duty as officers, but drew no pay, and lived on their own resources. The custom is abolished, but exceptional cases have occurred in recent wars, and must unavoidably occur again in colonies or dependencies, wherever there are English wars and English boys old enough to wield a sword and march by the side of their relatives or countrymen. In the present instance Alexander Lawrence won his commission twice over, but had to purchase it at last.

he appears to have personally distinguished himself in a way that now-a-days would have won the Victoria Cross, for in an extract of "77th Detachment Orders," dated "Camp Cotiangunj, Saturday, 13th May 1797," which is among his papers, Major Macquarie, who commanded the force, after giving his warmest and best thanks to all ranks "for the gallantry, steadiness, zeal, and obedience to orders, and the spirit to overcome all difficulties and hardships in such an arduous warfare as they have lately been employed upon," "begs that Lieutenant Lawrence in particular, who commanded the party that drove and dislodged a considerable body of the enemy from a house close to the ford of Canote River, in the action of yesterday morning, with such conspicuous intrepidity, coolness, and gallantry, will be pleased to accept his warmest thanks and commendations. He also begs leave to assure him that he has not failed to report his spirited conduct, and willingness to execute his orders, both to Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop, commanding the right wing, and to Lieutenant Colonel Dow, commanding the army."

On the 6th March 1799, he commanded a company of the 77th Regiment in the action of Sedaseer, "between the Bombay army, commanded by General James Stewart, and that of Tippoo Sultan, commanded by himself in person," of which he simply but significantly says that "his conduct on that occasion was approved of."

In the same year he "commanded the Grenadier company (of the 77th Regiment) the whole of the (second) siege of Seringapatam, the captain being left sick at the top of the Ghaut;" in the course of which siege he twice distinguished himself; once on the night of the 22nd April, when two companies of the 77th, under his command, repulsed with great loss a sortie of the enemy; and still more conspicuously on the 4th May, when he was "the only survivor of four² lieutenants who, at their own request, were appointed to cover the Forlorn Hope at the memorable assault of that fortress; on which occasion he received two severe wounds, one by a ball in his left arm, which is still lodged there, and the other in his right hand, which carried off one finger and shattered another into several pieces." The

² Amongst the family papers is a letter from General Lord Harris, dated "Belmont, Eversham, Nov. 9th 1808," to Captain Lawrence, in which the General recalls all their names. "I perfectly recollect you at Bombay, in 1788, a lieutenant, and much esteemed as an officer; but your volunteering the Forlorn Hope, at Seringapatam, with those gallant fellows, Hill, Faulkner, and Lawler, who fell on that glorious day, will ever be remembered by me with gratitude."—*See also Life of Lord Harris, page 333.*

first ball hit him just as his party reached the top of the glacis, where they found that the storming-party (Sergeant Graham's) "had formed, and commenced a fire," instead of rushing in. Lawrence, wounded as he was, "ran from right to left" (of the rear-rank of the Forlorn Hope), "hurrahing to them to move on;" but at last was obliged to run through the files to the front, calling out, "Now is the time for the breach!" This had the desired effect. At the foot of the breach he received the second ball, but even then "did not give it up till he saw the few remaining men gain the breach; then fainting from the loss of blood, he was removed to a less exposed place."

This "removal to a less exposed place" is worth telling in less official language, as he used in after years to tell it to his children. The fact was, that he was left scarcely sensible on the breach under the burning mid-day sun of May, and his life was only saved by one of the soldiers of the 77th, who, strolling over the spot after the heat of the conflict, recognized the facings of his own corps on what he supposed to be a dead officer. Stopping and turning the body over, he muttered to himself, "One of ours!" then, seeing who it was, and that the lieutenant was not dead yet, the soldier raised him with a violent effort (Lawrence was six feet two, and stout in proportion) and staggered off with his burden to the camp, swearing as he toiled along that "he would not do as much for any other man of them!"

Before he had recovered from the wounds got at Seringapatam, Alexander Lawrence was obliged (by the paucity of officers with his corps) to take the field again; and in August 1799, joined in the siege and assault of the rock fortress of Jumalabad, in South Canara. From thence his regiment was ordered to proceed in open boats along the Malabar coast to Cochin. The equinoctial gales came on while they were at sea, and after suffering great hardships they were wrecked near Cannanore. Lawrence in his memorial says he did "not leave the beach until he saw every man safe on shore, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that by his exertions his men were saved, though by it he lost the use of his limbs for many months."

In May 1800, he was promoted by the Commander-in-Chief in India (Sir Alured Clarke) to a Captain-Lieutenancy in the 19th Foot, and the Adjutant-General, Colonel Walter Cliffe, in communicating this agreeable news, said he was "further directed to add that the General has much satisfaction in thus testifying to you the sense he entertains of your distinguished gallantry and merit during the siege, and on the memorable assault of the capital of Mysore.

It is clear, indeed, that if Lieutenant Lawrence could have won a "Cross" at the fords of the Canote on the 12th May 1797, he would have added more than one "clasp" to it in 1799, below and on the walls of Seringapatam; but it was something for an unfriended subaltern to win his "company" in the front of two such armies, with David Baird and Arthur Wellesley looking on.

The 19th Foot was in Ceylon, and as soon as he was sufficiently recovered from the effects of the wreck "he joined that regiment, and remained with it until the year 1808, when, from the repeated attacks of the liver, and rheumatic fever, brought on by hard service on the continent of India, he was obliged to return home, as the only chance of saving his life." Arriving in England, a regimental captain after twenty-five years' hard service, maimed in limb, broken in health, and disappointed in hope, he found that he had just been superseded in the majority of his own regiment! Happily his old Colonel was in England, and introduced him to the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief of the British army, who promoted him in 1809 to the next majority in the 19th Foot, and ordered him to Yorkshire to enlist recruits. Three years later his Royal Highness, "convinced of the ample manner in which this promotion has been earned by long and faithful services," appointed Major Lawrence to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 4th Garrison Battalion at Guernsey; whence, in 1815, the regiment was ordered to Ostend, and Colonel Lawrence commanded the garrison there, consisting of four regiments and artillery, throughout the Waterloo campaign.³

This was his last service: for on the way back with his regiment to Ireland, in a dreadful gale off Torbay, on the 6th January 1816, an abscess burst in his liver, and it was thought he could not survive the night. His naturally hardy constitution, however, still bore him up, and with great difficulty the ship stood in for Dartmouth, and put him on shore. The surgeon had prepared everything for carrying the sick man to the ship's side, but it is still remembered how he refused to be carried, gathered his cloak around him, bade his wife "Catherine, stand aside!" and grasping his favourite stick "Sweet-lips" in his hand, marched firmly to the boat. At Dartmouth he lay for a whole month at an inn. The doctor despaired of his recovery.

³ The stormer of Seringapatam chafed at being cooped up in this post, and appealed to the Duke of Wellington, for "auld lang syne," to let him come to the front with a body of picked men from his garrison. The "Iron Duke" replied that he remembered him well, and believed he was too good a soldier to wish for any other post than the one which was given to him!

"He had" (as he says in one of his memorials) "served his King and country with indefatigable zeal for thirty-five years,⁴ and with many a hard struggle had reached that rank which might have been of service to his sons." All this must now be sacrificed. He could "safely say that he never made a guinea by the service," and if he died the value of his commission would be lost to his wife and children. So he sold out for their sakes, dragged slowly through a long sickness into a shattered convalescence, and found himself, after a life given to his country, with £3,500 (the price of his commission), and a pension from the Crown of £100 a year for his wounds, which, with some bitterness and much truth he said, "would do little more than pay his doctors." He had made sure, under the rules of the King's service, of getting a pension of £300 a year, and his disappointment was keen.

His old General, Lord Harris, interceded for him at the War Office, but the secretary courteously regretted that he did not feel at liberty to advise the Prince Regent to do more for an officer to whose merit Lord Harris had borne so high a testimony.⁵

Bethinking himself next of the East India Company, in whose battles, though not in whose service, his blood had been so often shed, Colonel Lawrence memorialized the Court of Directors, who, with that liberality which was a marked feature of their rule, at once voted him a present of a hundred guineas, and a pension of £80 a year for life, which in 1820 they increased to £130 a year, to "mark their sense of his merits."

One of the Directors (Mr. Hudleston), in apprising him of this new vote, says, "There was not a dissenting voice in either the Committee or the Court . . . there were only cheers and echoes; indeed I wish the matter (the amount) had been equal to the *manner*."

Two years later, oppressed by the wants of a large family and his own broken health, Colonel Lawrence made one more appeal to the War Office for the full amount of pension to which he considered

⁴ Query, Thirty-three?—H. B. E.

⁵ This War Office letter, dated December 17th 1816, is signed "Palmerston;" and it is not the least remarkable of the incidents in that statesman's life, that after refusing an increase of a few pounds a year to the pension of the father, he should, forty-one years afterwards, as Premier of England, name one son (Henry) Provisional Governor-General of India, in case of Lord Canning's death, during the crisis of 1857; and six years later still, on the sudden death of Lord Elgin, send out another son (John) as Governor-General and Viceroy.

himself entitled; and in reply he was informed "that his Majesty has been generously pleased to order that from the 25th December last your pension shall be increased to £220 per annum, being, *with the pension allowed you by the East India Company*, the rate assigned to the rank you hold." So that the War Office debited the old soldier with the grateful liberality of the India House!

Towards the close of his life Colonel Lawrence had the titular governorship of Upnor Castle (on the Medway in Kent) conferred upon him. It was a sinecure reserved for old and meritorious officers, and, adding £150 a year to his small means, was a great boon, though it came late.

The whole military career of Colonel Lawrence has been thus brought together unbroken by domestic details, because it is the story, the example, and the experience of the world, that was ever before his boys, and planted in their minds the hardy germ of new careers, which haply have struck deeper roots, got nearer to the sun, and flung wider shadows on the earth. One of his sons, in after years, looking back upon these things, speaks thus of his influence: "I should say that on the whole we derived most of our metal from our father. Both my father and mother possessed much character. She had great administrative qualities. She kept the family together, and brought us all up on very slender means. She kept the purse and managed all domestic matters. My father was a very remarkable man. He had left home at fourteen years of age, and had to struggle with the world from the beginning to the end. But he possessed great natural powers; ever foremost in the field, and somewhat restless in times of peace. He was a fine, stout, soldier-like looking fellow, a capital rider, a good sportsman, and an excellent runner. I have heard old military men, when I was a boy, say that he was one of the hardest and best officers they ever met, and that he only wanted the opportunity which rank gives to have done great things. . . . I fancy he was rather headstrong and wayward, and though much liked by his equals and inferiors, not disposed to submit readily to imbecility and incompetence in high places. When I was coming out to India, my poor old mother made me a speech somewhat to the following effect: 'I know you don't like advice, so I will not give you much. But pray recollect two things. Don't marry a woman who had not a *good* mother; and don't be too ready to speak your

mind. It was the rock on which your father shipwrecked his prospects.”

The “mother” who thus enjoined her son to choose his wife out of a religious home was Letitia Catherine Knox, daughter of the Reverend G. Knox, of the county Donegal, and collaterally descended, as she loved to tell, from John Knox the Reformer, of whose strong, God-fearing character she inherited no small share. She married Alexander Lawrence, when he was but a lieutenant, on 5th May 1798, and no wife ever shared a soldier’s fortunes from youth to age with more devotion. On the back of two pictures in the Book of Samuel of the old family Bible, it is recorded that they had twelve children—George Tomkins,⁷ Letitia Catherine, Alexander William, George St. Patrick, Henry Montgomery, Honoria Ange’ina, James Knox,⁸ John Laird Mair, Mary Ann Amelia, Charlotte Frances, Marcia Eliza, and Richard Charles—of whom six were born on Indian soil, and the rest in England.

Henry Montgomery Lawrence, into whose noble life it is now ours to look, was born at Matura, in Ceylon, on the 28th June, 1806. Matura is celebrated for its diamonds, and a lady at Galle one day asked Mrs. Lawrence if she had brought any with her. “Yes,” said the mother, with a pride above jewels, and called in the nurse with Henry. “There’s *my* Matura diamond !”

He was two years old when he came home with his father and mother to England, and the very earliest traits remembered of him are the same simplicity, truthfulness, self-denial, and thoughtfulness for others which went with him through life. Here are two. Nurse Margaret (who was a prodigious favourite) now and then ventured, against all the laws of the Medes and Persians, to turn the children’s tea into a feast with the magic spell of jam. Henry alone used to refuse it because “mamma said we were to have bread and milk.” In 1812, when the family went to Guernsey, Letitia, the eldest girl, was left at school at Southampton, in the family of the Rev. — Mant, D.D. (father of Richard Mant, the

⁶ The family estate of Rathmullen, on the western shore of Lough Swilly, which was sold by Colonel Andrew Knox, of Prechen, to the Batt family, descended to the Knoxes from Bishop Andrew Knox, who was originally “Bishop of the Isles,” in his native country of Scotland, but was translated to Raphoe, in Ireland, 28th June, 1611 (or 1622?), and died 1632. This Bishop Andrew Knox was undoubtedly of the great Reformer’s family—probably his great-nephew.

⁷ Died in his third year in Ceylon, on the day that his sister Letitia was born. The shock endangered the mother’s life.

⁸ Died in the West Indies, at the age of eighteen.

editor of the Bible). This separation was a terrible grief to both her and her brothers, and at Henry's suggestion the boys saved up all the Spanish pieces and crooked sixpences that were given them in Guernsey, and sent them in a bag to Letitia.

Here we get another glimpse of the Colonel among his children. He could ill afford the £100 a year to place Letitia at school, but he said he did it for her good, and "to keep her from Guernsey early marriages." She could not bear it, however, and was so unhappy, that the doctor advised her being sent home. Every morning found her pillow wet through with tears. The Mants were most kind to her, but it was of no use. She wrote to her brothers and parents, and it was agreed that her father should come and see her as soon as he could. War was then raging, and there was great danger of being intercepted by privateers. At last the Colonel got across and came. Letitia was summoned. Sea-captains, rough, kindly men, had been sent often before to take a look at her and report. She thought this was another, and went timidly into the room. Her father's figure stood at the window looking out. He had not heard her enter, but felt her arms round his neck, turned round and burst into tears—that stormer of Seringapatam. To soothe Letitia, who now cried dreadfully, he took her and the daughters of two brother officers to the play (*Speed the Plough*). He then promised to come again next day, but did not. From London he wrote valiantly to say he could not trust himself with another sight of her, as he could not take her away altogether; but sent her, as consolation, a £5 note. Letitia tore it into fragments; declared she had been deceived, and was walked off to bed by Miss Mant in great disgrace.

School-days soon came. In 1813, Alexander, George, and Henry were all three sent together from Guernsey to Foyle College at Derry, of which their uncle, the Rev. James Knox, was head master. He was a very good man; but it does not seem to have been a very good school, at least not for these nephews. Perhaps there were too many boys, and too few to look after them. This is sure, that the young Lawrences learnt little, though they stayed there all the year round. One of his schoolfellows recollects that Henry's intellectual attainments then gave little promise of his future; that in general he was quiet and thoughtful; given to reverie, and caring little for the sport of the other boys, unless it were a drama improvised to wile away the dreariness of holidays at school, and then he

would fling himself into it heart and soul, and be the hero of the piece.

The "sweetness and gentleness of his disposition" is the trait by which this schoolfellow best remembers him; but there is one anecdote of the same days at Foyle treasured up by his eldest sister, which reveals the moral strength which lay beneath. The boys had been breaking windows (their "custom always in the afternoon"), and Henry Lawrence had not joined. At last they enticed him to aim at a mark upon the wall, missing which (as the young rogues expected) he smashed a pane of glass. Without a remark, and doubtless amidst roars of laughter, he left the playground, knocked at the awful "library" door, and presenting himself before his uncle, said, "I have come to say, sir, that I have broken a window!" His sister adds, "I cannot recall his ever telling an untruth." Reader, of how many of us could the same be said, even by a dear sister?

Colonel Lawrence's hard experiences had made him in very bitterness resolve that none of his boys should enter the service in which he had himself fought so long, so zealously, and so thanklessly. He would put them all, if he could, into the service of the East India Company. That he was, in the end, able to do so, was due to one of the best of the many good men who had brought their knowledge of India into the Court of Directors, and reserved their patronage for those who really needed and deserved it.

Mr. John Hudleston had been in the Civil Service of the Madras Presidency, where he rose to be Member of Council. He was the intimate friend of the great missionary, Swartz; and for many years they lived in the same house. When Mr. Hudleston left India he pressed Swartz to come with him and share his fireside; but Swartz said he could not leave his flock, or the young Rajah of Tanjore, who had been bequeathed to his guardianship by the former King. At home Mr. Hudleston became both a Director and a Member of Parliament, and devoted the remainder of his life to the promotion of Christian amelioration in the government of India. In particular, he laboured for the abolition of *Suttee*, and was to that question much what Wilberforce was to the abolition of *Slavery*. When Swartz died the Tanjore Rajah erected a monument (by Flaxman) to his memory; in the Mission Church at Tanjore; and it was probably due to the influence of Mr. Hudleston that the East India Company erected a similar monument in the Fort Church at Madras, "to excite in others" (as they expressly said) "an emulation of his great example."

Mr. Hudleston's wife had been a cousin and dear friend of Mrs. Lawrence, which drew the two families together when the Lawrences came home from Ceylon; and the sons of the ill-requited veteran of Seringapatam were just such a flock as the good Director delighted to help. One by one he gave appointments to them all. When Alexander, the eldest boy, was thus nominated to the Military College at Addiscombe, in 1818, Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence went over to Ireland, and brought him away from his uncle's school at Derry. This was the first separation of the three elder brothers.

George and Henry remained another year at Foyle College, and, helping each other in that miniature world, became knit together lovingly for life.

In July 1819, they, too, left Derry, and travelled by themselves to their parents' home at Clifton, which, in those days, was regarded as a great feat, and what still more marks the changes of the times, their Uncle Knox, in reporting their departure, and "handing them over with solid and serious satisfaction as youths of most blameless character, and of good sense and conduct," after promising to send "a statement of account" in a few days, adds the following request, as though he were writing to some far-off foreign land: "In the meantime you will have no objection to give my dear sister Angel whatever money she may require. The course of exchange is so greatly against us that I am unwilling to purchase an English bill, by which she must be a loser!"

This "dear sister Angel" had been living with the Lawrences since they came from Ceylon, and will find an affectionate place in these pages as the "*Aunt Angel*" of the next generation. She appears to have been a most sweet character, worthy of her name. Her own spirit had been early purified in the furnace of self-sacrifice, and now she lived to minister to others.

"Tell us the story!" Well, it is a common one enough in English homes, but there is always good in a true story of human life. When Angel Knox was a girl she had an aunt who lived in a large house in a lonely part of Ireland. Never mind her name. When she had visitors she used to send for Angel, for she was fond of her, and so was everybody else. So Angel was often at her aunt's for weeks and months together. This aunt had sons, who, of course, were Angel's cousins. The eldest, though heir to some property, would be a sailor. From time to time he used to come home, and he and Angel often met, and they loved each other. At last, after one

of these visits to his home, he wrote to his mother, told her how his love for cousin Angel had grown upon him; how he desired to make her his wife; and hoped that his mother would approve his choice. His mother sent for Angel, and asked her if she knew anything of this? Angel said she knew it well, though neither had ever spoken of it to the other.

The mother was kind but stiff. She "did not approve of cousins marrying," &c., "and hoped they would get over it."

After a while the young commander came home again, and Angel was there as usual. They had not "got over it" at all.

One day the mother spoke to Angel, and hoped it had all passed away. Angel said they both felt as certain of each other's love as ever, but if it had not her consent it would be better for Angel to go home, as she could not live in the house with her cousin, under those circumstances. Divining what had happened, the son suddenly left his mother's house, and the servant, who brought back his horse, brought back a letter for Angel, and delivered it to her in the presence of her aunt. Angel read it, and put it into her pocket. Her aunt asked if it were from her son? She said it was, but did not offer to show it; nor did her aunt ask for it.

Angel escaped to her own room; could not appear at dinner, and went to bed sick at heart. In the night her aunt entered her room, and thinking Angel asleep, went to the pocket of her dress, took out her letter, read it, put it back, and went away. Angel felt she could not speak; it was easier to lie still and endure; but early in the morning she wrote a note to her aunt, and asked if she might have the carriage for the last time, to go home; adding, "You know what *he* says, but it requires *both to be agreed*: and I will never marry into a family where I am not desired." She went home and told no one. Her father never knew it.

Years afterwards, when her sister, Mrs. Lawrence, came home from Ceylon, where she had seen her cousin with his ship, and mentioned his name, Angel burst into tears, and then told the story of her youth. The cousins never met again. He never came home; and, at last, died at sea.

Hereafter, when we listen to Henry Lawrence telling stories to his eldest boy, and setting before him the living example of "Aunt Angel," we shall, perhaps, fancy that it was *her* gentle finger which first struck the key-note of charity in his heart. She spent, at intervals, about seven years in the Lawrence home. Her room was ever the

happy resort of all the children, and latterly they came more and more under her influence, as their father's failing health absorbed more of their mother's care. Mrs. Lawrence often told them that it was "a blessing" to them to have Aunt Angel living with them, and that some day they would understand it; but on none of them does she seem to have made the abiding impression that she did on Henry. It happened very fortunately that during four of the six years that he was at school at Derry with his Uncle Knox, Aunt Angel was there too (her brother James's house being her home), so that her influence over him was sustained just when it was most wanted and would ordinarily have been lost. If, then, Henry Lawrence got little learning in Foyle College, he got Aunt Angel's teachings well by heart, and remembered them gratefully through life.

One custom, too, there was in the College itself which may have had its share in eliciting that recollection of the ever-present poor, and that active desire to minister to them, which became so strong a habit of his mind. There were no poor-rates then in Ireland, so that relief was dependent on private charity, and Mr. and Mrs. Knox were in the habit of distributing what was left from the college table among the poor of Derry, who collected at the lodge to receive it. The assistants of the great and good man who, in after days, amid the cares of high office, and pomps and vanities of a Native court, never forgot the poor, and was so fond of collecting on Sunday mornings under the shade of his verandah crowds of halt, blind, and leprous, and, undismayed by the army of flies which hovered round them, walked so compassionately through their ranks, putting money into their hands, and speaking sympathy to their hearts, may, perhaps, trace the first outlines of those scenes in the portions given to the hungry at the lodge-gate of Foyle Cottage.

After the Midsummer holidays of 1819, George and Henry were putted—George to go to Addiscombe, and Henry to Mr. Gough's school in College Green, Bristol. Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence were now settled at Clifton, which is only separated from Bristol by Brandon Hill, so that Henry could come home twice a day; and his father, with the younger children, used often to walk that way and meet him in the evening. A pleasant picture.

There was a poor old man who sat on Brandon Hill selling pin-cushions. Henry gave him a penny or a sixpence as often as he could, and brought him to good Aunt Angel's notice. Bit by bit the old man became a pensioner of the family; and when Henry

Lawrence was driven home from India the first time by Burmah fever, one of his first inquiries was after "the old man of Brandon Hill" (who still lived to welcome him). His eldest sister, in relating this anecdote, says, "he *never* lost sight of any one in whom he had ever taken the slightest interest."

Henry was soon joined at College Green by his brother John—Henry then "a bony, powerful boy of thirteen," and John "a little urchin of eight."⁹ The following reminiscences of those days are best told in John's own words:—

I remember when we were both at school at Bristol there was a poor Irish usher named Flaherty, and he had done something to offend the master of the school, who called up all the boys and got on a table and made us a great speech, in which he denounced poor Flaherty as "a viper he had been harbouring in his bosom;" and he also denounced some one of the boys who had taken Flaherty's part as "an assassin who had deeply wounded him!" I was a little chap then, eight years old, and I did not understand what it was all about; but as I trotted home with Henry, who was then about fourteen, I looked up and asked who the "assassin" was who had "wounded" the master. Henry very quietly replied, "I am the assassin!" I remember, too, in connection with this very same row, seeing Henry get up very early one morning (we slept in the same room), and I asked where he was going. He said, "To Brandon Hill, to fight Thomas." (Thomas was the bully of the school) I asked if I might go with him, and he said, "Yes, if you like." I said, "Who is to be your second?" Henry said, "You, if you like." So off we went to Brandon Hill to meet Thomas; but Thomas never came to the rendezvous, and we returned with flying colours, and Thomas had to eat humble-pie in the school. Henry was naturally a bony, muscular fellow, very powerful; but that fever in Burmah seemed to scorch him up, and he remained all the rest of his life very thin and attenuated.¹⁰

Nothing can possibly be more characteristic than these reminiscences of Henry Lawrence, for as he was as a boy so he grew up and went through life—the ready friend of the "Flahertys" and ready foe of the "Thomases" of the world. Man, woman, child, or poor dumb beast had only to be *down* to bring Henry Lawrence to his side.

In August 1820, Henry followed his brother George to Addis-

⁹ Letter of Sir John L. to Author, 4th April 1858.

¹⁰ Conversations of Sir John L. with Author.

combe, by the appointment of Mr. Morris, one of the Directors of the East India Company." On the 26th, George writes to his mother, "that dear Henry had passed his examination, much to the satisfaction of Dr. Andrews," and with great credit to himself, and is now pretty well settled."

I mean as well as can be expected, considering that there are one hundred and fourteen cadets in the seminary, and that he has only been here two days. . . . You may depend, my dearest mother, that while I am able, Henry shall want neither a friend or a brother, and that it shall be my study to render Addiscombe as comfortable and agreeable an abode for him as I am able. . . . Tindal has told him that his study is much at his service, and that he is to make himself as much at home in it as possible. Seven of us had tea in it last night—young Lewin among the number. He is a fine little manly fellow, and I like him much. . . . Henry and he, to all appearances, are very thick. . . . Give my love to dearest Aunt Angel, and my thanks for her letter and Bible—the former I shall answer very soon, and, with her blessing, I hope the latter will be of essential service to me, if not now, at a future period. . . . Henry is getting on very well, and I have no doubt that by next report he will be pretty high.

Several of his contemporaries have most kindly contributed their reminiscences of the different stages of his career; and from these¹¹ we get a clear and faithful picture of Henry Lawrence as an Addiscombe cadet. "Imagine, then, a rather tall, raw-boned youth of sixteen, with high cheek-bones, small grey eyes, sunken cheeks, prominent brows," and long brown hair inclined to wave. "A very rough Irish lad, hard-bodied, iron-constituted, who could, when necessary, take or give a licking with a good grace;" and as indifferent to dress then, as he was after as a man. "Imagine this frame full of life and energy, buoyant with spirits, and overflowing with goodness, yet quick of temper, stern of resolution, the champion of the oppressed, the determined foe of everything mean, bullying, or skulking, and you have before you Pat Lawrence the youth." He had a fiery temper, "off in an instant" at any reflection on Ireland, "but full of good humour, and easily made to laugh;" "always ready

¹¹ Mr. John Hudleston had given a cadetship previously for Henry, but Colonel Lawrence, with characteristic generosity, transferred it to the son of one who had befriended him.

¹² The principal of the college.

¹³ The friends chiefly quoted in this place are Colonel W. S. Pillans, Colonel James Abbott, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Macdonald, all of the Bengal Artillery.

to side with the losing party or the weak." "His attachment to his family was remarkable, and thoughtless as boys are to any display of this kind, yet Pat Lawrence was known to all as a devoted son and brother." When "anything mean or shabby roused his ire, the curl of his lip and the look of scorn he could put on, was most bitter and intense." One day, returning suddenly into his study, "he caught his fellow cadet, whose desk adjoined his own, with the lid of the desk open, and a letter from one of his sisters in his hand, apparently perusing it. This cadet was Lawrence's senior by several years, and almost twice his size." He said, "You shall pay for this when we get out of study!" And no sooner were the cadets dismissed, "than Lawrence flew at the defaulter like a tiger, trying hard to reach his face, and hitting him right and left. Some of the senior cadets interfered, and would not allow a fight, as Lawrence could have had no chance."

Here is another quarrel, with a *junior*, on "a Sunday march to Croydon Church," most characteristic in its making up. The *junior* tells it us himself. "I was distinguished from the other probos (cadets of first term) by a large blue swallow-tailed coat with gilt buttons. Lawrence came up laughing, and asked me, in schoolboy slang, 'Who made your coat? You have not taken your grandfather's by mistake?' I was angered, and gave it him back in kind; and something approaching a struggle (accompanied, I recollect, by an aggressive shove on my part) occurred. We then parted, Lawrence saying that we should have it out after church. The interim was not very comfortably passed by me, for Lawrence was older and bigger than myself, and there seemed every probability, as I was not the lad to give in easily, of my getting a good licking. All, however, that passed was this:—As soon as he could, after our return march from church, Lawrence voluntarily came up, and, holding out his hand, said, with a laugh, 'I was wrong, and rude, and in fault. Let us be friends!' We were so then, and ever after. This may appear trifling to others; to me it is a memory of his forgivingness and high mind, for he must have been pretty sure that he would have had the best of it in a fight."

The narrator of the above anecdote was the means, very soon afterwards, of saving Henry Lawrence's life, and tells the story only on condition of his name being withheld.

"It was, I think, in Lawrence's third term, in August or September, 1821, that he very nearly lost his life when bathing with a great

number of the cadets in the Croydon Canal. He was beginning, as were many others, to learn to swim, and had got out of his depth into one of the holes which abound there. Several had tried to help him, and had got a good ducking for their pains, and were now on the very edge of the danger, almost within reach of him, their hands held out, but afraid to involve themselves again in the same risk, while he was making desperate efforts to get out of the scrape, bobbing up and down, to the terror of the sympathizing and staring school. This was no want of goodwill or courage in them. But few could swim, and that only a little as beginners. . . . I myself went to Addiscombe from a school on the Thames, under a capital scholar and first-rate flogger, who used to cane us into as well as out of the water. With him syntax and swimming went together. On the present occasion I had myself left the water, and was beginning to dress under the bank on the far side of the canal, when I heard, without knowing the cause, a hubbub of voices, and a rushing of feet behind me. Presently I distinguished my name. Mounting the bank, George Campbell met and called me to the rescue, saying hurriedly, 'He has already ducked one half of us, and we can't get him out!' I was in the water at once, luckily approaching him from behind, so that he could not see to clasp me, and with a few strokes (for to me there was little difficulty) had him safe ashore, though quite exhausted and breathless. As we went back to Addiscombe he joined me, gasping a few words that 'he should not forget this; and that it had been all over with him but for me.' "

It was the same old friend who first opened to Henry Lawrence the fairy world of Walter Scott's poems, large portions of which he committed to memory, and spouted at every opportunity. There is an interest almost mournful now in learning that his favourite passage was the encounter between Fitz James and Roderick Dhu, and that when "pounced upon in some boyish assault by several cadets at a time, he would suit the action and the word together, and thunder out,—

Fitz James was brave : though to his heart
The life-blood sprang with sudden start.
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the chief his haughty stare ;
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before ;
'Come one, come all ! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.'

Surely the "boy" who took this passage to his soul was "father of the man" who stood at bay in Oudh.

It seems to be the impression left on the minds of all Henry Lawrence's Addiscombe contemporaries that he was backward for his age in scholarship, and slow in acquisition, but making up for these deficiencies by laborious study and unflinching application. He was best in mathematics, and fond of making military surveys of the country round. "I can speak to his being a most generous rival," says one of his class-fellows. A neck-and-neck race had been going on between them for months, sometimes one, sometimes the other being a-head. Rank in the Indian army depended on the last month's "report" of the last term at College; and all the cadets were burning to know the issue. One bold spirit volunteered, and got in at the window of the master's room, where lay the *Doomsday Book*, took a long fearful peep at all the names, and clambered back again. Lawrence had won the race! "I am sorry," said he, with one of his pleasing smiles, "that you are disappointed; and should just as soon that you were first."

There was another feature in his mind, even at this early day, which told of a hilly lot and a climbing heart. He was always asking the "reasons" of things; and "tracing effects to their cause;" walking slowly as it were, and marking the road. "It was the very necessity Henry Lawrence found" (says one of these life-long friends) "of understanding the reason for every process he was called upon to learn, that hindered his progress in the academy. While other cadets learned mechanically or by rote, (excepting in those rare instances of intuitive perception,) he was thrown at each step into a reverie, and could not advance until he thoroughly understood the ground he occupied . . . I have often seen him lay down the singlestick to carry out one of these investigations suggested by some unusual sentiment of his antagonist, and then return to the game with additional zest; . . . perplexing enough to that large class of persons who act from instinct or caprice, or imitation, and have never in their lives been burthened with a reason! His character was original in the extreme. Nothing in it was borrowed. It seemed as if he felt it dishonest to make others' opinions or acts his own by adoption. But there was no ostentation of independence in this. His own self-approval was his only aim, and this minute and searching pursuit of truth was tempered and beautified by a vein of poetic ardour, which never perhaps could have shaped itself in words, but

gave glory to the warm affections, the manly aspirations, the matter-of-fact reason, and solid sense of the youth and of the man." Nevertheless the same friend says, "I am satisfied that had our Addiscombe Professors been asked to name the cadet of all the 120 youths present at the academy whom they deemed most likely to distinguish himself in after life, Henry Lawrence's name would have occurred to none. . . . There can be no doubt that had he been born thirty-five years later, he would have been ignominiously rejected by the examiners for cadetships in the Indian army, a fate which, under like circumstances, must have befallen Nelson himself, and about three-fourths of the heroes to whom England owes her glory." Certainly Robert Clive, to whom, under Providence, England owes her Indian Empire, would never have passed a "competitive examination,"—unless, indeed, steeple-climbing, and chieftainship in urchinwars, had been allowed to count, as well they might! Henry Lawrence, however, was not among the many lads who would pass a brilliant examination in foot-ball, hockey, cricket, or other manly sports and boyish feats of daring. With all his spirit he was ever quiet and self-disciplined. It is not remembered that he ever was "sent to the blackhole" or "got into any serious scrape," and most of his contemporaries recall that he was either "indifferent to all amusements," or "preferred a walk with some approved companion." The fact probably is, that he stood aloof not so much from choice as self-imposed economy, as subscriptions were required to join in all the games, and he was determined not to apply to his father for more pocket-money than was given to him, which (characteristic of the old soldier's ideas of discipline!) was the allowance fixed by the college authorities. Only once did young Henry find it impossible to get on with the paternal allowance, and then there must have been some urgent call, for he wrote to one of his sisters for help "by return of post," and she in her haste and agitation sent him a five-pound note in a letter, and *forgot to seal it!* But it reached safely.

To what are called "amusements" in the bigger world of society, Henry Lawrence was no doubt indifferent even as a boy. Coming home one night from a ball to which he had gone with Alexander, George, and Letitia, he said to his sister, "What a wretched unprofitable evening! Not a Christian to speak to. All the women decked out with flowers on their heads, and their bodies half naked." Simple, earnest, and modest, he shrank even then from frivolity and display; and in later years, in India, he never could see English

ladies dancing in the presence of native servants or guests, without being thoroughly wretched.

There is an incident in this period of his life which shows even more moral courage and self-discipline than foregoing the amusements of his brother cadets. At the end of the vacation, when leaving home for Addiscombe, he would go round the family and collect clothes for a poor lady in London, and on arriving in the metropolis, carry the bundle through the streets himself and deliver it.¹⁴ Has any boy who reads this the heart and pluck to do the same? If so (whether tutors and playfellows discern it or not,) assuredly he will be both good and great.

The school and Addiscombe career of Henry Lawrence (which should have been the seed-time of his life,) may be well summed up in a few home words of the brothers and sisters.

“I remember my brother Henry” (says Sir John)¹⁵ “one night in Lord Hardinge’s camp, turning to me and saying, ‘Do you think we were clever as lads? *I don’t think we were!*’ But it was not altogether that we were dull. We had very few advantages—had not had very good education—and were consequently backward and deficient.

“We were both bad in languages, and always continued so; and were not good in anything which required a technical memory; but we were good in anything which required thought and judgment. We were good, for instance, in history. And so far from Henry being *dull*, I can remember that I myself always considered him a fellow of power and mark; and I observed that others thought so.” Henry himself, writing from Nepal, on 31st October (1844 or 1845) to his friend and predecessor on the Sikh frontier, Major George Broadfoot, says on the subject of schools, “For my part, my education consisted in kicks. I was never *taught* anything—no, not even at Addiscombe. The consequences are daily and hourly before me to this day.” Even at home in the holidays there were few books for him to read. It was enough that the family filled three post-chaises whenever there was a move, without carrying a library about the country; so all were got rid of except a few prime favourites of the Colonel’s, such as *Josephus*, *Rollin’s Ancient History*, and the works of Hannah More. To be sure dear nurse Margaret, who was the daughter of a schoolmaster, had *Cicero’s Letters*, and *Hervey’s*

¹⁴ Five-and-thirty years afterwards he remembered the same lady in his will.

¹⁵ Conversation with the Author.

Meditations among the Tombs, but delightful as they were, even those came to an end. The Colonel himself was staunch to the old comrade volumes which had marched about the world with him, and when his daughter had read Rollin's *Ancient History* aloud from beginning to end, and closed the last volume with an exulting bang as if to say, "We've done with it!" he at once put down the mutiny by saying, "Now, if you please, you'll begin it again at the beginning." But the young people were not made of this stern stuff. One reading of a book was enough for them, and their youthful souls longed to push on to "fresh fields and pastures new." Sometimes Letitia, sometimes Henry, would borrow a new book from a friend, and then away went both up into her room to study it together. One day, just before Henry went to India, they were feasting thus on the *Life of Washington* (whose character made a lasting impression on his mind).¹⁶ Letitia, looking up between the chapters, soliloquized "that it was a pity they had not been better taught." Henry mildly replied, "*Well, that's past. We can now teach ourselves.*"

And so he went through life, in a teachable and teaching spirit—impressed with the necessity of knowledge, and thirsting both to get and to give it; first laboriously making up the lee-way which he had lost in boyhood, and then genially looking round to see whom else he could help along the voyage.

The appointments from the Addiscombe Military College to the Indian army were distributed into three grades, the highest of which gave a few much coveted commissions in the corps of Engineers, the next gave more in the Artillery, and the last consigned the bulk of the cadets to the Infantry. Cavalry appointments were excluded from this competition, being the direct patronage of the Court of Directors, and were perhaps more popular than any others, as they avoided all the uncertainties of study, and threw the lads who were so fortunate as to get them at once into the saddle, with a stable full of Arabs, a dashing uniform, and a well-paid service. Henry Lawrence's two elder brothers, after a short stay at Addiscombe, had both received from Mr. Hudleston cavalry appointments (Alexander in the Madras, and George in the Bengal presidency), and the same unwearied friend offered a third to Henry, while yet in the middle of his Addiscombe course, but he declined it, "lest it should be supposed

¹⁶ Another biography which they read at this time, and which continued to influence him in India, was the *Life of Sir Thomas Munro*.

that no Lawrence could pass for the Artillery." There was mettle in this refusal, and the result justified it, for in spite of the disadvantages of his early training he succeeded in passing for the Artillery branch ; and it is clear that had he been better started he would have come out in the Engineers.

He left Addiscombe on 10th May 1822, but did not actually sail for India till September. With the exception of a few days spent in a pleasant tour on the Wye with Mr. Hudleston, Miss Slack, and his sister Letitia, the intervening months were passed at home at Clifton, chiefly in devouring books with Letitia. As often happens in large families where all have to help each other, this eldest sister was not only playfellow, counsellor, and friend, but a kind of small mother to her brothers ; and to her, Henry, at once sensitive and reserved, had early learnt to open his heart, and look for sympathy. Between them had grown up the tenderest affection, the most perfect confidence, and a unity of thought, feeling, and interest, which only grew stronger and fresher with years, and however far apart they might be, seemed present like a star above them both. The prospect of the approaching separation was bitterly felt by these two, and many were the plans which Letitia resolved for keeping her brother at home. Confiding her griefs to good old Mr. Hudleston, one day she declared " she would rather set up a shop with Henry than let him go to India." " You foolish thing," he said, " Henry will distinguish himself. All your brothers will do well, I think ; but Henry has such steadiness and resolution that you'll see him come back a general. *He will be Sir Henry Lawrence before he dies !*"

What reconciled Henry to going, was getting at this time some glimmering of the home anxieties. The task of bringing up and educating eleven children with generally one or two nephews, or a niece besides, would alone have been difficult enough, even to a good manager like Mrs. Lawrence, endowed with order and frugality in no ordinary degree. But the difficulty was indefinitely increased by the want of these qualities in her husband. Bit by bit the small patrimony which both had inherited disappeared, and little was left but Colonel Lawrence's pensions. Yet he was ever ready to share what he had with others, and never could refuse an old comrade who was in want. If he had no cash at the time, instead of saying so, he would sell out his own capital. In his last illness he ordered the bond of a brother officer to be destroyed lest his executors should demand payment. At the same time he was too independent to accept help himself.

Two of his children were once staying at the house of some kind and wealthy friends, who were so pleased with their little visitors that they wrote to Colonel Lawrence proposing to adopt them. The old soldier threw himself into a post-chaise at once, and brought away the children. A similar offer was made by another friend, and met with a like rebuff. "God gave me the children and meant me to keep them," he said, "not to give them away to other people." In short, his feeling seems to have been that he had served his country better than his country had served him. He had just claims upon Government and would never cease to press them boldly and manfully. But if his masters would not do him justice, he would never trouble his friends; but bear his own burden like a man, with the best of wives to help him. These things had begun to dawn, as needs they must, upon the elder children, and Alexander and George had no sooner got to India than each commenced sending money home of his own accord, and indeed against their father's will, for Mrs. Lawrence had much ado to get him to accept it. "It was good for the boys," she said, "that they should begin life with denying themselves and helping others."

Henry's heart kindled within him as he realised all this. His father's health was failing. His mother might be left to provide for his younger brothers and sisters. His elder brothers were setting a noble and dutiful example. He longed to follow it. He, too, felt capable of sacrifice,—how capable he then knew not. The future was no longer a vague exile, but had a purpose and a shape. He would go forth and live for others; "others" meaning then those holiest bits of self, his father, mother, brothers, sisters, and dear home.

Only one little castle builds itself in that bright upper air to save the parting from his eldest sister. Would it not be possible, and well, for her to go to India with him, and both set up a school in the hills? Perhaps they would not have been the first who taught themselves in teaching others; but on the whole it seemed the sister's duty to stay and help her mother, if trouble was drawing nigh; so the school-castle melted away.

And now, see Aunt Angel gliding in again. This is one of her opportunities; not to be let slip. In all the years that her home had been with her sister Catherine, it had never been allowed her to contribute to the common purse. The Colonel wouldn't hear of it. But as each nephew goes forth into the world she pleads for permission

to fit him out, and it is granted. She now fits out Henry. It is a pleasure to all. A kind office that brightens the parting scene.

At last the very day comes that he must go. The ship has been put off week by week for a month, but now it really is going to sail. Henry runs up to kiss his younger brothers and sisters in their beds ; then out of the house hurriedly ; Letitia by his side. She must see the last of him. They linger on Brandon Hill till there is much chance of his missing the coach, and then he is gone—lost in the cold twilight of a September morning.

CHAPTER II.

FROM SEPTEMBER 1822 TO JULY 1826.

THE ship sailed from Deal, and Henry Lawrence's father and mother met him there and saw him off, none of them thinking to meet again in five years. Days of tenderness, these last few upon the shore, with the great strange ship anchored so close in sight, tugging at her cable, and the inn quite full of parting passengers and friends, old and young, with their mixed hopes and fears! But Henry's mother was comforted at the last by finding that he would have for a companion another Artillery cadet named John Edwards, a warm-hearted, affectionate lad, in whose young eyes the light of another world was already breaking.

Between John Edwards and Henry Lawrence the strongest friendship grew up during the voyage, and when they reached India in February 1823, and joined the head-quarters of the Bengal Artillery at Dum-Dum (a few miles from Calcutta), the two agreed to live together

The letters to Clifton in which Henry Lawrence described his voyage, safe arrival, and first impressions of the wondrously strange country to which he had now come, and to which he was to give his life, have not been preserved; but the same life-long friends who have told us of his Addiscombe days tell us also how he bore himself when first launched into life in earnest.

"At Dum Dum," they say, "he was the same quiet steady character as at Addiscombe." "He paid more attention than many of his contemporaries to drill and regimental matters, and took to professional reading, impressing his seniors with the conviction that he was an earnest, sensible fellow, who would find or make his own way." His amusements all tended to self-culture. "He abstained from everything tending to extravagance. He did not join the regimental hunt, nor frequent the billiard-room or regimental theatre." Chess was his favourite relaxation. "He would pass hours at it;" and as he always tried to match himself with a better player, and

threw his whole heart into the game, the trial of temper was often more than he could bear. "For the fun of it," says one of his antagonists, "when we saw checkmate on the board, we began to draw back our chairs as if preparing for retreat. Lawrence would perceive this, but say nothing, till the winning party made the fatal move, and rushed to the door, saying, 'Checkmate!' when Lawrence, half in anger, half in jest, would often send the board after him." On the other hand, when he won a chance game from a superior, he hastened to say, "You play better than I do." And from studying the good and bad moves of others, "he shaped out for himself ere long a skilful style of play, much beyond the promise of his commencement. I mention this," says the narrator, "because much of what he acquired in after life was by the same patient practice; an emulous observation of what was right, or careful avoidance of what was wrong, in the ways and means by which others worked."

But most of his spare time seems to have been given to hard and regular reading, chiefly of historical works, including *India and its Campaigns*. "His mind," says another brother officer,¹ "thus became well stored with facts and principles held available for after service. The last work he had in hand, I well recollect, was the *Universal History*, in twenty or twenty-one volumes, which he read through. You might come into his room, and see him closely bending over his book, with both hands on his temples, mentally devouring its contents. Having a retentive memory, his pleasure was to pose us with hard questions when we assembled at our meals."

The first of his own letters from India which has been preserved is dated Fort William, August 2nd, 1823, and is addressed to his eldest sister. He says:—

I had been long looking out for an English letter, when yours of January made its appearance two days ago. You may suppose it put me into a *state* when I found it had gone up to Benares (600 miles off), to a Lieutenant Henry Lawrence, 19th N.I. . . . Mr. L. opened it, but on finding his mistake, immediately sent it to me with a very polite note, which of course prevented me from challenging him with 18-pounders!

¹ Colonel S. Fenning, Bengal Artillery.

² Strange to say, this confusion of letters between the two "Henry Lawrences" went on throughout their services in India; their rank usually being the same also. But, strangest of all, one day a letter from H. M. L.'s eldest sister, addressed to him after his marriage, and beginning with "Dearest Henry and Honoria," was received, opened, and half-read by the wrong parties before it was discovered that the *wives of both the Henry Lawrences were named Honoria!*

. . . . Alexander is now behaving nobly, and I highly commend him for offering the overplus of his pay to his parents, who really require it, instead of idly squandering it in vice and folly, as is generally the custom in this part of the world. . . . The proximity of Calcutta is a great incentive to spending money. I know one or two lads who have not been above two years in the country that owe 8,000 or 9,000 rupees.¹ I owe 250, but I hope to be clear of the world in three or four months. . . . I have written by almost every ship to you, mamma, and the rest of the family. I am very glad to hear that papa's health is improved. . . . I am now doing duty in Fort William for one week, and it has been rather a busy one. I have been afraid to move out of the fort, lest Lord Amherst should come up, and I not be ready to receive him. At last he made his appearance on the 1st ultimo, about half-past five in the morning, and passed my battery in the Company's yacht, when I gave him a salute of nineteen guns. In about two hours he landed at a ghaut about half a mile from the fort, under another salute. He then walked up to the Government House, and took his oath, when I gave him another nineteen. Now, ought he not to give me an appointment for receiving him so politely? He is to be proclaimed in garrison to-morrow morning, when I am to give another and final salute, and immediately after I shall be relieved and return to Dum-Dum. . . . I almost despair of the Horse Artillery. By all accounts it is a noble service It is the rainy season here, and the whole country is one large mass of water. I might almost go to Dum-Dum to-morrow by water. . . . In all the King's regiments, I meet with some officer or officers who have known papa. . . . My poor chum Edwards has been obliged to go to Penang and China for his health, which has been very bad ever since he arrived, but I hope to see him in six months quite brisk. He is a good fellow, and we get on very well. On his departure, I took up my quarters with a lad of the name of Ackers, who has been a couple of years out, and he has been dreadfully ill, and is obliged to go home, and, I am afraid, not to come back. . . . For my part, I feel as well as ever I was in my life, and only require plenty of English letters to make me as happy as I can be at such a distance from my friends. I used foolishly to think it would be very fine to be my own master; but now what would I give to have some kind friend to look after me! Give my love to all the dear little creatures and to old Margaret [the nurse].

On October 8th, 1823, he writes from Dum-Dum to the same sister —

I can get so many excellent works at the mess library that I am never in want of a book to read. At present I am *wading* through Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Books are sometimes to be

¹ 800*l* or 900*l*. Ten rupees equal one pound sterling; and thus a sum stated in rupees is at once converted into English pounds by cutting off the *units*.

had in Calcutta for mere nothing. I bought Shakspeare lately for *two rupees*—certainly not so elegant an edition as yours. . . . In my last I mentioned my wish to get exchanged into the cavalry, and I also gave you my reasons. If Mr. H(udleston) could do it I shall be infinitely obliged. If you remember, when we were in Monmouthshire he told you to tell me that if I preferred the cavalry he would send an appointment after me to India; which I am sorry I at that time declined, as if even I do get it now, I shall lose many steps. George's regiment goes to Mhow some time this month; I shall take care that your picture, when it arrives, is safely sent up to him. . . . Lewin has turned an excellent religious young fellow; indeed, I am quite surprised at the change; his whole care seems to be what good he can do. And of course he is designated a "Methodist," but I wish we had a few more such *Methodists*. I often think, my darling Lettice, that when I was at home I might have made myself so much more agreeable than I did. Oh, what would I not give to spend a few months at home, was it but to show how much I love you all! Indeed, it quite sickens me when I think that I am here, left entirely to myself, without any kind friend to guide me or tell me what is and what is not right. . . . Give my kind regards to Miss Slack, and tell her I shall never forget the delightful week we spent together. People in England may talk of *India* and the *City of Palaces*, but where will we find such scenery as along the banks of the Wye? . . . I wish you could take a peep into my bungalow at Dum-Dum. I am as comfortable as an old bachelor of forty. I am in a very friendly neighbourhood (that is, I *believe* I am welcome at all hours at the houses of my married neighbours), but there is still something wanting—a *mamma* or a *sister*—in fact, a kind friend to whom I could open the recesses of my heart, and whose hopes and wishes would be entirely in unison with my own. . . . (Nine o'clock at night.) There is a play here to-night, but, as I did not feel inclined to go, I took tea with Lewin, and am just returned home. It is really wonderful to me the conversion of Lewin, having known him as a worldly-minded lad. His whole thoughts seem *now* to be of what good he can do. I only wish I was like him.

The desire above expressed by Henry Lawrence at the outset of his career to exchange into the Cavalry will surprise those who knew his after attachment to the Artillery; for, as one of his brother officers observes,—“Henry Lawrence, even when in highest employ, was always *the artillery officer*, working his guns (or those of others) in the field, when not required in council. But though the letter containing his reasons is lost, the explanation seems clear, and is quite as characteristic as his subsequent *esprit de corps*. His whole object at this time was to emulate or surpass his elder brothers in sending money home; and the pay of the cavalry, to which both

Alexander and George belonged, was higher than that of the foot artillery. The connection of ideas is betrayed in the very next sentence of his letter, where he passes on to George's movements and the picture of Letitia which George had bespoken out of one of his remittances. The exchange into the cavalry, however, was not accomplished, and assuredly no body of soldiers in the world were more worthy to retain Henry Lawrence in their ranks, or could have been more proud of him, than the Bengal Artillery.

The most interesting passages in this last letter are those in which the brother relates to the sister, with a mixture of surprise, reverence, and self-humiliation, "the conversion" of his friend Lewin, and *only wishes he were like him*. At no period of Henry Lawrence's life had he yet been left without good influences, but now they seem drawing nearer to his heart. The deeps within him are being stirred. The early morning mist which rested on the field of usefulness, and shut out all but "home," begins to lift itself as the sun gets higher, and gives him peeps, though as yet only peeps, at the wide world of good that lies beyond, undone, and above, unreached.

His first *chum*, John Edwards, had soon been sent away by the doctors to Singapore, as the last (but vain) hope of arresting the decline which was fast taking him home. Now, his second *chum*, Ackers, was also obliged to take sick leave to England, and new companions must be sought.⁴ Lewin, to whom he felt so drawn, was living with a little band of like-minded brother officers at Dum-Dum, in a large house called Fairy Hall, which, Colonel James Abbott tells us, "almost deserved its title, so prettily was it shaded with wood and enlivened with water." The other constant inmates were Lieutenants Fenning, Cookson, and D'Arcy Todd; but the centre round which this little circle had gathered was the Rev. George Craufurd.

This good man had been selected and sent out to India to be assistant-chaplain of the Old Church in Calcutta, of which the Rev. Thomas Thomason was chaplain. He landed in India in December 1822, only a few weeks before Henry Lawrence. In the same cabin with him went young "James Thomason," familiar to the readers of Charles Simeon's Life, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, and one of Henry Lawrence's most faithful friends.

⁴ Quarters are not, as a rule, provided by Government, for officers in India, but a monthly allowance is given for house-rent, and the custom is for bachelors to club together, and share a "bungalow" (or house) between them.

In the same ship also sailed Lewin, who had been the friend of both George and Henry Lawrence at Addiscombe, and was now to become the first link in a new and stronger class of brotherhood. Very early in the voyage, this young man opened his heart to Mr. Craufurd, and learned of him the loving lesson not only to be a true Christian himself, but an earnest seeker of the good of others.

Arrived at Calcutta, Mr. Craufurd became junior chaplain at the Old Church; but as chaplains were scarce in those days, he was soon charged also with the care of the neighbouring Artillery station at Dum-Dum—the importance of which, with its European soldiery, and numbers of young officers, claimed half the week at least. This led him to the thought of taking “Fairy Hall” (then a large empty house, which could find no tenant), and making it a little heart of Christian life in the midst of [the cantonment. It may readily be supposed that the young lieutenants who gathered round their chaplain in such a house had made up their minds to encounter a good deal of thoughtless ridicule. We have seen in Henry Lawrence’s letter to his sister that “of course Lewin was designated a Methodist.” Deliberately to join Lewin, and become one of the colony, was of course to be called Methodist too. Yet Lawrence faced the risk, and went with his convictions. He had “wished there were more such Methodists.” He had “only wished he were like Lewin.” So he followed Lewin, and became an inmate of “Fairy Hall.” It must be admitted by all who know young men in military life, or young men anywhere, that the step required no little moral courage; and giving it its due place in a review of all his life, we may safely say that here once for all Henry Lawrence “chose his side.”

Probably this was the extent of his feelings at that time, and we must be careful not to overstate it. One of the “Fairy Hall” party, looking back at it through six-and-thirty years, says, “I cannot say what led Lawrence to join us. It might have been that our quiet habits were in unison with his retiring disposition, and love of reading . . . I doubt whether religion had reached his heart at this time. He did not speak upon the subject nor disclose his feelings, that I am aware of, to any one. The Rev. George Craufurd was most affectionate and assiduous in his attentions to win him over to the Lord’s side.” Another brother officer, who was among Mr. Craufurd’s flock, though not an inmate of “Fairy Hall,” speaks

of Henry Lawrence as shrinking "from all outward demonstrations, he mingled as freely as ever with his old associates, locking up the sacred fire in his heart, but exhibiting its effects in self-conquest, increased affection for his fellow-creatures, and more earnest application to his professional duties and studies."

But from all the world, if we might summon witnesses and gather up faithful memories of Lawrence's inner feelings at this critical time, certainly we should look round for three—the earnest friend who drew him to "Fairy Hall," the good man of the house, and the sister to whom alone he poured out his heart. And we have them all.

The following passages in point are from the diary of the late Lieutenant Lewin (who died at Cherra in 1846), and have been most kindly contributed by his family:—

*Thursday, December 11th, 1823 (at Dum-Dum).—*I felt to-day particularly anxious for poor dear Lawrence, and offered up a private prayer for him. God's blessing be upon him.

*Saturday, December 13th.—*Craufurd and I prayed together, as this evening last year we anchored in Saugor roads. Praised be God, we remarked a visible increase in poor dear Lawrence. Oh how merciful and condescending is our Creator in hearing prayer.

*Tuesday, December 16th.—*I staid at home with Lawrence. Felt great comfort in him. May God's Spirit be poured out richly upon him.

Thursday, December 25th. Christmas Day (apparently on duty in the fort at Calcutta).—Lawrence took the Sacrament; God bless him, now and for evermore.

*Monday, December 29th.—*Lawrence came into the Fort.

*Wednesday, January 14th, 1824.—*Spent a very pleasant evening with Cookson and Lawrence. Read some of Lord Byron's *Hebrew Melodies*.

*Wednesday, February 11th.—*We returned thanks to God for his infinite mercy in hearing our prayers for our dear brother Lawrence. He did not go to the theatre this evening, and we trust that God's grace will be poured out upon him, to give him a relish for things above, and not for this world's.

*Saturday, April 17th —*I have been greatly pleased to-day to see dear Lawrence reading his Bible considerably. May the Lord bless him!

Padre Craufurd (as the natives called him), the good chaplain of Dum-Dum, and evangelist to many in India beyond the happy little circle in "Fairy Hall," still lives to tell of young Henry Lawrence, whom he loved so well, and to rejoice over the story of his manhood, as one who "after many days" finds the bread he has cast upon the waters.

That plain face as they called it—so truthful, so honest, so earnest—first drew Mr. Craufurd's attention to Henry Lawrence, and proved the index to his character. He was thoroughly genuine. He professed less than either he felt or practised, and, free from everything like vice himself, he was unsparingly severe against anything like "humbug" or hypocrisy in others. Mr. Craufurd saw that if such an one could be won to the Lord's side he would be a faithful champion. But Lawrence was reserved and difficult of approach. Want of sympathy in boyhood had made him retire into himself, and he inclined now to keep the world aloof. Once he said almost sharply to Mr. Craufurd, "You take a great interest in me; as much as if you were my brother. What's the meaning of it?" And to the last he never quite opened his heart. He used to ask Mr. Craufurd questions as to the Bible, like one who really meant them. "What I want to be assured of," he said, one day, "is that this Book is God's. Because when I know that, I have nothing left but to obey it." After coming to "Fairy Hall" he joined in all the Bible readings at which Mr. Craufurd expounded and prayed; but he would never pray aloud himself, as two at least of his companions felt able to do. Mr. Craufurd remembers his taking the Sacrament at the Old Church in Calcutta, as noted in his friend Lewin's diary, but he used not to take it at Dum-Dum.

He used to ride a terribly vicious pony, which one day ran away with him into the *compound* of the Old Church, and was only stopped by coming headforemost against the church itself, when Lawrence narrowly escaped being killed. He promised never to ride the pony again; but soon afterwards at Dum-Dum he asked Mr. Craufurd to come with him and call on some brother officers of whose conduct Mr. Craufurd disapproved. "Who knows," he said, "but you may do them good? At any rate you are chaplain, and ought to visit them." This showed that he both valued religion himself, and was anxious for the good of others, and Mr. Craufurd consented at once; they went together in Henry Lawrence's buggy, the vicious pony reappearing in the shafts. On approaching the house the pony bolted, and violently upset the buggy into a deep ditch beside the road, smashing the shafts in the fall. Both Mr. Craufurd and Henry Lawrence were stunned for some seconds, and Mr. Craufurd still recalls the pale and anxious face with which Henry Lawrence looked at him when they both recovered their senses. It was for his companion, not for himself, that he felt alarmed; and

next day it still dwelt upon his mind, and he spoke in the tenderest way to Mr. Craufurd of his sorrow at having brought him into such danger and the mercy they had both met with in escaping without serious hurt. This was the only occasion on which his habitual reserve was broken down and melted into open confidence.

Yet in the recesses of his then morbid heart, Henry Lawrence felt towards George Craufurd as perhaps he hardly felt again towards any other friend through life. For among the loving memories of his eldest sister, nothing is more distinct than this, that he attributed his first deep impressions of religion to his intercourse with Mr. Craufurd. And the good man knows it now, seven-and-thirty years after he sowed the seed¹⁹

Gladly would we think of Henry Lawrence in "Fairy Hall" among such friends for years; but many months even had not elapsed before an imperial panic scattered the peaceful little colony.

On the 17th March 1824, Lord Amherst declared war with Burmah. The Burmese Empire on the Irrawaddy had grown up side by side with the British Empire on the Ganges. British India had no tendency to expand in the direction of Burmah, but the expansion of Burmah was chiefly towards British India. It was inevitable that one day the tide of Burmese conquest should reach the Indian border, and the English be forced either to repel or retreat. For thirty years the Bull-Frog kings of Ava had been inflating themselves for the contest. In 1794 they chased their criminals into British territory, with a military force, and were mildly invited to go back. The robber refugees were tried by British tribunals, found guilty, and judiciously surrendered. In 1811 a political refugee from Arracan (the latest Burmese conquest), sallied forth again from British shelter, and struck a blow for the freedom of his country. The Burmese defeated him, drove him back to Chittagong, and then demanded his surrender. The British declined. It was not the custom of their nation to refuse asylum to political refugees. The Burmese raised their tone and demanded the cession of Chittagong itself, as an ancient district of Arracan. Chittagong had been acquired from the Mogh kings of Arracan, by the great Moghuls, in the days of Aurungzbe, nearly a century before the Burmese Empire was founded by Alompra; and the Delhi emperors had ceded it to the English in 1765, eighteen years before the rest of Arracan was con-

¹⁹ See Appendix at the end of this Chapter.

quered by the Burmese. The English therefore declined politely to give up Chittagong, and treated the demand simply as a mistake.

Repeated embassies had been sent by them to Ava to explain their policy; and an amount of solicitude and humility under all provocation had been displayed by them, such as any Asiatic court would have attributed to fear.

The court of Ava met every advance and embassy with studied insult or contempt. Conciliation only swelled their pride.

In September 1823, the Burmese seized a British island named Shapooree, at the mouth of the Tek Naaf River, the boundary between the empires; and three of the guards upon the island were killed in defending their post. The British drove the intruders off, reinforced their frontiers, and prepared for the coming storm.

In October "the question of the *direct invasion of Bengal*, was debated," says the historian of the war, "in the hall of Lotoo, or Grand Council of (Burmese) State." The King sanctioned the attempt amidst the applause of the war faction. It was then that Bundoola arose, and with vows and vehement gestures declared that *from that moment Bengal was severed from the British dominion*. "Henceforth it was become in fact, as it has ever been in right, a province of the Golden King. Bundoola has said and sworn it!"⁶

Accordingly the Burmese marched into Cachar (an independent border territory protected by the British,) and after the manner of Burmese war, stockaded their position. Invasion was thus brought to the door of British India. Diplomacy had been exhausted. Insults *ad nauseam* had been swallowed. It now only remained to fight.

The war lasted two years, and was carried on, on the British side, by four different corps, whose operations embraced the whole western Burmese frontier from Assam to the north of the Irrawaddy.

With one of these corps Henry Lawrence made his first campaign. It was commanded by General Morrison, assembled at Chittagong, and had for its objects, first, to occupy the enemy's adjoining province of Arracan, and then to find a passage through the mountains, and co-operate with the main body under Sir Archibald Campbell in the valley of the Irrawaddy.

⁶ Sir Henry Havelock's *Memoir of the Three Campaigns of Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell's Army in Ava*. Printed at Serampore, 1828. Introduction, p. iii. (It will be an interesting thought to many that Henry Havelock and Henry Lawrence began and ended their careers in the same wars. Their first campaign was this in Burmah, their last in Oudh.)

On starting for this campaign, our Second Lieutenant, like most young campaigners, began to keep a journal. Alas, how soon does the rush of events, the irregularity of hours, the fatigue of duties, and the flagging of energy, or interest in new scenes and dangers, first break the daily thread, then leave great gaps of weeks and months, and at last close the book, and rob friends at home, the writer in his old age, and loved ones after him, of a priceless record! No traveller should go into a foreign country, no soldier into a war, without jotting down, however roughly, the things which strike him day by day.

"On 24th May," writes Henry Lawrence in his journal, "under orders for Chittagong; myself (in command), Fenning, 6 sergeants, 6 corporals, and 69 privates (these were Europeans), and natives,—1 Havildar, 1 Naick, and 18 gun Lascars, with 4 six-pounders, and 2 five-and-a-half inch howitzers. On 31st May, we were ordered to march into Fort William the next morning to embark in pilot schooners. At 9 o'clock that night the order was countermanded, but we were desired to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning." (The reason of all this was, he elsewhere tells us, "a panic that the Burmahs *had taken Chittagong, and were pushing up to Calcutta in their war boats.*") "At past 9 on the night of 4th June (1824), the order arrived to hold ourselves in readiness to march next morning at 3 o'clock, which we accordingly did . . . Arrived in the fort about 6; reported the detachment to the Town Mayor, and he told me that we were to embark at 4.30 P.M.

"All day long I was running about concerning my men's pay; for orders; and for bullocks . . . I was only able to get two six-pounders on board the *Aseergurh* that night. The next morning I got the howitzers on board my own ship the *Meriton*, and the other two six-pounders on the *Planet*. The commanders declared that they could not possibly take the tumbrils and ammunition on board." Here ensued an amusing contest between the zealous Lieutenant, intent on the rescue of Chittagong, and the naval authorities intent on sailing light, which ended in the Lieutenant rushing back to Calcutta, interesting the Quartermaster-General in his cause, and carrying him in his own buggy to the "Commodore," who ordered everything to be shipped. That evening, his last on shore, he spent at the house of Major (now Lieutenant-General) Powney, of the Artillery, who was the great ally and support of Mr. Craufurd, and

whose influence for good is still gratefully remembered by many a younger brother officer.

Mr. Craufurd himself was there also to say good-by. As soon as he heard that Henry Lawrence was ordered to go on service he had offered him a Scott's Bible, and said, "Now, Lawrence, will you promise to take this with you and read it, if I give it to you?" Lawrence looked at it, and said in his plain, truthful way, "It's a big book." "You can take a volume with you at any rate," said Mr. Craufurd. "Very well," said Lawrence, "I will take one volume with me, and I promise that I'll read it." The chaplain knew his character, and felt sure that what he once promised he would do.

Now Mr. Craufurd felt impelled to be with him to the last, and together that night they followed the ship in a boat to Garden Reach. The pilot schooner was crowded with materials of war, everything was in confusion, and there was no bed for anybody. But it was the hot weather, and under a cloudless sky the chaplain and the young campaigner laid themselves down to sleep upon the deck. Before dawn the chaplain rose, and kneeling beside Henry Lawrence prayed for him, here and hereafter, the prayer which "availeth much." Lawrence said little. Mr. Craufurd stepped over the side, turned to take one earnest look, and saw that Lawrence returned it with emotion.

The little fleet "had very bad weather off the Sandheads, with dreadful thunder and lightning," and Lawrence "almost expected that the magazine would be blown up," but they arrived safely at Chittagong on 18th June.

Here the journal (after the manner of journals) breaks off—but the gap is stopped by a later memorandum, which says:—"On reaching Chittagong we found the authorities in great alarm, stockading the hills on which three or four of the largest bungalows were placed. The enemy having routed a detachment of 1,200 men, killing all the officers but three, contented themselves with stockading on the field of battle at Ramoo, and remained there, holding all the lower portion of the Chittagong district, until late in January 1825, when, as General Morrison's force advanced, they retired beyond the River Naaf. Thus" (and the reflection is the man's, not the boy's—the colonel's not the second lieutenant's) "we were *six months preparing to move a force of 10,000 men, most of our cattle having been procured from the banks of the Nerbudda in Cen-*

tral India, at least 1,000 miles from Chittagong! Long before we marched I had been superseded in my temporary command by Captain R——, many other senior officers had joined, and our artillery division was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel (now Major-General) Lindsay.”

It is pleasant to know that no less than three of the broken-up “Fairy Hall” party (Lieutenants Lewin, Fenning, and Lawrence) met again at Chittagong, and lived together during these months of military preparation, in the house of Lieutenant Scott of the Artillery, who was stationed there, and had been in the disastrous retreat from Ramoo. Another who found shelter under the same roof was Lieutenant Fordyce, between whom and Lawrence a friendship sprang up, which led to their sharing a tent together in the ensuing campaign, and lasted through life.

The following extracts from the private diary of Lieutenant Lewin at this time are sad, and hard, and true, like other milestones—telling faithfully to those who do not want to be deceived the slow, slow progress of a pilgrim human heart:—

*September 5th, 1824. Sabbath (at Chittagong).—*I scarcely know what to think of dear Lawrence. The Lord help him, and accept our prayers for him.

*September 24th.—*Of poor Lawrence I know not what to think. He is indeed an eccentric character. But O Lord Jesus deliver him from self-deception, and make his way plain before him. I feel afraid to make any remarks on others. I can scarcely believe any one’s heart can contain more evil than mine.

*Saturday, October 2nd.—*Lawrence is impatient of friendly rebuke and counsel. I fear to offer him my advice, lest it should cause more harm than good. Coolness in argument is unknown to him. Quite at a loss how to act towards him. Dear Sam and I fell on our knees to implore His assistance and counsel who doeth all things well.

*Tuesday, October 5th.—*As to our dear brother Lawrence, I know not what his state is. I can only pray for him.

*Wednesday, November 10th.—*A good deal pained on poor Lawrence’s account, lest the Gospel of our Redeemer should be ill spoken of.

*Friday, December 24th.—*Distressed this morning with poor Lawrence. His temper is a scourge to him. May the Lord deliver him, and direct me in all my behaviour.

It is well to have friends like these young comrades; praying friends who have not only their outer life with us as others, working in the same dust, and breaking the same bread, but an inner life of

their own. They pass into it at will, and we cannot follow them. Nay, we know not that they are gone. We earthy ones never miss them. They seem sitting with us, but their real selves have left us down below, and are labouring for us at the gate of Heaven; knocking, oh, so loud! and we dullards never hearing: all to get from God's Treasury some blessing that we don't know we want. Surely such friends are very near akin to those ministering angels who are "ascending and descending" on our daily errands.

Henry Lawrence's own journal once more takes up the story, when all is at last ready in General Morrison's division for opening the campaign against Arracan. The picture which it gives of the hardship and exposure endured by the British troops, in an unexplored country and pestilential climate, is most vivid, and well foreshadows the untimely close of the expedition:

Marched from Chittagong on Tuesday, 9th January, 1825, with two companies of Bengal, half (a company) of Madras Artillery, and about fifty Bengal Golundawz, manning two field batteries (of six 6-pounders, and two 5½-inch howitzers each), escorted by the Mugh⁷ levy of 500 men. Arrived at the Chittagong River early in the morning, and continued crossing the guns, bullocks, &c., all that day, and the next. The duty was very hard for both officers and men, having to drag the guns up and down the landing-places under intense heat. Scarcely had we crossed our last bullocks over the river when an order arrived from General MacBean for us to march immediately, as our delay would confound General Morrison's plans. . . .

Here follows a sketch which will be recognized by every Indian campaigner:—

When the bugle sounded to strike the tents the scene was really amusing. We were just going to our mess, so we hastily crammed something down our throats, and returned to our tents to get our troops off the ground. The whole encampment was now one continued blaze; for the servants, as soon as the order is given to march, set fire to all the straw to warm themselves, as well as to serve for a light while packing up. Stray bullocks, frightened by the flames and noise, rushing up and down the camp; soldiers and camp-followers rushing here and there about their several duties, and our own servants yelling to each other, formed a

⁷ The Mughs are the aboriginal inhabitants of Arracan, and, in 1839, were found to number rather more than half the population. Their vernacular language is similar to the Burmese, and the written character is the same. The alphabet contains thirty-six letters, which are written from left to right. The Mugh era commences with A.D. 638.—See THORNTON'S *Gazette of India*, 1858.

scene I was quite unaccustomed to, and worthy of a more practised pen. We commenced moving about 8 P.M., already fatigued with our day's work, and what with the darkness of the night, the badness of the road, the bullock-drivers falling asleep, and many of them being *unable to see at night*, we were obliged to stop almost every hundred yards, either to get the guns out of a ditch, or to bring up fresh bullocks. In fact, so tedious was this march, that we did not reach the encamping-ground till past three o'clock in the morning, having been seven hours in accomplishing little more than nine miles.

Being obliged to make another march that morning, Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay, our commanding officer, thought it useless pitching the tents, so the bullocks being unyoked, every man passed his time (on the high-road) as he liked. Some of the men managed to light a fire, others sat on their guns and whiled away the time with conversation. Most of the officers seated themselves under a large tree, and some fell asleep, while others smoked cheroots; but I was so fatigued that I quickly laid down on the road, rolled up in my boat-cloak.

The bullock-drivers taking compassion on me, brought an old greasy cloth for me to lie on, so to improve my situation still more I moved it under a gun, and there lay, getting the benefit of the men's conversation, who were sitting above me, till I fell asleep, but had scarcely dozed half-an hour before a sergeant called me, saying that the bugle had sounded to march; so we got under weigh again, having *rested* about two hours, which, in my opinion, did us more harm than if we had marched straight on, for many of the poor fellows lay down on the damp ground, under a heavy dew, without any covering. Having less difficulties as soon as we got day-light, we managed to arrive on our ground, at Maha Sing, by ten o'clock. I walked the most of this last march, and, on reaching the encampment, found myself quite sick from fatigue and (I think as much as anything else) from having frequently drunk cold water during the night. Fortunately our tents were up a short time before us, so I soon got under cover and into bed, went without my breakfast, and was quite well and hearty by dinner-time.

And so the march goes on. Soon they leave the cultivated country and get into hills and jungles, with here and there "beautiful streams and glens." The marching is hard work, sometimes only "eight miles in six hours." The young subaltern finds it very hot,* but being tolerably seasoned, not the worse for it. "Astonishing appetite!" The Mugh levy seem rough and ready

* General Lindsay, who commanded the artillery of General Morrison's force, has most kindly contributed some extracts from his own private *Diary* during the campaign, in which it is noted that on 21st January, 1825, the thermometer in the open air, about daylight, was 53°, and in the sun, at 10 o'clock, 109°, giving a range of 56° in that time. Variations like these are worse than heat.

fellows. A hundred of them lent a hand, and "helped to drag the guns up the hills," as soldiers should. One day breakfasting "under a large tree, in high good humour, at a short march and good fare," they are gladdened by the sight of English letters; and next day, with the joy fresh on him, Lawrence wrote home. On the 22nd January he reaches Ramoo, the battle-field apparently where the invading Burmese had routed a British detachment of 1,200 men, which had been sent from Chittagong to repel them in June 1824, for he says he "visited the Burmah stockade" (vacated, doubtless, at the approach of General Morrison's division), "and was much disappointed at its strength. I think *we* should not be long taking such an one."

Here comes in a letter to his parents commenced at Tek Naaf, on 13th February 1825, in which he makes for their perusal a fair copy of his journal from 25th January, and enlarges on all that he thinks will interest them. He had been ordered off "with a brigade of guns, a regiment of Native Infantry, and a troop of Irregular Horse," to the Naaf River, on the Burmese border: and he notes that the Native corps is "the 62nd; one of the regiments that mutinied at Barrackpore;"⁹ not very pleasant company, we may suppose, when marching to meet difficulties.

We crossed the Ramoo River twice (he says), about five miles from the encampment, over a temporary bridge of boats, which was a *most wretched concern*. The river at this place was about 250 yards wide; but before I could trust my guns on the bridge, I was obliged to have it covered with straw, as there was great danger of the bullocks' feet going through. We got over safely. The roads throughout the march were, in general, most wretched; in fact, in many places, there were no traces of any, and, to my great annoyance, I upset one of my guns, through the perverse obstinacy of the driver. We soon got it right again, and arrived at Cox's Bazaar about half-past nine o'clock. Our encamping-ground was within 300

⁹ Three Native Regiments, stationed at Barrackpore, near Calcutta, were under orders for this very Burmese war. With a caste prejudice against the sea, and a prescient dread of the Burmese climate, they demurred. The 47th Native Infantry became openly mutinous. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir E. Paget, marched two European regiments and some artillery to the station; paraded the 47th, and ordered them to lay down their arms! They disobeyed. The guns opened on them, and they broke and fled. It did not appear that the Sepoys had contemplated active resistance, for though in possession of ball cartridge, hardly any had loaded their muskets. Sir E. Paget was much blamed for resorting at once to the extremest measure; but the events of 1857, which began at the same station of Barrackpore, threw a truer light on the gravity of the crime of military mutiny.

yards of the sea, the sight of which brought with it the recollections of all I love.

Coxe's Bazaar has not much to recommend it either in scenery or productions. It is a Mugh village, and is called after a Captain Coxe, who was sent (and died) there in 1799, to settle a number of Mughhs who had been driven out of Arracan by the tyranny of the Burmahs.

January 26th.—At the first bugle I rode ahead, with Brigadier Grant (who commanded), to reconnoitre the best path to the sea-beach. He appears a gentlemanly, active soldier. We marched at five, and continued moving along the beach for about ten miles, over a fine hard sand, the sea on our right, and on our left fine bold cliffs, with here and there beautifully romantic ravines. Between nine and ten we reached the Razee River, which had been reported fordable; but we found it very different, for the horses were obliged to swim it.

We found only two small matted rafts to take over the Sepoys, troopers, guns, baggage, &c. I was obliged to dismount my guns, take the wheels off the carriages and tumbrils, unstow all my ammunition, and then carry them by pieces through the water to the rafts, to be transported over. My men worked like horses, and I showed them the example. A party of Sepoys were desired to assist, but they seemed afraid of dirtying their hands. We managed to get everything over by half-past two o'clock, without having wet any of the ammunition, and, to our no small satisfaction, found our tents pitched a short way on the other side. My men had been up to their middles in water during the hottest part of the day, and not a man was ill after it, nor did I hear a grumble; though they are terrible growlers in cantonments, when they have nothing to do. . . .

27th.—Marched along the sea-beach again, sixteen or seventeen miles. In many parts the sand was so heavy that we had thirty or forty men to the drag-ropes of each gun and tumbril, for when the wheels begin to sink, the bullocks turn restive, and require to be pulled on themselves. Brigadier Grant always gave me as many Sepoys as I liked; and though they did not work like my own fellows, they were of great use. This was a very tedious march, and kept us out till eleven o'clock. Two of my men sick. I dined with the Brigadier in the evening. He has been very civil to me all along. . . .

28th.—Started at 4 A.M. Tent not up till nearly one o'clock. Boiled some water for tea at the men's fire, and took a kind of breakfast, sheltered from the sun by the jungle, which now began to skirt the beach. The Brigadier came to my tent at four o'clock; said he had called before and found me *asleep* (I was *very* tired). He told me he heard there was a deep ravine in the next day's march, and he wished to know exactly

how far it was, and if we could pass it before daylight. I offered to go and reconnoitre it. Path horribly bad. Mugh guides told me there were a great many tigers. The descent to the ravine almost impassable. On returning, I met the Brigadier, made my report, and told him we could soon make it tolerably passable. He then said I should march with a company of Mughs and one of Sepoys one hour before the other troops, to give me time to get over it. He said he knew papa, and that he was a fine old soldier, and had seen a great deal of hard service. It made me feel (as I often do) proud of my father. He said he would have asked me to dinner, but that he had *nothing to eat*, but asked me to go and take a glass of wine with him. I went, and sat about an hour with him. He sent me *four eggs, quite a treat*.

29th.—. . . Got over the ravine in safety, just as the Sepoys came up. I was glad to see the old Brigadier looking pleased. We arrived at our camp at eight o'clock. It was about two hundred yards from the River Naaf. At one o'clock I went with the Brigadier to the river, which is about two miles broad. . . . I thought that by arriving here first I was sure of seeing whatever *was* to be seen, and was beginning to feel *very warlike*; but my visions all vanished when the other troops came up in a couple of days, and the orders appeared on the evening of the 1st (February) that Mungdoo was to be taken the next day, and the *right* battery was to go, not mine, which is the *left*. However, though everything looked very fierce, and so much had been said of Mungdoo, it was found evacuated.

February 15th.—. . . Mungdoo. I have reached this place at last, and am encamped about a quarter of a mile from the stockade, which is a most paltry place, differing but little from that at Ramoo. One face is close to a creek, which runs up from the Naaf River, and the banks of which are covered with jungle. All our boats were obliged to come up this creek, so you may imagine how well they might have defended *it if they had stood*. Indeed I now have not much idea of their powers, and think that the difficulties of the country and *empty stomachs* will be much more formidable opponents than all their stockades.

20th February.—I had written thus far on the 15th, when I received an order to proceed again to the other side of the Naaf, and superintend the embarkation of the remaining guns and ammunition. I could not make out the meaning of this order, as there were already three officers there (one of them a captain), who were ordered, on my arrival, to give over everything to me, and join the head-quarters at Mungdoo, leaving me all the men, consisting of upwards of a company of Europeans, and all our Golundaws. I immediately passed over the river and took charge, and, *with some trouble*, managed to get everything over on the night of the 16th. . . . I asked the Brigade-Major if he knew the reason that I had been sent over the river? He said he did not exactly know, but that he had heard Brigadier Grant frequently mention to the General that I had

been very active with him, and had always shown a zeal and readiness in getting my guns over any impediments. At this time the General was much annoyed at the dilatory manner in which Captain R— of our corps sent the ammunition over the Tek Naaf. The Brigadier said, "Ah! if Mr. Lawrence was there he would soon get them over." . . . Don't think that I wish to convince you that I have done anything out of the common way, but merely to show you that I have satisfied my superior officers. And pray, don't think so ill of our regiment as to imagine that my services are more efficient than any captain's except R—'s. . . . The day before yesterday we marched the whole way through an immense forest of trees, in which a road just broad enough for a gun had been cut.

We halt to-day on the banks of the sea, at which we have again arrived. I have written a great deal of stuff, but trust it will be excused, and with kindest love to all,

I remain, my beloved parents,

Your most affectionate

HENRY.

The above letter, with its boyish freshness and tenderness of home feeling, its shrewd observation of men and country, its ardent professional zeal, energy of mind and body, desire to please superior officers, and cheerfulness in sharing hardships with the men, must have gladdened the heart of Colonel Lawrence as he read it by the fireside at Clifton, revived all the memories of his own hard campaigns, and assured him that Henry, whom he used to call "his grenadier," would prove every inch of him a soldier's son.

General Morrison's force was now in the enemy's country, feeling its way cautiously towards the capital of Arracan. The column hugs the sea shore so as to communicate with its store-sloops. Sometimes these are out of reach, and "the men are put upon half-allowance." The elephants are all sent back for provisions, and the column has to wait for their return. Here and there the whole force is obliged to "encamp in jungle, close under the hills, within 300 yards of the beach." Deer, started from their woody homes, got among the troops. The artillerymen catch two, and give one to Henry Lawrence. He explores a hill with Brigadier Grant, and there, "on the top, which you might have supposed had never been trod by man," they found "a stone image of *Budha*, as large as life, (*minus* his head,) in a sitting posture." They hear of a disaster in the Arracan River. "Commodore Hayes, with the shipping, attacked a stockade, and was repulsed." They embark in gun-boats, cross the Myoo River, nearly four miles broad, and sail up creeks which lead into the

Arracan River. The creeks run one into another. The water in them is only 200 or 300 yards wide, and our Lieutenant thinks it "a most favourable place for an enterprising enemy." The boats were "obliged to keep so close to the bank for deep water, that they often touched the jungle," from the covert of which "a few well-directed discharges of musketry would have cleared the decks." Still no enemy appears, though now and then a suspicious-looking craft hangs about, and darts away as soon as hailed. They pass a large pagoda on the top of a hill "with 250 steps leading to it. The Burmah flag waved on its summit, and the British occupied a station below it!" a dying jest of the Arracan Government.

They reach the Arracan River on the 4th of March; join their shipping; and effect a landing next day. A stockade had commanded the landing-place, but the Burmese had not the courage to stay in it, and left it in flames. Lawrence rejoices at getting on shore, having been two days without a change of clothes, and packed like herrings, "eleven officers and three *shippies* being stowed in a cabin about twelve feet square, almost on the top of each other," with the "option of being stewed in the cabin, or roasted in the sun." However, Dr. Tytler, one of the party, "kept them all in good spirits;" such is the magic of one cheerful heart. The doctor knows the language, and heads exploring expeditions. They meet with great civility from the Mugh people in the villages—glad to see a chance of shaking off the Burmese yoke. Some Mughs come into the camp and give intelligence of the enemy, who are stockaded some miles off, in numbers about 5,000, with ten guns, commanded by one of the King of Ava's sons: "and the King told them that if they retreated they should all lose their heads."

After great delays in concentrating the force and crossing creeks, the British column begins to close upon the enemy. Reconnoitring parties are fired on from the jungle; and "sniping" goes on at the pickets. They approach the Padue range of hills, and spend three days in "gaining information of the passes, and throwing bridges over two creeks." One of these is about a mile and a half from camp; bodies of the enemy appear about it; and three companies of infantry and two guns (Henry Lawrence's) are ordered down to protect it. He says, "the infantry crossed, and had a little skirmishing, but the fellows would not advance from the jungle, *to which they are particularly partial*. The infantry returned, and I was ordered to unlimber my guns, and plant them at the entrance of the bridge,

where we lay all night without an alarm. I felt not a little anxious, as I expected we would have been attacked every instant, the sentries having said they heard them talking within a dozen yards."

On 26th March, General Morrison forces the passes of the Padue range, with little loss. The country is intersected with creeks and ravines, and the guns can hardly keep up with the troops. On the 27th, the stockade of Mahattie is attacked. It was strongly situated behind a creek 200 yards wide, and the troops waited till the tide went down, and "then advanced in two columns. I was on the right," says Lawrence, "and was ordered up with my two six-pounders and two howitzers to within 250 or 300 yards, where we blazed away. I could not then see what was going on to our left, but I heard our four twelve-pounders firing close on my right and left" (as a mother might tell how she heard her own children!). "A few of his Majesty's 44th were 'sniping.' The remainder, with the Sepoys, were lying on their stomachs. After firing about an hour, I saw the infantry entering on the left, and immediately those near me advanced, and the place was cleared in a quarter of an hour."

(How isolated is each subordinate officer in a battle!—intent on his own desperate fragment—seeing little and hearing little of all beyond the little focus of confusion he is in. The staff alone get any view of the struggle as a whole.)

The fight over, the British force "encamped about a mile on the other side of the stockade;" and Henry Lawrence says, "As soon as I could get my bed¹⁰ up, I took a good sleep, and drove away all my fatigues." Happy second lieutenant!

And now comes the final struggle for the capital. Arracan stands on a branch of the river, fifty miles from the sea, in a swampy valley, surrounded on all sides by hills from 200 to 500 feet high, crowned with temples and pagodas, and the hollows between them filled with either a jungle or a marsh.

The British General found these hills on the 29th March 1825,

¹⁰ How well he could sometimes sleep without this formality, is told by Colonel Fenning in the following anecdote:—"I may mention," he says, "one little incident in illustration of his unselfish disposition. On our march to Arracan I was detached from head-quarters on special duty, for two or three weeks. On rejoining, late in the evening, without bag or baggage, I took shelter for the night in L.—'s little hill-tent, shared with Fordyce. As bed-time approached I observed our friend busily engaged in arranging a sleeping-place on the ground, with the aid of a boat-cloak and some spare covering, on which he presently stretched himself, and, pointing to his bed, said, 'Now, Sam, you lie there!' and no remonstrance on my part availed to shake his determination."

occupied by a Burmese force of from 8,000 to 10,000 men. His own force was about the latter number. Three thousand Burmese and several pieces of cannon guarded the pass which led up to the town. How this formidable position kept the British force at bay for three days, Henry Lawrence relates on the 3rd of April, in the following letter to his home :—

I am at length enabled to report my arrival at Arracan to my beloved parents. After many a hard day's work and many a tedious march, the first great object of this expedition has been effected, and I rejoice to say with but little loss. . . . We halted the 28th, and started again on 29th ; I believe without any intention of fighting, but merely to take up a position ; but about seven o'clock I heard our guns open (four of which were with the advance), and a little farther on the strongest position you can imagine burst upon my view—no less than seven strongly fortified hills flanking each other. It was at the *sixth* hill our advanced guns were playing. Those in the rear were ordered to open on the *first* hill ; but it was so high, and we were so far off, that it was but with little effect. In the meantime, news came from the sixth hill that we had attempted to storm, and had been driven back with seven officers wounded. All the guns were ordered there, and opened within 400 yards, *under a tremendous fire* from four or five hills. In about an hour we were ordered to retire, and as I was going with the rest, a man asked me to take back the limbers of four guns which he said were *in a pass*. This was the first I heard of it : but I could not refuse, and now learnt that the four advanced guns had been ordered into a pass, within about 100 yards of the hills, and that the enemy's fire had been so murderous that our men had been ordered to abandon them, and conceal themselves behind some banks of earth which were fortunately near. I placed the limbers behind one (bank), and lay under another almost the whole day with his Majesty's 54th and some Sepoys. Every man who showed his head was most royally saluted ! I have scarce time to finish this scrawl, so I will just say that we got over this disastrous day with about 100 killed and wounded.¹¹ On the night of the 30th, a battery was erected within about 400 yards of them, and we opened two twenty-four-pounders and four mortars, two heavy howitzers and four

¹¹ The following extract explains the failure of this attack :—“ 29th. Marched to the attack of the fortified heights and town of Arakan, at 4.30 A.M. On arriving near the place the advance column, under General MacBean, halted till the fog (which was great) had in a great measure cleared away. It then moved on to a defile, into which the guns, under Captain Lamb, were considerably advanced to a hill about 100 feet in height, intrenched at the top. The guns opened on this at 150 yards, a heavy fire, under cover of which the infantry were ordered to storm, but the hill proving much too steep, they were obliged to retire with great loss.”—GENERAL LINDSAY'S *Diary*.

mortars, early on the 31st, and fired all day and night. At 8 P.M. a column advanced against the first hill, carried it, and advanced against the others in the morning, another column advancing opposite our battery. The works were taken by 8 A.M. on 1st April. The enemy, in their consternation, evacuated the fort, which is close behind the hills. In my next, I will give particulars. Trusting all is well, I remain, my beloved papa and mamma, your affectionate son,

HENRY.

The letter giving the "particulars" is not forthcoming, but they are fully detailed in the journal, and some of them are well worth adding.

Here is a consultation about extricating those guns which are lying under the enemy's fire behind the banks. "Captain Anderson, brigade-major, came down from General MacBean with directions to Lamb" (who commanded the guns) "to get them off. He asked the best way. I offered to take him to Lamb. He, with some hesitation agreed" (not liking evidently to expose the youngster's life). "I, took him to the farthest bank at which I had been. Lamb was not there. The men said they knew, and Gunner Gray offered to show the way. Anderson would not allow me to go farther. He went, and returned safely; but just as he started (at a run), a shot fell close to us. Lamb proposed that the guns should be brought off at night, the covering party keeping up a fire at the time. I thought it would be better to withdraw them under cover of some more guns. Anderson gave me his horse, and I rode to the Colonel in camp, to know his opinion. He sent me to the General. I was not fit to be seen, but went. He was very cool and collected; told me that Lamb was to do as he liked, and should have as many guns to cover him as he wanted. He said he was afraid the men would be knocked up; and I (impudently) remarked that many had been knocked down. 'That,' he said, 'is to be expected!' I rode back to Lamb, taking him a bottle of tea (he being unwell), and shortly after walked back to camp. Just after dark, two six-pounders and a party of 44th were ordered down to cover the retreat of the guns, and a party of 54th and some of our men rushed in and brought them off with drag-ropes, without any loss save two wounded, the covering guns attracting their attention by blazing away"

The enthusiasm with which soldiers (especially young ones), who in peace would give their own lives freely for a child, enter into the work of war, is seen at red heat in the next note:—

30th March.—Nothing was done; but the place was reconnoitred and intelligence received of a path which led round to the rear of No. 1 hill. During the night a battery was raised near where our rear guns had been on 29th, and before daylight of 31st, we had two 24-pounders under Fenning, two heavy 5½-howitzers under Middlecoote, and three 12-pounders under Lawrence, ready to open on them; the whole being under the command of Crawford. I think I felt more anxious (I will not say afraid) while we were placing these guns in battery, than when the heaviest fire was on us. There was a certain *stillness*—a momentary expectation of something unpleasant—which prevented me feeling at ease. Though we moved down in the utmost silence, it was evident by their repeated shouting, yelling, and ringing of bells, that they knew we were about something. Indeed I expected a volley every instant, but not a shot was fired. . . . At daylight we opened a very heavy fire on them from the guns and mortars. It was amusing to see our fellows jumping with delight when a good shot was made. I heard one man tell another that one of my shots *knocked one of the enemy's guns six feet into the air*. (I believe I had upset one.) They opened guns on us in all directions, and though we often silenced them for a time, as soon as our fire slackened theirs redoubled. I particularly remarked a number of fellows with red turbans, who were specially active in sniping at us. Many a shrapnel did I burst over their heads, which must have knocked several over; but still their fire was almost immediately repeated. Many of their shots came through our embrasures, but no one in the battery was touched. Towards night our fire slackened, and we heard that at 8 P.M. Brigadier Richards with the first brigade, consisting of H.M.'s 44th and the 26th and 49th N.I., left camp to proceed up the path which had been discovered to lead to No. 1 hill. This path took a very circuitous route, so it was expected they would not be at the top before 11 P.M. At 10 P.M. we commenced firing more frequently to attract their attention, and about 11 P.M., a sky-rocket and a very few shots told us that Richards was in possession of the 1st hill, and immediately after of the 2nd. We repeatedly cheered and encouraged them, having felt rather anxious as to their movements, knowing that, these two hills in our possession, we had *the key of Arracan*. Richards immediately sent back for two six-pounders, which were taken up on elephants. . . .

We kept up a gentle fire during the night, and early in the morning the enemy turned a gun from No. 3 hill on our people in No. 2. Immediately our 6-pounders, which had just got up and been mounted, returned their fire, and my 12-pounder (which had been laid ready to open fire when our troops advanced) burst a shrapnel close to them. Then we ceased firing, and our troops advanced in beautiful style. Oh

'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life

One glance at their array.

They drove the enemy before them from one hill to the other,¹² and we turned our guns on them as they fled. General MacBean, with another column, advanced about half-past 7, opposite our battery, against the hill from which we had been repulsed on the 29th. They made no resistance—the flight was general—and by 8 A.M., April 1st, the whole place was in our possession. . . . The enemy fled precipitately in all directions. Parties were sent out and cut up some of them; and it was reported that one detachment, under Major Mansel, would have taken the Rajah that night had not a horseman through mistake shot the guide.

As soon as he could get leave from his battery he was off to see the hills which had given so much trouble. How calmed and sobered now the train of thought!—

I went and took a look at the hill opposite, which was very strong indeed, both by nature and art. It was so steep that it was with great difficulty I could reach the top, so what must it have been for our poor fellows who had a heavy direct and flanking fire to withstand, as well as the difficulty of the ascent. In the Pass were the bodies of about a dozen of our poor Sepoys who had fallen. They were perhaps the most gallant souls in their regiment. I heard that on the 29th a Sepoy was the first man up the hill, and that just as he gained the top he was seen to roll all the way down, most likely, poor fellow, never to rise again. From the Mortar Battery those who were killed on the 29th could be plainly seen, and our men perceived one Sepoy still moving; so about 9 o'clock at night Sergeant Volkens, and Gunners Cumming and Wilson, volunteered to go under the enemy's works, and if he was alive, bring him in. These gallant fellows succeeded in their humane design, and by keeping a profound silence, escaped the enemy's notice until they had nearly reached the battery again, when they made a little noise, and were immediately fired upon, but fortunately reached us in safety. Alas, Sergeant Volkens, Gunners Cumming and Wilson, that there were no Victoria Crosses in your day! But it will even be well if your children read the story written down by the kind hand of Henry Lawrence. The poor rescued Sepoy belonged to the Madras 10th Native Infantry, and was a fine-looking fellow, but seemed dreadfully wounded. His leg was hanging. He had a bad wound in his neck, besides several others in his arm, which he said the Burmahs had inflicted on him after

¹² The scene is well described in General Lindsay's *Dary*:—"1st April. Troops in camp under arms before daybreak, drawn up in line facing the heights. As soon as the fog had cleared away Brigadier Richards pushed on with his column, and in succession drove the enemy from every hill. All this being seen from the plain below. The troops there, drawn up, greeted them with loud cheers, the band's drums and fifes playing 'God save the King,' as each height was gained."

stripping him. They had left him for dead. Poor fellow, he seemed in good spirits, and called for water, which our men gave him with a little biscuit, which he readily took in spite of caste.¹³ We got a dooly (litter) and sent him to camp.

Here is a sympathising bit that might have been penned at forty instead of at nineteen.

It is wonderful how *one* the character of Henry Lawrence was from first to last, ever growing, rising, maturing, mellowing, but never changing.

3rd April 1825.—Rode back to Mahattie to see our poor fellows who were wounded. [Apparently the hospital had been formed there. Neeland, who was shot through the body, is a great friend of mine, and is a good soldier. I am afraid he is in some danger. Smith was shot in the leg (when with one of my guns) at Mahattie. He is I hope doing well; is a fine lad and bears it patiently, as do Lacey and Curray of 6th company, the former of whom had a ball in the shoulder, and the latter lost his leg.

This is really to be an officer, a leader not a driver of soldiers. It is natural and well to jot down with sorrow in our journals, after a battle, the brother officers "shot through the body" or "the leg," likely to get over it or not. But it is well too, nay better, to remember the Neelands and the Smiths, with a hearty comrade interest in their several wounds, and a commander's knowledge of their individual merits; and not to leave them altogether to the sad chronicle of the surgeon and the nurse.

One more extract and we may leave the journal of the Arracan Campaign:—

April 5th.—Early in the morning tried with Greene to find the path by which Richards ascended the hills, but could not. However, we had a pretty walk in the woods, and came upon a very picturesque lake, which runs under the hills, and apparently forms an insurmountable barrier to the ascent. To this, I have no doubt, the Burmahs greatly trusted.

¹³ There are hardly any high-caste men in the Madras native army; and had this poor fellow been one of them, he would probably have died rather than take water from European hands. The celebrated General Skinner used to relate how he found a wounded Soobahdar dying on the battle-field of thirst and loss of blood, and offered him a drink of water. The Soobahdar said faintly, "My caste, sir! my caste!" General Skinner pressed the water on him again, saying, "We are alone, no one will see you." The Soobahdar shook his head, and said, "God sees me!" What is to be done with such men? Teach them the truth.

April 6th —We got a Lascar, who had been up with the guns, as a guide, and were more fortunate in finding the path, which was particularly intricate, and so narrow in many parts as only to admit of a single person. We made a large circuit to the left of the hills, cleared the lake, and then turned into the right, and had to ascend several minor hills before we reached the first fortified one.

The hills were tremendously steep, and if the Burmahs had only dreamt of being attacked on that side, they might have destroyed every man of us; but they foolishly relied on the apparent strength of their position, and did not even keep a look-out in this quarter, so that we took No. 1 hill by the bayonet without firing a shot, and No. 2 almost as easily. This hill was regularly stockaded, and appeared the highest of the range. From it we had a fine view of the camp, and the other hills and works. The descent for about 80 yards was almost at an angle of 45 degrees; and there was a fine causeway to the foot of No. 3, which seemed 14 or 15 feet perpendicular height from the path. . . . Imagine from the chain of masonry works of very ancient date that this has been a connected line of hill forts. . . . On the first rear hill was a very ancient pagoda, entirely in ruins, and from it, to the rear, was the most beautiful prospect I had ever seen; and Greene and I sat nearly half-an-hour, admiring the noble works of nature and of man around us. To our left were most romantic hills with verdant plains, intersected with lakes, in several of which were little islands with a few huts on them; and close on the right we had a full view of Arracan emerging from behind the range of fortified hills on which we stood. Never did it appear to so much advantage, for here we had a full view of all its beauties, its numberless pagodas, its peculiar houses, and the river running through the town, without being offended by its unwholesome odour. This town, we thought, had but one short month ago been thronged with numerous inhabitants. Now what a difference! Desolation! Not a native to be seen. None but a hired soldiery and a set of rapacious camp-followers! But they deserved it, for they are a barbarous race. Our camp from these hills seemed a mere nothing, and the Burmahs, no doubt, thought so too, and looked on us as a mere handful given over to destruction. Oh! I shall never forget their shouts and their horrid yells of defiance on the 29th. They went to my heart then, and I think I still hear them. . . . On coming back through the pass, we saw a poor Light Infantry Sepoy (a Brahmin) heaping up the dry wood over what we took for a grave. On being asked, he said it was his brother. I felt for him.

With the fall of the capital the whole Burmese province of Arracan fell into the hands of the British, and General Morrison might now have hoped to find a passage through the Yoomadoung mountains, and push on to join Sir Archibald Campbell in the valley of the Irrawaddy. "But within the walls of that city the progress of this

division was arrested by the hand of pestilence. In a month General Morrison had no longer an army."¹⁴ The rains set in early in May. The country, which had been a swamp before, now reeked with malaria. Fever and dysentery broke out in June, and spread like wildfire through the troops.¹⁵ The force was broken up and dispersed, some to islands on the coast and some to Calcutta. Lieutenant Kirby, the Adjutant of the Artillery division, was obliged to take sick-leave, and Henry Lawrence was appointed to the adjutancy. For weeks together he and his Colonel were the only officers of artillery, out of a body of eighteen or twenty, who sat down together at the mess-table. At length he too was struck down and was sent round to Calcutta for three months' change of air; after which he returned to his duty and remained till again attacked with sickness after the declaration of peace.¹⁶

This peace was dictated to the humbled court of Ava by Sir Archibald Campbell at Yandaboo, only sixty miles from the Burmese capital, on 24th February 1826; and by its terms (instead of Bengal being added to Burmah, as the boasting war party had proposed) Arracan and Tenasserim were ceded to the British, and the Burmese renounced their claims to the neighbouring principalities of Assam, Cachar, Jyntea, and Munnipoor: a lesson which served that nation for six-and-twenty years.

¹⁴ Havelock's *Memoirs of the Three Campaigns in Ava*. Introduction, p. vii.

¹⁵ "The sickness and mortality in Arakan, between the middle of June 1825 and 1st January 1826, was unprecedentedly great. Out of about two hundred European officers, seventy had died, and several, who went away sick, never recovered. Upwards of one-third of the army (European and Native) died, and the name given to the place, 'Death's Bazaar,' seems not inapplicable. Some one observed that the name Arakan being reversed, was *Nâ Kâra*, or *worthless*."—Extract from *Private Diary of General Lindsay*.

¹⁶ The exact dates of these two attacks seem marked by the following entries in the *Diary* of his friend Lewin, who appears to have succeeded him in the adjutancy:—

"*Tuesday, Nov. 1st, 1825*.—Poor Lawrence's sufferings have been acute for these two days.

"*Wednesday, Nov. 2nd*.—Early this morning we bade farewell to our dear brother Lawrence, and accompanied him to the boats.

"*Sabbath, March 26th, 1826*.—(Arracan) Lawrence does not seem to comprehend the doctrine of original sin.

"*Tuesday, April 11th*.—Poor L.— very ill with fever.

"*Thursday, April 13th*.—Poor L.— is undergoing severe suffering.

"*Friday, April 14th*.—We have prayed that poor L.— might be spared, and his pains mitigated. How remarkable that to-day he has been much better, and free from fever."

APPENDIX.

Note of Sir George Craufurd's Reminiscences.

The Rev. G. Craufurd left India in 1831. In 1839 he succeeded to the family baronetcy; and is still residing at Burgh Hall, Boston, Lincolnshire, unweathed in well-doing. Among the reminiscences of his chaplaincy in India are two incidents of great historic interest; one connected with Suttee, and the other with the notorious policy known as "religious neutrality."

The practice of Suttee in the British Indian territories was officially declared illegal by Lord William Bentinck on the 4th December 1829. A month or two before this, Sir George remembers a Suttee having been attempted on the bank of the river, under the fort of Allahabad, and defeated by the humanity, courage, and wisdom of two Englishmen (Mr G. Brown, of the Civil Service, and the Rev. — Mackintosh, a Baptist missionary). These two good men, hearing what was going on, repaired to the spot, forced their way up to the funeral pile, and producing the sacred books of the Hindoos, informed the officiating Pandits and Brahmins that they would allow nothing that was not according to the letter of the Hindoo law. To this the Pandits could not object, and the result was that—

1st. No oil, or other inflammable substance, was allowed to be poured over the wood.

2nd. The widow was led to the Ganges, and there immersed, so that her garments were dripping wet, instead of dry and ready to ignite.

3rd. The Brahmins were forbidden either to bind the widow down to the pile or give her intoxicating drugs. The sacrifice must be voluntary, or not at all. So the widow was left unbound and in her senses.

Lastly No priest was allowed to fire the pile. The books declared that the widow must do this herself.

These points having been insisted on, the trembling widow, with wet clothes clinging round her, mounted the fatal pile, and worked herself up so far as to apply the torch. But as the flames began to rise, and climb from log to log, and dart their horrid tongues at the poor widow, she became restless and excited. First she gathered up one leg, then the other, then gazed wildly round upon the howling priests, then stood upright, and danced and shrieked with pain, and at last, unable to bear it longer, leaped out of the fire. On this, the Englishmen stepped forward and took her under the protection of British law. Of course, her family would have nothing to say to her; so her humane rescuers set her up in a small shop in the bazaar; and whenever either of them passed, she used to run out into the street and make salaams, crying out, "That's the good sahib that saved my life!"

The next incident is historically valuable, as marking the fact, the time, and the cause of chaplains being forbidden to explain Christianity to the Sepoys, or baptize them, even if they applied for it.

While Sir George Craufurd was chaplain at Allahabad, about 1830, the Sepoys of the Native Infantry, who were there stationed, were in the habit, when on duty in the fort, of coming uninvited to Sir George's quarters, and asking him to tell them about the Christian religion. Sir George and his catechist (a son of the Persian Mirza Abu Talib Khan, who visited England) used gladly to answer all such inquiries, and as fully as time permitted, preached the Gospel to all comers. The Sepoys became great friends with the Padre Sahib, and invited him to come down to their own ranks and preach to them, as it was only now and then that they were put on fort duty. Sir George said he would come with pleasure if they really wished it; and on their writing him a polite letter of invitation, he and the catechist went down to the Sepoy lines. There they found a space decently cleared, with two chairs placed for them, and actually a desk for their books, which the Sepoys had extemporised in imitation of the English custom. Sir George and Mirza took their seats, and proceeded to explain the English Church Catechism to the listening crowd of Sepoys. While thus happily engaged, a shadow fell over the circle, and looking up, Sir George saw an elephant passing, on which sat two officers of the —, whose looks betokened no good will to what was going on. But the Padre and Mirza went on with their class. Presently, however, a murmur arose that the commanding officer was coming; and as the Sepoys fell back, the chaplain found himself confronted by Major —, evidently greatly excited. Perceiving that something was amiss, but not knowing what it was, the chaplain rose from his chair. Upon which a conversation ensued to this effect:—

Major.—What is this, Mr. Craufurd?

Chaplain.—What do you mean, sir?

Major.—Why, sir, I mean that you are preaching to the Sepoys. You're exciting my men to insubordination. You'll cause an insurrection, sir, and we shall all be murdered at midnight!

Chaplain.—The Sepoys invited me to come, and I am here by their desire.

Major.—That *must* be false!

Chaplain.—Ask the Sepoys yourself, sir.

The assembly was then dispersed. But next day General Marley, who commanded the division, sent for Mr. Craufurd. The General was a kind man, and was believed to have no objection to what had been done, but yielding to the arguments of Major —, he reproved Mr. Craufurd, and repeated the very expression of the Major, that the officers would be all murdered in their beds some night if this went on. "Promise me, Mr. Craufurd, that you will not preach to the Sepoys any more?" Mr. Craufurd said he could not make any such promise, unless it were made

plain to him as a duty. "Then," said the General, "I fear I must put you under arrest, Mr. Craufurd." At length Mr. Craufurd consented not to preach again till reference could be made to the Governor-General (Lord William Bentinck) on the subject. It was understood that Lord William's own judgment was overborne by the advisers around him; but be that as it may, orders were conveyed through good Archdeacon Corrie to Mr. Craufurd, that he was not to visit the Sepoys in their lines again. Mr. Craufurd said to the General, "What if the Sepoys visit me at my house?" General Marley did not believe they would, and said, laughingly, that he was welcome to preach to all who came to him there. The Sepoys did come to Mr. Craufurd in the fort, as before; and, as before, Mr. Craufurd preached to them. They were very curious to know why Mr. Craufurd would not come again to their lines, and what was the "tumasha" with the Major? Mr. C. told them that Government had forbidden him to explain to them in their own lines what the Christian religion was. The Sepoys could not believe it; seeing that it was the religion of the Sahibs themselves. The instruction in the fort went on, however, and soon several Sepoys were candidates for baptism. Mr. Craufurd, after what had happened, thought it right to ask Archdeacon Corrie for leave to baptize them; and the archdeacon, after again taking the Governor-General's orders, replied that he was deeply grieved indeed to be placed in such a position, but must prohibit his baptizing the Sepoy candidates!

These proceedings were followed by the issue of orders to all chaplains, that they were not to speak at all to the Native soldiery on the subject of religion; a prohibition which has ever since remained in force.

Major —, who was thus unhappily instrumental in shutting out the Native soldiery from a knowledge of the true and spiritual nature of Christianity, lived to rise to the highest ranks and commands of the Indian army, and to see that great Mutiny which arose, in 1857, from the sincere but ignorant belief of the Sepoys, that a greased cartridge could be a vehicle of religion. Most barbarously did the mutineers murder him, and nearly all under his command; and no incident of that dreadful time has been more bitterly mourned by Englishmen. But would not the ground of that Mutiny have been entirely withdrawn, had we, during the previous thirty years, allowed the Sepoys to cultivate, if they wished, a friendly intercourse with our chaplains, and acquaint themselves with the only way in which we believe our religion can be embraced? And have we since learnt this lesson from the Mutiny? Are we not still doing all we can to shroud Christianity in mystery, and make our religion a bugbear?

CHAPTER III.

FROM JULY 1826 TO 1837.

WHEN Henry Lawrence reached Calcutta, to whose house did he go? that we may know in what mind he came back from war and pestilence. He went straight to the good chaplain, with whom he had lived at Dum-Dum, in 1824, who was still minister of the Old Church in the capital. With shaven head and gaunt look, the very ghost of the athletic lad who marched from "Fairy Hall" two years ago, he tottered in, was put to bed, and nursed as if he were a son. And here he stayed till the doctors ordered him home to England, as the only chance of getting rid of the fearful Arracan fever.

For the benefit of the long sea voyage, he was advised to proceed by the China route. Those were the monopoly days of the East India Company, and their right royal merchant-ships, built either to carry or defend the trade, still kept the Chinese waters against friend or foe. On board of one of these, the H. E. I. C. ship *Macqueen*, Captain Walker, Henry Lawrence embarked on the 2nd August 1826. He used to tell his sister Letitia that when he awoke that morning he found George Craufurd (the same faithful friend who had seen him sail for the Burmese war) watching once more beside his bed.

"Talk of the affection of women," he said, "nothing could exceed the tenderness of that good man!" And so parted young pilgrim and sure guide.

Contrary winds and tides detained them in the Hooghly till the 14th, when they sailed from Saugor Point. His Journal, which was now resumed, takes an amusing survey of the officers and passengers, in which, happily, the captain appears kind; and the doctor, "a man of sense and education, from whom much is to be acquired, and not partial to medicine, but ready to answer indents on his library." Of course he soon finds out the one man on board who has no friends. "The captain's clerk was an unfortunate fellow who seemed to be shunned by all. Although his situation was not the most dignified in the ship, I used often, of an evening, to sit on the poop talking to him, and found him a very rational fellow. I heard he was partial to liquor, but never perceived it." The conversation in the cuddy is all about betel-nut, cotton, opium, and scandal, so he remains in his cabin often all day, walking a little in the evening, "but soon getting

tired ;" the strong sinewy lad, who a year ago was half the night and day helping his men and cattle to drag the guns along the coast of Arracan. When will he shake off this dreadful blasting fever? Alas ! never. He is to feel its effects to the last year of his life, and it is part of his greatness to triumph over them.

On the 30th August they reached Penang. Henry Lawrence stretches his legs on shore, and, like a true artilleryman, foregathers at once with Lieutenant Day of his own corps, who is in the fort, and insists on his taking up his quarters there. They had never met before, and Lawrence makes note of him as "a quiet, good-natured Irishman, quite happy at meeting a countryman." Two-and-twenty years later Henry Lawrence, the political agent, will be standing in a siege-battery, amidst the roar of opposing guns, and admiring the undisturbed precision with which John Day, the pride of the Bengal Artillery, breaches the fortress of Mooltan.

The *Macqueen* sailed again on the 5th September from Penang, and "stood into Singapore in the morning of the 16th, with a gentle breeze. The innumerable islets were very picturesque ; and Singapore itself, with its white houses, had a very pleasing appearance." Lawrence goes ashore and finds another artillery officer, Lieutenant P. Jackson, who receives him hospitably. Then off again on the 18th, the Straits are left behind ; they enter the China Seas, and on the 1st October he lands at Macao, is recognised and kindly entertained by "Ravenshaw, who was at Addiscombe," and spends some days there, seeing what is to be seen—"the forts, churches, and monasteries ;" and comes to the conclusion that the Portuguese there are a "despicable race, all natives of Goa : two or three hundred rabble soldiers, and a great number of priests." On the 12th October he rows up to Wampoa, where the ship is, and thence visits Canton ; but what he saw there, and what befell after on the voyage to England, we know not, for the rest of the journal is lost. So let us bring him home ourselves, and give that fever-wasted lad, bronzed with his first campaign, to the arms of his father and mother.

There is an extract, without date, from Mrs. Lawrence's journal (but it must be about May 1827), in which she says, "Returned from Arracan, after the Burmese war, my dearest beloved Henry Montgomery, not twenty-one years old, but reduced by sickness and suffering to more than double that age." And then, communing with her own heart about him from childhood up, she adds,—“Self-denial and affection to his whole family were ever the prominent features of his

character." Good words these to win from a mother somewhat strict in judgment! And time has only added to their truth.

Letitia at this time was not at home. She had been spending the winter in Ireland with Mrs. Heath, widow of Admiral Heath, at Fahan, on the banks of wild Lough Swilly. She was ill, and needed change of air; and month after month glided by in that quiet spot without her dreaming that Henry was in the good ship *Macqueen* slowly coming back across the seas. Her thoughts, to be sure, were ever in exile with him, as most in the house could tell. Good Mrs. Heath, as she sat in the twilight evenings, cutting out little black figures in paper in the most wonderful way, to stick on pincushions and sell to help a blind asylum, was always a ready listener. It must have been a bad case that she could not sympathise in! There was Angel Heath too, the Admiral's daughter by a former wife. She was Letitia's own chosen friend, and knew what her brother Henry's loss had been to her. Never was Angel tired of picturing him in India, or wondering when he might return. And lastly there was that lovely Honoria Marshall, the Admiral's niece, with her bright face and golden hair over her shoulders, gliding like quiet light about the old house at Fahan. She at least had never heard of brother Henry, and it was like a new book to tell her all about him; to sit down with her upon the sea-shore, bring forth from her pocket that heap of Henry's old letters, and read them all afresh. And so the winter had gone by in sympathy and heart-communion; and Letitia was getting strong, but still they would not let her go from Fahan; when one bright day in April came a letter from Clifton with the incredible news that Henry himself was coming home sick from India, and might arrive any day in England. It was therefore her father's order that Letitia march at once and rejoin the family headquarters; for in the corner of his heart he did not want Master Henry to be running away again as soon as he reached home, to go in search of Miss Letitia.

Now an order from the Colonel was not a thing to be disputed, even by his eldest daughter, who held the post of adjutant in the Clifton garrison. But it so happened that no escort offered for some time, and when at last Letitia and Angel Heath were steaming into the port of Liverpool, a boat was seen coming off, and Letitia, pointing out a figure in it, said to Angel, "That's Henry!" We can all fancy their meeting; but no one, unless they knew Henry Lawrence, could imagine that instead of returning home he would proceed to

drag his sister and her friend all over Liverpool hunting for his chum Ackers, who had left India sick three years ago; and whom they found at last quite hearty in his father's house.

On the second or third evening after they had all re-assembled at Clifton, Henry Lawrence observed that there were no family prayers. It had simply never been the custom of the house. Aunt Angel, when she was with them, used to gather little assemblies of the children in her own bedroom, but neither Colonel nor Mrs. Lawrence were of the party. The advance that Henry Lawrence had made in the higher and inner life since he left home as a boy of sixteen is well marked in the fact that the *absence* of family prayers now struck him. He asked Letitia if she thought their father and mother would object to have them. "No," she said, "not if you propose it." His return home had been a great joy to both parents. He was the first of their sons who had yet come back to gladden their eyes. He had shown himself a true soldier's son in the Arracan campaign; and his father was proud of him. He was sick, and his mother's love was all called out. If a move was to be made in the house, truly he was the one, and now was the time to make it. So he went to his box and brought out the large Scott's Bible that good Mr. Craufurd had given him. It had been the companion of his voyage home from India, during which he had occupied himself in turning many of the Psalms into verse. He now took it into the drawing-room and said, "Mother, suppose we read a chapter before we part for the night." She assented at once. He then said, "Shall I ring and ask the servants if they would like to join?" To this there was a little demur about the servants being engaged at this hour; and a slight demonstration of surprise; but as there was no actual opposition, Henry rang the bell, and said to his old friend Ellen Moss, "Ellen, we are going to read a chapter, and any of you who like can join us." Ellen and another came at once; and the family prayers thus begun in the house were continued ever after, both morning and evening. Mrs. Lawrence herself usually read them in the morning, and at other times one of the children.

This all seems very simple to write or read; but in practice it was a hard, a bold, and a faithful thing for a young man to do in his parents' house. Let any one in the same circumstances try it, and may he meet with the same success.

The Bible is still in his sister's possession, with this inscription in his own hand in the first volume:—

The Rev. George Craufurd (now Sir George) gave me this book in the year 1824 or 1825. I took it to China, and brought it home in 1827, where I left it with my dear mother in 1829. I now make it over to my sister Letitia with my best love.

Clifton, October 23rd 1848.

H. M. LAWRENCE.

Henry Lawrence's stay in England extended to nearly two years and a half. His health was a long time recovering anything like strength. In the midst of a walk, or book, or happy chat, forgetful of Arracan and its fevers, back came the relentless foe and rolled him up in blankets, like a sick child. But the attacks grew less violent as the English climate took effect; and the energy of his nature, which had greatly developed during the last five years of military service, and was fast passing into that restless activity which became his habit, soon revived and demanded occupation. As long as he was at Clifton he constituted himself, *volens volens*, the schoolmaster of his younger sisters. He had a perfect instinct for teaching and gathering any one within his reach, and soon found himself in the girl's schoolroom inquiring into their *curriculum*, and holding a benevolent but provoking examination into their progress. He pronounced their sums too bad to be endured, and they, no doubt, thought his thirst for knowledge was quite dreadful. But the very youngest of them soon saw that he took and gave all this trouble for their good, and learnt daily to love their dear pedagogue-brother more.¹

Quite as eager was he to be taught himself. In the autumn of 1828, he and his brother officer, Lieut. Fordyce (also on sick leave with Arracan fever) got permission to join the Trigonometrical Survey in the north of Ireland, in which he acquired that practical experience of the science which enabled him a few years afterwards to revolutionise the revenue survey system in India. He always spoke with warmth of the kindness of the Royal Engineer officers in this Irish survey and their readiness to give him professional information.

He tried hard also during this sick furlough to improve himself in

¹ There is a charming specimen of his fatherly-fraternity in a letter written about midnight on the 1st April 1829, and gently laid on the bed of one of his sisters whilst she slept, that it might welcome her when she awoke on her birthday. After some loving approval of what he had seen in her since he came home, mixed with as loving advice, he comes to the virtue and grace of truthfulness which he has marked in her, and adds,—“ You know I do not like to see you crying, but when you did so about a fortnight ago, on being unjustly accused by M— of deceiving, *I could have bottled the tears.*”

drawing, and took lessons for that purpose from Mr. Rippingale. Together they took long walks in the woods, sketching from nature, and if Henry Lawrence attained to little proficiency with either pencil or brush, he felt deeply the influence of his master's decided piety; and his manner at this time became serious and impressed. In this good man, struggling himself for a living, yet (as his pupil discovered) sharing what he had with those who had less, Henry Lawrence saw another of those examples of self-denial and benevolence which it pleased God to throw so constantly in his way, as if to build up within him the heart of a benefactor. Speaking of Rippingale, he used to say that, as far "as he could see, the poor were those who did most for others."

The list of those who influenced for good the young heart of Henry Lawrence, would be imperfect without adding the name of his cousin Marcia Knox. She was the daughter of his uncle and schoolmaster at Foyle, the Reverend James Knox, and he had known her therefore in his boyhood. But she was much older than he; and not till this sick furlough from India, when in the autumn of 1827 he revisited Foyle College, and his relatives in Ireland, did he ever appreciate her character. Perhaps she herself had not then (like Aunt Angel, under the same roof,) laid herself out to win the little soul. But now by the brighter light of Mr. Craufurd's teachings, he could read and understand her. A great and loving reverence sprang up in his mind towards her, as he saw her humbly teaching the poor Irish under hedgerows, and gathering in immortal waifs and strays; and there is no doubt that her example strongly influenced him all the rest of his life. He always spoke of her as the most consistent Christian that he knew.

Another advantage which he greatly enjoyed at this time was attending the preaching of the Reverend Robert Hall. The ministry of this celebrated man was fast drawing to a close, still brightening as it set; and Churchmen and Nonconformists alike flocked to hear those wondrous discourses which, bent with pain and disease, and propped up by pillows in his pulpit, "that old man eloquent" poured forth in the Baptist chapel at Bristol. Henry Lawrence and his eldest sister went over constantly from Clifton to hear him. Ietitia was delicate and unable to walk much, and many a time did her brothers Henry and John join hands and carry her between them up the hills to be in time for Robert Hall.

Just about the time when Henry came home sick, was a

turning-point in his younger brother's life. A writership had been given him by Mr. Hudleston, but John's heart did not kindle to either a college course, or a quill-driving career. He did not know then what a deal can be done in the world by a quill with a good broad nib, in a good strong fist. His father was a soldier, and his three brothers, Alex, George, and Henry, were all soldiers, and he would be a soldier too. He would ask Mr. Hudleston to change the writership for a cavalry appointment. The judgment of all his friends was against this. His father held up his own case as a warning, and said, "Look at me. After all that I have gone through, here I am fighting for pensions in my old age. If you wish to end your career in this way, be a soldier. But if you want to be independent, be a civilian." Still John felt that the army would be his choice, till Henry came home from India, and threw his weight into the scale. He had seen enough of both services, civil and military, to assure John that there was no comparison between the advantages of the two, either as a provision or a career; and that the writership would enable him to be the greater help to his parents. Letitia's voice was all on the same side, so that John got no comfort in any corner of the house, and surrendering at discretion to the allied sages of the family, went off to Haileybury, and "took at the flood" the tide of a great life.

During one of John's vacations the two brothers took a walking tour through Wales; and an old slip of paper on which Henry jotted down the names of mountains, valleys, passes, castles, and places that they saw, with here and there a characteristic epithet, shows how he enjoyed the scenery.

Another time he went over to Paris, and wanted his sister Letitia to go with him. She denied herself; and he, rather provoked at that in her which he always practised himself, laid out what he called "her share" in books, and brought them home to her.

In August 1827, Henry Lawrence first met his cousin^a Honoria Marshall (of whom we got a glimpse at Fahan in the preceding winter). She came now to pay a visit to Letitia Lawrence at Clifton, and saw the brother Henry, of whom she had heard such loving eulogies when he was thought to be on the other side the globe.

^a Henry Lawrence's maternal grandfather, the Rev. G. Knox, rector of Lifford and Honoria Marshall's paternal grandmother, Angel, were brother and sister children of Colonel Knox, of Rathmullen.

In September of the same year they met again for a few hours, when Henry went to Ireland, and called at Fahan to deliver some presents for Mrs. Heath.

In the spring of 1828 both Honoria Marshall and Letitia Lawrence were staying with their relatives the Josiah Heaths at Twickenham, and here, Henry coming to and fro, saw more than ever of the fair Irish cousin. Most fair and loveable indeed she was. Her home, since she was four years old, had been with her uncle and aunt at Fahan; and her childhood was passed on the lovely but lonely shore of the "Lake of Shadows." The open air, the sky, the fields, the sea, these were her playfellows; and in after-life she used to say she got her schooling mostly from the pebbles on the beach. Truly here she learnt a deep love of nature, a high romance of feeling, a habit of self-communion, and a content with solitude, which would have made poetry of any lot. And so thought Henry Lawrence as he looked and listened. Soon he opened his heart to his wise sister, and wondered at her not anticipating the story. But how humble he was! It was of course not to be expected that Honoria Marshall could ever care for him. He was not good enough for her. But he would consult Angel Heath. Alas! she thought it most imprudent. They were little better than children. Cruel Angel! You were like a frost in spring. The coming flowers went back into their hearts.

Next year the cousins all met again at the "Josiah Heaths" in Bedford Square. Do look at those two, walking about the streets of London, hand-in-hand, like two children—Honoria staring at the shops and Henry at Honoria! What a rustic she is—fresh from her Irish wilds, perfectly happy in new cotton frocks. Angel is older, and, though an angel, knows worse (nobody said "better"). Kind, foolish Angel robs the girl in silk. Of course, she is beautiful—but she was just as beautiful before. Did you hear that man in the street say to his friend as she passed, "*She's* well painted, at any rate!" Yes, she was indeed—by the master-hand that made the rose red and the lily white.

But all this while Henry does not speak. He looks and listens, and approves; he cross-questions Letitia as to Honoria's bringing-up at Fahan. Was it religious? What books did they read when Letitia stayed a winter there? And he is satisfied. But still he does not speak. Why? Who shall say? But what is his character, after knowing him for twenty-two years? Very humble, very dutiful,

very self-denying. Then perhaps he is thinking little of himself, and much of others. Let us be patient too.

And now the time is coming round for him to return to India. The Arracan fever has not been subdued nor ever will be : but his general health is better than it was ; the furlough is nearly expired, and he must go back to his grim twelve-pounders. It will be a hard struggle this time to leave father and mother ; he greatly broken, and both aged.^b So impressed is he with the precariousness of his father's life, and the slender means that will be left for his mother, that he goes up to London, and consults their old and tried friend, Mr. Stephen, as to the possibility of insuring his father's life for £4,000. But it is too late ; it cannot now be done. Well, as soon as he gets back to India, he will propose to all the other brothers to unite and form a fund against the evil day of mourning ; and here is John ready to help.

John has just finished his college course at Haileybury, and is to go out to India with Henry ; and a sister has promised to go with them. The day comes that they must leave London. Henry has a dread of scenes, so he deliberately takes them all to see *Tam O'Shanter* in Regent Street ; and there, on the steps of a shilling show, he says "Good-by" to Angel Heath and Honoria Marshall, none knowing if it is for ever.

The last day that he was at home, he put into his sister Letitia's hand the following favourite passage, that he had written out and marked, "With Henry's love." It gives us a good look into his mind :—

The Religion of the heart may be supplanted by a religion of the imagination, just in the same way that the social affections are often dislodged or corrupted by factitious sensibilities. Every one knows that an artificial excitement of all the kind and tender emotions of our nature, may take place through the medium of the imagination. Hence the power of poetry and the drama. But every one must also know that

^b Their nephew, James Knox, writing to his friend, Mr. Richards, to introduce him to Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence, thus pictures them at the close of 1829 :—

"Poor dear man, he is now a ruin ; but the sad remains of what he was—the high-minded soldier and gentleman, and the nearest thing that I ever knew to the descriptions of the chivalry of the olden time. He was highly distinguished in his profession, and bears the marks of hard service. I never knew a man who possessed in so high a degree the ideas of uncompromising honour and integrity. It would take up too much paper for me to enter into a detail of the character of my aunt. She is a counterpart of her husband in mind, and to form any idea of her character, you ought to know how she has educated and brought up an immense family."

these feelings, however vivid, and seemingly pure and salutary they may be, and however nearly they may resemble the genuine workings of the soul, are so far from producing the same softening effect upon the character, that they tend rather to indurate the heart. Whenever excitements of any kind are regarded distinctly as a source of luxurious pleasure, then, instead of expanding the bosom with beneficent energy, instead of dispelling the sinister purposes of selfishness, instead of shedding the softness and warmth of generous love through the moral system, they become a freezing centre of solitary and unsocial indulgence, and at length displace every emotion that deserves to be called virtuous. No cloak of selfishness is, in fact, more impenetrable than that which usually envelopes a pampered imagination. The reality of woe is the very circumstance that paralyses sympathy; and the eyes that can pour forth their floods of commiseration for the sorrows of the Romance or the Drama, grudge a tear to the substantial wretchedness of the unhappy. Much more often than not, this kind of luxurious sensitiveness to fiction is conjoined with a callousness, that enables the subject of it to pass the affecting occasions of domestic life in immovable apathy; the heart has become, like that of Leviathan, "firm as a stone, yea hard as a piece of the nether millstone."—*Natural History of Enthusiasm.*

29th August 1829.

H. M. L.

On the 2nd September 1829, Henry Lawrence, his brother John, and their sister Honoria, sailed from Portsmouth for India, on board the *Thalia*, Captain Biden. On the 24th he writes to Letitia as few brothers write:—

The Pilot left us so soon, and I was otherwise so disabled, that I could not write as I would have wished to my darling Lettice. Her sweet note is still before me, and will ever be prized as one of my most valuable acquisitions. Indeed I know nothing that can give me purer delight than a sure and certain confidence of your unaffected good opinion, independent of my claim upon you as a brother. It has always been my aim, and the chief object of my ambition, and the feeling of having obtained and confirmed it in spite of my many frailties sends me on my way almost rejoicing. Such were my feelings on receipt of your note at Portsmouth, and they have now lost none of their intensity. It seems to me as if I want little more on earth than your approved affection, and though to live and die under the same roof would be to me more than fame and wealth, I can rest me satisfied with what I have obtained, and hope to retain under all the chances of life; and when all earthly passes away, may we not be separated in that dwelling from whence "there is no going out." In the midst of my utmost bitterness I would still repeat, "I regret not having come home," and indeed I do not. What have I not gained in that re-union with my family? More, far more, than can be

set against it in fevers, privations, fatigues, or aught that may have obtained passport home. So strongly do I feel this that my advice shall ever be given to young invalids to pursue the same course, renew the affections of their childhood, and become acquainted in manhood with what in their youth they could not appreciate—the pleasures of a home, and the beauties of their native country. . . . Dr. Jackson (a fellow-passenger) has a little cabinet of mineralogy, which we, with the help of our books, have taken to study together. It was what I long wanted. . . . We have four artillery cadets, rather nice lads, whom I am trying to do something with. Also two infantry, two assistant-surgeons, and two free mariners; all quiet people. . . . John studies as much as the effect of sickness will permit.

(This alludes to the Native languages, at which the two brothers worked together during the voyage.)

The *Thala* reached Calcutta on the 9th February 1830, after a voyage of five months and a week! (There was no overland route in those days, and it was well for voyagers who had *Mineralogy*, *Native Languages*, or other resources wherewith to redeem the time.) Here the brothers parted. John had to pass an examination in Native languages at the College in Calcutta before he could enter upon civil duties. Henry got posted to a company of Foot Artillery which was stationed at Kurnaul, on the then north-west frontier, for the sake of being once more with his old playfellow, brother George, now Adjutant of the 2nd Cavalry regiment, which was also at that station. George had just married (the boy we saw last at Addiscombe—so time runs on!), and this rebuilt a home for Henry also. For eighteen happy months Henry lived here under George's roof, studying hard at the Native languages, under the teaching of the regimental moonshee of the 2nd Cavalry. As on board ship he got his younger brother John, so at Kurnaul he got his elder brother George to join him in his studies; and one helped the other; for if Henry was most industrious, George, having served with Native troops, could talk most Hindustani. George, however, soon got tired of this dry work, and left his fatherly younger brother to plod on alone, much vexed with all things: George for being idle, the languages for being quite different from English in their idioms, and the moonshee for being stupid. (It is a remarkable thing that the moonshee of every young Englishman in India has the same defect; till, with incredible patience, he succeeds in making his refractory pupil nearly as wise as himself; then all is generously forgiven, and the irritabilities of a year or two are soothed away with a bag of rupees!)

There was a famous racket-court at Kurnaul, and a glorious tough game there, with George and others, was Henry Lawrence's consolation, after a battle royal with the moonshee and "The Moors."

With an eye to some day getting into the Horse Artillery (ambition of every young artilleryman), he "went through the riding-school" of the 2nd Cavalry. The large share of out-door occupation which fell to him in after-life, the extent of country over which his duties lay, his own desire to see and explore everything, and his natural impetuosity of temperament, made him spend much of his time on horseback, and few men in India could endure the distances he sometimes rode

There is a *Journal of a Month in the East, or the Travels of a Topographer* (Artilleryman), in which, for the amusement of his sister Letitia, at home, he describes a hasty trip to the Himalaya Hills, apparently in October 1830. Two or three passages in it are worth quoting.

Here is a warm-hearted parting with his friend James Abbott; neither knowing then how much they were to be thrown together in after life —

On the morning of the 1st of October, at gunfire, or, in plainer terms, daybreak, I donned my little lace jacket and large coat, and, mounted on an Arab belonging to General Adams (who is at Simla), with my sword by my side, I proceeded to the parade-ground, where were assembled Captain Brooke, the two Abbots, and Brind. We had some desultory talk, and I led young Abbott aside and asked him to write to me on his march, or when at Mhow, where he is just going, and I am very sorry for it, as he is one of a thousand. In his principles like L—, he has a more pleasing manner, and very superior talent. We may not meet again, but I will not soon forget one whom I greatly admire; . . . as pure and as true as the day.

The next is a good sketch of an Oriental adventurer, with reflections on Native chiefs, which show a mind expanding with study, and taking up opinion:—

⁴ Colonel James Abbott himself, recalling these days, says of Lawrence, "His mind even then was greatly improved by a judicious course of reading, and by the habit of reflection and self-examination. He especially applied himself to Military History, with a view to comprehend the strong and weak points of the tactics of all who have excelled in the art of war. . . . It was at this time, I think, that he informed me of having constructed the plot of a tale founded upon the exploits of those celebrated pirates, the Angras, who were so long the scourges of the Bombay coast. He repeated also to me some verses he had written upon the poor reward for service which his father, a veteran seamed with scars, had met with from Government."

While returning home from my ride I met a gay party of mounted natives, headed by a man rather advanced in years; he took no notice of me, and, I was equally reserved, but I inquired of one of the followers who was lagging behind who the gentleman was, and learnt that he was no less a person than the notorious Nawaub Gholaum Kādir, the Afghan chief, who, about thirty years ago, seized the Emperor of Delhi, and put out his eyes. The butcher's reign was short, for the Mahrattas almost immediately drove him out of the capital, and I always understood, took him prisoner and put him to death. However, I believe it is true enough that my friend is the said Gholaum, wherever he has come from, for I recollect the Native papers lately mentioning his suing for forgiveness from the present King, the son of his victim. I do not know the amount of this man's revenues, but I will mention a very common trait in the Native character, which is, that although at the head of a large body of well-mounted and armed men, he is now living close to the cantonments, in a small and tattered tent (at which a half-batta subaltern would turn his nose up); and his followers, I fancy, live under the canopy of heaven; but so it is: with Blacky everything is for display, and many a dashing fellow carries his fortune in his horse and accoutrements, and should he have more than enough for that, he hires such a chap as himself to ride behind him, and perhaps does not spend half-a-dozen rupees a month on everything else. I intended, on this man's case, to have hinged a dissertation on the Rise and Fall of Individuals and of States in the East; but he has already occupied too much space; I will, therefore, refer you to a capital authority on most subjects connected with India, who, on this score, acted the prophet for about thirty years. He said, "We act as if the native powers were to last for ever: for my part, I should not be surprised if, in a few years, not one of the present states should be in existence." This was said when the country bristled with independent Rajahs or chiefs, who were all more or less implicated in a confederacy against us; and what is the result? At this moment Scindiah, with half his territory, and a mere cipher as to power, is the sole remnant of them all. Munro was an extraordinary man, and, I think, without exception, the very best servant the Company ever possessed. Had he been placed under similar circumstances he would have been a Wellington. His fertility of mind, coolness, and straightforward determination to effect whatever he was employed in, always ensured success; as a civilian he was worth a mint of the common stamp; and as a soldier, his letters in early life, and his short career at the head of a handful of men during the Pindaree war, show him to have been of the first order. And as a statesman and a soldier, his conduct of the Burmah war (for it was he that was the life and soul of it) speaks volumes. He had an eye and a thought for every contingency, and to him alone are we obliged for the results of that business; it will scarcely be believed by those who are not familiar with the occurrences of the war, that but for him (who had

no other means than the resources of his own mind to guide him) the army would have been removed from Rangoon, to perish on the coast of Arracan!

But what means the mysterious blank in the following sentence?

After breakfast we betook ourselves to our several employments. Mine was to despatch various letters, in which employment I am never occupied, but I wish I was writing to —.

No doubt we shall see the blank filled up before long. Let us wait. Here we see him, though given to galloping, "merciful to his beast:"—

Lay down on the floor for a quarter of an hour; dressed and went out to see my horse Conrad, who is my sole stand-by. He is a grey Arab, somewhat old, but still a good horse. He has an unpleasant habit of neighing, and he is belligerently imbued when in company with other horses. I take so much care of him that I suspect he will die. That he may come in cool I always walk him the last three or four miles; and as I walk myself the first hour, it is in the middle of the journey I get over the ground.

Very quaint is the next criticism by our lieutenant of twenty-four. After a hard ride, short nap, and simple breakfast, "read *Watts on the Mind* till twelve o'clock; very useful book for children and guardians; contains many useful hints for conduct and study, but somehow he appears neither deep or very new."

On reaching Simla, and going on to Kotgurh, he quite revels in the scenery, with its boundary of eternal snow, and foreground of dark fir forests. Amid it all—so like an Englishman!—he singles out one tree that looks like those at home:

Standing on yon rustic bridge over the first rivulet, I could see where it came tumbling down like a fall, through a cleft in a wooded hill; then rushing over its rugged passage, nearly overshadowed, it passed under me into a deep channel, and was lost in the forest on my left, while in my front and rear the dell closed in so much, and was so thickly covered with fir, that I could see nothing beyond a few yards either way. Here I was particularly struck with one large sycamore, which bent o'er the stream close to the bridge. It seemed as an old familiar friend.

Getting down to the River Sutlej, which is here frantic to escape out of its mountain prison, he finds

Some very dark, and wretched-looking people, inhabiting a row of huts. They are gold-washers, and from their appearance must gain but a pre-

carious livelihood by their search after gold. I have observed the darkest people in every country to be those living on the rivers. In China, among a fair race, the myriads that swarm the Canton river are so dark as to appear almost of a distinct race. The boatmen on the Ganges are peculiarly black, as were these gold-washers, and our own sea and river faring men tell the same tale. It cannot be the more direct rays of the sun, for that is felt in other occupations; but the sun must have more influence when reflected from the water.

The Hill Chief's son comes to call on him. He is a sickly-looking lad of about eighteen, and of rather mean appearance. "He is a sprig of the march of intellect; writes, reads, and talks a few words of English, (which he learnt from a Native writer who had been in European employ,) and of course astonishes the weak minds of his father's court. He produced all his books, consisting of several Hindustani, two or three Persian, with an English spelling-book, and a pocket Johnson's Dictionary. Among the Hindustani books I perceived a Bible, and I several times asked him if he had read it; saying it was my *Shaster*, and contained much good; but he was so intent on showing me that he could read Persian and English that he scarce listened, and replied,—'Oh, it's only Hindustani—very easy!' showing how much he was acting for display. So that while we sensitive English are afraid to put the Bible in our Indian schools, a vain young Hindoo chief carries it about in his pocket as one of his least accomplishments!"

May the day come when his countrymen may be able to enter into the feeling with which ours wrote the next few lines:—

17th October, Fagoo, Sunday.—Halted to-day, and spent a quiet Sunday, sauntering about in the morning and evening; and while viewing a sweet, placid sunset, my thoughts reverted to the hour at home, and the occupation of those I love. I reflected that they were then about returning from God's House; and I felt that at that moment there were thoughts bent on me; and separated as I am from them, many a secret prayer has been offered up for me this day. God grant they may be effectual in softening my heart, and leading me to Him in whom alone is peace. May His blessing be with you all, now and for ever.

The next trace which we find of Henry Lawrence in these early days is in a thoroughly characteristic letter to the Governor-General's military secretary; which shows how very soon he came to think and ponder for the public good; and having pondered, how boldly he spoke out:—

SIR,—

Camp at Meerut, December 8th, 1830.

UNDERSTANDING that the Right Honble. the Governor-General does not object to receive suggestions from individuals of however low a rank, I beg leave most respectfully to call his Lordship's attention to the following facts in reference to the late order for the abolition of horse draft for foot artillery, and the substitution of bullock draft in its stead.

The average rate of marching with bullocks is not above one mile and three quarters an hour; and in a difficult or hilly country (as I myself witnessed during the war at Arracan) one mile an hour is the utmost rate of travelling, and even then constant recourse must be had to the dragropes; whereas with horses, an average from two to four, or even five miles an hour may be depended on, with the advantage of bringing the artillerymen fresh into action (as they are mounted on the guns during a quick movement), instead of harassed and jaded by pulling at the dragropes, which they are obliged to do with bullock draft when a rapid movement is required, or on ordinary occasions when any impediment arises on the road.

The difference of expense is but trifling, while the intended measure will reduce all the foot field-guns to a state unfitted for anything beyond post duties, and render even light artillery little more than a useless incumbrance to the movements of an army.

I therefore humbly, but earnestly, beg leave to suggest the propriety of deferring the reduction of the horse field batteries at least until the Right Honble. Governor-General, by personal inspection of horse and bullock draft in juxtaposition with infantry (the opportunity now offering itself to his Lordship at Meerut), may have the means of judging of the relative state of efficiency of the two modes of draft.

If in thus openly coming forward with my opinion, I am thought to be stepping beyond the strict bounds of military duty, I trust his Lordship will kindly pardon the intrusion, and impute it to my anxiety to see the Foot Artillery, to which I am attached, in a state of efficiency, which I fear can never be the case as long as the field-guns are drawn by bullocks.

Lest my motive for addressing you should be mistaken, I beg leave to state that an allowance of thirty rupees a month for one horse is the only emolument I gain by being attached to the Horse Field Battery.

I have the honour to be,

&c. &c. &c.

On the 31st January 1831, he writes to his parents :—

To-morrow we strike our tents, and return to Kurnaul in a pleasant march of seven days. However, my present intention is to turn off at Shamli (two marches from Kurnaul), and to go up the Dooab Canal to Saharunpore, and spend the month with an officer of our corps (who is

superintendent of the canal), in visiting the different works along it, and just take a peep through the Timli pass into the great forest of the Dhoon.

I expect much pleasure from the excursion, Cautley being a man of suitable habits to myself, and able and willing to give instruction. The banks of the canal are also the prettiest part of this monotonous country—in the month of February very pleasant for travelling. For the last two months the weather has been delightful, the mornings and evenings requiring brisk exercise, and the days so mild that one might have been out all day. Can you fancy two blankets, with an English quilt and a stuffed cotton Hindustani one, over my bed at night? I have a stove, which I borrowed from George, and in the evening, when I dine at home, a bit of fire is very comfortable, and puts me in mind of dear home. . . . My dear friend Edwards is no more. He died in Calcutta on the 6th of this month, in the house of his kind friend Powney. Since September he has been lingering, and, as a mercy, was spared to reach Calcutta, where were assembled, as by accident, some of his dearest friends—Powney, Craufurd, Childe, and Stephenson. Never did a purer spirit rejoin its Maker than dear Johnny's. His was a life of suffering and of gentle acquiescence to the Divine Will. Never did I see a man who was more generally loved; and not for the qualities that the world delights in, but for sweetness of disposition, and honourable and upright conduct as a Christian and as a soldier. Even the sneerer at religion could not but admire it in him, as his life, without any moroseness, was a practical comment on his profession. He was my earliest friend in this country, and though, after the first year, we only met once for a few minutes, and again last year for a few days in Calcutta, the warmth of our feeling for each other never subsided. I before mentioned, I believe, that he broke a blood-vessel at Penang in September, and was not expected to outlive the night. He then sent me his blessing, and before his death in Calcutta, "he" (as Powney writes to me) "often spoke to me about you, for whom he had a great affection, and the following is an extract from his will concerning you: 'In token of my friendship to Henry Lawrence, I desire may be transmitted a mourning-ring, inscribed externally in the usual manner; but I wish it to open internally, and exhibit the words, "Love one another," being his mother's last injunctions to us on leaving England.' . . . I hope dear papa has got well over the winter. . . . May I and his other sons pass through the service, not only with as unspotted, but with as high a name as he has done.

The next letter to his eldest sister tells of his trip to the canals, and the desire which it created to get a canal appointment. The practical beneficence of works of irrigation on so grand a scale, in an arid country, struck chords in his young heart, which military duty

had as yet scarcely touched, though in after-life their noblest pleadings were for soldiers and their children.

Kurnaul, March 1st, 1831.

MY DEAREST L. . . . We left Meerut on the 1st February, and at Shamli, on the 4th, fell in with Cautley, who had invited me to go on the canal with him. The next morning (leaving the detachment) we turned down the canal towards the south, and went as far as Delhi (about fifty miles), and back again to Shamli, from whence, as the Commander-in-Chief was soon expected, I rode in here on the 21st, having had a very pleasant trip, seen a good deal of the country, and come more in contact with the cultivators than I had ever done before.

I assisted Cautley in his office and out-of-door work, and, at his request, I am going over again on the 6th, as soon as the Commander-in-Chief leaves, to go to the northern extremity, beyond Saharunpore. I like the business much. There is a mingled occupation of in- and out-of-door, theoretical and practical, and altogether very much in the way of my pursuits. I have applied to be appointed assistant, in the event of Cautley being principal; but have little hopes, as I have not a shadow of interest, and am not known. . . . Cautley has told me that he should be most glad to have me. . . . I have said so much about this canal that I will even tell more of it and its purposes. It was cut many years ago by one of the kings of Delhi, and extends about 130 miles, from the River Jumna, about 30 miles above Saharunpore, to Delhi, where it falls again into the Jumna. Its purpose was for irrigation; but the legends of the country say that it was only open for one season, and that it then irrigated the country with a vengeance, for, on the melting of the snow in the mountains, the floods came down the Jumna into the canal, and overflowed the country for miles, doing incalculable mischief, and almost inundating the city of Saharunpore. Being unable to regulate the admission of only the necessary quantity of water, the Native government closed up the concern; and when Lord Hastings proposed to open it, about ten years ago, in many places the trace of the ancient cut could scarcely be found. The present canal, therefore, is almost a new work, and has forty bridges over it, with as many small houses, to contain a watchman and working tools; and ten large ones, for the use of the officers when on their tour of superintendence. Then, again, there are flood-gates and sluices to regulate the admission of the water, and to prevent inundations as of old, with inlets to drain the country in the rainy season, and outlets for irrigation. All these works require constant watching; besides which, the superintendent is also a collector of revenue, having to gather from each village a small sum, according to the quantity of land that is irrigated. He is, therefore, brought into contact with the natives, and has, of course, endless complaints about getting no water, and inability to dig their drains or little

canals. But all this I should consider a pleasing variety, for, though the temper is tried, much is learnt, and, with but little trouble to oneself, much kindness can be done.

March 6th.—The Commander-in-Chief arrived on the 3rd, and has reviewed the troops, and as he goes to-morrow morning, I have got leave to start for Saharunpore this evening. You may imagine how glad we are that John has got appointed to Delhi. He is now within a few hours of us, and in very good hands. On my return, at the end of the month, he will come over. I trust he will like his duties. . . . Did I tell you that I am nearly a stone heavier than I was last year? Everybody says I am looking much better than when I arrived.

It was during this year that George, being on leave at the hill station of Simla, to which Commanders-in-Chief and Governors-General very sensibly gravitate, obtained from Lord Dalhousie, the Commander-in-Chief of that day, the transfer of Henry to the Horse Artillery. The change was gazetted on the 27th September 1831, and on the 16th November Henry writes from Meerut to Letitia:—

“Here I am, a gay trooper bumping away in the riding school!” So much for exultation at obtaining an artilleryman’s ambition. Now for reflection.

I must say I like the quiet humdrum of Kurnaul better than the rattle and gaiety of Meerut. Here I am, of course, obliged to belong to the mess, which, though a very superior one, is not in my way. However, I may be thankful on the whole that I am where I am. When I am posted to a troop I will let you know. There is no knowing where it may be; but all Hindustan is alike; and were it not for the little extra expense of marching, nothing I should like better than a constant move.

The troop to which he was ultimately posted was at Cawnpore; and a valued friend and brother officer^s who was with him there, recalls the studious and retired life he led, reading the Native languages, and improving himself in surveying; neither joining in the amusements of the rest, nor even evincing much “enthusiasm” in his profession, “but steady in his duty, and regular to his time. Parade over, he retired to his own house;” or in the evening took “a severe gallop over the country, far from the haunts of beauty and fashion. . . . Still, though not sociable with us, we all entertained a high opinion of his honour and judgment. In case of a row or dispute, I am inclined to think all of us young officers would have deferred to his decision.”

The truth was, that in those days he had two objects, both of which require seclusion ; the first being to put by money for his mother's use in her last years ;⁶ and the other partly growing out of the first, to improve himself in every way, and fit himself for staff employ. Life was a real "earnest thing" for him. He had no taste for anything that was frivolous ; and soberly, seriously, thoughtfully, he strengthened himself for a coming work. The thoughts which he felt unable to share with the gayer spirits around him, he poured out in letters to his eldest sister, and it is in these that we must seek much of the heart, character, and history of Henry Lawrence :

To LETITIA.

25th March 1832.

JUST returned from evening service. We heard a very good practical sermon on the text, "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." Mr. W. — is not a Robert Hall, but he is a pious and earnest man, and tells the truth plainly, and sometimes impressively. To-night he insisted on the necessity of reading the Bible ; to read it with reflection and prayer. May you and I do this to the benefit of our souls ! . . . I am glad to find that you expected me to fail in my canal application last year. The thing has long ceased to trouble me ; for, like other susceptible minds, mine is as quickly quieted as excited. You gave me much more praise in the matter than I deserve ; but from you approval is sweet, so I will not quarrel with what is as the light of my eyes. . . . Your account, as also dear mamma's, of our father, is even better than I had expected from preceding ones. God grant that even in this debilitated state he may continue at least till he has seen Alexander and George. For me I feel that I have seen him for the last time. . . . I can scarcely bring to my memory an instance of a cross word (from him), where, directly or indirectly, I was not to blame. . . . The examination (in Native languages) will take place in July, and as far as having read both Persian and Hindustani double as much as many who have passed, I am safe ; but I wish it were over ; not for the trouble of reading eight or ten hours a day, for now I like it ; but the little bit of pride that you have held up as an unbecoming feature in my moral visage, would be sorely touched by a failure.

⁶ There are few of his letters to his eldest sister in which he does not revert to this subject, and report to her the sums which he and his brothers in India were respectively remitting by various opportunities, to what they called "the Lawrence Fund." The whole thing was kept a secret from their mother, and Letitia was their confidante. Delightful are the expressions of exultation as the project grows, and "the fund is in a flourishing state !" Thus, lest he might be thought to be depriving himself, he adds (1st August 1831), "I am comfortable and well off, much more happy in accumulating in this way than for myself."

Can anything [be more warm-hearted, or "untravellered," as poor Goldsmith says, than the following outburst on the 5th May of the same year, on the unexpected arrival of a letter from Letitia?—

So soon after my nice letter of October, the appearance of your most delightful one of August and September came like a clap of thunder on me. I have only a few minutes till parade, but these I must employ while my heart is still warm in pouring out my thanks for this, the sweetest of your many cordials. Tearing it open I threw myself on the sofa, and forgetting Persian and all else, was for one sweet hour with you almost as vividly as of yore, when I have sat by your side holding that converse, which with no other have I ever held. The first bugle has sounded, so good-by, dearest, and most beloved!

May 27th (in the same letter).—I have just been reading a little work on Prophecy. It is an abridgment of Keith's, and printed by the Tract Society: and in the course of 150 small pages, proves from the mouths of infidels and of travellers in the East (generally most unquestionably) the truth of Christianity derived from the fulfilment of Prophecy. The remarks on Egypt particularly struck me: "She shall be a base kingdom. She shall be the basest of kingdoms. There shall be no more a Prince of the land of Egypt." So said Ezekiel; and how exactly have his words been fulfilled: Babylonians, Persians, Macedonians, Romans, Greeks, Arabs, Turks, and lastly, for six hundred years, the Mamelukes (slaves of slaves, the very word meaning slave in the Arabic). . . . (*18th June*).—Just come home from a dinner-party, and must have a word with my darling L— before I go to bed. Dinner at nearly nine o'clock has no charms for me, and the dessert of *music* still less. You understand me, that I do not positively object to making a noise on the piano, and still less on the voice; but to stand and applaud and look delighted *when one's heart is in bed*, is a great bore. However, I have saved myself some trouble, at the expense of my character, by having given out my total ignorance of, and indifference for, music. . . . (*19th*).—Here's for a little more chat with you, now that my two guests who have been drinking tea with me are gone. . . . We had a very loud, if not argumentative, discussion on Byron, who I persisted in saying was a very bad *man*, and by no means the first *poet*; and that the reason we all liked him so much was *because* he was not the first poet, for it's not his sublimity, or his pathos that one in a thousand among us know anything about, but we are tickled by the vivid, soul-stirring scenes that he so forcibly paints to us. R—d was very indignant at my making him out a copier of Wordsworth (as to whose merits I am inclined to agree with you, and think that if I had more real poetry in my soul I should like him still better. He's an author that very few read even now. The fact is that he is ahead of his generation.) . . . In connection with what I have said in a former part of this letter, I was

struck with a story I lately met of the Persian poet Sladis. "When Haroon-al-Rusheed conquered Egypt, in contempt of that rebel who called himself God, he said, I will give the kingdom of Egypt to the meanest of my slaves. He accordingly gave it to a slave called Kho-saub, whose wisdom was such that when a body of the peasants complained of their cotton being destroyed by an untimely inundation of the Nile, he replied, 'You should have sown *wool*, and it would have been safe!'" Though somewhat same, I really find my time pass very pleasantly, and every day I feel that I have more reason to be thankful for the state of my health, and what is almost as necessary, for my increased liking to the country, which, taking it as a whole, is by no means to be despised. For as to perfect happiness, where is it to be found? Certainly not in the round of getting up in the morning, and after breakfast, looking forward to dinner, to be succeeded by sleep; and that with but little variety for a whole life. No! it was almost the only thing R—d and I could agree upon to-night, that the perfect emptiness of the pleasures of this life was the best proof of a hereafter.

The following is drawn to the life, and will stand for the portrait of nine out of ten Englishmen studying under a Native tutor:—

June 20th.—I have just been having a rather amusing conversation with my moonshee after my lessons. It was mutually complimentary, for I told him he would set me mad, and he gave me to understand that I was a very hot-headed fellow. Like all others of his class, though I have only had the honour of his acquaintance for one month, and daily in that time expressed pretty strongly my disapprobation of his inattention; yet (not for the first time) he made a set upon me to get his brother a situation; so I told him that a moonshee I had at Meerut, after ten days' acquaintance, asked me to get him made a *cazee*! "Well," says he, "what of that? Such a gentleman read only one day with a certain moonshee, and allowed him thirty rupees a month ever after. But the *sahibs* were more liberal than!" Mr. Somebody or other who was once paymaster here, he said, was very like me, for he would read away, and often get into a rage, fling down the books, and declare he would give it up. But after all he got his moonshee a situation by which he made ten lacs of rupees. I have accordingly promised the Native gentleman to make him my secretary when I am commander-in-chief. He very often asks if I cannot be a judge, collector, or resident?

The examination day, the 17th July 1832, came round at last, neither hurrying nor lingering, but just comporting itself as though it were any other day, and not the terrible day on which a stern committee was to sit in judgment on the knowledge of Oordoo, Hindee, and Persian, attained by Henry Lawrence and other subalterns of Cawnpoor, who, for the last year or two, had been studying to pass

this ordeal (occasionally "flinging down" their books, or "expressing pretty strongly their disapprobation" of their moonshees). Great must have been our candidate's relief and delight when the following "opinion" of the Examiner was thrust into his hands :—

The Committee is of opinion that Lieutenant Henry M. Lawrence has passed a most creditable examination. He has evidently bestowed much labour on his studies : and in recording our opinion of his being fully competent to discharge the duties of an interpreter, we beg to recommend him particularly to the notice of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief.

(Signed) J. WEMYSS, President.
 E. H. READE } Members.
 T. NAPLETON }

The strongly commendatory terms of the above certificate were most unusual ; it is here given at length for the encouragement of others coming after. Every one has not the natural gift of languages ; and assuredly Henry Lawrence had not. But every one can be as industrious and determined to pass as Henry Lawrence was, and by sheer force of fagging win an encomium like that above.

"Isn't this," he writes to Letitia, "and what you will think of it, worth two years' study? Yes, that it is, darling!" In India, very properly, this "passing in the Native languages" is the indispensable condition of getting any staff appointment of importance ; and now that Henry Lawrence had passed the highest grade of examination, he was eligible for any department of the public service, and might fairly look round to find an opening. Three days after he had passed, the General commanding the Cawnpoor division called upon the Colonel commanding Lawrence's Brigade to "report on the general attention of that officer to his duty and of his fitness to discharge the various details which devolve on a quartermaster." Colonel Whish replied with "great pleasure," that Lieutenant Lawrence was appointed to the Horse Artillery by general orders of 28th November 1831, and joined his troop here on the 15th February last, "when he lost no time in perfectly acquainting himself with the duties peculiar to this branch ; and has been uniformly attentive to those occurring in ordinary routine. I consider him well qualified for the situation of quartermaster ; but as only two of the ten brigades and battalions of Artillery have interpreters as yet, I beg leave to add my conviction that Lieutenant Lawrence's qualifications and studious habits fit him for other departments of the public service. Nor is this opinion

wholly formed at the present time, but from observation commencing about two years and a half ago, when Lieutenant Lawrence was serving with the Foot Artillery of the Surhind division under my command."

This favourable correspondence, however, appeared at the time to have no result; and in the cold weather of 1832 Henry Lawrence's troop was ordered from Cawnpoor to Dum-Dum, near Calcutta. Cawnpoor being on the bank of the Ganges, the troop went by water, and the fleet of boats in which they were embarked were totally wrecked in a fearful river-storm. There was some loss of life, and a great loss of property, the officers and men losing everything in their endeavours to save the Government from loss.* The Adjutant-General of the army, on the 7th November 1832, thus praises their conduct, in reply to the report of the Commandant of Artillery:—

I have the honour, by direction of the Commander-in-Chief, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th ult., No 837, with its enclosures, regarding the loss sustained by Lieutenants Grant and Lawrence and Assistant-surgeon Serrell, by the wreck of their boats in their progress to Dum-Dum with the 3rd troop 1st brigade Horse Artillery.

His Excellency directs me to inform you that he has observed with great satisfaction the successful results of the very zealous exertions of those officers to preserve the lives of those who were placed under their charge; exertions which were made with a soldier-like disregard of their own personal property when so many lives were at stake.

The praiseworthy conduct of these officers has been brought to the notice of the Government, and his Excellency has recommended that a liberal compensation may be made to them for their losses.

Being now so close to Calcutta, with his "two years' study" still fresh in his memory, Henry Lawrence appeared before the Examiners in the College of Fort William, and on the 6th December received the much-coveted letters P.C. (passed the College) as the final seal and ratification of his qualifications in the Native languages.

This was followed by his appointment, on the 13th January 1833, to be interpreter to a Golundaz battery at Cawnpoor, connected with which there is a characteristic anecdote. One of the friends whose reminiscences of Henry Lawrence have been before thankfully quoted, wrote to congratulate him on getting this interpretership, but observed, at the same time, that in fairness it should have been given by the

* Reminiscences kindly contributed by R. G. M.

Commandant to M——s, a junior officer who had passed the College a long while before. Lawrence replied that he thought so too, and had himself advocated M——s's claim as superior to his own ; but, finding that the Commandant would not give this vacancy to M——s under any circumstances, he had at last accepted it.

During 1832 George Lawrence had been again obliged to take sick leave to Simla. Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General, was there ; and as George had been so successful the year before in getting the Commander-in-Chief to put Henry into the Horse Artillery, he thought he might as well now try the Governor-General. Accordingly he sought and obtained an interview. "Well, what have you come for?" asked Lord William. "Nothing for myself," answered George. "What then?" said his lordship. "I can tell you you're the first man I have met in India who wanted nothing." George then explained that he wanted his lordship to appoint Henry to the Revenue Survey ; and the Governor-General, after asking a few pertinent questions, said, "Well, go and tell Benson ; and, although I make no promises, I will see what can be done." The inquiries into the qualifications and character of the young artilleryman must have proved highly satisfactory, for on the 22nd February 1833 he found himself appointed an Assistant Revenue Surveyor in the North-West Provinces.⁸

This was Henry Lawrence's first step on the broad and lofty ladder of staff employ in India, and he ever affectionately acknowledged that he owed it to his brother George.

But the young lad who has been fired with the deeds and fame of Havelock, and Outram, and John Nicholson, and Henry Lawrence, and has chosen to go to India too ;—that fair-haired, blue-eyed one, whose face bespeaks much imagination but not much of will ;—had better believe it here on English ground, that it is not "big brothers" that make great men. With the help of God they make themselves. Look back at this very life we are living over again, and observe :—

Firstly—that Henry Lawrence, finding out that no one had educated him, set to and educated himself generally in all knowledge he could

⁸ George's application appears to have been very fortunately followed up by a disinterested person, Captain J. H. Simmonds, then in charge of the Dehli Revenue Survey, who, being asked by Lord William Bentinck, if he had any young men to recommend as his assistants, named Henry Lawrence and his friend Fordyce. He spoke so warmly in their favour that Lord William suspiciously inquired "if they were his own relations?"—but finding that there was no connection, he made a note of it, and soon afterwards appointed them both.

lay his hands on, and *specially* in the knowledge of his own profession, giving up all "fun" for these earnest ends.

Secondly—that when sent home on sick leave, and not bound to do anything but lie under a tree with his mouth open eating oxygen, he put himself to school with the Royal Engineers, and worked at the Trigonometrical Survey. In short, he acquired a science, having no present use for it, but in the faith that some day it *would* make him more useful in his generation. And now five years have brought that day about. Surveyors are wanted, and Henry Lawrence is a surveyor. George says it, and Henry makes it good.

Young blue-eyed lad, *this* is the way to rise. God bless you with many brothers, and more sisters. but may He give you, too, a great man's heart for *Work!*

The Revenue Survey, as its name imports, is a survey of the land for the guidance of the revenue officers of Government. In India, as in most Eastern countries, the soil belongs in theory to the Crown, and the children of the soil are its tenants. In practice, the Crown has simply the first lien on the produce of the soil, and so long as that lien is satisfied does not interfere with the state of possession. Hence the prosperity of the country depends mainly on the fairness of the lien of the Crown, commonly called the land-tax. This fairness may be affected by many considerations, such, for instance, as the method of collection (honest or dishonest, simple or complex, intrusive and harassing or free and popular); but the main point, especially under English rulers, is the rate of the assessment; for Native rulers might assess at a shilling, and take either two shillings or only a sixpence, according as their power or their whim wavered. But, as every one knows, when an English Chancellor of the Exchequer says a shilling, he takes it—neither more nor less; and his countrymen in India have the same matter-of-fact way with them.

Cælum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

No pains, therefore, could be too great to take in so vital a matter as the assessment of the land-tax in India; and out of this conviction sprang the vast and beneficent idea of surveying the whole land.

It was devised (says one of Henry Lawrence's brother surveyors)⁹ by the greatest benefactor the people of India have ever known—Mr. Robert Mertens Bird. Many before him had been sensible that the Government

was impoverishing itself every year by insisting upon the impossible assessments of preceding Governments: which often amounted to one-half the gross produce, and sometimes to more than that. But whereas too many others had shrunk from the duty of pointing out this injustice to their Government, Mr. Bird put forth all his energies to convince the authorities of the necessity of a lower assessment, and for long periods. The misery resulting from the then existing settlements was incalculable. Thousands of cultivators every year sank beneath the weight of the land-tax, and were converted from productive to unproductive members of the community; turned adrift from the lands which their father's father had cultivated time out of mind, to become vagabonds and beggars, and swell the ranks of those robber bands which were one of the plagues of India. . . .

Against the insane assessments then existing, Mr. Bird put forth all his might; and the Government were at length convinced of the truth of his statements, and of the soundness of his views, and ordered a revised assessment for a period of, I think, twenty years. But although it was manifest that, to form a correct assessment, a correct survey of the lands was in the first place necessary, yet the insufficiency of the revenues of India to meet the expenses of Government rendered it difficult to provide funds for the purpose, and after some years' trial of the surveys, their expenses were threatening their abolition. In this emergency Mr. Bird took into council Henry Lawrence, to devise a more economical survey; and this Lawrence could devise only by increasing the strength of the establishments under a single head, and by diminishing the details of the professional portion of the survey. He suggested that the establishment at present existing in each survey, and calculated for the measurement of 1,000 square miles of area, should be trebled, so as to survey 3,000 square miles in one season of eight months, under a single superintendent with two additional assistants.

It is easy to conceive the ardour with which Henry Lawrence would throw himself into such a work as Colonel Abbott has here sketched; a work in which at once the people were to be benefited, and public money saved. It was a reform, and Henry Lawrence was born to be a reformer.

It was, moreover, his first staff appointment; in which a strong young nature feels the joy of a river issuing from hills. He remained five years in the department (one as assistant, and four as full surveyor), and surveyed a large portion of Moradabad, all Futteghur, great part of Gorruckpore, and was engaged on the Allahabad district when ultimately summoned to another sphere.

The work of a revenue surveyor is at once comprehensive and minute; for beginning with large circles of villages, it descends to

single villages ; and from them to every single field. Not only has he to map these, but to give their areas, and collect their statistics ; and when the large circles have thus been elaborated, they have to be fitted together like the pieces of a puzzle, and be united into a whole, which then becomes the map of a district. An Indian district corresponds with an English county, and it may readily be understood how laborious would be the task of surveying two or three such districts, with the minuteness of detail described above, under every possible disadvantage of climate, instruments, and establishments.

It is probable, however, that much of Henry Lawrence's future character and career was here determined. These were the school-days of the man ; and to form one in whom the soldier, the philanthropist, and the statesman should be united, required many and varied experiences. In the artillery he had not only studied war and practised it in the field, but he had become acquainted with the condition of the European soldier, his wife, and his child, in Indian barracks ; knowledge which will infallibly come back upon him when he comes to have a wife and child of his own, and feel the husband's and the father's sympathies aroused.

It was time now to push on to other lessons, which the Revenue Survey was well calculated to teach. Here he first really learnt to know the natives of India, and the best class of natives, the agricultural population. It was *their* villages, *their* fields, *their* crops, *their* interest of every kind with which his eyes, hands, thoughts, and heart, were now occupied for five years. Instead of living in a European station, he pitched his tents among the people, under their trees, and by their streams, for eight months out of twelve. He saw them as military men seldom can see them, as all civilians ought to see them, and as the best *do* see them,—in their homes and daily life, and thus learnt to sympathize with them as a race, and to understand their wants. In many respects, indeed, the Revenue surveyor gets more at the heart of the people than the civil officers of the district ; for while the Collector or Deputy Commissioner is the chief actor on the stage of government, the surveyor is not only among the audience in the pit, but passes behind the scenes, and sees the working of the machinery. To him, if he has got any heart at all, come the grey-beards of the village next his camp, to tell their parish griefs, nine-tenths of which come under one head,—the corruption of their own countrymen in office, and the other tenth the blindness of

the white "Sahib-Zillah."¹⁰ As years rolled on it came to Henry Lawrence's turn to be a "Sahib-Zillah" too ; and later still to have dozens of "Sahib-Zillahs" under him, and rule over provinces , and no feature in his administration was then more marked than the fierce war he waged against all "Jacks-in-office," whether black or white.

Another experience which he laid to heart when a surveyor, and gave vigorous effect to as a governor, was the duty and policy of light assessments, the cruelty and desolation of heavy ones.

Another was the superiority of work done out of doors, surrounded by the people, to work done in court surrounded by untrustworthy officials.

And another which became a cardinal maxim in his mind was this, that roads were the first want of any country and any government. "Push on your roads," he used to say ; "open out your district. The farmer, the soldier, the policeman, the traveller, the merchant—all want roads. Cut roads in every direction."

Altogether it may be perceived that these five years in the Revenue Survey of the North-West Provinces, under a master like Robert Mertens Bird, and in close communion with such administrators as Thomason and Reade, shaped most of Henry Lawrence's opinions upon questions of civil administration.

Probably there was no other period of his life in which the originality of his idiosyncrasy was so strongly marked as in the survey. For the first time he was now free to act for himself, with large establishments under him, who must be brought into his view, and made to work as hard as he worked himself.

Time had subdued nothing in him. There he was in the vigour of early manhood, self-taught, self-disciplined, self-devoted, self-reliant, fiery of zeal to do the public work, hot of temper with reprobates and idlers, as hot to reward the diligent, impatient of contradiction, ignorant of the impossible, scorning compromise, resolute to do the thing, or die ; in short, rough-hewn, and angular and strong. Hundreds of manikins, high and low, had yet to pick and peck at him through life with their little chisels, and fret him smooth.

Colonel Abbott says, "There were some rare stories about his method of shaming incorrigible students. They were both picturesque and practical, and eminently original." The *Friend of India* (25th November 1858) gives one of them worth preserving :—

¹⁰ Native term for "the district officer."

Captain Sherwill, in a lecture on surveying given in Calcutta, tells the following story of Sir Henry Lawrence. He was then Lieutenant Lawrence employed on the survey. "A native surveyor who refused to go back some ten miles to revise a serious error that had been discovered in his work, was laid upon a native bed by order of Henry Lawrence and carried by bearers to the spot, where he was turned out to rectify his error. The man was obstinate, refused to re-observe his angles, and returned to camp. Henry Lawrence ordered him up into a mango-tree, where he kept the recusant, guarded by two Burkundazes with drawn swords, until hunger changed the mind and temper of the surveyor." The man ultimately proved an excellent worker.

Colonel M—— relates another that flies off at higher game. "A brother officer and contemporary of Lawrence's and my own, who was also in the Revenue Survey Department, was staying with me at Cawnpore, on his way up to Meerut. On talking about his work he broke out in loud vituperation against Lawrence for doing so much work, saying,—'His confounded zeal' had given them twice as much to do as formerly: that Mr. Bird (then at the head of the Revenue Board) had hauled them over the coals for not doing more work, and pointed out that Lieutenant Lawrence had done twice the amount, and they must do more in future or leave the department. And all owing to 'Lawrence's confounded zeal.'"

The few records that have been preserved of this period of his service fully bear out the above anecdote. Amongst them is a letter from Mr. Henry Elliot, secretary to the Sudder Board of Revenue, dated the 1st September 1837, proposing to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces a scheme for greatly accelerating the surveys, in which this passage occurs:

I am instructed to say that the Board having, after much consideration and inquiry, formed their views as to the nature of the modification which they desired to adopt, availed themselves of the opportunity of Captain Lawrence passing through Allahabad on leave, to discuss with him, in the fullest manner, the subject, and to obtain from him such memoranda and statements, particularly regarding the details of the establishment, as he could furnish.

Captain Lawrence is one of the most experienced and zealous of the officers employed on the survey, and has conducted the complicated process of double survey more successfully perhaps than any other, and has certainly entered more entirely into the Board's views. Captain Lawrence is prepared to guarantee with the establishment stated a complete survey of 3,000 square miles per annum, where the villages average one square mile each.

On another occasion he seems to have been hurt at some expressions of the Board's, which seemed, as he said, "to hold *him up* to the department ;" to which they make the honourable reply, that he has "misconstrued their remarks," and that he has in "no way been held up to the department, *except as an example.*"

So, then, our dull lad from Foyle and Addiscombe has begun at thirty to excel his fellows ! How has he done it ? What is the secret ? Seemingly the old secret. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

CHAPTER IV.

FROM 1833 TO MAY 1838.

“ I REALLY think I shall be mad enough to tell her my story, and try to make her believe that I have loved for five years, and said nothing of my love. The thing seems incredible, but it is true.”

So wrote Henry Lawrence to his eldest sister on the 23rd July 1833, talking of Honoria Marshall, to whom he had said “good-by” with much restraint on the steps of the “Tam-o’-Shanter” show in August 1829. He has been loving her ever since, but partly from humility, and partly that he might bring no claim between him and his mother, has never spoken. Now the brothers among them have made up their pious hoard—the “Lawrence Fund.” Henry has got into the Survey, and with his simple habits is quite rich. He may venture to think of himself, and begin hoping. Oh, but it’s weary work! An up and down life. A “rolling-prairie” for the heart to wander over, with sometimes never a star, and the air full of mocking-birds. He has “loved her for five years” in silence, and must love yet four years more in gleams of hope, and storms of fear, not knowing which shall prevail in the sky of his future life.

His health threatens to give way, and obliges him to go to the hills in the autumn of 1833. “It is well I should go,” he says; “action seems to keep me alive. But the springs must wear out.” Already he begins to look through surveying, and descry a great work beyond it. He has been at it a year and a half with all his might. He has not done it perfunctorily: he has studied the people while he mapped their lands: he has got an insight into their condition, past and present, their relations to their rulers, and the bearings of British rule upon their different classes. He has shown sympathy—that “open sesame” of the world,—and been taken into confidence. He thinks he sees things that might be bettered, and he kindles with the wish to try his hand at government.

On my way back [from Simla], if I have time, I may come by Agra,

and rap at Sir Charles's [Metcalf's] door, for I have taken a violent fancy to push myself into a Civil situation.

Oude, I fear, is beyond my mark. Besides, *it is not ours yet!* However, I'll take anything, political, magisterial, or judicial, and will willingly give up my claim of firing large guns at the black people, or blowing off people's heads, as Marcia used to insist was my delight. No! I would now much prefer preventing them breaking each other's heads, and be instrumental in leading them into paths of civilization.

There is a thoughtful passage in this letter which tells of a heart that has settled firmly down into a religious habit, and looks on watchfully and thoughtfully at the mercies of daily life.—

In yesterday's paper Dr. B——'s death was mentioned. His name I daresay figured in my letters of 1829–30. A strong hale man of thirty-four, he seems to have been cut off in a day. Another messenger, this, to me; unless, indeed, in the Plagued City, I alone am to remain untouched. In 1822 [when he came out first to India] two cadets and a captain were the only officers save myself. They are all long since dead. Of the *Macqueen*, in which I went home, the only passenger, [from China in 1826,] the captain, the surgeon, and the purser, all strong men in comparison with me, are all gone; and now our *Thalia* party [of 1829,] is fast going. Jackson and I alone are left of five who were returning to India. The other three were all about my age, and apparently better lives. B——, too,—a young cadet,—and Miss R——, have made six of our small company in seven years. These are facts, dearest Lettice, that ought to make us bow in humble gratitude, that from so many of our name, none have yet been cut off. May we not, however, sleep as if this was our resting-place, but as good soldiers be ready at whatever hour we may be called?

Most of his letters now breathe the same spirit. Speaking of his father's resignation under waning life, he writes to Lettice (in 1834):—

Your accounts of our dear father are very interesting. He is now showing, more than he did at Seringapatam, the native stoutness of his heart. And how pleasing for us that, with his strength, all the bitterness of his latter years is vanishing, and that as he approaches his God his frame of mind is suiting itself to the great change. What an iron frame he must have had to have stood such repeated shocks. May he be yet spared to us; and when he does depart, may we, his children, benefit by his example; by what he was, and by what he was not.

Colonel Lawrence suffered greatly during the latter years of his life; and for the last eighteen months scarcely left his bed. His



Francis Bell sc.

Alex^r Lawrence

long career of manly struggle, and distinguished, though ill-requited service ended, in happy Christian peace, in May 1835, at the age of seventy-three. His eldest and favourite son, Alec, came home from India in time to gladden and close his father's eyes. In the natural powers and gifts which go to the making of great men, he was as remarkable as any of his sons. But he lacked their advantages in early life. His merits and misfortunes won friends for *them* when friends can be of use. His deeds of personal valour, his wounds and scars, that gallant remnant of a hand with which he clasped his boys, his fire-side tales of old campaigns and things that men endure for king and country, his high regard for truth and honour, and contempt of knaves, his heart so tender to give, and so tough to go without, his English sense of independence come what might, the very sternness of his discipline, and the gloomy story of his wrongs: these are all memories sunk like foundation shafts under the careers of the old veteran's children; and we who would rightly honour *them* must begin by honouring *him*.

This 1834 letter, in which Henry Lawrence speaks of his dying father, is a sad one altogether. There is no blue in the sky, and he gives up hoping for Honoria Marshall. It was "absurd" ever to have done so. Most absurd of all never to have told her that he loved her in those bygone days. Yet it was duty kept him silent.

Now and *then* are different words. What has not five years done! And what might it not have done! To have then married would indeed have been unwise—not as concerned myself, but her and others. But had I tried, as one in his senses would have done, to have gained her heart, matters might have been managed. Such, however, was not to be; and if any one is to blame, I am the culprit as I am the sufferer. The chances are now very many against my ever being married. This I say, not as a boy of 17, but as one, though unattractive in himself, not easily captivated. Tell me always where and how she is, and keep up your correspondence with her.

So back he goes to work more desperately than ever. One of his oldest and best friends in life, Major Robert MacGregor, thus remonstrates with him on the 25th January 1835:—

One thing, however, I would beg you to recollect, that you will serve and please your family and friends (and Government too) better by throwing only that degree of energy and industry into your work as will not endanger your health. Working as you are chiefly for others, you must allow a fellow-labourer to say that they will be more benefited by

the long continuance of moderate assistance than if its extent were greater only to end the sooner. The cessation of power will follow the sacrifice of health, and that the one may be continued to you, you must take more care of the other. . . . You must not measure *too* many villages, nor *too* long remain abroad in the day ; or else any promotion¹ you get will not assist you long.

Most kind and true ; but unfortunately it was just Henry Lawrence's idiosyncrasy to "measure *too* many villages," and stay out "*too* long" in the sun. And just now hard work was not only a nature but a necessity and a refuge to him. Either he must fag and forget Honora Marshall, or else talk of her to his sister Letitia by way of rest. What infinite tenderness—nearer that of women than of men—there is in his way of turning for consolation to this first confidante of his childhood ! In June 1836 he writes :—

John has got the full likeness of our dear father very nicely copied by a native, and here it is hanging over me, surrounded by the four small pictures. They are close to my bed, almost the first things I put my eyes on in the morning and often the last at night. I can see you, darling L., as I used to take you to poor Rippingale, sweetly though rather sadly smiling on me. Are such looks ever again to gladden me ? And if we ever do meet, will our hearts leap within us, as they would now ? If I could altogether bring myself to believe either that we are not again to meet, or to meet coldly, I could lay me down and die, as having little to look to or to live for. You have been for fifteen years the one object to which I have looked, and circumstances have prevented the division and distraction of my affections. Had I married, I suppose I should have cooled, though I think not. But I've not been tried, nor am I likely to be ; so you may consider me as wedded to you for better or worse.

Blind mortals and blind moles, you neither of you know, as you go burrowing on, how near you are to light. But perhaps the moles know best. The incumbent soil must surely weigh less heavily as those persistent little paws, guided by God himself, come within an inch of the upper air. But men's hearts seem to be heaviest just before the sorrow is lifted off. Scarcely had Henry Lawrence despatched the last sad letter, when the English mail came in, and plunged him into a revulsion of joy. Let him tell it himself :—

Gorruckpoor, 21st June (1836).

MY DEAREST LETTICE,—Your letter of 28th March had happily a speedy voyage, and brought with it more joy than even your fond and

¹ He was promoted to full Surveyor on the 2nd June 1835.

faithful heart can picture. You have all along acted like yourself, and as few else could or would have done, and have bound me by a tie that never can be broken. Not a week since I wrote to you and alluded to the possibility of marriage affecting my feelings towards you. I then said it in sober, sad presentiment that no such event could happen ; but now that you have brightened my prospects, and thrown light on my dark and lonesome path, how can I do otherwise than repeat—ay, and if vows were necessary or more binding than my simple word, I would bind myself ever to love as I have loved my more than sister, the good genius and directing star of our house. It only grieves me that you should have allowed my interests to prey upon your mind. . . . I have told Honoria that I will gladly meet her where she likes, either at Madras or Calcutta.

Even in such a moment, however, he cannot forget what is due to his widowed mother, and he turns at once to the arrangements made by the brothers for her comfort, with which nothing must be allowed to interfere.

Mind me, Lettice (he says), I set agoing *our fund*, and rather dunned John into aiding it *at first*; but I mistook my man, for, instead of requiring to be urged, he has put me to shame. It would, therefore, ill become me now to leave him in the lurch : the more so as he alone knew of my writing to you about Honoria three years ago. . . . I hold no claim on me so sacred as to put by all I can spare until such a sum is accumulated as at interest will produce a moderate income for our mother.

Henry, of course, writes the joyful news to his brothers and sisters in India; and John in reply says:—

I sincerely congratulate you on your happy prospects. Honoria Marshall was certainly, when I knew her, a delightful creature. You are certainly a most fortunate fellow. . . . You must try and get some other appointment than in the Survey, which will never do for a married man, as you can't drag your wife about in the jungles in the hot winds.

We shall see hereafter whether he can or not. At present he has a year to wait, and that is difficulty enough.

My brain has been in a whirl for the last four days, (he tells Letitia on the 25th June). I sit with my papers before me and do nothing, and have not energy to put my name to, examine, and despatch some documents that have given me weeks of trouble to prepare. But it will go off, and I'll try to live in quiet and resigned hope that I am to have my reward. . . . It is to you and Angel (Heath) I look; and much as I love you both, gain me but the aim and object of my endeavours, and I shall bless your names.

Speaking of the slowness of promotion in the Company's army, he says, the 13th July, 1836 :—

There still seems some slight hope of Mr. Curwen's fund, or something like it, being established. The Court's abortion ought, I think, to be declined by the army. But, bad as it is, the Artillery will be likely to gain the most by it, as we have so many veteran captains who can hardly dare to look for a majority. Why, Lettice, I am nearly as old as was Alexander the Great when he had conquered the world ; and I very much doubt whether the average age of Cæsar's Tribunes, much less his Centurions, or Deputy-Centurions, exceeded thirty. Strange indeed that, with such an apparatus, such a cumbrous machinery as is our Seniority List, we should have crossed bayonets with the French in the Deccan, at Java, and at Bourbon ; that we should have marched an army into Egypt ; that with tens we should have overthrown thousands. I may be a partisan, but I maintain that, save the Macedonians, no tide of conquest has even been as ours. As did Alexander, so did we. First, we combated superior numbers of Europeans ; and then with pigmy armies we overthrew the chivalry of the East ; and what's more, we have held it when, in the expressive words of a Native chief, "one handful of dust from each of the faithful would annihilate us." Let not, however, our rulers forget how the country has been acquired, and let them not keep us hanging on, until *our armour becomes too heavy for us*. Age and disgust may do for us what luxury did for Rome. It was when the Legionaries began to prefer a silken to a steel corselet that Rome's foundations trembled. What then must our army be when its subalterns are worn-out veterans, and its seniors dotards ?

What I mean to say is (lest his sister should not understand the argument !) that *I ought to be a captain or a major !* Or, the chances are, that when I am, I shall be more fit for the invalids.

Among the waifs and strays of this love-making time is a passage from one of his own letters to Miss Marshall, written evidently in January 1837, and speaking with such tenderness and reverence of both his parents, that his mother, having got a sight of it, copied it out with her own hand, and kept it among her treasures. After her death it came back to him embalmed in her hand-writing. And now it lives a relic of them both :—

My thoughts have been busy fancying all concerning you, and I fixed it as I wished, that you were making one of my dear mother's party this "Twelfth Night," who are around her too deserted hearth ; recalling in a measure days long gone by, when the sons and daughters crowded round her. You have already, my precious Honoria, a daughter's interest in my mother's heart, and, I trust, feel towards her as a child

to her parent. She has ever been to us all a kind and too indulgent one, and we have hardly ministered to her as we might, and ought to have done, when money is but a small matter, and the giving it requires more delicacy by far than taking, and I feel that it is because our mother is somewhat beholden to us in a pecuniary way, that we are the more called on to be watchful and jealous over ourselves, and do all in our power too soothe her in her widowhood ; for her heart must indeed be now desolate and alive to neglect or want of sympathy, after possessing for thirty-seven years the first place in such a heart as my father's : one that teemed with affection ; not cold formal attention, but spirit-stirring love ; ever the same, unceasing and unchanged to the last. His was indeed a heart of hearts, only too kind and too trusting ; but he is gone, and I trust that through the merits of our Saviour is now in peace, and looking down upon his children with his own look of love.

In the hot weather of 1837 Henry Lawrence was again driven to the Simla Hills to repair the inroads made in his health by the exposure of the Survey and the high-pressure system of work which he had himself introduced. As he started, John (who was revising the revenue settlements of the district of Goorgaon, and just rising half a head above his fellows by the same force of work) propounded this question : "How do you propose managing should Honoria Marshall arrive while you are in the hills ? You can't go down in the rains." But there seemed no hope to Henry of her coming before October, and if she did the rains would never stop him—not they. His friend, James Thomason, had a sister in Calcutta, married to Major Hutchinson of the Artillery, and their hospitable home was ready to receive Miss Marshall, come whenever she might. "I have some great curiosity," said Thomason, "to behold the lady who is to rule your rugged destiny." We, dear reader, have already beheld her in her girlish loveliness, at her home on the banks of Lough Swilly. Since then she has gone through sorrow, and sorrow has brought sickness, and sickness has paled that rosy cheek, and wasted that rounded form. But these are the fires whence the fine gold comes ; the gold of which Honoria Lawrences are made. Let us go and meet her on her voyage, and bid her be of good cheer, for life shall bring her nothing now but love, and peace, and bright hereafter.

*From MISS MARSHALL to MRS. CAMERON, Kilchoman Manse,
Islay, N.B.*

On board the "Reliance," April 20th, 1837, Lat. 20°.

BETWEEN the tropics, darling Mary. Can you fancy me here ? I would

you could : or rather could see me and the strange new world of animate and inanimate objects with which I am surrounded. But first let me thank you for your letter; which reached me the day before I left England, and welcome as the sight of your hand has been to me for four years, never did a letter from you cheer me more than that did. My heart thanks you for it over and over ; it was just what I wanted in that dark hour, which I think must bear a closer analogy to death than any other, when the spirit is separating itself from all it has ever known and loved, to enter on an untried scene of being. . . . And, Mary, though I know and strive against the danger of making an earthly idol, yet I believe that my heart is under the teaching of God, for with the cup of happiness now at my lips, I feel that I should be enabled to lay it down untasted, were this to minister to his soul's good. I could lay down my life for his sake, and I feel that nothing can now come between us but some immediate stroke from God. This will not be sent unless our immortal interests require it ; and then we shall be supported. . . .

And now you will wish to know my whereabouts, and how I like my way of life. First of all, I am *perfectly well*, and have, in this unwonted sensation, a pleasure that is not easily described. Oh that you could partake of the balmy, bracing, indescribably lovely sea-breezes, or that you could watch with me the rapid tropical sunset, the moon shining too brightly to be gazed on, the stars looking down through a transparent atmosphere with a lustre passing all we northerns could imagine, and the deep boundless sea, the "mirror where the Almighty's form glasses itself." . . . I never go from my cabin till half-past three, which is dinner hour. During the evening I am on deck from six till eight. I walk for about an hour and then sit down ; and oh, Mary, when I wrap myself up in my own thoughts, giving monosyllable answers to those who speak to me, my mind filled to overflowing with the grandeur of the scene around, with thoughts of those I have left, and with the sickening of deferred hope, as to what I go to ; oh, then, what would I give for some one to speak to, some one to whom I could express the varied tumults of my mind ! . . .

Her suspense did not even end with the voyage ; for it turned out, as John had anticipated, she reached the sea-coast of India only to find Henry Lawrence on its northern frontier, after dreaming of her for nine years. "The course of true love never *does* run smooth." But let her tell it herself :—

To MRS. CAMERON.

Near Monghyr, on the Ganges, October 2nd, 1837.

TWICE during my solitary imprisonment on board ship did I despatch letters to my own dearest Mary ; and now that, instead of being alone, I have found the "supplement and completion of my being," and am in the

full enjoyment of all that affection and sympathy can give, shall I not share with you my happiness, as I have so often done my sorrows? You have gained, not lost, a friend by my marriage, as Henry's own few lines will show. *This* is not the long crossed letter that you asked and I promised, but merely a line to show you that you live in remembrance. You know the inner chambers of my heart better than most, so you will understand the force of my words when I tell you *I am happy*, and that in Henry I find that on which my understanding heart can fully rest with a union of tastes, feelings, and even habits, scarcely found between those who have had similar training, and certainly not to have been reckoned on where all our external circumstances had been so different.

Yes, my beloved friend, God has filled our cup of blessing, and we own His hand in all we enjoy. My brief but eventful chronicle since last writing is as follows:—June 29th, anchored in Madras roads; went ashore for two days. July 1st, weighed anchor. July 6th, were in the Hooghly. July 8th, anchored off Calcutta.

Henry had had severe illness last September, which obliged him to try change of air, so he went in March to the Himalayas. He got none of my letters mentioning the time and manner of my leaving England, and did not expect me for many months; so he was not at Calcutta to meet me, a circumstance which he felt even more than I did; but this was our sole drawback, and even this was but a few weeks' trial of our patience. Happily one of his brothers was at Calcutta, and took me to friends whom Henry had prepared to receive me—Major and Mrs. Hutchinson. She is daughter to Thomason, Henry Martyn's friend, and her brother is an intimate friend of *my* Henry's. I wrote to Simla, where he was 1,100 miles off (and you must recollect it was 1,100 miles over hill and jungles, stream and morass); and he was with me August 17th, having performed his journey safely, though at the worst season. August 21st we were married. The H.'s completed their kindness by going to visit some friends and leaving us their house for a week. September 5th we embarked in a pinnace, which has brought us so far, and in which we expect to be for another week; after which we shall have a few days' land travelling to reach Gorruckpoor. Our tent-life will begin immediately, and by the beginning of next year Gorruckpoor district will be finished, and we shall, please God, go to Allahabad. A brief sketch, Mary, of what might make volumes, and by degrees I shall *unwind* to you; but hitherto I have had numerous letters to write, all telling much the same thing, and this you know is very benumbing to the mind and indisposes one for a real long letter. But when Henry is engaged in his work, I shall necessarily be alone part of the day, and then I promise myself to write fully to you and a few others.

At present I am just beginning to feel that mine is "a sober certainty of waking bliss." For a long time I felt as if it could be but a dream, from which I should waken.

We have both been ill since our marriage. I took fever the week after, and was so weak that I was carried on board the pinnace, and at this moment Henry is suffering from a similar attack; but at this time of year scarcely anyone escapes, and I am, all in all, much better than I was in England. You will like to know that all Henry's family in this country have given me the same warm welcome among them that those at home did, and ours is one of those rare cases where there is not a dissentient voice on either side. . . . I do feel what your last letter said, that my marriage, instead of weaning us from one another, would enlarge our common ground of thought and feeling. We send you a warm shawl that Henry brought from the Himalayas; it will keep out the Scotch mist, and, *not* being a Cashmere, or anything fine, is "not too bright and good for human nature's daily food."

Farewell, my very dear friend. My very kind regards to Mr. C., and as much love to yourself as H. M. ever gave is yours, from

HONORIA LAWRENCE.

"Henry's own few lines," written on the 20th September, throw his heart wide open to admit at once the chosen friend of his Honoria. Nor was it a honeymoon impulse, for he cherished the friendship affectionately through life, yes, even in death:

MY DEAR MRS. CAMERON,—I have heard you so often and so affectionately spoken of by my dear wife, as one whose warm sympathy had attended her when most she wanted friendship's ministering hand, that I cannot address you as a stranger, but rather, with an affection more suited to your own feelings, stretch out my hand to you at this extremity of the earth with warm gratitude, and from my heart I assure you that few things in life would please me more than to be able, rather in deeds than words, to testify how much I appreciate the worth of you and two or three other of Honoria's friends.

Her career for the last few years, chequered as it has been, has not been without its benefits; it brought her friends whose value she could hardly have appreciated under other circumstances; and if it enable her now the more steadily to steer her bark, the bygone storms will not have blown amiss. It might tinge your cheek to hear the terms in which Honoria speaks of you. I will not, therefore, say more than that I unite with her in warm regard and best wishes for you and your family's happiness.

Your sincere friend,

H. M. LAWRENCE.

Certainly this was a heart that had a rare gift of loving, and therefore of being loved; and scarcely would it be possible for any union of imperfect human beings to be more complete and blessed

in every way than that of Henry and Honoria Lawrence. It had been a solemn compact between Letitia Lawrence and Honoria Marshall that if she married Henry she should make it her mission to look to his soul. How faithfully and wisely she fulfilled it we shall see in due course.

But here is her prayer on their wedding day, the 21st August, 1837:—

Almighty and most tender Father, we, thy weak and sinful creatures, approach thy mercy-seat in the name of our Saviour, beseeching thee, for his sake, to hear our petitions and accept our praise.

Thy Providence hath guided our way and given us to each other; thou hast bestowed on us the precious gift of natural affection, to sweeten life; thou hast commanded us to serve thee, and thou hast promised thy blessing on our weak attempts so to do. We desire, O Lord, to give ourselves up to thee: may we help one another in the way of holiness. We are ignorant and erring; teach and purify our souls by thy Spirit, make us diligent in the study of thy word, and watchful to obey its precepts. Thou seest the sins by which we are most easily beset; enable us to struggle against these; and as we daily need and seek thy pardon, so may we be gentle and forbearing one to another. May we love one another with a pure heart fervently; but deliver us from spiritual idolatry, and let not any object withdraw our supreme affections from thee.

As we call ourselves by the name of Christ, may we indeed be his servants; trusting to him as our Saviour, looking to him as our Teacher, and obeying him as our Master. Thy Providence has fixed our habitation in a heathen land: guard us against the peculiar temptations to which we are thus exposed; and as we are deprived of outward advantages, may we the more diligently seek the inward teaching of thy Spirit. Enable us, as far as in us lies, to spread the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord, and strengthen us to act consistently and uprightly, that no error of ours may bring a reproach on our profession. Thus, O Heavenly Father, may we daily come to thee as little children, asking forgiveness of our numerous sins, desirous to be taught of thee, casting on thee every care and anxiety, looking on all our blessings as thy gift, and serving thee with a steadfast and single eye. Thus may we walk together in the narrow path that leadeth to life, and dwell together in thy presence for ever and ever. Amen.

* They were married at the Mission Church, Calcutta, by Archdeacon Dealtry (the late good Bishop of Madras). The only one of Henry Lawrence's old friends who was near enough to be present, was the same who had saved him from drowning when they were cadets together at Addiscombe.

Before we follow them "up the country," and see how the young bride accommodated herself to what James Thomason called the "rugged destiny" of Henry Lawrence, let us turn over the pages of the journal in which she jotted down, for the perusal of friends at home, her first impressions of India while the novelty of the scene was fresh :—

During my short residence in this country, I have been struck by the depth of colouring with which the scenes of existence are here painted. Life is so uncertain, disease so rapid ; there are such lengthened separations and so many uncertainties in the conveyance of intelligence, that I feel quite bewildered at the startling occurrences I hear of. Take as a specimen two or three which have occurred within the knowledge of the friends I am with (at Cossipoor, near Calcutta). When Mrs. H. came out she had, as fellow passenger, Mrs. F., a lady who had gone home for her health. Her husband had come to Calcutta to meet her. The Semaphore announced that her ship was in the river. He immediately got into a little boat that he might go down to meet her, intending to await her arrival at a certain point. Not seeing the ship, however, he went gradually on till he was many miles down the river. A breeze sprang up, which was against the boat, and upset it. Mr. F. was never seen again, I believe ; but the breeze carried his wife quickly up to Calcutta, where she went immediately to Mr. Thomason's, at whose house the meeting was appointed. There she only heard of her husband's having taken boat ; and it was many hours before the truth was ascertained.

Here again is another. A friend of Major H.'s had gone home, and there met a lady to whom he became attached ; but not deeming it then prudent to marry, he returned to India, and afterwards wrote, asking the lady to come to him. She did so ; but by a train of circumstances somewhat resembling my own, the gentleman was up the country at the time of her arrival. She came immediately to Cossipoor, and *he* set out out to join her as soon as he heard she was come. Some weeks elapsed before he could reach her, and I can well understand what were her anxious and impatient feelings. He was daily expected, when she was taken ill with cholera, and in two days died. The frightful rapidity of death and all belonging to it, in this climate, obliges immediate interment. She died in the morning, and was to have been buried in the afternoon. Just as the funeral was about to start, a boat stopped at the steps leading to the house. The gentleman stepped out, and was barely in time to see her remains and to follow them to the grave. . . .

I think the system respecting servants in this country is very hurtful to one's own mind. You hire your servant at so much a month. They do your work and you have no further concern with them. If they do not please you, you dismiss them. They make their *salam*, and next day

you are surrounded by new faces. All this is very free from care, but has a sad tendency to make you selfish. At home every conscientious person feels responsible to a certain degree for the moral conduct and religious instruction of his domestics, as well as the duty of consulting their comfort. Here the difference of religion does away with the first; and the habits of life, in a great measure, obviate the second. It is difficult for the master and mistress to recollect that their servants are responsible, immortal beings, or to think of more than their own convenience. I was surprised to find among Europeans the prejudices of *caste*, and that many of them object to a low-caste native (simply on that ground), as much as a Hindoo would. This is surely contrary to our faith, though I can easily understand the feeling gaining on one. The obsequious manner of the servants annoys me greatly. I do not mean that they ought not to be respectful, but a man's standing with folded hands, waiting for his master's orders, seems to me more like devotion than service. The train of domestics in an Indian establishment arises from the impossibility of getting any servant to do more than one thing. The *bearer* will not take a teacup off the table, nor would the *khidmutgar* pull the *punkah*. I asked Mrs. H— yesterday how many servants they had. She replied, "I am not sure, but we are very moderate people. I can soon reckon." The number amounted to nearly thirty:—A waiting-maid, an under-woman, a sweeper, a head-bearer, a mate-bearer, six under-bearers, a *khansaman* or house-steward, three table attendants, a cook, a gardener, a water-carrier, a washerman, a tailor, a coachman, two grooms, two grass-cutters, a man to tend the goats, two messengers, and a woman to keep off the bodies which float down the stream past the house. Now, having all these servants, they will only wait on their own employers. Every one going visiting takes his own. A lady who came here for a week lately, brought two women, two *khidmutgars*, two bearers, and a tailor. . . . All, when out of doors, wear shoes, generally of yellow or scarlet leather, with turned-up toes; but they never come into the house with them. Indeed a man could not show more disrespect than by coming into your presence with covered feet and bare heads. Such are the different notions of politeness! . . .

Time passes and the vividness of my impressions is wearing away. It is wonderful how soon new scenes become familiar, and we begin to feel as if we had always lived in them. When I had been a few weeks on board ship my previous life appeared a dream; and now the sea is to me a dim and distant vision, and home seems immeasurably removed both in time and space. The dusky forms and foreign languages of those around me have ceased to be strange, and even my own new name has become habitual. Instead of being *Miss-Baba*, the term for unmarried ladies, I am now *Mem-Sahib*, literally Mrs. Master; and do not wonder to hear myself so designated. . . .

I have not yet seen anything like the violence of the elements that I

expected in this climate. Indeed I think our Western ideas of the horrors of India are vastly exaggerated. I have not yet seen a snake, except one in the water, though I am not yet reconciled to the great cockroaches, which creep out of the crevices (of the cabin of their boat) of an evening; nor was much pleased to see a scorpion walk deliberately across the floor a few days ago; nor to find a centipede making a bed of the slipper I was about to put on. Still these are nothing like the dangers I expected. . . .

I went (in Calcutta) to see the Orphan Refuge of Mrs. Wilson, and was much delighted with her and her labours. She is the widow of a clergyman. Years ago, when educating native females was a thing unheard of in Bengal, this courageous woman came out to try the experiment, and by degrees she gathered round her a few girls. She married Mr. Wilson, and I do not know the successive steps in her course; but at present she is a widow, and has an asylum for female orphans, about eight miles above Calcutta, on the Hooghly. The building is large and commodious, standing within an enclosure, which opens by a flight of steps, on the river. Here we entered, and walking across the courtyard, we found ourselves at the door of a room which is the chapel. It was the hour of evening worship. On the matted floor were seated a hundred girls, their ages varying from three to twelve years, ranged in rows of twenty-five each, the little ones in front, the elder behind. All were dressed exactly alike and exquisitely clean, and not being disfigured with ear-rings and nose-rings, they looked simple and child-like. The dress consisted of one large piece of white muslin. This is called a *saree*. One end is wrapped round the waist and tucked in, so as to form a long petticoat. The remainder is thrown round the shoulders and over the head, covering the whole person with a most graceful drapery, leaving only the face, the left hand and right arm bare. The girls all looked healthy and happy; and either there was, or I fancied, much more intellectual expression in the countenances of the elder ones than I had seen in any other native females.

When we entered they were singing the Evening Hymn in Bengalee, and it was very sweet to hear a hundred young voices join in its simple music, especially when one thought from what they had been saved. Mrs. Wilson is an elderly woman, of ladylike, quiet demeanour, with an intelligent and benevolent countenance. Nothing in her manner enthusiastic, but like one who had counted the cost, and given herself heart and soul to the work she had chosen. She prayed with the children in Bengalee, and afterwards, as we were there, in English. She asked us to question the children, and we asked them of some of the leading facts and doctrines of the Gospel (Mrs. Wilson acting as interpreter). The children answered readily and intelligently. We then went into the school-room, which is large, clean, and airy, the venetians light green, the walls white, the floors matted. From it there opened two sleeping-

rooms; one, a large dormitory, where the girls spread their mats and blankets; the other, a smaller room, with native bedsteads, which was the hospital. Crossing a paved court, we entered a long room where the children eat. Down the middle was a channel for water, and on each side sat the girls, each pair provided with a brass plate of rice, with a seasoning of fish or *dal*. At the top of the room were Mrs. Wilson's two assistants who were both country-born, *i. e.* half-caste young women. They superintended the distribution of the food. *All the domestic habits of the girls brought up here are native; and while their minds are educated, they are not unfitted for simple life.* As they grow up they are married to native Christians. They do needlework beautifully, and it is sold for the benefit of the institution. The upper part of the house is appropriated to Mrs. Wilson and her assistants. All seemed clean, orderly, and cheerful; and I never looked with more respect on any human being than I did on Mrs. Wilson * . . .

Who can take the voyage we are now on, and not think of Heber's beautiful lines, describing how lightly "our pinnace glides o'er Gunga's mimic sea;" and his other pretty poem the *Evening Walk in Bengal*? The latter is perfectly correct, except the lines—

While to this cooler air confest,
The broad Dhatura bares her breast;
for she closes her leaves at night. That
the jackal's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry,

is, of course, matter of opinion. I can fancy nothing more discordant . . .

We have seldom seen the Ganges at its full breadth, because of the many islands which divide it into channels, sometimes not more than half-a-mile wide. Besides, it winds so much as to look more like a succession of lakes than a continuous stream. The banks have been a good deal varied, but their prevalent clothing is a tall coarse grass, ten or twelve feet high, with a feathery head of white downy seed, presenting, at places, a surface so unbroken, so unspotted, as to look like a heavy fall of snow. About the villages there is a good deal of Indian corn and much indigo, a very unicturesque crop, growing in low, ragged, weed-like bushes. At Berhampoor we saw a field of mulberries, not trees, but bushes, scarcely so large as gooseberry-trees. I was surprised, too, to find that the cotton which is manufactured grows on a low, insignificant plant, and what is yielded by the magnificent *seemul*, or cotton-tree, is of

* The warm interest which this visit to the Orphan Refuge created in their minds never died out. And while the school itself derived liberal aid from them, it was probably one out of the many links in their experience, which led their own efforts at usefulness so much into educational channels.

very little use. Castor-oil trees are much planted in the fences. They are very pretty. The leaf is shaped much like that of a sycamore, and the tree grows about twelve feet high. Balsams—purple, white, red, and variegated—abound in the hedges, and are planted round temples and tombs. The blossoms are laid as offerings on the shrines, and are afterwards thrown into the river, which I have seen quite enamelled with them. What would you say to see the boatmen, who pull us along by a rope, push their way through a whole wilderness of *Datura*, which hangs its beautiful bells in every hedge and nook? Sometimes its blossoms are tinted round the edge with a reddish purple. Every variety of cactus and aloe is used for fences, and when well planted they are quite impenetrable. There are beauteous creepers festooning from tree to tree, or matting over the ground—some of the *convolvulus* family, others with a small bright blue blossom of the *digitalis* species. We see multitudes of two or three varieties of the palm, which have the characteristics of smooth, slender stem and round head of drooping leaves; but lack the graceful feathery crest and curved outlines of the cocoa. All trees of this sort shoot from the earth as if they had attained their full growth under ground; the completely-formed head emerging from the soil like the crown of the pine, and the stem gradually lengthening. . . .

The peculiar mode of growth of these plants reminds me of Milton's idea of the fully formed animals rising out of the earth at their creation. ⁴

Perhaps you know, what I have only lately learned, that "Tadmor" is the Hebrew for palm, and that "Tadmor in the Wilderness" and Palmyra not only designate the same place, but have the same meaning. Well, as I am showing my learning, I will also tell you that "Phoenix" is the Greek for palm, and that the fable of the bird is supposed to originate in the tree, which, if it is burned down, will send up a new stem.

These peeps into the young bride's journal are enough to promise us that the mind and heart now taken into fellowship with Henry

— The earth obeyed, and straight
 Opening her fertile womb, teemed at a birth
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
 Limbed and full grown; out of the ground uprose,
 As from his lair, the wild beast where he wons
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walked:

The grassy clods now calved; now half appeared
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts, their springs as broke from bonds,
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
 The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
 In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head, &c. —*Paradise Lost*, Book vii.

Lawrence's are both able and willing to enter into high aims, to cheer, stimulate, and help the upward struggles of an earnest man, to lend grace to the strength of his career, and to trim with faithful hand the lamp of the spirit shining on his work. From the very first she threw her whole heart into her husband's lot, and sought her usefulness and happiness in being the tributary stream that swelled the volume of a noble river. She had married a working man—with a bride's delight she set herself to becoming a working man's wife. Whatever his occupation was, she applied herself to understand and share it. If she could help in it, she helped. If not, she sat by, and sympathised. It was her affair as well as his. The progress of the public work was his duty and her aim; and the enthusiasm never flagged. Rather it burnt with a higher and steadier glow to her life's end. Those who have known her will bear witness that never had great public servant a help more meet for him.

Let us now follow them to their Rechabite home in the Survey Camp: a somewhat rough welcome for a bride.

From MRS. L. to MRS. CAMERON.

Dec. 28th, 1837, Camp near Gorruckpoor.

MY OWN DEAR MARY.— . . . Now that we are both wives, we have fresh sources of sympathy opened to us, and I often long that we could but alk over the wondrous change come over the spirit of our lives. We both found the good of trouble, and while we were undergoing the discipline we recognized a Father's hand in our trials; and now, my beloved friend, that our circumstances are changed, our trials are of a different character. I have continually to fear, lest I should rest on earthly happiness—lest prosperity should withdraw my heart from God. A year ago I was happy; but my joy was mingled with fear of every kind, except fear of change in Henry. Now all these harassing doubts are ended, and I have only to desire a continuance of what has been granted.

We wrote to you by the October steamer. You have, I hope, ere now got the letter, and assured yourself that your friend is unchanged. . . .

I will take up my narrative from my last despatch. It was sent from Dinapore, and on the 9th October we left our pinnacle. I could not help feeling sorry to quit our little ark, where we had been so happy, and where we had learned that we sufficed to one another for society. We landed at Chupia, and were six days marching into Gorruckpoor. This gave me the first taste of tent-life; and the pleasant impression I then formed of it has been since continually increasing. We remained at the station only a fortnight, and I was very glad to leave it. I never liked what is called company, and the common-place superficialities of society came like a wet blanket upon me, after the preceding weeks, during

which I had only heard and said words coming directly from the heart. However, I was glad to be in the place where my dearest Henry had been, and I felt an interest in seeing even the common acquaintances with whom he had been associating.

Having received the needful politenesses, we were off to the jungles, where we have been ever since. For the last two months the weather has been as delightful as you can imagine—the very *beau idéal* of climate. There has not been a drop of rain since the first week in October. The mornings and evenings are very cold, and all day the air is so cool that we can sit out of doors. I never had such enjoyment of Nature, and since I came out to camp, we have been constantly moving. Sometimes our march begins two hours before sunrise, and the starlight mornings, with the dawning day, are beautiful beyond description. We have been in the northern parts of the district, where it joins the Nepal frontier, and where there are long tracts of forest and jungle. The country in which we are is a perfect plain, but we have been in sight of the Himalayas, and have had some glorious views of them; the lower range undulating and wooded, behind them the sharp peaks and angular outline of the snowy range, looking like opal, or mother-of-pearl.

There are constant fresh sources of interest to me in the plants and animals around us. I could not have conceived the luxuriances of Oriental vegetation till I saw it. The trees are splendid, and in this district very abundant, independently of the forest. The natives, as far as I have seen, have nothing attractive in their character; indeed, as *Gil Blas* said, when he was with the actors, “I am tired of living among the seven deadly sins;” but those whom we have about us are, I suppose, the worst specimens of native disposition. There is something very oppressive in being surrounded by heathen and Mahomedan darkness, in seeing idol-worship all around, and when we see the deep and debasing hold these principles have on the people, it is difficult to believe they can ever be freed from it; indeed nothing short of a miracle could change those who have lived in such a system; but there is a leaven of education at work, large in itself, though comparatively small, from which much good may be expected. I believe the Baptist missionaries of Serampore have done more than any other body of Christians to enlighten the people. About Calcutta there are numbers who are not Hindoos, but it would be hard to find those who are Christians. I hear it said, on every hand, that missionaries are not effective, but no one seems to have found the way of making them more so. Simple good intentions do not certainly suffice, at least not for extended good, though they may produce individual conversions. Those parts of the Bible that treat of idolatry have a force, when read here, such as in our land they cannot have.

But you will desire rather to know how I find my own spiritual condition affected by this new world. Certainly I miss very much the

outward observances of religion, and its public institutions; but with these we have also left behind much of the wood, hay, and stubble that deface piety, where it is professed by the many. It is a position to try our motives, for, situated as we are, there is nothing to be either gained or lost by religion; there is no temptation to profess more than we feel, or to deceive ourselves by setting down excitement for piety. But, in these wilds, the Bible appears to me more than I ever before found it, *the Book*. And so long as we seek God by diligent prayer, I feel that He is with us, and can supply every need; but should we fall into forgetfulness of Him, there is nothing external to reach us. I go into these particulars, for surely if we look to one home, dearest Mary, and walk by one rule, we must be interested to know of each other's road, what are its hindrances and advantages. But perhaps you have not a distinct notion of what our mode of life is. Well, then, Henry is engaged on the Revenue Survey, that is, in the work of surveying accurately the country, with a view to the fair assessment of the Revenue, which chiefly arises from a tax on the land. He is the head of a party. Three gentlemen are his assistants, besides an office where there are English and half-caste young men, and some hundred of the Native establishment, for measuring, writing, carrying chains, &c. We take the field about the first October, and remain in camp till May or June. Henry and his assistants have detached camps at different points of the district, from whence, as centres, the business is carried on, and as each part is finished our camps move. Last year Henry surveyed 1,400 square miles. You may believe that he holds no sinecure, and his situation gives him considerable power for benefiting others. It is pleasant to think how many of those about him owe their comfortable and respectable situations in life wholly to him. "I speak," as the sweet Meta Klopstock says, "with all wifely modesty," but I should like my dear Mary to know from his deeds what sort of a husband her friend has got. I have read very little since I landed, my time being much taken up in learning my new place in life. Imagine me, not only with the new duties of a wife, but in a strange country, a strange climate, all the servants speaking a strange language, and with this complete novelty of living in a camp. Truly it required the strength of affection to make me feel at home among all this. . . .

We are on the eve of a march of 200 miles; this district being finished, Henry is ordered to Allahabad. A change of residence seems at home such a formidable undertaking, that you can hardly imagine what a simple matter it is here, particularly to such plain people as we are.

The Gorruckpoor district, which Lawrence had just surveyed, touched, on its north side, the kingdom of Nepal, where hereafter he was to be British Resident, and on its west the kingdom of Oudh, where he was to render his last services to his country. The district of Allahabad, which he was now going to survey, also touched Oudh

upon the north ; and looking back at all his life we must feel an interest in marking how often he was set as an apprentice to pick up knowledge on the borders of those foreign states in which it was to be his lot to hold important posts.

The Allahabad district is not so large as that of Gorruckpoor, but more important. The great line of communication between Calcutta and the North-West runs through it ; and Allahabad itself contains both a civil station and a military cantonment, with one of the few regular fortresses which the overweening self-confidence of the English has allowed them to keep up in India. Coming here, therefore, was like returning to the world ; but, judging from the little poem we have just read, the surveyor and his young wife left the jungles with regret, and will not spend much time in "cantonments."

M s. Lawrence's next letter to Mrs. Cameron gives an amusing sketch of her husband :—

Camp near Allahabad, February 11th, 1838.

OUR march of less than 200 miles occupied nine days ; you ask me if I travel much, and I may reply that we do nothing but travel. Since I left England, except for the two months I was at Cossipoor, I have only been for a few days at a time within a house, and very seldom so much as a fortnight in one place. Henry is the head of a large establishment for surveying ; his assistants are encamped at different points of the district, and he goes from place to place, exercising general superintendence. Hitherto I have accompanied him everywhere, and have seldom been even for a morning parted from him. It is a great happiness that his work does not take him away during the day ; we sit almost invariably in the same tent, and even though I may not interrupt him by speaking, I can sit by him, following my own occupations, while he works at his maps and papers. You bid me describe him. I will try. He is thirty-one, but looks older, is rather tall, very thin and sallow, and has altogether an appearance of worse health than he really has. Dark hair, waxing scanty now, high forehead, very projecting eyebrows, small sunken eyes, long nose, thin cheeks, no whiskers, and a very pretty mouth. Very active and alert in his habits, but very unmethodical. As to dress and externals, perfectly careless, and would walk out with a piece of carpet about his shoulders as readily as with a coat, and would invite people to dinner on a cold shoulder of mutton as readily as to a feast. There now, I do think you have an impartial description of my lord and master. Of his feelings towards those I love, you will judge by his note to yourself ; and if he so feels towards my friends, you may infer his tenderness to me. Yes, dearest Mary, "the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places ;" but I never can feel as you speak, that I have earned these blessings.

I believe it is always the case that on looking back we see our own faults and deficiencies more fully than at the time, and now when I think of former years, I perceive with shame how little good they brought, compared to what they might have done. . . .

To this Henry Lawrence adds in a postscript that

Honoria gives too favourable a view of matters, for we have many rubs to encounter, some such as all must meet, and others incidental to our roving life. I have now tents in three different places, eight or ten miles apart, and have two other encampments (making five in all) to look after; with such endless vexations and contretemps to encounter as he only can conceive who has engaged to furnish a geographical and revenue map of one-sixth of Scotland in one year, showing not only the features of the country, but furnishing all the statistical details requisite for a land assessment. All this to be done, too, by men who, high and low, take bribes; so much so, that it is perfectly useless discharging a man for it, as his successor will only perhaps be worse.

Honoria bears all her discomforts most meekly and wifely; but I sometimes wish her out of the way of my unpleasantnesses.

It so happened that one of Mrs. Lawrence's earliest friends was at this time living in Australia, and from that distant colony reopened their old correspondence. Mrs. Lawrence's reply gives us the first glimpse of a design to emigrate which both she and her husband entertained, and never altogether abandoned.—

To MISS IRWIN, *White Hall, Perth, Western Australia, Swan River.*
Allahabad, March 1838.

. . . And now, dear Margaret, can it be that we who have *trudged* over so much ground at home are now actually set down, one on the banks of the Swan River the other on the Ganges? It is just five years since we last met, and what changes has that time brought! Truly, "man proposeth, but God disposeth;" and every year that has gone over my head has brought fresh reason to love and trust the gracious Father who leads His erring children by a way they know not. You heard of my intended voyage and of its cause. Such a peculiar Providence had marked my course that I was strong in the hope of a favourable result, and the prospect before me was so bright that I bore up under the otherwise dreadful pang of leaving all I had known and loved, to come to a strange land where I had but one attraction.

Your ship contained a family-party, and you can hardly imagine the loneliness of going on board without one acquaintance. But my way was smoothed most wonderfully. I found friends on every side, and reached India after the shortest voyage ever made, viz. 81 days to

Madras, and 6 days thence to Calcutta. Yours was a long imprisonment, but hardly more tedious than mine, so lonely and anxious was my mind I fully understand what you express of a sea-life giving fresh power to many passages in the Bible, and one of my occupations on board ship was to find all the places referring to the sea. Have you ever met with Sibthorpe's *Observations on Jonah*? A friend gave it to me just before I embarked, and I found it a peculiarly interesting book while in the ship.

Well, in July I landed, and was received at Calcutta by a family who soon ceased to be strangers—Major and Mrs. Hutchinson. She is daughter to Thomason, so well known in all religious transactions in India. With them I was very comfortable, till, on the 21st of August, I put myself under more abiding protection. We sought, and have found, the divine blessing on our union, and have daily more reason to bless God for bringing us together. We are one in heart and soul, and have every blessing that mortals can receive. My heart so overflows with tenderness and thankfulness, when I speak of my dear husband, that I am almost afraid to open the subject; but I know you will be interested in hearing of your old friend's happiness.

I want all my friends to know my husband; he knows them, and feels interested in them all. Henry is a Captain in the Bengal Artillery, and holds an appointment in the Survey which Government are taking of their dominions in this country. It is a busy and a wandering life; but we both like it. Except during the rainy season, when we are driven in, we live wholly in tents, a week in one place, a month in another, a day in another. We rarely see a European face, or hear a word of English, and are, in fact, almost as much alone together as if we were in a desert island. We have, therefore, especial reason to be thankful that we can be thoroughly companions. . . .

The part of India we are in is exceedingly hot, but not unhealthy. The hot winds have already set in, but by the help of tatties we manage to keep the thermometer at 80°. I have seen much of India since I came to it, and a great deal of it I like.

We were at a station to the north-east of this district some months ago, and in sight of the Himalayas, the beauty and grandeur of which are indescribable. Just now all looks parched and bare, but after the rains, nature will put on *her own* colour again. I almost envy you, being in a place that at all reminds you of Lough Swilly—dear, dear Lough Swilly! I very often dream of it, but, on waking, sight meets nothing that can bring back that beloved spot. Were I not very happy, I should be very unhappy, at being entirely separated from all that I considered as *home*, but, as it is, we carry home about with us. Still we cannot help feeling a pang when we think of the many whom we love, but may never see again in the flesh. These ought not to be mere barren thoughts, they are surely appointed to quicken us on our way and give a greater reality

to our anticipations of a future re-union; and, meantime, what a blessing is the affection that can thrive alike in any climate, and bind us members of one family, scattered though we be! I would alter one word of Cowper's, and say, "*love* is the Golden Girdle of the Globe." I do indeed wish that we could look to visiting the far-off East where you are. An emigrant to a partly civilised colony, under favourable circumstances of climate, &c., has always seemed to me one of the most desirable of positions. If people have children who grow up, this land entails inevitable separation, and, in most instances, home is very little better—families are there so scattered; but colonists have the prospect of keeping their own flock around them, and of their children dwelling where they have dwelt. One of my many intentions was to get your brother's book on Swan River, and I know not how it failed, but any details you give of the place will be most interesting to us both. I can echo every word you say as to the privation we feel in a strange land of religious advantages.

Perhaps we have even more of it here, as our servants and numerous dependents are heathen, and however we may desire to follow God's law ourselves, we cannot enforce on them our practices. Yet there are advantages here too, and piety, if it flourish at all in such a life, is more likely to be simple and healthy, than where we are in the excitement of religious *bustle*.

You know we used to argue this point at home, where I have imperpetually told you, that your *religious dissipation* was as bad as other people's *worldly*.

But, dear Margaret, when we think of absent friends, we do not dwell on the trifles we differed about, but on the main points where we agreed, and surely we have many such. I am truly glad you have such full satisfaction in your sister-in-law. I do not know any one who, as a sister, has been so happy as you. It is said that sisters-in-law are not friends; but neither you nor I will admit this. Next to the gain of a husband, I reckon that of his sister Letitia, whom you saw at Fahan, long ago, and who has since that time been my invariable and valued friend. Indeed all Henry's family have received me with the utmost cordiality, but Letitia is the one I know best.

The following postscript, by H. M. L., was enclosed in the above:—

You need not be at all astonished to find Honoria walking into your house some morning, for she looks upon a settler's life with envy, and I assure you, my dear Miss Irwin, unless she is vastly given to blarney, would consider you and Major I. as most desirable neighbours. We are poor, nay, more than poor, for we have not a shilling beyond our income; but our wants are few, and as we now receive three times as much as we

spend, if we live eight or ten years, we may be able to carry our aged persons to your more congenial clime. Pray offer my best wishes to Major I., and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,
H. M. LAWRENCE.

With reference to what Mrs. Lawrence has written about the simplicity and heathenism of religious life, when cut off from the luxury of religious fellowship and religious institutions, she added to her letter the following sweet hymn :—

THE TRAVELLER'S HYMN.

“My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.”

O kind Redeemer! gracious Friend,
We claim the promised boon from Thee,
That where Thy scattered people bend,
Thy presence shall among them be.

Tho' from thy Temples severed wide,
Tho' here without a Pastor's care,
Great Shepherd! in our tents abide,
And bless the lonely travellers there!

Tho' in a darkened land we pine,
Where only idol Temples rise,
Let light within our dwellings shine,
And prayer be our heart's sacrifice.

No Pastor's call can reach us here,
To warm, entreat, reprove, rejoice:
Then let us lend the inward ear
To listen to Thy Spirit's voice!

With those we love we may not go
To seek Thee in Thy House of Prayer,
But the same heavens above us glow,
And Thou art present here as there!

Then, when we bend the humble knee,
Do Thou our lonely worship bless,
And let Thy word of promise be
Our manna in the wilderness.

These lines will probably find an echo in many an English heart in India. They bring us back freshly to the fact that the Gospel is for

no one time, or country, or people, or stage of society, or system of church government, but for *Man*, in all his haunts, and all his circumstances. Happy are they who sabbath after sabbath through their lives are bidden by the same sweet bells to come and kneel with the same friends in the same church beside their home. And happy he who, alone in a foreign land, opens his Bible with a reverent heart, and looking up, finds the same God every where.

A letter from Mrs. Lawrence to her husband's eldest sister (at this time married to the Rev. H. H. Hayes) completes the picture of this period of their married life :—

Pampamow, Allahabad, May 3rd, 1838.

HOW I am *alone*, though anything but *in my glory* ; and having this day made my first essay at housekeeping,^s I am somewhat weary ; but it will refresh me to hold a little converse with my dearest sister. Last night Henry brought me here from the Montgomerys, with whom I have been staying. The weather is hot. Oh, you cannot imagine the heat ! When one lies down at night the very sheets feel *roasting*. A stream of hot wind blows from the west between sunrise and sunset ; and at night the breathless stillness is still worse, for then there is no help. During the day, by having wetted *tatties* to the west, the air of the room is cooled ; but at night there is only the *punkah*. The perpetual call to the servants is "throw water," "pull the punkah," "bring iced water !" Well, after all, you see we have the means of assuaging our evils, and it is certainly no worse to be awake from heat than from cold. The ice is a great luxury. During the cold weather it is collected, and for about 6*l.* we get 16 lb. daily throughout the hot season. In Calcutta they use ice brought from America.

During the night I expect a guest, Mrs. — by name. Mr. — is a broken-down surveyor whom Henry is trying to re-establish ; I fear with little prospect of success ; but our darling has a spring of action for the good of others that defies disappointment. Mr. — is a careless, extravagant man ; but his wife is a quiet, nice little woman, in great distress from the state of his affairs and from having just lost her only child. So we have asked them to spend six months with us, Henry giving him work, and I hope to give her some little comfort. Dearest Lettice, when I think of the being to who I am joined, I wonder where such an one came from, and I take delight in analyzing the heart laid open to me. I never saw a being who had so right an estimate of the true use of money. He literally is but a steward of his own income, for

^s Being unable to speak the language, she had been obliged to leave things as usual with "the Sahib" for the first few months. In his absence she must needs make a beginning, and native servants always make it as difficult as possible for "Mem Sahib" to take command of the household.

the good of others. But he has ever a higher generosity ; he never blames others for faults he is himself free from. You know his perfect transparency of character. I suppose since he was born it never entered his head to do anything for effect, and his manner is precisely the same to all ranks of people. . . . No one sees his imperfections more clearly than I do, so I do not judge blindly, nor do I hesitate to tell him when I think he is wrong. But his faults may be summed up in very few words. He wants method ; he is occasionally hasty ; and he is too careless of appearances. But if you were to see how his temper is tried by the nature of his work, you would not wonder at its giving way. And this fault is clearly mending. Indeed I often wonder at his forbearance. I sometimes fear lest my love for him should become of that idolatrous kind that brings chastisement on itself ; yet surely I look on him as the gift of God, and never I think were my prayers so fervent as now that they are joined with his. His unprofessing simplicity of conduct often checks my wordy tendency, and makes me weigh the practical value of my feelings before I give them utterance.

May 5th.—Can you fancy me, dearest Lettice, seated in my own house, which, being now put in order, is very comfortable ? On the table before me Charlotte's blue work-basket, and in it a dear wee cap, of which I have been sewing on the border. The only *but* is dearest Harry's absence ; but I hope this divorcing will soon be over, and when he comes what shall I want that heart could wish.

May 19th.—He is come back ! and I am now as happy as I was lonely without him. Here we sit : I am in the drawing-room, and he is in the next room ; but there are three large doors open between us, so that I hear and see him. He is seated at one side of a long table, and the skylight overhead shows that he is looking very well. At the same table sits Nawazish Ali, the Deputy-Collector, a bandit-looking Mussulman, with a long nose, great grey beard, gold tissue turban, and white apparel. Behind Henry stands Sookhum Lal, his head Persian writer, a very tall, intelligent, saucy-looking man, with a pen behind his ear and an ink-stand stuck in his girdle. The table is surrounded by *Ameens*, men who measure fields, and bring us reports as to soil, cultivation, &c. A new batch of them have come for service, and Harry is examining them. They all look much alike, forming a band of white turbans, black faces, and muslin dresses round the table. In a room beyond are a set of native and half-caste writers. In another set of apartments to the left are Mr. and Mrs. —, and on the opposite side are our rooms. The house is spacious and comfortable, having been built by Government as part of establishment for making gunpowder. The works are given up ; and we have been very fortunate indeed in getting this dwelling-house for ourselves and two adjoining ones for the rest of the surveyors. We are now settled as much as we ever are in a house, for we always think of a tent as our regular abode, and very comfortably we are ex-

ternally as well as internally. The situation is very pretty, being close to the Ganges, which, though now shrunk into a few thready channels making their way through sandy islands, is beginning to fill by the melting of the snow on the hills, and will, when the rains set in, be a noble object. . . . The folks here have called on us, and now invitations are coming in. . . . The Montgomerys are quite friends, and come to us without ceremony. Their society is really a pleasure, and Mrs. M. is my oracle in all domestic matters.⁶ Oh, dearest Lettice, could you but see us, and judge for yourself of our happiness, that would be one of the few things that could increase it ! . . .

[Parenthesis by Henry L.] Dearest Lettice, I merely take up the pen to say that we are very happy, and that we thank you daily for having made us so. Join with us by word, my own sister, as you do in heart, and let us continue our interchange of love and good wishes.

[Mrs. L. continues.] *May 25th.*—You will half quarrel with Harry's marriage if he devolves all the writing on me, instead of sending you his own dear, delightful, queer-shaped, illegible letters. But, in truth, his hands are full of work, to running over just at this time. When he undertook the enlarged Survey he stipulated for certain provisions of instruments, &c., which have not been supplied; and the famine which has been raging to the westward has raised the price of provisions in this part of India so much that there is great difficulty in bringing natives from cheaper districts to do the work. These causes have given H. much trouble; but, despite these drawbacks, the 3,000 square miles which he undertook to finish in a year will, if all be well, be completed much within that time. We shall, then, probably, move further westward; but our future locality gives us little anxiety. So long as the climate is not injurious, we shall be happy anywhere; and I only desire to go where he can do his work with most credit and satisfaction.

⁶ Mrs. Montgomery was sister of Lawrence's friend James Thomason, and of Mrs. Hutchinson, in whose house at Cossipoor, near Calcutta, H. M. L. and his bride had stayed. Mr. (now Sir Robert) Montgomery, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, was at that time in charge of the Allahabad district, which H. M. L. was surveying, and their mutual duties drew them much together. In a note from Simla, dated the 15th May, 1838, Thomason, who was secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, thus writes to Lawrence about their work: "Bravo! Hip, hip, hurrah! for the Extended Survey Scheme. It will be excellent to floor B——" (an opposing superior of L's) "with a few round figures of four places of square miles. I only hope Montgomery won't let you off cheaply, but scrutinize your maps to the north. Next to the pleasure of flooring B—— would be that of catching a crack surveyor tripping. . . . I am glad to find my position for interposing Montgomery between Burd" (the head of the Revenue Board) "and you, like a slice of ham between the two crusts of a sandwich, answers so well. I should enjoy a meeting with you three on any professional question; Captain B—— also joining by special invitation. I think Montgomery and I would have hard work to keep you all in your chairs." What a running fight is public life even between "chief friends," if men be really in earnest! Twelve years more and Montgomery must interpose again.

Dear reader, are you content with Honoria Lawrence? Did he do well to hope and pine nine years for her? Will she repay him all that debt of love? Will she seek his happiness, think you? Will she weave selfish meshes for him, and hold him back from the activities and philanthropies of public life? Or will she help him on with gift and grace towards the high places of two worlds?

There is a bit of paper here we have not read. Some one has cherished it. The hand is hers, but weak and faltering, as if in pain, and it seems about these things:—

I A.M. *May 31st*, 1838—I cannot sleep, and have risen to try if occupation will quiet my thoughts. The close of the month brings to me most forcibly the thought that my days may be numbered, and that I may have but three months more to remain with my Henry I have intended committing to paper some thoughts, the expression of which would *now* only distress you and agitate me, but which you will value as a precious relic should I be taken. . . .

Yes, Henry, I can calmly write these words, for I believe our separation will be but transient, and our union eternal; and my heart's desire is to have all things so arranged as may contribute to your happiness if God sees fit to withdraw me from ministering to it. . . . Another point on which I desire to leave my opinion, is that of your marrying again. That you should do so is my fervent hope, and if an angel could at this moment tell me the hour of my death, and point out the one who was to succeed me as your wife, *that one* would now be loved only next to yourself, provided I was assured of her will and power to make you happy. Yes, my husband, it would darken the dark valley if I entered it with a feeling that you were to be left alone on earth; and if the departed can observe what passes here, my object would be to minister to you both, and show her how she might best be your wife in deed and truth. . . .

Oh, my husband, how can I bear to think of leaving you! and while I feel that my time may be at hand, I cannot bear to embitter the present by telling you my feelings. This, however it may end, is an hour of darkness, sent to remind me that Earth is not Heaven. But I write to express thoughts, that when I am gone, may please, not pain you.

Let me dwell then on the love which ever since we married, and especially for the last three months, has made life lovely; on the blessings that have been lavished upon us; and let me charge you, if I am taken from you, not to repine ungratefully, but to seek for the lesson God means to convey. Follow me to the place where, for Christ's sake, I trust to be; though I shall not return to you, you shall come to me.

Think of Time, in comparison with Eternity. I do not say remember, me—you cannot forget me—but think of me as one lent, and withdrawn

to be restored eternally. I dare not pray for my life, for I know not whether it is best for me to live or die. But I would lay down my life for you, and if I am not to survive, I shall feel that my life *is* taken, *because* it is for your good to be left without me. My prayer is for composure and resignation for us both, that we may comfort one another, and that *whenever* our parting comes, it may be a season to which the survivor may look back with holy joy. Oh, my God "suffer me not, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee;" this one thing I ask, grant it Thou me, that we may be together at the hour of death. Thou formedst us capable of thus loving one another. Sanctify that love, and let it lead us to Thee!

These are the thoughts of no ordinary woman. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life."

CHAPTER V.

1838—1841.

THE five years from 1833 to 1838, which Henry Lawrence passed in the Revenue Survey, were years of great mental activity and development of character. Since the day when, as a boy, he woke up to the fact that schools had taught him nothing, and announced to his sister that he should "now teach himself," he had steadily and ploddingly carried out his resolution. The *Universal History*, in twenty volumes, of which his friend Fenning told us at Dum-Dum,—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, which he told his sister he was "wading through" soon after he landed in India,—the historical studies which his other brother officers recall, and to which the rough notes scrawled about his books and papers still bear witness; his joining the Royal Trigonometrical Survey in Ireland when on sick furlough, and his two years' fagging out the Native languages on his return to India, were all persistent tyro parts of that determination to improve. But when he got into the Survey he passed from books to things; and his mind took a big stride. He now became his own master. Given a certain work to do, the details of doing were in his own discretion. Here was necessity for thought and scope for originality. He had also large establishments under him, wide tracts of country to travel over, and varied races dependent on his judgment and sound work for much of their future prospects. Acquaintance with the people in their rural life corrected the prejudices and enlarged the ideas of the young English officer in cantonments. The vastness of the land, the density of its population, and the vital importance of the civil government, now came home to him. Things he had read all fitted themselves into their places, and he got glimpses into the thousand questions of our position in India, which lie on the right hand and on the left of so many of our countrymen without their even knowing of their existence. Day by day he explored these by-ways of Native society and British rule; and year after year found him more informed of

existing conditions, more thoughtful of our mistakes, more earnest to correct them, more clear as to the directions that reform must take. In short, there were few subjects, civil or military, which concerned the English in India on which he had not now begun to have distinct ideas of his own; not flashes of genius, but pains-taken conclusions, dug out of the facts by an observant eye and a truth-desiring mind, and then made original by force of thought and strong practical application. One or two examples from the masses of memoranda which he had now begun to accumulate will not be uninteresting.

Here is a scrap of a letter apparently addressed to one of the Governor-General's secretaries on hearing rumours of war:—¹

MY DEAR SIR—

The public prints giving out that operations against Burmah, or Nepaul, or even both, are likely to be undertaken during the ensuing season, I take the liberty to offer the following rough notes for the consideration of the Governor-General.

I shall commence with Burmah, where I served with the Arracan division during the whole war, and where I saw quite enough to convince me that, as an enemy in the field, the Burmahs are despicable, and that it was our own numbers, not those of the enemy, that impeded our advance and protracted the war.

Government is doubtless now well informed of the best route to Ummerrapoora from our N.E. frontier. A lightly, but well equipped force of three thousand men, half Europeans half sepoys, would, I have no doubt, easily find their way to the capital within two months, where columns of equal strength via Aeng and Rangoon could, in an equal space of time, concentrate. Each of these three divisions should, however, be in itself in every way complete, carrying two months' provision, not to be used except in extremity. All useless baggage to be left in depôt. Officers to be restricted to three servants, and *half* a hill-tent. Six guns only to be attached to each column; viz. two 9-pounders, two 6-pounders, and two 5½ howitzers, all to be horsed; with fifty spare horses, and twenty-five extra gunners; and a reserve company of European artillery armed with fuses, to accompany each division. Twenty elephants with cradles for the guns to be allotted to each battery, so that the guns could be carried where possibly they could not be drawn. The six fully-equipped guns would not be found, as they generally are, an incumbrance on the line of march, and in action would be more efficient than three times their number as usually constituted. For in all our campaigns the guns have

¹ The letter is not dated, but was probably written in 1837, for in a note dated 19th September in that year, James Thomason writes to Lawrence "What sad work another Burmese war will be."

either not come into action at all, or so come in that it was morally impossible they could take up a position at any pace but a walk. At Arracan we took our bullocks out, and dragged our guns with the drag-rope for nearly a mile, bringing our men, as you may suppose, breathless into action. It is a point too little considered, that timely and well-directed fire from a couple of guns may be more to the purpose than the heaviest cannonade more tardily brought into play.

I have been diffuse in this matter as being within my own more particular branch ; and as one gun requires more care and carriage than 100 men, and over bad roads may retard 1,000.

The Rangoon and Aeng columns should unite at or about Prome, and there leave a garrison, and push on, stopping for no stockades that did not positively obstruct their passage. Rangoon should be garrisoned and put in posture of defence, with ample supplies and steam-boats, and fleets of provision and transport boats pushed up the Irrawaddy and Aeng rivers.

If the independence of Pegu was proclaimed, or even security and future protection guaranteed, we should have no want of allies, of coolies, boats, or light-armed auxiliaries to pioneer for us, and cover our flanks. But to ensure this, and to prevent the crops being destroyed, and the people driven into the wilds, secrecy is required, and a rapid and simultaneous movement of our shipping from all available quarters. With the steamers employed on the Ganges, as tugs to large flat-bottomed gun-boats carrying each a 12-pound carronade, two or three thousand might move up the Irrawaddy. They should not attend to any stockades on the river, but, having good information, keep as much without reach as possible ; or run the gauntlet, which, with proper precautions, could easily be done.

On some such system as the above, I have little doubt that, starting on the 1st December, 10,000 (with as many Mughls, Pegues, &c.) would most effectually quiet the Burmahs ; and I believe that they would do it more certainly and readily than a larger force.

With regard to Nepaul, I have been long enough on its frontier to feel convinced that we need have no fears of invasion. I surveyed much of the Northern Boundary of Gorruckpoor,

At this point, just as we should have had his reasons for not expecting that constant bugbear, a Goorkha invasion of India, the first sheet of the letter ends, and the second is lost. But the English reader of the fragment will be struck with the wide scope of the young soldier surveyor's thoughts, his bee-like way of storing for the future the lessons of the past, and his keen Anglo-Saxon interest in imperial affairs ; telling partly of the inherent governing instinct, and partly of the power of Indian life with its wide employ and large

responsibilities to draw out what there is in men and throw it into the common stock of empire.

Still more is this seen in the pencil draft of another letter on "the Quartermaster-General's Department, Engineers, Surveys, Roads, Canals, and Statistics," the object of which was to advocate a Staff Corps for all these purposes :—

What advantage (he asks) is the Quartermaster-General's department in peace? Is it effective in war? Are its officers preparing themselves in peace for war? Are they making the inquiries that will render them useful? Do they know the localities, the strong and weak points, the passes, the rivers, the fords, &c., of their own districts; much less of the surrounding states? Are they selected for their turn for such pursuits? Are they then instructed, kept up, and stimulated? On the contrary, are they not put in by interest, to rise by seniority (that grave of emulation), or be superseded, not by men selected from the talent of the army, but by commanding officers and regimental lieutenant-colonels, perhaps excellent in their department, but not knowing a perambulator from Herschel's telescope? The duties of this very vital portion of our Staff are strangely misunderstood. Some deputy-assistant quartermasters-general think themselves only a joint of the tail of their general of division to attend him on field days, to issue a bad route on the movement of a detachment, and be the channel of forwarding the periodical return of camp equipages. But these functionaries have more important duties to which they are scarcely permitted, and are certainly not encouraged to attend. I am not unaware deputy quartermasters-general do occasionally make road surveys, and sometimes even venture on a cantonment, but neither undertaking can be general, since we are still without plans of the greater part of our few stations; and correct maps of the few military roads in the country are scarcely procurable. . . .

Of the different surveys now going on throughout the country but little is known. What is the "Grand Trigonometrical" about? is a question often asked and worth the Surveyor-General's while to answer. Measuring an arc of the meridian is an achievement the value of which people in general cannot be expected to appreciate, aware as they are only of the vast expense, and seeing no tangible results in the shape of maps. In this stupendous work the Surveyor-General has surpassed the European astronomers, and the result is of vast moment to abstract science; but unless his arc is used as the backbone of a web of triangles to be thrown across the continent of India, it is of little practical value. Independent as he seems of all local authority, and unshackled as to his expenses, had he been as anxious to supply a general and accurate map of the country as to astonish the savans of Europe with a measurement exceeding all others as much in accuracy as in length, he might have combined

(as they do at home) the Revenue and Trigonometrical operations, and furnished a map of India as correct as there is of any part of the world. The superintendent of the survey is undoubtedly an able man, as well as a first-rate mathematician ; but forgetting that real talent shows most in simplification, in applying the depths of science to life's ordinary purposes, he undervalues everything that is not abstruse. He might take a hint too from the Ordnance Survey in Ireland, where the calculations are made by the hedge school-boys at one *halfpenny a triangle*; and where the superintendent does not seem to consider the credit of the work as necessarily proportionate to its cost. . . .

Roads and canals are not much thought of except as the first conduce occasionally to our personal comfort. The great points, the traffic of the country, the intercommunication of districts, the facilities of markets, and such matters, are generally less considered than the chance of the great man once a year going to *shukar*.³ Who that has travelled much about the country, and witnessed the poor man digging his hackery⁴ out of the ruts on the public highway, while shortly after he finds miles of almost unfrequented road in good order, will think this picture exaggerated? Roads do not, as they ought, form a separate department ; but they might be combined with the department of canals, which is admirably arranged. . . . The canals, I believe, more than pay, directly, independent of their indirect process of fertilizing the country. Why not then increase and multiply? For years it has been talked of to open out the *kools*⁴ in Moradabad, and I believe orders have at last come out to do so. Let them be done effectually. A feasible project of making the Hindon and other streams in the Dooáb available as canals, was made and talked of. We have lots of hands wanting occupation. Why not do it? As to roads, every district should have not only its military—its *Via Appia*—of the most durable material, connected in all parts by bridges (and not, as is now too often seen, left impassable for two or three months in the year, for want of bridges), but should also have fair district and market roads leading to ghâts⁵ and marts, subject to periodical repairs, and raised above the level of the country, not made in the beds of streams. What man in his senses can deny that such schemes would pay in the welfare and well-being of the country, independent of our moral obligation to do something for those from whom we take all. I go much farther, and say that not only would such small matters pay and add strength to our government, but by rendering our present canals navigable; by uniting the Ganges and Jumna at different points by canals or railroads, opening the Nerbudda, the Brahmapootra, the Indus, the Gunduck, Spane, Gogra, and even such rivers as the Goomtee, for small steamers; by a canal from Rajmahal to Calcutta, as contemplated by Lord William Bentinck; in short, by

³ Hunting, shooting, or other sport.

⁴ Water-courses.

⁵ Native cart.

⁵ Ferries of rivers.

intersecting the country with canals, roads, and railroads, we would get to ourselves an imperishable name, strengthen our own hands, enrich the country, and pay ourselves almost immediately. No more then would famine⁶ be raging in one part of the empire while grain was a drug in another. Nor would the detachments be cut up while their supports were coming on at the lazy rate of twenty or thirty miles a day. . . .

The Engineers are a noble corps, and could furnish men for any employment ; but I do think its officers are thrown away on their brick-and mortar pursuits. They have until lately been carefully excluded from the surveys, and a good deal from the roads ; though it is such work, and that of the canals, that in time of peace prepares the engineer for his war duties. . . . This leads me to my conclusion and the purport of my letter—the formation of a *Staff Corps*, to be taken from no particular branch, but open to all men of education in and out of the service ; to provide for the several duties of the barrack department,⁷ surveys, canals, bridges, roads, quartermaster-general, commissariat, foundry, gunpowder, gun-carriage, and such like. For as to paymasters and brigade majors &c., any honest men, with heads on their shoulders, can do their work ; and I suppose the political appointments must always be given to the Governor-of-the-time-being's grandmother !

About 140 men are now employed in these situations. Say that four corps were to be raised on the same footing (skeleton) as the Engineers, making them six battalions in all, to be at first filled up by men who could pass a certain examination ; the field to be open to present officials on the same footing as regimental officers and all others, and call the whole six battalions the *Staff Corps*. A weak corps of, say, 400 (something like the Royal Sappers) to be attached, volunteers being taken from the Artillery—young, hale men, who can read, write, and cipher--which would enable the native sappers to be reduced one half. Let there be a school of instruction at a central point—say Allahabad or Cawnpoor—for officers and men. All regimental officers, after four years' duty with their regiments, and having passed examinations in the languages, to be eligible to get twelve months' leave for the purpose of attending this school. At an annual examination, according to the number of vacancies, the requisite number highest on the list to be appointed. They would join the *Staff Corps* as juniors, according to their own regimental seniority. The unsuccessful candidates would rejoin their corps with the advantage of theoretical and practical information in surveying, pontooning, fortification, strategy, &c. I hold this to be preferable to appointments from home, for the youth of sixteen is seldom a criterion of what the man of twenty-two or twenty-three may

⁶ Written evidently in the presence of the famine of 1837-8.

⁷ In the margin he adds, "Give the buildings over to civil, or uncovenanted, or invalid" (officers).

be. He may have that life and effervescence which prevents his gaining favour in the eyes of his ponderous pedagogue, and that very life and spirit, when sobered into maturity, may lead him on to fame. . . .

There is no satisfying all classes, and I'm aware that many will call out, "Why shut the avenues of hope to the poor regimental officer?" I reply that all ought to go to Addiscombe, and have a fair chance at starting; but, as the world is constituted, all who play cannot win. Some men must prosper more than others; and it is certainly better that those by whom the public service can be best advanced should be at the helm. In many men's calculations this seems a small matter; and the *governors*, not the *governed*, ought alone to be considered. From this I differ. I hold that the patronage which enables a man indirectly to benefit or injure a country is a sacred trust, for the abuse of which he is as accountable as for that of any other. This paper will possibly give offence, and much will be the ridicule cast on the opinions therein contained; but I care little for that, and only trust that in advocating reform of systems I shall not be thought to be attacking individuals.

Rough and inartistic in expression as these thoughts are, they are, at any rate, thoughts—genuine, earnest thoughts: and we may be sure that the thinker who, in his thirty-first year, has taken the good of the service to his heart, and thought his way through nearly every one of its departments to more efficiency and light, will be a great public servant if his life be spared. His days of schooling in the Survey are now drawing to a close. In the midst of his maps and measurements, his long morning rides from camp to camp in the Allahabad district, his hot and noisy days with crowds of villagers, his outbursts of indignation at the "fudged" angles of lazy subordinates, his contentions with all above or below him to get and do impossible quantities of work, and the dear home (meant for a powder-work!) so paper-littered, so book strewn, so thoroughly uncomfortable as it appeared to exceedingly well-regulated visitors from the cantonments and civil station, so thoroughly happy as it was to the master-workman and the young wife (soon to be a young mother) who lived in it; in the midst of all this earnestness and peaceful battle, which promised to go on for years, the dawk one morning brought a large official letter, No. 230, of 9th August, 1838, from the Adjutant of the 2nd Brigade of Horse Artillery, communicating to Brevet-Captain H. M. Lawrence, who was first Lieutenant in the 3rd Troop of that Brigade, that orders had been received "to prepare the 2nd and 3rd Troops immediately for active service in the field, to reach Kurnaul or its vicinity on 31st October." It was the first note of the Cabul War.

This letter was not a command to join his troop. Henry Lawrence

was not at this time under the orders of the military authorities, being employed in the Revenue Department, under the Governor-General, who must "place him at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief" again before he could return to any military duty. But Lawrence was determined to get this change effected if he could, and immediately on the receipt of the tidings that his own troop of artillery was to prepare for service in the field, he wrote urgently to Government for leave to join the army, either on the Staff or with his troop.*

His busy brain at once began revolving the work of the campaign, and the share that he could take in it if allowed. Of all the departments of the Staff, the Quartermaster-General's had most attractions for his active and intelligent nature. It was the one, also, which he thought most capable of development and reform. Once or twice he had been very near entering the department. Now was the time to do so, and he himself the element that was wanting. For three days he pondered over it, and then boldly despatched to the Quartermaster-General of the army a formal proposal for a Corps of Guides, in which we trace the first germ of that famous "Guide Corps" which, eight years afterwards, he raised in the Punjab, under the command of Lieutenant (now Lieut.-Colonel) Harry Lumsden. Premising that the Commander-in-Chief would find him, though a bad draughtsman, quite conversant with the duties of a reconnoitrer, rapid in his movements, and accustomed to judge of distances and put together field surveys; that he had spent more than half of his time for the last five and a half years in camp, freely associating with the people; and that he had, during that period, organized and controlled an establishment nearly 1,000 strong, employed in local inquiries; he hoped he would "be found useful in ascertaining the position of the enemy, the resources of the country, the state of the roads, passes, and fords, and the numerous et cetera necessary to the success of an army."

To carry this out, he proposed to raise a "corps of guides as a temporary attachment to the Quartermaster-General's Department," which should consist of four officers, "four sergeants or other Chris-

* These applications from military officers on civil employ to join their regiments whenever going on service, became so embarrassing to Government that an order was passed positively forbidding such applications, as Government knew best where their services were required, and would order them to join their corps if necessary.

tians," and 108 natives, whose pay should vary from 10 to 100 rupees a month ; the pay of the whole men and officers together being 4,168 rupees. "The good policy," he observed, "of liberal remuneration to spies, who bring in authentic information, is so obvious, that I need no apology for adding to the above a further item of 1,000 rupees for contingent expenses, spies, &c., a quarterly account of such expenditure to be furnished on honour." The men, he said, should be "selected sowars and sepoy, smart active men, who understood something of the Punjabee and Persian, as well as Hindustani dialects : surveyors, and surveying clashies, camel-drivers, fruit and horse-merchants, shikarees (native sportsmen), and such like men, who, from previous habits, would be both intelligent and willing instruments to handle."

A more prudent and less public-spirited reformer would have stopped here in his recommendations, and at least have allowed the Commander-in-Chief to select his own officers for the proposed new corps. But, thinking only of his scheme, and knowing that its success must depend upon the men who worked it, he went on with true simplicity to name Lieut. Saunders Abbott, 51st N.I., Lieut. Hammersley, 41st N.I., Lieut. Weller, Engineers, and Capt. W. Little, 3rd N.I., as being "all such men as would gladly and ably second such a scheme ; particularly Lieut. Abbott, though I fear he could hardly be spared from the Revenue Survey in my absence. Of the other three officers," he added, "I know but little, except of their public characters ; and, indeed, have never seen Capt. Little, but have authentically heard that he is a keen sportsman, and for the *coup-d'œil* and recollection of localities is unrivalled." In conclusion, he urged that "definite and timely intelligence may affect the lives of thousands, or even the result of a campaign. For the ill-effects, the delays, and the losses consequent on the want of such a knowledge, we have only to look to the records of almost every campaign in which our troops have been engaged. If the passes of the Hindoo Koosh are to be fortified, they will need to be surveyed ; and such work will require men to have been accustomed to think lightly of hardship, and who make the most of materials. But, under any circumstances, his Excellency will require no arguments of mine to be satisfied that a timely, though apparently extravagant, outlay, may, in the end, prove the best economy."

On the same day (16th August, 1838) that he submitted to the Commander-in-Chief the above proposal for a Corps of Guides, he sent

a copy to the Governor-General's private secretary. For the information of Lord Auckland, and said, "I again entreat that I may not be prevented going where my duty has clearly called me; and more particularly as I can, with the most perfect truth, assure Government that the establishment I leave under Lieut. Abbott, guided by his zeal and energy, will be competent to do much more work than we did this year, which is not less than 3,100 square miles (viz., 800 to Gorruckpoor, and 2,300 at Allahabad), though the revised establishment was not in play until February, being at the rate of 5,000 square miles per annum."

The answer to these ardent letters from the plains came gradually down from the cool Simla hills. The Quartermaster-General had "immediately submitted" Henry Lawrence's scheme to his Excellency (Sir Henry Fane, the Commander-in-Chief), who "mentioned that the proposal for a guide establishment had been already made," but he would be glad to see Lawrence with the force, and "have it in his power" to employ him in any way that might seem useful. Had Lawrence been "earlier in the field" it would have afforded much pleasure to have named him for an officiating appointment in the department, but "Sir Henry had already made all the arrangements," &c. &c.⁹

As to surveying the passes of the Hindoo Koosh, that also had been done long ago. "We have lately got full and detailed surveys of the Hindoo Koosh, the Khyber Pass, and all the country between Cabool and Herat. The surveyors with Captain Burnes have put us in possession of much valuable knowledge in that quarter, and Lieutenant Leech of the Bombay Engineers is now on his way down from Kandahar to Shikarpoor, while Lieutenant Wood is making a survey from Peshawur to Mittenkote. The whole of the passes through the Hindoo Koosh are now as thoroughly known as the passes of Kheree and Timlee leading into the Deyra Dhoon. The Boolan Pass, by which the army advances from Shikarpoor towards

⁹ In another letter to George Lawrence the Quartermaster-General made the following quaint comments on Henry's simplicity and freshness in the public service.—

"I wish he had confined himself to the plan. But when it was followed up with the recommendation of three officers for the subordinate duties (one of whom he had never seen), I saw the thing would not do. Where Sir Henry has so little patronage, giving away three appointments in a separate and distinct department, besides making your brother the head of his own scheme, was rather more than could be expected in these times." In short, poor Henry Lawrence's project for giving eyes to the army looked just like a job from a clumsy hand!

Kandahar, has also been examined." Nevertheless, having thus fully vindicated his "department" from the suspicion of being rather badly off for intelligence, the Quartermaster-General adds kindly (for he was a kind man), "that there would be ample opportunities for employment of all that are, like yourself, desirous of making themselves useful." Which was small comfort to a zealous man with *an idea*.

The Governor-General's private secretary followed: "Lord Auckland desires me to say that he will certainly interpose no difficulty to the gratification of your honourable desire to proceed with the army about to take the field, should your services be in any capacity called for with it." So it still remained to be "called for." In vain he offered himself to his Brigadier at Meerut.

The Brigadier desired his Adjutant to say—

That you had better not for the present think of coming to join the troop to which you now stand posted, as you are not yet at the disposal of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, and if it is intended that you should join, you will no doubt see yourself in General Orders.

Under this letter follows two memoranda by Lawrence :—

Received 4 P.M. (15th September, 1838). Wrote immediately to Adjutant-General begging that the necessary order might be issued; and to Colonel Dunlop privately to the same effect, saying that Government had agreed, and I should be glad to join the army with my troop, or in any capacity.

But he could not wait for the issue, so adds, next day—

On the 16th wrote to the Adjutant (of the Brigade), telling him that I did not deem an order necessary, and would proceed to join on 1st October; and hoped Colonel Whish would sanction my so doing.

And what thinks the young wife of all this, as she sits by his side and copies his letters, entreating to be allowed to join the army? Mother in hope, widow in fear, what could she do but silently and amazedly look down into this new depth of her husband's heart? Ah! she has been forgetting that he is a soldier. And this very first anniversary of their wedding-day finds them on the eve of parting. Brave, gentle, loving soul, she lays these verses on his pillow :—

AUGUST 21ST, 1838.

Dearest, when hope and fear are strong,
 How can I weave my simple song?
 Yet can this dear, this blessed day
 Pass by ungreeted by a lay?

• • • • •

Beloved, wildly runs my strain,
 "Thick-coming fancies" press my brain;
 A sense of bliss no words can tell
 In loving one who loves so well;
 The thrilling hope so soon to press
 Our infant with a fond caress;
 And all the agonies that dwell
 In thinking on the word *Farewell!*
 These form a weight I must not speak,
 Lest I should blanch thy faithful cheek.
 But I will cheer me. We have still
 The love that thrives through good and ill.

But her cup of trial was not full. A drop of greater bitterness had yet to be wrung out of the soldier's lot; not rightly, not dutifully, but wilfully. This book is the story of the life of Henry Lawrence; and the story must be as true as man can make it. So he and his wife would wish it. So only can it be of any encouragement to human readers.

In the June number of the *East India United Service Journal*, 1837, appeared a memoir of General Sir John Adams, K.C.B., then recently dead. It was written by an officer of great but misapplied abilities, who had formerly served on the General's staff; and appears to have been so exaggerated in its eulogy, and so marvellous in its statements of military operations, that it was only calculated to mislead the student of Indian history and Indian wars. As one who studied these things closely, Henry Lawrence, in the depths of the Gorruckpoor jungles, felt indignant. Especially he seems to have resented the comparison of Adams to Wellington. He accordingly published some *Remarks on Captain ——'s Life of General Sir John Adams, K.C.B.*, and affixed to them the signature of "Hamil," founded on his own initials, H.M.L.

The following extracts are a fair specimen of their scope and tone:—

REMARKS ON CAPTAIN ———'S LIFE OF GENERAL
SIR JOHN ADAMS, K.C.B.

. . . . It is not my intention either to disparage General Adams, or to undervalue Captain ———'s opinions ; but every one has a right to question the claims of a man who is placed in the Temple of Fame, side by side with the General of the age. Adams is said to have had a similarity of military mind to, and the same description of high military qualities as, the great Duke. The tremendous marches that are said to have been made under Adams' auspices, not by chosen bodies of men, but by whole battalions or haphazard detachments, do almost stagger belief; but when we examine the data on which such marches are generally given, the indefinite length of the "coss," and the general looseness with which distances are estimated in this country, as well as the natural disposition of the mind to exaggerate, we can understand how Adams is made to have outdone Lake and Wellesley, and how even their recorded marches sometimes exceed the power of human endurance. I do not mean, by the above, to question in the least Captain ———'s or any man's word, but merely to hint that, *wherever* we have measured distances, we find the error of such guess-work measurements.

We also know that man's powers are now much what they were twenty years ago, and that, let us look where we may, we cannot anywhere find a battalion, whether European or Native, able to bring half its strength to the ground, after a march of sixty miles in twenty-four hours. Wellington's forced marches in the Deccan seem to have been generally made by picked men and cavalry; yet their feats do not equal those of Adams' battalions.

The greatest effort in this way the Duke ever made, and one that he often boasted of, even in Europe, was a dash at a body of freebooters at Munkai in 1804. He had with him H.M.'s 74th, two battalions of Native Infantry, and some Irregular Cavalry. He says that in thirty hours (a halt of ten hours included) he marched sixty miles: the Cavalry alone did the business; but it is added that the 74th Regiment was up, thereby implying that the Native Infantry were out-marched. In Prinsep's *Ameer Khan* Lord Lake is said to have marched from Khasgunge to Futtyghur, sixty miles, in twenty-four hours; and Orme, I think, calls the twenty-four hours' work, including pursuit, seventy-two miles, though his own detailed statement goes far to show that Prinsep by no means underestimates the fact. Both, however, agree that the Cavalry only were up; and one of these authors, I believe, states that the Infantry did not arrive till the second day after.

Now place these two memorable feats of our most noted leaders in comparison with some of Adams', and the former sink into insignificance. For instance, Captain ——— says, that on one occasion, the 5th battalion

of Cavalry and Light Infantry Battalion marched sixty miles in twenty-two hours, and continued moving next day, and were without food of any kind, for officers, men, or horses for two days: and on another occasion the General, with the greater part of his force, pushed the enemy at the rate of from eighteen to twenty miles a day.

Again, it is said, forced marches of from thirty to fifty miles were of common occurrence; and again, on one occasion, the 1st battalion 23rd Native Infantry, and the (present) 38th on another, each made a forced march of sixty miles in twenty-four hours, without a murmur, and without leaving one man behind. . . . Even the hero of Blenheim is ranked, and I think justly, below him of Waterloo; yet Captain — speaks of Adams as a kindred spirit to Wellington: as one who, wherever employed, would have been successful. For all this, however, I see no proof, nor shadow of proof; but look at almost every man distinguished in after-life, and when you have opportunities of tracing his early steps, you will find that he prepared himself for greatness. Look at Munro, Wellington, and Clive, and a host of others. Look at the records of the two former; almost as boys they were setting to themselves lessons of wisdom. Look especially at Wellington; see him from the first, wild and exuberant as he was, and mixing in the amusements and follies of the day, still finding time to act and think for all around him. He was as great in the pettiest details as in the largest combinations. Before a campaign was even thought of by others, he was looking into the womb of time, arranging commissariat details, the pay and provisions for his troops, the advance and retreat of detachments through countries hostile and almost unknown, and, in fact, thinking and acting for all the political authorities, from Guzerat to Tanjore.

It may be said he was supported by authority, and so to the full was Adams; but, in Spain, Wellington, until he had made for himself a name, until he had wrested from a tardy and vacillating Ministry and a false and flattering ally, the necessary means—Wellington, I say, was left almost entirely to his own resources; with the recent failures, too, of Moore and Dalrymple before his eyes.

Thus feebly supported, he was left to feed, clothe, and pay, not only his own, but the Anglo-Portuguese army; and with troops so circumstanced, thrown nearly adrift on a foreign strand, he had to combat the almost countless legions of France, led on by her ablest generals, and above all, influenced by the proud feeling that the meanest sentinel in her army might look to the marshal's baton, and the first dignities in the empire.

The British army had no such soul-stirring influences; nor was it ignorant that its General was without the power to reward the meritorious; and that still less was he enabled to enforce that promptness and unity of action, so necessary to effect great purposes.

But our troops had a never-dying confidence in the man who led them

by the nearest paths, and at the least expense of blood, to the most glorious victories.

Until the publication of his *Despatches*, Wellington was known only in part ; but who can now doubt, that in whatever capacity he might have been employed, success would have attended him ?

See his broad and extensive views ; look at the truly British and soldierly spirit evident in every order and every document. In him there was no vacillation or weakness of purpose ; he ever went straight to the point ; said and did just what was enough ; and neither expended his army's energies in useless fatigues, nor his own in unnecessary correspondence. As was observed by Pitt, he was a man to make difficulties ; but this he did only at the outset of proceedings ; and then but to show how they might be obviated ; once under weigh, nothing more was heard of difficulties.

Wellington was not a man of tender feelings, nor would his sympathies ever have stood in his way to greatness ; but if he had not a kindly, he had an honest heart and a right-thinking head ; and one of the finest traits in his character is, that whether in the East or West, he had ever present to his mind that the credit of his country and the honour of the British name was in his keeping. The Duke's estimate of character was almost invariably correct ; and knowing that the best measures must fail in bad hands, he sought for good men, and on public grounds—often at personal sacrifice—supported them. While he pushed on to the utmost of his ability the deserving, he, as far as he had the power, laid aside the inefficient.

Think you, that while he brought into notice a Walker, a Wallace, and a Malcolm, he would have blinked at the “faltering” of an officer commanding a third of his force on the field of battle? No. As he would have rewarded the brave, he would have condemned the craven.

From the first, Wellington must have had aspirations after greatness, and in the confidence of his opinions he showed consciousness of superiority. Early in his career, his brother the Marquis said, Arthur would be a greater man than any of them, with all his hauteur, and even all his apparent heartlessness.

Such a man could not but be successful. All looked to and followed him, as the sagacious and intrepid leader whom all knew and all trusted. But as for Baba Adams (as he may have been called), who knew Baba Adams? or what claims had he on our confidence? or what right has he to be placed on a level with the conqueror of Napoleon?

General Adams was a kindly and an amiable man, and possessed, too, some of the requisites to greatness ; he was patient to listen, slow to decide, and often quick to execute ; but I confess that I see in Captain —'s narrative no proofs of the master-mind, or of the soul that under any circumstances would have evinced its superiority. There was in the General so much that was amiable and benevolent, that it is a pity that

his biographer did not enter more into his private life ; and surely something more than a single despatch might have been produced to exemplify his views on the many questions, political and military, that came before him, or as specimens of a mind said to have been so generally cultivated.

To an active mind, what country could present a fairer field than India for, the exposition of general views ? Look at Munro ;—why, he had scarcely been a twelvemonth in the country before he seemed master of its politics ; while Adams, with all his advantages of time and opportunity, appears not to have acquired even a moderate colloquial knowledge of the language, still less does he seem to have studied the genius of the people among whom his life was to be spent. Did he ever, as Wellington did, set to himself professional lessons, and in peace prepare himself for war ? Was his the energy of character that could restrain the European soldiery, put down open mutiny and secret insubordination, that could reconcile jarring interests, and, without offending, carry his point with the haughty but vacillating Spaniard, that could disarm the jealousy of his seniors and superiors, and convert lukewarm and timid friends, or treacherous enemies, into useful allies ?

It may be said that Adams's limited sphere of action precludes so detailed a comparison between him and Wellington ; but can any impartial person suppose that, under like circumstances, they would have shown themselves like men ? Adams wanted the unflinching sternness of purpose absolutely essential to worldly, and, above all, to military greatness.

He was too much influenced by personal feeling to set aside private charities of life, in order to concentrate his energies on one great public object ; but Wellington was one who would not hesitate to expose his troops on a cold hill-side, to prevent the chance of intoxication in quarters. Yet, regarding the men as machines, he would, as a means to an end, see that they were fed, clothed, and, as far as possible, cared for

He would not give them an unnecessary march, nor lead them into danger that could be avoided ; but, when the blow was to be struck, when honour was in view, or when the greatest result was to be obtained at the least expense, then—throwing aside his deliberate caution—he acted with daring promptitude.

It was only in Italy, and afterwards at the close of his career in France, that, as a general, Napoleon outshone or even equalled Wellington ; and in drawing parallels of character we must always bear in mind the advantage, as a military leader, that a despot like Frederick or Napoleon has over the delegated general of a free people. The one has undivided power for prompt action, his hand is laid directly on the spring that moves a mighty machine ; and of Bonaparte it may also be said that his favour was fortune, his smile a diadem ; while the commander appointed

by a free government is responsible to his nation, has his energy of action cramped by the number of intermediate hands through which power must be transmitted to him ; and may be, as Wellington long was, cavilled at, or, at best, but feebly supported at home.

Thus, while Wellington may fairly, as a leader, be ranked with "the child of fortune," Adams seems to have had neither consciousness of first-rate claims nor ambition after pre-eminence. He never contemplated being held up to the public as the last of our heroes, but was a plain, honest, gentleman-like man, desirous of getting through life as quietly and creditably as possible. The General mixed too little with the world, he shut himself up too much, and was too little conversant with his fellows, to have been a first-rate man : to have carried with him the hearts or influenced the conduct of his brethren. . . . A fitter parallel than Wellington may, perhaps, be found for Adams in Lord Lake's career in India. He had the same dashing style of action, and more than once behaved as Adams did at Seonee. Yet, beloved as was Baba Lake, and followed, as he would have been to the death, by our soldiery, to whom his kindly and generous qualities had endeared him, I never heard Lake held up as more than a worthy man and a daring leader. Nor has it ever been suggested that his descent on Futtyghur entitled him to immortality more than did the brilliant affair at Vellore redeem from the charge of rashness the gallant leader who fell at Kallunga. No ; many men are admirably qualified for ordinary occasions, to lead partisan corps, with a light corps to stir up the enemy, by a *coup de main* to blow open the gates of a fortress, or to lead assaults, who would make but sorry figures if called to head such military and diplomatic relations as fell into the hands of Wellington, and may be entrusted to any officer at the head of an Indian army.

Again, who were those that surrounded and influenced Adams ? Were they men whom a superior mind would have drawn around ? I think not ; nor do I believe myself to exaggerate when I assert as my opinion that few, if any, officers of Adams's standing, with such opportunities as he had, knew less of India ; nor, from his habits, could he have influenced above half-a-dozen Europeans, who, with his personal servants, were all with whom he associated.

I would not with a rough hand lay bare the failings of the late lamented General, in whose character there was much to admire, and even to love ; and throughout these remarks I have purposely avoided personalities, and regarded him merely as his official and public career brings him fairly before the bar of public opinion. I will not, therefore, dwell on the little purpose to which were applied the abilities he is said to have retained to the last ; but taking him, in his best days, and in his full energies, I do not look on him as one who has left among us no peer, but, rather, think that we have many who, in a fair and fitting field, would rival his fame ; and, so far from regarding him as a Wellington, I

do not even rank him with a Clive, or Lawrence;¹⁰ a Close, or Munro a Malcolm, or an Ochterlony.

(Signed) HAMIL.

Agra Presidency, July 1837.

To these criticisms, Adams's biographer made a coarse and violent reply, discourteously specifying "one Lieutenant Lawrence" as the writer, and accusing him of destroying the reputation of his brother-soldiers. This led to a paper war, which lasted for a year, and being conducted on one side by a veteran *littérateur* and victorious bully, and on the other by a young writer, aiming at no display, but scrupulous in his facts, and fighting only for the truth, it seems to have attracted unusual attention in both military and civil circles throughout the presidency. At last, Captain —— began to use such words as "calumny" and "untruth." The barbarous "code of honour" of the Middle Ages was still in force even in civil society in England, and throughout the British army and navy was inexorable. Henry Lawrence, from childhood up, had listened to his father's stories of the duels of the last generation. He may or may not have known the history of that scar upon the brave old man's cheek—not the least honourable of his wounds, though not got, like the others, from his country's foes. It is a fine tale, and may as well be told.

Going home one moonlight night from mess in India, with the Major of his corps, a dispute arose between them, and the Major, in a fit of passion, drew his sword, and cut his companion down before he could stand on his defence. It was a fierce, bad deed; repented of as soon as done; and in an agony of remorse and sorrow the assailant helped home his desperately-wounded friend. There was no concealing such a thing; and the Colonel of the regiment was determined to sift it to the bottom, and bring the Major to a court-martial. So soon as the wounded man could leave his bed, the whole of the officers were assembled, and the Colonel solemnly called on Captain Lawrence to say if it were true that Major —— had struck him a foul blow. Alexander Lawrence drew up his six feet of form, and said: "Colonel, whatever took place, was between Major —— and myself,—nobody else saw it. He's sorry for it. And not another word will I tell about it." Nor could any threats or persuasions move him from this generous resolve. Yet would he, as

¹⁰ The Lawrence here alluded to was Clive's commander and friend.

matter of soldier-pride and honour, instil into his own boys to do the very opposite. "Now, Master ——," he would say, "you're going to school. Mind what I say,—keep your fists to yourself. Don't hit any boy first. But if any boy hits you, you're no son of mine if you don't hit him again!"

The whole tone of the army thirty-three years ago was entirely in the same spirit; and if an officer's word were reflected on, the only satisfactory vindication of it was thought to be a challenge. Henry Lawrence, who at sixteen carried a bundle of old clothes through the London streets to give to one in need, at thirty-two must yield to a false code of honour! Yes, this is the clay that our greatest are made of. This is the truth. Why don't we oftener hear it? Why are the weak ones left to despair, or, still worse, to suspect that goodness and greatness are shams? With hearty human sympathy let us look this passage of Henry Lawrence's life in the face, and then be sorry for it. A wife can tell it best; and none can blame it more faithfully or tenderly:—

MY HUSBAND—

September 26th, 1838, Allahabad.

YOU did to-day what you never did before,—when I came behind you, you snatched up what you were writing, that I might not see it. All I *did* see was, "My dear Campbell." Dearest, though your entire confidence in me has been a prize beyond all price, yet I do not forget that you have a right to act as you please, to communicate or withhold your correspondence; and if you deem it best not to let me know the subject, you will never find me complain or tease you. But, my own love, I cannot help surmising the subject of to-day's letter, that subject which has not been an hour at a time absent from my mind for three weeks nearly. Ever since the few *unforgettable* words that passed between us, have I been struggling in my mind to decide what I ought to do. The words have often been on my lips, and the pen in my hand, to address you, and as often has my heart failed me; but I cannot rest till I speak openly to you, and it is better to do so thus than in talking. On the question of duelling, I will not dwell on the *reason* of it,—all *that* you admit; nor on the improbability of *this matter* becoming more serious, for that does not affect the general question; nor on the *heart-scald* I feel, and the injury this does to your wife: these are *woman's* feelings,—men must act on a different view. No, my own most-beloved husband, I only put it on the ground of fearing God, or fearing man. I know that, to a man, the imaginary disgrace that attends an open declaration against duelling is bitter and agonizing; but is not "*crucifixion*" the very word which Christ applies to these mental sufferings, and that to which He

calls us! You said, "a man who submitted to the charge of untruth would be spit upon." Was not Christ literally spit upon for us? Oh, darling, our Advocate on high feels for these trials. The *human* shame attending the death of a criminal is always spoken of as aggravating the sufferings of the Cross; thus showing us that our Saviour can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. It is only by looking to Him that we can gain strength for these trials; but from Him we can obtain it. You may think I put the matter too seriously; but is it more seriously than it will appear in the hour of death and day of judgment? Do not imagine that I cannot enter into your feelings. Is your honour, your peace, your well-being, less dear to me than yourself? Nay, dearest; but when I see you do, not only what I think wrong, but what *your own* mind condemns, can I help speaking?

To any other fault you may be hurried; but there is deliberate sin, not only in giving or accepting a challenge, but *intending* to do so. Oh! consider these things; and before you decide on anything, pray earnestly that God may direct you. If I have exceeded what a wife ought to say, you will forgive me. Indeed, dearest, I have tried to persuade myself that it was my duty not to interfere; but my conscience would not let me believe this. And now, my husband, do not think that I shall torment you by referring to the subject. I will not even refer to this letter, unless you do so. I have no *right*, still less any *wish*, to make you uncomfortable. You were perfectly right in saying I "*ought* to have known beforehand." Yes, I *ought*. I do not recollect the question of duelling ever coming before my mind in connection with you before we married. Had it, I am sure I should have confidently appealed to your moral courage for an answer, for you had always shown that you could act on what you felt right, without minding what others said. But now, though I mourn that you should yield to opinion, yet think not my affection is diminished. On the contrary, the yearning after your eternal good, which this subject has increased tenfold (often so much as seriously to affect my body), makes you more than ever precious in my sight. I am not very sanguine as to the result of this letter,—yet God may bless the feeblest instrument. But I cannot help writing. My heart is full, well-nigh to distraction; and if I could only convey to you the liveliness of my own feelings, it would influence you, I think. Oh! more than ever do I desire to be your soother, your friend; to look myself to your example, and to hold it up to our child. I will not talk of the rankling pain I feel when I think that I advised those letters being sent.

Your fond and faithful Wife.

It is indeed sad to think that this remonstrance did not prevail. The feeling had taken possession of him, that he had been "accused of designedly uttering an untruth," and that as a soldier he had no

option but to demand either a public apology, or what, with a sense of its hollow absurdity, he called "the usual satisfaction." Happily the brother-officers in the Artillery, through whom the challenge was sent, decided that it was quite unnecessary; as the merits not only of the case, but of the parties, were thoroughly appreciated by the army; and all that Henry Lawrence ought to do was to drop the controversy.

And so the one only wilful and deliberate sin (humanly speaking), that is known of his whole life, was mercifully not allowed to be accomplished. That it ever could have been meditated by such a man, seems almost incredible now, when the whole state of public opinion on the subject has so utterly changed. But he who would judge the error fairly must go back a quarter of a century. Then a duel was "an affair of honour." Now it is a "disgraceful affair." To shrink from shooting your neighbour then was to be a coward for life. Now we may be allowed even to shrink from being shot and bear no cross.

¹¹ The history of the change in public opinion and the usages of the army and navy, which has taken place within the last twenty years, is not generally known; and is worth noting as an encouragement for the few who bravely work on for the many *against* the many. Some fatal duels in England made one or two Christian men resolve to try and stem the evil. Many of the best officers in the services considered it hopeless and impracticable. There would be no protection for man's honour, &c. At a private meeting held on the 13th May 1841, the following resolution was adopted, on the motion of Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Bart., M.P. :

"We, the undersigned, hereby form ourselves into an association for the purpose of considering the best means of preventing, under the blessing of Almighty God, the crime of duelling.

"And we request Captain Henry Hope and Mr. William Dugmore to summon us together whenever it may appear to them desirable for the above object."

On the 12th February 1842, at a general meeting held at the "British Hotel," Cockspur Street, London, Rear-Admiral Hawkes in the chair, a large number of noblemen, officers, and civilians formed themselves into an "Association for the Discouragement of Duelling." In August 1843, this Society presented a Memorial to her Majesty through Sir James Graham, Secretary of State for the Home Department, "pointing out and deploring the evils arising from duelling, and praying that her Majesty would be pleased to take the subject into her gracious consideration, with a view to the adoption of means to secure its suppression." 360 gentlemen of all ranks and professions joined in this memorial. It was most graciously received by the Queen; and within a twelvemonth the Articles of War were formally amended; prescribing a simple and reasonable course for the adjustment of differences, and acquitting "of disgrace, or opinion of disadvantage, all officers, who, being willing to make or accept such redress, refuse to accept challenges, as they will only have acted as is suitable to the character of honourable men, and have done their duty as good soldiers, who subject themselves to discipline." Any officer sending, accepting, or conveying a challenge was made liable to be cashiered; and seconds in a duel to be punished proportionately.

On the 6th September 1838, in the midst of these heart-stirring trials, public and private, the young husband and wife were gladdened by the birth of their first child, a boy, whom they named Alexander Hutchinson. "No words can express," she wrote to one of her friends, "the fountain of delight that he has opened to us. May we but be enabled to train him up in the way he should go; and may all our prayers, when we dedicated him in baptism, be fulfilled."¹⁸

Scarcely had she recovered, when the dreadful day came round for her husband to leave Allahabad and start to join the gathering army. Let her tell in her own words how she struggled to go with him; and how the cloud of separation unexpectedly rolled away for a season:—

From MRS. L. to MRS. CAMERON.

Delhi, December 11th, 1838.

. . . When I broke off in the midst of my last letter to you (the one which Henry finished and despatched), I remember ending with a hope that my will was subdued. Alas, I little knew how the reality was to be tested! The public prints have doubtless shown you the unsettled state of our North-West Frontier, and that Government had resolved on despatching a force to the Indus; so I need not tell the political part of the tale; you will care more for the private. This cloud had been gathering for months, but I comforted myself with the prevalent belief that surveyors would not be called from a work which Government are so anxious to finish. However, when Henry's troop was ordered to march, he volunteered to join, nor could I object to his doing what was obviously his duty; though I clung to the hope that he would not be allowed to quit his office. But on the 15th August came the order to join the army of the Indus at Kurnaul by the 31st October. . . . I dared not give way, . . . and I kept up by God's help, till the 6th September. . . . I knew, unless I was able to move by the 1st October, I could not accompany Henry even as far as Meerut. On that day we set out, and the whole journey seemed to me like a funeral procession; and that the place of parting was to be the grave of my happiness. We were one week going to Cawnpore, and it would be long to tell you the pains and troubles of that week; baby very ill, myself apparently fast sinking, scarcely able to move, yet obliged to push on, that we might get a nurse for baby and

Similar orders were issued to the navy. And the "Association for the Discouragement of Duelling," in their Fourth Report, 1850, state that the Amended Articles of War have been firmly administered by the authorities "in the few instances which afterwards occurred, of officers acting in violation of them."

The change thus effected in the services has been so complete, that it is already nearly forgotten; but those who have passed their lives in the army can look back at it with wonder and thankfulness.

¹⁸ Letter to Mrs. Irwin, February 23rd, 1839.

advice for me. We at length reached Cawnpore, where I was fortunate in at once getting a good nurse, and meeting a most kind medical attendant ; here I was obliged to stop for a week, when it was impossible for Henry to remain longer, and I was *just* able to accompany him. Another week brought us to Meerut, where we came to the house of Henry's brother, who was likewise ordered off, leaving his wife with four children. . . . She is gone down the river to Calcutta and thence home. At Meerut we had ten days *on the full stretch*,—days that I cannot yet look back on without agony ; and then both Henry and George went. I immediately came here to the house of C——'s (George's wife) sister, Mrs. Metcalfe, a kind, domestic woman, and here, in perfect repose, with my baby to occupy me, and hearing almost daily from my husband, I regained composure if not cheerfulness. And now, beloved friend, my sorrow is turned into joy. Our troops reached Ferozepoor on the 30th November, and orders were then issued for half to remain there, as an Army of Observation, while the other half go to Shikarpore, and, probably, eventually to Cabul. My Henry is among those that remain, and I am setting off to join him. The journey is long and rather formidable, and there will be abundance of discomforts in living in a tent fourteen feet square, pitched on a sandy plain ; but the prospect of being once more together counterbalances all grievances. The misery of the time we have been asunder, and the unspeakable pain of looking to protracted separation, make me truly feel that all burdens are light which may be borne together. On the 18th, please God, I set out. Imagine the train, dear Mary ! We shall have two palanquins (boxes about seven feet long by three broad, and four high, with sliding doors on each side, and a pole sticking out of each end). In one will be your friend ; in the other the nurse and baby. Think that you see us about sunset getting into these ; and then imagine sixteen black men, eight for each palanquin ; four take it up at a time, and run along at a trot of three miles an hour, changing bearers about every five or ten minutes. Further we have two *mussalchees*, men carrying in one hand a roll of flax and rags made into a torch, in the other a skin bottle of oil, which they keep continually pouring on the torch as they run along. Then there are three or four *banghy burdars*, to carry the baggage, which is packed in small tin or leather boxes called *petarrahs*. Two of these are slung on to each end of a long bamboo, which the man carries across his shoulders. Now imagine the torches lighted, the *banghies* slung on the men's shoulders, Nora issuing out in a wadded chintz dressing-gown and silk cap, and seeing that all is right. The nurse clothed after her fashion, *viz.*, in *pajammahs*, or drawers of chintz, a very wide white petticoat, a little shift of white muslin hemmed with scarlet (called a *khorte*), a wadded pelisse, outside gay chintz, inside rose-colour, and over all the *chuddur*, or sheet of white muslin, three yards long and two wide, edged with scarlet, and thrown over the head and shoulders. To her care I give our little treasure dressed very

warmly, and wrapped up in a *pushmcena*, or shawl like yours. Then see that baby's bed (which is a large basket) is fastened on the top of the *palanquin*, that there are tea, sugar, coffee, wine, beer, biscuits, water, oranges, medicine-chest, writing-desk, work-box, all ready in the palanquin. All this being settled, it only remains to summon the suwar, or armed horseman, who is to ride along aside, keeping all the people together, and the *chuprassee*, a sort of policeman, who runs by the palanquin to see that nothing goes wrong—the two last are not a part of the regular train, but given me, as a favour; and now I once more go into the house, bid "good-by," call out "*chullo-jao*," literally "run, go," equivalent to "all's right," and off we go! These bearers will carry us ten or twelve miles, when another set takes us up, and so we shall get forty or fifty miles before sunrise. Then we stop for the day, probably at the house of an utter stranger, to whom we have got a letter of introduction, or else in one of the houses built by Government for the accommodation of travellers, where there is shelter from the sun, probably a cane couch to lie upon, and a man to boil water and dress a fowl if you have the luck to get one. At sunset off we go again, sometimes over execrable roads, sometimes through fields of Indian corn waving higher than our heads, again over a sandy plain. Now we come to a wide, deep body of water—never mind, the bearers will put the palanquin on their heads, and swim over. Now we pass through the close and filthy streets of a native town, where no sound is heard but the barking of dogs and howling of jackals; and through all, strange to say, travelling on the average with more safety than by a mail-coach in civilized England. I hope to make the journey in five nights to Loodiana, where Henry is to meet me, and thence we are to march to Ferozepoor.

On his way up to join the army of the Indus the editor of a Calcutta paper offered Henry Lawrence 100 rupees a month for occasional notes of military events. His acceptance and disposal of the terms are alike characteristic:—

MY DEAR SIR—

I am quite a novice in literature. However, if you think my notices worth 100 rupees a month, they are at your service on the following terms: 100 rupees monthly, to be paid for the first three months to Mrs. Wilson, of the Orphan Asylum, Calcutta; and for the next three months to the editor of the *Friend of India*, for the "Benevolent Institution" after which time I will send you another name. My object being neither personal advantage nor ostentatious charity, I particularly desire silence on your part. In return, I will give you all the information that is above board in camp; and bearing in mind what you said, that you desire neither criticism nor comment, I shall be glad to keep you acquainted with all matters that fairly come before the public.

Just as all the preparations for the army of the Indus were completed, news reached the Governor-General that the Persians had abandoned the siege of Herat ; and as this was one of the main objects of the war, the Bengal force was now reduced from two divisions to one. Henry Lawrence's troop was among those ordered to remain, and all hopes of active service being over, it is probable that he would soon have returned to his survey at Allahabad.

At this juncture it was rumoured that an assistant was to be given to Mr. George Clerk, the Political Agent at Loodiana, to take charge of the civil duties at Ferozepoor. This place was but a small outpost of the British, on the left bank of the Sutlej river, about forty miles from the Sikh capital. But in the war now to be carried on against the rulers of Afghanistan by Sikh and British arms, it was obvious that Ferozepoor must become an important link, both in our military and political communications, and it was necessary that some man of mettle should be placed there.

Reluctant to leave the frontier in such stirring times, and fired by the glimpses which he had caught of the greatest Native Power still left in India, Henry Lawrence bethought him of a friend at court. Mr. Frederick Currie had been Commissioner of the Civil Division of Gorruckpoor when Lawrence was surveying there, and was now one of the secretaries to Government travelling with the Governor-General. To him Lawrence applied, and begged him to use his interest to get him the Ferozepoor appointment. Mr. Currie was quite satisfied, from what he had seen, that Lawrence would do justice to any charge ; and though this one happened not to be in his department, he took upon himself to speak to Lord Auckland and recommend Henry Lawrence for the Ferozepoor office in the highest terms. Lord Auckland had never heard of Captain Lawrence, but if Mr. Currie would be security for his fitness, and if Mr. George Clerk were willing to have him for an assistant, his lordship would appoint him. Mr. George Clerk was an intimate friend of Mr. Currie's, and at once accepted his recommendation. On the 14th January 1839, Henry Lawrence was appointed officiating¹³ assistant to Mr. George Clerk, the Political Agent at Loodiana, and on the 21st of the same month he received the civil charge of Ferozepoor.

¹³ On the 31st March 1840, he was gazetted as Assistant to the Governor-General's Agent for the Affairs of the Punjaub and North-West Frontier.

In after years, when he had risen to eminence on this very frontier, he used to recall the terms on which his friend Currie had announced his success in getting the appointment for him.

“Now I have helped to put your foot into the stirrup. It rests with you to put yourself into the saddle.” Henry Lawrence’s nature was not one to seek much for aid, but he never forgot the touch of a helping hand that had once been held out to him in his struggling days.

The congratulations of his brother John on this new appointment were much to the point :—

MY DEAR HENRY,—

Etawah, 21st January 1839.

I AM delighted to hear of your success. Your are well out of the Survey. Besides, the Political is the best line. One can get on in it if he has mettle. There are very few sharp chaps in it, I think. Write and let me know all about it. What pay are you to get? You don’t think so much about the last point; however, I think it is one of much consequence. . . . You should begin and save something now-a-days.¹⁴

It was, indeed, a point of much consequence, as poor Henry soon found to his cost, for his friend, Mr. Currie, was obliged to inform him (on 28th January) that he was to *lose* instead of *gain* by the new appointment :

Lord Auckland says there is a great deal of difference between knocking about with a theodolite all the hot weather, living in tents nine months out of the twelve, and sitting with one’s heels on the table, playing civilian, and that he will not give for the Ferozepoor appointment more than a consolidated allowance of 700 rupees (a month). You must, therefore, determine whether you will remain at Ferozepoor on that, or go back to the Survey. I suspect you will remain, for you are in the way to future promotion and distinction in the political line, which you could not be in the Survey.

His lordship’s picture of the Civil Service looks almost as if it came from the bold and battle-loving brush of his successor. But like most smart sayings, it is only a half truth. Probably most civilians in India do pass a good deal of their time (listening to the

¹⁴ The advantage to John of having gone into the civil instead of the military branch of the service was now fully shewn. Henry, who had been sixteen years in the army, was fortunate to get political employ on 700 rs. a month. John, who had been nine years a civilian, was now settling the revenue of the district of Etawah, on the North-West Provinces, on 2,000 rs. a month. The comparison is a good one, because both brothers worked like horses. John, in private as in public life, was from the first the financier of the family; and to his at last taking charge of Henry’s private funds, it is very much due, that Henry ever saved anything at all.

reading of police reports, judicial papers, &c.) "with their heels on the table." or, at least, on a second chair. But it would be difficult to say what they could do better. "Judges don't do so in Westminster Hall, do they?" No, dear madam, they do not. They sit up very stiff, in handsome gowns and horse-hair wigs. But let us hope the reason is the same in both cases—the *climate*. "These troublesome disguises," worn by English judges, are, doubtless, to screen them from our English draughts, and their sad consequences, rheumatism and colds in the head, and must therefore be excused. But the same charity should be extended to the gasping judges in India, where the thermometer stands at about 100 degrees in the hall of justice, and heat, flies, and the effluvia of many desperate criminals, tend at once to langour and exasperation. If the prisoners at the bar, or the witnesses, or even the officials of the court, were to be consulted in the matter, be assured they would all unanimously desire that his honour, the Saxon, should, so far from putting on a gown or a wig, divest himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having arrived at his shirt, turn the sleeves unaffectedly up over his elbows; and, finally, relieve himself of the sensation peculiar to a hot climate, of his legs being too heavy for him, by depositing them on any shelf that he pleased. Our cousins in sunny America are said to indulge in the same lounge; yet they manage to do as much of the world's work as races who sit at another angle. But the odd thing is, that Lord Auckland, having deduced from the obtuseness of their attitude, that civilians did less than surveyors, should not have sternly and logically cut down the pay of the civilians below the level of the surveyors, instead of fining one stray artilleryman, who was suspected of a design to imitate them, and rest his exhausted legs upon the table, like one "born in the purple." Be that as it may, Henry Lawrence took Mr. Currie's advice, and preferred being a political agent on 700 rupees, to a surveyor on 900 rupees. It was a turning point in his life, and we see now clearly what he could then only instinctively feel, that he turned in the right direction for a great career.

He sought a blessing on it, too, at the outset, for there is a letter from the Rev. John Newton, of the American Presbyterian Mission at Loodiana,¹⁵ dated 30th January 1839, in which he thanks Henry

¹⁵ It was from this Mission that proceeded the invitation to united prayer in the second week of 1860, which was so remarkably responded to "wherever the English language was spoken."

Lawrence for "a letter from Mrs. Lawrence a few days ago, in which the subject of our making Ferozepoor a missionary station was proposed, and all such assistance promised as could be legitimately given. We desire to be grateful to God that he puts it into the hearts of public officers in so many instances to help forward the cause in which we have embarked, and I wish it were in our power to occupy all the places where his Providence opens the door for us. . . . I should say that Mrs Lawrence's sentiments about difference of denomination have my cordial sympathy."

Yes, there is nothing like a heathen land for drawing Christians together. Differences about bishops look very small under the shadow of an idol with twelve heads

The little district of Ferozepoor, now consigned to Henry Lawrence's charge, was a chip of about 100 square miles off the great plain of Sirhind, which stands (as its name implies) at the head of Hindustan, between Nature's barriers, the mountains of the Himalaya, and the desert of Bikaner. Sirhind was for centuries the battle field of invading Mahomedans, resisting Hindoos, and insurgent Sikhs; and ruined towns and walls still strew the country, like the bones of its better days. It is held in parcels by many chiefs, mostly Sikh, but some Mahomedan, who tore it piecemeal in the last scrambles of the native races. Runjeet Sing, who began life with a horse and a spear, gradually rose through the ranks of border robbery to be chief of the chiefs of his countrymen trans-Sutlej, and, at last, monarch of the Punjaub. He would fain have swallowed up also his compatriot chiefs cis-Sutlej, and in 1808 marched open-mouthed into Sirhind; but the British power stepped in, recognized his past conquests on both sides of the Sutlej, but restricted him for the future to the North, and took the Southern, or cis-Sutlej, states under its own protection. Ferozepoor was one of these, and when its Baroness (Sirdarnee Luchumu Kowir) died without heirs in 1835, it lapsed by feudal custom to the English. It was thinly-peopled by cattle-keeping and cattle-stealing races, and was surrounded on almost every side by feudatories of Lahore. It was easy to commit crime in one state, and then fly into another; and crime, in consequence, was abundant. Cultivation was small; boundary disputes innumerable. Colonel Wade and Captain Murray, political agents on the frontier, had calculated that the raids on this border alone "cost 500 lives yearly." Still worse, says Lawrence in one of his reports, was the state of things "in the latter

days of Sirdarnee Luchumu Kowir, even when British protection had done much to suppress long-prevailing habits of rapine and violence. The petty aggressions and occasional exactions of the present day are but child's play compared to the wholesale devastations of a few years ago, when no man dug his well without erecting his tower of defence beside it, and no traveller or trader thought of moving with less than a score of men to protect him."

Such was the scene of Henry Lawrence's labours for three years, such the rough and ready school in which he had to study civil administration. It was no bed of roses; but he threw himself into it with great energy. He rebuilt the town, and surrounded it with a wall; undertook to be military as well as civil engineer, and patched up the defenceless fort; encouraged people to come and settle in his new city, and built long streets of shops for them; so that the inspecting engineers reported that "the town, when completed, will be as airy, convenient, and well built as any in Hindustan," and, "when the fort is finished and armed, it will be capable of resisting a considerable force with field artillery." The Agent to the Governor-General in the North-West Provinces, happening to visit the district in his tour, twelve months after Lawrence had been in charge, was so struck with the change effected that he wrote to him as follows: "I should be wanting in duty to the Government and to yourself were I to leave your district without expressing the very sincere satisfaction I have derived from witnessing the flourishing state of the town of Ferozepoor, and the great improvements made and in progress in the fort and public buildings connected therewith. The latter arrangements are excellent, and the credit of them is exclusively due to yourself."¹⁶

But the war going on in Cabul brought more work on him than his own district. Troops were constantly passing up or down through Ferozepoor, and for these he had to provide money, carriage, and often commissariat. Nay, he had to turn his hand to a post-office, and, in default of anybody else, to become postmaster to the armies in Afghanistan. Lawrence and his wife knew how those on service would look for letters from their homes, and still more how those left behind would long for tidings from the seat of war; and they would often sit six, eight, or even ten hours, mostly in the night, sorting the heaps of letters that went to and fro. The same Government that

¹⁶ No. 232 of 18th February 1840, from T. Metcalfe, Esq., A.G.G., N.W.P.

could fling lakhs of rupees into the barren wilds of Afghanistan, grudged a post-office clerk; and ended by wasting the time of a political officer on ten or twenty times the salary.

Amidst these manifold duties of magistrate, collector of revenue, engineer, commissariat officer, paymaster, and postmaster, Lawrence still found time to cultivate good-will with the independent chiefs around him on both sides of the Sutlej. The justice and courage with which he settled the long-disputed boundary of Furreedkote, a British feudatory, was watched by the surrounding vassals of Lahore, and followed by several voluntary applications to the Governor-General's Agent, to allow Captain Lawrence to define their boundaries also, and put an end to their disputes.

Ranjit Sing, the founder of the Sikh monarchy, died six months after Lawrence's appointment to the charge of Ferozepoor; and no sooner was his master hand withdrawn, than the whole state became agitated by intrigue. Once more, after thirty years of security in friendly treaties, the Punjaub began to be a danger to British India; and thoughtful men were already forecasting the event, and wondering whether the Sikhs would invade us or we invade the Sikhs. This was a question just suited to Henry Lawrence's turn of mind, and he studied it with an eagerness that probably shaped his own future destiny. Living much in the open air, and accessible at all hours to all people, he soon knew by name, character, and history, the leading chiefs of the Lahore Court, and day by day accumulated information of the Sikh country, its resources, its armies, and its politics. The general notions which prevailed in India on these points were extremely vague, and, with the old love of teaching others what he had learnt himself, he poured out his knowledge of the then unknown land of the Five Rivers in the form of a pleasant story called *The Adventurer in the Punjaub*, of which the chapters appeared from time to time in the columns of the *Delhi Gazette*. Mrs. Lawrence polished the periods, filled the gaps (which, in his impetuous style, he always left, rather than keep an idea waiting for a word), and spun the poetry for the lovers. It just met the want of the times, and was in such demand that it was republished, when completed, in a separate form. The author's name was not given, but, like all such profound secrets, soon became known, and Henry Lawrence from that time took his place in public estimation in the foremost rank of Punjaub pioneers.

But all this was his public life. Let us now look into his home,

and see how fared it there during these three years, 1839-40-41, before we are hurried on to sterner scenes and duties :—

From MRS. L. to MRS. IRWIN, Swan River Colony, Western Australia.

Ferozepoor, on the Sutlej, February 23rd, 1839.

. . . . Your letter full of Fahan, and Fahan letters full of you, arrived within a few days of one another. It is very delightful to feel that the chain is unbroken, and that affection is not an affair of latitude and longitude.

The said budget contained Mr. Nash's sketch of Swan River, which interested us much. I wish we could get your brother's book. I should not wonder if some day we joined you, and recent events make me more than ever long to colonize. Not that we have any present idea of leaving the service on which our bread depends ; but if we live the usual term of life we may visit your land, and perhaps ultimately take up our abode there. Your accounts of its climate and productions are very tempting. . . . Besides, those who have children in this country, and are compelled to look forward to sending them away, must yearn for a climate not entailing this cruel necessity—*this*, which is *the* drawback to Indian marriages.

Simla, in the Himalaya Mountains, April 15th, 1839.

I HAVE been such a rover as to find difficulty in writing letters. Last year I suffered so severely from the heat of the plains that I was utterly forbidden to be there this hot season. Accordingly, here I am, in what would be a perfect paradise were it not a place of exile from my home, for Henry is too busy in his office to accompany me.

I have my little darling with me, and trust that the trip will do him as much good as his mamma. The climate here and the scenery exceed all I could have dreamed of. This station is 8,000 feet above the sea, amidst the lower Himalayan chain. The air is absolute balm—no cold, no heat ; day and night the temperature nearly equal. Violets, buttercups, wild strawberries and raspberries, and many other old friends abound. The hill-sides are completely clothed with wood ; every species of fir and oak, bay, laurestina, and rhododendron, the latter not a shrub with a sickly lilac blossom like ours, but a tree as large as a walnut-tree, from every twig springing clusters of scarlet flowers. These trees, mingled with the others, have a most beautiful appearance. Then there are such lovely deep glens, bright rushing streams, and green sward ; and between and above these, swelling wooded hills and views of the snowy range, looking, indeed, so like what Bishop Heber calls them—“steps to heaven”—that one is absolutely bewildered in loveliness. The principal conveyance used by ladies is a *jampan*, or chair upon poles, carried by four men, who run up and down places that make my head giddy ; but I

do not like this as the general means of locomotion, and I have got a hill-pony, a little shaggy, stout creature, that really creeps like a spider up and down the hills, and canters along the level ground. On my way hither I made two halts, of a few days each—one at Loodiana, the other at Subathoo; both times I stayed with American missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, a body very widely disseminated over India, and among the most judicious and zealous workmen in this wide field. I told them what you said in your letter of your colony offering a suitable change for any whose health required it. They seemed much pleased at the idea, and said that many continued in the country long after their health failed, from unwillingness to relinquish the work in quest of change. I gave them your brother's address, saying that though you were of the English Church, you would gladly welcome any active minister of another denomination. I hope we shall have a branch of them at Ferozepoor, which is both a natural and spiritual waste.

Did I not believe that God fixes the bounds of our habitation as much as He sets the stars their places in the sky, I should mourn our being set down in such a desert. For about 100 miles on every side the country is a sandy level; indeed, we are but four marches from the desert. The soil, where sufficient exists for culture, is too shallow to admit of trees; the inhabitants are few, and their habitations generally mere sheds of mat with straw roofs, so slight that they can carry them about; and it is not uncommon to see a whole village move from one spot to another. The inhabitants are chiefly Sikhs, a modified sect of Hindoos. They have an extraordinary Jewish physiognomy, and it would require very little imagination to find out the ten tribes on the banks of the Sutlej. This bleak spot (Ferozepoor) is now become of importance, as the depôt from whence troops, provisions, and treasure are forwarded to Beloochistan and Cabul. You would be amused, could you see the two little pigeon-holes we lived in. There is a large fort of mud and bricks, the lower part of which is a network of filthy narrow lanes; going up a flight of steps in the wall, we come to *the state apartments*—one on each side of a little court; they have neither window nor fireplace, and doors that close very badly; so we were obliged either to keep out the light or let in the wind, which was always blowing and bringing either rain or dust. We suffered much from cold for three months, and then the heat was excessive. By next year I hope we shall have a house, and the pleasure of seeing some verdure near our doors. My baby got the ophthalmia from the glare reflected from the barren ground. So you see, if we become colonists, we shall be prepared for some hardships. . . .

Not much of "oriental luxury," or "the pomp of an Indian Political" in all this! Softer, surely, the stools in Somerset House.

Speaking of native servants :—

From MRS. L. to MRS. CAMERON.

Simla, July 22nd, 1839.

. . . . Vice, of course, may be met at home, but it does not there stare us in the face unrepobated and unblushing ; there is a standard of truth and purity acknowledged ; respectable people do not use, in common conversation, language of untranslatable abomination ; and few are so hardened as not to be ashamed of *detection* in a lie or theft. But here there is no moral sense as to either truth, honesty, or purity. Happily the usual effect produced on those brought up at home is disgust ; but think of the mind *opening* under these influences ; of our children hearing a language which they generally understand better than their parents, and of our lessons respecting a holy and spiritual God, being mingled in their minds with the silly and abominable fables and images of the surrounding idols ! I suppose it is from people generally leaving England so young, and then not learning to think in this country, that there is such prevalent apathy among mothers. I have seen *but two* in India, who resolutely set themselves to keep their children from the servants and from growing up heathens. "It is very sad, but it can't be helped : and a year at home will set all to rights," is the universal opiate to conscience. But those who study children, and feel the immense importance of the first eight years of life, must have their hearts sickened. I am writing an essay instead of a letter, but this subject is of absorbing interest to me, and you will understand how we here prize the prayers of others for our child, and how touchingly we can enter into the cares of parents. I feel, whenever I pray for the children of others, I am praying for those who will be the contemporaries of our own treasure ; who will have so great a share in moulding his character ; and therefore often when my heart is dead and cold about myself ; it warms in prayers for others ; how specially so for the child of my beloved Mary. . . .

On January 1st I entered the camp of the army of the Indus. Can you fancy a plain level (with a degree of levelness that nothing I had previously seen could give me an idea of), extending hundreds of miles in every direction ; the substratum a light penetrating sand, covered with soil from an inch to three or four feet deep. Of course no trees of any size can grow in such a land ; but there are wildernesses of cactus in all its varieties, with its splendid scarlet and yellow blossoms, and its tough, shining cuticle preserving the internal moisture. And in this sand, where moisture seems unknown, an unseen hand moulds the large, cool water-melon, which grows almost uncultivated. There is, too, the Babool (*Mimosa Arabica*), which spreads a network of slender fibrous roots over the shallow soil, and draws up nourishment for its slender shrinking leaves, and yellow-tufted blossoms. 'Tis a most graceful shrub, and always gives me a peculiar feeling, it looks so happy and grateful in

the desert. But the general produce of the plain is a coarse tufted grass, a small prickly shrub, varied by hillocks of sand, and a sufficient number of bleaching bones to look very formidable, though I believe they are of nothing worse than camels and bullocks, thousands of which have lain down in their anguish and died on the march of our army. It was misery to see the poor things; a long line of the slender-legged, awkward creatures, loaded to the last extremity, each with a string passed through his nose, and fastened to the tail of the one before him, and a wild shaggy-looking Afghan leading the foremost. If one gave way, there was nothing for it but to loose it from the string and leave it there to die. And never in bird, beast, or creeping thing, did I see such an expression of woe and tenderness as in the large, soft brown eye of a camel. But I slide into description when I mean to narrate.

The hot weather of 1840 was passed together at Ferozepoor. A house, a real house, was obtained in the cantonment, and they were able to escape from their fiery furnace in the fort. Poor souls, it never was in their lot to build very snug nests under very safe eaves. Their destiny was on upper boughs that rocked in the wind; and a few soft thorns and hard scraps of wool were all they ever wove into a home. But they got the first of the sun up there, and were thankful. On August 22nd, the day after the anniversary of their wedding, she wrote this year to Mrs. Hayes, rejoicing in the lull they were in, while storms blew all around:

And now our third year is completed, what have I to tell but the old story? that we *are happy*, and that we feel that you are the earthly cause of our happiness, and that in proportion to our love for each other is that we feel for our dearest sister. How differently are we placed to-day from what we were two years ago, when the drawn sword of parting was hanging over our heads! I feel this peculiarly just now, when some disturbances in Beloochistan call for a reinforcement of military; and at least, one of the regiments at this place move next week; and I think that Henry *might* be going too. I think I told you he had applied for employment in Cabul; he has been for the present refused, and I cannot regret it, for, in the unquiet state of that country, my poor heart quailed at his going there. Do not fancy that if he *ought* to go I would say a word to hinder him; but while he is usefully, and in a good measure professionally, employed here, I should not like his going needlessly into danger. . . .

Their little boy Alick (commonly called Tim, for some abstruse philological reason), was now two years old, and beginning to be a

great delight, but delicate enough to keep them humble. Their second child, a daughter, was born on the 16th November, 1840, and the mother's simple story of the christening will bring home frontier-life in a startling shape to those "who dwell at home at ease :"—

To MRS. CAMERON.

March 18th, 1841.

. . . I forgot to tell you that our baby is called after the best and dearest of sisters, *Letitia Catherine*—Joy and Purity. May the name be prophetic! Henry is, in virtue of his office, the person to perform marriages and baptisms at Ferozepoor, and I felt it peculiarly touching that he should himself thus commend our treasure to the Giver. He baptized her at my bedside, at a time I never thought to be raised from it ; and at the same time baptized the child of a brother officer under very interesting circumstances.

Are you a little shocked, dear reader? Ah! your Christianity is kept warm for you in cotton-wool. You have unbroken ordinances, perhaps *too* unbroken for your good. You have never seen a parish without a church, or a church without a pastor, or a Sunday without a service. The old stone-font stands just by your pew, and you know every chisel-mark on it. You have seen all the little ones of your little world christened over its brim, and you half think that it is where Christians come from. But, dear friend, there is a clink of bondage about this, and your younger brothers, who have been thrust out into the world, cannot drag it about with them. Their lot is cast in "the bush," where there are too often no churches, no ministers, no fonts, but the running streams. What are they to do if they would "hold fast their profession?" Why, turn to the truth, that they "have a great High Priest who has passed into the heavens." They are in a position to understand the meaning of it.

In March, 1841, Henry Lawrence was so prostrated with fever that he was ordered off "on sick leave" to the hills, and joined his wife at Subathoo on 19th April. His wonderful constitution at once rallied, and ten days afterwards, to the astonishment of his friend and superior, Mr. Clerk, volunteered for service (which was threatening) in the Punjaub—

To GEORGE CLERK, Esq., A.G.G., N.-W. Frontier.

SIR,—

Subathoo, Oct. 29th, 1841.

LEST my absence from my post at the present juncture should be misunderstood, I have the honour to request that you will make known to

Government what I have already demi-officially stated to yourself, my earnest desire to be employed in any capacity in which you may deem my services most useful, in the event of operations being now, or at any other time, undertaken on the frontier; and that although the state of my health forbids unnecessary exposure, I am both able and willing to proceed to the plains to-morrow should my services be required.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

(Signed) H. M. LAWRENCE, A.G.G.A.,
On Medical Certificate to the Hills.

In reply, he was told to keep quiet and get well; but nothing would have induced him to do so, had armed interference been necessary in the Punjaub. How seriously it was meditated we see in his wife's letters:—

From MRS. L. to MRS. CAMERON.

Subathoo, May 26th, 1841.

. . . Henry followed me in a month, and here we are, enjoying together this lovely climate, our improved health, our children's well-being, and the very great luxury of perfect quiet, which, after the whirl of Ferozepoor, is unspeakably grateful. Here we hope to remain for some months, then to return to our berth in the plains, recruited for whatever may be before us. The experience of all my life, and especially of the last two years, would be worse than in vain, if I could not, a little better than formerly, cast off the burthen of to-morrow. . . .

Wars, and rumours of wars, are on every side, and there seems no doubt that next cold weather will decide the long-suspended question of our occupying the Punjaub; Henry, both in his civil and military capacity, will probably be called to take a part in whatever goes on. . . .

And again:—

To MRS. HAYES.

Subathoo, June 5th, 1841.

. . . If I have life and reason, I promise you, Lettice, constant communications during the ensuing season; for your anxiety will hardly be less than my own. Nothing is yet promulgated; but H. supposes the army for the Punjaub will be divided into three columns—the main body accompanied by Mr. Clerk, our *chief*, and the others by H. and Mr. Cunningham, an officer of Engineers now acting at Ferozepoor; but as soon as we know we will tell you all.

Yours as ever, H. L.

But the turbulence of the Sikh army subsided for a time, and Maharajah Sher Sing avoided the desperate expedient of calling in

a British army to disarm his own. That struggle was put off for four years more.

In the first chapter of this book allusion was made to some stories that Henry Lawrence composed for the amusement and moral training of his boy Alick. They seem to have been written about this time, and give such deep looks into his own good heart—as a father and as a man—that two of them will be welcome here to readers old and young :—

(1.)—HANNAH MORE.

“WELL, Tim, my son, what shall we have now—a ride on Selim, a game of leap-frog, or a story?”

“A story, papa, please.”

“What kind, my boy? About a general, a king, a poor man, or an old woman?”

“Oh, papa, you’ve never told me about any old woman; pray tell me a story of one.”

“Yes, darling; I know stories of many excellent old women, and when you are a good boy I will let one of my old women out of her hiding-place; or it shall be one of the many good things for my son on a Sunday, when he is good; mind, *only* when he is good—when he comes with smiling face to papa, and when he has made mamma’s heart rejoice by doing all she tells him.”

“Tim *will* be good, papa dear; but pray begin, for I am so anxious to hear of the old woman. Had she a beard, papa?”

“No, Tim dear; but when I saw her at Clifton in 1838—that is thirteen years ago—she was very old (eighty-five, I think), and her hair was very white; but her face it was so sweet, and though she could not stand up, but was propped up on pillows in a chair, she was as kind and as cheerful even as mamma is. I had lately come from India, and she asked me so many questions about India, and so kindly, just as if I was her son or dear friend, instead of a stranger who had gone to see her.”

“What was her name, papa, and why did you go to see her, if she was not your friend?”

“Her name was Hannah More, my boy; and I went to see her for the reason I am now telling you of her—because she was a great woman, one of those few persons who had exercised the talents God had given them to His glory and to the welfare of those around her.”

“What did she do, papa, and how? What could a woman do?”

“She did a great deal more than I can tell you; but so much I can tell my child as will make him wish to learn to read, and then he can read those two volumes, and learn all about her for himself. See, there they are. Bring them; look at her sweet, innocent face! Kiss it, Alick.”

"Oh, dear old woman! good lady."

"Yes; now change knees, for papa is not so strong as he was; and now let me begin. Hannah More was what is called a spinster; that is, she was never married. Some stupid and many wicked people think little of spinsters, and laugh at them; but my boy will never laugh at anybody, particularly at the helpless and the friendless—and a woman, when alone, is always, in a degree, defenceless. I have known many such nice, kind, oh! such sweet spinsters, old and young. Hannah More, like most of her kind, was voluntarily unmarried. She did not meet with a husband whom she felt she could love as mamma loves papa, and so she remained *alone*; but no, she was not alone; she had a dear, kind mamma and papa, and four good, kind sisters, who all loved her dearly. They were all older than her, but she was more clever than they were, yet there was no jealousy: all was love and peace in their house. Her papa, when she was a very little girl (just as Tim is now a boy), used to dandle her on his knee, and tell her stories, and her sisters, as fast as they learnt anything, taught her: and so will Alick—won't he?—teach Lettice the stories he hears?"

"Yes, papa, that I will. Baby shall ride my pony, and I will hold her on, and I will draw her in the little carriage."

"That's my own boy! That's what mamma and papa love, and nothing will ever grieve them so much as to see Alick not love his little sister."

"I do love her very much, papa; but Hannah More?"

"Yes, darling; she was called by all the world Hannah More, because she was so good; if she had been worldly, and done as others do, she would have been as others are—Miss More, or Mrs. More; but no, she was Hannah More, the friend of all, and therefore all thought of her without ceremony, and as a friend."

"What did she do, papa?"

"Why, as you say, my child, a woman cannot do exactly as a man; but she did more than most men have done, or would do. She was poor, she was not strong; but she read a great deal, she learnt much, and then she wrote stories; they made wicked people read their Bibles, proud people ashamed, and sick people remember that they would die. And she wrote so well that people gave her a great deal of money, and what do you think she did with it? Bought a carriage, a pony, and a fine house? None of these things. But she fed the poor; she did more—she went to the cottages of those who were sick, she read to them, taught them, comforted them, and fed them in mind and in body; their little children, too, she took home, and by kindness and love she made them clean and tidy and truth-telling. They were naughty and dirty, and they told stories; but she did not whip them. No, just like mamma does with Alick, she used to talk to them kindly and gently, just as if they were her own; and they loved her as if they were."

"Oh how kind ! how good ! Oh, dear old woman !"

"Yes, my child, she was. And how much better is she off now than those who spent their money on show, in wickedness or idleness. How much wiser even. How much happier in life ; how much more so in death. She was in one respect unfortunate ; but it only served to show her real character the brighter. Her servants plundered her,—those to whom she had been as a mother. It reduced her means, and it was that which obliged her, in her old age, to give up Bailey Wood, the house where she had lived for forty years ; but, as I've told you, it did not affect her cheerfulness. I saw her not long afterwards ; it was in the Crescent at Clifton. My dear father was with me. He was a very kind papa, and he was famed for being kind to women, particularly to old ladies. He died much about the time Hannah More died. He was much younger ; but within a year of each other both were buried."

"Ah, dear grandpapa, then is dead ?"

"Yes, dear child ; and I'll tell you of him, how he loved your papa, and used to call him his grenadier ; but it is late, and this is enough for one evening, and will enable my boy the better to understand Hannah More's life when he reads it, and not, like idle people, to put it down with the silly remark, 'She's a Methodist spin.'"

Ferozepoor.

.H M. L.

(2.)—AUNT ANGEL (KNOX). ' "

"WELL, Alick darling, do you recollect what I told you last Sunday ?"

"Oh, yes, papa dear, quite well—it was about a good, kind, old lady. Her name was Hannah More, and she died about the time papa's papa died. She was very old, but so kind and so sweet."

"Yes, Alick dear. And shall I tell you of another such old lady ?"

"Oh, yes, papa, please do—of a great many, for I so love to hear stories."

"Well, then, my boy, I'll tell you of a relation of our own, who was as good, though not as clever as Hannah More. It will show my child that God does not require us to be clever, nor is it necessary for our happiness that we should be so. We are only required to make a proper use of our time and of our senses.

"Well, Aunt Angel (for, like Hannah More, our dear aunt had scarcely ever a title of Miss or Mrs. applied to her), she was known as the good and kind aunt, who, having no children of her own, spent her life in doing good to the children of others, and particularly to those of her brother and sister, the latter being my mother. The first time of which I have any, and that a very slight recollection, of Aunt Angel, was at York, a large town in the north of England.

"It must be thirty years ago, and when papa was scarcely older than Alick is now, which makes me hope that my son will remember the little stories I tell him, though he is not three years old. Aunt Angel was then a middle-aged woman. She was very small and feeble ; bu

though the body was weak, her mind was active. She was not pretty, and I've said she was not clever; nor was she rich. So what made her so beloved? It was, that she never thought of herself. She was *stingy* of the smallest piece of money; but she gave *away more money* during her life than any person I know, even though her income was small, so small that many people would have thought it not sufficient for themselves. It was a strange peculiarity in her, that I never remember her without money, and I never remember her asking me if I wanted money; but she was always giving it to me, and to others who wanted it more than I did, though, when I left home, as my father had no money, if it had not been for Aunt Angel's £200—more than a whole year's income—I might have been unable to come to India, or have been obliged to borrow money, and, perhaps, have been still in debt. But Aunt Angel's charities went beyond her relations or casual accidents; she had many regular pensioners; she would go and seek for poor distressed objects—old women so sick as to be unable to leave their beds; blind, lame, and deaf people; wives with cruel husbands; fathers with wicked sons—she would relieve their hunger, and then she would try to get richer people to do so too. She would sit with them and read to them, though her eyes were bad, and though she was very delicate in health; yet, wrapping herself in her coarse cloak (such as many servants would not wear), and walking on heavy pattens, she would go through rain and snow to the miserable dwellings of the sick and the poor, and by her cheerful and kind talk would give them even more comfort than the shilling or half-crown she left behind. When I was a very little boy, I have often gone with her, and, calling myself a little man, said I would protect dear, kind Aunt Angel. When I was at school in Ireland, at my uncle's, I remember my acquaintance with our aunt. I will tell Alick another time of the school, and of my good uncle, and of how papa was a bad boy, and was, therefore, not happy at school. However, Aunt Angel was as kind as ever, and was always doing some act of kindness to Alick's papa. Aunt Angel was very anxious about the Jews, the lost people of God. She used to spend a good deal of money in assisting good men who employed themselves in trying to convert the Jews. In schools she was also much interested. She would not only give her money to assist them, but her time and her strength; and, while other old ladies (for she was now getting old) rode in carriages, and dressed fine, and ate rich food, she walked, dressed plainly, and ate more plainly: so that all the cash she could save might be spent on her favourite pursuits. When I left school and came to England, I there again met Aunt Angel, older and weaker, but even kinder than ever; and there and then, I grieve to say, that neither I nor my brothers and sisters behaved to her as she deserved. We had been weak and she strong, and she loved us and helped us; we were now becoming men and women, and she was getting feeble, but, I grieve to say, we often neglected and

slighted her. Perhaps I did not think so then, and did not intend it ; but now I see it. She was our mother's favourite sister, and never did two sisters live together with more love ; so that, in my father's house, our aunt could not have been unhappy, as her sister loved her, and as we sometimes did as she wished, which was to read the Bible to her, and walk with her to see her poor people.

"Twelve years ago, when I was at home, Aunt Angel was very feeble ; but she had her full senses, and all her sympathies alive. I did not see as much of her as now I wish I had, but one pleasant journey I had with her to Leitrim to see her brother. We stayed with him a week, and returned to Derry. Your Aunt Honoria was the third of the party. I saw little of her afterwards, but have often heard that, as she grew older and feebler, her heart still retained its warmth, and she looked with a mother's affection to her many nephews and nieces scattered over the world. Her life is an excellent example how much more *present* happiness even is to be gained by *fearing* God, by living in love and charity with all men, than in following the foolish and idle ways of the world ; for Aunt Angel lived happy, and died lamented." H. M. L.

Are they not sweet stories, reader? And do they not make you love the teller of them? Is not this the noblest nature, to be gentle as well as great? But even he needs sorrow. And his sweet wife, too. She shall tell us how it came, suddenly during his absence for a week, and what a blessing it left behind:—

From MRS. L. to MRS. CAMERON.

Kussowlee (about September, 1841).

. . . About noon on Sunday Dr. Steel came in. "How are the children?" "I hope Letitia is much better, but Alick is very unwell." "Yes, Alick is very ill ; but it is for *her* you must be most anxious." The words hardly conveyed any meaning to me. A heavy blow fell on my heart and brain. Then came the necessity for action—leeching and warm baths for both ; Alick's entreaties not to leave him for a moment, and her little arms stretched out to mamma. About four o'clock he was easier, and so was she ; but a fearful change had come over her countenance. "Must my child die?" I said to the doctor. "I can give you no hope." "And Alick?" "He may live till morning." I sat down on the couch where he lay, and took her in my lap. I looked from her pale face to his, burning with fever. But a holy calm came over me. I felt the Saviour saying to me, "Suffer your little one to come to me." I felt carrying her through the dark valley, and *saw* the glory she was entering on. Had God offered to restore her, I would not have taken her back. But oh, when I thought of my Henry hearing he was childless, as I hourly expected he would be ! The evening wore away ; she lay perfectly tranquil, breathing away her spirit. I dreaded to call for candles.

When they came, I saw the terrible change. At half past eight she ceased breathing. I laid her down to take up my still living child. All night he continued apparently dying. The next day he rallied a little. In the morning I laid my beautiful babe in her coffin. Oh, Mary, dearest Mary, how do I live to tell it all? For five days my boy continued as ill as possible; the utmost I hoped was, that he might live till his father returned. Our doctor is an old and kind friend, and scarcely left me for an hour. Often I thought my precious boy was actually dead. The following Friday he had violent fever, which proved the crisis of the disease, and the next day there was hope. On Sunday night he slept, and so did I. I did not think Henry *could* be back before Wednesday; but when I opened my eyes on Monday morning, there he was sitting beside me, my own husband, safe and well. We had another week of dreadful anxiety; but Alick had no relapse, and, to my own astonishment, I did not sink in bodily strength. It was not till the suspense was over that I fully felt my own bereavement. But oh, Mary! this is sorrow *without a sting*—no anxiety, no bitter feeling, no earthly dross. It is a bitter cup, but it comes direct from a Father's hand: and I say with joy and praise to Him that, on the 21st August, our fourth wedding day, we were happier, yes *happier*, in each other and in our hopes for eternity, than we had ever been. We never could so have loved, had we not sorrowed together, and together found peace and joy in believing. . . .

It was at Subathoo that the little girl "fell asleep,"¹⁷ and was laid to rest. As soon as Mrs. Lawrence could be moved they went higher up, to Kussowlee, where they had been building a cottage during the summer; and in a postscript to his wife's letter to Mrs. Cameron, Henry Lawrence says: "From our house we can see the burial ground at Subathoo, where the mortal remains of our little angel lie. It is on a solitary hill above Subathoo, ten miles from Kussowlee."

Soon after this he returned to his post at Ferozepoor, and Mrs. Lawrence followed in November, to be greeted by the news of a calamity that made thousands more bereaved and childless than herself.

¹⁷ In another letter, of 20th October 1841, to Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. Lawrence says, "On the 1st of August our sweet Letitia *fell asleep*; I cannot bear to say *died*, when I think of all she has left, and all she has entered on."

CHAPTER VI.

DECEMBER 1841.

THE causes of the Cabul War may come round again to-morrow, so it is still our own business to understand them, though thirty years have passed. Whoever desires to do so thoroughly will read with painful interest the *History of the War in Afghanistan*, by Sir John William Kaye, from which the materials of the following preliminary sketch are almost entirely drawn.

At the close of the eighteenth and opening of the nineteenth century, Shah Zemân sat on the throne of Afghanistan. He was a prince of the Suddozye, or royal race of his country, but was not the eldest son of the last king, Tamur Shah, and was only raised above his brothers by the aid of Payindah Khan¹ Baruckzye, father of the late Ameer of Cabul, the renowned, but much misrepresented Dost Mahommud Khan, the ablest man whom Central Asia has produced since Nadir Shah; by turns the rejected friend, the enforced enemy, the honourable prisoner, the vindictive assailant, and the faithful ally of the English in India.

The thought of Shah Zemân's life was to invade British India. The thought of British Indian Governors-General was to stave him off. Runjeet Sing, the rising monarch of the Punjaub, and next-door neighbour of the English, did him homage. Napoleon I., looking about the world to injure England, saw in Shah Zemân a fitting instrument.

To avert this storm the English, in 1800, made an alliance with Persia against France and Afghanistan; but next year the dreaded Shah Zemân lay throneless and sightless in a dungeon.

How this came about is worth noting. One of the first acts of Shah Zemân was to set aside Payindah Khan, the *Warwick* who had helped him to the throne. Payindah Khan conspired, was discovered,

¹ For his services to Timour Shah he got the title of Sirfiraz Khan; and the two names are indiscriminately used by Native historians, perplexingly enough.

arrested, and barbarously put to death. He left twenty-one sons to revenge him, and well did they fulfil the duty of Afghan sons. Futteh Khan, the eldest (as remarkable a man as his father), espoused the cause of the King's half-brother, Prince Mahmood, seated him by one bold stroke on the throne, and put out the eyes of Shah Zemân.

The succession was disputed by Prince Shoojah-ool-Moolk, own brother of Zemân, and half-brother of Mahmood, with varying fortune. Sometimes one brother, sometimes the other, reigned at Cabul. But what concerns us to mark is, that Shoojah-ool-Moolk committed the same fatal error as his brother, Shah Zemân, in rejecting the aid of the king-making Baruckzyes. Futteh Khan, seeing the worthlessness of Mahmood, would fain have adopted the side of Shoojah-ool-Moolk, but his overtures were spurned, and the struggle went on from year to year.

At last Shah Shoojah was driven by Shah Mahmood across the Indus in 1809, and after being plundered of the renowned Koh-i-Noor diamond by Runjeet Sing, and many wanderings and misfortunes, found an asylum at Loodiana, with the English, in 1816. His brother, Shah Zemân, shared his exile—blind, and a pensioner in the land which he had so long threatened to invade.

Futteh Khan Baruckzye remained nominally Wuzeer, but really ruler of Afghanistan, till his younger brother, Dost Mahommud, insulted a Suddozye princess. In a spasm of dignity the heir apparent, Kamran, made the Wuzeer prisoner, and put out his eyes with a dagger, then caused him to be hacked limb from limb by his personal enemies in the presence of his own puppet, Shah Mahmood. This bloody and ungrateful act sealed the fate of the dynasty. The surviving brothers of the Wuzeer seized upon the provinces and parcelled them out among themselves. Thus fell the Suddozyes, and thus rose the Baruckzyes, in the kingdom of Cabul: a revolution approved by the people, and which even the English have been unable to reverse.

Now turn to Persia during the same period. In 1800, Russia, under Paul, annexed Georgia. The Persians sought for help from the English, with whom they had an alliance against the French. The English turned a deaf ear. The Persians, in despair, applied to the French, in breach of the English treaty. This was in 1805. Napoleon sent an embassy at once, and terms were easily arranged. France undertook to check Russia, and Persia undertook to join the

French in invading India. The whole plan of the campaign was sent home by the French officers at Teheran for Napoleon's approval. But in 1807 Napoleon and Alexander made friends at Tilsit, which largely modified the scheme. The invasion of India was to hold good, and Russia was to join,² but French interference with Russia, beyond the Caucasus (the sole object of unhappy Persia), was struck out!

The policy with which the startled English met this combination was a counter series of alliances in 1808-9, with the States bordering on India, the Punjaub, Sindh, and Afghanistan, and a renewal of friendship with Persia.

In March, 1809, Sir Harford Jones made a treaty with Persia, which bound us to help the Shah, with men or money, against any European enemy, whether *ours* or not, provided he were the aggressor, while Persia was bound to bar the march of any European power against British India.

The very provisions of treaties often show the way to break them. By religious persecutions in Georgia, and incessant boundary encroachments, Russia worried Persia into war again in 1826, in spite of every wish and effort of the Shah. The Persians called on England for aid under the treaty. Mr. Canning backed out under the plea that Persia was the aggressor, and England looked on while Russia triumphed and Persia was broken down. The war ended with the humiliating treaty of Toorkomanchai, in February, 1828, by which fresh provinces were ceded to Russia, Persia was saddled with an impossible indemnity, and Russia obtained the sole right of having armed vessels on the Caspian Sea. England was so ashamed of her position that she paid 250,000 *tomauns* to the Shah of Persia to cancel the articles of the treaty which had bound her to give aid. From that time forth Persia must be regarded as a tool in the hands of Russia. And the use of it by Russia caused the Cabul War.

It now became the policy of Russia to push Persian influence before her in Central Asia as a cover for her own. Persia being under the thumb of Russia, whatever Persia got was a Russian gain.

The first object of ambition was necessarily Herat, which stands across the path to Cabul, Candahar, and India. When the Baruckzyes triumphed over the Suddozyes in other provinces of Afghanistan,

² Russia and France were each to furnish 30,000 men.

Herat alone remained in the hands of Shah Mahmood and his son and successor Kamran. But the Persians could find dormant claims to it without going very far into the past; and, urged by Russia to assert them, they commenced operations against Herat in 1833, in spite of all the protests of the English.³

Political changes then baffled the attempt; but the idea remained, and in November 1827 the Shah in person besieged Herat. Russian officers and agents were in the camp, and gave both advice and active aid in the conduct of the siege. The very Russian Minister at the Court of Teheran, Count Simonich, having arrived when the siege was slackening, advanced 50,000 tomanes to the exhausted treasury of the Persians, and promised that if Mahomed Shah took Herat, the balance of the debt due by Persia to Russia should be remitted.⁴ Had the Shah succeeded, his army would have swept on to Candahar and Cabul, and whether the Baruckzyes were conquered or subsidized, Afghanistan would, in either case, have become a new basis for the intrigues of Russia.

There are some who think that such an event would matter nothing to us now; but perhaps no one who has witnessed what has passed in India during the last thirty years would be hardy enough to assert that we were prepared for it in 1837, and justice demands that we should pause to make this reflection before we advance into such a field of controversy as the Cabul War.

Thoroughly informed of these designs from the beginning, the Government of British India despatched Alexander Burnes to Cabul in November 1836, and he arrived in September 1837. The throne of Cabul had now been held for eleven years by Ameer Dost Mahommud Khan, the ablest of those Baruckzye brothers who had divided the Suddozye kingdom among themselves. Three other brothers reigned at Candahar, but Peshawur had been conquered by the Sikhs from another batch of brothers, and annexed to the Punjaub.

Had Burnes been armed with authority to make any fair offers of aid to Dost Mahommud Khan in preserving his independence, the Cabul War would have been happily avoided. The Ameer had the strongest predilection for the English alliance. His keen judgment

³ The English themselves had invited Persia in 1800 to attack Herat, in order to divert the Suddozyes from invading India.

⁴ KAYE'S *History of the War in Afghanistan*. Edition of 1857. Vol. I. p. 295.

probably told him that the conjunction of Persia and Russia boded no good to Afghanistan; while the English only could restrain the Sikhs. More than once he had made overtures to the Indian Government, which returned cold replies. On hearing of Lord Auckland's assumption of the Governor-Generalship, the Ameer had written in the spring of 1836, to congratulate his lordship, and to ask him his advice as to Afghan affairs. He said he placed himself and his country at the disposal of the English. Nothing, in short, could have been more decided than the leaning of Dost Mahommud Khan towards us. To this day it seems inexplicable why he was rejected. There he was upon the throne, strong, and acceptable to his subjects; a good king, as Eastern rulers go; able and willing, with the most moderate support, to carry out the honest policy of the existing status, and maintain the independence of Afghanistan. Two months after Burnes, a Russian agent, Colonel Vicovitch, arrived at Cabul with a letter from the Czar, and large offers of money.

Dost Mahommud handed the letter over to Burnes, and would hardly treat the envoy with politeness. Burnes reported all this faithfully to Lord Auckland, and in the strongest terms advocated the policy of supporting the Baruckzyes; but all to no avail. With an infatuation that astounds afresh whenever the subject is approached, Lord Auckland (who had left his Council in Calcutta) rejected the overtures—even the humble entreaties—of the able sovereign on the throne, and turned to the exile, who had lost that throne, as a better bulwark for British India. Truly, if men will lean upon a broken reed, they must learn the pang of its running into their hand.

On the 26th of June 1838, a tripartite treaty was signed at Lahore, by which Runjeet Sing, the English, and Shah Shoojah, agreed to revolutionize Afghanistan by way of making it friendly—to depose the Baruckzyes from power, and set up the Loodiana pensioner in their stead. And on the 1st October 1838, Lord Auckland issued a manifesto, justifying the policy, in which the views and conduct of Dost Mahommud Khan were misrepresented with a hardihood which a Russian statesman might have envied.

Scarcely had war been declared when news reached Lord Auckland that the siege of Herat had been abandoned. Encouraged by the accidental presence of a young English lieutenant—Eldred Pottinger, of the Bombay Artillery, who, to serve his country, threw in his lot with the garrison—the Heratees held out against the Shah

of Persia, his army, and his Russian friends, for ten long months. A small military expedition sent from India as a diversion took possession of the island of Karrack, in the Persian Gulf, in June 1838, and the English Ministry offered the Shah of Persia the alternative of withdrawal from Herat or war with England. Thus menaced and overtaken, the Shah threw up the siege in the first week of September 1838, just as the garrison were in extremities, and withdrew to Teheran. The Russian policy had failed, and the danger to British India had passed away.

What madness it does seem! Even now, at the eleventh hour the Cabul War might have been avoided. There was nothing to fight about. The enemy was gone. But no—Dost Mahommud must be dethroned as a precaution for the future; and on the 8th November 1838 Lord Auckland put forth a second manifesto, declaring that the expedition should proceed, though on a smaller scale.

It was to join "the army of the Indus," assembled at Ferozepoor under the proclamation of the 1st October, that George and Henry Lawrence had together hurried to the frontier. It was by the directions of the proclamation of the 8th November that George's regiment of cavalry went on, and Henry's troop of artillery stayed behind.

The invading army took the route of the Bolan Pass, and reached Candahar on the 26th April 1839. There, on the 8th May, Shah Shooj'ah was enthroned. On the 23rd July the famous fortress of Ghuznee was captured, without heavy guns or siege, by a daring feat of arms, and the road laid open to the capital. This was a fatal blow to Dost Mahommud Khan, who had relied on the time occupied by the siege of Ghuznee to mature the defence of Cabul. The result is related by George Lawrence to his brother Henry, with all the glee of a young campaigner. Little did he think, poor fellow, as he penned this light-hearted letter, that three years more, and he would be carried along the same road a prisoner, with many others in the hands of the Afghans!

From CAPTAIN GEORGE ST. P. LAWRENCE *to* H. M. L.

Camp Cabul, 30th August 1839.

. . . On the 29th July we marched towards Cabul; the Bombay column following on the 30th. On the 3rd intelligence was received of the flight of Dost Mahommud in the direction of Bamian and Bulkh, leaving his guns (24) at Urgundee, twelve miles hence, on the Ghuznee road. His people, on hearing of the fall of that place, would not fight,

and came over to us in scores. Cureton, of the Lancers, with 100 of that regiment and 100 Native Cavalry, started off to take possession of the guns. Craigie came to me on the morning of the 3rd and said that some officers (volunteers) were required to accompany 3,000 Afghans in the pursuit of the Dost; that by taking a short cut through the mountains we had every prospect of overtaking him: and asked me if I would be one. I immediately consented, with the proviso that I had some of my own troopers with me, as I had no confidence or faith in the Afghans. This was agreed upon. The other officers were Captain Outram, Bombay Infantry, to command; Wheler, Christie, with 125 of his horse; Ryves, with 25 of the 4th Locals; Erskine, Bombay Cavalry, with 25 Poonah Auxiliary Horse; Backhouse, Troup, Broadfoot; Hojg, Bombay Infantry, and Worrall, assistant surgeon.

On the 6th we were reinforced by Trevor, 3rd Cavalry, and Taylor, M.B., with 200 Afghans, so that in all we had thirteen officers, 75 Troopers, 50 Local Horse, and 125 of Christie's men. We were ready at twelve o'clock, but the Afghans could not be collected till seven P.M., when we started with only 600 out of their 3,000, headed by Hadjee Khan Kakkur, a notorious scoundrel. That night we marched thirty-five miles. The men had nothing with them but their cloaks, and few of the officers even a change of linen. I fortunately took four suits, with a small tent and pair of *pitaruhs*, with a *khitmutgar*, on two *yaboos* and two mules, which kept up famously.

In this, our first march, we had reason to regret being tacked to such allies. It was with much difficulty we could get on. They already evinced a decided repugnance to the expedition, and only fifty arrived at the new ground with us; the rest, however, came up during the day. Our route lay over mountain paths, up the beds of torrents, &c.; much such a road as yours must have been between Almorah and Mussourie, and such as I fancy regular cavalry never before marched. We brought every man and horse up, notwithstanding. The second night we made twenty-five miles, over worse roads, if possible; barely goat-paths, crossing mountain-passes of 9,000 and 10,000 feet, our allies getting more unruly. The third evening we started, expecting to come on the Dost early the following morning. The Afghan chief plumply told us we should be all murdered, that we were not strong enough to cope with him, and that we ought to wait for reinforcements, that it was folly to attack a desperate man, &c. Finding his arguments availed not, he dressed himself in his coat of mail, and reluctantly started; but we had not made five miles, and night come on, when off bolted our guides, so we were obliged to lie upon the mountain-side with our bridles in our hands, and a precious cold night we had of it. We have no doubt but that the desertion of the guides was preconcerted with the Hadjee to prevent our overtaking the Dost. However that may be, it fully succeeded, as the next day we found he was twenty miles in advance of us. Thus we went

on for three days more ; sometimes nearing the Dost, so as to admit of our overtaking him the next day ; but whenever that happened, our Afghan friends could not be prevailed upon to budge further than they liked. When Outram openly taxed their chief, the Hadjee, with being a traitor to the Shah, a coward, &c., he replied, "You are all mad ; you will have your throats cut ; and I plainly tell you not a man of mine will raise a hand against the Dost, but are much more likely to attack you !"

On reaching Bamian on the 9th, we found the Dost was at Saigan, thirty miles off. This being out of the Shah's territory, and with such allies having little prospect of overtaking him, we pulled up, halted three days, and then returned towards Cabul, reaching it on the 17th, much to the amazement of every one ; a report having for some days been current of the whole detachment, white and black, having been destroyed. This was brought in by a horseman, who galloped into the city, and said he was "the only man who escaped !" Above Bamian we crossed the highest pass of the Hindoo Koosh, reckoned by Burnes at 13,500, but to us it seemed fully 15,000.

Nothing could exceed the conduct of our men ; they had, as I said before, nothing but their cloaks with them, not a cooking-pot of any kind, not a grass-cutter for days ; their only food was the unripe wheat, which they tore up and parched ; feeding their horses as they could. Yet, though there were Brahmins, Rajpoots, and Mahommedans among them, not a word was uttered : everything done with the utmost alacrity ; and, though the Afghans did their best to alarm them, when we were near the Dost, their only regret was in not coming up with him. You would have laughed as much as we did could you have seen us (thirteen) seated in a small tent, round a blanket, with a huge *dekchee* in the centre, filled with four or five *moorghies*, half a sheep, peas, beans culled from the fields, all stewed together, with mountains of chupatties for our dinner. I declare I have not enjoyed myself more for many a day. Outram had a little wine and spirits, which he gave out to all, a wine-glassful of sherry and one of brandy of each. Both *Ducks*^s and Bengalees got on admirably together. In Burnes you will see an account of Bamian "the City of Caves," and of the two famous idols, 100 and 120 feet high, cut out of the mountain-side. I smoked a cheroot on the head of the highest. From our accounts, the engineers have gone out to survey the passes there. Salter has gone with them to make sketches. On one pass, at sunrise on the 15th, we came on a large frozen pool of water. . .

Thus was Dost Mahommud driven for a while from the throne of Cabul ; but, even in this first incident of his pursuit (purposely

^s In India Bombay troops are commonly nicknamed Ducks ; Madrasses, Mulls and Bengalees, Qui Hi's.

defeated by the treachery of the Kakeer chief,⁶ at the very moment when the prestige of Shah Shoojah was at the highest), we see already that the country is with "the usurper," and that "the legitimate king" has come back as an invader, and will have to rely upon the bayonets of his foreign friends.

Dost Mahommud Khan voluntarily surrendered himself to Sir William Macnaghten, the British envoy, on 3rd November 1840, and was sent to India for safe custody. It is one of the few bright gleams in this dark war that he was not only honourably but kindly treated there by his English conquerors.

And now it might have been hoped that the work of the English in Afghanistan was done, and they might retire to India, leaving their chosen ally on "the throne of his ancestors."⁷ This was the policy announced at the beginning of the war. "When once he shall be secured in power, and the independence and integrity of Afghanistan established, the British army will be withdrawn."⁸

But it was soon discovered that the whole enterprise (international justice apart) was a misapplication of means to ends, a wrong selection of men, and, in short, a gross error of judgment. One might have thought that Dost Mahommud being on the throne, and Shoojah in exile, spoke for itself as to the will of a mightily independent nation. Nothing, however, will convince some people that a stone is hard, except running their heads against it. This clumsy test had now been applied to the restoration of Shah Shoojah to the throne of his very few ancestors; and the nursery saw proved true at last, that—

All the king's horses and all the king's men
Could not put Humpty Dumpty up again.

From the very day that he re-entered his capital, it was clear, even

⁶ For this business Hadjee Khan Kakee was imprisoned on his return by the new King, and a guard of Sepoys from the British force placed over him. Already Afghans could not be trusted!—HOUGH'S *Army of the Indus*, p. 256.)

⁷ Such was the diplomatic phrase in Lord Auckland's manifesto of 1st October 1838. The historical fact was, that the Dooranee Empire was only founded by Shah Shoojah's grandfather (Ahmed Shah) fifty-six years before Shoojah came to the throne; and that his royal "ancestors" consisted of a grandfather, father, and two brothers. Shoojah himself had only reigned six years when expelled by his own brother and his own people. The Baruckzye Ameer had reigned thirteen years when deposed by British intervention. Such men are "their own ancestry."

⁸ Manifesto of 1st October 1838.

to Lord Auckland and his advisers, that, if the British troops were withdrawn, Shah Shoojah could not stand. And now that the close of another year found the formidable Baruckzye "usurper" a prisoner in Hindustan, Shah Shoojah was no stronger, and the British troops no nearer their departure. No, they had settled down at Cabul, and the officers got up their wives from India, and the wives got up their pianos, and "all went merry as a marriage-bell."

Henry Lawrence had never been well satisfied at being left behind at Ferozepoor; and, even when appointed assistant to the Governor-General's Agent, and plunged into interesting civil work, his forward spirit still chafed at being in the rear of a great army, to which he was ever forwarding supplies or reinforcements, but never going himself. So early as November 1839, George Lawrence most sensibly wrote from "Camp Hazarnow" to his sister-in-law, dissuading Henry from coming:

MY DEAR HONORIA,—

. . . . I perfectly agree in your objections to H.'s transfer to Afghanistan, if (as I take for granted) his coming would necessarily bring you. The sooner he gives up all idea of it the better. I would on no account be a party to such a proceeding. As I have before said, I would never bring Charlotte; and, therefore, have as little wish to see you. This country is no place for European women; nor is it likely to become sufficiently settled for them to be in safety here for years, to say nothing of the chances, which certainly exist, of a man's getting knocked on the head at any time of the day, when duty or sight-seeing may lead to his leaving camp; and Henry is not the chap to be kept at home with the fear of such a fate before him. I shall, therefore, do nothing more in the business. Besides which, there can be little doubt but that ere long George Clerk will push him on. . . .

Soon after this, George was appointed Political Assistant to Sir William Macnaghten and auditor to the troops in Afghanistan, and he became more inclined to Henry's coming. The cold climate would recruit his health, which was now suffering from the heat and work at Ferozepoor. Sir William proposed to make George his military secretary, and then Henry might succeed to the auditorship. The Envoy himself wrote to say that he should be happy to have him on his staff. "His knowledge of Persian and of surveying would render him invaluable."

On the 9th July 1840, Henry Lawrence forwarded Sir William Macnaghten's note to Mr. Colvill, private secretary to Lord Auck-

land, and applied for the vacant auditorship if not already disposed of; adding that, in the event of its being filled up, he requested to be remembered "in any political change that may be vacant in Afghanistan."

Happily the application was unsuccessful. "There were already such a number of officers employed in Afghanistan, that it was exceedingly difficult to introduce a new claimant;" but "his wishes would be borne in mind, and, if an opportunity should arise, they would be submitted for his lordship's consideration," &c.

We can fancy the scene as Henry Lawrence read out to his wife these stock phrases from the Secretariat. How petulant he must have been. How clearly he must have seen that no justice would ever be done him, and that he would be kept grinding on at Ferozepoor on 700 rupees a month, while he might have gone to the front, and seen service in a good climate on double the pay. Probably, it was enough to cool any man's zeal, or break any man's heart. And his wife listening to it all, with an irrepressible thanksgiving at the bottom of her woman's heart, but trying to get above it, and enter into the ambition of the case, and be vexed with anything that vexes *him*! Yet even she did not then know what a merciful escape lay hid in that refusal.

The British occupation of Afghanistan became month by month more intolerable to all parties. The Shah could not do without it, yet believed he could, and would fain have tried. The Afghan people, priests, peasants, soldiers, chiefs, hated the whole thing, and wished that the infidels would depart, and leave them to govern their own country.

The Court of Directors of the East India Company, who had always been opposed to the war,⁹ now peremptorily demanded that one of two things should be done,—either the failure should be

⁹ KAYE says—"Among those who most emphatically disapproved of the movement, and predicted its failure, were the Duke of Wellington, Lord Wellesley, Mount-Stewart Elphinstone, Mr. Edmonstone, and Sir Charles Metcalfe. The Court of Directors of the East India Company were strongly opposed to the war, and had no part in its initiation beyond the performance of such mechanical duties as were prescribed by Act of Parliament. The members of the Secret Committee are compelled to sign the despatches laid before them by the Board of Control; and the President of the Board of Control has unreservedly admitted that beyond the mere mechanical act of signing the papers laid before them, they had no part in the recommendation or the authorisation of the war. . . ."

"The Duke of Wellington said that our difficulties would commence where our military successes ended."—Chap. iv. Book II.

avowed, and the British troops withdrawn, happen what might, or else the occupation strengthened, so as to be effectual, cost what it may. The Indian Government groaned under the waste of a million and a quarter per annum of Indian revenues, for no earthly good to India. It rested with Lord Auckland to decide once more what should be done; and, once more, he decided wrongly. He would not avow the failure and withdraw the troops; he would order the Envoy to retrench. The fiat went forth, and Sir William Macnaghten commenced retrenchment. It is hard to say in what quarter retrenchment would have been easy; but in none could it have been so dangerous among a clannish people as in the stipend of the chiefs. Yet the chiefs were selected for the first experiment; and at once, as it were by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, every tribe was brought into antagonism with the Government. The chiefs proceeded to conspire. It is concluded by the historian, and perhaps with truth, that the conspiracy had at first no greater scope than to commit some act which should alarm the foreigners, and induce them to abandon Afghanistan in the spring of 1842.¹⁰ Sir William Macnaghten was to have taken his final departure from Cabul on 1st November 1841, to proceed to Bombay as Governor of that Presidency. Sir Alexander Burnes was to succeed to the post of Envoy. Macnaghten's departure was delayed. Before dawn on the morning of the 2nd November 1841, a small band of half a hundred ruffians, sent by the conspirator-chiefs, surrounded Burnes' house in the city, were joined by the populace, and besieged the house. Burnes wrote for aid; but none was sent him by his countrymen in the cantonment. The Shah, from his citadel, sent a regiment of his own Hindustanis, but they were beaten back with heavy loss. The foul deed was accomplished. Burnes was cut to pieces by the Afghan mob. Not a British soldier had interfered. The unchecked spirit grew and spread, and before night the Cabul insurrection had begun.

The rest reads like some horrid dream, in which danger succeeds danger, while the dreamer's hands are tied, and he can do nothing in self-defence.

The treasury and the commissariat stores of the puppet king,"

¹⁰ KAYE'S *History of the War in Afghanistan*.—Book V. Chap. i.

¹¹ Captain Colin Mackenzie (who was on sick leave at Cabul from Peshawur when the outbreak occurred) had been temporarily employed in the Shah's commissariat. For two days (2nd and 3rd November), with a handful of Afghan

“instead of being in his citadel, were in the city and the suburbs. The commissariat stores of the British force (their food, in fact), instead of being inside the British cantonment, were in a petty fort 400 yards away. And the insurgent Afghan peasantry were allowed, by a well-appointed British army, to seize them all.

The British General had never, in the vigour of his life, been tried, and was now physically unfit for service, much more for command of an army in the field. He had himself remonstrated with Lord Auckland at his own selection. And it is difficult for a soldier to do more.

Personally brave, but enfeebled by disease, and unequal to a resolve, he struck no blow, but suggested negotiation. No other soldier arose of sufficient mark and hardihood, to set the poor General aside by acclamation, and lead the troops to action. The curse of divided counsels settled down upon the beleaguered force. The Civilian Envoy, who had been five years a soldier before he was a civilian, and, whatever his mistakes of policy may have been,¹² proved to have the stoutest heart and clearest head in that cantonment, seems to have lacked that crowning gift—the mastery of men. The squabbling military chiefs heard his bold counsels with respect, turned round and squabbled on again about the different scientific

Jezailchees, without a single Hindustani soldier to support them, he stood the siege of the insurgents in a crazy old fort in the heart of the city of Cabul—the city which the British army of 5,000 men dared not to enter! Here he stood, and from thence communicated with the cantonments, and told his condition, though *they* (in cantonments) could neither communicate with or succour *him*, or even give him orders whether to stand or to fall back; such was the paralysis of the military counsels. On the second night Mackenzie effected his retreat with his Afghan guard, although it is stated by some that “we had not a friend in Afghanistan.”—HENRY LAWRENCE'S MS. *Defence of Sir Wm. Macnaghten.*

¹² In India it has been, as far as the Editor is aware, accepted as a fact that Sir Wm. Macnaghten (who accompanied Lord Auckland, as Secretary in the Secret and Political Department, to the Upper Provinces, in October 1837, leaving the Council in Calcutta,) “approved the policy which led Government to provide for the security of India by sending an army into Afghanistan, and was probably among those who suggested it.” (See Article 6, in the *Calcutta Review*, No. III., October 1844, vindicating his memory in an excellent spirit. See also Chapters iii. and iv. Book II. of KAYE'S *History*, which take the same view, but attribute to Macnaghten more moderate measures of interference than were adopted by Lord Auckland at the advice of two younger Secretaries, Mr. John Colvin and Mr. Henry Torrens.) But some in England who should know Sir William Macnaghten's real sentiments are “of opinion that he was originally adverse to the policy which dictated the Afghan invasion; but, that when once involved in it as a prominent actor, he neither shrank from the performance of the part assigned to him, nor suffered others to imagine that he disapproved of the action taken by the Government.”

ways of doing nothing. Unable to launch the troops upon the enemy, or persuade the General to occupy the Bala Hissar, and there hold out all winter, Macnaghten opened the last battery of diplomacy, and began to buy off the foe. Lakhs of rupees were poured out abjectly to the Afghan chiefs, whose avarice is proverbial and insatiate. The more gold they got the more they thought there was, and the more they demanded with rising insolence and scorn.

A few times the English spirit flashed out again in sallies from cantonments, but the troops, dispirited by disaster and privation, were defeated with disgrace.

After three weeks of imbecility and humiliation, the General, on 24th November 1841, declared "that it is not feasible any longer to maintain our position in this country."¹³

Then began negotiations for surrender to a faithless enemy—negotiations nearly hopeless, but, for the Envoy, it must be remembered, a last duty.

A month of humiliating bargaining, plotting and counter-plotting,¹⁴ passed over the starving British force. Snow, dreadful snow, fell softly down between them and India. The British Envoy, ever fearless, was easily entrapped into a conference outside the camp, and shot by Mahommud Akbar Khan, son of that Dost Mahommud whom the English had no needlessly dethroned; shot with a pistol which the Envoy had given him the day before. His body was hacked to pieces "within sight of the British cantonments;" but it roused not the dormant energies of the military chiefs. . . . "Not a gun was fired from the ramparts of the cantonment; not a company of troops sallied out to rescue, or to avenge."¹⁵

¹³ KAYE'S *History*: Chap. v. Book V.

¹⁴ The Editor desires here to express his entire disbelief of a charge that has been brought against the Envoy: that, in his extremity, he offered rewards for the assassination of the leading insurgents.

In the first place it is inconsistent with the extreme humanity of his character. Secondly, there is the irrefragable testimony of his own letter of 1st December 1841, to his Native agent, Mohun Lal, reproving him for supposing that "it was ever my object to encourage assassination. The rebels are very wicked men, but we must not take unlawful means to destroy them."

And lastly, there is the personal testimony of Captain Skinner to Captain Colin Mackenzie, that when Akbar Khan proposed the murder of Ameenollah Khan (the worst enemy of the British), the Envoy declared that "nothing would induce him to pay a price for blood." (See KAYE, Chap. vi. Book V.) This was on the 22nd December, within twenty-four hours of his own murder by Akbar Khan. How much later records must we have of men's integrity?

¹⁵ KAYE'S *History*.

Disgraceful terms of capitulation were now dictated to the cowering garrison.

On the 6th January 1842, General Elphinstone commenced his retreat from Cabul, with upwards of 4,000 fighting men and 12,000 camp-followers. On the 13th of the same month the historian tells how "a sentry on the ramparts" of Jellalabad (the half-way post between Cabul and Peshawur, which was held by "the illustrious garrison"¹⁶ of Sir Robert Sale—

Looking out towards the Cabul road, saw a solitary white-faced horseman struggling on towards the fort. The word was passed; the tidings spread. Presently the ramparts were lined with officers looking out with throbbing hearts, through unsteady telescopes, or with straining eyes tracing the road. Slowly and painfully, as though horse and rider both were in an extremity of mortal weakness, the solitary mounted man came reeling, tottering on. They saw that he was an Englishman. On a wretched, weary pony, clinging, as one sick or wounded, to its neck, he sat, or rather leant forward; and there were those who, as they watched his progress, thought that he could never reach, unaided, the walls of Jellalabad. A shudder ran through the garrison. That solitary horseman looked like the messenger of death.

. . . . A party of cavalry were sent out to succour him. They brought him in wounded, exhausted, half-dead. The messenger was Dr. Brydon, and he now reported his belief that he was the sole survivor of an army of some sixteen thousand men. . . . Some had perished in the snow, others had been destroyed by the knives and the jezails of the enemy; and a few had been carried into captivity, perhaps to perish even more miserably than the unhappy comrades who had died in the deep passes of Khoord Cabul, Tezeen, and Jugdulluck.¹⁷

Among those captives were many English ladies and children, and Henry Lawrence's elder brother George.

As Military Secretary he had accompanied the Envoy to that fatal conference with Mahommud Akbar Khan on the 23rd December, and full of suspicion "stood behind his chief until urged by one of the Khans to seat himself; when he knelt down on one knee, in the attitude of a man ready for immediate action."

Suddenly the whole staff found themselves seized from behind, "dragged away, and compelled each to mount a horse ridden by an Afghan chief." In this position they ran the gauntlet through a

¹⁶ The well-deserved eulogy of Lord Ellenborough.

¹⁷ KAYE'S *HISTORY*. Book VI. Chaps. i. and ii.

crowd of Ghazees,¹⁸ who struck out at them as they passed. One of them, Captain Trevor, "unfortunately slipped from his insecure seat, and was cut to pieces on the spot. Lawrence and Mackenzie, more fortunate, reached Mahmood Khan's fort aliye."¹⁹

It is still doubted by many whether Mahommud Akbar Khan premeditated the murder of Sir William Macnaghten. The historian of the war says that, "exasperated past all control by the resistance of his victim, whom he designed only to seize, Akbar Khan drew a pistol from his girdle . . . and shot Macnaghten through the body." And again: "It does not appear that the murder of Macnaghten was premeditated by the Sirdar. It seems to have been the result of one of those sudden gusts of passion which were among the distinguishing features of the young Baruckzye's character, and which had often before betrayed him into excesses laden with the pangs of after repentance."²⁰

But among Henry Lawrence's papers is a document with which this charitable supposition is hardly reconcilable. It is "A letter from Mahommud Akbar Khan to Meer Afzul Khan, his brother," translated by Lawrence himself:—

The affairs of this quarter are after this fashion. When by our sword and famine we had reduced the infidels to extremity, and when from hunger their army was brought even to desire death, the *Lord*,²¹ seeing that he had no remedy but by humbling himself, wrote to me to have one conference with him, when he would agree to whatever was my pleasure. Accordingly, taking with me three or four horsemen, I met him at Bebee Maro, some Englishmen being with him; and there he swore that he would make over to me the magazine, and the guns, and other stores, money and property in the cantonments, and would cause the Bala Hissar to be evacuated, and would give me four Englishmen of importance as hostages, to be released when the Ameer Sahib (Dost Mahommud Khan) and his and my family should reach Peshawur; and he begged that I would ensure their (the Englishmen's) safe return to Peshawur, and that Shah Shoojah should be permitted to go where he wished, and not be molested if he remained at Cabul.

He bound himself to this by an oath, and begged his life. This

¹⁸ Crescentaders, as we may say, who devote themselves to battle for the faith of Islam.

¹⁹ KAYE'S *History*. Book V. Chap. vii.

²⁰ *Ibid*

²¹ Meaning the Envoy. All Governors and Commanders-in-Chief in India are called Lords, or Lord Sahibs, by the Natives; and the Afghans of course caught up the idiom.

servant of God agreed and said, I would have him taken safely to Peshawur. The next day the Lord withdrew the army and guns from the Bala Hissar to the cantonments, and arranged to fulfil his promise.

Two or three more times we met, when he again asked to be safely taken to Peshawur. Although such would have been entirely to my advantage, I foresaw that allowing him and the rest of the English to escape, would be injurious to the cause and faith of Islam. Confiding, therefore, in the approbation of the Creator, and in the reviving and confessing of the faith of Islam, and abandoning my father, brethren, and family, on the 9th day of the month Shuhrubedah, as before, with four horsemen, I met the Lord, who had with him four Englishmen and twenty European²² horsemen, near the cantonment.

We alighted and met; and after some conversation, this slave of God seized the Lord's hand and shot him in the breast, and cut him in pieces with my sword; and the three or four horseman with me laid hands on Trevor and four Englishmen, and killed and cut Trevor in pieces, and took the others, whose names are Conolly, *Alexander Watt*, and Lawrence, and *Feen*,²³ alive. Although the European horsemen with the Lord fired two or three times at me, God saved me from harm. The Ghâzees took the prisoners and bodies to the city, and hanged the latter up at the entrance of the Chouk.

From this act much strength has been added to the cause of Islam, and a deadly blow given to the infidels and English. The rest of the English and infidel army in the cantonment cried for quarter, begged, and entreated that their life might be spared, and they might be safely conducted to Peshawur, and they would give up the guns and all the stores and baggage.

Please God, in two or three days we'll either give them quarter, and get them out of the cantonment, or cut them in pieces, and plunder and destroy the cantonment. For this part of the country be satisfied, and be at ease regarding us. Do your duty and destroy the infidels of that side.

The English army that was in Ghuznee is also destroyed, and Ghuznee and its Bala Hissar is in the hands of the sons of Islam. Be comforted.²⁴

²² They were *Native*, not European, horsemen, with the Envoy; and Akbar Khan brought a large following, instead of four, as he boasts.

²³ These names are not intelligible. The three officers with the Envoy were Captains Trevor, George Lawrence, and Colin Mackenzie.

²⁴ There are discrepancies in this letter—firstly, as to the names of the officers who were with Macnaghten, and, secondly, as to Ghuznee having fallen before the English left their cantonment at Cabul, which was on 6th January. But Mahommud Akbar, or his secretary, was not likely to be particular about English names; and though the citadel of Ghuznee was not surrendered till 6th March, the insurgents had got into the city on 16th December, and were really masters of the place. Napoleon I. would have thought little of so trifling an exaggeration in a despatch; and I see no reason to doubt the genuineness of the letter.—H.B.E.

Yes, such is war. "Be comforted," O ye Afghans and followers of the Prophet; for we have begun the slaughter of the English at Cabul, and soon every Christian home in India and England shall be in mourning for the massacre that is coming. "Be comforted!"

It was only in June 1841 that Henry Lawrence, who, like all thoughtful and imaginative men, often caught prophetic glimpses of coming things—had published in the *Delhi Gazette*, half in jest and half in earnest, what he called "Anticipatory Chapters of Indian History." They professed to be the future musings of one "Darby Connor,"—evidently a photograph of Lawrence himself—who, after a life of Indian service, is supposed to have settled down, in the year 1855, at "Heathfield Cottage, North Devon."—a thin disguise for his sister Letitia's summer home at Lynton—and chapter the first ran thus:

As I wander with my fishing-rod along the banks of the Linn, my thoughts often revert to the stirring scenes of early days; and I will now try to beguile some of the long winter evenings by recording the events in which I was an actor. Among the curious and obsolete works on India, of which my library contains a good store, there is one by Dr. Kennedy, written during the Afghan campaign of 1838-39. He tells us to read the *Commentaries of Cæsar* with caution, because the commander was likewise the historian; in like manner, my readers may be inclined to doubt my details, as I must be in a good measure the hero of my own tale. Well, one comfort is, that truth continues true, whether men believe it or not; and the incredulity of the public will affect my peace as little as that of Julius Cæsar.

In the year 1845—Shah Shoojah having died of horror at the Envoy's having, in a moment of forgetfulness, seated himself in the royal presence—Timor Shah was murdered by his brother, who, having put out the eyes of Sir A. Burnes, and impaled Captain Rawlinson, drove the British troops before him, and proclaimed himself sovereign of Cabul, Candahar, Herat, and Peshawur.

Never having looked for defeat, and being in no way prepared for such contingency, the British troops suffered most severely: few officers, indeed, recrossed the Attock, and the harassed and almost skeleton battalions that did return to Hindustan told frightful tales of misery, and talked in a strain long unknown in British India of the superior prowess of the Afghans, and of the valour of that long-trampled race, again striking for independence. All Hindustan was in a blaze; the cry of "The Feringhee raj is over!" resounded from one coast to the other; and even those whose wisdom would have been to stick by us mustered their retainers and looked about for allies and strongholds,

that they might make the most of the coming break-down—might, at least, secure their own, and appropriate as much as possible of their neighbours' possessions. Then were let loose on the land the evil-minded and the daring, who had lain nearly dormant through the years of peace and security, but who now roused themselves at the prospect of plunder and revenge, and girded their loins, beat their ploughshares into spears, and led forth their raga-muffin horse and foot to the foray.

This is not an exaggerated picture. The very foundations of British rule were shaken, and the bark of our fortunes might have been entirely swamped had we not then had a brave and wise helmsman.

All the energies of Government were required to keep down insurrection and maintain our footing on the ground that remained to us, of recovering what was lost. The protected and subsidiary States scarcely concealed their satisfaction at our dilemma ; and the bordering powers of Burmah, Nepaul, and Lahore simultaneously assembled their troops, as if by concerted signal, and talked in a tone new both to them and to us, and it was supposed that a passage home through the Punjaub was yielded to our troops only that the Sikh Government might exhibit to their own subjects the wretched state of our army, and because they had not all preparations ready for a bold and decisive step.

Lord Jamaica,²⁸ a man already distinguished in the two hemispheres, was, by the blessing of Providence, then our Governor-General. His previous career had been marked by a bold and fearless policy, and by measures that startled even his employers ; the step which he now took was as energetic and unprecedented as that for which he was already known throughout the civilized world. By a confidential circular to all commanding officers throughout the three Presidencies, he called on every man who bore a commission to state, in a letter not exceeding half a sheet of foolscap paper, his views as to the steps now requisite to regain and maintain our authority in Afghanistan, adding a descriptive roll of himself according to a prescribed form. Lord Jamaica had profited by the lesson that a Governor had purchased at the price of ten crores of rupees, and of untold numbers of lives, European and Native ; he set before himself the object of equipping the most efficient force at the least possible expense, and was this time determined to eschew "the usages of the service," including humbug and jobbing.

My readers may imagine the sensation caused through the length and breadth of the land by his lordship's circular, what mending of pens and furbishing of brains it caused. Among others, I took half a sheet of the largest foolscap I could find, and thus began :—

"MY LORD,—I have the honour, in pursuance of the Government

²⁸ "Lord Jamaica" is doubtless intended for Sir Charles Metcalfe, with a peerage conferred on him for his services in that island.

notification of the 12th August, to submit, for your lordship's consideration, a descriptive roll of myself, and a statement of my views :—

Name.	Age.	Father's Profession.	Place of Birth.	Place of Education.	Date of Commission.	Term of Service.	Remarks.
Darby Connor.	37	Soldier.	Cork.	Tipperary.	1825	20 Years.	Healthy, active, industrious; served in Burmah, and hoped to serve elsewhere, but had not the luck.

"Lord Auckland's Afghan expedition barely escaped failure, because the fundamental rules that guide men in their individual and collective capacities, *when working for themselves*, were neglected. Allow me, my lord, to illustrate my meaning by two comparisons, 'the establishment of a brewery,' and 'an expedition into Central Africa.'

"The capitalist who proposes to try his luck in the malt line either studies the theory and practice of his business, or employs, on a remunerating salary, an honest, active, and thoroughly competent person as head of the work, and seeks out equally fitting instruments for every part of the establishment down to the errand-boy. No working berth is filled by a mere brother, son, or cousin; if any relative or friend wishes for employment, he enters *as a scholar*; the machine is made efficient without him, and he is permitted to attend and learn. Every improvement is adopted, good beer is made, and large profits accrue, because the proper means have been used, and the one specific object has been kept in view.

"Again, on a discovery expedition, who is selected? The infirm, the pusillanimous, the unwilling; or the volunteer of stout body and firm heart?

"And does he take with him the luxuries of the capital, the gratifications of taste, or simply what will sustain life and strength, and the instruments to enable him to profit by his discoveries? And whom does he choose for companions, but those like-minded and like-bodied, who are desirous to go?

'Now, will your lordship contrast with the above the conduct of the Indus army assembled in 1838? Take the *Army List* for that year, and examine how many went that should not, and how many that would have gone stayed behind; then cast your eye on the files of newspapers for the ensuing year, and you will see that, from bickerings and jealousies in high places, from persons interfering in matters with which they should have had nothing to do, and thwarting the measures of those who had knowledge and responsibility, no efficient arrangement was made in any

one branch of the army, which started clogged with infirm, home-sick, and aged men, and retarded by want of information and arrangement.

"In some of the most important matters, every man did that which was right in his own eyes; in others, of minor moment, each was afraid to act, and take the responsibility on himself.

"Avoiding the errors of the last war, I, therefore, propose to your lordship an army of 6,000 men, drawn from all the Presidencies; 3,000 to march to Dera Ishmael Khan, 1,500 by the Bolan, and 1,500 by the Khyber Passes.²⁶

"2. That no officer, whatever be his merits, above the rank of a captain be permitted to go.

"3. That the officer in command of the expedition be supreme political as well as military authority; that he have full power to weed his battalions, to leave behind all whom he may deem incumbrances, and accept the proffered service of all volunteers; that, in short, receiving your lordship's instructions, he have full powers to carry out the views of Government at the time and in the manner that seems to himself most practicable.

"That, from highest to lowest, he fill up all staff situations, and that, as responsible for the result, he have the selection of his own instruments. For other campaigns, I volunteered for subordinate employment, but my services were not accepted; on this occasion I offer myself as chief, and feeling that my services will be accepted, I shall be prepared, on receipt of your lordship's answer, to join without delay the head-quarter camp, for I need not say that little more than the necessary time now remains to enable the necessary preparations.

"I have, &c.

"DARBY CONNOR."

"Lucknow, August 21st, 1845."

By return of dawk, I received a reply as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 21st August, and in reply, request that, with the least possible delay, you will join my camp at Simla; for, without definitely promising you the command of the expedition, I have so little doubt of securing to the Government the benefit of your services, that I wish at once to see you, and shall further be glad if you can bring with you any officers whom you may wish to be employed during the campaign.

"I am, &c.

"JAMAICA."

My baggage had already started ten days when the Governor-General's

²⁶ A year later he would not have proposed this division of so small a force.—
M. B. E.

letter reached me ; so laying my dawk the same day, and firing off some twenty chits to good men and true, whom I had before warned for the occasion, and whom I now desired to meet me at Simla, I spent the three days that remained before my dawk was ready, in scribbling off notes and hints as to the selection, preparation, and organization of the troops and departments for the forthcoming campaign.

What sensation my novel proposal made throughout British India, and how I was received by the little big-wigs and great-guns at headquarters, will be shown in the ensuing chapter.

D. C.

Chapters II. and III. were occupied with most original accounts of his interviews with the Governor-General's secretaries and the Governor-General himself ; how Lord Jamaica accepted all his plans, and gave him *carte-blanche* to carry them out, how half the Irishman in India applied to him at once for the Adjutant-Generalship, or Quartermaster-Generalship of the force, and how he rejected them all but one, who reminded him that they ran away from school together ; "and you know, Connor, that if it's a recommendation, there is not a six foot wall in the west country that could turn Jerry Preston ; so if there is any smart work in view, or any riding that wants whip and spur, I'm your man ;" how he chose an ensign for his military secretary, because he was "young and active, bodily and mentally, being twenty seven years of age, a capital shot, a good horseman, a labourious student, a fair linguist, a good draughtsman, and an upright honest fellow, who answers the Duke of Wellington's receipt for a good staff officer, "able to write an intelligible letter, and then to carry it ;" and how Mr. Smallpage, the Secretary to Government, asked him at breakfast, "Have you heard the news, Connor? Pekin is in the hands of our troops. The affair was short and dashing, we lost three officers and one hundred and twenty men." "Ah," replied I, "it always struck me that matters could not be settled there until we got hold of His Majesty's pigtail,"—a prophecy which Sir Hope Grant fulfilled nearly twenty years later.

In Chapter IV. there was a characteristic passage foreshadowing some of his after-policy, in the proclamations which he proposed to issue before entering the Afghan territory :—

I would plentifully distribute *Ishtehars*, explaining the British views, that on the last occasion we came to put up Shah Shoojah, but now to establish ourselves. I would offer to all Jagurdars and heads of clans permanent occupancy of their present possessions, paying a tribute of one quarter their clear révenue ; . . . full sovereignty within their limits

should be allowed, but the right of removal for gross acts of oppression, proved by their peers, to be in the hands of the chief British Minister, who should, however, then appoint of the nearest kin, if not unacceptable to his people.

All transit duties to be abolished ; British officers to administer what are now the Crown lands, or what may lapse from rebellion, failure of heir, &c. ; but no interference further than by an occasional visit, to be made with the tributary and protected chiefs. Some such proclamation, my lord, would bring us many allies, . . . but, mind me, I don't promise your lordship that my management, or that of any other man, will secure peace for more than a season, to a country that has never yet known peace - no, all that we can profess to do is, by an impartial administration of very strict laws, to restrain the marauding propensities of the tribes, and, by fair treatment and good pay, allure the more daring spirits with our service, and through them give peace to the timid ones. But this must, of course, be a work of time, and we must expect for a season, or even for years, petty and partial outbreaks ; and that old enmities will induce the chiefs to forget our paramount authority, and lead them, as of old, to foray and plunder each other's lands ; but time and management will bring them to be as orderly as are now the protected Sikh chieftains.

And then follows "Chapter V.," which, for its reflections of Lawrence's own soldierly character and its anticipation of how both he and his wife would act under such circumstances, will be found by the reader of the *Life* to be quite remarkable :—

. . . I must now hurry over the proceedings of a month, and take my readers to Ferozepoor, where my troops were concentrating.

One by one, the officers of my selection had dropped in at Simla, and had been introduced to the Governor-General, who was pleased to express himself quite satisfied with the manner I had disposed of my patronage, and, in spite of Jerry Preston having won the steeple-chase, his lordship was quite taken with him, and allowed that a man might be a judge of a horse, and able to ride one, and yet be not unfitted or unwilling to toil at commissariat arrangements. Lord Jamaica laughed when I gave him as instances in point, Major Henderson and Captain MacGregor, both poets and both laborious arithmeticians. Preston's stay at Simla was short, as I hurried him off to Jhelum to make arrangements, and, armed with the Governor-General's Khureetahs to the principal Sirdars of the new Confederation of the Punjab, I desired him to purchase grain at the several marts on the Sikh border, and to let it be supposed that troops would move by each of the passes into Afghanistan - he had instructions to send trusty native agents in all directions to collect information, and otherwise act as circumstances should permit.

On the 25th September I reached Ferozepoor, invested with the rank of Brigadier-General on both banks of the Sutlej, in the Punjaub, Afghanistan, and Sindh; brevet rank in like manner had been conferred on twenty-three other officers of my selection, and we now met a more youthful squad of field officers than the Company's service had ever before sent into the field; more nearly approaching, indeed, to the ages of our Peninsular generals, or those of Napoleon, who would have laughed at the idea of selecting for active service such men as John Company has too frequently chosen; of the nineteen that sat round my table that evening, I was the oldest (and the observant reader will remember that my age was thirty-eight), while the youngest was twenty-seven. We were all hale and hearty fellows, all ready for a tumasha, and though I cannot say that we had no ties to restrain us, yet I may fairly affirm that if there were some lingering thoughts of Kernaul and Delhi, there was not one of the company who could have been enticed to remain behind.

My own brow was unclouded, and no one at Ferozepoor or at Simla could have told of the struggle within me. I had left the wife of my heart in wretched health, and hardly expected that my infant child would long have a mother's protection.

When the Governor-General's circular (noted in the first chapter) reached me, and I read to my wife the answer I proposed to send, she was on a sick bed; I read it, and looking at her for approval, perceived her eyes full of tears. "Well, dearest, then I'll not send it; and indeed I have no determined intention, and only scribbled off the chit for fun, as I've often thought of such a scheme, though I never supposed it could be brought to bear." "You mistake me, Darby," she replied; "you know I love you, and I need not say that parting will be to me a bitterer hour than meeting was a sweet one; but I would not stop you, my husband; your heart is on the object; I have watched you manœuvring your paper battalions, and it is not later than yesterday that I found this scrap," (taking from underneath her pillow a bit of manuscript, headed, "Proper fellows to have in a scrimmage," with many names attached); "and did it not confirm what I long believed, that ever since the Cabul Expedition your heart has panted to be there? Go, Darby,—I would not have it said that Connor was tied to his wife's apron-string; send your letter, I feel that it will succeed, and at any rate it will show the Government of what stuff you are made." I sent the letter and succeeded, but I then knew not at what a sacrifice; and it was not till after my return that I ascertained how nearly it cost the life of my heroic wife.

Many of those around me were husbands; most of us had been long acquainted; two or three were of my own regiment; and there was not one of the company whom I had not either known from a boy, or whom I did not look on as a friend as well as a brother-soldier; we met, in-

deed, more like a band of long-scattered relatives round the Christmas board, than as a formal party of senior officers.

Little business was that evening talked of, but we rather discussed the jovial days of Barrackpore, the incidents of the outward voyage, and the varied courses that our several destinies had led us.

There were three Artillery and one Engineer officer present, and how they did gabble away about Peter Ogee, Johnny Raw, and other hearties of Addiscombe ! And then we would ask one of the other as to the fate of some companion who had fallen or died ; and the youngest of us could count that the majority of his batch had been cut off, the strongest and the healthiest, and those that had given best promise of a bright career ; for me it brought to mind the loved companion of my youth, the noble and the pure-minded Johnny Franks ; my mother bade us love one another as together we were put into our little cabin. We did love one another : for one short year our station and our house were the same, but consumption had even then seized him for a victim ; it was not until five years afterwards, when proceeding for a second time to sea, that we again met, and it was as brothers ; death's stamp was on him, and not many months after I heard that he had gone to that world for which he was so well prepared. On his death-bed he sent me a message, and a small memorial on which was engraved, "Love one another."

My heart was full of home and of the memory of departed friends, so that I was not sorry when my guests parted from me for the night.

I had ordered for the morning a parade and inspection of accoutrements and camp equipage of two regiments that had arrived. At Kurnaul I had notified by circular to commanding officers my wishes as to equipment, and as to every individual coming as light as possible ; but I was aware that there was an intention among some to kick, and I was prepared to act accordingly.

The 23rd Regiment was the first on my list ; it was a very fine corps, mostly recruited from Oude and from the Azimghur district ; there were many Brahmins and more Rajpoots in it, high-spirited and gallant fellows, but abounding in prejudices and requiring management ; their commander, for several years past had been Colonel A., a petty little creature, who thought to gain favour with his men by excusing them drills and parades ; he had been just removed, but the consequences of his conduct were, that a very fine set of fellows came to the rendezvous more as militiamen than as disciplined troops. The present commander, Captain Nelson, was a good man, but worn out ; he had been eighteen years a captain, and, with a wife and large family, would gladly have invalided, but for the shame of so doing at such a period. The next to him was a poor creature, fit only for the berth of second in command to a local corps, to which, at my request, he had been appointed the day before his regiment was in orders for service ; and as he did not volunteer to forego

his sinecure, no notice of him was needed. The man who stood third was the one I wanted—a plain, matter-of-fact person—doting on his corps, and knowing every Sepahi in it by name; I had told him (Brown was his name) that if he could lend a hand at getting rid of Nelson he should have the command.

The regiment was complete, mustering 700 bayonets, and was composed of stuff fit to meet the devil; they were strong in officers, sixteen being present; I formed square, and harangued the men, approving of their general appearance, and reprobating several slovenly symptoms; I told them that the service we were going on would be a trying one; that I should allow only ten pounds weight per sepoy, and twenty pounds per Native officer of baggage, that no riding pony should on any account be taken; and only ten followers per company. I then turned to the officers, and remarked that I had observed with regret that my hint as to light equipment had not been observed; and that I therefore now desired that only one single pole-tent for four officers should be taken, and that no one person's baggage should exceed 320 lb. I observed some winks and wry looks among the officers, but I did not affect to see them, and requested that all would breakfast with me, and afterwards say anything they wished. I then again addressed the men and said that one rupee per man gratuity in addition to the usual indulgences, should be granted from the date of crossing the Attock; but that as 150 men would remain behind with the depot, all who felt themselves unable to make a rapid march, might now turn out; only sixty-eight men obeyed the signal, and I was obliged, in concert with the officers, to fill up the complement.

That day I assembled an invaliding committee, passed one-half of the Native officers present for the invalids, and recommended the majority of the rest for civil and other appointments, or for leave of absence, filling up the vacancies by promotions of young and active men.

Captain Nelson also was reported physically unfit, and I urged on him to take a bonus offered by his corps, and on the certificate of the medical committee, to invalid; but the old man was too proud and had too much of the soldier in him; I was therefore under the disagreeable necessity of ordering him to remain in charge of the depot, and putting Captain Brown in command. Nelson was indignant and challenged my authority; I showed it to him in black and white, and, appreciating his feelings, overlooked his conduct; but not so that of Lieutenants Birch and Crump, who, when ordered by Captain Brown to remain and do duty with the depot, flatly refused; for them I ordered a court-martial; and within a week they were tried for disobedience of orders and dismissed the service, and a good riddance they were, except that it obliged us to leave behind Lieutenant Dumps, who was not a bad officer.

With the other regiments I dealt in like manner, and when all were collected and encamped on the ground prepared for them, I invited the division officers and sepoy to dine with me.

Having already procured rolls of regiments showing particularly what men in each company could eat together, I had a glorious feed prepared, and seating the men of each company together according to their castes, I made them all as happy as princes, and finished the feast by presenting to each squad the pots and pans in which their food had been dressed and distributed, desiring that none other except each man's regimental water-cup should be taken, but that all other cooking utensils should remain with the heavy baggage ; by this step I showed the men that it was not necessary that every soldier should be a cook, by which means, and apparently without giving offence, I reduced the burthen of each regiment by several camel-loads, and setting an example to all others, I took a torch after dinner, and with my own hand burnt a splendid new double-poled tent, just made for me by Nyn Sookh (the best tent-maker in India, although his poles are bad), and I showed to those around me that my equipment for myself and six officers of my household was to be two subaltern's regulation tents and a large shemianah. The bonfire of my big tent made a great sensation and caused more than one flare-up that evening.

The following order was issued next day :—

“ Brigadier-General Connor thanks the officers and soldiers under his command for the alacrity and good feeling with which they have met his views, and he is proud to say that no army in the world could have more cheerfully entered on a distant and trying enterprise than has the portion of Bengal troops he has the honour to command.

“ Great advantages have already accrued to individuals in all ranks : young officers have been raised to commands, and Havildars, Naiacks, and Sepahies, who in the ordinary course of the service could never have been Native officers, have already gained that grade ; let the promotion already acquired be an earnest of what is to come, but be it remembered that reward will only follow tried good conduct.

“ The division will be brigaded as follows :—

“ The two squadrons H. M.'s 24th Dragoons,
 Ditto Native Cavalry,
 Ditto Native Cavalry,

to form the Cavalry Brigade under Captain Naylor as Brigadier, who will appoint his M.B. (In like manner the Infantry and Artillery were brigaded.)

“ All straggling and trespassing are positively prohibited under the severest penalties.

“ No camel to be loaded with more than 3½ maunds ; all burthens exceeding that weight will be destroyed.

“ All officers and soldiers are entitled to draw a ration of meat, bread, and rum ; or, in lieu of the latter, a pint of wine.

“ Brigadier Connor reminds all ranks that the character of an army is its best strength ; to move peacefully through friendly territories, to be sober in quarters, and alert on duty, are indispensable to the well-being of all troops ; the utmost confidence is placed in all ; if that confidence is abused it will be to the heavy cost of the offender.

“ Let no man consider his duty trifling or unimportant ; the sentinel holds the key of the camp ; let all officers, by constant rounds at irregular hours, enforce the utmost alertness ; and let all understand that the sentinel who is neglectful, and the officer who is listless on small occasions, are not to be depended on in real necessity ; for discipline is not the growth of a day, nor military spirit the offspring of an hour.”

The next morning, October 23rd, the Cavalry crossed the Sutlej by a splendid bridge of boats prepared for the occasion ; the Engineers, Pioneers, and a Brigade of Infantry followed, and I crossed two days after with the Staff and 2nd Brigade.

Thus we were well afloat, for a second time rolling back the tide of conquest to the quarter from whence its devastating waves had so long been used to flow. Hindoos were again, after ages of subjection, to place the yoke on the necks of the kindred of their former task-masters, and followers of Brahma were, at the bidding of European masters, to cross the forbidden river, and again to carry the British banner into the mountains of Afghanistan.

The arrival of the hawk was, as usual, one of the most interesting events in the march ; for myself, I am not ashamed to say that the receipt of Lord Jamaica's flattering commendations did not give me half the delight that I felt when I got my weekly despatch from my wife ; nor was I ever too busy to reply regularly, and at nearly as great length.

She was at Simla, occupying herself with the care of our child, and such pursuits as she thought would be most to my taste ; never emerging from her quiet seclusion, unless when she could minister to the sick or the suffering. But I must let her speak for herself. “ I often think,” she would say, “ how my little domestic narrative must strike you : hurried along as you are, on the stream of events, it must seem as if you paused for a moment, to look into a deep, quiet well.

“ For me, the arrival of your letters just sustains my heart from week to week ; and on the intervening days I copy them into a volume, which will, I fervently hope, be one day a precious record for our boy. If he lives there is hardly any inheritance I would rather bequeath to him than the intimate conviction of his parents' affection for one another, that he may know there is such a thing as wedded love, and never feel his existence complete without it. But how I run on about the creature that is still lying in my lap ! I must try to check this, and truly I need not go beyond the present hour for ground of happiness in the possession of this treasure ; the time of his arrival in the world, just when we were

parted, has made him peculiarly dear, and I cannot be grateful enough to Heaven for such a blessing. Clouds will creep over my heart, dearest, but I try to banish them; believe me, I have never once flinched from my first declaration, that I wished you to undertake the expedition. nor am I so utterly weak, selfish, and doubting, that I would hold you back, even from peril, when you ought to go on. The bitterness lies in the separation; that I cannot share with you whatever you encounter. You know I do not profess what is usually termed military ardour; I would rather the whole world were at peace, and perhaps even would sometimes rather my husband was in another profession; but since you are a soldier, and there is work to be done in your line, I never would hold you back you are doing your duty and will have the reward in your own heart, if nowhere else; and, through success or failure, it is your wife's place to cheer you on."

If the reader is a bachelor he may skip what he thinks the uninteresting passages of my narrative; I shall not often trouble him with such extracts, but I cannot forego the honest pride that leads me to give a sample of the sort of wife I have got. . . .

A sixth of the "anticipatory chapters" published, and then Lawrence felt that, as he brought his hero and his ideal army into Afghanistan, the story might be construed into a hostile criticism on his brother George's chief. So he dropped the tale. But what the fragment amounts to now is this, that Henry Lawrence, in June 1841, anticipated that the Afghans would, ere long, rise upon the unready English in Cabul, take them by surprise, and drive them out of the country in such disastrous rout that "all Hindustan" would be "in a blaze," and that when they should come he felt he had it in him to retrieve our honour.

The event came sooner even than he thought, and strangely enough, the first on the British frontier to receive the tidings was Henry Lawrence. He met them on the 14th November 1841, "on his way out after a decoity party . . . and immediately after forwarding them on to Mr. Clerk, went to Colonel Wild" (the officer then commanding the troops at Ferozepoor), to urge him to push on the 60th and 64th Regiments, and to warn the Light Infantry battalion and some details of the 10th Cavalry, for service beyond the frontier.²⁷ In doing this, he had well anticipated the line of action that would be adopted by his energetic chief, Mr. (now Sir George) Clerk, who now and throughout the imperial crisis which ensued, showed him-

²⁷ KAYE. Book VII. Chap. i.

self a diplomatist of the true English stamp—undaunted in difficulties, and resolute to maintain the honour of his country.

It was well, indeed, that there were such men in charge of the North-West frontier at this juncture as Clerk at the Sutlej and Outram in Sindh.

The rash Governor-General who, without even consulting his Council, had been capable of marching a British army into Afghanistan, 400 miles from the British frontier, to dethrone a reigning Prince, and set up an exile, was now paralysed at the first rumour of disaster to his troops, and could with difficulty be brought to move a single regiment to their succour.

It is related by the historian that even the English system of government by parties came in with evil influence to perplex Lord Auckland. He was a Whig, and the war was a Whig war. The Conservatives had always sided with the East India Company in condemning it; and at this moment the Conservatives were in office. His own term of government was expiring, and a Conservative successor was on his way to India, round the Cape of Good Hope—perhaps with orders to withdraw altogether from Afghanistan.

Would it be right to commit the new Governor-General to a renewal of hostilities, when even Lord Auckland himself had slowly opened his eyes to the folly and injustice of the policy? But Kaye well points out that the time for these considerations had gone by. The policy or impolicy of the Cabul War was no longer the question at issue, but the honour of the British arms and the power of our empire in India. The spirit of the Governor-General was, however, broken, and if any help was to be given to the beleaguered troops in Afghanistan, it must be sent by others.

Of those others one might have expected the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army to be the first. But he was the last. Sir Jasper Nicolls had been against the policy of the Cabul War from the beginning. He had judged better than the statesmen, and foretold nothing but disaster from a war carried on without a base. And now that the disaster had arrived, he wrapped himself up in a dismal "Didn't-I-tell-you-so?" satisfaction, and seemed incapable of throwing off the mantle of the prophet, and drawing the soldier's sword to succour his subordinates.

It is a mercy to weak rulers when there are men at hand who see what to do, and dare to do it. At once Mr. Clerk ordered what Henry Lawrence had anticipated; and in ten days a brigade

of four Native Infantry regiments had been collected from the frontier stations of Ferozepoor and Loodiana, and assembled on the Sikhbank of the River Sutlej, under the command of Colonel Wild.

As Civil Officer of the Ferozepoor district it was Lawrence's first duty to expedite the march of these troops, and he worked at it with a will. A young engineer officer, who first met him on this occasion, but lived to be one of his most valued assistants, says, "All day long Lawrence was busied in measures calculated to hasten our progress, especially in throwing a bridge over the Sutlej. I remember how we were impressed by his energy."²⁸

But those were not days in which British troops could safely traverse the Punjaub without a political officer to smooth their line of march through Sikh towns and camps. Maharajah Runjeet Sing, whose strong head was never turned by having built up an empire, and who spent his life in cementing friendship with the English, had died on the 27th June 1839; and from that day the English alliance had begun falling into decay. Our reverses in Afghanistan robbed us of respect, and encouraged the insolence of our Sikh allies. Yet was their country the highway through which we must march to relieve our beleaguered countrymen in Jellalabad, and retrieve our name. The position in which we had placed ourselves by a war so remote from our own territory had always been a false one; but now, with disaster in the front, it was hazardous indeed to have to rest on the Punjaub. Still, it must be done. There was nothing else; and on the political officers of the frontier, more than on our arms, its possibility depended.

It was under these delicate circumstances that Mr. Clerk selected Henry Lawrence to go to Peshawur. Many a Governor-General's Agent would not have chosen him for this service. Of all the Assistant-Agents on the border, Lawrence had the hottest temper. But in good truth it was not a time for phlegm; and Mr. Clerk judged well when he passed his finger over his arrow-heads and drew the sharpest from his quiver:

I shall send you (he wrote to Lawrence on 5th December 1841) some brief official instructions for your satisfaction, but I do not think it necessary to say much to you, who will anticipate all I could wish you to do, on occasions which, after all, must be dealt with by you at Peshawur as they arise. And it is because, while expecting that Mackeson's hands

²⁸ Lieutenant John Reid Becher, now Colonel and Companion of the Bath.

²⁹ Major F. Mackeson was at this time our Political Agent at Peshawur.

will be full of affairs on ahead, I feel much confidence in your knowledge of the Sikh authorities—in their reliance on your fair dealing—in your experience as a district officer and a people's protector,—and in your activity and decision to meet emergencies of every shape, that I have selected you to proceed for the present to Peshawur.

How this break-up of the happy little home at Ferozepoor was borne by Henry Lawrence and his wife, and how every English home in India was mourning for relatives or friends, killed or captive in Afghanistan, we may gather from the following letters:—

From MRS. L. to MRS. HAYES.

December 12th, 1841, Sunday.

. . . . We have just been going over our marriage vows and prayers, and feel how far above all we could imagine, when we first repeated them, have been the blessings of our lot.

It was on the 12th November that I returned to Ferozepoor and found my Henry in his full tide of cold-weather business. I was indeed thankful to be once more with him, for though we had no definite prospect of long separation, yet we have long felt its probability. One happy, most happy month have we since passed; externally with a load to do and think of; but with that homefelt happiness that nothing external can affect, and that makes us feel all calm and peace as soon as we have got rid of "the outside barbarians," and are in the quiet of our own chamber. It is not easy, darling Lettice, to give up this entire enjoyment of being together, to have Henry in a place where I cannot go to him, and myself left to count the lonely days and hours. Yet in truth, I would not, if I could, hold him back, for his presence will probably be most useful. He will be in a responsible and arduous post, but one to which he is fully equal, and he will be in the way of helping our friends who have been so sorely put to it in Afghanistan. The change too, from office work and the petty but incessant demands on his time and thoughts, to larger concerns of more exciting interest, will, I think, be useful to him. Above all, he is going in the way of his duty, where the blessing of God will be upon him; and He who brought us together and has blessed us so largely, can, in His own time, re-unite us. Every dark cloud we have had has been so mercifully dispersed, or has brought us such blessings, that we cannot now but leave the future with our kind and wise Father.

From MRS. L. to MRS. HAYES.

Ferozepoor, January 9th, 1842.

. . . . Oh, darling Lettice, I would not draw down God's displeasure by slighting His mercies, but this is a sore, sore discipline that He now sees we require—this terrible separation. I suppose when we are together we are *too* happy for mortals; each year more and more so; and

we require thus to be brought back to the fountain of good by the stream being checked. And, indeed, I could not have wished to hold my Henry back. Three years ago, when he did not proceed with the army, he set aside all his own feelings of disappointment, to enter into my joy at the arrangement; and now I would fain set aside my own selfish regret when he is going on a service so much after his own dear heart. Indeed, now we have so near and dear a stake in that country, I only wish that I was a man that I might go too. . . . How little can we guess the shape in which blessings are to come. Since we were called on to part with our daughter, to send her home a little before ourselves, we have been more thoroughly happy than ever,—I have now the full knowledge that my own husband is the faithful and humble servant of his God and Saviour—that the heart which was always so full of every right feeling towards his fellow-creatures is also brought home to his Maker. You know how lowly Henry thinks of himself; how he shrinks from any profession that he may not wholly act up to; but I would you could see the gentle, humble spirit that actuates him; the truly Christian temper of his whole mind. Yes, darling sister, you can indeed feel that he is your brother for Eternity. I say this to you, and you only; not that we are ashamed of our blessed Master, but there are some feelings too sacred almost to be put in words for any but our Maker's ear. . . . Letters from Henry to the 8th, when he was well. Still no letters from George; but things look very bad at Cabul. We only hope and pray that our troops may fall back on Jellalabad. . . .

What a picture is the next letter of the state of British India in the winter of 1841-42. How it links into the wars of 1857. And how soon we forget them, all one after another, as the plagues of Egypt were forgotten:—

From MRS. L. to MRS. CAMERON.

Ferozepoor, January 23rd, 1842.

. . . . The papers must have shown you the fearful reverses our arms have experienced in Afghanistan, how the whole country rose against us as one man, and the scenes of blood that have been enacted. Oh! Mary, if you could see the woe that prevails: the widows and fatherless, and those who daily expect to hear they are such; the sickening suspense when all communication is interrupted for days, and then the anguish when a brief despatch does arrive, enumerating the last victims. It is a day of trouble and rebuke, to whom can we look for succour but to Thee, O God! who, for our sins, are justly displeased at us? You cannot, in your land of peace, conceive the horrors of war. Here, on the frontier, there is but one thought, and the daily passing of troops and ammunition, devising of plans, and trying to forecast the fate of those dear to us, is engrossing. . . . I am unfit for writing, and have got a load of letters to answer, most of them inquiries about husbands and

brothers and sons, of whom it is supposed Henry may know something, all to be answered with the same heart-withering intelligence. I feel as if I were shooting arrows in every direction. . . .

But see how the wife consoles herself.—

From MRS. L. to MRS. HAYES.

Ferosepoor, February 3rd, 1842.

Your letter from Florence, dearest sister, was more than usually a cordial in this fearful time; and I like to write to you, for you are the only person to whom I can write, without constraint, of our Henry; the only one who can fully estimate that being who now, in absence, fills my heart, if possible, more than when we have the happiness of being together.

Yes, Lettice darling, you never could say or think too much of your brother and my husband. Each year I feel but *beginning* to estimate him, and there is such simplicity in his goodness, such absence of effort, or, seemingly, of self-denial in all he does, that no one but ourselves, and perhaps mamma, understands the beauty of his character. His mind is like a house, in which the commonest vessels are of gold, and their value is hardly known till we look at the stuff others are made of. Darling creature, I may take this one advantage of his absence to say what I would not say if he were here: I know nothing that you will like better than some extracts from his letters, which come almost daily to cheer me. I do not conceal from myself that he is in danger, but I can trust him with his Maker. I see how the Spirit of God has been at work in his soul, consuming the small alloy of humanity there, and leading a heart, already so noble to its fellow-creatures, into subjection to the Gospel of Christ. Can we doubt that He who has begun the work will finish it? And that the duty he is now engaged on is part of the needful training for the immortal part? Oh! the blessedness of the Gospel in the hour of sorrow! . . . Will you get for me, dearest Lettice, a ring with a seal, the device, a butterfly rising from its chrysalis, and the motto, "*Only Believe.*" (Luke viii. 50.) I wish it a swivel, and on the other side L. C. L., Nov. 16th, 1840. August 1st, '841.

These were the dates of the birth and death of their little daughter Letitia Catherine.

From MRS. L. to MRS CAMERON.

Kussowlee, June 21st, 1842.

. . . . My last letter to you was written in February, and was, I think, but a hurried line. I will, therefore, go back to last November when I despatched you a long letter. I was then just returning to the world after the lovely seclusion of this dear place where Henry and I

had been so happy, so unspeakably happy together for two months. He left me in October, and I followed as soon as it was cool enough to take our boy safely to the plains. The fearful tragedy in Afghanistan was then commencing. We had just received accounts of General Sale's repulse and subsequent occupation of Jellalabad. When Henry met me at the boat, on my return to Ferozepoor, my first question was, "How do matters go on in Cabul?" "As badly as possible," was his reply; and those words do indeed sum up all that has since happened. We found ourselves immediately in the very vortex of the tumult that was going on. Henry, of course, wished to give his services at the seat of the disturbances, and it was not for his wife to say *no*; so with my free and cordial assent he applied to be sent on. The month that followed seems like a year, or like a *life* of events and thoughts; the happiness of being together again—the anguish of the anticipated parting—making us try to crowd into that brief space all the love and confidence of a life, and the external stir seldom leaving us an hour to ourselves. Scarcely a night that we were not wakened by expresses, bringing news of fresh disasters, or orders to expedite reinforcements. The winding-up of office accounts, the despatch of troops and stores, the continual arrival of despatches which were to be copied and sent on to half a dozen different officials (all the while keeping open-house, or rather *tent*, for the crowds of officers and others whom the commotion brought to Ferozepoor), and the heart-breaking individual cases of distress and anxiety that came before us, and called for all our sympathy: these are some of the elements of that scene. Nor was the least trying part (to me at least) the necessity of seeming always the same; to know nothing, think nothing, fear nothing: for in the absolute whirlwind of reports and alarms, every one came to us for tidings; and a grave look or inadvertent expression gave rise to some strange story. We were sitting at table with Captains Grey and Kepling of the 44th, who had just had a hair-breadth escape on their journey from Cabul (I see the account has appeared in the English papers), with Mrs. Grant, who is now my guest as a widow, and who was then, as she believed, on her way to join her husband, and with a great many others, when the despatch arrived announcing the murder of Sir A. Burnes, and the fearful extent of the insurrection. Henry was called out of the room, but returned immediately, and merely gave me a *look* to go into the next room (Alick's crying soon gave me an excuse), where I found the letters just come, with his directions to copy them. I made the requisite copies, and left all ready, merely requiring his signature. Strange feeling at first it was, to copy out the lists of killed and wounded—people we had seen, as if but yesterday—and to dwell on the preparations for death and destruction. But I did my work, and returned quietly to my seat at the table; there to play the agreeable while Henry left the room, sealed and sent off the letters, and then we sat with our guests till they went, and left us at liberty to speak to each other. This

was the 16th of November, the anniversary of our darling Letitia's birth and I give it as just one scene of the drama. . . .

It was a relief to leave Ferozepoor, where all this tumult was going on, and to return to the perfect stillness of this lovely spot. Here I came, in April; and here, as far as I know, I shall remain till my Henry returns, if it please God ever to send that blessed day. As to the horrors of Cabul, the papers must have given you more than enough of them. I send you one or two of our Indian papers, to give you some particulars. The earthquake mentioned in one threw down the house in which Henry was living at Peshawur. Just as he got out the ceiling fell on the table at which he had been writing. You know that my own brother, Captain Marshall, of the Shah's service, was among the Cabul victims. Henry's brother, who was Military Secretary to the Envoy, is among the prisoners. They have been so far preserved by a Providence little less wonderful than that which preserved Daniel among the lions, and we may *hope* that it is God's will yet to deliver them; but this is our *only* hope. They are in the hands of infuriated barbarians, and our hands are tied, as any advance of our troops to their rescue would probably produce their instant murder. Think of old General Sale, who so bravely defended Jellalabad, having his wife and daughter, and by this time, I suppose, his grandchild, among the captives; and what must he feel, within a few marches of them, at the head of his troops, yet unable to move a finger in their behalf! The same may be said of my Henry and his brother George. Dearest Mary, my letters are like the roll of Ezekiel, "written within and without, lamentations, and mourning, and woe."

The circumstances of Captain Marshall's death are in themselves an epitome of the bloody retreat from Cabul. . . .

Dr. Brydon, the one Englishman who reached Jellalabad, related them afterwards to Henry Lawrence, who wrote them to his wife (18th July):—

For the first time, I heard the other day something of the particulars of poor James' end. The troops halted at Jugdulluck, and the enemy took possession of the heights above, and annoyed them much. At this time there were few or none of the Native troops remaining, and the Europeans were almost a rabble. A party of them, however, volunteered to go up and dislodge the enemy, and James offered to lead them.

They went, and drove off the enemy; but James was shot from behind the shoulder, the ball going into his breast.

He was spitting blood, and the wound was probably mortal. Brydon says that the same night, when the troops again moved, on the retreat he led the horse on which James rode for two miles, until, near the

barrier that had been raised across the Jugdulluck Pass, the enemy rushed in among them. Brydon was knocked down, and when he rose he missed James, and saw him no more. At this time and place many were killed, and most likely—nay, almost certainly—your poor brother, After he was wounded, he had given his watch and a locket of your hair to young Bird (a nephew of Mr. Bird, of Allahabad), to bring to me, but Bird was killed not many miles from this place.

I have heard many speak of James in high terms as a good and gallant soldier.

What an amount of misery this Cabul business has caused, yet how little symptom we see of our improving by experience.

The same dotage in every department! We are in the hands of a higher and wiser One than ourselves. If it be well that our government in the East should survive, it will do so; but assuredly it will not be by our own mightiness, by our wisdom, or by our valour.

Again, on the 3rd August :—

Brydon just now incidentally said that horseflesh was as good as beef, and that at Jugdulluck he, James, and two others grilled and ate some with good appetite. Poor James' last meal! At the same place one of the camp-followers, who had a few pounds of flour, was making chupatties, and selling them at ten rupees each. What a picture!—The horseflesh, and the avaricious and probably starving camp-followers!

On the retreat, the Europeans and Sepoys used to take blankets and clothes from camp-followers. Brydon's own escape, even during the last ten days, was a miracle of miracles. With his sword broken, he defended himself, and eventually threw the handle at a fellow. He had no pistols; but dropping his left hand, a horseman who was attacking him thought it was to draw out a pistol from the holster, and rode off. Brydon's horse was shot through the spine, and died the day after his arrival.

Brave must have been the heart of the young wife and mother at Kussowlee, who—looking sometimes at the delicate boy in her lap, sometimes to the little tomb visible on the opposite hill, and oftenest into the far distance where her brother had fallen and her husband was—could in days like these sing thankfully though tremblingly of her lot!—

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

“And wilt thou be a soldier's bride,
 Girl of the sunny brow?
 Then sit thee down and count the cost
 Before thou take the vow!

“ Say, canst though love with all thy soul,
 Being thus loved again?
 Enjoy no happiness apart?
 Together, smile at pain?

“ Then, canst thou all this bliss forego,
 And bid thy heart not burst?
 See all thy streams of pleasure dried,
 And bear the spirit's thirst?

“ Wilt thou a lonely pillow press,
 Wet with thy nightly tears?
 Or start from dreams of agony,
 To sadder waking fears?

“ And when thy child up towards thee lifts
 His glad, unclouded brow,
 Will not his question choke thy breath?
 ‘ Where is my Father now?’

“ And then, the weary day to watch
 For tidings from afar;
 While every breath of Rumour breathes
 Captivity and War!

“ Daily to feel the Sting of Death,
 Canst thou thy heart inure?
 And then—to be alone on Earth—
 All *this*, canst thou endure?”

Her lightsome eye was dimmed with tears,
 Her lip of roses quivered;
 And all her warm, elastic form
 With transient terror shivered.

’Twas but a moment—then her eye
 Shone with a lustre pure—

“ Yes—I will be a soldier's bride!
 And in Love's strength endure!

“ Distance divides not wedded hearts,
 Thought's pinion doth not tire,
 Nor can the waterfloods of grief
 Quench Love's eternal fire!

“ It is not for a sunny hour
 I plight my troth to his,
 It is not on Earth's shifting sand
 We build our bower of bliss!

“ We wed not, as prepared to find
The cloudless climes of fiction ;
But look for storms and clouds to bring
Our Father’s benediction.

“ I would not, for all present joy,
My absent one resign—
No, rather let me wake and weep,
And feel that he is mine !

“ The hour will come when they shall meet
Souls in God’s presence plighted—
On Earth—in Heaven—as He sees best,
They shall be re-united !

“ And seek’st thou then by thoughts of woe
From hope like *this* to scare me ?
No—gladly will I choose my path,
And for the storm prepare me !”

God prosper thee, thou noble girl,
And be thy guard and guide !
—But, let no fainter heart resolve
To be a soldier’s bride !

CHAPTER VII.

1842.

EARLY in 1842, after three years fighting—not fighting and diplomacy—the war in Afghanistan had come to this :—

The British army of occupation at Cabul had been driven out like sheep, and slaughtered between the capital and Jellalabad. The British General and a handful of officers, ladies, and children, were prisoners in the hands of the Afghans.

Ameer Dost Mahommud Khan, with his wives and many of his children, were prisoners in the hands of the English.

Our puppet, Shah Shoojah, was still allowed to live, and sit on the throne for three months, till it was convenient to supplant him, when he was killed from an ambush and thrown into a ditch by his subjects.

Ghuznee—that celebrated fortress, of which the storm, in July, 1839, had been declared by Sir John Keane “one of the most brilliant acts it had ever been his lot to witness during his service of forty-five years,” and which mainly gave that general a peerage and a pension of £2,000 a year for two generations—was given up in March as tamely as Cabul was evacuated in January.

The heroism of a boy-subaltern could only flash scorn on the surrender.¹

Three posts alone were still held as Englishmen should hold them, Khilât-i-Ghilzye, Candahar, and Jellalabad.

The fort of Khilât-i-Ghilzye which sentinel the road between Ghuznee and Candahar, with a garrison of 900 Sepoys and 50

¹ In his Despatch of 24th July, 1839.

² “Nicholson, then quite a stripling, when the enemy entered Ghuznee, drove them thrice back beyond the walls at the point of the bayonet before he would listen to the order given him to make his company lay down their arms. He at length obeyed, gave up his sword with bitter tears, and accompanied his comrades to an almost hopeless imprisonment.”—RATTRAY; quoted by KAYE.) This is the first the world heard of John Nicholson, who fifteen years later, in the Sepoy mutiny of 1857, stormed Delhi, and fell in accomplishing the most desperate feat of arms of that most desperate war.

Europeans, commanded by Captain J. Halket Craigie, and "political" -ed by Lieut. Leech, held out all winter, and repulsed an assault of 6,000 Afghans on the 21st May.

Five days later these determined men were relieved by a brigade from Candahar, and withdrew, after dismantling the fort.

Candahar, the castle-gate of Afghanistan, on the side of Sindh, was happily in the keeping of as resolute, self-reliant, and obstinate a soldier as the Indian army ever produced—Major-General Nott.

With him, in charge of the political affairs, was the gifted Henry Rawlinson, then unknown to fame, but recognized by all in the Candahar force as a man of both mind and courage, whose counsels and sword were alike forward for the honour of his country.

Nott had under his command a good division of troops of all arms, chiefly natives; and whenever the Afghan tribes gathered to attack him he marched promptly out, thrashed them, and marched back again!

When the letter of General Elphinstone and Major Pottinger, dated Cabul, 25th December, 1841, ordering Nott to evacuate Candahar, reached him at length on 21st February, 1842, he simply declined to obey it, on the manly ground that the writers were not free agents.³

In short he maintained his post, and the honour of England, against all comers, disasters, and discouragements, and sternly awaited the orders of his Government.

With equal fortune Jellalabad, the castle-gate of Afghanistan on the side of Peshawur, which opens or shuts the Khyber Pass, as Candahar

³ It is only just to the memory of Major Eldred Pottinger, who was as resolute a man as ever lived, to state, that though he generously affixed his name to Elphinstone's letter, he took the same view as both General Nott at Candahar and General Sale at Jellalabad; and maintained that General Elphinstone "had no right to order other commanding officers to give up the trusts confided to them."

On Macnaghten's death, the garrison at Cabul (and this shows how helpless military commanders for the most part are, in India, without a political officer accompanying their force) turned to Pottinger, though sick with wounds, "as the only man fitted to take the Envoy's place."

They installed him as their negotiator with the enemy. He "stood up manfully in council and declared that it now became the leaders of the British army either to fling themselves into the Bala Hissar, or to fight their way down to Jellalabad. But the military chiefs clung to the old idea of capitulation, and determined to cast themselves on the mercy of the Afghan Sardars. "Under these circumstances," says Pottinger, "seeing I could do nothing, I consented."—See KAYE'S *History*, Book V. Chap. viii.)

does the Bolan, had fallen into the keeping of Sir Robert Sale and a noble staff of officers.

Early in October Afghanistan had seemed so quiet that Sale's brigade was under orders to return to India. Before it could move out of the capital the Eastern Ghilzies had begun the insurrection, and blocked the passes between Cabul and Jellalabad. Still it seemed nothing to Macnaghten or to Burnes, and Sale was merely ordered to clear the passes on his homeward way. He did clear them. He fought a passage through those dreadful defiles, which, three months later, proved the shambles of the Cabul force. But as waves reunited behind the ship that cleft them, the Afghans closed in upon Sale's rear, and re-occupied the passes. The communication with India was not restored, and the British force at the capital was diminished. The insurrection broke out at Cabul on the 2nd of November, and Sir William Macnaghten and General Elphinstone ordered Sale to return to Cabul "at all risks," but it was too late; "the whole country was in arms;"⁴ and Sale probably judged well that the best service he could now render to the Cabul force or the Government of India, was to press on and seize Jellalabad.

From that 13th November, 1842, the story of the defence of Jellalabad is one that Englishmen in India and the native soldiery alike delight to dwell upon. Every adverse condition of the garrison at Cabul was present here—a warlike people in insurrection, indefensible defences, and supplies cut off. At Cabul there was more show, but there was also more of the sinews of war, treasure, guns, and abundant magazines. The real difference was this: at Cabul there was a decrepit general, an insubordinate second in command, divided counsels, and, of course, panic-stricken troops, both white and black, who would not fight; while at Jellalabad was a general not very scientific truly, nor, like Nott at Candahar, able to bear responsibility alone, but vigorous and effective, with all the fire, if not the youthful spring which leaped the stockade in Burmah eighteen

⁴ General Sale to General Elphinstone, 15th November, 1841.

Of course it will always remain a moot point whether Sale could have returned or not; and if he had returned, whether it would have saved the Cabul force. From Sale's own account it is probable he could not have returned in a state of efficiency; but there were at least two men with Sale's brigade who would have made all the difference: one—Henry Havelock—who would have recalled the discipline and spirit of poor Elphinstone's subordinates, if mortal man could do it; the other—George Broadfoot—who, in the last resort, would have dared to supply the army with a leader.

years before, at the head of his company, of whom the men of the 13th, when hard-pressed in fight, were wont to say, "Bob got us in and Bob will get us out!"⁵

Instead of jealous or weak subordinates, Sale had the support of a knot of soldiers of no common mark. His Europeans were headed by Denmie; his Sepoys by Monteath. Abbott, Backhouse, Dawes, were with his guns; Mayne with his Cavalry; George Macgregor⁶ was his political officer; George Broadfoot his engineer; and Henry Havelock was one of his staff. Some of these men, singly, would have made any garrison "illustrious;" and we read without surprise that, united, they overcame all difficulties.

They, too, had their moments of mortal weakness, their "councils of war," and their divisions, their parties for capitulation, and their parties for "no surrender;"⁷ but we know what they did. On half-

⁵ The author had this from the old officers of his corps, the 1st Bengal European Regiment, which had been brigaded with the 13th Light Infantry, at the storm of Ghuznee, and elsewhere.

⁶ "Major Macgregor is an historical character as the defender, with Sir Robert Sale, of Jellalabad. But I may here observe that he is as often noticed by General Sale and other commanders for his *servung at the guns*, as for his feeding the troops, and gaining information. His spirit never quailed at Jellalabad, and cheerful and modest, he deserves more honour than he has yet gained; though decorated with the Companionship of the Bath, while still a Lieutenant of Artillery . . . It is hardly over-estimating their value when we assign, under Providence, the safety of Jellalabad, Candahar, and Kilât-i-Ghilzye, as much to the exertions and influence of Macgregor, Rawlinson, and Leech as to the bravery of their garrisons"—HENRY LAWRENCE'S MS. *Defence of Sir William Macnaghten and the Political Officers in Afghanistan*)

This "Major Macgregor" is now Major-General Sir George Macgregor, K.C.S.I.

⁷ Among Sir Henry Lawrence's papers are some deeply interesting, but private memoranda of the defence of Jellalabad, and the councils of war held during its course, drawn up by the lamented George Broadfoot, to whom so large a share in that memorable defence was due. One or two extracts may perhaps be permitted, for the sake of the noble sentiments they express.

(I.) " . . . Discussed the obedience due to a superior officer no longer a free agent I held none was due by those themselves free;—that a general reduced to capitulation was not a free agent, and only entitled to command those in the same dilemma with himself. The discussion arose from General Sale being ordered by General Elphinstone to surrender Jellalabad.

(II.) "' I had urged that we had only a right to save the troops when so doing was more useful to the state than risking their loss; which I denied in our case. I denied also that our service was a mere compact with Government, which failure in the latter to support us cancelled; but maintained that it was a *duty* to our country which we could not decline, however the Government (which I admitted usually represented our country) might treat us. . . . The notion of *duty to country*, however, rather than *compact* with "Governor-General in Council," should be made more familiar to our officers and men.

(III.) "' I maintained that we could hold out even till relieved by Candahar; in fact for any time we liked; *could colonise if we liked*; . . . ' England will

rations they raised formidable works in the face of a besieging army ; and when an earthquake levelled them just as they were finished, began again with the pickaxe and shovel, as soon as the last shock ceased, and raised the works afresh. They supplied themselves with food in a hostile country by diplomacy and arms. When ordered by weaker English hearts to surrender to the Afghans, they refused to do it for sheer honour and love of country ; and at the desperate last—when the bloody patriot, Mahommud Akbar Khan, with the best chivalry of Afghanistan, drew his siege tighter and tighter round the walls, and still no succour came from India—succoured themselves, as Elphinstone and his army might have done at Cabul, by sallying out to battle against “fearful odds” and tearing victory out of the very jaws of destruction.

Truly these doings at Jellalabad and Candahar are most comforting pages, to us who have come after, in the humiliating history of the Afghan war ; and we can never read them without honouring afresh the names of those true English soldiers, Sir William Nott, Sir Robert Sale, and all who helped them to do their duty.

What concerns us in this chapter of Henry Lawrence's life is to see how the rulers of British India met their reverses in Afghanistan ; what measures they took to relieve the brave garrisons of Candahar and Jellalabad ; what efforts they made to rescue their captive countrymen and women from Afghan prisons ; what to retrieve the military reputation of the English in Asia ; and what share Henry Lawrence took in these events.

We saw in the last chapter that Lord Auckland, at the first news of the insurrection, was too paralysed to act, and that the Governor-General's agent, Mr. George Clerk, had taken on himself to move four regiments of Native Infantry, under command of Brigadier Wild, from the Sutlej river, which was then the British North-west frontier ; with orders to push across the Sikh country as rapidly as possible to Peshawur, the border out-post of the Punjaub, between which and our garrison at Jellalabad lay the long and dreaded Khyber Pass.

With this brigade Mr. Clerk sent his assistant, Henry Lawrence, to communicate with the Sikh authorities on the march, and ultimately

hold her place while she has sons like these, who in the darkest hour, beset by enemies, and seemingly deserted by friends, ‘never despair of the republic,’ or give way to self, but ask themselves one question, ‘What is required for the honour of our country?’”

to remain at Peshawur to help the Political Agent there, Major Mackeson, in the stirring work that was approaching.

He left Ferozepoor on the 16th December, 1841, and reached Peshawur on the 28th. In a letter to Mr. Clerk, on the 17th December, he gives this picture of the Sikh country under its warlike but barbarous Native rulers :—

Except in the low land below Kussoor, and again for three miles on each side of Surrukpoor, there is little or no cultivation. From Kussoor to Choong and Rungerpoor is a wild waste. . . . and on this side the Ravi the country is covered with coarse grass ; and throughout the seventy miles I have travelled during the last two days, I have been struck with the almost entire absence of inhabitants ; seeing very few people in or about the thinly scattered villages, and meeting with scarcely a traveller on the road. Road there is none ; the guides take us from village to village, and thereby add a mile or two at least to every stage ; if they do not entirely mislead, as has been too often the case with our party.

And, again, on 24th December, at Manikiala : “With little exception, I have found the country most desolate.”

Who that knows the Punjaub under British rule, its wide-spread cultivation, its irrigating canals, its registered proprietorship of every yard of land, its restored population, its system of good roads, and even railroads, and the busy traffic that pours itself along them, could recognize that picture of 1841 ? Little did Henry Lawrence think, as he marked the desolation through which he marched, that he was only making notes of evils which he himself would have to grapple with in four short years.

The worst of the Cabul news had not yet reached Peshawur ; indeed, had not yet happened. Sir William Macnaghten was murdered on 23rd December ; and General Elphinstone retreated from Cabul under terms of capitulation on the 6th January, 1842.

On 28th December, Lawrence wrote to his wife : “Arrived all safe at Peshawur, and am glad to find things *not so bad* as I expected. No news from Cabul beyond the 9th ; but there seems a hope that our people went from the cantonment to the Bala Hissar, instead of surrendering, and that they can command the city from it, and thereby command provisions.” Up to this time it was Lord Auckland’s view that any reinforcements sent from India should only be to secure Sale at Jellalabad, not to encounter new hazards for the reconquest of Cabul ; and that, for this limited object, which, in other

words, was merely to facilitate the retreat of the survivors of the Cabul force, "one brigade, with artillery, and with the aid of the Sikhs, should be sufficient."

It seemed as if nothing could be done by the rulers of India in this Cabul war without bearing the stamp of infatuation. The Governor-General would confront the Afghan nation in arms against the British, with "one brigade, with artillery," and the aid of another foreign power. And Sir Jasper Nicolls, the Commander-in-Chief, whose barest duty it was to see that this inadequate force was, at all events, complete, despatched with Wild's brigade some foot-artillerymen, who happened to be on their way to Afghanistan to relieve another company; but sent no guns with them. "His Excellency is not aware" (wrote the Head-quarter Staff to Brigadier Wild) "of any difficulty likely to prevent your being accommodated by the Sikh Governor-General, Avitabile, with four or six pieces; and you will solicit such aid, when necessary, through Captain Mackeson."⁶

To this pass had the English in India now come. To succour their armies in Afghanistan, they must borrow four guns from a neighbour. No wonder the neighbour thought it quite safe to decline the loan. Not only were the Sikh authorities lukewarm, but the very gunners demurred to giving up their guns. Already was springing up in the formidable Sikh army an impatience of that British alliance which the far-sighted Runjeet Sing had so sedulously cemented, and a vision of one day meeting us in arms, and enthroning the victorious faith of Gooroo Govind at imperial Delhi. Our military reverses in Afghanistan had added fuel to these feelings; and if the aid that Lord Auckland now looked forward for from the Sikhs was to be rendered at all, it must clearly be forced upon the Sikh army by the Sikh government at a great expense of popularity.

Few diplomatists except Mr. George Clerk, who had acquired immense personal influence at the court of Lahore, could have obtained even a show of co-operation.

Reluctantly, at his instance, Maharajah Sher Sing moved 5,000 men, under Rajah Goolab Sing, from Hazara to Peshawur, and General Avitabile was authorised to lend the guns which we required.

Avitabile was an Italian, one of the several Italian and French soldiers of fortune, who at different times during the last twenty years had left the ill-paid and declining Persian service, and, making their

⁶ KAYE, Book VI. Chap. iii.

way at great hazard across Persia and Afghanistan, offered their swords and knowledge of European warfare to Runjeet Sing, the monarch of a new and vigorous race, whose destiny it might yet be to contend with the English for empire in India, and open careers of almost limitless ambition. Runjeet Sing had heard enough about "the great Napoleon Bonaparte, sovereign of France,"⁹ between 1809 and 1815, and though he lived and died in the firm faith that it was not given to the Sikhs to beat the English, he was too astute not to understand that, in this world, to be strong is to be respected; and he gladly availed himself of the military talents of the new-comers to reduce his feudal hordes into an organised and disciplined army, after the models of Europe, with perfect freedom, to say the least, from any English prejudice. This task the foreign officers accomplished with consummate ability, as all whose lot it was to encounter the Sikh armies in 1845-46 and 1848-49 have cause to know.

Avitabile, however, though professionally a soldier, had all the genius for civil government of a Thomas Munro or Henry Lawrence in British India, though utterly destitute of their philanthropy and Christian springs of action: and Runjeet Sing found it a relief to confide to him the government of Peshawur, that refractory cis-Khyber province of Afghanistan, which Sikh generals had been able to annex, but never to rule.

With the intrigue and cunning of an Asiatic, the broader wisdom and self-dependence of a European, and the remorselessness of one who professed to own no God,¹⁰ Avitabile, backed by a powerful Sikh force, was soon master of the valley, and to this day is spoken of by

⁹ In a note to Henry Lawrence's *Adventurer in the Punjab* (chap. i.), he translates, from Prinsep's *Life of Runjeet Sing* (p. 132), the original French letter addressed by MM. Ventura and Allard to Maharajah Runjeet Sing, when seeking employment at his court. After premising that, "Fame, which had borne the name of the King of Lahore as far even as our abode, said nothing in comparison of what we have seen; everything around your Majesty is great, and worthy of a sovereign who aspires to immortality." &c., the writers inquire "whether we can render you any service by our knowledge in the art of war, acquired as superior officers, under the immediate command of the Great Napoleon Bonaparte, Sovereign of France." Lawrence says that "this address can only find a parallel in that of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon."

¹⁰ One of the leading chiefs of the Punjab has often related to the author the jests with which "Avitabile Sahib," in open durbar, at Peshawur, used to mock at the existence of a God, to the disgust of the Sikhs, Hindoos, and Mohammedans, who were present. And more than once has the author heard citizens of Peshawur tell how a follower who had insulted some inmate of the General's harem, was forthwith ordered to be hurled down from the top of a minaret. The wretch was hurled; but half-way down caught hold of a projecting cornice, thence screamed aloud to Avitabile for "Mercy, for the sake of God." Avitabile unmoved replied,

the Afghan population with the admiration of a troop of jackals for a tiger. To do him justice, though he stuck at nothing that would serve his ends, he did much good. He had the Parisian taste of Haussman for improving a capital; knocked down crooked streets and created broad thoroughfares and squares shaded with trees, and established a thoroughly Continental system of police, which made human life a little safe, even after dark, in the city of Peshawur.

In the valley itself, though he never dared to ride out in it without an escort of many hundred soldiers, he yet developed cultivation, and by dint of hanging, put down much crime, though he cared little whether those he hanged were the right parties or the wrong: enough if they belonged to the same clan as the offenders.¹¹

During several years of such government, Avitabile, while keeping the Sikh court in good humour by regular remittances of revenue, had secretly amassed great wealth for himself; and at the time we are speaking of was in vain endeavouring to get leave to visit Europe and convey his hoards out of the Punjab. In the English and their difficulties in Afghanistan, he now discerned the outlet of which he was in search. On the British officers passing through Peshawur he lavished hospitality till the whole army rang with his praise; and to the British Commissariat and Political Department he was always ready to lend money in exchange for bills on the Indian Treasury—a quiet but certain process, which, before the close of the war, had placed all his gains beyond the clutches of the Sikh Government, which had an awkward habit of using its provincial governors as leeches; allowing them in silence to suck out the wealth of the people for years, and then, in a fit of well dissembled indignation, passing them through the finger and thumb.

Willing enough then, was General Avitabile to lend the “four or six pieces” of artillery which the Commander-in-Chief of the

“God may have mercy on you if he likes, but I’ll have none. Throw him off the ledge!”

¹¹ Lawrence, who was an eye-witness of Avitabile’s proceedings, thus speaks of them in a note to chapter ii. of his *Adventurer in the Punjab*. “All that can be said in his favour is, that he has savages to deal with;—but why should he deal with them as a savage? He might be as energetic and as summary as he pleased, and no one could object to his dealing with a lawless people in such manner as would restrain them in their practices; but he might spare us the scenes that so frequently occur in the streets of Peshawur, equally revolting to humanity and decency.” In sending this note to Mrs. L. (as was his wont), to be polished for the press, he thus excuses its extreme mildness:—“Remember, in the sketch of Avitabile, that I have eaten of his salt, and that he has been civil to me. We must therefore, in telling the truth, do so in mercy.”—(*February 25/A, 1842*)

British forces in India had been so content to borrow, and without which Brigadier Wild very sensibly declined to advance into a mountain-pass twenty-eight miles in length, of which more than twenty miles could be commanded by the long matchlocks and wall-pieces of an enemy who knew every crag and footing that overhung the road. But the Sikh gunners cared nothing for this, or for the *entente cordiale*. They lived by their guns, and would mutiny rather than give them up; and the Sikh Government was not inclined to coerce them. So on one side of the Khyber was General Sale and his garrison in Jellalabad calling out for reinforcement; and on the other side was Brigadier Wild with the reinforcement, but paralysed for want of guns. The worst of it was, that the delay disheartened our Sepoys. Dangers never grow less by looking at them; and the longer Wild's brigade lay idly encamped on the wintry plain between Peshawur and the Khyber, the less they liked the black shadow which marks the yawning mouth of that defile, and the snow-clad peak of the "White Mountain" which towers beyond it. The Sikh troops, too, began to tamper with them. "They strode insolently among our tents, and derisively asked our Eastern soldiers if they ever expected to return from the darkness of those passes."¹² To crown all, the camel-owners, who had accompanied Wild's regiments from India, became alarmed at the disastrous news from Cabul, and refused to enter Afghanistan. They had never agreed, they said, to go beyond Peshawur.

In such a state of affairs, with great issues depending on great exertions, Henry Lawrence, with his restless mind and frame, and vehement energy, was worth a dozen ordinary men; and his correspondence bears marks of incessant activity and the highest public spirit:—

To his Wife.

December 29th, 1841.

Our Government are regularly crying craven, and have made up their minds to abandon Afghanistan. They seem inclined to knuckle to the Sikhs, as if *this* is the time for being polite. (3 P.M.) I have just seen two guns. They are pretty good; *but they are not to be given to us till an answer comes from Rajah Goolab Sing*, which may be in four days. I've told Mackeson I should go on, and he stay here. He half agrees, and I think will do so. It is certainly the most desirable arrangement, as his influence here will do much to keep open the Pass.

¹² MS. note by Col. J. R. Becher.

January 1st, 1842.

There is clearly no help to be had from the Sikhs *as long as we want it*. I wrote it very forcibly to Clerk yesterday. . . . Avitabile himself is our ally, but he is afraid to act; afraid of his men, and afraid of his Government, and of ours too; of support, in short, from none. Yet he is evidently a very bold ruffian. He is just the picture of one of Rubens's Satyrs, but he is one of the world's master minds. . . . All reports from Cabul concur in the almost certainty of something like an armistice. A letter from a Shikarporee merchant of the 15th talks of peace through Mahommud Akbar Khan, son of the Dost. . . . Mackeson seems to think, and I'm inclined to agree, that reports go to show we have left the Bala Hissar and concentrated in the cantonment, and left the King to himself, because we found him in league with the enemy, if not the originator of the whole; that the Baruckzyes had been bought once by the Envoy, but as yet afraid to declare themselves openly, allowed provisions to be brought into cantonments. All this will give breathing time. . . . At Jellalabad all is well, and there can be no fear at that place as long as matters thrive at Cabul.

January 5th, 1842.

The day before yesterday I went out to camp, eight miles off, at Kawulsir, and stayed till yesterday evening. . . . We had the (Sikh) guns out twice; the second time fired two charges from each, putting a little extra powder to prove the guns, and the second shot broke down one of the carriages, so it is as well we tried. To-day we are to get wood to make up another. . . . Strict orders have come from Lahore about the Sikhs co-operating with us; but it seems to me idle expecting anything from them.

Yesterday, when I went to Jumrood to look at their two guns there, to see if they were any better than those we had got, the soldiers crowded round, but said nothing civil or uncivil; I expected a little of the latter. It is not wonderful that they should not like to give up their guns, or to enter the Pass, being so little cared for or supported by their Government. . . .

January 6th, 1842.

It is not quite daylight on L.'s birthday when I have begun to think of you both, my own giver and gift. Without her you would hardly have been my Nora; and I thank God who has brought us together, and you both for all that has been done for me. . . . There seems just now less chance of an immediate advance than ever. It all rests, of course, with Mackeson, with whom the Afreedees and the Aurukszyes, the two tribes in the Pass, are coquetting. There is a rumour that Sir William Macnaghten has been murdered at a personal interview with Mahommud Akbar Khan. If it is true, matters will be as bad as ever. . . . If a capitulation is made, few will, I fear, come away alive; for the chiefs,

even if they wish to do so, will hardly have the power to save our people. . . .

Say nothing of the Envoy to anybody. . . . Mackeson is an able man, industrious, but desultory, more so than myself. He is a capital linguist. I envy him talking French, Persian, and even Hindustani. He knows all the people about here well, and it would have been absurd if (as I half expected was to be) I had taken matters out of his hands.

I have been reading his office books, and have picked up a good deal of information on men and things; and though I have written little or nothing, will have a good jumble of miscellaneous stuff in my head that will be useful to me hereafter.

January 8th, 1842

We are bothered very much about the camel-men, many of whom have decamped, and half the rest say they know nothing of Parsons' arrangement to go on.

It seems very doubtful whether we advance to-morrow or not, till General Pollock arrives.

You will have been prepared for evil news from ahead. It is quite true that the Envoy has been murdered; and we have little hope left that our own brothers are safe.

George went with the Envoy and was taken prisoner, with two others, Mackenzie and Conolly, while Captain Trevor, who was also present, was killed on the spot. There are several native accounts, all varying and only half-a-dozen lines, of the 25th December, from Pctunger, saying that he was treating on the same terms as the Envoy had been,—that was to evacuate Cabul, and that the next day the force was to fall back on Jellalabad; but before he had finished his short note the cantonment was attacked. For them we can have little hope. Their fate, I fear, is sealed, and the question now is, how or what to do as regards Jellalabad; for the orders of Government *seem* to look no further (in the event of losing Cabul) than to insure the retreat of the troops at other points. . . . Yesterday it was thought to start during last night; but I doubt much whether a move will be made for some time, and if we were sure of the safety of Jellalabad, it would be well to await General Pollock's arrival: so as not only to get well through the Pass, but keep it open in our rear. . . . Be of good heart, my own noble wife; and He who brought us together still watches us and ours. . . . I have not been able to get from Mackeson whether I am to go or not. We have got the guns into pretty good order.

January 9th, 1842.

At sunrise I read the morning prayers for to-day, the ninth—(how applicable to our circumstances)—and soon after went out to the camel-men to select camels to buy. I have just selected 392 out of fully 1,000, but have not fixed the prices.

What you say is correct : we should give up Afghanistan, and withdraw altogether ; but do it with as much credit as possible, by doing it quietly, and that can only be done by holding Jellalabad, at least for a time.

January 10th.

I came into Peshawur yesterday evening to talk to Mackeson as to the movement in advance. He is for two regiments marching to Ali Musjid during the night, and occupying it, having first laid in a month's provision. . . . But I doubt if Wild will divide his force ; however, we'll see to-day. If it is done, the move should be made a little before daylight, so as to enter the bad part of the Pass, near Ali Musjid, about daylight.

The fort is about twelve miles from the present encamping ground, and there is a path that avoids the defile, near the fort, by which Mackeson says he could lead the troops. Ali Musjid is at present garrisoned by a mixed set of Afghans and Punjabees, whose fidelity is uncertain, and it is highly important to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy. I therefore hope the move will be made. . . . I have read a note from Macgregor,¹⁸ dated the 4th January. He says, "I don't think there is just cause for any apprehension on our part for their safety ;"—meaning George, Conolly, and Mackenzie. God grant it may be so ! but I fear otherwise.

January, 11th.

Last evening there was a great ferment in camp, the 64th refusing to receive their pay. The troops were turned out ; but they came to their senses, and all is now well.

Though Lawrence made little of this "ferment" to his wife, it was very near proving a most serious affair. Colonel J. R. Becher, in the MS. note already quoted, says,—

At this time, although I was only a subaltern, and necessarily unacquainted with the political arrangements, I used to meet Henry Lawrence, because the few artillery and engineer officers lived together, and he frequently joined our mess.

We all recognized in him the leading man of the camp. He was always sanguine and ardent for an advance. One evening when he was sitting with us the Adjutant of the 64th came in. He said "that his regiment had all day evinced a mutinous spirit—it was pay-day, and they refused to accept their pay : they required increased allowances ; it was cold in Cabul—they said they required fur-coats and gloves. They grew more presumptuous—they had gone in a body to their 'arms' ;

¹⁸ Political Agent with Sir R. Sale in Jellalabad.

they were now in open mutiny." Just then we heard the bugles sounding a general assembly. "Yes, all the troops were to parade to coerce these scoundrels." It was almost dark; but there certainly was the summons. Lawrence, surprised at this announcement, immediately went off to find Brigadier Wild.

We made our men "fall in." The gunners got ready the Sikh cannon they had borrowed, and we marched off, sappers and artillery. It was so dark we could hardly distinguish one another. There was a general hum and whisper. We stood there in a great suspense. An order came for the port-fires to be lighted. We could just see Lawrence on horseback, dark and prominent against the sky, vehemently urging, and riding here and there. At length we were ordered back. Lawrence had shown the madness of firing on the regiment, at such an hour, when we could not discern the different corps, and of exposing to the Sikh army our internal discords; and had prevailed on Brigadier Wild to defer taking any measures until next morning.

The following day the matter was arranged under Lawrence's counsel and the Sepoys accepted their pay. I have heard Sir Henry dwell on the dangers of that night, and the difficulty he had to prevent Wild from the suicidal measure of ordering the other Sepoy regiments to compel the 64th. There may have been a deeper danger than we know; for there is little doubt but that all the Sepoys were equally averse to the advance.

On the 14th January Lawrence writes to his wife that news are in from Macgregor of orders having come from Elphinstone, at Cabul, to Sir Robert Sale and Macgregor, to evacuate Jellalabad and return to India, under terms concluded at the capital; but, for many excellent reasons, they had declined to comply, and "deemed it their duty to await a further communication, . . . which we desire may point out the security which is to be given for our safe march to Peshawur." Nothing certainly could be more to the point, and well would it have been for English honour if they at Cabul had done the same; trusted less to their enemies and more to themselves.

The worse things grew at Cabul the more urgent became Sale for Wild to come on to Jellalabad; and Wild's position at this moment was truly pitiable. His four Native regiments happened to be all composed of young soldiers; and the mutinous Sikh troops, who had no mind to advance themselves, had filled them with horror of the Khyber. He had no other cavalry than one troop of Native Irregulars; and his Commander-in-Chief had provided him with no other artillery than four old Sikh guns. For these guns Henry Lawrence had, with an artilleryman's foresight, brought eighteen camel-loads of

ammunition and small stores with him from Peshawur ; but in musketry ammunition Wild was deficient.

His camel-men ran off with their camels, and Henry Lawrence bought up 1,250 camels and 527 bullocks, at Peshawur, to stop the gap.

He had no commissariat, and Lawrence organized one for him, and gathered grain and fodder from the country around. The Afreedees of the Khyber would come to no terms for a free passage of the Pass, and General Aitavale warned Wild not to attempt to force it with so inadequate and demoralized a force. Still Sale and Macgregor from Jellalabad cried, "Come on ;" And at last the Khyber tribes attacked the fort of Ali Musjid, five miles within the Pass, so vigorously that the little garrison called to Wild loudly for assistance. To lose this important footing in the Khyber would have made matters desperate indeed, and Wild, who was personally a gallant soldier, determined, at all hazards, to advance, and not await the arrival of a second brigade under Brigadier MacCaskill, which Mr Clerk had (once more on his own responsibility) moved across the Sutlej on the 4th of January

For the immediate and pressing object of relieving Ali Musjid, two regiments seemed sufficient: so on the night of 15th January the 53rd and 64th N. I. regiments, under command of Colonel Moseley, and piloted by Major Mackeson, pushed through the first stage of the dreaded Pass without being expected by the Afreedees, and got to Ali Musjid with little opposition. But (to show how success depends upon details) as day dawned they found that out of 300 bullocks, laden with grain, only 63 were with them, and the rest left behind. Had all the supplies come up the half-brigade would have been provisioned for a month. As it was, they were shut up in a hill fortress without food sufficient for a week. "The hills around," says Colonel Becher, who (then a lieutenant) had accompanied Colonel Moseley's detachment with his Sappers, "were held by the Afghans, but were speedily taken by our skirmishers, and breastworks thrown up on them by the Sappers. It was bitterly cold weather, and as the besieging tribes were in great numbers, and fired all night, our men were much exposed, but they did well."

To remedy this new disaster, it was indispensable for Wild to follow at once with the rest of his brigade, and convoy the supplies of the whole column.

But he had to take with him a contingent of Sikh troops, who

were intended to garrison Ali Musjid and keep open communications with Peshawur, and these men had no stomach for the service. Day after day there was some excuse of want of pay, or carriage, or grain. At 8 P.M., on 17th January, Lawrence writes from Wild's camp to Mackeson at Ali Musjid :—

I have just written to you more fully that the Sikh carriage is not ready, and that, therefore, Avitabile says they cannot move to-morrow. I have pressed him in every way, but he is not to be moved. He says he will not deceive me ; they will not move to-morrow, but they will next day. I go now to Wild to see what he will do—move without them or not—but I don't expect he will, so don't expect us to-morrow, but next day certainly. I've sent you Macgregor's letter, giving the sad news of our people having left Cabul and been cut up on the road ; Dr. Brydon only having reached Jellalabad when Macgregor wrote.

On the evening of the 18th the Nujeeb regiments of the Sikh contingent mutined and drove out their officers, and all hope of their co-operation was at an end. Lawrence therefore advised Brigadier Wild to advance without them, "and start at 4 A.M., if possible, before the news could reach the Khyber."

On the 19th there are a few hurried lines to his wife (in one of the odds and ends of paper which he had the faculty for turning into a letter, and of which the wonder is, how they ever got safely delivered) saying, "I'm quite well, but I've witnessed a shameful sight to-day—our troops behaved ill before a handful of savages. Montgomery is wounded in the thigh, but not badly. He is in my tent ; as is also the brigadier, wounded in the face, and Captain Loftie in the leg. The Sikhs marched *back to Peshawur* as we marched to the Pass."

Next day he says, "I spoke too strongly of the 60th yesterday, considering they lost 95 killed and wounded ; but I only alluded to what I saw at the end. In all 112 have been killed and wounded, and we have two regiments locked up in Ali Musjid short of provision, without a possibility of reaching them, until General Pollock reaches us."

To Macgregor, in Jellalabad, he sent a few lines over the hills on the 20th, which seem to drop like blood from the pen :—

MY DEAR MACGREGOR,—I grieve to say you can have no assistance from us for at least a month. Yesterday we were beaten back from the Pass, our guns breaking down at the first discharge, and the Sepoys of the 60th behaving ill. The Sikhs marched back to Peshawur, and we

entered the Pass ; so all hope of them is over. If you can make a push for Lalpoor, and there hold out till Pollock reaches us, please God we will help you. But it is best to say the truth, that, until then, there is no shadow of chance, for we cannot even relieve Mackeson in Ali Musjid—that is, we cannot take him supplies, and to go without them would only do harm. Brigadier Wild is wounded, and his Brigade Major and Under-Colonel —. I do not hesitate to say that nothing can be done. Reckon, therefore, on nothing from us for a month. I say it with real grief.

There is a highly hieroglyphical draft of a long official report of this repulse, which Lawrence sent to his superior, Mr. Clerk, from which, if they can be deciphered, some passages should be quoted, if only to show the kind of services which fall to the lot of that unpopular but generally (in India) indispensable personage, the political¹⁴ officer with a military expedition :—

I went to General Avitabile, who had that morning left his tents and taken up his quarters in the fort of Futtighur, close at hand.

He seemed in great distress, saying that everything had been done for the men (*i.e.* the Sikh contingent), and that now, at the last moment, they refused to move, and were beating and driving out their commanders. I told him that circumstanced as we were, with two regiments in Ali Musjid, we must advance ; and begged that he would then (about 11 P.M.) order the four Sikh regiments, encamped for the purpose opposite the Jubbakee road, to advance on it, and enter the Pass for a mile

¹⁴ So late as 2nd September 1842, Sir Jasper Nicolls, in a letter to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, could even speak of Wild's brigade as "having been most sadly mismanaged (at the instance of the political authorities against my instructions, and *cautest caution*"), though he himself was the party to blame. Had Henry Lawrence lived to find rest and leisure, there are many indications that he intended to write several chapters of Indian history which he considered to be misunderstood. Here is one in his Essay on "The Indian Army" in the *Calcutta Review* for March 1856 :—"It was the moral depression of Wild's brigade, added to the shameful manner in which it was sent to Peshawar (a body of four Sepoy battalions, with a hap-hazard Brigadier and Brigade-Major taken from their own ranks, without a single other staff officer, without carriage, commissariat, guns, or cavalry) that not only prevented its reaching Jellalabad, but nearly caused its own destruction in the Khyber. The blue-book records Sir Jasper Nicolls' opinion—"I have yet to learn the use of guns in a pass." On this wondrous conclusion, or rather, we suspect, on the pre-conceived opinion that Jellalabad *must* be lost, a General acted who four-and-twenty years earlier had himself done good service in a mountain country. It would have been more honest, sensible, and humane to have boldly refused to permit a man to cross to the Sutlej. That chapter of Indian military history has yet to be written. Kaye's work, admirable as it generally is, has not done justice to those concerned, but has done very much more than justice to the Commander-in-Chief. Few officers have been worse treated than the gallant and unfortunate Wild. As brave a soul as ever breathed, he was driven broken-hearted to his grave.

or more, as a demonstration to draw the Afreedees from the Shadde Bagîaree entrance. He said he would do so ; and I sent to him before daylight, informing him that they had not moved, and begged that they might, and at sunrise I went to him again for the same purpose. He held up his hands in despair, exclaiming, he could do nothing—they would not move.

The Mussulman battalions struck their tents and marched into Peshawur, and thence to the Attock, as we marched towards the Khyber (with the exception of about 250, who, with the majority of their officers, remained on their ground, neither joining us in the advance, nor their own body in withdrawing). . . . General Avitabile "consented to take charge of our baggage" (left on the ground for the want of carriage), "and also to receive into the fort four lakhs of rupees, which, under the circumstances of the case, I thought had better not accompany the column." . . . There was so much confusion, and so many desertions of camel-men, and so much want of adjustment of the available carriage, that at daylight one-fourth of the seven days' supplies and the baggage of half a regiment, was on the ground : even though, at the last moment, it was decided that no officers' tents should be taken, and little or nothing but regimental messes.

By considerable exertion I got the most off the ground before the rear-guard started at 10 o'clock, and then, hearing the firing already commencing, moved up towards the front, and soon met the baggage and followers running back in great confusion ; and shortly after heard that the gun in advance had broken down at the second discharge ; and soon afterwards that the other advanced gun . . . had broken down at the fourth discharge, and . . . that a retreat had been ordered.

With some difficulty I made my way to a gap, six or eight yards broad, where was a fall into a wide basin. The gap was crowded with Sepoys of the 60th and the second disabled gun. Three treasure and ammunition-boxes were lying around. We got the gun on the gun-limber, and dragged it up the hill ; but after an hour's exertion, in which I was heartily joined by Captain Geils of the 60th and Lieutenant Christie of the artillery, we were enabled to get together sufficient men to drag off the other gun, which was lying dismantled and spiked about 200 yards in advance.

Hearing that the retreating troops were not content with falling back to their own encamping-ground, but were now pushing on to Khawulsir, farther from the Pass and nearer to Peshawur, Lawrence then relates how he galloped after and headed them, and brought them back by evening to Futtoghur, "where our treasure was placed and our wounded were lodged :"—

. . . On the morning of the 20th I went and examined the entrance

of the Pass, got a good view of the breastwork in the "tungee,"¹⁵ and fixed on a strong site for our encampment, immediately above the basin, if we should be able to procure sufficient water-jars and water-carriers to supply the camp. . . .

The troops were very much depressed from the untoward issue of the affair of the 19th, and both officers and soldiers appeared to look on affairs in the most gloomy light ; as quite impossible that the two regiments could escort provisions and baggage through the Pass, or even to Ali Musjid. Such was the feeling and so many the monstrous reports abroad, that on the 20th I suggested to the Brigadier to call some of the senior officers to his tent, and there told them the real state of affairs in all its truth as regarded Cabul ; but was able to contrast the picture with the very cheering view of affairs given by Captain Macgregor, in a letter received that day, shewing that Jellalabad was well supplied with provisions, and that the garrison had no fears of the result. I further told the actual necessity of supplying Ali Musjid, or withdrawing the garrison. My explanation I think had a good effect ; and it certainly did seem to relieve the minds of some present ; but I was obliged to write to Captain Mackeson, who was already pressed for provision, and to tell him not to look for supplies from us, but to make his arrangements for an advance to Dhakka, or a retreat by the Jubbakee or Shadée Bāgiaree Passes¹⁶ and when he moved we would make a diversion to attract the enemy's attention. At 6 P.M. of the 21st, I sent forty-four men, each with seven seers of flour, one seer of tobacco, and a blanket ; all of which reached Ali Musjid before morning. That day I also sent nearly 100 mules and asses laden with grain, by the Tartarra road, in hopes of their being able to reach Ali Musjid by a cross-cut. In vain I endeavoured, both directly and through General Avitabile, to induce the Khuleels and Mohmunds, either by stealth or by force, to convey provision to the garrison, offering one rupee per seer for all supplied.

At 10 P.M. of the 22nd, I received a note from Captain Mackeson, saying that, finding his supplies drawing to a close, he would force his way out the next morning ; and requesting a strong diversion from us and from the Sikhs.

I had before repeatedly told him that nothing was to be expected from the latter ; but immediately on receipt of his note, I went to Brigadier Wild, and got him to issue his orders, and then proceeded to General Avitabile and begged him to order General Mahtab Sing to enter the Jubbakee Pass for a mile or more. He said it was no use, but that he would order up Doola Sing's battalion and the detachments about him,

¹⁵ Native word for straight place, where the two sides of a defile approach so closely that the passage is impeded. It is across such a point that mountaineers erect their barricades.

¹⁶ One entrance to the Khyber is called Jubbakee ; the other Shadée Bāgiaree.

mustering perhaps 2,000 men. With this I was obliged to be satisfied, and desired the Puthan Horse of our camp to accompany them, and actually had the pleasure to see that the whole did move out with two guns at 4 A.M. on the 23rd, a few minutes before our column.

At half-past four Colonel T., with the whole available strength of the 30th and 60th under my guidance, marched out about 1,100 strong, and reached the edge of the basin at daylight. After a halt of a few minutes, just after daylight, but not before perceived, we descended the basin, the flankers moving right and left, crowning the heights, so that in an hour, with little or no opposition, the column reached the defile called "Kaffir Tungee" (the Infidel's Strait), 1,000 yards within the basin, where we found six lines of briars and thorns six feet high and as many broad, at intervals of six and eight feet. The defile is there about fifteen yards wide; and right and left, where the hills lower to an elevation of about thirty feet, were breastworks (to the right of briars, to the left of stones breast high, and both at a slight angle, so as to admit of a fire from behind them bearing on the approach of the defile). On the left were also two small detached stone breastworks, for a couple of men each, both completely flanking the approach. On either side the hills rise to 700 or 800 feet; while within 100 yards, immediately in front of the defile, the Pass divides; one roadway going in the bed of the ravine to the right, and the other to the left. each being perhaps forty yards in width; and at the point of separation, immediately in front of the defile, is a conical hill 200 feet high, with a breastwork on the top sufficient to hold 100 men, almost inaccessible right and left, and in front towards the defile having a small platform sufficient to hold 200, half-way up its ascent; above and below which the slope is at an angle of at least forty-five degrees, so that this little hill renders the defile almost an impregnable position against troops unsupported with guns. As it was, we found the hill empty, and having occupied it ourselves, opened a roadway through the bramble breastwork, and in the course of two hours burned it all.

I was anxious to meet Captain Mackeson's and Colonel Moseley's wishes, and to advance farther, and repeatedly urged Colonel T—— to do so, but he replied that he had no men, and showed me his colours with only two weakly companies around them. He, however, remained till about 10 A.M., when hearing nothing of the regiments from Ali Musjid, (though still against my opinion) he took the advice of Captain P——, the next senior officer and retired That afternoon I received another letter from Captain Mackeson, saying he had not moved, as my reply had not reached in time. . . . but that having only food for that day he would positively move at 4½ A.M. On the 24th at the same hour and with the same force as the day before, both the Sikhs and ourselves moved.

This time our right-flankers stretched unnecessarily to the right, so

that, though they burned an Afreedee village, we got little service from them, and the column was detained nearly two hours before it descended into the basin. In the interim, a few long shots were fired from our two small cannon, so that, when we did approach the defile, partially crowned on the right by Captain Loch, and on the left by Captain Geils we found not a man to oppose us ; and in a short time destroyed the single breastwork of thorns, which, since our departure the day before the enemy had raised. We then occupied, as before, the hill in front, and I got a few jezailchees and Sepoys on to the hill beyond it, but in vain attempted to get troops to crown the hill on the right, or advance so as to enable a gun to be brought up and the cavalry to be pushed on, as desired by Colonel Moseley and Captain Mackeson.

Failing to get the necessary support, Lieut. Liptrott and myself did once take up his horsemen, but were beaten back by a fire from the hill B ; but shortly after, at about 10 o'clock, when Colonel Moseley's troops had got that hill, I rode up with my own twenty horsemen, and met the column as the advance entered the bed of the river. . . . The rear of their column had just before at the bridge been hard pressed, and Captain Wilson killed ; but from this point, except a few stray shots from right and left, the column advanced unmolested, but firing in a most reckless manner, and as if the men were determined to throw away their ammunition.

At about one we reached camp at Futtyghur, the casualties having been lamentably great with both columns. I have not seen the returns, but understand the killed and wounded of the whole force amount to 300.

Well might our "Political" write next day to his wife that, in this business, he "was general, artilleryman, pioneer, and cavalry at different times ;" and still more confidently might he add, "and doubt not I'll be well abused by all."

This is a painful scene in the same letter (25th January) :

I cannot say how I was vexed yesterday at the reproaches of several Sepoys of the returning regiments, when I met them about three-quarters of a mile further than any of our two regiments went. As I rode up to them with a dozen Sowars, the officers and sepoy at the head of the column received me with cheers, and seemed much delighted, as believing their deliverance secure ; but as I passed on, and met the wounded and the tired, I got sour looks and such speeches ! "Why did you leave us to be destroyed, starved," &c. &c.

I was quite sickened ; for all the morning, and the morning before, I had *alone*, against every officer's opinion and will, wanted T—— to move on ; but no, he would not stir beyond what is called the "tungee," or narrow defile. . . . With few exceptions, there is not a man with head and heart in the force : but Pollock will bring some, I trust.

In a former letter (of 22nd January) he had written, to cheer his wife, "Don't fear for me, or think I expose myself unnecessarily. I do *not*, and am mindful of you, of my boy, and of myself." Like a good soldier's wife, she wrote back on the 30th :—

No, my own husband, I do *not* think you forget wife and child when you fly about. I need not talk of my prayers for your safety; but I never wish you safe by keeping out of the way. No, I rejoice you are there, with your energy and sense; and, if I could but be a button on your sleeve, I never would wish you to come away. . . . Who talked of your force turning back? God forbid that such counsel should prevail. . . . Doubly mean would it be now to turn—to run from such a wretched foe, whose force lies in our vacillation—and to turn our backs on our friends in distress. No, my husband, I would not see you back to-morrow on such terms. . . . Why have we not one with the rod of Moses, to sound in every ear, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward. Be strong, and show yourselves men!" Yet, darling, however we may blame individuals, I fear our *cause* in that country did not deserve to prosper—was not just. Oh, if there was a hope that we should, after all these calamities, turn as a people to our God, feeling how the conduct of Christians has dishonoured the name of their Master among the heathen, then we might hope for a blessing on our future measures, and that He who seems to have taken all counsel and understanding from those who guide our affairs, would influence them to a different conduct.

Allusion has been made to the expected coming of Major-General Pollock to Peshawur. Mr. Clerk, the Governor-General's agent on the North-west frontier (at that time the Sutlej river), had, as we have seen, successively pushed forward his brigades of reinforcements across the Punjaub, to rendezvous at Peshawur, and act as might seem best, or as the Supreme Government might be brought to permit, for the succour of our countrymen in Afghanistan.

He had done this in both instances on his own responsibility; and in both instances Lord Auckland and Sir Jasper Nicolls had reluctantly allowed the measure to proceed.

Finding himself thus drifting into the assembly of a new army, on the farthest borders of the Sikh country, and warned by what was going on at Cabul that to make the command of armies a matter of either patronage or routine was simply a crime against the State and human life, the Governor-General determined without loss of time to put a General at the head of the gathering forces at Peshawur—not the first Major-General on the roll, nor the oldest alive in the *Army*

List, nor him who had most grandfathers in England; but for once—this terrible once—the man best suited to the service in hand. And to show how the right man can be found, when Governments are in earnest and well frightened, an artillery officer was chosen not more than fifty-five years old, who had not yet been forty years in the service, whose descent was merely from Adam (though, in spite of that, his brother had risen to be Attorney-General of England), and of whom no more was to be said, as yet, than that he had fought his guns in two sieges and three great wars, had attracted the notice of a certain Lord Lake, supposed to know something about soldiering, and obtained the then rare distinction, in the Company's service, of the Companionship of the Bath. Even now, after all that he has done, General George Pollock remains what he was when thus instinctively taken from his quiet command at Agra—a plain, unassuming man, remarkable for no shining qualities. But it is a matter of history that, by strong common sense, sound judgment, patient determination and conciliation, amounting to a high order of management, foresight, and preparation for things coming, crowned with equanimity in the midst of gloom, and a public spirit far above that of his Government, he proved himself entirely the man for that great occasion, and had the supremest satisfaction that can happen to a soldier, of being the chief instrument in retrieving the honour of England.

It is interesting to see how the selection was approved by two such men as Henry Lawrence and George Broadfoot, on the two sides of the Khyber Pass. The former writes from Peshawur to his wife on 1st January 1842,—“General Pollock is about as good a commander as could be sent, and I trust he and his army have crossed the Sutlej to-day.” Broadfoot, at Jellalabad, on 4th February, makes this entry in his diary,—“Vigorous and skilful measures will yet set all right. May Pollock well support his present character. He has a noble field before him, and much is expected of him. He is of an able family too. I hope to see him a peer; the first of our service since Clive.”

Two days after this was written Pollock reached Peshawur, and the circumstances in which he found himself were enough to try the mettle of any man. A third brigade from India had been added to his force, as usual, at the instance of Mr. Clerk, but it would be long before this reinforcement could arrive. Brigadier Wild's demoralized brigade had made no further attempt on the

Khyber since their defeats in January; and, lying idle and broken-spirited, the troops fell sick. Twelve hundred of them were in hospital on the day that Pollock joined, and in a few days the list increased to nineteen hundred, so that Pollock, with both Wild's and MacCaskill's brigades, was little stronger than Wild had been a month before. The Sikh troops who, by way of being allies, were encamped beside him, were mutinous and unreliable. The besieged garrison in Jellalabad implored him, as they had implored Wild, to force the Khyber and relieve them. And all India, Native and European, was looking on with nerves intensely stretched, waiting for the triumph or the catastrophe that was impending. Yet Pollock dared to halt for two long months while he created an efficient army. Calmly, kindly, and firmly, he restored the morale and the health of Wild's Sepoys, visited and cheered them in hospital, supplied them with fur coats and gloves, dispensed with full-dress shakos and other lumber, provided the men with light and useful haversacks, organized departments, cut down the baggage (beginning with himself and the officers), giving time meanwhile for reinforcements with British Dragoons and Horse Artillery to arrive from India; all which good offices and wise proceedings gained the confidence, not only of the British Sepoys, but of the Sikhs, so that, in the end, they also did good service.

Looking back now on these events in Pollock's camp before he advanced, and especially on the attempts made by the cowed Sepoys of Wild's brigade to bind the fresh regiments which came up with MacCaskill by an oath on the water of the sacred Ganges, not to move beyond Peshawur;¹⁷ we get a glimpse of the great danger in which the Native army was beginning to place the Government of India, and see how much the unhappy Afghan War did to break the prestige of the English, and to shake the loyalty of the Sepoys.¹⁸ If Pollock had done no more than tide over the sunken rock of a Sepoy

¹⁷ See the letter of the officer of 26th Native Infantry, quoted by Kaye, Book VI. Chap. iv.

¹⁸ The 64th Bengal Native Infantry, which of Brigadier Wild's regiments, was the first to murmur, mutinied two years afterwards for increased pay, on being sent to the newly-conquered province of Sindh; and in 1857, being once more stationed at Peshawur (now become British territory), it was one of the first regiments in the garrison to become tainted. It was promptly disarmed, and ultimately disbanded, within sight of the Khyber, the scene of its original misconduct.

mutiny, while the vessel of State was running before the storm of the Cabul disaster, he would deserve well of his country.

Very pleasant, then, it is to find that no man helped him more than Henry Lawrence.

The records of those days lie before us now in piles, and through them all we see the same vehement, restless, unsparing spirit, striving through all discouragements to smooth the onward march of the new General, to succour all his countrymen above the Passes, and to rescue, it may be, his captive brother George.

"Yes," he writes to his wife (25th January, 1842), "it is well Pollock is appointed, but I should have been his secretary;" a sentiment which sounds much like that immortal war-note of later days, "Take care of Dowb!"—but passes quickly into a higher key, and suggests as rivals two other good men and true—"or Mackeson, or Macgregor. Both master and man" are ignorant of local politics." It was little he thought of dear Dowb, but he wished Pollock to have at hand the very best information that could be obtained about the country and the enemy in his front. While the General was on his way from Agra, Lawrence kept him constantly supplied with intelligence from the frontier, was the first to meet him at the Indus, and escorted him to Peshawur. "We had a long talk on the road to-day," he writes on 5th February, "and I think Pollock's scheme of an advance very correct, and will be right glad to help him in it (as I told him) as a *clerk*, as an aide-de-camp, artilleryman, quartermaster-general, or pioneer." In the same letter he says,—

My views are, firstly, to do anything that can in any way conduce to recover our lost name in this quarter, and to aid in the preservation of the hostages and prisoners. If, therefore, an efficient force moves towards Jellalabad I should like to go with it, or I would even submit to remain at Peshawur to support it. But if it is not the intention of Government to carry the matter through properly, but simply to bring off General Sale's force and to retire from the contest, I should like to return to Ferozepoor to-morrow. . . . However, when Shakespear arrives, and Pollock sees his way, he may be able to tell me regarding myself, though in such times the word "*self*" sounds ill to be thrust in at every turn.

One of General Pollock's chief difficulties in these days was the

¹⁰ General Pollock's military secretary was Sir Richmond Shakespear, a most chivalrous officer, and well informed of Central Asian matters, though not perhaps of Eastern Afghanistan.

state of the Sikh army. The Sikh State was bound by treaty to cooperate with us in aid of Shah Shoojah to the extent of 5,000 men. This condition had never been pressed so long as things in Afghanistan went smoothly ; but now it was doubly necessary to enforce it—firstly, because we wanted all the soldiers we could bring into the field, without denuding the Indian provinces ; and secondly, because it was of vital consequence to show our enemies in Afghanistan that the Sikhs were with us.

The Sikh country lay between British India and the seat of war. It was the defective base of all our military operations ; and if at this moment, when one British force had been annihilated at Cabul, and two others were beleaguered by the Afghans in Jellalabad and Candahar, the Sikhs had turned against us in the Punjaub, the year 1857 would have been anticipated in 1842, under circumstances of far greater aggravation. Broadfoot, the engineer of the Jellalabad defences, who had the eye of a statesman as well as of a soldier, made this entry in his journal when he heard of the arrival at Peshawur of Wild's brigade,—“ Clerk's sending on these reinforcements was a vigorous and wise measure. Worth risking them in the Punjaub were the objects to be gained. We have, to a certain extent, saved ourselves ; but we owed much to the knowledge the Afghans had that these troops were on their way. It encouraged our friends, and generally disheartened the enemy.” What, then, if the Punjaub highway had been closed against us ? What if, even at the last, the Lahore government could not control its soldiery, could not get one regiment to march with Pollock into the Khyber—nay, could not restrain them from barring Pollock's passage of the Indus ? The happy solution of these terrible questions was due mainly to the tact and influence of Mr. Clerk at the court of Lahore, and next to the exertions of Lawrence at Peshawur ; for, while Mackeson's chief thoughts were given to negotiations with the tribes of the Khyber, it fell chiefly to Lawrence to deal with the Sikh authorities and troops.

This was no easy task for a warm-tempered man, with British notions of military discipline. The very battalions of Nujeeb—who, instead of making a diversion for Brigadier Wild in the Khyber on the 19th January, had set their faces deliberately the other way, and marched fifty miles off to the Indus—had never yet been punished by either their officers or their government, and were still sulkily encamped on the right bank of the Attock ferry, masters of the

passage of the Indus, when General Pollock arrived there on the 1st of February, in advance of his own camp.

On the left bank of the river stood the camp of Rajah Goolab Sing, the wildest of the Jummoo brothers, who had been ordered by the Sikh government to march to Peshawur, coerce all mutineers, and co-operate with the English. These orders had been unwillingly given, and Goolab Sing was in no hurry to obey them. Instead of crossing the Indus with his 10,000 men, and bringing the mutinous Nujeebs to their senses, he pretended himself to be afraid of them.

When Lawrence was hurrying to Attock on the 27th January, to meet Pollock, he got a message from the Rajah, more friendly than dignified, warning him "not to come the direct road, as the recusant Mussulman battalions are encamped on this side the bridge, the Rajah on the other, and two or three boats are taken out of the bridge to prevent the former crossing." "The meaning of the hint to me," writes Lawrence, "is, that they might do me harm and I'll *take* it, and go round about; and need not be ashamed, for Avitabile was afraid to pass their barracks at Peshawur. But I hope the scoundrels will be served out! I half fear that they may serve Goolab Sing as an excuse to detain General Pollock at the bridge; but I hope to prevent anything of the kind.

By much remonstrance and entreaty he did prevent it; but that was all.

At 5 P.M. on the 1st February Pollock reached Lawrence's tent at Attock; and "a hundred savages" were in a moment "standing opposite the tent looking at him;" measuring him, doubtless, against the Khyber Pass.

On the 3rd, MacCaskill's brigade joined the General at Attock; and, simultaneously, "the rascally Nujeebs were got out of the road at last," and Rajah Goolab Sing moved on towards Peshawur in advance of the British troops.

At the bridge of boats, the Rajah found Lawrence, the Political once more an artilleryman,, "helping to get the guns over." He "stopped for half-an-hour," watching this very Saxon proceeding, and probably drawing his conclusions. "'You Sahib-log work hard,' he said. . . . He was surprised to find us all artilleryman—old Pollock, young Pollock, and myself."²⁰

From the Indus to Peshawur is but four marches; but Rajah

²⁰ Letters to Mrs. Lawrence.

Goolab Sing was ten days in them. Neither his own heart, nor that of his Jummoo regiments, nor that of the Sikh army, nor that of the Sikh court (where Goolab Sing's own brother, Rajah Dhyan Sing, was Prime Minister), was in this business of helping the English out of a disaster which might yet prove fatal to their power in India.

Day by day worse details of what had happened were coming down from Cabul, and being magnified by rumour in the bazaars of Peshawur. The lion was in the toils at last. His roar was still terrible; but it was music to the lesser beasts of the field. If the mice only stood alooff he must die.

In the Rajah's camp, commanding six guns, was an adventurer who described himself as "an American, who had been a lieutenant in the navy, and left home at twelve;" yet, somehow or other, had also "been educated at a Jesuit College in Ireland" and, as Lawrence quaintly added, "finished under Goolab Sing"). He had married a native wife, given to him by Rajah Dhyan Sing out of his own house; and through her, and living always among the natives, he was behind the scenes, and heard a good deal of the intrigues that were on foot. He had wild moods of talking, letting the corners of dark things peep out, and then shutting them up again with a look behind him, as if life at Jummoo was both strange and fearful.

He told Lawrence significantly that "it is the opinion of all that you will never again set foot in Cabul; and this is the time to break your strength, to raise insurrection here and there, draw off your force in different directions, and then act."

General Avitable's view of affairs was quite as gloomy. He said "that nothing was ready in Goolab Sing's foree; and it was out of the question to expect them to enter the Khyber." Lawrence asked if they would do so when General Court—a French officer of ability and character, who had been ordered up to Peshawur—should arrive with his brigade. Avitable "shrugged his shoulders," and replied, "They'll catch the disease. It is a cholera morbus that seizes all who come to Peshawur."

On another occasion Avitable said, "The only difference between the Sikh and Afghans as regards us" (*i.e.* the English) "is that the former wear a mask."²¹ And certainly he was in a position to know.

The whole bearing of the Sikh soldiery and officers at Peshawur corroborated these accounts. Before the arrival of Rajah Goolab

²¹ H. M. L. to Mr. Clerk, 18th March, 1842.

Sing they had been under the command of General Mahtab Sing, a young debauche, who owed his rank to being a boon companion of the Maharajah's. Nominally there to assist Brigadier Wild and the British diplomatists, he never went near one of them to pay a common visit of respect; and when Lawrence, in his anxiety for co-operation, offered to call upon him first, he replied with rudeness, "that he would send word when convenient." And the convenient time never came.

"He has since in no way communicated with me" (wrote Lawrence to Mr. Clerk on the 17th January), "and his whole conduct has been in keeping. He has in no manner *pretended* even to assist us; but has allowed his men to talk and act as if they were enemies; permitting the Afreedees" (of the Khyber, who were refusing a passage to the British) "to enter his camp and sell grass and wood, and even the very clothing of our men lately killed in the Khyber."

Nor were matters the least mended by the arrival of the Jummoo Rajah at Peshawur as Commander-in-Chief. In vain Makeson and Lawrence urged on him the necessity of making some example, and disbanding the battalions which had mutinied. He only said that the Sikhs had already bore him ill-will enough; and he would not be supported in measures of coercion. In this there was some truth.

Mr. Clerk told Mackeson, "I don't know the Sikh Sirdar who in these days would affect to be able to command an army of the old soldiery The punishment of mutineers by the present Lahore government is not so easy. It has only been once successfully attempted in the various instances of mutiny occurring this last twelvemonth. During this period the mutineers have been punishing their officers and the Durbar."²²

To crown all, Rajah Goolab Sing was himself overtaken at this juncture by a calamity which might have made him sympathise with the English, but only served to embitter his feelings and paralyse his energies.

Secretly looking forward, like all the provincial governors of the Sikh territory, to the certain and not distant day when the Sikh empire must fall to pieces, his constant was how, upon the nucleus and foundation of the Jummoo chiefship, to build up for himself a hill sovereignty both on the southern and northern slopes of the Himalaya. In the prosecution of this policy, while appearing fully occupied with Sikh affairs in the Punjaub plains, he had, during

²² Note dated 17th February (1842).

1840 and 1841, annexed Iškardo, made Gilzit tributary, opened squabbles with Yarkund, seized Garoo, in Chinese Tibet (thus monopolising the trade in shawl wool), and made the frontier of Jummoo conterminous with that of the Goorkhas in Nepal—no great friends of the British Empire in India.

But, in the depth of winter, the hardy troops of the grand lama, seizing their opportunity, issued from Lassa, surrounded the Jummoo invaders, and, having reduced them to a demoralised rabble by starvation and exposure in the snow, massacred them, as the Afghans, almost at the same moment, massacred the British army in the Cabul passes.

The Jummoo general, Vizeer Zoraurur Sing, killed himself rather than fall alive into the hands of the Chinese. And the Grand Lama, elated with his victory, prepared to march into Ladak, and drive the Dogra power back over the snowy range.

These evil tidings slowly made their way across the Himalaya by Almora to British India, and reached Rajah Goolab Sing at Peshawur in the middle of February. It was now his turn to tremble. He at once sent his Minister to Mackeson and Lawrence, to beg "that the news might be made as little public as possible; as, if known in his camp at Peshawur, it would probably cause a disturbance among the many friends and relations of those who had perished." He felt that it might cost him the loss of all his possessions north of the Himalaya, and his thoughts were now "bent towards Cashmere, there to collect a force with which, as soon as the season admits, to march on Ladak."

To interest him in the difficulties of the British seemed now hopeless.

We told the Minister (says Lawrence), that the conduct and language of the soldiers in all the Lahore battalions was such as to assure our enemies that they were merely to protect Peshawur, and with no purpose of aiding us. We stated that we did not hear it from one, but from a hundred sources, that the soldiers would not serve with us; and that they gave out that the Durbar did not intend they should. Jowala Suhaie (the Minister) acknowledged that such reports were abroad; but, although he assured us of the good faith of the Durbar and of the Rajah, he could not inform us that any specific orders *had* yet reached Rajah Goolab Sing as to what troops should advance with us to Jellalabad, or what occupy the Khyber.

In short, his whole conversation, and the cause of his visit, has served to confirm us in the opinion we had already formed, that no assistance

is to be expected from the Sikhs,—not only that they will not accompany us to Jellalabad, but that we have little chance of inducing them to place garrisons in the Khyber, even after the British troops have beaten the enemy and primarily occupied the positions for them.

This was on the 17th February. On the 20th the Rajah came in state with the leading Sikh Sirdars to visit General Pollock, who received them surrounded by his own military staff and the political officers. It was determined to come to an explanation. Captain Makeson was the spokesman: and those who can remember his commanding countenance and stately form, uniting the beau ideal of the soldier and the diplomatist, can well picture the scene, as "*ore rotundo*" he advanced through all the preliminaries of courtesy and the exigencies of the situation to the inevitable climax; "and then asked for what purpose the Sikh army had been sent to Peshawur, and what order had been received from the Durbar?"

As easily can those whose lot it has been to parley with that Ulysses of the hills, call up before them the sweet deference of attention, the guileless benevolence, the childlike simplicity, and the masterly prolixity of fiction, parenthesis, and anecdote, with which Rajah Goolab Sing stroked his silver beard while listening to the question, and then charmingly consumed the hours in avoiding a reply. Much had he to say about the past; the loyalty of his brothers and himself to the empire of their great master Runjeet Sing, and the wickedness of those who attributed to them schemes of an independent sovereignty; the loss rather than gain of the Tripartite Treaty to the Sikhs; for "if the Sikhs possessed a kingdom, it was composed of the Soobahs of Cashmere, Mooltan, Munkara, and Lahore (to say nothing of Peshawur as valueless), all appendages of the crown of Cabul; . . . and again, if the Sikhs possessed jewels, they were those pawned and left in pledge by Shah Shoojah;"²⁸ all of which the said Shah Shoojah "would be ready to demand from them if ever he succeeded in establishing his authority, which God forbid!" and the treacherous complicity of Shah Shoojah in the insurrection at Cabul, a treachery premeditated from the day that he marched from his asylum at Loodiana.

But as to the future and what had now to be done to save the English garrisons still in Afghanistan, Rajah Goolab Sing, in all his flow of talk and illustration, got no farther than to remind the Eng-

²⁸ Amongst them the *Koh-i-noor*.

lish that the great Dost Mahommud Khan was a prisoner in their hands, and might very conveniently be set up again.

Or, if that was disagreeable, there were other Baruckzyes, brothers of Dost Mahommud, in the hands of the Sikhs, quite ready to be used ; (and one of whom, he might have added, was his own sworn friend, Sooltan Mahommud Khan).

Worn out with eloquent discourse, the British officers impatiently reverted to their opening question—with what object had the Rajah been sent to Peshawur with 20,000 troops ; and what were the orders he had received from his own Government ? But time was up. The Rajah's " opium hour " had arrived ; and if detained he might even be so rude as to fall asleep. Hurriedly, he produced a paper which he stated to be a Purwana from the Maharajah of Lahore, but which to the keen eyes of the British diplomatists seemed " drawn out by himself."

In very general terms it ordered him " to consult with General Pollock and Captains Mackeson and Lawrence, as to the objects the British Government had in view ;" what they proposed to effect, and by what means ;" and then " to act in support of the British troops agreeably to the terms of the treaty ; and be guided in everything by the British officers' advice." And depositing this document in their hands, without asking any " views " or " proposals " or " advice," the master of the 20,000 allies yawned and took his leave.

Verily, the nose of the English conqueror (to use an expressive orientalism) was rubbed considerably in the dust, in that sad spring of 1842 : and to this day, after many plasters and cosmetics, it has never recovered its former fairness in the envious eyes of a subject people.

The thought had occurred to Lawrence after his very first interview with Rajah Goolab Sing, on the other side of the Indus, that " a consideration should be offered to the Rajahs Dhyan Sing and Goolab Sing, for their assistance ;" they alone in the Punjaub being now able to give aid ;"²⁴ and day by day, as he got to understand what a cypher Maharajah Sher Sing was in his kingdom, and how all power in the Punjaub now centred in the Jummoo Rajahs and the Sikh army, we find him in his letters again and again recurring to and expanding this idea.

²⁴ To Mr. Clerk, 30th January, 1842.

. First, he proposed to Government "to offer the Durbar and the Rajah such pecuniary or territorial reward as may suit our and their views; and to pay to their troops the same *batta*²⁵ as it paid to our own." Then, more plainly, "for my own part, I should be glad if we could dispense with such instruments; but if, as it is to be hoped, our views be to redeem our lost name, and to punish the treachery of ———,²⁶ we need such men as the Rajah and General Avitable, and should bind them to us by the only tie they recognize, —self-interest; not forgetting at the same time that the troops they have to work with require as much consideration as themselves.

"In plain terms, the troops should be paid extra *batta*; the Rajahs secured in their territory, even with additions: General Avitable guaranteed our aid in retiring with his property; and any other Sirdars aiding us cordially, be specially and separately teated for.

"To deal with the government as at present constituted, would be only prolonging the present farce of nominal aid and real opposition." And at last (apparently on the 29th January) he proposed "that on the terms of efficient support we assist Rajah Goolab Sing to get possession of the valley of Jellalabad and endeavour to make some arrangement to secure it and Peshawur to his family. . . . Jellalabad is most assuredly ours, to give or to keep; and we are surely bound to no faction or party in Afghanistan; but after retrieving our character and punishing our enemies, are free to make such future arrangements as will most conduce to the future tranquility of our Indian empire."

Captain Mackeson pressed the same views upon Government, but latterly had doubts whether any Sikh party could hold Jellalabad, and proposed Shikarpoor, in Sindh, as a substitute.²⁷

Mr. Clerk, watching affairs from the British frontier, within easy reach of the Sikh capital, took a calmer, and, no doubt, juster view of this matter than his two assistants at Peshawur, who, day by day, were looking wistfully at the Khyber Pass, receiving urgent appeals from Sale in Jellalabad, and putting up with insults from the Sikh soldiery. "It would not," he said, "be compatible with the friendship long subsisting between the British Government and the Lahore

²⁵ An extra allowance to Native troops on field or foreign service.

²⁶ This blank in the draft letter doubtless refers to Shah Shoojah, as others about the same time speak of "almost certain proof of Shah Shoojah's treachery" being "before our eyes," &c.

²⁷ See KAYE: Book VI. Chap. v.

Government, now to assign suddenly and directly to the Jummo Rajahs any territories as a compensation for services demanded of the Sikh Durba."²⁸

But the policy and honesty of the proposals of Mackeson and Lawrence turned almost entirely on whether the "services demanded of the Sikh Durbar" would or could, be rendered by that Durbar.

Mackeson and Lawrence, after all they had seen and experienced; of the unruly temper of the Sikh officers and men, had certainly no reason to expect that they would share with Pollock the dangers of the Khyber for no other inducement than to retrieve British honour. Mr. Clerk, on the contrary, had not abandoned hope. It was he who had induced the Lahore Government to pour its battalions into the Peshawur Valley as a demonstration of alliance with the hard-pressed British power; and still confident in the resources of his own diplomacy, he believed that he could move those battalions forward into the dreaded Khyber without strengthening the hands of the Jummo Rajahs.

When, therefore, after the futile interview with Rajah Goolab Sing, on the 20th February, General Pollock had reported to the Supreme Government that he had "no expectation of any assistance from the Sikh troops,"²⁹ Mr. Clerk repaired to Lahore to support "the only man in the Punjaub who really desired our success"³⁰—Maharajah Sher Sing himself—against his own Prime Minister. He succeeded, and, beyond a doubt, rendered a great service to his Government; none the less—rather the more—that his Government had embarrassed him with the most pusillanimous instructions, which, the historian felicitously says, he "shrunk from avowing!"

But it is impossible to read Mr. Kaye's graphic story of this diplomatic encounter, without perceiving that Mr. Clerk was within an ace of failure, and had to deliver a knock-down-blow, by way of eliciting "hearty co-operation."³¹ He succeeded, however, and his

²⁸ KAYE: Book VI. Chap. v.—That historian adds that it would also have been unjust to Shah Shoojah. But both Mackeson and Lawrence considered him to have forfeited our alliance, and justly incurred our resentment.

²⁹ KAYE: Book VI. Chap. v.

³⁰ KAYE: Book VI. Chap. v.

³¹ It was a saying of a most gallant soldier and able administrator, Major-General John Coke, who for many years ruled the Afghan district of Kohat, on the Punjaub frontier, with that mixture of strength and kindness which subjugates wild races, that the way to deal with an Asiatic was this—"First knock him down. Then pick him up!" The abstract justice of it admits of discussion. ut there is much truth in it in practice. When troubles arise in an Indian

success was a greater benefit to both Governments than either of them was then able to understand.

True to his word, the Maharajah at once despatched instructions to Goolab Sing to co-operate heartily and steadily with General Pollock and Captain Mackeson; and it is believed that at the same time Dhyan Sing wrote privately to his brother in a similar strain of exhortation and encouragement. But it was plain to Mr. Clerk that both the sovereign and his minister regarded, with feelings of painful anxiety, *the necessity of avoiding an open rupture with the British Government by aiding in the perilous work that lay before the troops posted at Peshawur.*²

And it must be added that throughout the whole month of March, while Pollock was waiting for reinforcements from India, up to the 5th April, when he advanced into the Khyber, in spite of all the orders from Lahore, and all the encouragement given by Lawrence and the General, it remained, up to the last, a problem whether the Sikh contingent would co-operate or not.

What was still more serious was the doubtful temper of our own Sepoy regiments.

The correspondence of this period is full of anxious allusions to the subject. On the 4th March Lawrence reported to the General's military secretary that "Mr. P. Mackeson heard people talking yesterday in the *hummâm* to the effect that our army was mutinous, and that the enemy knew it." On the 3rd March he alludes to it in a letter to his wife,—“Very possibly it has reached you that the panic among the troops is taking a more decided appearance, and that the Hindoos of the 60th, and also of the 53rd, have said they will not go to Cabul to be made Mussulmans of, and such like speeches. There has been no violence, and they say they will go to Jellalabad, if they are promised not to be taken farther. This might with truth be done” [alluding to the intention of Lord Auckland to do no more], “but in policy it could not be done, as it would be telling our plans, as well as letting our troops dictate to us.” Again, on the 9th March: “I am so puzzled to know if our Sepoys will advance, and if the Sikhs will, that I am quite bothered. Of the Sikhs I have not a hope.” Four days later, “Sale urges Pollock on most earnestly, but he does not know the reason that detains

province, and the English ruler looks round for friends, two classes of men of mark rush to his side; those whom he rewarded, and those whom he overthrew, in the last war. The common principle in both cases seem to be power-worship.

²² KAYE: Book VI. Chap. v.

him—the unwillingness of the Sepoys to advance. Indeed, taking all things into consideration, it seems now quite impossible that Pollock could do more than bring off the garrison.”

On the 21st March, by way of cheerful news: “No desertions have taken place for many days, and the troops seem to have recovered their spirits.” But on the 26th, “I caught a deserter yesterday, and sent him out to camp. I hope it will do good by frightening others.”

These faithful records of the day do us good. They sober us; dispel the illusion that is apt to gather like a mist around an imposing army of conquered races, but unsubjected creeds and prejudices, and warn us afresh, that though our Indian empire never can be held, as some Englishmen suppose, by European troops alone, it never can be held without them.

Such sun-pictures, however, are not always welcome to “the powers that be.”

After Brigadier Wild’s failure in the Khyber Pass in January, Lawrence had unreservedly told his official chief, Mr. Clerk, though only in semi-official notes, how unsoldierly had been the conduct not only of the Sepoys but of many of their British officers.

During a temporary absence of Mr. Clerk from Loodiana, his despatches from Peshawur were opened by one of his assistants, who confessed to Lawrence that he “was indiscreet and thoughtless enough to have the whole of these copied indiscriminately, and the consequence was that the contents went down word for word to Calcutta and to the Commander-in-Chief. . . . The Commander-in-Chief no sooner read them than he wrote up to Peshawur, ordering an inquiry to be held on the conduct of the officers, and Government, I have just heard, has thought proper to reprimand you severely for telling the truth so unequivocally.” The “reprimand” pointed out to Mr. Clerk that “the unguarded and exaggerated style in which some of the letters written by your assistants are expressed, cannot be acceptable to the Government, nor is it altogether creditable to them.” Conscious of having reported nothing but the truth, Lawrence replied officially as follows:—

To G. CLERK, Esq, &c. &c.

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 24th February, giving cover to that of Mr. Secretary Maddock of the 7th of the same month, and, in reply, beg that you will forward to Government the accompanying statement, as well as the memorandum which

I sent to you last month; and if Government is then satisfied that the style of my correspondence has been either "unguarded" or "exaggerated," "nor altogether creditable to me," I can only say that, much as I shall regret having recurred the reprehension of Government in points where I had expected a very different result, I shall request to be relieved from the duties of a situation, the nature of which, it would appear, I do not clearly understand.

If, therefore, my statement does not prove satisfactory, I beg that I may at once be placed at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief, with permission to remain with General Pollock as long as that officer may require my services.¹³

From a letter of 27th February, telling his wife of this reprimand, it seems that Mackeson also got a share of it, and that both of them were rebuked for being "freer of their advice in military matters than they should have been."

But "if we had not been pretty free," he says, "I wonder what would have become of the two regiments?"

The old Indian story. Military defeated in an operation, and vexation vented on the "Politicals." If Wild had forced the Khyber the credit would have been all his own, and the Commander-in-Chief would hardly have been informed how free Captains Mackeson and Lawrence had been with their advice.

No farther reply from Government is forthcoming, and it is probable that all parties having relieved their minds, went on more comfortably with their work, which was in those days heavy and trying to the temper. Perhaps Mr. Clerk may have perceived that the "reprimand" to his assistants for the freedom of their advice in military matters was a polite rebuke to himself for incessantly urging upon Government measures of retrieval, and presuming to push forward succours to the garrisons and prisoners in Afghanistan, when the Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General were contented to do nothing.

While thus delayed let us turn to the private letters.

"February 27th," on which Lawrence's last-quoted note to his wife was written, seems to have been a Sunday. It was his custom to keep this day even in camp-life, as sacred as he could, and regularly to write a letter to his boy Alick (called *Tim* for shortness). On this occasion he simply says,—

¹³ Not dated; but written either at end of February or beginning of March 1842.

I have been taking the accounts of donkeys and mules all day, and quarrelling with camel-men, . . . in truth Sunday is less of a Sabbath than I would wish, although I do not look on it that we are precluded from doing necessary work on this day. However, I am sorry to say that it is only just now I remembered that it is Sunday ; for unless it is in our hearts there is little here to tell us of the day. I'll write to Tim when I get back to my tent in camp.

What with papa being a soldier, grandpapa having led a "Forlorn Hope," and the warlike sounds and sights around him, little Tim had quite taken the shilling and enlisted in the army.

There is Tim (writes his mother) building *Seringpatam*, and setting a gun against it, while the nine-pins are grandpapa and his soldiers. And now he has made a breach "with the gunpowder and the white smoke," and is making "grandpapa run very fast up the wall, and then another soldier cut off his fingers, and grandpapa bears it like a man ; only he takes his sword in the other hand." Dear child, if he is ever anything but a soldier it will be strange. I would rather see him in a peaceful calling, for I would not like his wife to feel what a soldier's wife is liable to. But if the darling lives to grow up, and his heart is in that profession, I would rather see him a good soldier than an indifferent anything else. If the ore be good it matters little into what form it is wrought.

It would be impossible for any husband and wife to be more thoroughly happy in their home and child than these two were ; yet, in all their correspondence in these troubled times and separations, there is not a trace of either of them shrinking from the path of public duty. "It would be my pride and delight," she wrote to him on 12th February 1842, "to think that you were even a better soldier since you had a wife and son ; and God forbid I should throw any obstacle in your road."

And again on 9th March :—

MY OWN LOVE,—God is pleased to separate us thus for the present that He may speak to each of us apart ; and when we have learnt the lesson He intends for us, I humbly trust it will be His will to bring us together. But more earnestly even than I long to see you again; do I long that we may both be led to our Maker and Saviour ; that our eternal hope may not be a name, but a living influential principle, a well-grounded assurance of pardon through Christ, and of union, perfect soul-satisfying union, in another life.

And how wifely and womanly this (on 14th March), on seeing the time for his return fading farther and farther away :—

Oh ! how much sharper would be the trial of receiving one cold or unkind line from you ! While this does not, *cannot* happen, let me be thankful and happy.

As the time drew nigh for the forcing of the Khyber Pass, Lawrence, like a good soldier, “put his house in order.” On the 3rd March he wrote to his wife :—

I propose to ask Thomason to be one of Tim’s guardians, in the event of his requiring one. I think you have my will, but I’ll send you a revised one, on the same basis. Not that I feel, dearest, that we shall not again meet, but that at all times, and in these especially, we should all be ready, *spiritually and temporally*. God grant I may endeavour to be so, though I feel how unable I am to do the least that is right.

Mr. Thomason accepted the charge, and forwarded his reply, with this Christian note to Mrs. Lawrence at Soobathoo :—

Allahbad, April 13th, 1842.

MY DEAR MRS. LAWRENCE,

I RECEIVED your note of kind and anxious inquiry from Loodiana this morning. You will long before this have received my letter directed Kussowlee, which will give you all that was told on the sad subject.*

The same post conveyed me this morning a note from your dear husband of the 31st, bespeaking my attentions to you and your beloved boy, in the event of anything befalling him.

Painful, deeply painful, as the topic is, it is one which must be ever present in your thoughts, and I trust I have not done wrong in forwarding my reply through you. It may be some comfort to you to feel assured that, come what may, there is one in this country who will be ready to do anything in his power on your behalf, should you ever need it. Believe me, that I accept the charge as the most sacred one that could be entrusted to me. I am only pained when I think of the possible necessity for my exertions. Your first thoughts in all your anxieties, I well know, are directed to a greater than man ; but, if earthly friend can ever avail you, do not forget that you have one pledged to do all in his power, and who only mourns that his all can be so little. When this reaches you, the present fearful crisis will in some measure have passed. The result is in God’s hands, and here is our only comfort. May a gracious God be with you, and support you through all your anxieties. Many hearts are sympathizing with you, many prayers are ascending up

* Mr. Thomason had just lost his sister.

to heaven with yours. They WILL be heard and answered in God's own way, and His own time. Can you say from your heart, Thy will be done ?

Believe me ever your affectionate friend,

J. THOMASON.

Alluding to Thomason's delicacy about forwarding his reply through her, Mrs. Lawrence wrote to her husband (on the 20th) :—

May God ever preserve us from seeking peace by forgetting our own or each other's mortality ; and may our affairs of soul and body be so ordered that we may stand ready, our loins girt, and our lights burning.

And oh ! may we feel, whichever goes first, that it is but going home a little while before the other—going to our Saviour, to our best friend. When perplexed with earthly cares, I try to think that Jesus is present, even as when he was upon earth ; and I strive to ask his counsel as Mary or Martha might have done.

This personal feeling of considering the Saviour as a friend, I have only had since our darling Letitia went to Heaven, and is one of the blessed fruits of that sorrow.

If our boy lives longer than we do, he will have 'the best of friends. Mr. Thomason accepts the charge just in the same spirit James Bernard^s did ; and they would act alike with judgment and conscience.

Well doné, brave heart—brave in the meek bravery of faith, strong in the potter, not in the clay. We need not fear for you, when the Peshawur post brings you nothing but this little scrap :—

DARLING,—All well 4th April. Letters of 31st from Jellalabad. Tomorrow *certainly* Pollock advances, and the Sikhs *really look* as if they would help.

Your own,

H. M. L.

Jumrood.

⁸⁵ Their brother-in-law—who married Miss Mary Anne Lawrence—and under whose care Henry Lawrence's two sons were ultimately brought up in England.

CHAPTER VIII.

1842.

THE month of March 1842 had passed at Peshawur almost as unsatisfactorily as February. There was the same uncertainty as to the temper of our Sepoys and the co-operation of the Sikhs; the same panic among the camel-drivers, who, with or without their camels or their pay, fled rather than followed the waning fortune of the "Company Bahadoor" into those regions of snow and ice whence, week by week, they saw camp-followers of the lost Cabul force straggling back with fingers and toes bitten off by frost, their caste destroyed, and their friends dead or in slavery. Heavy rain fell, soaking the tents, and chilling the spirits of the Indian troops; and while, in Jellalabad, Sale was killing his camels to save their fodder for the horses of the cavalry and artillery, "the European soldiers were on two-third rations of salt meat;"¹ and even the camp-followers in that beleaguered garrison were "eating salt camels and horses."² Pollock was under the terrible necessity of replying to Sale's appeals that even now (27th March) "without more white faces the Hindoo Sepoys would not move;" still things were mending. "More white faces" were coming up; and, indeed, close at hand. The Sepoys knew it, and a glow of courage ran through their lines. Scarcity of carriage-cattle was met by reduction of baggage.

In a fine soldierly order to the troops Pollock had reminded them that success in relieving the Jellalabad garrison, "will raise for this force the admiration and gratitude of all India; and the Major-General commanding feels assured that officers and men will cheerfully make any sacrifices to attain so noble an object. He, therefore, now calls upon the brigadiers to assemble the commanding officers under their orders, and determine on the least quantity of

¹ Sir R. Sale to General Pollock, 23rd March.

² Letters of Henry Lawrence, April 1st.

baggage and the smallest number of camp-followers with which their regiment can advance."

The order was well responded to. Day after day saw heavy baggage and superfluous tents stored in the Sikh fort at Peshawur.

Even treasure that could be spared was made over to General Avitabile; and the end of March found an Indian army stripped for once of its *impedimenta*, and prepared to enter the enemy's country with "two or three officers in a tent, some with hardly a change of clothes;"³ the General himself having "reduced his baggage cattle to one camel and two mules"⁴—as near an approximation as can be hoped for in this material world, to Sir Charles Napier's ideal of "two towels and a piece of soap."

Mackeson had spent the month in getting up a party in our favour among the Afreedees of the Khyber; and Lawrence in devising all kinds of means for supplying the troops with water—that priceless, but often neglected, element of success in mountain warfare. For this purpose he purchased or made up hundreds of earthen jars and brass vessels, to be slung in panniers on camels, and skins to be carried on bullocks or by hand; and the result showed his foresight.⁵

At last the "more white faces" reached Peshawur. H.M.'s 3rd Dragoons and a troop of Horse Artillery joined Pollock's camp on the 30th March. With them came a fresh regiment of Sepoys, and one of Native Cavalry. H.M.'s 31st Foot, with still "more white faces," were only a few marches behind, and great was the temptation to wait for them also. But here, again, General Pollock showed an admirable discretion. He felt that he had now enough men of all arms and races to force the Pass; and he would not wait for more, when every eye in Jellalabad was strained to see the dust of his relieving column rise behind the circle of the Afghan blockade.

On the 31st March he moved forward to Jumrood, at the mouth of the dreaded Khyber. Four more last days spent in patient explanations to the various commanding officers; and then, when

³ Memorandum by General Pollock in H. Lawrence's Papers.

⁴ KAYE: Book VI. Chap. v.

⁵ In the memorandum already quoted, General Pollock, speaking of his advance into the Khyber on the 5th April, says, "The day was hot, and had not precaution been taken to supply the men with water, there would have been great distress. But it was impossible to give an ample supply. The mode adopted was, for a certain number of men of each company to carry about their waists, slung with belts, a number of tin or brass pots which were filled with water. The usual number of Bhistees (water-carriers) were also in attendance."

every man knew his exact duty, "To-morrow *certainly* Pollock advances, and the Sikhs *really look* as if they would help."

The credit of this last result, so vital to our cause at that moment, must in justice be assigned to Mr. Clerk's diplomacy at Lahore. But Henry Lawrence at Peshawur had well seconded his chief, and at the last moment smoothed all difficulties away by a definite arrangement that the Sikh troops should open the communication with the rear by holding the Pass as far as Ali Musjid for two months from the date of General Pollock's advance; and what was, if possible, still more important, should help the advance itself by forcing one mouth of the Khyber while the British forced the other, thus dividing the attention and resistance of the enemy throughout the whole distance to Ali Musjid, where the two roads unite.

The Afreedee clans of the Khyber, like most other mountaineers, have their hereditary jealousies, splitting them up, in peace, into as many interests as there are pastures and running streams, to be drawn together in war into two rival factions, just strong enough to paralyse each other and betray the fastnesses, which nature has made almost impregnable.

With one of these factions the invader treats; and obtains, if not a free passage, at least the disunion of his enemies. The task of turning these elements to account, in the present instance, devolved, of course, upon Captain Mackeson, Mr. Clerk's permanent assistant at Peshawur; and after weeks of negotiation, everything had been settled, and the chiefs had given hostages for clearing the whole length of the Pass before the British force, and keeping open their communications till their return; a substantial service for which they were to receive £5,000.

But a third party appeared suddenly on the scene. Mahommud Akbar Khan, the murderer of Macnaghten, and the leader of the patriot party in Afghanistan, had been besieging Sale in Jellalabad since the 21st February, hoping by starvation or force to destroy him and his garrison, as he had destroyed that of Cabul before Pollock could come to the rescue. Day by day the tidings of Pollock's preparations, the gathering reinforcements, the improved health and spirits of the Sepoys, the kindling co-operation of the Sikhs, and Mackeson's negotiations with the Afreedees, were carried to him through the Khyber by sympathizing friends. He saw that the crisis of retribution or success was nigh at hand, and though little inclined to take a finger off the throat of Sale, it was absolutely necessary to

block the path of Pollock. For this purpose he detached a strong party with two guns to the foot of Ali Musjid, the key of the Khyber, which they occupied on the morning of the 2nd April; and before nightfall the Afreedee chiefs announced to Mackeson that their opportunity was lost. So ended all hope of a free passage. It now remained to take it by force of arms.

Here took place one of those small squabbles which in public life we think at the moment to be matters of life and death.

Which "political officer" was to go on with Pollock to the relief of Jellalabad, Mackeson or Lawrence? Mackeson was the senior Assistant Resident; Peshawur was his own post; he knew the men and politics of the Khyber; and therefore personal claim, and the good of the public service, seemed united in his favour. But Lawrence could not see it at all. Because Peshawur was Mackeson's own post, was just the reason why he ought to stay there. Lawrence himself was quite a supernumerary sent up by Mr. Clerk to help, and had nothing else to do but to go on. Besides, his brother George was in captivity in Cabul, and Henry had a natural right to assist in his release.

The two assistants referred it to their chief. Mr. Clerk, with provoking propriety, left Mackeson to "determine in which place his local knowledge will be most wanted;" and Mackeson of course determined for the front. General Pollock did all he could to soften the disappointment.

"Your going with me," he wrote to Lawrence, "is one of the things that I had set my heart on." But it is notorious that "soft words butter no parsnips," and nothing could reconcile Lawrence to the prospect of staying behind.⁶

MY DEAR GENERAL—

As I am not to go on with you, I hope you will allow me to see the other side (*i. e.* of the Pass, rather an Irish way of "not going on"); at any rate to show the way down to the occupying of the entrance, as you

⁶ The following was Henry Lawrence's just and generous tribute to Mackeson, after the close of the war: "Major Mackeson at Peshawur was known to be an excellent soldier, a first-rate linguist, a man of such temper as no native could disturb, and of untrifling energy. His life was spent in discoursing night and day with false Sikhs and false Khyberees at Peshawur, on treading almost alone, or attended by Afghan escort, the paths of the Khyber. A road that Avitabile would not have passed with a brigade, was probably traversed fifty times by Mackeson with a few Afghan horsemen."—*Henry Lawrence's Defence of Sir William Macnaghten.*

proposed to do this morning. I will be able to take a couple of guns up on the little hill inside the defile, if you like. They would occupy the post and be able to command the high hill in front, and protect the two hills on the flanks of the defiles, on which you propose to place your posts.

Such coaxing as this from an artillery captain was not to be resisted by an artillery general, and though it was still quite settled that Lawrence was "not to go on," we find him somehow going on by instalments.

The night of 4th April was a feverish one in Pollock's camp at Jumrood. A long period of inactivity and depression was to be abruptly ended to-morrow by a general action. There had been no gradual approaches to the theatre of war, with occasional skirmishes to string the nerves and sinews of the soldiers, and make them "go to bed with the birds" and sleep like children on the eve of battle. Great issues were at stake—the rescue or abandonment of the garrison of Jellalabad—the retrieval or ruin of the reputation of the Sepoys—the loyalty or desertion of our Sikh allies—and the recovery of British prestige not only in Afghanistan, but throughout the length and breadth of India.

With their arms by their sides, men and officers lay down and waited anxiously for the hour. Midnight—one—two o'clock struck with unwonted loudness on the camp bells, as if they were betraying the secret of the enemy. "No fires were to be lighted on any account; no drums to beat, or bugles to be sounded;"⁷ but the force was to be under arms at half-past three.

Long before that time every man was in his place; and by four o'clock the force was moving down, with the hum of an armed multitude, the rattle of swords, the tramp of horses, and the crash of artillery wheels, that cannot be hushed by will of man, through the two miles of stony hillocks gradually swelling into hills which screen the entrance to the Khyber.

Across the mouth of the Pass it was known that the enemy had "built a high, thick stone wall, in which were laid long branches of trees, projecting towards us many feet, thereby preventing approach;"⁸ and the mountaineers relied on throwing the whole British column into confusion by a galling fire from behind the barricade, and from breastworks on the hills on either side, while this formidable obstruc-

⁷ General Pollock's Camp Order, 4th April, 1842.

⁸ MS. Memorandum by General Pollock.

tion was being removed. But Pollock held his main column in reserve in the plain below, with its precious convoy of stores and treasure for the Jellalabad garrison, and pushed forward, under cover of the grey dawn, two strong flanking columns of skirmishers, which, scaling the hills right and left of the defile, surprised the pickets of the Afreedees, and drove them before them in a long and gallant struggle, till the heights were crowned and the great barrier below was taken in reverse. Then, with their hideous wild-cat yell, the clans broke up their plan of battle, and rushed tumultuously to crags and points of vantage which still remained for the rifle and the knife. The centre column of the British moved up unmolested to the deserted barricade. The Engineers soon tore a passage through it. The Artillery swept the hill in front with shrapnel; and before the sun, in Eastern phrase, was a spear's height above the horizon, the whole British force, in its order of three columns—the centre in the bed of the defile, and the two wings upon the precipitous heights,—was moving inch by inch towards a hard but certain victory.

And what of the Sikhs? And what of Henry Lawrence who was "not to go on?" Why, Sir George Pollock still recalls how about three o'clock in the morning he repaired to Lawrence's tent, in order that they might start together with the main column, and found him sitting up, deadly sick and vomiting, apparently attacked by cholera. The General was obliged to leave him in this desperate condition, and says, "I did not expect ever to see him again alive;"⁹ but to his great surprise, when he reached the front of the Pass, there was Henry Lawrence with the guns, helping to get them into position,—all bodily infirmities subdued by force of will and sense of duty. Lawrence himself alludes to this incident in a memorandum of his services drawn up after the campaign for submission to General Pollock:—

All day (4th April) employed with the Sikhs in their camp, and in the afternoon in reconnoitring the Pass, and showing Captain Alexander where the guns were to be put into position to command the mouth of the Pass. At 2 A.M. of the 5th I was very ill, but dressed, and at 4 led the column down to the Pass—placing the guns, in position—and all the morning doing duty with the guns, or attending General Pollock. I got the first gun, a mountain howitzer, through the barricade as soon as a small opening was made in it, and opened it on the enemy; and when opposition appeared to have ceased, I returned to Jumrood, taking with

⁹ Letter to the Author, 23rd May, 1867.

me some twenty wounded men, and immediately arranging to get water carried to the rear-guard.

So he can tell us himself about the Sikhs :—

To G. CLERK, Esq., *Agent to the Governor-General on the North-West Frontier.*

Camp Jumrood, 12 o'clock, 5th April, 1842.

SIR,—I have the honour to report that General Pollock entered the Shādee Baghiāree Pass of the Khyber this morning, and that I left him about one mile within it at half-past 8 o'clock. Ten regiments of Sikh Infantry advanced into the Jubbakee defile at daylight, being two of Generals Court, Avitabile, and Mahtab's Sing's brigades, in support of the five Mussulman battalions under General Goolab Sing. Seven hundred Mussulman horse accompanied the latter; and for the present two regiments of Sikh cavalry are also sent.

The Shādee Baghiāree entrance was cleared by a battery of ten guns without any loss; and, as far I could perceive, the hill on the left was crowned with but little loss (four Jezailchees wounded were all I saw).

But on the right side, I fear we will be found to have lost forty or fifty killed and wounded. At one very difficult point, from which the enemy threw down stones upon our troops, an officer and some men of the 9th, who gallantly did their duty, have, I am afraid, suffered. While I am writing, a messenger has come in from General Avitabile to say that our troops have arrived at the bridge. If so, the road is open to them up to the water near Ah Musjid. As much as a hundred loads of grain are left on the ground; but, on the whole, considering the spirit of the camel and bullock men, the baggage and supplies started better than might have been expected. The troops all appeared to have advanced willingly, and improving in spirits. Several of them, as I passed on my return, voluntarily addressed me with such speeches as, "We will go all the way to Cabul, sahib!"

And again, next day :—

Shortly after I wrote to you at midday yesterday, I returned to the Pass to see how the baggage was advancing, but found the rear of it scarcely beyond the narrow entrance, making it certain that the rear-guard could not reach General Pollock's camp before night.

I therefore hastened back to Jumrood, to endeavour to obtain a Sikh regiment to hold the entrance of the Pass, and to send water to the troops. The right hill had already, at Captain Mackeson's suggestion, been reinforced by Captain Thomas's regiment.¹⁰ General Avitabile was unfortunately out at the Jubbakee Pass, and did not return till

¹⁰ A corps of mountaineers and borderers, raised for the campaign, and called Jezailchees, because armed with the Afghan jezail.

sunset, when, with his usual readiness to meet the views of the officers of our Government, he ordered 800 men to accompany me; but as the night would have set in before we could have reached the Pass, and no firing was to be heard in that direction, he persuaded me it was better to wait till the morning, as the arrival of a large body of troops might, during the darkness of night, create alarm.

I therefore agreed that we should not start till 3 A.M. this morning; but when the hour arrived, I could not persuade the men to move until daylight. However, we were in time to occupy the entrance and to supply the rear-guard with water, of which eighty earthen pitchers were carried down on men's heads. At 9 o'clock last night, Captain Thomas returned from his post on the right hill, which, with his newly raised corps, he held for two hours after the Regulars, under Major Anderson, had descended. This morning I requested Captain Thomas to take up his men again, and, in conjunction with the Sikhs, to hold the three outer portions of the Pass during the day; and riding on with a few horsemen, I reached General Pollock's camp, pitched on the high ground within a mile and a half and in sight of Ali Musjid, which has been evacuated by the enemy. I remained an hour in camp; and while I was there, Captain Ferris, with his Jezailchees, was despatched to take possession of the fort, and I doubt not is now in quiet possession of it. . . . All the supplies and baggage will not reach camp before sunset, but by 12 o'clock the rear-guard will have arrived near the bridge, where there is water. I observed large quantities of green-crops in camp, cut from the fields in the bed of the river below, furnishing ample supplies for the cattle.

The troops are in high spirits, and all are reported to have behaved well. The number of killed and wounded will not, I trust, exceed what I reported yesterday (between forty and fifty).

I brought back with me yesterday evening seven Europeans, eleven Sepoys, and four Jezailchees, whom I sent into Peshawur, being twenty-two in all; and this morning I did not hear of many more. Lieut. Cumming and five men of the 9th were killed; Captain Ogle, 9th Foot, and Ensign Mulcaster, 64th N. I., wounded. I spoke to many officers on the heights this morning, and as the reports of casualties have not yet been furnished, I have entered thus into detail to show that our loss has been slight in comparison with the object gained, which I consider to be the clearance of the Khyber for the present, and an effectual lesson to the Afreedees for the future. General Pollock received two letters from Jellalabad this morning, but being engaged, desired me to bring them here, and send copies on to Government. General Sale's success coming so opportunely with that of General Pollock, will quite alter the aspect of affairs on this frontier, and lower the tone of our opponents as much as it will inspirit our adherents.

Camp Jumrood, 6th April, 1842.

P.S.—I hope to be able to send on 300 camel-loads of ammunition and grain to-night to General Pollock.

After I had closed this letter, General Avitabile arrived in camp, having gone up the Jubbakee Pass, now fully occupied by the Sikhs, and returned by the Shadee Bagiaree one, through which our troops passed, and which the Sikhs now propose to hold, giving up the Jubbakee passage, as being double the length of the other.

After his daily official reports to Mr. Clerk of Pollock's progress in the Khyber, Lawrence always made time to send a scrap of some shape, or other to his wife, which she, in the mountain cottage at Soobathoo, sick and anxious, but high hearted and full of trust, numbered and treasured carefully, not knowing which bit of paper might bring "the touch of a vanished hand." On the 6th she is treated to a whole half-sheet, perfectly rectangular, as became days of victory:—

DARLING,—I look on it that yesterday's affair will have cleared all Khyber, and all our difficulties. The enemy were so panic-struck that, though our baggage was out all night, they did not show their faces, but have clean run off, and have even evacuated Ali Musjid, which I rode up to General Pollock's camp and saw this morning, and came back by 10 o'clock without seeing an Afreedee on the road. At Jellalabad, too, they had like success, having made a sally, beaten the enemy, and got 500 sheep from under their noses.¹¹

Your own, H. M. L.

In the course of this is a P.S., assuring her that "our artillery practice"¹² was the admiration of beholders, and the infantry went up the hills beautifully.

At 3 P.M. on the 7th he seizes upon two very uncomfortable waifs of foolscap, and writes:—

All well. I am in the Sikh camp, close to Ali Musjid, and will return

¹¹ This sortie was on the 1st April, 1842.

¹² Sir Jasper Nicolls, the Commander-in-Chief, justified his sending Wild's brigade up to the Khyber without guns, by saying, "I have yet to learn the use of guns in a Pass." Pollock being an artillery officer knew the use well.

In his despatch he says, "While the flanking columns were in progress on the heights, I ordered Captain Alexander, in command of the Artillery, to place the guns in position, and to throw shrapnel among the enemy when opportunity offered, which assisted much in their discomfiture." And again, "The precision with which shrapnel was thrown caused considerable loss to the enemy." If there be one position more than another in which artillery is useful in war, assuredly it is in mountain warfare, to bridge precipices and valleys, to reach and empty difficult strongholds, to cover the exposed advance of infantry up mountain sides, and to pursue a routed enemy faster than he can fly.

with our friends the Sikhs to-morrow. I am in General Court's camp, who, with all the Sikhs, behaved like a hero. We are all very affectionate. They forced one passage as we did another, and had 100 men killed and wounded, which, I believe and hope, is much more than we had. . . . I got twenty-one of the (British) wounded into Peshawur, which was good. I came out here twice¹³ yesterday. The Afreedees must be well frightened to have given no opposition to-day to the cattle passing under Ali Musjid, where the road is scarcely ten yards, with a cliff 1,500 feet above it. I look on it that *our* spoke in the wheel has turned up again, and that we may now go on to Jellalabad, if not Cabul, unmolested. God grant it may be the means to liberate our captive friends! . . . Fancy, 300 camel-loads of grain that I have ordered from Peshawur have just arrived, escorted only by forty horsemen and as many foot. Who would have thought it a week ago? The troops must have reached Gurhee Lala Beg, their second stage, by this hour, without a shot,—unless, indeed, it was at two wretched prisoners, whom some one let go just under Ali Musjid, and against whom 500 men blazed away for some minutes. Two or three others were butchered—one before my eyes, in spite of the General's exertions and those of several other officers. Very horrid: though I hardly wonder at the angry feelings of the troops. It is very cool here, a strong cold wind blowing, and, in spite of its villanous name, a very picturesque place. There must be 10,000 Sikh troops round. Kisses to Tim.

8th April.—Just returned to Jumrood. All well.

H. M. L.

We need not follow the slow and tedious progress of General Pollock's army through those eight-and-twenty fearful miles of the Khyber Pass. Encumbered with valuable convoy, which he was

¹³ He does not tell his wife what happened the *second* time! Here it is in his memorandum to Pollock. "At four P.M. that day (6th) I again rode up from Jumrood to Ali Musjid; but the enemy had now recovered their panic and way-laid me, killing two of the horses of my small escort."

The object of thus exposing himself so often in the Pass was simply to be generally useful, and contribute to the success of a great operation by a hundred intelligent and thoughtful acts which everybody else was too busy to attend to.

Thus, after taking down the regiments of Sikhs quite of his own motion, to cover Pollock's rear-guard on the morning of the 6th, he says: "I then forced my way up to head-quarters at Ali Musjid, reporting that stores, grain, &c in great quantities were blocking the narrow parts of the road, and induced General Pollock to send an officer with fresh camels and elephants to assist. I went down myself and saw the good effect of this measure, which enabled the rear-guard to get up by 2 P.M." These are the things which show real zeal, and made Henry Lawrence so great an example; the spontaneous, over-and-above solicitudes and services which no official duty imposes, which no authority asks you to do, and probably never will thank you for doing, which, in Crimean language, "belong to another department," but which the true man sees that he can do, and does accordingly, "with singleness of heart."

determined not to lose, he moved inch by inch through the defile and emerged from it only on the seventh day!

On the 5th and 6th of April he fought and won, as we have seen, the championship of the Pass; and with a loss of only 14 killed, 104 wounded, and 15 missing,¹⁴ kept at bay, along a march of seven miles, 10,000 Afreedees, whose loss was estimated at "300 killed, and 600 or 800 wounded,"¹⁵ and made good his way to Ali Musjid.

Staggered by their defeat in these two first days, and seeing both plunder and black-mail slipping through their cruel hands, the tribes drew off to distant heights, and held angry counsel with each other, while their women wailed over the dead, and cursed the English skill in fight. Avarice soon brought the chiefs to a decision, and, full of shame and rage, they descended, to get what terms they now could from Mackeson. Organized opposition ceased within the Pass, and Pollock warily but undisputedly advanced two miles on the 7th to Gurhee Lala Beg, a comparatively open valley 6 miles long and 1½ broad, which he traversed on the 8th and 9th to Lundeckhana, and thence, on the 10th and 11th, through the last thirteen miles of the horrid defile, to Dhakka and the open air. Here he halted and took breath, on the 11th and 12th, while Mackeson installed an ally, Toorabaz Khan, in the Momund chiefship of Lalpoora. Then on, in four more days, to Jellalabad, the scene of so many English hopes and fears, so much noble endurance, and such romantic deliverances.

In his victorious despatch to the Government of India, written on the 6th April, under the walls of Ali Musjid, General Pollock acknowledged his obligations, in the forcing of the Khyber, to the two political officers at Peshawur. "I cannot conclude the despatch without requesting that you will bring to the particular notice of the Governor-General in Council the very great assistance I have received from Captains Mackeson and Lawrence. Captain Mackeson's knowledge of the localities was invaluable to me, by enabling him to point out those heights which required to be crowned. Both these officers came into the ground which I now occupy. Captain Lawrence returned to Peshawur yesterday, and Captain Mackeson proceeds with the force."

In the narrow limits of a despatch written on the field of action,

¹⁴ Pollock's Despatch of 7th April, 1842.

¹⁵ KAYE: Book VI. Chap. v.

these brief and general sentences were sufficient. The disastrous events at Cabul were as yet but imperfectly understood by either Government or the Indian public. No details were known. It had not yet come to be admitted that the fount and origin of the misfortune was, firstly, the false policy of the war itself; and, secondly, the decrepitude of the General in command at Cabul; so that—groping in the dark for a victim—the military community, which had suffered most, was denouncing “the politicals” as the sole authors of our disgrace. The Commander-in-Chief himself, Sir Jasper Nicolls, did not scruple to lend his authority to the cry; and even the new Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough—who had relieved Lord Auckland at the end of February, and whose tastes were thoroughly military—had too hastily taken it up. It was courageous, therefore, and honourable in Pollock, in the face of such a clamour, to acknowledge “the very great assistance” which Mackeson and Lawrence had contributed to that great victory of the 5th April with which India was soon ringing.

But whatever department Lawrence might, for the time, be serving in, he never lost his *esprit de corps*, or forgot that, above all, he was an artilleryman; and when the General’s despatch was published by the Government of India, he felt mortified that he was only thanked “as a political.”

Two or three staff officers, of whose exertions in the action of the 5th he had been eye-witness, were not named at all in the despatch; and in bringing this to the notice of Pollock’s military secretary, he took the opportunity of saying that “all here know I was engaged; but no one reading the order *need* think so. I am quite satisfied of the General’s intention to do us all justice; but when he addresses the Commander-in-Chief, or writes about L——, &c., I shall be glad if he says, ‘Captain Lawrence served with the guns;’ . . . My ambition, however, at present, is but to have it shown that I served with the *Blues*.”

It is the fate (almost inevitable) of victorious despatches to give dissatisfaction. Some one who deserved to be thanked is omitted altogether, or some one is thanked by mistake, whom the army knows to have done nothing. A brigadier, who was in bed with a bad toe, goes down to history as having led three regiments gallantly into action. The best artillery officer in a great siege is forgotten in the hurry of announcing the capture of the place. No less than 20,000 auxiliaries have been known to drop through a general’s *Io Pawan!*

as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up the moment they were done with.

And so it happened to the Sikhs on this occasion. For months Mr. Clerk, Henry Lawrence, Mackeson, and General Pollock himself had been making incessant efforts to secure their co-operation in the forcing of the Khyber. At the very last moment they did cooperate heartily and effectively. Yet the General's despatch of 6th April did not even mention their existence. This was a great pity, and arose evidently from a thorough misconception, for which, it must be admitted, the Sikh soldiers had chiefly themselves to blame. For three months they had done nothing but demoralize the British Sepoys at Peshawur, insult the British officers, steal their camels, and cripple their operations. When, therefore, Pollock had fought his own way to Ali Musjid by the Shâdee Bagiâree route, on 5th April, and MacCaskill, with the rear-guard and convoy, had come up by 2 P.M. on 6th, and still the Sikhs did not appear, General Pollock closed his despatch without mentioning their names. In the course of the afternoon, however, they arrived; and the historian of the war, with the General's papers before him, records Pollock's impressions in the following passages:—

The Sikh troops moved up by another pass to Ali Musjid. Pollock; still doubtful of their fidelity, and not desiring to have them too near his own troops, suggested that, when he pushed forward by the Shâdee Bagiâree Pass, they should take the other, known as the Jubbakee.

To which is appended a note that—

Pollock saw nothing of the Sikhs till the afternoon of the 6th. They doubted his success, and held discreetly back until they found that he had made good his way to Ali Musjid.¹⁶

And a private letter of Pollock's, dated 6th April, but no doubt written after the official despatch, adds:—

The Sikhs are encamped near us, and are much more respectful and civil since our operations of yesterday.

The General, therefore, set out by suspecting the loyalty of the Sikh troops, which was natural enough after their unfriendly conduct; and sending their column by Jubbakee was not so much a strategical movement, to draw off part of the enemy, as a political movement,

¹⁶ KAYE'S *War in Afghanistan*, Book VI. Chap. v.

intended to carry all the prestige of their acting with the British, without the danger of any treachery in the action. And when they did not reach Pollock at Ali Musjid till after his own rear-guard, all previous suspicion seemed justified, and the delay was attributed to "discreetly holding back."

But what are the facts as we now know them?

At the entrance to the Khyber there were two branches, one seven miles long, the other fourteen—the two uniting at Ali Musjid. General Pollock, with his British force of perhaps 8,000 men,¹⁷ and a heavy convoy, very properly took the shorter route, and assigned the longer to his lightly equipped allies, whose numbers are variously stated at from 12,000 to 15,000.

The British force marched at 4 A.M. on the 5th April; the Sikhs a little later, at daybreak. The British, fighting only seven miles, but embarrassed by a convoy, were all up at Ali Musjid at 2 P.M. on 6th. The Sikhs, fighting fourteen miles, and unaided by British troops, but unembarrassed by convoy, came up, as they had started, an hour or two later.¹⁸

What "holding discreetly back" was there in this?

Agam, Pollock in his despatch says:—"I must here observe that from the character of the operations, and the very great numbers of the enemy, estimated at about 10,000, I found the force under my command numerically deficient, and, in consequence, the troops suffered severely from excessive fatigue."

What then would have been the condition of the British column if the Sikh force had not made a diversion in their favour, and drawn off large numbers of the enemy?

¹⁷ The actual number does not appear, but there are named in the despatches of the different columns—H.M.'s 3rd Dragoons, 10th Light Cavalry, 2 troops of Irregular Cavalry, H.M.'s 9th Foot, the 6th, 26th 30th, 33rd, 53rd, 60th, and 64th Native Infantry Regiments, and 1st regiment of Jezzailchees. And there were two troops of Horse Artillery, 1 battery of Foot Artillery, and a detachment of Sappers, so that 8,000 seems a low estimate.

¹⁸ The following passage of one of Henry Lawrence's letters to Mr. Clerk shows further obstacles that the Sikhs had to contend with:—

"On the morning of the 5th April, when General Pollock forced the Shadde Baghree entrance, the Lahore troops, amounting to not less than 12,000 men, leaving their camp standing, advanced against the Jublakee defile, the entrance of which is very narrow, and the flanking hills of such formation and running in such direction, *as to require a long circuit to be made by the troops intending to crown them.* These heights were carried in good style; the Lahore troops losing in killed and wounded about 100 men, bivouacking on the spot, and holding the very crests of the high hills at the entrance all night; and next day moving up to Lala Chund, one and a half miles east of Ali Musjid, where General Pollock was encamped; and pitching their camp in the bed of the river under his."

The fighting seems to have been as hard in one pass as the other, for while the British lost 14 killed and 104 wounded, the Sikhs had "100 killed and wounded."

No one can have accompanied us through the last chapter of Henry Lawrence's labours at Peshawur without a feeling of indignation at the Sikh army in January, February, and March. And we shall yet see more of their insubordinate proceedings at Jellalabad.

But this must not prevent us from acknowledging their real services; and generosity and justice alike demand our gratitude to the brave but turbulent race, who have been by turns our stoutest foes and friends, for the soldierly and substantial aid they rendered to us in forcing the Khyber on the 5th, April 1842. Lord Ellenborough, with fuller information than Pollock had, when he penned his despatch of the 6th, thus promptly repaired the General's omission, in his "Notification" of the 19th April:—

The Governor-General deems it to be due to the troops of the Maharajah Sher Sing to express his entire satisfaction with their conduct as reported to him, and to inform the army that the loss sustained by the Sikhs in the assault of the Pass which was forced by them, is understood to have been equal to that sustained by the troops of her Majesty and of the Government of India.

The Governor-General has instructed his agent at the Court of the Maharajah to offer his congratulations to his Highness on this occasion, so honourable to the Sikh arms.

The news of Pollock's victory on the 5th April reached the besieging camp of the Afghans at Jellalabad before nightfall; and the treacherous Akbar Khan lost not an hour in conveying to Sale's garrison, within the walls, a circumstantial rumour "that the force under Major-General Pollock, C.B., had met with a reverse in the Khyber and retraced its steps towards Peshawur, and about 10 A.M. on the 6th a *feu de joie* and salute of artillery were fired by Mahomud Akbar, which were said to be in honour of the same event."¹⁹

He probably thought he might yet depress the garrison into surrender, or an attempt at flight, before the truth could become known; and his surprise must certainly have been great when at daylight on the 7th his pickets brought him the intelligence that the British were indeed streaming out of the Cabul and Peshawur gates, not in flight and confusion, but in stern array of battle.

¹⁹ Sir Robert Sale's despatch of 7th April, 1842.

If Pollock had been beaten back like Wild, then had they nothing more to hope for, and had better close with their enemy while health and life and heart were strong within them.

They were but a handful—1,800 of all arms—but they moved down upon the line of 6,000 Afghans, in three stripling columns, led by Havelock, Dennie, and Monteat, like David going down to meet Goliath.

The battle was over (wrote Sale), and the enemy in full retreat in the direction of Lughmân by about 7 A.M. . . . They were dislodged from every point of their position, their cannon taken, and their camp involved in a general conflagration. . . . We have made ourselves masters of two cavalry standards, recaptured 4 guns lost by the Cabul and Gundummuck forces, the restoration of which to our Government is matter of much honest exultation amongst our troops, seized and destroyed a great quantity of materiel and ordnance stores, and burnt the whole of the enemy's tents. In short, the defeat of Mahommud Akbar in open field, by the troops whom he had boasted of blockading, has been complete and signal.²⁰

One cloud (there is always that one cloud) darkened the victory; the death of the brave Dennie on the field.

Thus gloriously did the little garrison of Jellalabad, after a five months' blockade, achieve its own deliverance.

In notifying the joyful event to "every subject of the British Government," Lord Ellenborough applied to Sale's force the memorable phrase "that illustrious garrison;" and with fine sympathy and truth revived the spirit of the army with these words: "The Governor-General cordially congratulates the army upon the return of victory to its ranks. He is convinced that there, as in all former times, it will be found, while, as at Jellalabad, the European and Native troops, mutually supporting each other, and evincing equal discipline and valour, are led into action by officers in whom they justly confide."²¹

So when the relieving force, for which India and the Punjaub had both been drained, had arrived at Jellalabad on 16th April, the merry bands of the "besieged" met them on the road, and played them into Jellalabad to the tune of "Oh, but ye've been lang

²⁰ Despatch of 7th April, 1842.

²¹ Notification of 21st April, 1842.

o' coming' " while cheers rang out from both the armies as they saluted each others' colours, tattered with equal victory.—

I congratulate you on the *entire* safety of Havelock and his gallant brethren (wrote Lawrence to Mr. Marshman,²² on 11th April 1842), whose position had given us more pain than I can describe; feeling that we were expected to do what we could not do, and what, even with Pollock's force, *could* not have been done had 1,000 brave men defended the Pass; for there are positions which only time, patience, and invincible courage could have surmounted, and we were limited to time by the state of Jellalabad, and our people were all down-hearted.

For two nights our rear-guard, with the mass of the baggage, was out. On either occasion a hundred men could have destroyed thousands, and entirely crippled our advance. Indeed, the second night, when the baggage was crammed up in the long winding defile, under Ali Musjid, a hundred men hurling down stones might have destroyed everything below.

Just conceive a passage, varying in breadth from 20 feet to 100 feet, crammed with baggage; the hills on the left in our possession, but those on the right (from 800 feet to 1,500 feet high) entirely unoccupied, and beyond the range of our crowners on the left.

Too much of cavil and too much of a bad spirit is to be seen in communications for the papers; I therefore send you this letter, not to join in the cowardly cry, but that you may give the facts, and that you may be enabled to understand the real difficulties of General Pollock's position. The Sikhs were only bound to employ a contingent of 6,000 men, but they did the work with not less than 15,000, leaving the stipulated number in position, and withdrawing the rest to Jumrood and Peshawur, where they remain ready to support those in the Pass, if necessary.

Considering the state of the Sikh army, I look on it that nothing less than a providential interference could have induced them to act in our favour as they have done. We trust in our might. *Here* we have seen it humbled; and it did seem at one time that the Almighty, whose favours and whose chastisements we had equally disregarded, had given us over to destruction,—to be sacrificed to the gross imbecility of our leaders.

During the months of March and April, the frostbitten and crippled Native soldiers and camp-followers, who had escaped the wreck of the Cabul army, had been crawling into Peshawur "by

²² Quoted by Kaye from Gleig's account.

²³ Mr. Marshman, son of the well-known missionary, resided at Serampore, near Calcutta, and at this time was proprietor and editor of the *Friend of India*. Havelock had married his sister; and the best Life of that great soldier and Christian is from his pen.

hundreds," and strongly drew out the humanity of Lawrence's character. He lodged, fed, and visited them continually; made up camel-panniers "for the poor creatures whose feet were destroyed;" and at last despatched them in a large caravan, under charge of a Native doctor, to British territory.

Here, too, for the first time, we find him going the rounds of the military hospitals, which in after years, even in peace time, became a settled habit with him, and greatly endeared him to the soldiery.

No one who has ever seen him walking thoughtfully and observantly down a sick ward, pointing to windows that should be opened, or stopping by the bedside of some bad case to consider what comfort could be given, what kind word spoken, or what fruit from home for the poor fellow, will ever forget it.

Even in the middle of the action in the Khyber he could stop to be compassionate :—

When we were in the narrow mouth, after the barricade was cleared, Mr. P. Mackeson came and told me that one of my men was badly wounded. I went, expecting to see the heroic Davee Sing; but the man was a stranger, and well dressed. He was insensible, and no one knew him.

I had him carried into Peshawur by four men, and two days ago saw him in hospital, and asked who he was. He would not tell, but allowed he had been the night before in Ali Musjid (*i.e.* with the enemy). The poor fellow was in pain, and I did not like to press him. The flies were annoying him, and I got a coolie to attend him. Just now I heard he was dead. He was, I believe, a *Ghâzee*,²⁴ and, I suspect, a priest, very likely from Peshawur, or, perhaps, farther east, for he spoke Hindustani well.²⁵

In the same letter he tells his wife that "Clerk says that the wounded officers arrived at Lahore are loud in their praises, &c. of my kindness."

And the day before Clerk had written, "all along this frontier praises are loud of your exertions, alacrity, and spirit. The whole of this I know and reckoned on, and hence I sent you, as Government knew. But it is gratifying to me to observe that you are everywhere thought of in the way which I well know is so much deserved."

²⁴ A Crescentader fighting for the faith of Islam.

²⁵ Letter to Mrs. Lawrence, 15th April.

On which he quaintly remarks, "Very fine, is it not? It is wonderful what soft snobs we are, and how we like butter better than bread!" A truth of human nature which he well remembered when he came to have a staff of his own.

Great as was the relief given to the Government of India, and to every Englishman and woman in the country by Pollock's forcing of the Khyber and junction with Sale at Jellalabad, the political crisis was by no means over. On the contrary, the five long months of April, May, June, July, and August, 1842, were probably as critical a period as the British Indian Empire ever passed through, except the Great Mutiny of 1857.

Lord Auckland's last instructions to Pollock before giving up his disastrous government in February were to "withdraw" the garrison from Jellalabad, and then do what seemed best to "procure the safe return of our troops and people detained beyond the Khyber Pass,"²⁶ whatever that might mean.

Four days after this ambiguous order, Lord Auckland, the Whig, was relieved by Lord Ellenborough, the Tory, and with him it rested to decide what policy should be pursued;—whether it were worthier, or even safer, for the English in India to put up with defeat, withdraw at once from Afghanistan, and leave their captive countrymen to their fate; or to turn the whole resources of the Empire to the retrieval of the national honour, and re-assertion of supremacy in arms.

It was a mighty issue, and the stoutest peer in Britain might well have been allowed fourteen days and nights to ponder it.

On the 15th March, Lord Ellenborough pronounced for War.

He reviewed the position. He declared Shah Shoojah's mere "adoption" of the insurrection a full release for the English from the Tripartite treaty, that henceforward whatever course we took "must rest solely upon military considerations;" that we must now look, in the first instance, "to the safety of the detached bodies of our troops at Jellalabad, at Ghuznee, and at Khilat-i-Ghilzye, and Candahar;" and "finally to the re-establishment of our military reputation by the infliction of some signal and decisive blow upon the Afghans, which may make it appear to them, and to our own subjects, and to our allies, that we have the power of inflicting

²⁶ Letter of the Secretary to Government to General Pollock, February 24th, 1842.

punishment upon those who commit atrocities and violate their faith, and that we withdraw ultimately from Afghanistan, not from any deficiency of means to maintain our position, but because we are satisfied that the king we have set up has not, as we were erroneously led to imagine, the support of the nation over which he was placed."

These wise and manly words were penned by Lord Ellenborough in Calcutta, with all his Council round him, except the Commander-in-Chief, to whom they were addressed, and, to whom they must have sounded much like a rebuke. Well would it have been for his own honour had he nailed these colours to the mast. But alas! they were struck at the first summons of the enemy. With as much genius as perhaps any Governor-General since Clive, Lord Ellenborough had no stability; and the golden motto, "*Æquam memento, rebus in arduis, servare mentem*," can never be inscribed around his bust, as it justly has been round that of his successor.*

On the 6th April he left Calcutta, and, repeating the error of Lord Auckland, left his Council behind him. A little tidings of disaster met him on his road (Brigadier England had been ingloriously defeated at Hykulzye on 26th March, in attempting to reinforce Nott in Candahar), and forthwith the hand that, but a month ago, was clenched to "re-establish our military reputation by the infliction of some signal and decisive blow upon the Afghans," now scrawled instructions to Nott to withdraw from Candahar, and to Pollock to withdraw from Jellalabad. Not a word was said about the English captives.

From this time forth the public and private correspondence of Government with its officers, and of officials with each other, are little else than a painful series of vacillations on the one hand, and remonstrances on the other, at which but a few glances will be necessary to carry on our story.

While the Governor-General, at Benares, was ordering Nott and Pollock to withdraw, Mr. Clerk, on the North-west Frontier, was submitting his opinion to the Governor-General, that "Major-General Pollock is in a position to judge how to act impressively upon the Afghan nation for the recovery of our fame; but to produce the proper signal effect upon India, the city of Cabul should be laid in ruins by a British force. A combined movement by the British armies now at Candahar and at Jellalabad, would, I presume, suffice for

* On a medal struck by the Court of Directors in honour of Lord Hardinge.

the accomplishment of this and any other object which it may be deemed desirable to attain at Cabul."

The Sikh Government, he reported, proposed now to unite with the British in setting up a Viseer at Cabul to represent them both; and the man whom the Sikhs would choose for the office would be Sooltan Mahommud Khan, brother of Dost Mahommud.

Mr. Clerk himself would prefer Dost Mahommud reigning at Cabul, and a son of Shah Shoojah's at Candahar.

Henry Lawrence, in communicating this to General Pollock, on the 11th May, says,—“Clerk offers perhaps the readiest mode of coming to a present arrangement, but it would, before long, entangle us in new difficulties. . . . However, I hail any beginning of an arrangement; anything that proposes to wipe out the Cabul stain, and then leave the country in a manner to themselves.”

Next day he sends Pollock “letters from Candahar, giving the good news of General Nott's determination of holding on, and eventually advancing on Cabul; which shows the bold line that Nott had marked out for himself, and how little the failure of Brigadier England, at Hykulzye, weighed upon his spirits. Indeed, the only notice he took of it was peremptorily to order England to come on again; and he sent a brigade of his own garrison to nurse him through the Kojuk Pass.

Outram (then Political Agent in Sindh), through whom these tidings came, earnestly assured Lawrence that Nott would be able to meet Pollock at Cabul with 6,000 or 7,000 men. In the darkest of those dark days Outram's spirit never quailed. “His voice was still for war.”²⁸

But at this time Nott had not received Lord Ellenborough's order to withdraw. It reached him on the 17th May, and whatever his own feelings may have been, he made no remonstrance, but silently took measures to obey at the fitting moment.

Pollock still pleaded, still hoped, for a reprieve, and went on collecting camels for an advance to Cabul, laying the strictest injunctions on his staff to keep the orders for retirement “a pro-

²⁸ In a note of Decemhtr 19th, 1845, on the road between Nepaul and Segowlee, Henry Lawrence wrote to Mr. Marshman: “I have never seen Colonel Outram, but honour him much. Under Providence, he did more than any man to save our credit three years ago; more even than Clerk. In my Punjaub article in No. 2 (of the *Calcutta Review*), “I likened him to Clerk, and I could not have paid him a higher compliment. When I was at Peshawur I used to hear from him constantly, but with peace our correspondence ceased.”

found secret." "Send us up cattle," wrote Sir Richmond Shakespear confidentially to Lawrence. "If I were the General, I would move at *once* towards Gundummuck, and let them make the most of it at head-quarters. We shall never survive the disgrace of retreating without making an effort to recover our prisoners; and, what is more, we shall *deserve* the ruin that will befall us."

The words were scarcely written when the reprieve arrived. On the 13th May Pollock received a second letter from Lord Ellenborough, dated 28th April, the diplomatic audacity of which can never have been surpassed:—

The aspect of affairs in Upper Afghanistan (it said) appears to be such, according to the last advices received by the Governor-General, that his lordship cannot but contemplate the possibility of your having been led, by the absence of serious opposition on the part of any army in the field, by the divisions among the Afghan chiefs, and by the natural desire you must, in common with every true soldier, have of displaying again the British flag in triumph upon the scene of our late disasters, to advance upon and occupy the city of Cabul.

If that event should have occurred, you will understand that it will in no respect vary the view which the Governor-General previously took of the policy now to be pursued. The Governor-General will adhere to the opinion, that the only safe course is that of withdrawing the army under your command, at the earliest practicable period, into positions within the Khyber Pass, where it may possess easy and certain communications with India.²⁹

Now came out the good that was in Pollock. He seized upon the "discretionary powers" which this despatch assumed him to possess. He regretted much that a want of carriage cattle had detained him at Jellalabad. If it had not been so, he should now be several marches in advance; and was quite certain that such a move would have been highly beneficial.

And as to "withdrawal at the present moment," it "would have the very worst effect—it would be construed into a defeat, and our character as a powerful nation would be entirely lost in this part of the world." It was true that Jellalabad had been relieved, "but the relief of that garrison was only one object. There still remain others which we cannot disregard. I allude," said Pollock, "to the release of the prisoners."

²⁹ KAYE'S *History*, Book VII., Chap. iii.

And then he went boldly on to propose that General Nott and himself should both be allowed to advance on Cabul.

Truly it was a mercy that we had such a general in the field.

All Pollock's notes to Henry Lawrence at this trying period breathe the same English spirit. There is nothing clever in one of them; but they are full of plain thinking and speaking. He sees no peril in advancing in Afghanistan to vindicate our honour, but a great deal in retiring to India with disgrace. He cannot find it in his conscience to return without the prisoners. He must protest against it before he obeys.

Such is the tenor of them all, quaintly interlarded with requests for a copper tea-kettle, some metal plates warranted not to smash, and a few more pounds of tea.

"General Pollock has given us the first tidings of the resolve of Government to abandon Afghanistan. God grant it may not be a disastrous affair!" wrote Lawrence to Mr. Clerk on the 14th May. Next day to his wife:—"I cannot but regret it deeply, even though it takes me home."

And to Pollock himself on the 15th:—

It does seem to me that the danger of retreat exceeds that of advance; or at any rate of your taking up positions at Jellalabad and Gundummuck, while General Nott does the same at Candahar. Holding these points in strength, and thus threatening Cabul from both sides, and watching events, we should, before November, be able to make arrangements such as would enable us to retire with honour and afford time to the Sikh Government to prepare for holding Jellalabad (which Lord Ellenborough has now offered to give them). To retire twenty days hence would probably cost us the loss of our prisoners; your column on its retreat would most likely be exposed to the pestilential wind at Bhutteekote; and after the trials of such a march you would have your 3,000 Europeans exposed to the worst season at Peshawur. What *can* occur to you at Gundummuck, supported by the Sikh contingent at or near Jellalabad, that could cause such mortality as the backward move must do? And then there is the consideration for the future

We probably should *not* be invaded, but yearly we should have the threat rung in our ears; and the cry of "Islam" and an army of conquering Afghans would be sung throughout the whole length of India. I have said nothing about an advance to Cabul, though in my opinion it ought to be made; but if Government think otherwise, I feel sure that from Gundummuck and Candahar we may place our own man in the Bala Hissar. At any rate, by the end of the year we shall have

remained long enough to make our own arrangements for Candahar and Jellalabad, so as to weaken our enemies, and make our own retirement safe.

“It is just as well you have not gone on, I think,” wrote Clerk to Henry Lawrence. “It would break your brother’s heart to know you had come so near only to abandon him. Good God! It is to me so monstrous.”

And so run on the letters of the day from every man of worth and courage on the frontier—“Sickening thought!” “Cowardly counsels!”—in short, one wail of indignation at the shame that was impending.

Only one man of weight and authority in the country approved of the withdrawal—the Commander-in-Chief, who should have been the last. He was a good man too; and had been originally right. As he said, we never should have gone to Cabul. But the world had moved on and left him in the wrong; and there he stood, shutting his eyes hard against the change of circumstances, and still saying, “We ought not to go to Cabul.” He was delighted when Lord Ellenborough empowered him to issue the orders for the withdrawal of the troops; and made no secret of it.

“Mrs. This and Mrs. That,” as one of the letters graphically says, “were soon chattering about the happy event of the returning armies.” They wrote it to their husbands at Jellalabad. The husbands told it to their friends at mess, and wrote it back to Peshawur. The Sikh soldiery got hold of it; the Sikh court knew all about it. “Thus were our secrets kept,” Lawrence wrote to Clerk.

I quite dread to hear of a rising in the Khyber, even before the Sikhs leave it. Our garrison at Ali Musjid is good for ordinary times, but good for nothing to cover a retreat from Afghanistan. From the beginning I advocated guns being put into it; and now, if the troops do return, the first thing done before suspicion is awake, should be to put two regiments with guns in, and have an equal force on the Lundikhana hill.

By the 26th May the credit of the British Government had so fallen in the bazaars of Peshawur, that some camel-men who had to receive 50,000 rupees from Henry Lawrence as wages, refused bills on the British treasury at Ferozepoor at 1 per cent. premium; and bought bills from Natives in the Commissariat at 2 per cent. discount.

Mr. Clerk, at the Lahore court, was positively ashamed to communicate the decision of his own Government. He said his "tongue had been tied by shame" and in a graphic account of an interview with Fakeer Azeedoodeen, the Foreign Secretary of the Sikhs, on 5th June, he says he "let him discover the truth" rather than told him :—

The Fakeer gave me a great deal of good advice which I did not need for I knew something of Hindustan sedition, and our armies' excellence, and Afghan respect for them in the open field, and had already calculated that should such armies now sneak away from before them, every one with one voice, whether the Bulkh man, or the Bokhâra man, or the Persians, or the Sidars of Candahar, or the Russians, will proclaim aloud that *kurdun n'mee to dnund!*³⁰ The Fakeer departed. I thanked God that the candles burnt very dim; and (conceive the feelings of a diplomatist!) half an hour later the express reached me with the 1st June orders to "hold on."

Yes, General Pollock's remonstrances from Jellalabad, Outram's from Sindh, Clerk's from the Sikh court, and (it is possible) public opinion in England, had at last taken effect on the Governor-General, so far at least as to defer the withdrawal till October.

In a letter to-day (Lawrence tells his wife on 11th June), the Governor-General tells Pollock that he ought to have come back at once when he had relieved Jellalabad, but now acquiesces in his staying till October; so we may consider the case settled so far. It is very easy for Lord E—— to write thus; but, in the first place, General P—— had no such orders; and if he had, how would General Nott and the garrison of Khilât-i-Ghilzye have been placed, if P—— had then returned? But of such small matters as garrisons and prisoners our governors seem not to think.

Covering his change of mind by assuming Pollock to have said he *could* not retire before October, Lord Ellenborough now went on to argue that as he *must* stay so long, it would be well if he could bring the enemy to action in the interval, and strike a heavy blow before he left the country. And General Nott at Candahar was informed of these orders on the same day.

Another month passed by without calamity in Afghanistan. Lord Ellenborough began to see that his two generals were masters of the situation; so on the 4th July he sat down once more in the

³⁰ They couldn't do it."

temple of Janus and penned that remarkable despatch to General Nott, which, still insisting on retirement, left him the option of *retiring via Cabul* if he had the heart to take the responsibility. A copy was simultaneously sent to Pollock for his information and encouragement; but the decision seems to have been left with Nott.

Wonderfully happy was England at this moment in these two Generals, Nott and Pollock. Separated by the length of Afghanistan from each other, they took counsel of their country's honour and came to the same resolve.

On the 20th July Nott replied to Lord Ellenborough that he should *retire* by Cabul (he might have said round by Cabul); and on the 27th he sent a slip of paper across the country to inform Pollock of his design. It does not appear why he did not do this a week sooner, as time and concert were vital to success; but the military reader of the annals of those days will frown a little, and smile more, as he fancies he detects a professional jealousy between the brother generals as to which of them shall get first to the enemy's capital and hoist the avenging flag of Britain over the scene of her unparalleled disaster.

Pollock meanwhile was sending five successive messengers to Nott to offer the same "tryst" at Cabul.⁸¹

And thus, by God's mercy, it came to pass, that Lord Ellenborough's design to get the two generals to act between June and October without his actually ordering them, succeeded.

But the not ordering makes all the difference; and history will ever adjudge the merit to those who took the responsibility.

⁸¹ KAYE, Book VIII., Chap. i.

CHAPTER IX.

1842.

DURING the first three months of that painful interval between Pollock's forcing of the Khyber, and Nott and Pollock's final advance to Cabul, Henry Lawrence had been left the sole British representative at Peshawur. Months they were to him of intense anxiety and exertion.

India, the Punjaub, and Afghanistan were alike agitated by the vastness of the issues in suspense: the ebb or flow of the English power in Asia; the chaining or loosing of the Sikh armies: the independence or subjugation of the Afghan people; and every vacillation of policy at Calcutta, every diplomatic difficulty at Lahore, every vicissitude above the Passes, must needs thrill through him with an electric shock. As an Englishman, he felt keenly for the honour of his country; as a political officer, he was behind the scenes, and understood the feelings with which Native States were watching our "falling star;" and as a brother, he contemplated with horror the bare possibility of the captives being abandoned to their fate. One thing, however, was clear, that the best hope of a vigorous policy lay in strengthening Pollock's hands, so that whenever the moment of imperial decision came, no want of ability to advance should turn the scale towards retreat. Lawrence, therefore, devoted all his energies throughout April, May, and June to two great matters—the furnishing of food, carriage, and money to Pollock's army at Jellalabad, and the keeping open of Pollock's communications with Peshawur through the Khyber Pass. Failure in either of these points would have been fatal. If grain fell short—or, rather, too short—at Jellalabad, the army must fall back. If it got no cattle it could not advance. And the General had repeatedly declared that he would not stay above the Pass unless his communications could be maintained.¹

But it was no easy matter to secure these vital objects in days of

¹ Lawrence to Outram, 14th April, 1842.

political uncertainty and distrust, when no man knew which side was going to win, or how long the surging Sikh army would obey the court.

So late as 21st April, Lawrence tells his wife that "at Jellalabad they are on half-rations. *Don't repeat this.* I was afraid of it, but trust it will not last." And it was only gradually, by dint of money, persuasion, and personal influence, that confidence was established, and grain was at last poured through the Khyber in abundance, though at famine price.

Cattle, after all the exertions of Lawrence at Peshawur, Mr. Clerk at Lahore, and Mr. Robertson at Agra, was never forthcoming in sufficient numbers; but Pollock, to his honour, *made* them sufficient by the inverse process of throwing over baggage, or trusting to the spirit of his men to endure privations.

There is probably no more efficient commissariat in the world than that of the Indian army; but when military operations are pushed far beyond British territory, it soon has to turn for its supplies to the political officer.

He alone has the local knowledge, and the relations with some party among the people, which can get anything, without actual plunder, in a foreign land.

He may, in truth, be said to guide, to inform, and to feed Indian armies; and yet, if it were not so injurious to the public service, it would be amusing to observe the jealousy with which every one in the camp, from the general to the camp-follower, usually regards him, though no one can get on without him. The reason, doubtless, is, that he represents civil government, between which and war there is an inherent antagonism. The general sees in him the negotiator of peace; the soldier and the camp-follower find him the protector of the peasantry and the obstacle to plunder. Every one turns to him in the hour of need,—whether it be for a map, a spy, a guard, a guide, a wet-nurse, or a camel; and, as certainly, every one turns upon him if anything goes wrong, from the defeat of a brigade, to a rise in the price of flour. Here is a specimen:—

A Queen's regiment of infantry, which had not reached Peshawur in time to march with Pollock through the Khyber, was proceeding, with other reinforcements, to join him later in April. Lawrence was ordered to accompany the detachment through the first part of the Pass, till met by Captain Mackeson, with a supporting force from Jellalabad. Arrived at the fort of Ali Musjid on the 26th April, Lawrence wrote

to Mr. Clerk :—"I almost tremble as to our position, on account of food and carriage. No one seems to care for anything."

Again, on the 27th :—

This morning we took our treasure, stores, and guns ten miles through the defile, under Ali Musjid, and joined Colonel Monteath.

To-morrow all go on to Lundikhana, where I trust a halt will be made for a week.

If not, I don't see how the grain collected here is to be got on ; for we have but little carriage, and that weak, and the commissariat officers here look on it as *political grain*, with which they have no concern. . . .

Both have gone on to Colonel Monteath's camp, in spite of my speaking seriously to them yesterday, and have made no arrangement whatever ; and now I find that —'s agent has walked off to Peshawur, so that I am literally here alone to transfer the camels' loads into bullock bags, and to see them off.

God knows how hard a task any man has in this quarter, who is anxious for the general welfare.

Yesterday, by getting 100 irregular on the steep ascent, and pulling myself at the drag-ropes, the rear guard was in camp by ten o'clock, although we had twelve lakhs² in tumbrils ; and what was then my disgust, when at ten o'clock I entered camp, to be accosted by Colonel — with "Before these officers, I tell you, Captain L., we'll be starved in two days if this continues ;" although there were 1,200 maunds of *bhoosa*, and very fair grazing for camels. It gave me a trip in the sun nearly as far as I took the treasure this morning ; and to crown the whole in the evening I found that not a single sentry was placed on the hills surrounding the camp, and had to get Sikhs for one side, and put sixty irregulars on the other.

This morning, though Colonel — was told the road was not safe, the order of march was 300 *irregular horse, and not a footman*, in the advanced guard ; and I was awakened at three A.M. by the baggage pushing on without any guard at all. And so is the whole course of proceedings.

Every man that has any sense is either disgusted or worse, and we have men in every position that no individual landholder would think of putting in charge of a corporal's party, if he had a boundary dispute to fight out with his neighbour.

So much for letting military commands drift as a matter of routine, into the hands of any officer, capable or incapable, who happens to be senior in a camp ! Yet, it is not impossible that when Lawrence

² i. e. 120,000*l.*, in cumbrous silver rupees, each the size and value of an English florin. Incredible as it may seem, there is as yet no gold currency in India, though much talk of it.

and Mackeson had carried this testy Colonel in their arms, like a screaming child, through the Khyber, and set him safely down on the plains of Jellalabad, his soldier-heart regarded the two young "politicals" as the worst enemies he had encountered in the defile.³

The peep which we get in Lawrence's graphic letter of the precarious state of the Khyber at this juncture, though supposed to be in our hands, shows very clearly that difficult as it was to get together at Peshawur grain, money, stores, and cattle for Pollock's force at Jellalabad, the keeping open of the Pass through which these sinews of war must move was more arduous still; for it depended not on public confidence or credit, but on the successful management of the greedy tribes of the Khyber and the mutinous Sikh soldiery.

Coolly looking at it now, it seems hardly credible that so vital a link should have been left mainly in such hands. But so it was; and we must remember that, in days of great public stress, dangers become comparative, and men must choose with hardihood between greater and lesser evils.

In one letter Lawrence tells Pollock that he has sent on to him "a memorandum of the Duke of Wellington's on a letter of the late Envoy (Sir William Macnaghten), reprobating the practice of *paying Afghans* to keep up our communications, and saying that it should be done with our own troops, or we should leave the country." This memorandum⁴ will be found at length in Kaye's History of the War; and it is a most racy specimen of the great Duke's style. The pith of it lies in these sentences:—

³ The rough, and often only hasty, words of soldiers in the field, like the Colonel above alluded to, were easier to bear than the anonymous attacks of newspaper correspondents in the camp, who found it convenient to hold the "Politicals" responsible for everything but success. Henry Lawrence, in a MS. defence of Sir William Macnaghten, thus sums up the case:—"I have faintly sketched off the military points of the Afghan officials. Their civil and political doings are less within my reach. Their military and out-of-door deeds are before the world; and it is notorious that while night after night many of these men knew little sleep, and were turned off their rude couches, to which they had late retired, by every idle rumour, their days were passed in duties taken up in other armies by commissaries, engineers, quartermaster-generals, and guides. Was provision wanted? 'Tell the Politicals.' Was a road required to be explored? 'Tell the Politicals.' Was a column to be led to an assault? Again the civil officer was employed. And while they were vituperated in the newspapers by cowards and maligners (for *soldiers* don't anonymously malign) simply because their own exertions had got them above their fellows, they were unable to disabuse the public, owing to their official positions; and thus did the record go abroad that fools, knaves, and even cowards, ruled Afghanistan."

⁴ Dated "January 29th, 1842. At night."

The whole of a hill country of which it is necessary to keep possession, particularly for the communication of the army, should be occupied by sufficient bodies of troops, well supplied, and capable of maintaining themselves; and not only not a Ghilzye or insurgent should be able to run up and down hills, but not a cat or a goat, except under the fire of those occupying the hills. This is the mode of carrying on the war, and not by hiring Afghans with long matchlocks to protect and defend the communications of the British army.

Yet here was the great Khyber Pass, which stood between Pollock's force and its base, held from end to end by Afghans and Sikhs, with one solitary company of our own regular Sepoys in the fort of Ali Musjid.⁵

The fact is, that it was a simple question of means. Pollock had a great work to do, and few men to do it. Mackeson tried to economize those men by subsidizing the tribes of the Khyber. He failed, and Pollock had to fight his way to Jellalabad. Henry Lawrence then proposed to have nothing more to do with the tribes, but hold the pass ourselves, "by twelve or fifteen towers, which may be erected in a few days), to be occupied by 100 men each, and supported by 3,000 light infantry and 450 horse, one-third at each end of the Pass, and another at Ali Musjid. The towers to have telegraphs, and 1000, infantry and 150 horse to be continually moving through the Pass, while detachments of horse carry the mails. A proportion of both branches could be natives of the country; and the expense would little exceed that of the old system of bribing the Hill chiefs—one that was never yet found to answer."⁶

⁵ The details seem to have been roughly as follows:—The Sikhs held posts around Ali Musjid, and along the road between it and Jumrood, with five battalions of Infantry and 2,000 Irregulars. The fort of Ali Musjid itself was garrisoned by one company of our Native Infantry and 800 Irregulars (chiefly Afghans of the Peshawur border), under Captain Thomas, 64th Native Infantry, and Ensign Edward Sutherland Garstin, a boy just arrived from England. The rest of the Pass was parcelled out among the mountain tribes abutting on the road, who became responsible for the safety of their own section, established their own posts and guards, and received rather more than 1,000*l.* a month for the duty. At Dhakka, the Jellalabad end of the Pass, a British officer, Lieutenant Corsar, was posted with another corps of Irregulars of the country. These Irregulars, under Thomas and Corsar, cost about 1,500*l.* a month; so that our temporary arrangements in the Khyber cost 2,500*l.* a month, besides the pay of the company of Sepoys. The Sikh contingent of between 5,000 and 6,000 men, which was the backbone of the occupation, was paid by its own Government, under the provisions of the Tripartite Treaty.

⁶ Letter to Mr. Clerk, 9th April, 1842.

But this plan would have swallowed up one-half of Pollock's force, and it is certain that a preliminary campaign in the Khyber hills could alone have secured the submission of the clans.

It was by choice of evils and hazards, therefore, that Pollock was constrained to leave his communications in the keeping of unwilling Sikh allies and subsidized Afreedee foes—trusting to the political officers to manage and control them. The task was probably more difficult than even Pollock understood; but Mackeson and Lawrence successfully accomplished it, without one serious interruption, though with daily and hourly anxieties.

Mackeson, who had gone on to Jellalabad with Pollock, took the chief management of the Afreedees, whose posts were mostly at the western end of the Pass. Lawrence, at Peshawur, took the management of the Sikh contingent and the Ali Musjid portion of the defile.

For some little time after the victory of the 5th April, the Sikh soldiers were in high good-humour, pleased with themselves and us; and had the order then been given, they would have advanced readily to Cabul. But they soon got sick of duty in the dark gorges of the Khyber, escorting caravans by day, and scared out of their sleep by night by the wild yells of Afreedee robbers.

They recalled how Colonel Wade had employed them on the same service in 1839, and how one of their posts had been surprised by the Khyberees, and 300 men cut to pieces. They now declared they saw the ghosts of the three hundred. No increase of pay came to reconcile them to their gloomy lot; the price of grain kept rising. It was the English who made it rise. The Sikh Sirdars and officials in Peshawur, with the young crown-prince at their head, instead of repressing, shared these murmurs. On the 8th May a whole Sikh regiment left its post in the fort of Ali Musjid, and marched back out of the hated Khyber without being relieved, and without a word of notice to the English officers.

Meeting on their way some of our mules and bullocks loaded with grain, they threw off the loads, and took the beasts to carry their own baggage. Two days before, two hundred Sikh soldiers had attacked and plundered the British granaries in Peshawur. No pretence was made by the chiefs in the Sikh camp to punish these excesses, and even General Avitabile, who was then "moving heaven and earth to get away" from his governorship of Peshawur, and had threatened to "do something that would make them remove him," was "rather glad

than otherwise of a row, or of anything that would get the Sikhs, or us, or him, out of the place."⁷

In short, every Sikh soldier, and every Sikh chief, at Peshawur, reminded Lawrence daily that the stipulated term of service of the Sikh contingent in the Khyber was two months only, and would expire on the 5th of June. "Are any British troops coming from India?" they asked; "and when may they be expected?" When indeed?

As yet Lord Ellenborough was talking of retreat. "What between Sikhs, Afreedees, and grain-bags," poor Lawrence exclaimed, "I never was so bothered!"

Before the end of May things had got to such a pass that "almost daily outrages" were committed by the Sikh soldiery on persons in British employ; "the insolence of the troops was again exceeding all bounds; no British officer could pass them without being insulted;" the stipulated 5th of June was drawing nigh, and rumours were, getting abroad that the English were about to retire from Afghanistan.

If this reached the Afreedees there would be a rising in the Khyber. The situation which had long been embarrassing, became almost intolerable.

All through April Lawrence had been urging Pollock to put British guns into the fort of Ali Musjid, and post a British brigade on the Lokaru uplands in the Pass, both to strengthen his communications and to cover his retirement whenever it took place. He now begged Pollock to throw five companies of our own Sepoys and two guns into Ali Musjid without delay; and the General consented.

At this gloomy juncture light began to dawn. Lord Ellenborough had offered the province of Jellalabad to the Sikh government.

The Maharajah was at once dazzled by the offer and afraid to accept it. The extension of empire is dear to Asiatics, and the lust of conquest throbbed in the veins of the turbulent Sikh race. The question was vehemently discussed in the recesses of the palace, and a new and real interest in the war sprang up.

A change crept over the tone of the Sikh leaders. The remonstrances of Mr. Clerk at Lahore and Lawrence at Peshawur began suddenly to appear reasonable.

Loyalty to the English did indeed demand more active measures.

⁷ Lawrence to Mr. Clerk, 9th May, 1842.

The King's orders had ever been to co-operate cordially with General Pollock ; but duty in the Khyber was distasteful to the Sikh soldiers. If the General would only summon them to his side at Jellalabad, and allow them to share the glory of his triumph, 5,000 of them would march at once. Pollock took them at their word. Henry Lawrence rode into the Khyber on the 1st of June to arrange the matter. He had to pass through a Sikh camp at Jumrood. An insolent Sikh soldier seized his horse by the rein, and refused a passage by his tent! "Go back! go back!" he said, and letting go the bridle, picked up a stone and threatened to hurl it at the "Feringee." an escort of Sikh horsemen rode with Lawrence, and he ordered them to take the ruffian to his colonel. But not a man moved. "This is one of a hundred instances," he wrote, "of dirt that I have eaten." The policy of the Sikh court was not always the policy of the camp, and three years before the Sutlej war every soldier in the Sikh lines was already a Prætorian at heart.

Still the object was accomplished. On the 3rd June the Sikh contingent of 5,000 men marched from Ali Musjid for Jellalabad, under command of General Goolab Sing (Pohoovindeah). The heat in the Khyber was now furious; and at daylight as hot a wind was blowing there as at mid-day in India. "One such day's work," Lawrence wrote, "would kill hundreds of our troops and cattle too."

But the hotter it blew, the more the Sikhs laughed at their escape from that "infernal abode," and though "almost every other man carried a load of provisions on his head," they arrived in high good-humour at Jellalabad on the 10th of June.

Lawrence himself was not yet allowed to go on; so he returned from Dhakka to Peshawur, and pithily told his wife, "I have now seen the Khyber well. It is a tremendously strong road, and its inhabitants ought to be able to keep the world out of it."⁸

For this service of getting the Sikh troops to advance to Jellalabad, and thus publicly exhibiting in Afghanistan that the Lahore court was really with the English, Mr. Clerk addressed to Lawrence a special letter of thanks, and said he was "very sensible of the persevering exertions, patience, and care that must have been exercised on your part to induce them to move onwards."

Lawrence was delighted. Quick and irritable by nature, and sur-

⁸ They *ought* indeed. But who was it said that the fleas were so numerous that they would have turned him out of bed, *if they had only been unanimous!*

rounded on all sides by daily and hourly provocations, and even insults, he had striven hard to control himself by setting ever before him the honour of his Government and the peril of his brother George and the other English captives at Cabul. He had striven successfully, and was as pleased as a boy at having lived to be called "patient."

The Sikh contingent had not been a week at Jellalabad before one of the Mussulman battalions, angry at their pay being in arrears, rose upon their General, wounded some of his guard, "drove him out of camp and burnt his tent." Some "patient" Political was evidently wanted to control them, and Lawrence happening to ride into Jellalabad, just to look at the place, two days after the disturbance, General Pollock asked him to take "charge of the Sikh contingent and to arrange, when our troops retire, for making over the valley to the Sikhs."⁹

Lawrence gladly consented, and Pollock applied officially to Government for his services, as he was "particularly qualified" for the duty.

Hastily returning to Peshawur to make arrangements for changing places with Mackeson, Lawrence was back again at Jellalabad on the 12th July, and hospitably "ensconced with the General (Pollock) who has kindly offered me a corner of his *taie-khanah*"¹⁰ to sit in during the day."

His object was now gained. For this he had contended openly and fairly with Mackeson when the Khyber was forced in April; but it was Mackeson's right to pilot the army through the Khyber. There was now but a faint hope of advancing farther.

Lord Ellenborough's latest decree was that Pollock should retire in October, and make over the province of Jellalabad to our Sikh allies. The Sikh troops had been Lawrence's own peculiar charge for seven months. At their insolent hands he had, as he once wrote to Clerk, "eaten more dirt at Peshawur than I shall get out of my mouth in the next seven years."

These mutinous allies had now been summoned to the front and it was only just that Lawrence should go with them.

He was now a hundred miles nearer to his captive brother George, and his spirits rose with the change of scene, and fresh spring of

⁹ Henry Lawrence to his brother John, 24th June, 1842.

¹⁰ This is a kind of underground room or crypt, used as a refuge from great heat. Many had been dug, and roofed with rushes and mud, in the camp.

hope. There was one also in "the illustrious garrison of Jellalabad" between whom and Henry Lawrence there must have been much in common, though much of difference, and they fraternized at once.

June 20th.

Havelock, in great feather, showed us round the fields of battle this morning. I breakfasted with him afterwards, and we had lots of talk. He is a fine, soldier-like fellow.

July 18th.

I went to Havelock's chapel in the town yesterday evening. He had about forty soldiers and ten or twelve officers. He prayed extemporarily, read a few verses, sang two hymns, and read a sermon on faith, hope, and charity. We assembled under two united tents, where I fancy, all through the siege, he had thus collected a small congregation.

It was blowing a dust-storm all the evening and night, but I went home with him to his tent, and sat for a couple of hours. He is a strange person, but is acknowledged to be as good a soldier as a man; the best of both probably in the camp. . . . Did I say I am chumming with Codrington? and I sit in his or the General's taie-khanah all day, and sleep in my tent,—or rather in Havelock's, for, funny fellow, while all the world has gone to earth, there was he roasting in a hill-tent; so I have effected a temporary exchange, which must be a comfort to him. "in the dust-storm especially."

July 25th.

Last evening I went again to Havelock's chapel. We had much the same company. H. reads and prays much as if on parade, but he is a good man and a good soldier. I have never heard either doubted.

He is, however, uselessly¹¹ roasting himself in a tent while every one else is in a hole. Fortunately, I was able to help him with my single-poled tent in exchange for his hill-tent, which is as good to sleep in, though it must have been wretched as a habitation for the day to him.

These unstudied sketches of the Christian soldier, fifteen years before he became really known to his countrymen as a great general, testify to the fidelity of the character which biography and history have embalmed.

There is something touching, too, in this intercourse of the two men, both so simple, both so self-denying, both destined to be so

¹¹ Probably for some self-denying reason, to waste nothing on himself, and have more for absent ones. The soldiers even were all "huttet in holes dug five or six feet deep, and the roofs raised two or three more," by which Lawrence mentions that the heat was reduced to 77 degrees; so that Havelock's motive was not to share the hardships of his men: rather, he seems to have denied himself their comforts.

great, and to be laid low in the same field; the almost prophetic tenderness of the defender of Lucknow for him who was to relieve the garrison.

Two days after Lawrence reached Jellalabad one of the Cabul captives, Captain Colin Troup, arrived in General Pollock's camp with overtures from Mahommud Akbar Khan, the murderer of the British Envoy. Our puppet Shah Shoojah had been assassinated at Cabul on the 5th of April, the very day on which Pollock forced the Khyber; and after much fighting among the chiefs for supremacy, Mahommud Akbar Khan, the boldest spirit, had trampled down all competitors, and declared himself Prime Minister of Cabul. A Prime Minister must have a King, so he set up Shah Shoojah's second son, Prince Futteh Jung, partly to break the opposition of the legitimist party, but chiefly because Futteh Jung possessed the British gold which Shah Shoojah had hoarded up, and Akbar wanted time to squeeze it out of him. Established in power, one of his first steps was to get all the English hostages and captives into his own keeping, and then to make them the basis of negotiation with General Pollock.

There were some in the camp at Jellalabad, like the gallant Sale, whose nearest and dearest were amongst those captives, and little less was the anxiety which Henry Lawrence's affectionate heart had been suffering for his brother George from the moment that he heard that he was still alive, but a hostage in Afghan hands.

The good news of George (he wrote to his wife on the 27th January) was, I fear, but of a transient nature, a break of hope, and no more. I look on him as no more of this world.

1st February.—A letter without date, but supposed to be 23rd January (one of that day being also from Pottinger) is in from George;—quite well—a hostage with all the ladies and their husbands. Such news may well be made public, so write and tell Mr. Place¹² that Lieutenant Conolly is at Cabul with the King; that Captains Pottinger, Lawrence, Mackenzie are hostages with Mahommud Akbar Khan; that General Elphinstone, and Shelton and Troup, are prisoners; and Anderson, Boyd, Eyre, Waller, and Mr. —, with their wives, as *guests*; Johnstone, Hay, and MacGrath also prisoners. All well treated. Elphinstone, Troup, and Hay are wounded. George gives an interesting account of all the horrors. The Envoy, he says, was the life and soul of all till his death. George was with him then, and was taken prisoner,

¹² Editor and chief proprietor of the *Delhi Gazette*, the principal journal of the Upper Provinces.

but afterwards given back. On the road he was again demanded as a hostage, and his life probably saved thereby.

When the squabble with Mackeson took place in March, and it was decided that Mackeson had the best right to go with Pollock through the Khyber, Lawrence's chief feeling was for his brother. "I was in hopes," he wrote (5th March), "of being able to do something for George by going on. However, I will tell Shakespear that if 10,000 rs. (1,000*l.*) will get his release, to manage it."

On the very same day his wife was writing to him from Ferozepoor—"Individual ransom, I suppose, would not be accepted, as Akbar Khan must intend to use the prisoners as a political engine; but if Government slumber, individuals must try something. Surely there would be no lack of contributions for such a purpose."

And again, on March 9th—"You see, darling, I thought about the ransom just the day you wrote of it. But don't limit George's release to 10,000 rs. With four brothers and two sisters in this country, it is hard if we cannot raise twice that sum if required."

On the 26th April General Pollock sent word to Lawrence at Peshawur that Captain Mackenzie, one of the prisoners had arrived in camp, with proposals from Mahommud Akbar. "The burden of the song appears to be the release of Dost Mahommud Khan. . . . General Elphinstone died on the 23rd inst., and Captain Mackenzie says that his body was to be brought into our camp by order of Mahommud Akbar." To which Sir Richmond Shakespear added—"Mackenzie says your brother was in the highest spirits when he left, and that on all occasions he has ever been cheerful and never despairing.

"I congratulate you very heartily on this prospect of obtaining your brother's release, and fervently hope your expectations may not be disappointed. The first excitement was what I chiefly feared; but now that the Afghans have got over that, and have commenced negotiations, I trust that all will go well."

The overtures had to be referred to Lord Ellenborough in Calcutta, and poor Lawrence grew more anxious day by day. "Oh, for the determination of Government," he wrote to his wife, on the 7th May, "and for a sight of the captives!" And to Sir Richmond Shakespear, on the 11th, "I am most anxious as to the prisoners, lest in despair as to getting terms for himself, Mahommud Akbar commit some atrocity. Tell me what Mackenzie says as to the extent of Mahommud Akbar's power over the Ghilzye chiefs."

A month rolled on. "No more word of the prisoners. They are at Cabul, and are, I think, considered too valuable to be in danger. The situation, however, is painful to think of. Would that this terrible war were honourably ended!"—(6th June, to Mrs. L.)

A second time Mahommud Akbar sent Captain Mackenzie on his parole with fresh overtures to Pollock, and every prisoner sat down to write a letter to his friends in India, on the smallest piece of paper, in the smallest hand. George wrote to Henry Lawrence :—

We are all well, and continue to be well treated, have very excellent quarters, and want for nothing but our liberty, which, however, seems to be as far off as ever.

And now the Sirdar (Mahommud Akbar Khan) has got hold of the Bala Hissar, Pollock is likely to find it a more difficult affair than it would have been had he pushed on at once. Futteh Jung held out as long as he could, but seeing no signs of the approach of our army, and bothered to death on all sides, he at length gave in. . . . Don't send me any clothes, as I now wear nothing but Afghan dresses. . . . We are so closely watched that we hear little or nothing of what is going on. Not a soul that is not known to the people of the fort is allowed to come near us. One poor fellow, who came to Johnson, has been fined 6,000 rs., besides having his finger-nails nearly squeezed off. When we go to bathe or walk in the garden we are each escorted by one or two jezailchees.—(6th June, 1842.)

Yet this, in comparison with the earlier days of their captivity, was being "well treated."

It does not appear what terms General Pollock was authorised by Lord Ellenborough to offer, or accept, for the release of the British prisoners; but mission after mission came from Cabul, and returned, without any agreement being arrived at. The truth is, that only one of the contracting parties knew his own mind. Mahommud Akbar Khan had a father and a wife or two in political captivity in India, and he had two British camps staring him in the face, at Jellalabad and Candahar. His objects, therefore, were simple and obvious: to recover the Afghan prisoners from India, and procure the withdrawal of Nott and Pollock from Afghanistan.

To secure these ends, he would, at any time, have gladly surrendered every British captive. But Lord Ellenborough was sometimes willing to retire; and under such conditions General Pollock's duty was to keep negotiations as hazy as possible, and gain all the time he could. This lack of eagerness on our part probably alarmed

the Afghan leader, for he soon sent another envoy to press for some decision. Captain Colin Troup was the officer selected, and he arrived at Jellalabad, as we have seen, on the 14th July, only two days after Henry Lawrence, into whose hand he had the satisfaction of delivering a letter from his brother. "I left him quite well and in good spirits at Cabul four days ago." How near this fellow-captive seemed to bring the brothers!

George wrote :—

I can't see what the Afghan chiefs expect ; but the delay of the army gives them hopes that our Government do not intend to avenge the murder of their Envoy and massacre of our troops. We are all well, and continue to be well treated.

Pray give it out, on my authority, that the Sirdar's treatment of us has been from first to last *most kind*. No European power could have treated prisoners of war better. That I hesitate not to assert. There is a feeling, apparently, abroad, that we have been ill-treated, but 'tis very erroneous, and Akbar has enough to answer for, without this being added to his sins. Elphinstone could not have lived, had he remained at Budderabad, and his removal to Tezeen had nothing to do with his death.

This is both generous and true, as far as Mahommud Akbar Khan is concerned ; but some of our countrymen, who fell into the hands of other Afghan chiefs, fared very differently. The ten English officers in Ghuznee were confined in one room, 18 feet long and 13 feet wide, so that when they lay down at night they "exactly occupied the whole floor," and had to walk up and down (six paces) in turn, for exercise. Their clothes rotted on their backs ; vermin swarmed upon them, "the catching of which afforded an hour's employment every morning." After five weeks of this durance, the guards "shut and darkened the solitary window from which the prisoners had hitherto derived light and air."

Colonel Palmer, the senior officer, was brutally tortured to make him give up money. (See the narrative of Lieutenant Crawford, Bombay Army.) Captain Souter, H.M.'s 44th Regiment, wrote thus in January, from a village in Gundummuck, to Captain Macgregor, Political Agent in Jellalabad :—

In the massacre that took place a short distance from here, when the remains of my regiment were totally destroyed, not even a single officer has been saved except myself. . . . I am suffering from a severe wound and injuries sustained by my horse being shot under me. I am stripped

of everything except my shirt, pantaloons, and socks. These having been saturated with blood, are becoming extremely uncomfortable, and I am in a deplorable condition. The Mullick of the villa demanded 1,000 rs. for my freedom. These were the terms on which my life was spared. For God's sake, exert your good offices in my behalf, &c., &c.

Major Griffiths, of the 37th N. I., who had been made prisoner by the same chief, wrote in similar strain. He was to be sold as a slave, if he did not pay a heavy ransom. Happily, all these captives passed at last into the hands of Mahommud Akbar, who, in one mood, could murder a British Envoy, and in another could, with his own hands, dress the wounds of a lieutenant, or carry an English lady on his own horse across a dangerous river.

Captain Troup remained many days with General Pollock, and messengers went to and fro between Jellalabad and Cabul. The Afghan Wuzer was in a great hurry, but the British General was in none. He had now received from Lord Ellenborough a copy of that celebrated despatch by which Nott was authorised to "retire" from Candahar to India *via* Ghuznee, Cabul, and the Khyber; and though Pollock himself was only ordered "to make a *forward* movement in co-operation," and it was "not expected that he could go to Cabul,"¹³ he had at once written to Nott that he should meet him at the Afghan capital with a strong brigade, and had "half agreed" that Lawrence should go with him. Negotiations, therefore, became inconvenient and embarrassing, and, as the shortest way out of it, Pollock cooled in his tone, and tightened his conditions. "Retire at once from Afghanistan, and release the Afghan prisoners of war from India," said Mahommud Akbar, "and I will give you up the English captives."

"Send in the English guns and captives to my camp," replied Pollock, "and your father and family shall be at once set free. As for retiring from Afghanistan, I shall do so at my own convenience."¹⁴

¹³ Lawrence to Mr. Clerk, 22 July, 1842.

¹⁴ Some of the by-play of these negotiations was amusing. Replying to some of the other chiefs at Cabul early in June, Pollock had mentioned, "as a *persuader*, that about 25,000 men under the Commander-in-Chief are collecting at Ferozepoor, that 10,000 troops are on their way from England, that I have about 20,000, and Nott 15,000, and that if this overwhelming army advances it will be a fearful day for Afghanistan; that the delivery of the prisoners may appease the British, but that any further treachery will compel us to strike a severe blow." No sooner was this circulated in Cabul than Mahommud Akbar gave out "that 14

Such were the terms that Captain Troup took back to Cabul, and even these were by word of mouth. The absence of a written document aroused the suspicion of the treacherous Wuzeer, and once again he despatched Captain Troup to Jellalabad, to demand the terms in writing. With the fact of an Asiatic he associated George Lawrence with Troup in this final embassy, thinking, no doubt, that through his brother he would influence the General. Little did he yet know of the ways of Englishmen!

The ambassadors arrived on the 2nd August, and we can well imagine the meeting of the brothers. "Not being for good," Henry wrote to his wife, "makes it bring as much sorrow as gladness." Pollock was now bent on going to Cabul, and restoring the military reputation of his country. It grieved him to *seem* cold to the question of the prisoners, but he believed that he could dictate their unconditional surrender. He did not believe the threat which Mahommud Akbar had sent by the envoys, that he would send off every prisoner to Bokhara if Pollock's army advanced from Jellalabad. "Tell him I advance one brigade to Futtehabad in a few days," said Pollock, "and his best chance is to send in all the ladies in proof that he is in earnest."

With this message only, and without a line in writing, the two captive envoys bid a farewell which might be their last to all their friends in the British camp, and set forth again on the 6th August, to quench the hopes of the passionate and impulsive Akbar, and re-enter their prison.

Here I am (wrote Henry Lawrence to his wife) on the melancholy errand of seeing George off. We are at a fort called Oosman Khan's (belonging to a Baruckzye of that name). It is about fourteen miles from Jellalabad. They go on to-night, and I will remain here with Broadfoot¹⁵ for a day or two, as the place is cool and looks nice and shady. There is much to hope for, but in such hands there is always much to fear. We may believe that having been spared through so many perils, he will still be saved to us. As it is though, I almost wished he had been taken ill, that I might have gone back in his place.

men-of-war have been wrecked, half Calcutta burnt; and Burmah and Nepal are both *up*; which has occasioned such a demand for troops that not a man is left at Ferozepoor."—(*Correspondence of Sir George Pollock and Sir Richmond Shakespear with Captain G. Macgregor.*)

¹⁵ A small force under command of Major George Broadfoot, had been advanced by General Pollock, in the latter days of July, on the Cabul road, to cover the foraging parties from Jellalabad, and indicate the possible advance of the whole army.

‘He said, “What would Honoria say?”

I replied, “That I was right!”

But it was more than “a wish.” George had been ill when he left Cabul, and though he had got better on the journey to Jellalabad, Henry had made this a reason for proposing to change places. George would not hear of it, and wrote to Henry’s wife on the 5th. “We return to-morrow Cabul-wards; Henry as usual volunteering to go *for* me, but this I could not allow.” The wife’s reply showed her worthy of her husband:—

17th August.

And you offered to go in the stead of George, darling? I am glad you did it, and I am glad there was no time to ask me, lest my heart should have failed. But had you been taken at your word, though my soul would have been rent, yet I should never have regretted, or wished you had done otherwise.

George is as much to Charlotte as you are to me. He has five children, and you have but one. . . . It must have been a sad parting when dear George left you, and you will be more than ever impatient for his release. Is this release ever to be? The very chance there was of your taking his place makes me feel as if you had been there.

18th August.

Yes—you see I *did* say you were right in offering to go; and furthermore I shall say you are right if you *do* go to Cabul. I count my cost in so saying. So do you; and we are of one mind, thank God, in this as in other things.

It must have been a sad, sad parting when dear George left you at Oosman Khan’s fort. To have had him thus within our grasp, and to be obliged to give him up! Poor dear Charlotte!¹⁶

I can fancy her feelings when she hears of it. But while I can enter into all that, I feel it quite right that we should take our turn of bearing the burthen. You have probably been in as many dangers as George for the last eight months. The same hand has preserved you both; and in point of life and death I believe people are actually as safe in one place as another. But no heart can *feel* as if this were the case, and sore has been Charlotte’s trial of anxiety, and George’s too—more on her account than his own.

Therefore, dearest, if we could relieve them and take our turn of the heavy load, I am more than willing. God knows while I write this how I could endure the trial; but He has never yet forsaken us, and He will not now.

¹⁶ This alludes to George’s wife, then in England.

19th August.

Last night I was a long time awake, and felt great delight thinking of your offer to your brother, and how pleasing it must be in the sight of our great Redeemer, who gave Himself in the stead of His enemies that they might be made His friends—even His brothers. . . . The vivid feeling brought to my heart by your love and disinterestedness helped me more feelingly than I ever did before to thank Jesus Christ for what He did for our race, and for each individual of it.

20th August.

And now, my husband, listen to what I say, for it is the steadfast purpose of my heart. You have more than my acquiescence in your changing places with George. Besides which, I cannot but feel that there is not an officer now in Afghanistan who may not be made a prisoner.

Therefore, my Henry, if so it be your lot, your wife will be with you. I should be doing my duty, and God would strengthen me in soul and body.

The time was now coming when the fate of the British captives must be decided, as alone it could ever be, by British arms. General Pollock had got no answer yet from General Nott to his proposal that they should both meet at Cabul; but he asked his own heart what the answer was sure to be, and on the 7th August pushed forward a brigade under the gallant Sale to Futtehabad.

“It was the people of this place who cut up Dr. Brydon’s companions and destroyed the twenty-five or thirty survivors of the previous massacre.”¹⁷ And now Sale’s brigade marched into it burning for revenge. But they found the place in ruins. The energetic Broadfoot, with his handful of sappers and irregulars, had no sooner reached the fort of Oosman Khan, some days before, than he remembered him of Futtehabad and his poor countrymen murdered in their flight. The blood-stained inhabitants fled before him. He levelled their houses, and carried their roof-trees away on camels. The retribution had begun.

On the 15th August Nott’s long-looked-for decision reached Jellalabad, and Henry Lawrence, who was in the Sikh camp across the river, received this welcome note from General Pollock:—

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,

15th August.

NOTT expects to advance on the 10th instant from Candahar towards Cabul, and supposes that he might reach Cabul by the 15th

¹⁷ H. M. L. to Mr. Clerk, 7th August, 1842.

'proximo. I should like to consult you about the movements of the Sikhs when you can come over.

Yours,

GEORGE POLLOCK.

"I'll be over directly," replied Lawrence, and it was soon settled to his heart's content that he was to go on to Cabul with the General, taking 200 Sikh horse and 300 foot under his personal command. Other detachments of the Sikh contingent were to form posts of communication at Neemla and Gundummuck.

Five thousand mules and as many camels, that had been gathered together at great cost from all parts of Upper India, were by this time crowding the plains of the Punjaub in long dusty herds on their way to Pollock's army. But they could not reach Jellalabad in any numbers till the middle of September. It was now only the middle of August, and General Nott, who was a man of his word, had "*supposed* that he might reach Cabul by the 15th of September." The thought of being a day behind him was not to be endured even by a calm man, and Pollock marched out of Jellalabad on the 20th August. "I much doubt his reaching Cabul," wrote Lawrence on that day, "unless he leaves half his force behind. The camels are in a wretched state, and hundreds will die before he leaves Gundummuck."

Hundreds did die, and troops, tents, and comforts had to be left behind; but on went Pollock with his avenging army. "Recollect," he said three years afterwards in a letter to Lawrence, recalling the difficulties of the campaign, "that our Europeans went up in Sepoys' *pauls*,¹⁸ and the Sepoys with half their complement of tents. The greater part of them carried from Gundummuck seven days' provisions, and yet, for want of carriage, I left at Gundummuck two squadrons of cavalry, two horse artillery guns, and two wings of Native Infantry (the 33rd and 60th). And the night before we marched from Gundummuck I received a survey report signed by a *Brigadier*, that the camels of one regiment going forward were so bad they could not rise, even *without their loads*. My answer was, 'If they cannot, let the regiment relieve the two wings, who are ready to go *without baggage*!' The regiment marched to Cabul, and I heard no more about the camels."

Lawrence, with his Sikhs, joined the main army at Gundummuck

¹⁸ A slight kind of tent adapted for Native troops, and affording far less shelter from the sun than the tents used in India for English soldiers.

on the 30th August. Here General Pollock halted several days, and gathered up his ill-provided force, and made his last dispositions for the advance. It is not ours to plunge into the thick of that hard-fought but triumphant march to Cabul, telling how Pollock bore back the flag of England through those bloody defiles. The historian of the war has led us breathless through it, from crag to crag, and pass to pass, till the last stand of barbarian chivalry was broken, and we thanked God again for our country's recovered honour.

A few glimpses of the field, a few flashes of the battle, a few truthful touches of the actual, are all that is left for the biographer to glean from the hasty letters of those days :—

Camp Gundummuck, 30th August.

News of the 25th from Cabul. I much fear the prisoners will be carried away ; but they will not be hurt, and most likely be kept as hostages for our conduct, or something to induce us to treat.

31st.—We went with a strong party this morning four miles ahead, and saw the last scene of our friends' disasters. We saw a few horse-men, but they moved off.

1st September.—Fancy, this morning Fetteh Jung, son of Shah Shoojah, whom Mahommud Akbar made king, came in with four horse-men, having escaped from Cabul !

He says the prisoners are safe, and will not be allowed to be taken away. I trust it is true ; but have my fears. His coming, however, will be good for our cause. We fired a salute in honour of his arrival. The country around is very picturesque. We are within five miles of the base of the "White Mountain," and can trace the green valleys running up, and see the pine-trees on the sides. There is still a little snow in the crevices of the summit. The plane-trees are the most beautiful I have ever seen. At Bala Bagh and at Neemla are splendid gardens full of them.

6th September.—The General is going on with twice the troops he has carriage for. He has divided the force into two columns : I am with the second.¹⁹

¹⁹ (Copy.)

"SIR,—

Camp Gundummuck, 17th Sept., 1842,

"IN reply to your letter to my address of yesterday's date, Major-General MacGaskill instructs me to express his satisfaction at Major-General Pollock having arranged that he should have the advantage of your aid with the second column, with the view of obtaining supplies and information ; and he desires me to offer his best thanks for the handsome manner in which you have yourself tendered your services in all matters in which your exertions can be beneficial to the public interests.

"I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,

"H. HAVELOCK, Captain,

"To Captain H. M. Lawrence,

"Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General.

"Assistant Governor-General's Agent."

We have fewest troops but best officers,—Havelock amongst them. The air is heavenly, and I am all the better for knocking about. We have native letters from Cabul saying that General Nott has beaten Shumshooden and taken four guns from him, and is now besieging him in Ghuznee. The reports sound as if true, and are from different quarters. If Nott continues to get on well we shall have little or no opposition. Our camels are our worst impediments. The first column moves to-morrow; and the second next day.

7th September.—Pollock moved off this morning, but his rearguard will hardly be up by night. I went half-way. There was no opposition. If Pollock had halted a couple of days and rested his cattle, he would, I think, have arrived sooner at Cabul than he will now. But no, he must at all risks try and get before Nott.²⁰

Cabul, 16th September.

We arrived here yesterday, after beating the enemy at Tezeen and on the Huft Kohtul, where we lost 32 killed and 130 wounded.

To-day we raised the blue flag on the Bala Hissar, and looked at Futteh Jung seating himself on his throne.

Nott is to be in to-morrow or next day. He destroyed the citadel of Ghuznee and burnt the town. He has since been twice opposed. Supplies are coming in, and all sorts of delicious fruit are in abundance. The town was deserted, but the people are coming in.

Troup, the Andersons, Trevors, and Dr. Campbell are come in,²¹ and the Kuzzilbashes have gone to Bamean to bring in the rest. They will, I trust, succeed, but I don't feel confident. Numbers of Sepoys and followers have joined. Many are cripples. General Nott has also rescued 350 of the 27th N. I. Four horse-artillerymen who are in a fort near are to be brought in this evening. The Sikh contingent has surprised beholders by their good conduct. The tide of prejudice is, however, strong against them; and they have been given very little opportunity of doing much. What they *have* had they have made use of. At Soorkhab they were left in the rear of the rearguard to be pitched into. . . . The Kuzzilbashes and Doorancees are all in; but the reign of Futteh

²⁰ The Greek chorus looking on at this scene cannot abstain from solemnly remarking that General Nott was doing exactly the same—straining every nerve to get to Cabul before Pollock. The famous incident of Outram refraining from taking the command from Havelock till the latter had reaped the honour of entering Lucknow, was an act of surpassing magnanimity, and the nineteenth century must be content with it.

²¹ In pursuance of Mahommud Akbar's threat, "that General Pollock's advance should be the signal for the removal of the British prisoners to Turkistan, where he would distribute them as slaves to the different chiefs," he sent them off on the night of 25th August; but Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Trevor being invalids, were allowed to remain at Cabul with their children, Captain Anderson and Dr. Campbell to attend on them; and were there found by General Pollock.

Jung will not, I suspect, last longer than we are on this side of Passes. . . . I have no idea how long we stay here. The climate is that of Simla. The sun is hot, the air is cool. Many of the officers' faces are like beef-steaks. The cantonment was very badly placed; and, looking at the Bala Hissar, our wonder is great that General Elphinstone did not occupy it. . . . Mahommud Akbar, and Ameenollah, and Mahommud Shah were at Tezeen and the Huft Kohtul, and are said to have had 16,000 men with them. Two of their guns were taken at the top of the Pass,—they were never fired; but two below were opened on our rearguard. . . . Goad, of the 1st Cavalry, took a standard at Tezeen.

In the above letter Lawrence says nothing of his own services in the action at Tezeen, and only glances at the "tide of prejudice" in the British camp against the Sikhs under his command. So it ever is, and perhaps ever will be. Our armies in the field are apt to be more generous to their enemies than to their allies. But at any rate the public despatches of the commanders rose on this occasion above the ignorance and pettiness of the camp.

Colonel Richmond, who commanded the rearguard at Tezeen, and whose cool soldiership on that day won him the highest honour, spoke thus of Lawrence and his men:—

The enemy brought two guns to bear upon our position, which obliged me to place the remainder of the cavalry under cover of the high ground in the vicinity. These guns fortunately did no harm; and were soon after either withdrawn by the enemy or silenced by a fire of round shot from Lieutenant Douglas's nine-pounder, ably directed by that officer, and by Captain Lawrence, Political Agent, commanding the Sikh contingent, who handsomely volunteered his services on the occasion. . . . I feel it also just to notice the useful assistance afforded by the men of the Sikh contingent under Captain Lawrence, who took their full share of duty in the valley of Tezeen and in defending the different posts in the Pass.

General Pollock, in his despatch of the 14th September, to the Adjutant-General of the Army, honourably confirmed this testimony.

"The Lahore contingent," he said, "under the able direction of Captain Lawrence, has invariably given the most cheerful assistance, dragging the guns, occupying the heights, and covering the rearguard.

"While ascending Huft Kohtul, and at Tezeen, their long jezails told effectively in keeping the ground."

In these notices, Lawrence's love for his own proper branch of the service crops out quite naturally. He himself helps Lieutenant Douglas to lay the nine-pounder; and his Sikh cavalry, somehow or other, all drag the guns over the ugly places in the Pass. It was the same in the Khyber, both with Wild and Pollock; and the same throughout his life. Whenever duty took him under fire, the political and the artilleryman were at once united.

His "ambition was to serve with *the Blues*."

MY DEAR CLERK,—

Cabul, 22nd September.

THE day before yesterday I wrote you the happy tidings of our having met all our prisoners except Captain Bygrave.

They effected their own release by bribing their keeper, Saleh Mahomud, a man who was commandant of Hopkins's Afghan Corps, and deserted him two years ago, and has now played the same trick to Mahommud Akbar. The prisoners are all well, except Mrs. Anderson, who is still weak.

There were fifty-four European soldiers among the liberated. The affair was managed thus:—After much parley, the prisoners, through a committee (Pottinger, George Lawrence, Johnson, and Mackenzie), agreed to guarantee 1,000 rupees a month to Saleh Mahommud.

Pottinger assumed the powers of his old office as Political Agent; *displaced the Governor*; appointed a new one; got in some of the Huzara chiefs, and frightened away the old Governor and Mahommud Akbar's Master of the Horse with a party of Ghilzye jezailchees; and made two marches to Kaloo, on this side the Hindoo Koosh, where they met Shakespear and 610 Kuzzilbash Horse; and again at Killa Ashroo (thirty miles from this) met General Sale's Cavalry, we having left our Infantry on the top of the Sofeyd Khak Pass (six miles behind us), to hold it.

Providence and their own courage saved the prisoners; though they are also indebted to Shakespear, and might have been to us, had the enemy made any serious attempt on them. Pottinger managed admirably.²⁹

²⁹ "India, 'fertile in heroes,' has shown, since the days of Clive, no man of greater and earlier promise than Eldred Pottinger. And yet, hero as he was, you might have sat for weeks beside him at table and not have discovered he had seen a shot fired, or that he was other than a barrack-soldier. Soldierly and straightforward, he gave his opinion plainly and decisively at the last military council, in the presence of generals, colonels, and captains, his seniors, that it was destruction to retreat. But when the fiat was passed, he gave such aid as was in his power. He signed the doomed Treaty, knowing that he would be held responsible for what had been the work of others. As a prisoner he was respected and feared. Too downright, he was only referred to by the Afghans on emergencies. At Bamean his genius appeared to rise. Still a young man,—one of the youngest of the party of British officers,—he seems to have been unanimously elected leader

We are all well, and in great glee at getting our friends. I think that now an effort will be made for our Native prisoners in Kohistan and Loghur. A move for ten days, of 5,000 men, into either, with a little wholesome severity on the property of our enemies, would, I doubt not, very soon bring in our people, and perhaps procure the seizure of Ameenollah and other offenders, or even Akbar himself. The Kuzzilbashee have so far committed themselves with us that it would be their interest to help us to seize the Baruckzye leaders. . . .

Send this to Mrs. Lawrence.

To the Same.

23rd September.

. . . The ladies and children all look lovely. I trust that a move will be made to Loghur and Kohistan, to effect the release of our Native prisoners, who are there in hundreds. When we have got them, I shall return contented, and we may look the Native community in India in the face. . . . 240 of the Sikh contingent went with me to meet the prisoners. The Infantry have behaved very well indeed; the Cavalry less so. I wrote to you officially, asking that the Maharajah would favour Commandant Meer Jung Ali, the Adjutant Boga, and Soobahdar Moosa, and to write to *all* in commendation of their conduct; for, considering the way they have been treated in this camp, they deserve great credit. . . . Our army is badly off for carriage, and General Nott, though well provided, is averse to doing anything, and would not even move to the rescue of the ladies and officers. He is very ill. He is angry at General P. being here first, and is as *yagee*²³ as any Afghan.

As letters cannot be sent to the provinces, make it as public as possible that all is well, and the troops very healthy.

To the Same.

24th September.

I trust that the several places where our prisoners were confined may be razed to the ground, leaving no sign of our disgrace. To-day I was at the cantonment. It is a sad memorial of—what shall I say? You may fill up the blank.

The Envoy was murdered and his suite carried off from a spot only 350 yards of open plain from our S.E. bastion. The Commissariat Fort was little further off.

The hill from which Colonel Shelton was driven on the 23rd November

and to have effected what thousands of troops could not have done. It is a plain proof of what sort were 'the Afghan politicals,' that when misfortune had equalized the captives we no longer hear of General Shelton (General Elphinstone was from the first too ill to move); but when anything is to be done it is the three political officers, Pottinger, Mackenzie, and Lawrence, or Troup, a Shah's officer, to whom reference is made."—(*Henry Lawrence's Defence of Sir William Macnaghten, &c.*)

²³ Insubordinate, rebellious.

is not half-a-mile from the north face of the cantonment, and the village he attacked was between the cantonment and the hill, and *in five minutes* ought to have been in our possession. But enough.

To MRS. L.

25th September.

You will not be alarmed, I trust, that there are no regular mails. One man may stop our letters; and as it is known we are leaving the country, the chiefs between this and Gundummuck, who cannot oppose us in the field, can easily stop our letters. A strong force is going to the Kohistan to-morrow, which is good. General Pollock *would not* let me go. They are to be back in ten or twelve days, when we are to return to India. . . George and I are together. He is very well.

To MR. CLERK.

27th September.

Bygrave has come in—sent by Mahommud Akbar, who released him unconditionally.

I have just returned from seeing the Kohistan force half-way on their second march.

General P. *would not* let me go, either with or without my Lahore men (whom I said my brother would look after in my absence). Ameenoollah is said to have 2,000 men and several of the Kohistan chiefs at Istalif, and intends to fight. He sent a letter with sixteen seals of Kohistanee Sirdars to Mahommud Akbar, calling on him to come and oppose us if he was a Mussulman; but Mahommud Akbar replied that it was useless. M. A. is in the Ghorbund Valley, and 500 women of his party are there.

Surely, wherever the women can go, we can. The force gone out (two European and Native Infantry corps, two squadrons of Dragoons, and one of Native Cavalry, and Christie's Horse, eleven guns, and Broadfoot's Sappers) could march to Bokhara. Supplies are coming in well, although there is much plunder going on, in spite of the General's orders.

To MAJOR ALEXANDER, *Commanding 4th Irregular Horse, Ferozepoor.*

29th September.

. . . The Afghans have been so well thrashed by General Nott and by us that I don't think they will much molest our return.

If we would only now send a strong brigade into Loghur, and give up ten days to dismantling Ameenoollah's forts, we might then return *almost* with whitened faces. . . . We have got Buxie Bygrave, the last of the prisoners.

Indeed, Providence has wonderfully dealt with us. Our way has been smoothed most miraculously. At one time I thought I could not show my face again at Ferozepoor. Now I feel that we are, in a measure,

whitewashed. The cantonment here, however, is a melancholy picture. Would that all traces of our disaster could be wiped away !

To MR. CLERK.

30th September.

Yesterday General MacCaskill thrashed the Afghans well at Istalif. The despatch is in, but a private letter says that it was not the General's intention to have fought yesterday. He was changing ground (probably with a view of crowning the hills), when the enemy's skirmishers fired on our advanced guard, who returned the compliment. The enemy was then driven from position to position, and we took two guns, and recovered an immense quantity of our Cabul cantonment *loot*. Istalif was, I believe, the rendezvous of the Cabulees. No mention is made of Ameenollah, who doubtless took to his heels. There are now two of our guns in Loghur and two in Tézeen. We should get them, and might most easily do so.

General Pollock says that he will give the two Sikh guns to General Goolab Sing. They are two which the Afghans took at Jumrood from Sirdar Hurree Sing. . . . By permission, I took 100 Horse and 50 Infantry the day before yesterday, and burnt the fort of Sheokee, where the prisoners were confined, and one of Mahommud Shah's about a mile from it. We saw about a dozen horsemen, and from the hill above Sheokee a few shots were fired at us.

To MAJOR LEADBEATER, 53rd Regiment N. I., Jellalabad.

1st October.

There are very few people in the town of Cabul, which is much less of a place than I expected. It is said that Futteh Jung will return with us. If he does not, he will not be king many days after our departure.

A great many forts and villages have been burnt, and I fully expect to see Cabul in flames before we start, and half wonder it has escaped so long. . . . If our return is well managed, I don't think we shall be much molested. . . . General Nott is still ailing. . . . Brigadier Monteath and Colonel Richmond I look on as our best officers. The latter managed our rearguard at Tezeen admirably.

To MAJOR BLAIR, Commanding at Gundummuck.

2nd October.

Yesterday there was some plundering in the town, and a considerable commotion. My brother and I were in a *Humdám*,²⁴ out of which we got as quick as we could.

I shall not trust my precious self in Cabul again, for if burning and plundering be the order of the day, there will be lots of shooting, too,

²⁴ Hot bath.

and it is not my ambition to be potted at from a window or loophole by the ruffians.

From GEORGE LAWRENCE *to* MRS. HENRY LAWRENCE.

Cabul, 5th October

Henry rode out with Shakespear to Charakar on the night of the 3rd. He returns to-morrow, and the force the next day. . . . Reports are strong that we move in three divisions—the first on the 10th. It is not supposed that we shall meet with anything like determined opposition, though, of course, the Ghilzyes will annoy us as much as they can. I have sent in an application to be allowed to push on from Peshawur, with a view to getting furlough to Europe. Henry will, I fancy, accompany me, so that you may look for us early in December, and a very joyful meeting it will be. . . .

Of what use would it be to the widows [to give particulars of their husbands' deaths]?

The only survivors in the retreat are Griffiths, Souter, and Bygrave, and their account of one man's death is that of all. N. was never seen after the first barrier, so is supposed to have fallen there. M. reached Gundummuck, and there was killed. Strange to say, the body of H., of 5th Cavalry, was recognized there a few days ago, and buried.

The army found many letters, &c., on different bodies. Captain C.'s was found out by his name being on his socks.

All the captives are well, save Mrs. Trevor and Mrs. Anderson, who are still invalided from the effects of the Sheekee fever. . . .

I have received a complimentary letter from *all*, thanking me for my attention during the last eight months; and Pottinger has been voted a bit of plate for his services in effecting our release.²⁵

H. M. L. *to* MAJOR BLAIR.

6th October.

I have just returned from a run up to Charakar. The country is more level than anything I have seen in Afghanistan. To-morrow General MacGaskill returns. The Kohistanees were so well thrashed that they

²⁵ Henry Lawrence, in a MS. Defence of Sir William Macnaghten and his staff of political officers, thus speaks of his brother George:—"In captivity, as during the siege, his face was ever cheerful. He would give up his horse or his clothes. He would carry a soldier's wife on his pony, or for a whole march a child in his arms. He would serve out the rations, and beard the jailor to his face on behalf of his fellow-captives." The late General John Nicholson, who had been one of the shamefully treated prisoners in Ghuznee, but at the last joined the party of captives in Cabul, used to say that he never could forget the feeling of gratitude he experienced when George Lawrence received a small box of clothes from Henry, and immediately on opening it gave a shirt to Nicholson—the first he had for months. To others he distributed in the same way, according to their comparative wants, keeping little for himself.

have not molested his return. No orders yet, and all mystery; but I fancy we shall move on 10th or 11th.

Futteh Jung, I am sure, will go with us, for he has not a leg to stand upon, and Akbar will be here before we are at Tezeen. . . . Istalif is a very strong place, where, if the fellows had been worth their salt, they might have made an excellent stand. They had their property, their *loot*, and their families to defend, and yet ran like deer. Oh, if we could only have gone into half a dozen other valleys, and taught the whole country not to boast of the Cabul affair!

To MR. CLERK.

7th October.

It was said that we were to be off on Monday the 10th, but I fancy some arrangements are on the *tapis* about *leaving a Government here*; that will detain us a few days. Futteh Jung goes with us, and I cannot believe that any of Shah Shoojah's family can stand a month against Mahommud Akbar's energy. However, time will show.*

To CAPTAIN JOHNSON, *Deputy Assistant Commissary-General,*
Peshawur.

9th October.

I believe we march in three columns on Wednesday, 12th. The Bala Hissar is to be spared, but the troops are now destroying the Grand Bazaar. Futteh Jung is coming with us, but Shahpoor, his young brother is, I believe, fool enough to remain.

Mahommud Akbar will, I suspect, be here within a week of our departure; but this is merely my own opinion, for I have nothing to do with politics at Cabul, and am simply commander of 500 Lahore troops, who (tell Avitabile) have behaved very well.

To the Same.

11th October.

We march to-morrow for India.

How impossible for us now to enter into all the meaning that those few words, "We march to-morrow for India," must have had for the thousands brought together in the British camp at Cabul: the long cut off, but victorious, garrisons of Nott and Sale, who felt that God enabled them to stand firm while others had succumbed; Pollock's army, the conquerors of the Khyber, the avengers of the Cabul massacre, the rescuers of the English captives, and the vindicators of England's honour; the thankful Christian men and women saved at the last moment from the dungeons of Bokhara, where poor Connolly and Stoddart were left to perish:—all these so glad and joyous

at the home-like thought of getting back to "India;" but with them, heavy of heart, the band of Afghan princes and princesses, chiefs and partisans, who had reigned or sided with Shah Shoojah and the English too openly to remain, and who now look for the last time at the snow-capped mountains, green valleys, rich vineyards, rugged rocks, and rosy faces of their own country, and were going forth beggars and pensioners into exile among the dusky races and heart-wearingly plains of sweltering Hindustan. And as if to complete the strangeness of the scene, we catch a glimpse of a French General looking on at the triumph of English arms with hearty satisfaction. The Sikh regiments whom he had drilled and disciplined had begun to command their commander, to plunder him, and even to threaten his life. The Sikh government could give him no redress. He longed to escape from the the situation, and he saw in Pollock's return to India and Henry Lawrence's return to Ferozepoor a friendly door of retreat opening to "la belle Europe."

Du Camp de Pichavor le 1re Octobre, 1842

CHER MONSIEUR,—

VIVE Dieu, votre drapeau victorieux flotte de nouveau à Caboul. Je vous en félicite. C'était là ce que, comme Européen, je désirais bien ardemment; aussi dans le dîner qu'a donné dernièrement M. Mackeson ai-je porté de bien bon cœur un *toast* à la noble et louable audace du Général Nott, à la prudence consommée du Général Pollock, et à l'intrépide résolution des braves qu'ils commandaient, et qui ont opéré un si heureux résultat.

J'ai aussi bu à l'heureuse délivrance de vos malheureux prisonniers échappés par miracle des mains du Néron Afghan. Leur retour inespéré au milieu de leurs compatriotes a dû provoquer de bien vives émotions. Une scène aussi touchante et aussi mémorable mérite réellement d'être saisie par le burin de l'histoire.

Quant à vous, mon cher monsieur, votre joie a dû être complète, puisque vous avez eu en outre la satisfaction de serrer dans vos bras un frère cher, que vous aviez, pour ainsi dire, désespéré de revoir.

Maintenant, il ne me reste plus qu'à souhaiter que vous quittiez au plutôt cet infernal pays, et que vous laissiez là ce peuple sans roi, sans loi, et sans foi, livré à un guerre intestine, à fin que dans ses fureurs il s'extermine avec ses propres armes. Par là ceux qui survivront sauront un jour apprécier les sacrifices énormes que faisait votre gouvernement pour ramener chez eux la civilisation, tout en travaillant pour ses propres intérêts. Vouloir encore l'occuper ce serait le comble de la folie.

Croyez que ce sera pour moi un jour de jouissance que celui où je vous reverrai de retour pour l'Inde. J'y suis d'autant plus intéressé que

vosre retour m'ouvrira indubitablement les portes de la belle Europe, et vous savez que pour m'y diriger j'ai besoin de toute votre amitié pour trouver à Ferozepour les bateaux nécessaires pour la navigation du Sitlodge. . . . Adieu, mon cher monsieur: portez vous toujours bien, favorisez moi de vos nouvelles, et croyez que je suis bien sincèrement

Votre tout dévoué,

A. COURT.

So, on the 12th October Pollock marched from Cabul. He had done his work. He had taught the Afghan nation, by the only argument that can teach barbarians, that in the winter of 1841 they had triumphed only over one British General, not over the British power. He had rescued from captivity many English men and women. He had released at Cabul alone more than 500 frost-bitten and crippled native soldiers and camp-followers, whom he carried humanely to their own country.

He had fitly selected for destruction the grand bazaar of Cabul, in which "the mutilated remains of the murdered Envoy had been exhibited to the insolent gaze of the Afghans."²⁶

And he bore off with him to British India, as substantial proofs of victory, upwards of forty pieces of captured cannon. But he wreaked no un-Christian vengeance. To the utmost of his ability, he had restrained plunder; and, yielding to the petition of prince Shahpoor, who fancied he could rule the people who had dethroned and killed his father, he had even withheld his hand from razing to the ground the Bala Hissar, the citadel and pride of Cabul—a mark of military retribution which justice might have righteously demanded.

No organized opposition was made by the Baruckzye party to the homeward march of Pollock's army. A few predatory bands from the robber fastness of the Ghilzyes hung upon the rear for plunder, dashing in sometimes on a straggling column in the dusk of evening forcing on a fruitless skirmish, and sacrificing valuable lives.

But the Afghans as a nation stood aloof, heavily taking breath while they realised the unexpected fact that the English had finally withdrawn from their country, and left them free once more to choose their rulers by the savage *plebiscitum* of civil war.

Jellalabad and its dependencies had been offered by Lord Ellen-

²⁶ KAYE, Book VIII., Chap. iii.

In his despatch of 13th October, General Pollock states that this Bazaar was "built in the reign of Aurungzebe by the celebrated Murdan Khan."

borough to the Sikh sovereign, or, if he preferred it, to his great Warwicks, the Jummoo Rajahs.

The policy of the offer was doubtless good at the time when it was made, and it succeeded in throwing life into the co-operation of the Sikhs, whose country was our indispensable base of operations. But the policy of accepting it was very questionable, for the chronic difficulty of governing Afghanistan is that it produced a surplus of warriors, with a deficit of revenue.

To take away the fruitful province of Jellalabad was permanently to straiten the treasury of Cabul; and a hungry robber makes a bad neighbour. That the Sikhs could have held it, nevertheless, is highly probable.

Discussing the analogous question of Shah Shoojah's failure at Cabul, Henry Lawrence, in a letter to Mr. Marshman (20th July 1844), says very truly that:—

Had the Shah been more cruel, or, rather, more *severe*, he would have been probably now in power. . . . It required an iron man to rule Afghanistan—a man with little bowels of mercy, and a system such as Parliament and the English people would never have sanctioned. A twelvemonth of Avitabile's system would have *quieted* the country; but had an able military man been Envoy, and "gone up two or three yagee" valleys (say Nyrow, Zoomut, and Tugow), and *effectually* subdued them—gone into every nook, dismantled every fort, taken hostages, and left a strong post well provisioned and watered to bridle them—neither hangings nor bribes would have been long required. But where among our generals could we have found a fit man? Certainly not in any that first or last entered Afghanistan. I believe Havelock understood the needful better than any man there.

The Sikhs at any rate came to the same conclusion, and accepted Lord Ellenborough's offer; but they had been so long considering it that their decision arrived too late. Pollock's army had reached Jellalabad on the 22nd of October, and at once dismantled the fortress; and the Sikhs had no mind to place themselves in the position of Sale's garrison when the earthquake of the 19th February threw down their defences in the face of a besieging enemy.

"It may be doubted," says the historian of the war, "whether either party very much regretted the accident."⁸⁸

⁸⁷ Rebellious.

⁸⁸ KANE, Book VIII., Chap. iv.

Certainly we, who have become the heirs of the Sikhs, may be thankful that the British border does not lie on the west of the Khyber.

There were some thoughts of breaking up the head-quarters of the Afreedee clans as the army returned through the Pass, and punishing them for all the trouble they had given; but after being "ten hours on horseback exploring the road from Dhakka, Lawrence was obliged to report it so bad that the expedition was abandoned, and Pollock contented himself with taking a free passage through the Khyber, and blowing up the fort of Ali Musjid as a last farewell. "We bowled through the Khyber as if it had been the road between Hammersmith and London," wrote Lawrence to Mr. Clerk, as he once more encamped with his Sikh contingent at Jumrood, in the Peshawur valley, on the 1st of November.

How still a harbour seems after a storm! Breakers outside, calm within. It is but a dead heart that is not touched by the sudden change; and we can all sympathize with the home-scene which in an instant ends the war:

From MRS. LAWRENCE to MRS. HAYES.

Ferozepoor, December 11th, 1842.

It was George who mended the pen I have taken in hand to begin this with, beloved sister.

Just fancy us all together here—Henry, George, and me. . . .

From H. M. L.—on same Sheet.

DARLING LETTICE,—

HERE is my own beautiful handwriting to certify that I am now in "the presence." Like a bright particular star, I shot past the army at Peshawur and reached the River Ravee, fifty miles off, twenty days ago; and having sent my traps into Lahore, was in the act of riding there myself, when I heard that my dear wife had arrived at Ferozepoor; so, turning my horse's head this way, I rode straight in, and happily found her at the ferry all well. Thus has our almost twelvemonths' pilgrimage terminated in joy and gladness; both of us in better health than when we parted, and our wee man improved more than we could have hoped.

I had left the King and Court of Lahore to lament my delayed visit; so, after a few days' stay, I went over to Lahore, and was there made much of, putting me in mind of the days of Coriolanus, Antony, and such worthies, and having received a dress of honour and a sword worth

300 guineas,²⁹ went on to Umritsir (the Sikh Canterbury), and thence by Loodiana back to Ferozepoor in ten days. . . . Now, let me tell you how lovely and loving I found my precious wife and child, and how in both I am repaid for all my cares and anxieties.

She was a good, *most* good wife before, but I'm innocently told by her that she will *try* and be better now.

And my little son, when he rushes to his old papa, and cuddles up to him, shows how his father's name has been instilled into his heart.

²⁹ The rules of the service on the subject of presents did not permit him to retain even this honourable memento of the Sikh alliance.

From a memorandum taken on depositing it in the Treasury, the sword appears to have been set with emeralds, rubies, and pearls, in true barbaric splendour.

CHAPTER X.

1842.

IT was on the dusty plain of Ferozepoor that the gay army gathered which, in the autumn of 1838, so lightly marched to dethrone Dost Mahommud Khan, and set Shah Shoojah on the throne of Cabul. That army is under the snows. Its chiefs, civil and military, lie low in Afghan graves. The puppet-king has toppled down upon the lifeless hands that lately held him up. And now, in the winter of 1842 a second army has avenged the first, and is welcomed at the Sutlej under salvos of artillery by a third army "of reserve," assembled to keep the Sikhs in check, while Sale, with the remnant of his "illustrious garrison," Nott, with the reconquered gates of an Indian Temple,¹ and Pollock with worthier trophies, the rescued British captives, retire through the Punjaub amid the muttered threats of the Khalsa soldiery, that the English should soon be driven from India as they had been driven from Afghanistan.

It is on the same dusty plain of Ferozepoor that these new host gather. Where the war opened, there it ends. Miles of canvas camps spring up in the wilderness and people it with English, Indians, and Afghans in motley costumes, speaking many tongues. The tents of the Army of reserve, fresh from cantonments, are new and white, pitched rigidly in lines like soldiers on parade, but large, wide-spread, and traversed by broad streets, telling at once of pipe-clay discipline

¹ About the opening of the eleventh century Mahmood the Destroyer, in his last invasion of India, carried away the sandal-wood gates of the renowned idd-temple of Somnath, on the coast of Guzerat, and placed them at the entrance of his own tomb at Ghuznee. Lord Ellenborough ordered General Nott to bring back these gates to India, as a memorial of British power, and proclaimed his intention to re-erect the gates of the shrine whence Mahmood had torn them—thus "avenging the insult of 800 years." But the Home Government of India forbade it as an unseemly triumph to the Hindoos and insult to the Mahomedans of India.

The gates were therefore deposited in the Fort of Agra.

and the habitual peace and ease of Indian provinces. The camps of Nott and Sale and Pollock, how different they are ! Long marches through mountain passes in an enemy's country, scant forage, and dying camels, have reduced their baggage to a minimum. Two or three officers are living together in each tent. The tents themselves are old and weather-beaten, as if blown down in many a storm and chafed over many a rock. What few there are of them are pitched in serried ranks, rope between rope, "locked up" like soldiers in a column. These camps have been moving castles in a land of foes.

So with their inmates. In the Army of Reserve the bugle sounds or the drum beats, and out of those snowy tents the fair-faced British soldiers and the dark Indian sepoy come swarming forth, all clad alike in the red uniform of England, bright and new, with belts of spotless white. They fall into their ranks and their brigades. No regiment there less than a thousand strong ; and their colours (glorious in silk and gold device, and fresh-embroidered names of bygone battles) fly proudly out as they march by in faultless lines to the music of their bands. Compare the troops just come back from the war. Dwindled low in numbers, half clothed in Afghan goatskins, and bronzed with a long campaign, their standards rent and smoked in many a fight, and nothing bright about them but their musketlocks and swords, the horse and foot of Pollock, Nott, and Sale take up their ground. No martinet would praise them as loosely and easily they jog along, like men who long ago have thrown their leather stocks away at some mountain's foot. A few fifes, drums, and bugles are all the "band" that is left them. But they march with the habitual step of victory and endurance, and an irrepressible cheer bursts from their comrades of the reserve as the arid plain resounds under their feet.

Together the two armies are a gallant sight—45,000 soldiers of all arms passing in review before the chiefs of two great States. An embassy of nobles is there from the Sikh court to congratulate the English on the victories which have restored their prestige in India. The commander-in-chief is there with all his staff, welcoming his generals back from wars which he disapproved. And high above the brilliant throng, on a monster elephant of state, sits the new Governor-General of India, with a bearing not unworthy of the ruler of a fifth of the human race. It is his fortune to close in victory the war which his predecessor began in wrong and left in disaster ; and happier still, to release from captivity in India, and restore to his country, the

master spirit of Central Asia, on whose alienation and dethronement millions of money and thousands of brave lives had just before been lavished.

For two whole months the great camp a Ferozepoor is "a whirl of reviews, parades, festivities," (and Mrs. Lawrence adds in her journal), "lamentations; for all the show and glitter could not fill up in many a lonely heart the place of those who were never to return."

Prejudice too must have its howl at such a time. It cannot be forgotten even in the hour of victory, that great calamities have overtaken the British arms, so little used to reverse or check in Asia; and wounded pride finds it easier to throw the blame on a civilian and his political staff than to admit the possibility of worn out or insubordinate generals, the gravest military errors, miserably divided councils, and, in consequence, demoralized troops. Lord Ellenborough's own genius has a strong military bent, and while delighting to honour successful soldiers with the first and greatest rewards that come to hand (careless apparently whether they best fit the men or not), his brow darkens at the very name of "an Afghan Political," who yet may have done good service to the State.

Fortunately for Henry Lawrence, though he bears the political brand, it has not eaten into his flesh. He only served with Pollock's avenging army, and has been as free with his sword as with his pen. His exertions to feed the army at Peshawur, his daily exposure in the Khyber, and his management of the Sikh contingent, have been marked by the Governor-General with unwonted approbation.

Mr. Clerk loses no opportunity of acknowledging how much has been due to his energy and stoutness of heart. And when it comes to the distribution of rewards, Henry Lawrence is appointed Superintendent of the Dehra Dhoon.

This is the most favoured valley at the Southern foot of the Himalaya Mountains, bounded by the Jumna on one side, the Ganges on the other, and shut in from the plains of Upper India by the Sewalik Range.

The Goorkhas took it from the Rajah of Gurhwal in 1803, and the British took it from the Goorkhas in 1815. The hill of Kalunga, immortalized by the death of the gallant General Gillespie under its walls, is on its eastern boundary; and the hill sanatoria of Mussooree and Landour are on the northern. Covered with forests which mantle a rich virgin soil, and possessed of a climate suited at once to tea, cotton, sugar, opium and hemp, it is pre-eminently a district

to be placed in the hands of a man who has a heart and a head for developing resources, and improving the condition of all around him. Such a man was Henry Lawrence, and he repaired to his new post early in January, 1843, full of ardent plans of usefulness. He at once set himself to explore the country under his charge, and had just "traversed the Dhoon from Hoptown to Hurdwar" when he was recalled.

This was no caprice of the Governor-General's. It was found to be illegal to appoint other than a covenanted civilian to the appointment, and much against his own will, Lord Ellenborough cancelled the arrangement.

It was now difficult to find another suitable post for Lawrence. At one time the Governor-General thought of sending him to the Saugor territories, whence the whole administrative staff had been most unceremoniously expelled. At another, his lordship suggested that "he would make a very good Governor of Sukkur," in the province of Sindh!

But to both of these plans Henry Lawrence's health was (fortunately for his future) a decided obstacle. At length the Gordian knot was cut by transferring Mr. Henry Vansittart, of the Civil Service, from the district of Umballa, in the cis-Sutlej States, to the Dehra Dhoon, and Henry Lawrence from the Dhoon to Umballa, with the reversion of the Simla Hill States on the promotion of their present incumbent. "I need not say how sorry I am for this disappointment and derangement of all your plans," wrote his kind friend Mr. Clerk; "but as it combines your commanding at all times a hill-climate within six hours' *dāk* for yourself, and permanently for your family, while keeping you handy to the Punjaub frontier, you may hereafter find little cause to regret the change."

The title of his new appointment (Assistant to the Envoy at Lahore) was indeed singularly prophetic of the end to which his career was tending. But this he could not foresee; and his only feeling in coming to Umballa was bitter disappointment at losing such a field for pioneering as the Dhoon.

Another mortification overtook him in the distribution of military honours for the last campaign in Afghanistan. The position he had held upon the frontier, and his services with the army from Peshawur to Cabul, fully entitled him to the distinction of the Bath; but when the list of C.B.'s appeared in the *Gazette*, his name was not among them. This is no uncommon fate for the officer who

commands an auxiliary force of irregulars, or foreigners, in co-operation with the main army. His rough and ready men are used (and wisely used) to scour the country for intelligence and supplies, to bring up magazines from the rear, to make reconnaissances in the front, or diversions on the flanks. They are kept afoot, or in the saddle, from morn to night. They hold posts; they skirmish; they cover the foragers; they stop all kinds of gaps, and eke out all attacks;—in short, they are used remorselessly on all occasions to save the regular troops, who are the most precious material, and the ultimate stand-by of the expedition. This, indeed, is their right and proper use. But their service is seldom adequately acknowledged when the campaign is over and the battle won. It seems to be one of the severest tests of the justice and generosity of a general.*

These professional crosses, and health wearing out, inclined Henry Lawrence to go home, for a time, at least, to England: and we find him writing thus to his sister, Mrs. Hayes, from the adjacent hill-station where he was building a new cottage for Mrs. Lawrence and Alick:—

DARLING LETTICE,—

28th May, 1843.

HERE am I again with my old wife in our pleasant cottage of Kussowlee. My visit is a flying one, but better than none. . . . My own dearest sister, my thoughts are often with you, so as to make me long to go home; often do we determine to do so, and then comes some objection not to be got over;—but wherever we are we shall ever be the same, entirely one in heart with you, our darling sister. We have got *two* rooms in our house, and have four children, as well as our four selves, and to-morrow or next day are to have another—a little Napier. We are building another cottage close to this, and shall then be very comfortable. Clerk, we hear, is Governor of Agra. I *ought* to succeed him here, if knowing anything about the work has aught to do with the matter. . . . I dont think you would see much difference in me, further than the wrinkles that time has drawn upon my face; in all else I am much as I was—perhaps a little tamed and quieted by years, but still with impulse enough for half a dozen such frames as my own.

Mr. George Clerk was, beyond a doubt, the most accomplished

* An instance has been known of a general leaving out of his victorious despatch 20,000 men, because they were irregulars; and when reminded, proposing to put them into a postscript.

Indian diplomatist of his day. His conduct of relations with the Sikhs in very difficult times had given equal satisfaction to both his own and the Lahore Government. And if his firmness during the panic which followed the disasters in Cabul, and his constant counsel to retrieve the national honour, had not always been acceptable at Calcutta, the result had established his wisdom and increased his reputation. To supply the place of such a man on his promotion to the government of the North-West Provinces might well seem difficult; and, "if knowing anything about the work had ought to do with the matter," Henry Lawrence might well look to succeed his master.

But great was the astonishment of the world when, as if in scorn of the diplomatic school, the honour was thrust upon the colonel of a regiment who had done right good service in the late campaign, but who had neither experience nor vocation for political affairs, and who probably felt it as the reverse of a reward to have the anxieties of the frontier laid upon him when the Sikh court was seething like a cauldron. Lord Ellenborough's Council, however, could find no "illegality" in this appointment; and the error of judgment was left to correct itself.

For all these outside annoyances and cankers of public life, Henry Lawrence had the unfailing compensation of a happy home. As in the survey, so in civil administration, his wife thoroughly entered into all his work and went with him everywhere; while Alick desired no better playroom than the "Cutcherry," where he made cocked hats of the police reports and rode astride on the sword of a captured robber. There was no greater treat for the jaded magistrate than to find such lines as these laid upon his table, to draw him off from the burdens and remind him of the blessings of his lot:—

THE LITTLE HAND.

That hand of thine, my precious child,
 How oft its soft caress I woo,
 And ask, with many a hope and fear,
 What is that little hand to do?

How ductile, soft, unworn by toil,
 The ready instrument of play,
 It executes the fancies quaint
 That make thy life one holiday.

It rolls the ball, it guides the pen,
 And cyphers strange can deftly trace,
 And oft, with warm affection's gush,
 It fondly strokes my careworn face.

Thy mimic arms it well can wield,
 And rein thy small and steady steed ;
 And when we con the lettered page,
 Points to the tiny words we read.

And in thy parents' hand 'tis clasped,
 When night and morn our prayer is prayed ;
 And pillows oft thy rosy cheek,
 When slumber's spell is on thee laid.

'Twill not be always thus, my boy,
 For real life has other tasks—
What is that little hand to do ?
 Once more thy yearning mother asks.

Is it to guide the seaman's helm ?
 Or point the gun mid flash'ng swords ?
 Or will it wield the student's pen,
 And clothe thy thoughts in living words ?

Will it be hard and brown with toil ?
 Or pale with sickness' livid hue ?
 Oh ! could thy mother's heart divine,
 What is that little hand to do !

But, might her fervent prayer prevail,
 Unsullied should that hand remain,
 Clean from corruption's filthy touch,
 And pure from every sinful stain.

Still ready for thy Master's work,
 The servant of a willing mind,
 More prompt to give than to receive,
 And grasped in many a greeting kind.

And may another hand be found
 To hold it in love's wedded grasp ;
 And may the hands which God has joined
 Be one—till death shall loose their clasp !

February, 1843.

Lawrence had scarcely been two months in the Umballa district and marched through every mile of it, when he was once more called

upon to move. The Rajah of Kythul, a territory adjoining the district of Umballa, died in March 1843, leaving no issue; and his country lapsed in consequence to the British Government. Some retainers of the family, who wished to make an opportunity for plundering their dead master's treasury, incited the soldiery to resist the transfer.

One of Mr. Clerk's assistants was encamped with a small escort outside the walls. The Kythul troops attacked the camp in open day, overpowered the British party, and drove them out of the field. A force was, after some delay, sent from the cantonment of Kurnaul, to enforce obedience. But plunder had begun; and the very troops who had come to stop it caught the contagion. The feeling seemed to be that the Rajah had no heirs, and his property was fair game.

On hearing of the outbreak, Mr. Clerk had ordered Henry Lawrence to the spot, and he hurried over from Umballa. He saw with his own eyes the plunder going on, but in vain he remonstrated. "If officers plunder," he wrote to the officer in command, "it will be impossible to prevent the soldiers and camp-followers doing so;" and he demanded that "all the officers within the town and fort" might be called upon "to give up every article of property that they may have taken possession of since their arrival."

In after years he used often to relate with indignant humour, as a specimen of the scene of licence, that he saw one party lowering a gig over the walls to another down below. In the end, he felt it his duty to send in charges against one officer of a British Regiment, whose men broke open the very treasury over which they stood on guard.

A long and painful court-martial followed, at which Lawrence was the principal witness. The officer was honourably acquitted of any participation, and escaped with a military reprimand; but Lawrence's uncompromising treatment of the affair displayed a moral courage worthy of imitation.

It now became necessary to appoint an officer to administer the lapsed State of Kythul; and Lord Ellenborough himself intimated to the Envoy that of all his assistants "Major Lawrence was the best qualified for the charge." Intimations from Lord Ellenborough were not to be disputed; so Henry Lawrence gave up Umballa, which he had just thoroughly explored, and proceeded to take what root he could in the third district which had been given to him in those months.

It did not seem credible to Lawrence's impulsive mind that being played at chess with in this manner evinced Lord Ellenborough's knowledge of the value of the piece. The moves brought him much expense and trouble, but never any increase of pay, nor even a kind word of regret or encouragement; and he naturally felt aggrieved that he alone in the Agency should be thus knocked about by his lordship.

In this he did Lord Ellenborough an injustice, which happily, he soon discovered.

Not, however, before another perverse aggravation had stepped in. One day in September, while deep in the settlement of the land revenue of Kythul, he received a thick, heavy, and carefully sealed packet, franked by Lord Ellenborough, and addressed to "Major Lawrence, C.B." The soldier-heart of the "Political" might be excused if it leapt up at this address, and said to itself, while the seals were being torn, "Well, here it is at last! Pollock has done me justice, and Lord Ellenborough has taken the trouble to get me a C.B.-ship. Better late than never. This *will* please Honoria!" The last wrapper is torn off, and out tumbles a Cabul medal, much like a half-crown; but, alas! no order of the Bath. It is simply a mistake of his lordship's. Could anything be more annoying?

Nevertheless, the Governor-General's supposition that Lawrence was a C.B. augured a feeling that he ought to be, and drew from him what hitherto he had restrained—an avowal that he had felt himself passed over, and a modest recital of his services.

Before any answer could be received to this appeal, another portentous letter came to hand. It was from Mr. Thomason, the Foreign Secretary to Government, dated 16th September, 1843, and thus it ran:—

SIR,—

I have the honour to acquaint you that the Governor-General in Council has been pleased to appoint you Resident at the Court of Nepal, from the 1st December next, on the same allowances as the present Resident, viz., 3,500 rs. per mensem.

2. You will proceed so as to assume charge of the appointment in December next, or as soon after as may be practicable.

A private note from Lord Ellenborough himself made the appointment still more considerate and kind:—

Calcutta, September 16th, 1843.

MY DEAR MAJOR LAWRENCE,—

I HOPE your health will be re-established in the hills of Nepal, to which we have to-day sent you as Resident. You must be there, if you can manage it, by the 1st of December. Lieutenant S— will remain there for some months to tell you who men are, and we will then give him some other appointment, unless you should wish to keep him.

Believe me .

Yours very faithfully,

ELLENBOROUGH.

After all, then, the Governor-General, though shrouded like Jove, and thundering through the clouds, had marked him, and was at heart his friend. Often and often Thomason had intimated as much, and in his calm, wise way, tried to pour oil on the troubled waters, but in vain. Now in gentle reproach he wrote, "I hope you like your appointment in Nepal. I happen to know that Lord Ellenborough selected you for it, in a great measure, because he hoped the climate would agree with you, and enable you to stay in the country. If all the speeches you and he have made regarding each other during the last year were noted down, whose would read best?"

To complete the little heap of coals of fire, there came in due course this kind reply about the C.B. mistake.

Barrackpoor, September 24th, 1843.

DEAR MAJOR LAWRENCE,—

I REALLY am very sorry that in error I addressed a letter to you as C.B., and thus excited expectations which were disappointed. I have no power in the distribution of honours after the decision of the Queen's Government has once been pronounced.

The appointment recently made by me will have afforded ample proof of the estimation in which your zeal and ability are held by me.

Believe me,

Dear Major Lawrence,

Yours faithfully,

ELLENBOROUGH.

So now the sun has broken out upon the lot of Henry Lawrence. Hitherto, he has been ploughing deep, and sowing wide. Now it is his to reap. But even in reaping there is labour; and, though he has climbed up to the table-land of the highest offices in India, the chief work of his life lies yet before him.

At the very time that Lawrence was nominated to the Nepal

Residency, the revolutions at the Sikh capital broke out. Maharajah Sher Sing was murdered by the Sindhauwalla chiefs, in conspiracy with the Wuzeer, Rajah Dhyan Sing.

As the conspirators drove home together from the deed of blood, the Sindhauwallas assassinated their confederate, the Minister, and seized the palace. The Minister's son, Rajah Heera Sing, appealed to the army for revenge, and raised their rate of pay.

The corrupted soldiery stormed the palace, shot down the Sindhauwallas, and placed Heera Sing in his father's place as Minister of the child-king, Dhuleep Sing, who succeeded to the throne. Soon afterwards the same troops, for a higher price bid by the King's uncle, changed the Ministry after their prætorian mode, by hunting Heera Sing to death in a bloody chase across the Ravee. A panting pause ensued, and the warders of the British borders wondered what next.

In such a critical state of Punjaub affairs, Henry Lawrence felt unwilling to be absent ; and knowing that Colonel Richmond's health had broken down under the anxieties of the frontier, he proposed to him to exchange appointments, if the Governor-General would permit. Colonel Richmond was glad of the offer. He felt that "he could not possibly remain there another year ;" that the climate of Nepaul "might enable him to work on a few years longer ;" and that Lawrence's knowledge of frontier politics was so much greater than his own that on public grounds Lord Ellenborough might be pleased with the arrangement. Lawrence, also, had health to consider, and did not disguise from himself that he "ran some risk," but "having the hills within reach, in case of sickness," he thought that "for a few years" he could "perform the duty to the satisfaction of Government." On consulting Mr. Clerk, however, his judgment was found to be so entirely against it, that the thought was abandoned.

He was satisfied that Lawrence's health "would never stand the exposure that he must incur in order to work efficiently, and that by May next, if not sooner, he could not conscientiously affect to carry on the duties on the frontier." The scheme was therefore dropped, and Lawrence applied himself, during the few weeks that remained before starting for Nepaul, in advancing the measures he had originated for the benefit of Kythul.

The most important of these was what is called in India a "summary settlement" of the land revenue for a term of three years ; that is to say, a *pro tempore* assessment of the territory that had just lapsed to the British Government, made as promptly as possible on the best

data that the local records and *coup d'œil* of the country afforded, as not to leave the agriculturalists in uncertainty as to their burdens, while affording time for a more deliberate assessment that should last for twenty or thirty years.

His "report" of this settlement is dated "Kurnaul, 10th November, 1843," so that it was actually finished while travelling to Nepal; and throughout its pages there is a real, living interest in the prosperity of the people he was leaving, increased rather than diminished by the feeling that he was going to another field, not knowing who would succeed him at Kythul, and carry out or upset his plans.

One or two things in the "Report" are worth noting. Circumstances placed Henry Lawrence, in later years, in positions where his duty was to prop Native States, battle for the faithful observance of British treaties, and soften the fall of conquered chiefs; and hence his name has become a watchword to those who would save the Native aristocracy of India, and, if possible, ingraft them in one imperial system. But he loved the people no less than their chiefs; and the real truth is that he was the friend of whichever side was down. At the very outset of this report on the revenue of Kythul, after visiting personally "almost every village in the territory, during April, May, and July," and inspecting the records of ten years recollections, he states that, under the rule of the deceased chief "the estates had been year after year deteriorating, and that much of the territory was in a fair way of becoming perfectly desolate." The same report has, in truth, to be made in nine cases out of ten, where, British succeeds Native rule, though exceptions may be found both ways.

Here and there an independent state may be seen in which moderation has prevailed. Here and there an English administrator has been known to drive a people from their soil. But as a rule, the best friends of the Native chiefs must admit that, unless under the fear of an English eye, they have little bowels for their people. And all who have studied the subject know that herein lies the difficulty of earnest governors like Henry Lawrence, who wish to be partisans of neither chiefs nor people, but to secure the rights of both.

In illustration, he found the land revenue of the country farmed out to contractors. Lawrence's first labour was to get rid of these middle-men, and give the leases to the owners and cultivators of the soil,—in itself a radical reform.

Next he abolished all cesses and extra charges, such as poll-tax,

cattle-tax, presents to officials, supplies of grass and wood, and, above all, forced labour.

In many cases he remitted the revenue altogether, so as to give time for recovery; "but in all these instances," he says, "I have bound down the *zemindars* to dig and prepare new wells, or to repair old ones, and to bring in a certain number of ploughs before the expiration of the present lease. Indeed, what I held out to all was the improvement of their lands as the price of their present moderate assessment."

In the same spirit, he "endeavoured by all means to encourage the growth of potatoes, sugar, cotton, and useful trees."

The latter were very scarce; and while thousands of acres were overrun with small jungle, there was "not a timber tree in the district." He himself "planted some miles of road with trees," and gave out "large quantities of seed for plantations."

Measures like these soon bear their fruit in India. Immigration set in from the neighbouring independent States; exiles returned to their old lands; and in the six months that Lawrence had charge of Kythul, ploughs had already increased fifty per cent.

For parallel reasons, scoundrels, who loved unsettled lands, moved off.

"A year ago," he says, "Kythul itself, and its whole border, was as lawless a tract of country as any in India. Something, I hope, has been done to reclaim it. Many notorious offenders are in confinement, or have emigrated, and all see that plunder and violence will no longer be permitted."

It is remarkable how clearly he saw his way even then in the question of disarming a people—one which was subsequently dealt with in the Punjab with eminent success, yet one which the warnings of 1857 have been insufficient to carry through the great body of the Empire. "One of my first acts was to order all fire-arms to be delivered up at the several *thannahs*, and to forbid more than one sword for ten houses to be retained; to which I mainly attribute the peace and quiet of the country during the last six months; for although I do not suppose that all the arms were actually given up the order made the heads of villages responsible for their not being used; and I have now the pleasure of thinking that, while almost the whole of the boundaries of the district have been settled,³ not only

³ A disputed boundary is one of the commonest causes of affrays and bloodshed in India.

has no life been lost, but I am not aware of a single affray having occurred in a country where it has not been unusual for ten or twenty men to be killed in a single village."

Lastly, he urges Government to "open out good roads, and combine with the work a system of drainage that would improve the salubrity of the country, render it at all seasons passable (which is far from the case now), and improve, by the judicious application of now waste waters, lands at present unproductive." He points out a line for one canal which would pay thirty per cent. if only open from April to December; and adds, "I can confidently state that it would do more to reclaim the people than any measure I am aware of; for water being 60 or 100 cubits from the surface, the means of the people seldom admit of wells, even for drinking purposes; . . . but a canal would gradually convert the graziers and cattle-stealers of that border into cultivators."

These peeps into Henry Lawrence's summary settlement of Kythul will give to many at home a better idea than they had been able to get before of the nature of a revenue officer's work in India. They will see that though the collection of the land revenue for Government is a part, it is by no means the main part of his duty; and that at least nine tenths of his time are given to measures which may raise the status and add to the happiness of the people.

On the night of the 5th November Lawrence and his wife started for Nepal. The first night's travel brought them to Kurnaul, which a year ago had been the head-quarters of the Sirhind division of the army, and one of the finest cantonments in India; but the Delhi Canal had rendered it unhealthy for two or three successive years, and, without much trial of remedial measures, the noble pile of barracks was abandoned. Probably the Governor-General was glad of the opportunity to advance his frontier division to Umballa, at a time when the arrogant Sikh army might cross the Sutlej any day. Certainly, when they did cross, Umballa was not found 4 mile too near.

At Kurnaul, Henry Lawrence found his civilian brother John just returned from England married; and the two brothers and two wives passed a few happy days together in the one inhabited house, surrounded by "long lines of barracks, hospitals, and stables, flagstaff, racket court, church, bungalows, gardens, out-offices, all empty; all looking as if a plague had devastated the station in a night." 4

During this quiet interval, while John was daily working in Cutcherry, Henry's restless mind found the necessary leisure for drawing up a defence of the late Sir William Macnaghten, over whose memory an angry and half-informed world seemed resolved to fling the pall of the Cabul massacre.

The "defence" was indeed written at the request and in the name of the Envoy's widow, from the papers in her possession, and was thrown off *currente calamo*, in one generous fit of indignation at the injustice that was being piled on the grave of a dead man. John considered it the best thing his brother Henry ever wrote. It was despatched by the next mail for publication in England, but was lost in the wreck of the steamer "Memnon."

It was afterwards re-written at Nepaul, and reached home in safety but has hitherto remained unpublished. The general scope of it was to show that, whether the policy of the Afghan war was right or wrong, its failure was purely a military failure, and Sir William Macnaghten was in no way responsible for it. On the contrary, when the insurrection broke out, he stood alone in advocating those soldierly measures which would at once have put it down.

One passage only can be quoted here, but it is one that illustrates not only the argument in hand, but the genius of Henry Lawrence. It is not well written, as writing goes. He never did write well. He thought vigorously and impetuously, and his pen tried hard to keep up with his thoughts, but could not manage it. Thus he rushed onwards from one broken sentence to another, and sometimes deposited a single word by way of memorandum in the middle of a page, that he might fix a new idea at the bottom.

A wife, a friend, an editor was always wanted to cross his *t's*, dot his *i's*, and fill up these blanks with the stuffing of composition. But it was worth the trouble, as this passage will show; for, penned in 1843, it lit up by sheer fire of thought the darkest future of 1857:—

Asia has ever been fruitful in revolutions, and can show many a dynasty overthrown by such small bands as, on the 2nd of November, 1841, rose against our force at Cabul; and British India can show how timely energy, as at Vellore, Benares, and Bareilly, has put down much more formidable insurrections. . . . Dissension among our enemies has raised us from the position of commercial factors to be lords over emperors. Without courage and discipline, we could not thus have prevailed; but even these would have availed little had the country been

united against us, and would now only defer the day of our discomfiture were there anything like a unanimous revolt. The same causes operated for our first success in both India and Afghanistan; and the errors by which we lost the latter may any day deprive us of the former.

Perhaps our great danger arises from the facility with which these conquests have been made; a facility which in both cases has betrayed us into the neglect of all recognized rules for military occupation. Our sway is that of the sword, yet everywhere our military means are insufficient. There is always some essential lacking at the very moment when troops are wanted for immediate service. If stores are ready, they may rot before carriage is forthcoming. If there are muskets, there is no ammunition.

If there are infantry, there are no muskets for them. In one place we have guns without a man to serve them; in another we have artillerymen standing comparatively idle, because the guns have been left behind.

To come to examples. Is Delhi or Agra, Bareilly or Kurnaul, Benares or Saugor, or, in short, any one of our important military positions better prepared than Cabul was, should 300 men rise to-morrow and seize the town? Take Delhi more especially as a parallel case. At Cabul we had the treasury and one of the commissariat forts in the town; at Delhi we have the magazine and treasury within the walls.

Now, suppose that any morning 300 men were to take possession of these.

What would follow if the troops in cantonment (never more than three regiments) were to keep close to their quarters, merely strengthening the palace guards? The palace at Delhi stands much as did the Bala Hissar with respect to the city, except that the former has not sufficient elevation to command the town, as the latter did. What, then, would be the result at Delhi, if the palace garrison were to content themselves, as Colonel Shelton did, with a faint and distant cannonade from within their walls; not even effectually supporting the King's body-guards, who had already sallied into the town, nor even enabling or assisting them to bring off their field-guns when driven back from the city; but should suffer these guns to be abandoned at the very palace gates, and there to lie? Let not a single effort be made to succour or bring off the guards at the magazine or treasury; give up everything for lost; suffer unresistingly the communication between the town and cantonment (almost precisely the same distance in both cases) to be closed;—let all this happen in Hindustan on the 2nd of June, instead of among the Afghan mountains on the 2nd of November, and does any sane man doubt that twenty-four hours would swell the hundreds of rebels into thousands; and that, if such conduct on our part lasted for a week, every ploughshare in the Delhi States would be turned into a sword? And when a sufficient force had been mustered, by bringing European regiments from the hills and Native troops from every quarter (which could not be effected within a

month at the very least, or in three, at the rate we moved to the succour of Candahar and Jellalabad), should we not then have a more difficult game to play than Clive had at Plassey, or Wellington at Assaye? We should then be literally striking for our existence, at the most inclement season of the year, with the prestige of our name vanished, and the fact before the eyes of imperial Delhi that the British force, placed not only to protect but to overawe the city, were afraid to enter it.

But the parallel does not end here. Suppose the officer commanding at Meerut, when called on for help, were to reply, "My force is chiefly cavalry and horse artillery; not the sort to be effective within a walled town, where every house is a castle. Besides, Meerut itself, at all times unquiet, is even now in rebellion, and I cannot spare my troops." Suppose that from Agra and Umballa an answer came that they required all the force they had to defend their own posts; and that the reply from Soobathoo and Kussoowlee was, "We have not carriage; nor, if we had, could we sacrifice our men by moving them to the plains at this season." All this is less than actually did happen in Afghanistan, when General Sale was recalled, and General Nott was urgently called on for succour; and if all this should occur at Delhi, should we not have to strike anew for our Indian Empire?

But who would attribute the calamity to the Civil Commissioner at Delhi? And could not that functionary fairly say to the officer commanding, "I knew very well that there were not only 300 desperate characters in the city, but as many thousands,—men having nothing to lose, and everything to gain, by an insurrection. You have let them plunder the magazine and the treasury. They will, doubtless, expect as little resistance elsewhere. A single battalion could have exterminated them the first day, but you let the occasion slip, and the country is now in a blaze, and the game completely out of my hands. I will now give you all the help I can, all the advice you ask, but the Riot Act has been read and my authority has ceased." Would the civil officer be blamed for thus acting? Could he be held responsible for the way in which the outbreak had been met?

I have endeavoured to put the case fairly. Delhi is nearly as turbulent and unquiet a city as Cabul. It has residing within its walls a king less true to us than was Shah Shoojah. The hot weather of India is more trying to us than the winter of Afghanistan. The ground between the town and cantonment of Delhi being a long rocky ridge on one side of the road, and the river Jumna on the other, is much more difficult for the action of troops against an insurgent population than anything at Cabul. At Delhi the houses are fully as strong, the streets not less defensible. In short, here as there, we occupy dangerous ground. *Here* if we act with prudence and intrepidity, we shall, under God's blessing, be safe, as we should have been, with similar conduct, *there*.

But if under the misfortune that has befallen our arms, we content

ourselves with blaming the Envoy, or even the military authorities, instead of looking fairly and closely into the foundations of our power, and minutely examining the system that could admit of such conduct as was exhibited in Afghanistan, not in one case, but in many,—then, I say, we are in the fair way of reaping another harvest more terrible than that of Cabul.

The foregoing parallel has been drawn out minutely, perhaps tediously, for I consider it important to show that what was faulty and dangerous in one quarter is not less so in another.

I wish, moreover, to point out that the mode of operation so pertinaciously styled “the Afghan system,” and currently linked with the name of the late Envoy, as if, with all its errors, it had originated with *him*, is essentially *our Indian system*; that it existed with all its defects when Sir William Macnaghten was in his cradle, and flourishes in our own provinces now that he is in his grave. Among its errors are moving with small parties on distant points without support; inefficient commissariat arrangements; absolute ignorance on all topographical points; and reckoning on the attachment of our allies (as if Hindoo or Mahomedan *could* love his Christian lord, who only comes before him as master or tax-gatherer; as if it were not absurd to suppose that the chiefs of Burmah, Nepaul, Lahore, and the like could tolerate the power that restrains their rapacious desires and habits—that degrades them in their own and each other’s eyes).

Men may differ as to the soundness of our policy, but no one can question its results, as shown in the fact of Hyder Ali twice dictating terms at the gates of Fort St. George (Madras); in the disasters that attended the early period of the Nepaul war; in the long state of siege in which Sir Archibald Campbell was held at Rangoon; in the frightful mortality at Arracan; in the surrender of General Mathews; in the annihilation of Colonel Baillie’s detachment; in the destruction of Colonel Monson’s force; and in the attacks on the Residences of Poonah and Nagpoor. These are all matters of history, though seldom practically remembered. Still less is it borne in mind how little was wanting to starve General Harris at Seringapatam, General Campbell in Aya, or Sir John Keane in Afghanistan. All these events have been duly recorded, though they have not withheld us, on each new occasion, from retracing our old errors. At length a calamity that we had often courted has fallen upon us; but direful as it is, and wrecked though it has the happiness of numbers, we may yet gather fruit from the thorns, if we learn therefrom how easily an army is paralysed and panic-stricken, and how fatal such prostration must ever be. If we read the lesson set before us, the wreck of a small army may be the beacon to save large ones.

Our chief danger in India is from within, not from without. The enemy who cannot reach us with his bayonets, can touch us more fatally

if he lead us to distrust ourselves, and rouse our subjects to distrust us ; and we shall do his work for him if we show that our former chivalrous bearing is fled, that we pause to count the half-armed rabble opposed to us, and hesitate to act with battalions where a few years before companies would have been deemed sufficient.

The true basis of British power in India is often lost sight of, namely, a well paid, well disciplined army, relying, from experience, on the good faith, wisdom, and energy of its leaders.

We forget that our army is composed of men, like ourselves, quick-sighted and inquisitive on all matters bearing upon their personal interests ; who, if they can appreciate our points of superiority, are just as capable of detecting our deficiencies, especially any want of military spirit or soldierly bearing.

At Cabul we lost an army, and we lost some character with the surrounding states. But I hold that by far our worst loss was in the confidence of our Native soldiery. Better had it been for our fame if our harassed troops had rushed on the enemy and perished to a man, than that surviving Sepoys should be able to tell the tales they can of what they saw at Cabul.

European soldiers and officers are placed as examples to Native troops, and a glorious one they have generally set in the field ; but who can estimate the evil when the example is bad—when it is not the Hindustani (most exposed to cold, and least able to bear it) who clamours for retreat and capitulation, but the cry is raised by the men he has been accustomed to look up to and to lean upon as a sure resource in every emergent peril.

The degenerate legionaries drove their general with their halberds to capitulation and death ; but it was the deliberate counsels of the British military commanders that urged their civil chief to his and their own destruction.

These are no ordinary thoughts. The rare comprehension of past experience, the still rarer perception of things present under the eyes, and, rarest of all, the sure swoop at the future, are touches of true genius. Time has since realized the picture parallel of insurrection, and to Henry Lawrence, as much as to any single Englishman, was it due that history is not darkened by the parallel of defeat.

On the 10th November Henry Lawrence left Kurnaul again to push on to Nepaul.

The Nepaulese court was almost Chinese in its jealousy of foreign interference. Hitherto it had "never admitted even a European visitor in addition to the three officials, the Resident, the surgeon, and officer commanding the escort ;" and when Lawrence first got

the appointment, there were "many fears and misgivings that he might not be allowed to take his wife to a country where no white-faced woman had ever been seen;" for as in China, so in Nepal, there was a tradition that "the introduction of a foreign woman would be the downfall of their empire."⁸

Till this point was settled, therefore, Mrs. Lawrence stayed behind her husband with little Alick, journeying by easy stages to Delhi, Agra, and Lucknow, and awaiting the ultimate decision with no little trepidation.

Henry Lawrence reached Katmandoo, the capital of Nepal, on the 30th November, and received charge of the Residency next day from his predecessor, Mr. Hodgson of the Civil Service.

For some days he said nothing about his wish that Mrs. Lawrence might come to Nepal, lest the court should regard it as a great favour. "As yet," he wrote, "they are canvassing my character, and are puzzled about me." But it required no very long intercourse to satisfy the Rajah and his Ministers that they had got for Resident a man of very plain and open dealing, who had come there to represent his own Government, but not to meddle with theirs; and Lawrence was soon able to make the welcome announcement to his wife that there was no objection to her coming. Great indeed was her delight at the decision, and at the prospect which now lay before them. Hitherto, since they had been married, she had always seen her husband toiling like a slave. Now he had got a post which demanded great qualities rather than great work; and she exults in the respite, and the leisure it will bring. "How delightfully snug we shall be! How much we shall read, and write, and talk, and think!" she writes to him from Lucknow. "How regular will be our life, and how strong we shall become! How we shall teach Tim, and grow wise and good ourselves! May these visions be realized; and oh! when they are, may we in our new walk of life have 'the blessing of God that maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow with it!'"⁹

⁸ Mrs. Lawrence's Journal.

⁹ Proverbs, x. 22.

CHAPTER XI.

1843.

NEPAUL, where we must now think of Henry Lawrence, is a highland kingdom, which impends over the valley of the Ganges.

It is about 500 miles from east to west, 160 from north to south, and has an area of more than 50,000 square miles.

Its backbone is the main chain of the Himalaya, crowned by the highest known mountain in the world.¹

It is bounded on the north by Tibet, on the east by the British-protected State of Sikkim, and on the other two sides by British Indian provinces—Kumaon and Rohilkund on the west, Oudh and the Gangetic valley on the south.

From its snows it pours three rivers into the Ganges—the Gunduck, the Coosy, and the Bhagmuttee, whose aggregate courses are more than a thousand miles.

A double belt of stately forest and unhealthy fen, each about ten miles wide, divides Nepaul from India,² and within is upheaved a sea of mountains, whose crests sparkle with eternal snow.

In the little valleys of the Alpine region are scattered a brave and martial population of about two millions,—races in whom are mixed the blood, features, character, and religions of Mongolia and Bengal.³

¹ Mount Everest—height 29,002 feet. It was discovered and measured by Major-General Sir Andrew Waugh, K.C.B., when at the head of the Grand Trigonometrical Survey of India; and he named it after his predecessor, Sir George Everest, as a mark of respect.

² This tract is called the *Teraï*, from the swamps at its foot. Tradition says that it was once the garden of the ancient province of Behar; but it is now the lair of the rhinoceros, the elephant, and the outlaw.

In 1825 a band of Dacoits, 5,000 strong, was discovered in the adjacent Teraï of Oudh. It was “organized like an army, and had for twenty years defied our police, and systematically plundered the whole Bengal Presidency, and even the Deccan.”—(*Memo.* by Mr. Hodgson.)

³ The aborigines were probably the Mongolians; and the interlopers, Brahmins and Rajpoots, driven into the hills by the religious persecutions of the Mahomedan conquerors of India.

For an interesting account of their intermarriages, in defiance of Hindu law, see *Narrative of Five Years' Residence at Nepaul*, by Capt. THOMAS SMITH, Assistant Resident, Vol. I. chap. v.

The ruling race are the Goorkhas, or Goorkhalees, whose home was in the canton of Goorkha; and it is an interesting fact that, like the Kingdom of Burmah, the Kingdom of Nepaul is contemporaneous with the British Indian Empire.

It was founded by the Goorkha leader, Prithee Narayun Sah, who between 1757 and 1770 subdued the neighbouring cantons, and welded them into one kingdom, of which the capital was fixed at Katmandoo, in the canton of Nepaul.

His success was partly due to his sagacity in raising a body of regular troops in imitation of the English, and thus gaining a military advantage over his rivals, such as the first ironclad ships and Armstrong guns would give in our own day. But still more fatal to the brave Rajpoot princes of the Nepaul valley was Prithee Narayun's treachery and cruelty. He would take any oath to obtain the surrender of a town, and then brutally revenge himself on the garrison.

Father Giuseppe, who, with other Jesuits, visited Nepaul in the very thick of the contest, says:—"It was a most horrid spectacle to behold so many people hanging on the trees in the road;" and that the inhabitants of Kirthipoor, after an obstinate resistance of six or seven months, surrendered on the faith of a general amnesty.

But two days afterwards Prithee Narayun . . . issued an order . . . to put to death some of the principal inhabitants of the town, and to cut off the noses and lips of every one, even the infants who were not found in the arms of their mothers; ordering, at the same time, all the noses and lips which had been cut off to be preserved, that he might ascertain how many souls there were; and to change the name of the town into Naskatapoor, which signifies the town of cut noses.

The order was carried into execution with every mark of horror and cruelty, none escaping but those who could play on wind-instruments, although Father Michael Angelo . . . interceded much in favour of the poor inhabitants; . . . and it was most shocking to see so many living people with their teeth and noses resembling the skulls of the deceased.⁴

Measures like these soon exterminated the Rajpoot kings, and left the Goorkhas masters of Nepaul.

The rise of the Goorkha dynasty was ineffectually opposed by the

⁴ Father GIUSEPPE's "Account of Nepaul," in the 2nd vol. of the *Asiatic Researches*, p. 315, quoted by Colonel Kirkpatrick.

merchant English in Bengal, because it disturbed their commerce with the hill people ; and it is possible that this may have laid the foundation of that jealous policy towards us which has ever since distinguished the Nepaul court.

Essentially military and aggressive, the Nepaulese overran Tibet in 1790, and plundered the palaces of the Lama. The Lamas appealed to Pekin, and in 1792 a Chinese army of 70,000 men performed the wondrous and instructive feat of crossing the Himalaya, and swarming down into Nepaul.⁵ Before this vast host the little Goorkha army fled, and in the name of pity called on the English for military aid. The Chinese general simultaneously called on the English to co-operate against the Nepaulese in the name of friendship and common sense.

The English thought upon the advantages of their trade with China, and the disadvantages of a Celestial lieutenancy in Nepaul, and resisted the overtures of both. But they deputed an envoy to mediate between the combatants. Before Major Kirkpatrick could arrive, the Goorkhas had submitted, and Nepaul had become a Chinese tributary. So ended the ambitious endeavours of the Goorkhas to expand towards the north.

Three sides of the compass yet remained. On the east the little state of Sikkim was swallowed like a mouthful. On the west, the warlike regent, Bheem Sing Thappa, extended the dominion of his infant master over all the hill states as far as the Sutlej river.

On the south were the English, desiring peace and commerce almost "at any price." Lord Cornwallis and Lord Wellesley successively made commercial treaties with the Nepaulese, who successively agreed to and disregarded them.

In 1802 a Resident (Captain Knox) was admitted at Katmandoo. In 1803 the insolence and unfriendliness of the court made it necessary to withdraw him ; political intercourse ceased ; and the Nepaulese, emboldened by isolation and ignorance of the power which they were braving, embarked upon a course of deliberate and barefaced encroachment. Village after village, township after township, did they annex from the British border to their own, till at the end of ten

⁵ Colonel Kirkpatrick, the first Englishman who ever visited Nepaul, suggestively depicts these Chinese invaders as looking down on "the Valley of the Ganges, and the richest of the East India Company's possessions."—*See his Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul*, published in 1811.

years, Lord Hastings emphatically declared, "There is scarcely a single district within the British frontier, throughout the whole of the extensive line above described, in which the Goorkhas have not usurped and appropriated lands forming the ascertained dominions of the Honourable Company."⁶

Forbearance, remonstrance, and negotiation had all failed, though carried to the extent of weakness ; and on 1st November, 1814, war was declared.

To enter such a mountain country in the face of a brave, warlike, and arrogant people was an enterprise better suited to the irregulars of our own day, trained on the Sindh and Punjaub frontiers by a John Jacob, a Neville Chamberlain, a John Coke, or a Harry Lumsden, than to the Bengal Sepoys of half a century ago, who in their own country perhaps never saw a stone in all their lives.

A campaign full of discreditable disasters and of gallant incidents was stumbled through among the passes of the rocks, developing at last a general in the person of Ochterlony.

The Goorkhas displayed a spirit of patriotism and dauntless valour, adorned with military courtesy and confidence in their enemy's honour. They never insulted the dead ; allowed them to be honourably removed ; and often sent their own wounded fearlessly into the English hospitals. The tide of blunders turned, and victory set in. The Nepaul court became alarmed and sued for peace. A treaty was concluded by the Nepaulese ambassadors, and the English army was broken up. But the Goorkha court had drawn its breath and shot its stratagem, and now repudiated the treaty.

Ochterlony took the field again, and with consummate prudence and boldness, little loss to his own troops, and fearful havoc among the enemy, dismembered the Goorkha kingdom. - By the treaty of Segowlee, exchanged on the 4th March, 1816, the Nepaulese ceded to the British all the hill states which they had conquered between the Kâlee and the Sutlej rivers,⁷ and the whole line of the Terai, abandoned their grasp on Sikkim, and admitted a Resident at Katmandoo.

⁶ Declaration of War with Nepaul.

⁷ Of these extensive cessions the English retained the Dehra Dhoon, Kumaon, and one or two military posts ; but though the war had cost them three millions sterling, they restored all the rest of the hills to the Rajahs, from whom the Goorkhas had originally wrested them.

Thus was the Goorkha dynasty checked in its career of conquest, and shut up for the future between the British and Chinese empires. From that time the history of Nepaul has been one of domestic strife, foreign intrigue, and waiting on events.

The strife has not been among its people, for they dwell in peace, and are said to enjoy a prosperity unknown in other Native states. It has been confined entirely to the court, where kings, queens, heirs-apparent, ministers have been contending for power with a mixture of treachery, childishness, and ferocity that could be bred only in the same jungle with the tiger who crouches, springs, gambols, and devours.

The "foreign intrigue" has been too often busy with the Hindoo courts of India and the Punjaub, as well as with that of Pekin when there was trouble in the British Indian Empire.

And the "waiting on events" has been conspicuous in the maintenance of a larger military force for a smaller territory than the Goorkhas possessed before the war.

In 1814 they had 10,000 regular soldiers on the roll. In 1832 it had risen to 15,000.⁸

In 1850 Major Cavanagh, who accompanied the mission of Jung Bahadour to England, estimated the army at 25,000 or 26,000 men, two-thirds regular battalions, and one-third irregulars;⁹ and considered that "the army could in a few months be raised with very little difficulty to 50,000 men."¹⁰

This is easily explained, for "every male throughout the territory of Nepaul is liable to be called upon to serve as a soldier for one year." Every year there is a weeding out of inefficient men, or men disaffected to the ministry of the day; and more candidates offer to fill the vacancies than can be admitted.

Whole regiments are often disbanded, and new ones raised. Both men and officers are chiefly paid in grants of lands, which they prefer to money; and commissioned officers are *ex officio* magistrates on their own estates, and can both levy fines up to 10*l.* on their own tenantry and keep the same when levied.

Hence the pressure is to get into the standing army, not to get out

⁸ *Memo.* by Mr. Hodgson, who preceded Henry Lawrence in the Nepaul Residency.

⁹ See Appendix B, vol. 2 of *Five Years at Nepaul.*

¹⁰ Mr. Hodgson thought ten days would be enough to double, and a month to treble, the peace establishment.

of it; and "a very large proportion of the population are instructed in the use of arms."¹¹

In short, the whole government of Nepaul is still founded on a military basis; and though hedged in by superior powers, it always fancies and sometimes finds it good policy to have a sword ready to fling into the scales of empire.

Such was the country and the court when Henry Lawrence found himself Resident on the 1st December, 1843; and the following admirable letter contains the advice of one well qualified to give it, as to the discharge of his new duties.

It might be taken as a guide by the representatives of England at any Asiatic court:—

*From MR. THOMASON, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces.*¹²

Mynpooree, November 18th, 1843.

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,—

It struck me the other day, after parting from you, that I had too peremptorily and perhaps ungraciously declined to give you the benefit of my experience, whilst I was confidently expecting to obtain from you the result of yours.

I therefore seize the opportunity of a vacant hour to put down for your consideration some particulars, which you will of course only receive as the suggestions of a private friend, and approve or reject as they recommend themselves to your judgment.

Your duties at Nepaul will be twofold, viz., to watch any movements on their part which may be injurious to us, and to offer counsel to them in all state matters in which we may not be concerned, whenever such counsel is sought, or is likely to be acceptable and useful.

In the first duty you will have to keep the mean between too great confidence and too ready suspicion. You may be well persuaded that the court of Nepaul, as well as of every other Native State, is eager to join in any scheme, however wild, for the subversion of our power. But it is beneath our dignity to be constantly endeavouring to expose all the schemes which visionary intriguers are endeavouring to advance thei'

¹¹ Captain Smith says that the soldiers who succeed in getting on to the roll at the annual enlistment pay, instead of being paid, a bounty for it; and he calculates that in seven years, by process of rotation, the whole male population of Nepaul learn more or less of the duties of a soldier, *i.e.* "the use of the musket, with a few notions of marching and counter-marching, forming square, column, quarter-distance, and marching past by companies in review."—*Five Years at Nepaul*, vol. I, pp. 150-1.

¹² Mr. George Clerk had just resigned the Government on account of broken health.

own interests by propounding. It is only where the treachery is clear, the scheme plausible, and the evidence complete that exposure, remonstrance, and retribution can be requisite.

The duty of advice is the most important and delicate which it falls to the part of a Resident at a Foreign court to perform.

The establishment of such an influence as shall make his advice solicited and desired is not to be reduced to rule, or inculcated by precept. Most perfect openness and honesty I believe to be the first requisite. Evenness of temper, courtesy of demeanour, the absence of dictation or obtrusiveness, are qualities which naturally suggest themselves to the mind of all. We profess to leave the Nepaulese entirely to govern themselves; and the only cases in which it is incumbent upon us to advise, remonstrate, or dictate, are when our own interests require such interposition. But the Government would be ill represented if every valuable opportunity were not used to prompt to that which is good, and to deter from that which is evil; to express abhorrence of acts of cruelty, perfidy, injustice; to give full approbation of all that is benevolent, honest, high-minded, and just. The main object is to identify oneself with the real and best interests of the State. When they feel that such is really the case, and that the object is worked out in a kind, conciliatory, and single-minded manner, considerable influence will probably be obtained.

But all must be open and above board.

We can never match the natives in intrigue; and when we attempt to meet their machinations by counter-intrigue, we shall be fouled and discredited.

Your communications to Government should be few, and only when necessary. Let them be clear and full in detail, free from local or technical expressions, and written as to people who know nothing of what must be very familiar to yourself, and who, therefore, require explanations regarding persons and events which may appear at first sight to be too well known to require explanation.

In writing, especially on a new subject or new train of events, endeavour to place yourself in the position of the person addressed, and to remember that his information is only to be obtained through the medium of your own letter. Lord Ellenborough pays much attention to the diary, and, therefore, you should be careful in its composition. It may be made a very interesting narrative of events; but the information should be obtained from the best sources, and the degree of credibility to be attached to them should be noted. Everything of real importance should be the subject of a separate despatch, especially if instructions regarding it are desired. You will not, of course, neglect carefully to examine the correspondence book and to weigh most accurately all the orders which have issued from the present Governor-General since he entered the country. You will be wise to avoid demi-official correspondence on public subjects, especially with

secretaries, and never write what you would not wish to be shown to the Governor-General.

I have, perhaps, wandered from the subject, and given you more of general advice and precept than you wished or bargained for. I pray your pardon, if it is so. My spare hour is passed, and I have only to beg you will always

Believe me yours very sincerely,

T. THOMASON.

With genuine modesty, Lawrence sought also the advice of his first master in the Political Department, Mr. George Clerk, in whom he always considered that a thorough knowledge of Asiatics and a thoroughly English spirit were united in a rare degree.

In reply, Mr. Clerk, with equal confidence in his old assistant, wrote on 27th January, 1844, from Calcutta on his way to England:—

I do not think you need hints from me. I know few who are so just in their views of what conduct should be, man to man; and such general rule is as applicable in the political field as elsewhere.

And again on 2nd February:—

I fancy you have perceived the right line for you to take in Goorkha politics,—to let people alone and keep aloof, but aloof with all courtesy.

I do not doubt there was too much meddling at one time. I mean *ostensible* meddling; for a Native Minister is never the worse for the advice (given quietly and unobtrusively) of a British Resident, supposing the latter a proper man; and nine times out of ten he feels obliged for it.

The mischief is that we are so elated when such advice produces good consequences that we hasten to make manifest our influence, exhibit the Minister in leading-strings, and thus kicking down all his popularity among parties, destroy his efficiency; and then we 'cast about for another.

With reference to undignified subserviency by British representatives at Native courts, such as folding the hands, and styling ourselves the "*nokur*" or servant of a Native prince, Mr. Clerk says it is "difficult to imagine how any Resident could condescend to this, or could make so great a mistake; . . . and thus we lose character bit by bit, till at length it requires a pitched battle, two or three general officers and a thousand men killed and wounded, to redeem it." There is true charity, and good sense also, in the following:—

Avoid as much as possible, in communication to your Government,

in any form, casting any slur on a predecessor's system—at all events, for a time.

I would always advise a friend taking up an appointment in this country to turn a cold, deaf, uninviting ear on everything said or done in disparagement of his predecessor for one year. After that he is in a position to judge him rightly—scarcely sooner. It would be long to explain the why and the wherefore, nor is it necessary to you, who “know the natives ;” and therein lies the matter.

And lastly, as to the transaction of business with the Native Ministers ;—

Matabur Sing is now sole minister. I think I should be with such an one very guarded, that my conduct should be, to him especially (as, indeed, is best towards all Indian politicians), straightforward, but courteous ; unyielding in grave matters, but accommodating in minor ones.

Believe me to remain,

With most affectionate regards,

Always yours sincerely,

GEORGE CLERK.

The politics of the Nepal court during the two years that Henry Lawrence was Resident resolve themselves with a tragic unity into the rise and fall of this same Matabur Sing, the Minister ; and the story is so thoroughly Oriental that it might pass for a page out of the *Arabian Nights*, if it, and all the events which led to it, had not passed under the eyes of the matter-of-fact English.

Prithee Narayun Sah,¹³ who established the Goorkha kingdom almost in the same year that Clive won the battle of Plassey, died in 1771,¹⁴ leaving two sons, Sing Pertaub and Bahadoor Sah. Sing Pertaub died in 1775, and was succeeded by his infant son, Run Bahadoor. During a long minority, the queen-mother, Raj Indur Luchmee, and the prince's uncle, Bahadoor Sah, fought, if we may irreverently say it, “like cat and dog,” for the regency. Sometimes one was in prison, sometimes the other ; but to the honour of both be it recorded that, whichever was out of prison and ruling the kingdom patriotically went to war with all the little neighbours, and added canton after canton to Nepal, so that the prince in the

¹³ Colonel Kirkpatrick notes “that the cognomen of this family is *Sah*, and not *Shah*, though the later is very generally affected by them, on account of its royal import.”—p. 272.

murder took no harm. At length, however, the little prince grew up to king's estate, and in 1795 advised his uncle, the regent, to retire into private life. He must have proved a very great tyrant, for his people could not endure his rule, and drove him from the throne. Of course, like dethroned kings in other parts of the world, he took refuge in the British dominions. How the people got on without him does not appear, but in 1804 he returned to his throne. The "sweet uses of adversity" had thoroughly disagreed with him, and if he was a tyrant before, he was twice as bad now. In fact, every one hoped he was mad. So ignorant, obstinate, and wicked was he that he determined to confer the highest honours of *caste* upon the royal family of Nepal; as if he did not know that Brahmans, like poets, are "born, not made." To carry out this impious design, he kidnapped a beautiful Brahmin girl from the plains of India, and made her his queen. In consequence of this act of sacrilege, she was stricken with small-pox by the patron saint of Brahmans, immediately after her third confinement. The king was in despair. He fed the doctors of Nepal. He sacrificed to the gods. But the queen grew worse. At last the king sent an embassy to the holy city of Benares to bring all the physicians who would come for money. Many came, and by their superior skill succeeded in saving the queen's life.

On regaining her senses she called for a looking-glass, and seeing her once beautiful face disfigured for ever, "became," says the chronicler—

Disconsolate, and, dismissing her attendants, poisoned herself. . . . Upon hearing of her death, Run Bahadoor rushed into her apartment, and beholding his once lovely queen a corpse, and dreadfully spotted with the small-pox, he became frantic.

He cursed his kingdom, her doctors, and the gods of Nepal, vowing vengeance on all.

He first sent for the unfortunate Benares doctors, denounced them as liars and impostors, and ordered them to be soundly flogged, and each to have his right ear and nose cut off in his presence. This was duly performed, and they were afterwards started to the British domains, as a warning to all future impostors.

He then wreaked his vengeance on the gods of Nepal (not even excepting the famous temple at Pas Pat Nath), and after abusing them in the most gross way, he accused them of having obtained from him 12,000 goats, some hundredweight of sweetmeats, 2,000 gallons of milk,

&c., under false pretences, and vowed that he would take summary vengeance for having wilfully disfigured his queen.

He then ordered all the artillery, varying from three to twelve-pounders, to be brought in front of the palace, with all the made-up ammunition at Katmandoo. All the guns were then loaded to the muzzle, and down he marched to the head-quarters of the Nepaul deities. On arriving at Pas Pat Nath all the guns were drawn up in front of the several deities, honouring the most sacred with the heaviest metal.

When the order to fire was given, many of the chiefs and soldiers ran away panic-stricken; and others hesitated to obey the sacrilegious order; and not until several gunners had been cut down were the guns opened.

Down came the gods and goddesses from their hitherto sacred positions, and after six hours' heavy cannonading not a vestige of the deities remained.¹⁴ Their temple sharing the same fate, the priests ran away confounded, many escaping to the British territory; but those who were not so fortunate were seized, and each deprived of his holy head.

The Goorkha king now became satisfied, vowing, however, that no god should ever again be elevated in his dominions until his departed queen was restored to him.

The chronicler remarks that "his life, after this, as may be supposed, was a short one." Afraid of his cruelty and revenge, the chiefs conspired against him in 1805, and his own half-brother "rushed forward in open durbar and cut down Run Bahadoor; cutting him nearly to the middle by a blow from his *korah* (a short but heavy weapon of a half-moon shape, the edge of which is on the inner side, like that of a scythe.)" . . .

"A barbarous affray followed, in which the fratricide himself was slain with most of the chiefs, and the royal family was nearly exterminated."¹⁵ One infant son of the wicked king's was saved by the fidelity of a chief named Bheem Sen Thappa (renowned in Goorkha song and story), who hid the child in the women's apartments till the massacre was over, and a few days afterwards set him on his father's throne with the style and title of Koormom Joab Bikram Sah.

Bheem Sen, or, as he was commonly called, *General* Bheem Sen,

¹⁴ Kirkpatrick says, "The gods in Nepaul are said to be 2,733." He also mentions it as a remarkable and "solitary fact" that Nepaul is "the only Hindoo country that has never been disturbed, far less subdued, by any Mussulman power." Had Mahmood of Ghuznee himself ever perpetrated to Katmandoo, he could hardly have done worse to the temple of Pas Pat Nath.

¹⁵ Captain SMITH'S *Narrative*.

of course became regent, and ruled the state. He was a brave man, and a patriot after the barbaric type; and he it was who, puffed up with the idea that the mountain fastnesses of Nepal must prove impregnable to the English, who had been baffled by the mud-fort of Bhurtpoor, forced on us that Goorkha war of 1814, which in two years dismembered his young master's kingdom.

As if the goddess of small-pox was not yet appeased, the young king died of that fell disease in November, 1816; and was succeeded by his own infant son, Raj Indur Bikram Sah.

This was the king whom Henry Lawrence found upon the throne in 1843, and the events of his long minority explain the scenes at which Lawrence had to look on in silence and disgust. However unfortunate had been the war policy of General Bheem Sen in the previous reign, his undoubted patriotism and courage secured to him the regency for a second time, and he used his power faithfully and ably for many years, so that to this day he is the model minister of Nepal history.

But a rival arose in the person of the queen. She was "the daughter of a Gorruckpoor farmer" in the adjacent British territory, and "a person of very inferior rank;" but not content with being married to a king, she soon desired to share the sovereign power.

Bheem Sen stood across her path, and Bheem Sen must be set aside. Bheem Sen, being a general, thought it would do better to set aside the queen; and as her majesty had, as yet, no son (though she afterwards had two), he suggested to the king the state necessity of taking a second wife. The king was willing, and the daughter of "another Gorruckpoor Zemindar" was promptly purchased and imported. For a moment the strategy seemed successful; and Bheem Sen Thappa never felt so secure as when he had pitted the two queens against each other. Deluded man, he had yet to learn the superiority of woman's wit. The angry elder queen looked round her for allies. She inquired whom the prime minister had murdered in his day? Of course, he had murdered the last prime minister, Dumoodur Pandu, and several of his sons. True, it was many years ago, but a blood feud is like the blood of grapes, the better for keeping; and to this day the faction of "The Black Pandys" was lying in wait for the faction of the Thappas.

The queen and the Black Pandys took counsel together. Charges were framed against the great minister and laid before the throne.

He had taken the lives of many honest citizens, and he had grown unconscionably rich.

The young king was now a man, and weary of being held in leading-strings. He listened to the charges, and imprisoned his faithful minister, the preserver of his father's life. And very soon the great "Bheem Sen was found dead in his cell, with his throat frightfully mangled. His body, by the order of the Rajah, was placed on the banks of the Bhagmutte, and denied all favoured rites; a guard being placed over it by night and by day" (in which there was no Rızpah the daughter of Aiah) "to watch that none approached it but jackals and vultures."¹⁶

Such is the fall of an Indian minister; at least in those happy States which have preserved their native independence.

Bheem Sen Thappa had a favourite nephew named Matabur Sing, who, seeing his uncle murdered, the "property confiscated, and all his relations treated as outcasts," availed himself of the usual remedy and "fled to the British territory."

These events were in July 1839. The English had just got the Cabul war on their hands, and the sprightly young King of Nepaul, having lapped his first blood, thought it would be a good time to annex some British villages; so he seized four hundred to begin with, and invited the courts of Lahore, Gwalior, and Pekin to unite in "driving us out of India." Lahore and Gwalior, though profoundly moved by our embarrassments in Afghanistan, were not so sure that our hour was come. And the Celestial Emperor, who considered the Goorkha as his feudatory, and knew something of the English in the China seas, "treated the embassy as a piece of great impertinence," and for the second time in the short history of British India moved "a large Tartar force to Nyakote, only three marches from the Goorkha capital," and imposed an addition of 10,000*l.* to the tribute, "sent overland every five years to Pekin."¹⁷

To conclude the matter, the English, who were thought by the little bull-frog King of Nepaul to have no troops left in India, moved up a force to his doors, and obliged him to disgorge the four hundred villages even faster than he had swallowed them.

Wonderful indeed are these annals of Nepaul. The native courts of ancient Hindustan, with all their faults, are polished with the civilisation and brocaded with the courtesy of historic dynasties. But

¹⁶ Captain SMITH'S *Narrative*.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*

this upstart, snub-nosed little house in the hills, half Tartar and half Indian, seems as ignorant of good manners and the outer world as its brother barbarians in Burmah and Bhootan.

Here is a courtly incident which occurred to Henry Lawrence's predecessor:—

Upon one occasion the King came down to the Residency (says Captain Smith, the Resident's Assistant), accompanied by several chiefs and a large body of troops, and demanded that a British merchant, who had been trading for some years in Nepaul, and was within the walls of the Residency, should be given up. . . .

The British Resident, deeming him a proper object of protection, refused to surrender his person. . . . A few days after this—(the court being then in mourning for the senior queen, neither the king nor chiefs were allowed for a certain period to ride either in carriages or on horse-back)—the king and heir-apparent having had a quarrel, . . . determined upon coming down to the Residency, the heir-apparent insisting that the Rajah should accompany him.

It had been raining heavily in the morning, and about twelve o'clock we were informed that the Rajah and heir-apparent were outside the Residency gates. We went out to meet them, and there found the Rajah and his son mounted on the backs of two very decrepit old chiefs.

The heir-apparent requested the Rajah at once to give us the order to pack up and take our departure for the plains. The Rajah refused, whereupon the heir-apparent abused him most grossly, and urging his old chief close up to the Rajah, assaulted him. A fight ensued, and after scratching and pulling each other's hair for some time, the son got hold of his father pulled him over, and down they went, chiefs and all, into a very dirty puddle.

The two old nags, extricating themselves, hobbled away as fast as they could, as did the other followers, from fear. After rolling in the muddy water, up got the now two dirty kings, and after some little delay fresh nags were obtained, and the Rajah and his son were taken home.

There seems to have been three royal parties at this time in the Nepaul court—the king himself, his heir-apparent (the eldest son of the late first queen), and the surviving second queen; or, as Henry Lawrence familiarly called them, “Mr. Nepaul, Master Nepaul, and Mrs. Nepaul;” and they all passed their time in violent and unnatural intrigues against each other after the true Nepalese fashion. Each tried to get the British Resident on his side, and Lawrence's predecessor fell into the snare and added to the confusion.

Ministry succeeded ministry, revolution to revolution. At last, by the process of exhaustion, all three parties arrived at the conclusion

that the only possible minister remaining was Matabur Sing, the exiled nephew of the great Bheem Sen Thappa.

It is probable that *Mrs. Nepaul* and *Master Nepaul* both hoped to find in Matabur Sing an able partisan; while *Mr. Nepaul's* sole object was to lure an enemy into his power. For Matabur Sing was a man of mark. He had the talents, courage, and vindictiveness of his uncle, and he had his uncle's murder to revenge. Soon after flying to British territory in 1839, his bold intriguing spirit carried him to the Sikh capital, where he was warmly welcomed by the Jummoo Rajahs, who never forgot their project of heading the British in the Himalaya by joining the frontiers of Jummoo and Nepaul. He also offered his services to the British when the Nepaul king seized upon the 400 British villages.

Altogether he was a man to be either conciliated or destroyed; and the king showed the instinct of a savage when he sent an embassy to Matabur, and promised him the ministry and all the confiscated property of his uncle if he would return.

Doubtless the same savage instinct bade Matabur accept the invitation. Thus two wild animals creep towards each other.

Matabur Sing reached Katmandoo in March, 1843, eight months before Henry Lawrence. He was received with great distinction and from that time forward was "fooled to the top of his bent." Although he declined to assume officially the *turban* of minister, all authority at once centred in his hands. He confessed afterwards to Lawrence that he had come up to Nepaul with the full intention of siding with the queen, but soon saw that the real power in her party would be wielded by her lover, a man named Guggun Sing: so he decided to side with the heir-apparent.

When pressed by the king to take up *the turband*, he demanded that nine of his enemies in the Black Pandy faction should be put to death as a preliminary. The king agreed, on condition that Matabur Sing should afterwards kill as many of the Choutras, who were obnoxious to his majesty. This being agreed to, the Black Pandys were—

Arraigned for high misdemeanors before a council of chiefs, who, under the Rajah's instructions, found them guilty of all matters laid to their charge. They were sentenced to be beheaded, which sentence was duly carried into effect, and in a few hours the headless trunks of nine Pandys chief lay on the banks of the Bhagmuttee river.

It will hardly be believed that one of the charges laid against these

unfortunate men was, that they had endeavoured to persuade their innocent sovereign to wage war against the British Government.¹⁸

It was now Matabur Sing's turn to kill the enemies of the king, but the murder of the Pandys had united all the chiefs in one common bond of fear, and he found himself unable to keep his word. The king had wound the first coil around his victim.

Matters were at this point when Henry Lawrence arrived at Katmandoo on the last day of November, 1843, and the sequel will best be given in his own words :—

Matabur Sing was one of five chiefs who met me at Thankote, one march from Katmandoo, and brought me to the Residency.

He took the lead and sat on the elephant with me, and on the road very significantly offered me an offensive and defensive alliance. ("I look to you for protection, and, in return, you may depend on my aid.") I answered him civilly that I should be happy to assist him as far as the rules of the service and my orders permitted.

A few days after I gave the Rajah two papers, advising that there should be one rule, one ruler, and one minister. Matabur Sing vainly tried to prevent its being given, and absented himself from durbar when I presented the second paper. He then persecuted me for eight or nine months to give the heir-apparent a copy of one of the papers. The boy himself asked me. *The Rajah seconded the request.* But I refused, as a matter of duty to themselves.

Matabur Sing then, in June or July, 1844, resigned the *turban*, which he had taken up about the end of December, but he was evidently still moving the court from behind the scenes. Whenever I saw him he made offers of service to Government and myself, and tried to persuade me that he, and he alone in Nepal, was well disposed. No one took up the *turban* which he had nominally laid down. In November (1844) I was officially informed that the whole durbar and army were about to proceed to Hetounda, ostensibly to shoot, but it was not disguised that the boy ("Master Nepal") had ordered the chiefs and soldierly to follow him, and gave out that unless the throne was resigned to him he would proceed to Benares—in other words, invade the British territory !

The Rajah *could* not, or *would* not, prevent the move, and accordingly prepared to follow. I remonstrated, and pointed out that if our frontier was insulted the consequences would be serious ; and that, whether or not, Government would be displeased at the movement of half the Nepal army and all the court into our neighbourhood. I was assured, in reply, that not a man should pass the Cheriaghatty range. They went, and halted two days at Hetounda, and then moved up the Cheriaghatty, and

¹⁸ Captain SMITH'S *Narrative*.

a mile on the other side, when Matabur Sing called a halt, and on the spot caused the heads of nineteen Soobadars and other petty officers (who, he said, had instigated an attempt on his life at Hetounda) to be cut off. After the execution all the chiefs and soldiers made their *salam* to the prince and to Matabur, and a paper was put into circulation for the seals of all who had elected the prince as Maharajah. Four days after they all returned to Katmandoo, the king looking very sheepish, and his son and his partisans very happy.

I was urged to meet the triumphal procession at Thankote, but refused, saying that I had nothing to do with making or unmaking Rajahs. I was then asked to visit the premier, but declined. On one occasion, however, when told that I should find the Maharajah on the throne, I found only his son.

Shortly after the return from Hetounda the king affected to be satisfied, and ordered that all should obey his son, to whom he would issue his instructions. In December (1844), Matabur Sing again took up the *turband*, and for five months was in great feather, daily receiving some mark of favour—dresses of honour, titles, and solemn pledges of safety. Four of these last he had engraved on gold, and surrounding them with diamonds, wore them constantly, in the fashion of an immense medal. The inscriptions told of his skill, bravery, and fidelity; how he had saved Nepal from foreign and domestic enemies, and united in peace the hitherto contending members of the royal family.

They were given in the name of the Rajah as well as of his son.

Two odes, most quaintly “done into English”—half-caste English indeed—by one of Lawrence’s Native writers, show how even the singing-girls of the court were employed to lull the minister with flattery.

Translation of Songs composed by Heera, one of the Minstrels, in eulogy of General Matabur Sing, her Patron in the measure of Bhoopal.

1ST ODE.

Hail, Minister! praiseworthy are all your deeds. You have made your ancestors so renowned that their fame is resounding from the four corners of the earth.

Such are your exploits that you have revenged your ancestors.

You have taken away the impeachments of your brothers, and made your father adored.

You have cheered the minds of the people, and arranged the disorder.

You have settled the affairs of the empire, and made the British and China Governments pacified.

You have cleared the court of calumniators, and yet needed no help.

Strange action you have performed, that you have made sealed the scimitar of ministership for ever to your family.

You have shown your loyalty and fidelity by declining the offer of twelve lakhs of rupees a year, and the command of twenty-five regiments.¹⁹

The Maharajahs have given you all this in reward of your exploits, for you have made renowned their fame to the dominions of the sun and moon.

Praiseworthy is your wisdom and experience, and deserving of encomiums your liberality.

So Heera, your slave, sings this ode, with the harp in her hands.

2ND ODE.

Hail, Matabur Sing ! minister, and general, and commander-in-chief.

Your loyalty and faithfulness are making your family renowned, and are sung throughout the world.

After eleven days' incessant march you arrived here like the elastic lightning.

You have destroyed your enemies, restored your descendants, and made peaceful reign.

Hail the mother who gave birth to such an heroic child !

You have destroyed all your foes by whirling them down upon the ground, and relieved the earth of their abominable existence.

All the crows are cawing blessings upon you, because they are feeding upon the carcasses of your enemies who have been massacred.

Your renown is spread over the world, and God is your help.

Live a righteous life ; die a timely death ; and call yourself ripened in judgment.

Put your belief in God, and no one will dare to come before your face.

Your brothers are heroic ; you yourself are a hero ; and you are the commander of heroes.

Heera, your slave, sings with cheerful mind, and makes you pleased by her singing and playing.

All went quietly (Lawrence continues), and might possibly have done so for some time, had Matabur Sing acted prudently and temperately. As far as I consistently could, I warned him that it was impossible the king really could be satisfied ; but in his vanity he believed that he had effectually frightened all whom he had not gained. The chiefs were certainly meek enough in words ; and the troops were found so obedient that he got them to pull down their old barracks, and carry the materials a mile, to build them up again near his own house. I hinted to him the danger of so employing the soldiers, but he would take no advice.

¹⁹ To which this note is appended :—

“Some say Runjeet Sing (of Lahore) had made him this offer in his exile, but he declined the proposal, and came to join his Rajah.”

The king, however, was not slow to take advantage of the discontent now caused. He sent for him at midnight (17th May, 1845) on urgent business; and had him assassinated in his own presence—some say in that also of the queen. She was at any rate in the plot, and her principal attendant was one of the executioners.³⁰

Before daylight of the 18th, the corpse was sent off to the temple of Pas Pat Nath to be burnt.

The sons of the late minister have effected their escape to Segowlee—(British territory as usual)—two or three of the family have been seized, and twelve hours after the murder, not a voice was heard in favour of the man who the day before had been everything.³¹

What! not even Heera the minstrel's? "Heera, your slave, with the harp in her hands!" Alas, no! Poor Heera is but a court minstrel; and already she has adapted her melody, and is singing in her finest frenzy before the king and queen, of the blessings which those fickle "crows" of Nepal are "cawing" on *them*, as they feast upon the scraps of poor Matabur Sing.

This slow state murder of the minister, though but an episode in the barbarous history of the Goorkha court, was the main epic of the period of Henry Lawrence's residency. It took, as we have seen, two long years. The victim was in exile and had to be enticed. He was a Goorkha, and his suspicious nature had to be lulled. He was ambitious, and he had to be fooled with power. He had an uncle to revenge, and he must be fed with human blood. He was as brave as a lion, and he had to be killed by cowards.

These things take time. They are not to be done in a day, or in a gust of passion with a kitchen-poker, after the coarse fashion of the West. They require much coolness and consideration, considerable command of countenance, and an almost tedious amount of insincerity.

In short, they were crimes *sui generis*, and can only be done artistically in Asia; and in Asia they seem best done in Nepal.

It is rather hard for an English gentleman to have to look on at them from day to day, as Henry Lawrence did, without any power to render efficient help; but there had been heretofore too much meddling with the dirty politics of this independent State, and Lord

³⁰ Captain Smith says: "This murder occurred in the upper rooms of the palace, being about four stories high. His body was ordered to be tied up in a blanket and thrown out of the window to the court below, where a party were waiting for it."

³¹ Henry Lawrence to Lord Auckland, 25th May, 1845, replying to a request for Nepal seeds and bulbs.

Ellenborough had sent Lawrence up to introduce a new régime of scrupulous non-interference with internal affairs; so that all he could do was to drop an occasional word of warning to the vain and infatuated minister, and dissuade him from hastening his fate by wholesale executions of his enemies. Poor Matabur! Perhaps *his* reflections as he gave up such designs to please the benevolent Englishman were much of this sort: "These Feringhees don't understand chess. If I don't kill my enemies, my enemies will certainly kill *me*. It is a mere question of first move."

A temporary calm followed the *coup-d'état* of the minister's death; and the last six months of Lawrence's residency passed quietly over in obvious preparations for a counter-revolution.

"If the Rajah thought," said Lawrence, "that by killing Matabur Sing he would recover his own authority, he has already found his mistake. His son's partisans are for the time put down only that his queen's should take their place. The murderer, Guggun Sing, a follower and supposed lover of the queen, now holds *his* durbars as Matabur Sing did ten days ago." Again: the Rajah is a very despicable person. So much blood has been shed in Nepal, that it must now continue to flow. There are so many sanguinary proceedings to avenge that I see no chance of domestic peace; but I do not therefore augur danger to the British Government. There is not a soldier in Nepal, scarcely a single man, that has seen a shot fired; and not one that could head an army.

"The chiefs are a very poor set, effeminate, debauched creatures, wanting in all respectable qualities. Matabur Sing was a hero—was a prince—compared with the best of them."

Nothing can exceed the grotesqueness of some of the passages in the *Court Chronicle* at this time, showing how the dead lion continued to scare the living dogs for months.

It is discovered that poor Matabur Sing had had two pictures of himself drawn by a Nepal artist—one representing him with his grand gold medals round his neck, and the other as kneeling at the feet of the heir-apparent. There must have been some deep design in this; and it is concluded that spells were written on the backs of the pictures, to bring the king and the heir-apparent under the minister's power. The painter is accordingly imprisoned, and inquiries are set on foot to find out who concocted the spell!

The king next takes it into his head that he is to be poisoned; so a proclamation is issued that any person discovered to have poison in his house will be punished.

The queen's two sons, who never appeared in public before, now take the air daily in the carriage of the late Matabur Sing; and Guggun Sing, who murdered him, rides by their side.

That very naughty boy, the heir-apparent, while the king his father is at his prayers, goes into the queen's closet and roundly abuses her for murdering Matabur Sing. Her majesty, by way of sugar-plum to soothe him, promises that if he will be very good till the cold weather comes, she and his father will go on pilgrimage to Juggernath, and leave the throne to him.

A few days afterwards a marked difference of opinion occurs in open durbar between the king, the queen, and the heir-apparent, and the latter says to his father, "*You* killed Matabur Sing, indeed! You would not dare to kill a rat!"

The king, much flushed with this debate in the senate, goes out to "eat the air," and stopping at the Residency gate, asks curiously "who the Swiss people are who are fighting in Europe?" and "is it true that in England there are no domestic broils like those in Nepal?"

Jung Bahádoor, "the coming man" of Nepal, and nephew of Matabur Sing, is seen riding out in a buggy with the two murderers of his uncle.

A vulture perches on the roof of the palace just over the king's head. He is shot at once. But the omen remains.

The astrologers are consulted, and they draw the uncomfortable augury "that within four months the king would receive a severe hurt, and die!"—"unless, indeed, the danger be averted by alms and devotion. Money is accordingly given to the Brahmins, and his majesty shifts his quarters to another wing of the palace.

But the very next night the ghost of the murdered Matabur appeared in the bloody chamber where the deed was done. Now, there's no knowing what to do with ghosts.

"Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again——"

so that once more he may be tied up in a blanket and thrown out of the window. But you can't tie up a ghost; and his majesty, with great presence of mind, sends his domestic chaplain into the room to perform an incantation. An image of the premier is likewise made of boiled rice. The Brahmins read forms of exorcism over it, and it

is' then thrown into the Bhagmuttee river; after which the ghost is laid, and the king returns to his usual apartments.

Later still some silver chains are said to be found in the late Minister's house—chains which, had he lived a few more days, he would have put upon the King.

Henry Lawrence shrewdly remarks that "had the Minister lived, his Highness would doubtless have been put to death, but I much doubt chains, much less silver ones, being thought of."

Nevertheless, a paper declaring Matabur Sing an ungrateful wretch, and forbidding any of his descendants ever to come to court, is affixed to the palace gates; and an order is given to engrave the said attainer and have it on copper plate, that it may last for ever.

These revelations of the barbarisms of the Nepal court, at once childish and ferocious, prepare us for two final memoranda in October, 1845, when the threatened invasion of British India by the intoxicated Sikh army seemed deferred only from day to day, and Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough were straining every nerve to meet it.

October 2nd.—The King has ordered all the Pundits to examine their books, and inform him whether the British will be victorious. . . .

October 20th.—Much anxiety is expressed as to the expected fall of Lahore, when Nepal will be the last free State in India.

How little we know what is for our good! That much-dreaded "fall of Lahore" saved the life of the Nepal State by ending its intrigues against the English.

It was then that the Goorkhas sent Jung Bahadoor to London to explore the secret of our power; and it was Jung Bahadoor who, in the darkest hour of 1857, taught them to side with us and get fresh territory as a reward.

But so far as the destiny of "the last free state in India" rests with Englishmen, its best title to independence will assuredly be found in one most unexpected feature of its government which Lawrence reveals below.

Who could have supposed it possible to combine a court delighting in blood and revolution, with a people dwelling in peace and happiness? He says:—

The Goorkhas will always intrigue, and will generally be as insolent as they are permitted to be; but they know our power too well to

molest us, unless in some such catastrophe as would cause a general insurrection in India. They would then be quick enough in stirring themselves, but they have no means of acting in the plains.

The soldiery are quiet and orderly, but otherwise I have been much disappointed in them, and I much doubt if the next war will find them the heroes they were in the last.

The country is a magnificent one. Thirty thousand men could take it in two months without fear of failure. A much less number and less time might do; but acting on its fastnesses as against a fortress, the matter might be made one of mathematical certainty.

By allowing 6,000 or 8,000 Goorkhas to enter our regiments of the line, this country could be held without increasing the army above four regiments, as regiments from Dinapore, Benares, and Cawnpore could be spared.

We should then have a splendid frontier in the snowy mountains, and a line of sanatoria from Darjeeling to Almora.

I see the advantages to *us* of taking the country whenever the Goorkhas oblige us to do so; but I have no wish to hasten the measure, for it is only justice to them to say that, bad as is their foreign and Durbar policy, they are the best masters I have seen in India.

Neither in the Terai nor in the Hills, have I witnessed or heard of a single act of oppression, since I arrived a year and half ago, and a happier peasantry I have nowhere seen.²²

May future British residents at Nepaul be able to draw as bright a picture of the Goorkha people, and brighter of the Goorkha court!

²² To the Governor-General. 25th May, 1845.

CHAPTER XII.

1844.

THE public work of the Resident at Nepal consisted, as we have seen, of studiously doing nothing, but observing everything. He was to abstain absolutely from any interference in the internal affairs of the Goorkhas, even by a kindly word of caution to an imprudent Minister; and he was simply to hold himself ready like a loaded gun, to be fired off on the first symptoms of international hostility.

Such, at all events, was the policy inaugurated by Lord Ellenborough, and apparently not before it was wanted.

I am afraid (wrote his lordship to Lawrence, on the 28th December, 1833) that what has passed before your arrival gives you some up-hill work; but plain, straightforward conduct must always produce its effect; and as the principles upon which we act towards the Rajah and the Durbar are perfectly fair and upright, I must think we shall succeed in getting upon as good terms with them as we can be upon with any Native State.

The thing it seems to be impossible to overcome in Native States is suspicion.

This may be our fault perhaps as much as theirs, but if it be so, in time even this may be, to some extent, subdued. You are beginning in the right way.

Again, on February 8th, 1844 :—

I have been obliged to give you an official caution as to the language you should hold to General Matabur Sing. The less you see of that man he better. We must not only mean what is right, but appear to do so.

The forced inactivity which this attitude involved must have been painful to a man of Henry Lawrence's humanity, but he turned it to great account. He found in it what is seldom brought to busy men, except in sickness—a pause in the mid-career of life—a smooth stone, half-way up the hill, whereon to rest and look round, and think. He devoted himself during these two years to study. He read hard, and wrote about what he read. He could not read

systematically, any more than he could do anything else systematically; but he read omnivorously, and always with a purpose. India was his sphere, and to it and the many classes of his fellow-creatures who were in it, black and white, he gave his thoughts; so that whatever book he took up haphazard and devoured, it was always with this reflection, "How does this bear upon our position in India—upon the government of subject races—upon a mercenary army—upon barrack life and soldiers' wives and children—upon the treatment of prisoners in jail—and upon our relations with native states?"

Coming thus to conclusions on large questions, he made copious notes, and the notes expanded into articles, and were thrown red-hot into the press at every juncture that arose; so that public opinion found itself informed and impressed by some earnest and honest thinker, who was conjectured to be behind the scenes, and was not very long unknown by name.

To this indeed may be attributed a large share of that extensive influence which Henry Lawrence has exercised in India, not only in his life but after it. His writings, as well as his personal example, leavened the country with high principles.

Let us, in this chapter, see something of this in detail:—his home life, his studies, his aims, his benevolent plans; and then the call which comes so surely when good men are rested, to gird up the loins and descend again into the arena.

MRS. LAWRENCE'S *Journal*.

Here I am fairly in this land of which I have been thinking so much, and wondering whether I should ever be allowed to enter it. I reached Bessowlia, within the Nepaul frontier, on Saturday, the 14th, and there found Henry encamped on the verge of a dark line of forest, with a background of brown and blue mountains. In camp were the tents of two Native gentlemen (Sirdar Bhowanee Sing and Kajee Jung Bahadoor), who were bearing him company, some soldiers of the Nepaul Resident's escort, and some Goorkha troops, dressed after the fashion of their country in dark jackets, wide white trousers, and small turbans ornamented in front by a crescent of silver. Our camp was pitched upon a level, where the tall, dry, reedy grass had been cleared by burning. We rested Sunday, and on Monday, after breakfast, set out. Our cavalcade was picturesque—about a dozen elephants, some with pads, some with howdahs, looking very much in their element as they made their way through the rank grass, which reached up to their shoulders. The ponies from Nepaul are the nicest I ever saw. They come from Bhootan—

stout-built, shaggy little creatures, good-tempered and sure-footed, with an ambling pace that gets over the ground surprisingly fast. Henry, Dr. C., and Alick were thus mounted.

Then—there were our soldiers aforesaid, and about a hundred porters carrying our baggage. This day I made my first trial of the *dandee*—a very uncouth but most comfortable conveyance. It is a hammock slung upon a pole, carried by two men. At first I felt rather as if I had been sewn up in a sack to be thrown into the Bosphorus; but I soon found how very easy a conveyance I was in. Our road, after traversing a mile or two of grass, ran through a forest to Bichakoh (10 miles), where we found our tents pitched close to the dry bed of a stream. . . . This difficult path, a mere foot-track, over ascents and descents, and along the beds of torrents, is the one mode of access to Nepaul, the only Pass entering their country which the jealousy of the Nepaïlese has hitherto allowed strangers to see; and this one road is rendered apparently as difficult as possible to deter travellers. "Where the tree falleth there it lieth." In numberless places large trees had fallen across the path, and the path forthwith wound round them. Some had lain thus undisturbed till perfectly decayed, retaining the original form of the trunk, but transmuted into fine mould. Covered with sward they looked like gigantic graves. Nature itself has surrounded Nepaul with an effectual barrier for more than half the year, the jungle through which we are passing being deadly except in the cold weather.

Our second march to Hitounda led us over the lower range of hills into a nearly level *dhoon*; the forest thick as before with sâl, seemul, shrubs, ferns, and creepers. An abrupt ascent and descent in the middle of the march brought us over the crest of the *Chivia Ghâtee*, a narrow pass with perpendicular sides, just wide enough to admit an elephant. Very grand the noble creatures looked filing through the pass, which they completely filled up. The road lay principally through a watercourse, with a small thread of clear water traversing it. At length a path through a dense jungle brought us to Hitounda, where our tents were pitched on a pretty level sward by the banks of a rapid stream—the Raptée. On the opposite side rose a perpendicular range of hills, wooded to the summit, undulating away to the west, whither the stream flowed. East and north rose higher hills, or rather mountains, all thickly wooded, and crossing and recrossing at successive elevations. Their outline was rounded. I do not recollect one abrupt peak.

We halted one day at Hitounda, and took our journey again at sunrise to-day.

Our road (to Bheem Phedee), except the last two or three miles, lay through the bed of the Raptée, which we crossed nineteen times, in some places ankle deep, in others much above the knee.

(Chitlong; one march from Khatmandoo).

Our baggage was sent off at sunrise, all except our breakfast, which we

ate in the open air. Very cold the air was too, but we had a fine glowing fire, round which we sat, under the shade of a lofty cliff above our camp. We were still in a region of wood and jungle, but the vegetation had assumed a more mountainous character—pine-trees occasionally scattered, and oak of the same sort as that of Simla. There was a beautiful shrub that I never saw before, about twelve feet high, wreathed with scarlet blossoms, the flower like the trumpet honeysuckle, but the calyx a wide scarlet cup. . . . Our road led at first up a bare and precipitous hill, by a zig-zag path, with such short turns that in places there was barely room for my dandee. There were ponies, but the gentlemen walked most of the way, helping themselves along occasionally by laying hold of the ponies' tails. Alick sometimes rode, sometimes was carried astride on a man's shoulder.

In the dandee I was carried head foremost up the ascents, and this made me more nervous than if I had seen the road before me; but, by degrees, the perfectly secure footing of the bearers gave me confidence, and I could enjoy the beautiful scenery and vegetation. The ascent continued until we reached Seesagurhee, a fort on the bare ridge of the hill, whence an abrupt descent led us into the bed of a stream by a precipitous winding track among oak and rhododendron, which reminded me of Simla and the rides about Elysium. . . . After winding through the bed of the river for a mile or two, we began to ascend a ridge with quite a different aspect; round hills without tree or shrub, covered with brown grass, much like Soobathoo and Syree. The road was much improved, and we saw a good deal of cultivation in the valleys below us, and the first traces of regular inhabitants since we left Hitounda. The houses are altogether unlike anything I have seen in Hindustan, and reminded me of some at home, built of brick, two or three stories high, with tiled roofs and projecting carved balconies—some squalid enough, but others have a substantial, almost comfortable look. The people must have little curiosity, for though we were as novel sights to them as they were to us, they hardly returned my inquisitive glances. However, it was too late to observe very minutely, and each ascent appeared longer than the last, till we reached this place an hour after sunset.

Chitlong is a bleak hill-side, the highest point on the road to Nepaul. We had been travelling for about ten hours and were very hungry, though we had halted half-way to take some luncheon.

Our tent had not arrived, but some of the servants had made a good fire and were dressing our dinner.

Moreover, a table and some chairs had arrived, so we might have been worse off.

The night was clear and very cold, with piping winds that seemed calling from one hill to another. The gentlemen soon kindled another fire, and we sat under it wrapped in our plaids, watching the stars

set behind the western hill and speculating whether the tents would arrive before another constellation set. . . . In the midst of this we saw torches approaching from the other side, and up ran Jung Bahadoor, quite *au désespoir* that we should have had such inconvenience, and that the lady should be sitting in the open air while he was lying in his tent! Dreadful! He never could recover the shock! And now he had brought his own tent to be pitched for us. . . . He sat with us round the fire while his servants pitched it, and never did I more gladly lay myself down than on this occasion.

(Khatmandoo.)

We left Chitlong after breakfast, and two or three hours' march over the hills brought us to the crest of the Chandragiri range. Below us lay the valley of Nepal! It was unlike anything I ever saw; more like an artificial model than any actual scenery, and suggested a crowd of new and strange ideas.

How did we ever get there? How shall we ever get away? How could this "emerald, set in the ring of the hills," have been first discovered and inhabited?

And being known at all, how comes it to be *so little* known? The first irresistible impression given by the valley is that we are looking at the basin of a lake; and such tradition asserts it to have been, and some hero with his sword cleft a passage for the waters. From Chandragiri the valley appears a perfect level, except for some detached hills which look like islands.

The basin is completely surrounded by hills with an undulating outline, the ranges crossing each other. Their height may be from 800 to 2,000 feet above the level of the valley. Where the outline sinks, we see a battlement of snow to the north-east; one of the peaks rising into spires and pinnacles far more fantastic than those we see from Simla. . . .

The valley is somewhere about twenty miles by fifteen, intersected by two streams, the Bhagmuttee and Bishenmuttee, but they flow too deep in their beds to be objects in the scenery. . . .

From Chandragiri we descended to Khatmandoo by a winding ravine so steep and rocky that I am afraid of seeming to exaggerate if I describe it.

I could not give you an idea of the enchanting beauty of this gorge (which is the sole road by which goods and travellers have admittance into the kingdom).

The lofty walls of rock rise on either side carpeted with moss, fringed with ferns, and interlaced with flowering shrubs and creepers. Sometimes you get a glimpse downwards into a chasm so beautifully mantled over with vegetation as to have nothing terrible in its depth. Now we were inclosed in a bend of the path as if we were at the bottom of a well, and then, doubling the shoulder of a crag, the valley lay at our feet with the lofty screen of cliff behind us.

In some recesses, though past noon, the dew still hung to the branches on which the sun can seldom shine:

At length we reached the level land, and found a good road leading to Khatmandoo, the capital of Nepal and the residence of the King and court.

The town is pretty nearly in the centre of the valley, and about half-a-mile farther on stands the British Residency, a large and substantial house, the property of Government. The grounds are about half-a-mile in circuit and include the houses belonging to the doctor and the officer commanding the escort. The grounds are undulating, and planted with a great variety of trees. . . .

When I arrived (January, 1844) it was quite refreshing to see the wintry aspect of all without. Except the evergreens, the trees were bare. The fields were fallow, and in the morning our gravel walks had a delightful crackling frost in them. Gravel walks! How homelike to pace them again, after the raised earthen banks that intersect the gardens in the plains of India!

And how pleasant to watch the budding of leafless branches once again—more like a home spring than aught I have seen in my wanderings!

In the plains, the crops follow each other so closely, that the ground rarely has the comfortable look of reposing itself that winter gives at home. We have here enough of firs, cypress, and cedar, with a few holly and evergreen-oak to keep us cheerful while we watched spring advance over the other trees,—the wild cherry with its polished bark and slender twigs bursting out into wreaths of snowy blossoms,—apple, pear, plum, quince,—all equally beautiful. . . .

The crowds of wild duck that had come here for the winter have now (March) taken their flight towards the snow, and have been succeeded by flights of swallows and by the dear cuckoo.

In the garden the hedges of wild rose are covered with blossoms, and the silver-rod more luxuriant than I ever saw it. The camelia-japonica, a tree eight or ten feet high, cheered us all through the winter with a fresh bloom every morning of its rich crimson tufted blossoms, which fall off every evening. And let me not forget the special delight of a green, turfy lawn such as I have never seen in India. . . .

In some of the hills round this valley I trace a resemblance to *Ennis-howen*, and the mountain to the N.W. of our house I could fancy to be *Inch Island* if there were but a lake in the foreground.

CHAPTER XIII.

1844—1845.

AT this point Sir Herbert Edwardes left the biography of his friend unfinished. It has fallen to my lot to complete, as well as I can, from the voluminous manuscript memorials left by Sir Henry, the tale of his life and achievements; taking it up at a crisis when a happy period of rest was vouchsafed him for a few years in a career of almost incessant labour and anxiety—which might have been happier even than it was, if he could have had philosophy enough to emancipate himself for a season from the pressure of eagerness for employment, for fields of military activity and fields of political excitement, by which his spirit was ceaselessly impelled forward.

Sir Henry Lawrence's estimate of his own physical condition at this period of his life may be gathered from a letter which he addressed from Nepaul (April 8, 1845) to the directors of the Universal Life Assurance Society, Calcutta. After specifying some slight dyspeptic and Indian health-troubles which had assailed him, he proceeds:—

I often ail, but with the exceptions above noted, do not remember having been confined to my bed for a day since 1826. My habits are extremely abstemious. I keep very early hours, eat sparingly, and scarcely touch wine, beer, or spirits. I believe I can stand fatigue of mind or body with any man in India. I have repeatedly ridden eighty and a hundred miles at a stretch at the hottest season of the year; and I have for weeks worked twelve and fourteen hours a day at my desk. Here I have almost a sinecure, and have no possible temptation to try my strength.

He writes to a friend from Khatmandoo, 4th February, 1844:—

. . . It is Sunday; here, for the first time since we were married, are we able to have it a day of rest. . . . I hope soon that we will teach these rude people to respect our Sabbath as we do theirs. I have next to nothing to do, unless I mix in the intrigues of the court, which I have no fancy for; and I have told the nobles and the king and the prince,

that I came to rest myself, and not to make war, or to do anything but to make *myself comfortable* by advising them to be quiet. It is just dark, and we have returned from a ride to the top of a Buddhist temple, two miles off, from which we had a splendid view of the Nepaul valley; its capital at our feet, its hundreds of villages and hamlets scattered over the richly cultivated steeps; its two winding rivers, its several holy woods, and its girdle of dark mountains—some wooded, some bare, but many of them now tipped with snow; and behind them, to the north and east, the Snowy Mountains, some white as snow, some partially covered, and all running into every fantastic shape,—a lovelier spot than this the heart of man could scarce desire; in every direction we choose to ride we have lovely or sublime prospects. Every day and every hour a new scene opens upon us: then the towns, the temples, the people, are all fruitful in interest to us.

The climate though warmer than Simla, is, for residents throughout the year, preferable; it is likened to Montpellier—never hot, never very cold. We have a house, too, 1,800 feet high, twelve miles off, where we can go, if we like, in the hot weather, and be as cool as at Simla.

Has not our lot, then, been cast most mercifully; and what have we to ask for in India? Indeed, I would not now change for the berth I so much wished for—that is, the head of the Punjaub Agency; and that I look on as the most desirable appointment in the plains; it is, however, not unpleasant to think that some people fancy I ought to have got charge of the Sikh duties. My friend Clerk, however, was right; they would, in my present health, have knocked me up.

The only regret I have is that my exile is, for the present, prolonged; but this regret is lessened by the thought that it may prevent that exile being permanent. . . .

To MR. MARSHMAN.

Nepaul, April 17th, 1844.

MY DEAR MARSHMAN,—

I FEEL sincerely for your domestic position, and can, perhaps, the better do so that I am myself so differently situated, and have so often had reason to expect a different fate. In the midst, moreover, of more happiness than I ever enjoyed I can feel for those who have been tried by affliction, and especially for those who, looking beyond the grave, strive with Christian fortitude to continue in the course of active duty. Our own lot has fallen in a goodly land, at a time, too, when we most wanted and least expected it. My wife delicate, our one surviving child unable to live in the plains, myself the wreck of two Arracan fevers, and almost yearly fevers ever since. We were preparing for England without the means of paying our passage home, when we were sent here. In our thankfulness for this change of fortune, for quiet, ease, health, and competence, in lieu of toil, discomfort, and sickness, and for years having literally no home, no place of retirement; when it was comparatively rest

and comfort to go out to camp in the hot winds, or to ride off fifty or sixty miles at a stretch, to exchange the daily and nightly toil of cantonments for village work:—all this we have exchanged for a paradise, and we would endeavour not to close our hearts towards those who are so differently situated. You astonish me by the account of your labours, and I wish that we could have you here for a season, to enable you to rest mind and body. . . .

In the silence of official records or detailed journals as to his career in Nepaul, I will continue his history by extracts from such letters as were collected by Sir Herbert Edwardes, for the purpose of illustrating this part of it:—

MRS. LAWRENCE *to* LETITIA HAYES.

10th April, 1844.

It feels cold, Lettice darling, to let such a number of letters go home without one word to the dearest of all. . . . We are all well, dearest sister—well in every sense—and happier than I can tell you. 'Tis seven years this day since I looked my last look on England, you having embarked me on the 3rd; since then we have each had a varied path; but we hope, through the mercies of God, in His Son, that we are seven years nearer to the place where "time enters not, nor mutability." But of all earthly blessings beyond what we have got, we most earnestly long to meet, face to face, those who have loved us through all changes. God bless, guide, keep you, beloved sister.

(*Added by* HENRY.)

I can never do better, dearest Lettice, than say ditto to my dear wife's lucubrations, especially when she addresses you, regarding whom we are at least agreed, if on nothing else. This is, indeed, a lovely place, and we enjoy it much, being as idly busy as ever were man and woman, though I should say we three, for Tim is ever with us. . . .

From Lord Ellenborough. The news of his recall by the Court of Directors, for reasons on which it is unnecessary to touch here, arrived in India on the 15th June:—

Calcutta, June 17th, 1844.

MY DEAR MAJOR LAWRENCE,—

I THINK no Court will puzzle itself more in framing conjectures as to the cause of my recall than the suspicious and intriguing Court of Nepaul; and you will have some difficulty in making them understand that this event will have no effect upon the measures of the Government, those measures being entirely under the control of the Crown.

My successor¹ will do all I should have done. You may tell the Court that he has been selected, amongst other reasons, because he is my brother-in-law and most confidential friend. When they observe upon his being a soldier, you may tell them he is the best we have, but that he is not on that account, the less desirous of peace.

Yours very faithfully,

ELLENBOROUGH.

Answer of H. Lawrence, the 28th June, 1844 :—

MY LORD,—

I WAS much gratified by the receipt of your lordship's note of the 17th instant. The enclosed will show you what I have written to the Rajah. I also verbally explained the relative positions of the Crown Ministers, and Court of Directors. I have satisfied the Durbar that Sir Henry Hardinge will carry out your lordship's views of foreign policy. I explained that the new Governor-General had been War Minister; and, as a soldier, was second only to the Duke of Wellington, but that, nevertheless, he was a man of peace. . . .

I am trying to procure a good Goorkha kookree, which I hope your lordship will accept as a small remembrance of Nepal, and the gratitude of its Resident, who, soldier though he be, trusts to succeed in preserving peace here, and who is persuaded that this can only be effected by honestly working out your lordship's instructions.

Part of a long letter to Mr. (now Sir Frederic) Currie, on Nepal politics, representing the difficulties in which a former Resident, Mr. Hodgson, had, in Sir Henry's opinion, involved the Government :—

Sept. 11th, 1844.

You know me well enough to believe that I can let people alone, and will obey orders; and that when I consider it my duty to give my opinion that it is best for Nepal, as well as ourselves, to keep them strictly to the letter and the spirit of the Treaty, I am not likely to involve the Government by straining our claims. I never yet saw a Native the better for yielding to him; and, certainly, Nepal is no exception to the rule. If there is any doubt in any question between us, I would give them the benefit; but I would make them abide strictly by the boundary, and not give up land because they had usurped it, and thereby encourage them to further encroachment. Excuse this long yarn: as you made me a diplomatist, I would fain appear in your eyes an honest, and not an indiscreet one.

¹ Sir Henry, afterwards Lord Hardinge.

A protracted interruption of correspondence here follows, during a winter in which Mrs. Lawrence was first visited with serious illness, from which she indeed recovered, but never thoroughly enjoyed health in India afterwards:—

From MRS. LAWRENCE to MRS. CAMERON.

DEAREST, DEAREST MARY,—

February 27th, 1845.

I HAVE put off writing to you, in hopes of feeling better, till I thought I should never write again to you, or any one else. Since I last wrote to you in August, I have been continually suffering, and for three months have scarcely left my bed. On the 24th January I gave birth to a son—a darling healthy babe, and at first I recovered well; but since then, I have been dangerously ill, with more acute suffering than I ever recollect. My strength is wonderfully returning, but I still feel shattered. I yearn to give proof of my loving remembrance to you and others whom I love; and, therefore, I write these brief, imperfect lines, to tell you how the conviction of meeting you hereafter enhanced my affection for you, when I thought my own mortal hours numbered. Mary, our trust in Jesus is no delusion: He is with the feeblest of His followers, to uphold them, and make them feel that He afflicts in love and wisdom. May we cling closer and closer to the Saviour: learn more of His meekness; and, if we live to rear these little ones He has given us, may we bring them up as for Him. I cannot write more now.

Your faithful friend,

H. L.

(Continued on the same page by H. LAWRENCE.)

MY DEAR MRS. CAMERON,—

Nepaul, Feb. 27th, 1845.

DURING the last terrible fortnight my dear wife often thought and often spoke of you. All present danger is now over, and she will soon, I trust, be able to write to you fully, how much she bears you in remembrance. Alick was again ill last month; his illness was one of many causes of Honoria's attack. We, fortunately, had a second doctor in the house at the time—a German, in attendance on Prince Waldemar of Prussia. For three days I had little hope of my wife's life. She was quite resigned, and talked to me composedly of the friends she thought she was leaving for ever in this world. Offer our kind regards to Mr. Cameron, and believe me yours affectionately,

H. LAWRENCE.

The following extract of a letter already mentioned from Lawrence to Lord Auckland (the 25th May, 1845), concerning Nepaul affairs, relates the tragical end of the too-powerful Minister, Matabur Sing,

uncle, as before stated, of his present eminent successor, Sir Jung Bahadoor. After a reconciliation with the Rajah—

In December, Matabur again took up the turban, and for five months was in great feather, daily receiving some mark of favour, khilluts, titles, and solemn pledges of safety; four of these last he had engraved in gold, and surrounding them with diamonds, wore them constantly, in the fashion of an immense medal. The inscription told of his skill, bravery, and fidelity; how he had saved Nepaul from foreign and domestic enemies, and united in peace the hitherto squabbling members of the royal family. They were given in the name of the Rajah, as well as of his son. All went quietly, and possibly might have continued so for some time, had Matabur acted prudently and temperately. As far as I consistently could, I assured him that it was impossible the Rajah really could be satisfied; but, in his vanity, he believed that he had effectually frightened all whom he had not gained. The chiefs were certainly weak enough in words, and the troops were found so obedient that he got them to pull down their old barracks, and carry the materials a mile, to build them up again near his own home. I hinted to him the danger of so employing the soldiers, but he would take no advice. The Rajah, however, was not slow to take advantage of the discontent now caused. He sent for him at midnight, on urgent business, and had him assassinated in his own presence; some say, in that also of the Raneé. She was, at any rate, in the plot, and her principal attendant was one of the executioners. Before daylight of the 18th the corpse was sent to the temple of Persputnauth to be burnt. The sons of the late Minister have effected their escape to Segowlee; two or three of the family have been seized, and, twelve hours after the murder, not a voice was to be heard in favour of the man who the day before had been everything. . . . There is not a soldier in Nepaul; scarcely a single man that has seen a shot fired, and not one that could lead an army. The chiefs are a very poor set, effeminate, debauched creatures, wanting in all respectable qualities. Matabur Sing was a hero; was a prince, compared with the best of them.

From MRS. LAWRENCE to MRS. CAMERON.

Nepaul, July 25th, 1845.

. . . For a year past, writing has been a great effort to me. Generally on the couch, the mere act of writing was fatiguing, and I felt still more injuriously the excitement of replying to a letter that interested me. Truly I have been but a cumberer of the ground for many a day, and have learned that one of the most difficult parts of submission is to submit to be useless. Lately, however, I have again rallied. I do not reckon on established health, but I am most thankful for the present respite, and for being able once more to occupy myself in home duties, and to resume this one mode that we have of communicating with absent

friends. . . Our nearest European neighbours are a week's march from us at Segowlee, and even with them we have no possibility of intercourse during eight months of the year, when the malaria of the forest is pestilential. . . . It will give you some idea of our *impracticable* position here, when I tell you that for months we had been negotiating at almost every station between Allahabad and Calcutta for a monthly nurse, and when at length she came, for less than three months, her visit cost us above one hundred pounds. The year closed upon us gloomily enough ; but on the 24th January I was confined, beyond all I had dared to hope, of as healthy, thriving a babe as mother's heart could ask. At first, I got on so well that Henry left me to go and meet Prince Waldemar. It opened a year of wonders for Nepaul—the first *Christian* infant born—the first nurse that ever had been heard of ; a second English lady come across their frontier (for Henry has got a new assistant, a married man), and the first European travellers who had ever found their way to Nepaul. A few days after Henry left me I became very ill, and I have little recollection of anything except dreadful bodily suffering, and intervals of consciousness, during which the mighty arm of our heavenly Father sustained me and kept me in peace. I was quite aware of my own danger, and the tranquillity with which I could think of quitting those who make life precious to me was a boon that I desire to treasure in my heart, along with the recollection of the mercy that upheld me four years ago, when our sweet daughter was taken from us. You may believe that it was no small trial to Henry to have the house full of strangers at such a time ; but these very circumstances made him the more appreciate the consideration and kindness of our guests, particularly of Prince Waldemar, so that it was not as a mere form that we accepted his offer of being god-father to our baby, to whom we have given the name of Henry Waldemar. And as I write these words, I stop to look up at the radiant little being, in all the perfection of infantile health and happiness, crowing and almost springing out of his nurse's arms ; his long, silky curls waving on his head ; his mouth *set* with two little pearly teeth ; his round, plump, ivory limbs, as firm and cool as if he had been reared on your Highland braes. He is, indeed, as lovely an infant as parents could ask for. Oh, that you could see him ! . . .

By the time I had recovered in some measure from my illness, the season was too far advanced for our reaching the plains, otherwise we should have thought it right to make the fearful sacrifice of my going home and taking Alick. I would not obstinately or thanklessly reject any means whereby my health or his might benefit ; but I could not help rejoicing that my going was impossible for that season. Whether the measure may be either practicable or necessary next cold weather is quite uncertain, and I try to put away the thought from me, except in prayer, that we may be guided to a right decision when the time comes. Home is not less dear to me than when I left it. No, indeed, each year of

absence makes it seem "more dear, more dainty, and more sweet." But it would not be home without Henry. I will not venture to say more on the subject now. In May I again was very ill, and felt as if all my vital powers were exhausted, like a lamp with no oil in it. Again I have recruited, and am now in very fair health—still feeble on my limbs, and easily knocked up by any effort to act or think, but relieved from the load of pain and depression which have often made me feel it more difficult to be resigned to life than to death. And now we pursue our usual quiet, and, in a certain sense, busy life. Henry for ten years led a life of such urgent *external* labour that he had little leisure for study or thought. He is now reading systematically, and writing a good deal. How I like to think of your reading our *Bellasis*,² for it will give you many a sketch of our actual experience. I suppose the book has had no public success, or we should have heard of it. Colburn published it on his own responsibility, and we have never heard from him since its appearance. The friends to whom we sent copies speak of the work as interesting for the author's sake, but if any review or even newspaper has thought it worth criticizing, we have never heard. It is not, therefore, for fame that Henry now keeps his pen busy. Last year a work was started in Calcutta called the *Calcutta Review*. We liked its principles and style, and knew more or less of almost every contributor. Henry, therefore, has made an effort to help on the work, and, little interest as our local Indian literature excites at home, I think you may possibly have heard of this periodical as it is in some degree the foster-child of the Indian Free Church. Dr. Duff's name you may probably know, and he and his colleagues write for the *Review*. Should you meet with the work, and have courage for our sakes to venture on an Indian publication, you will find much that I think will interest you. Our contributions treat of "The Sikhs and their Country," "Kashmir, &c.," "Military Defence," "Romance and Reality," "Oude," "Mahrattahs," "Carriage for the Sick and Wounded," "English Children in India," and "English Women in Hindostan." Writing and reading are truly a resource here, where we have no society. . . . This lack of intercourse with our kind is very benumbing, especially as we necessarily see so much that is hateful and degrading in the conduct of a Native court—a climate where "all men are liars." But enough of ourselves and Nepal. You asked for details about us, and surely you have got them to your heart's content. Now "thou friend of many days, of sadness and of joy," will you in return tell me much about yourselves?

A few extracts from Mrs. Lawrence's journal may find their place

² The allusion is to a work of fiction founded on Eastern experiences, published by H. Lawrence in London (1845), under the title, *Adventures of an Officer in the Service of Runjeet Singh*.

here. They will serve at all events also to add new touches to the character which the reader will already have drawn for himself of this noble-minded lady. Like her husband, she was an incessant writer; the long hours of languid Indian life in a secluded region were energetically conquered by the constant exercise of the pen. Even the very severe illness under which she had suffered scarcely interrupted her labours. She corresponded largely with his sister, Mrs. Hayes, and with other English and Indian friends; she assisted her husband as amanuensis; she contributed articles of her own, and helped to polish his, for the infant *Calcutta Review*; but, amidst all these occupations, she steadily, when in tolerable health, journalised on, compiling a record on which she counted for the amusement of her husband and instruction of their children in years to come. Page after page is filled with the outpourings of an enthusiastic spirit respecting her own domestic joys and cares, the progress of her children, the details of the daily life and thoughts of her husband, her passionate prayers for spiritual as well as earthly blessings on them all. But these are intermingled with shrewd observations on matters of daily interest, with descriptions of natural scenes which show how strongly the romance which these engender, so peculiarly attractive to women of highly cultivated minds, had possession of her imagination, and with playful traits of criticism on Native ways and people. I insert a specimen or two of her miscellaneous observations on these topics, partly in order to show that Lady Lawrence, who has been usually drawn as something almost too "high and good" for the trifling amenities of ordinary life, was, in truth, as observant; as quick to catch the minor features of the daily course of her time, and possessed as much of the trivial spirit of playful satire, as well as of romance, as the most popular letter or anecdote writer of her sex:—

Saw Mrs. — and her sweet, healthy, *very* small daughter. How small a way externals go towards making a person look interesting. Here was everything interesting in her situation; a young mother, "fresh from the perilous birth;" pretty, too, very pretty as to features and complexion; herself and husband almost alone in this secluded spot, and I fancy fond of each other; in short, every accessory for pictorial effect that a painter or poet could ask. Yet I confess that, except the unconscious little infant, whose small helplessness goes straight to my heart, I saw nothing to interest me. The new-made mother seemed to look with the same eyes on the baby and on the pillow. Apathy is the very most hopeless material to deal with!

September 1845.—At sunrise this morning I tried to sketch the outline of the snow. Papa's Dewalagiri and mamma's Dewalagiri, as Tim calls the mountains you and I respectively patronize. It is curious to remark how very different the altitude of the entire chain appears during different parts of the day. At sunrise it appears remote (I should guess ten to twelve miles, though I know the peaks are from thirty to one hundred miles off), and then they appear as if we looked down upon them. Now, at noon, the sides are much more hazy and indistinct, yet the whole chain appears much more lofty and nearer. The snow visible from this place lies W.N.W. of us, and the sun, of course, now rises nearly due E. I have not noticed anything like a rosy tint on the hills at sunrise; *then* they are of something like a French grey, with the edges of a dazzling silver, that gradually overspreads the whole surface as the sun rises higher. Then, too, the sky is of a deep, deep blue, from which they stand out. As the day advances, the tint of the sky becomes paler, and of the hills deeper, so that they do not show very distinctly, except in the salient angles that throw back the light. As the sun approaches the western horizon, the sky again deepens to intense, transparent blue, and a deeper shadow falls on all except the western faces of the pinnacles. At this time, sometimes it would be difficult to believe we were looking at a snowy surface, for, except the glittering profiles of the crags, all is of a deep neutral tint. But when the sun has sunk below the near ridge of western hills (half an hour, I fancy, before it sets on the plain), the whole snowy range glows, almost *burns*, with a coppery light, as if from burnished metal, varying sometimes to a semi-transparent tinge like the opal; and, as the sun departs, assuming a perfect rose-coloured blush, until the last ray is gone, and then there comes a deadly paleness over all. Last night was full moon, and I have only two or three times in my life witnessed anything that gave me so much the idea of another world; of scenery belonging altogether to some different class of existence. I had sat in the little balcony, gazing at such a sunset as I have tried to describe, until the stars to the west and north shone forth, and then I turned east and saw the round yellow moon just rising above the low swelling hills, and lighting up the valley of Nepaul. As it rose higher, it assumed the silvery tint that it never has near the horizon; the sky to the west became of a deep amethyst or sapphire colour, from which the silvery range of snow stood out, glittering and sparkling in parts, yet with a general tender subdued nun-like aspect that I cannot describe. The scene called up the same feelings that I have had at sea, when

The moon did with delight
Look round her, when the heavens were bare.

Sometimes in the morning here I observe bars or curtains of mist rise gradually and horizontally up the side of the hill, the edge as regular as a roller-blind. After rain, when the clouds are dispersing, and parts of

the landscape are particularly clear, there are often left on the hill-sides patches of white mist, as well defined as a wad of cotton laid on the table. Again, sometimes a gauzy film of vapour sweeps past us, veiling every object for a few minutes, and then away. Looking down on the valley below, and the sides of the hills around, the clouds have exactly the forms and changes that I have noticed in the plains, when looking up at the sky.

October, 1845.—Cleanliness is a prevailing feature of many Nepaul customs; others are unspeakably filthy. Even the cleanest and most luxurious Native here, or, I fancy, anywhere in India, has no idea of cleanliness in the clothes that touch the skin, and bed-linen is a thing unknown. Once in a bed made up for me at the Putialah Rajah's garden-house at Pinjore, there was a sheet, tied with silk cord and tassels, for me to lie on. But at Lucknow I saw his Oudh Majesty's bed, which seemed just as he left it that morning, with nothing but silk mattress, pillows, and resai; and this, I believe, is the usual way, from the bearer, who rolls round him the coarse chintz wadded coverlids, to the king, whose resai is of Benares kinkab. So, with under-clothes. During the hot season all classes wear white, and the "muslined millions" look elegantly clean; but during the cold season I never saw a symptom of anything washable under the wadded, woollen, or silken warm clothes. Matabur Sing used to wear a brocade vest; our servants wear their wadded chupkur, sometimes putting a white muslin one over, by way of being clean. Luckily, the majority of Natives crop or shave their heads, and in the plains they bathe where they can. But I dare not even imagine what may dwell within the long flowing locks of the Pathans and the Sikhs. As to the hill people, they never wash, I believe. When they become the happy possessors of any piece of dress, they wear it till it drops off. Yet these people have their cooking vessels polished and scrubbed in a way that few gentlemen's kitchens at home could match; clean their teeth diligently every morning, and never eat or smoke without washing hands and mouth before and after. Strange that a man who will sweep his house diligently, scrub and polish his hookah and tali (brass dish) till you might almost see your face therein, and wash his hands, does not mind living surrounded by filth and stench, and will contentedly lay his head on a pillow almost rotten with accumulated filth.

In the following month Mrs. Lawrence left for England. Her husband accompanied her as far as Calcutta, but soon returned to his post.

In this mountain seclusion of Nepaul, and during this cessation from the active duties which had employed and were to employ so much of his life, Henry Lawrence seriously turned his mind, as we

have seen, to literary occupation. I cannot give a brief account of this part of his career in more appropriate words than those of Mr., now Sir John Kaye, who was united to Sir Henry both by the bonds of strong personal friendship and also by those which subsist between editor and contributor; for at this period, and for some years, Mr. Kaye conducted the Review in question:—

So Henry Lawrence, at this period of his career, had more time professionally unoccupied than at any other. That he would turn it to good account one way or another was certain. The way was soon determined by an accident. It had occurred to me, then residing in Calcutta, to establish a review, similar in form and character to the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, and the *Westminster Reviews*, but devoted entirely to Indian subjects and questions. It was a bold and seemingly a hopeless experiment, and I expected that it would last out a few numbers and then die, leaving me perhaps a poorer man than before. Its success astonished no one more than myself. That it did succeed is, in no small measure, attributable to the strenuous support of Henry Lawrence. It was precisely the organ for which he had long been wishing as a vehicle for the expression of his thoughts; and perhaps his kindly heart was moved to take a stronger interest in it by the fact that it was the project, and under the peculiar care, of one who had once been a brother-officer in the same distinguished corps, though at that time we had never met. As soon as he heard of my intention to start the *Calcutta Review*, he promised to contribute to every number. The first number was too far advanced for me to avail myself of his aid. . . .

. . . . After this Lawrence's contributions became more numerous. He generally furnished two or three papers to each number of the *Review*. His fertility, indeed, was marvellous. I have a letter before me, in which he undertook to supply to one number four articles, comprising a hundred and ten pages. His contributions were gravid with matter of the best kind—important facts accompanied by weighty opinions and wise suggestions. But he was always deploring, and not without reason, his want of literary skill. This want would have been a sore trial to an editor, if it had not been accompanied by the self-knowledge of which I have spoken. There was, indeed, a charming candour and modesty about him as a writer: an utter absence of vanity, opinionativeness, and sensitive egotism about small things. He was eager in his exhortations to the editor to "cut and prune." He tried hard to improve his style, and wrote that, with this object, he had been reading Macaulay's *Essays*, and studying Lindley Murray. On one occasion, but one only, he was vexed by the manner in which the editorial authority had been exercised. In an article on the "Military Defence of our Indian Empire," which, seen by

the light of subsequent events, has quite a flush of prophecy upon it, he had insisted, more strongly than the editor liked at the time, on the duty of a government being at all times prepared for war. Certain events, then painfully fresh in the public mind, had given the editor somewhat ultra-pacific tendencies, and in the course of the correspondence he must have expressed his opinions over strongly, by applying the epithet "abominable" to certain doctrines which Lawrence held more in favour. "When you know me better," he wrote in reply, "you will not think that I can advocate anything abominable." And nothing was more true. The contributor was right, and the editor was wrong. He continued to the end of his life to contribute at intervals to this publication, and was, when the rebellion of 1857 broke out, employed on a review of the *Life of Sir John Malcolm*, which he never lived to complete.

In his literary labours at this time Henry Lawrence was greatly assisted by his admirable wife, who not only aided him in the collection and arrangement of such of his facts as he culled from books, and often helped him to put his sentences in order, but sometimes wrote articles of her own, distinguished by no little literary ability, but still more valuable for the good womanly feeling that imbued them. Ever earnest in her desire to promote the welfare of others, she strove to incite her countrywomen in India to higher aims, and to stimulate them to larger activities. In her writings, indeed, she generally appealed to her own sex, with a winning tenderness and charity, as one knowing well the besetting weaknesses of humanity, and the especial temptations to indolence and self-indulgence in such a country as India. And so, when not interrupted by ill-health, as sometimes happened, these two worked on happily together in their Nepaul home; and seldom or never did a week pass without bringing me, as I laboured on in Calcutta, a bulky packet of manuscript, from one or other, or both.—*Lives of Indian Officers*, ii. 290.

The following list of articles furnished by Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence to the *Calcutta Review* is stated to be correct, but I do not believe it complete :—

No.	Art. Military Defence of our Indian Empire.
2	Romance and Reality of Indian Life.
3	5 The Sikhs and their Country.
4	4 Kashmir and the Countries around the Indus.
6	5 The Kingdom of Oude.
7	4 Englishwomen in Hindostan (Lady Lawrence).
8	7 Mahratta History and Empire.
10	4 Countries beyond the Sutlej and Jumna.
11	5 Indian Army.
13	5 Army Reform.

No.	Art.
16	6 Lord Hardinge's Administration.
18	6 Major Smyth's Reigning Family of Lahore.
43	Sir Charles Napier's Posthumous Work.

Six of these are published in the volume entitled, *Essays, Military and Political, written in India, by Sir Henry Lawrence*, but the dates given do not exactly correspond with the above table.

The following specimen may suffice of his own judgments—the careless judgments of an accomplished literary soldier—on portions of his own miscellaneous reading :—

Extract from Nepal Journal, September 1846.

I have been reading desultorily *Herodotus*, *Demosthenes*, Müller's *Dorians*, old *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, *Letters from the Baltic*, *History of the Jews*, Paley. Struck with the extraordinary variety of opinion as to historians in different numbers of reviews, especially *Edinburgh*. In one *Herodotus* is a child, in another wholly trustworthy. One makes Xenophon an imbecile, another a sage. The *Edinburgh*, more temperate than the *Quarterly*, which, again, is often out of keeping; one number makes Hallam, the historian, all that is untrustworthy, another excellent. I don't like Milman's *History of the Jews*, it is not written in the spirit that might be expected of a Churchman of his character. *Letters from the Baltic*, interesting. Paley is a better writer than I thought, most clear and lucid, too cool, too unenthusiastic, but most argumentative, and a writer of excellent English.

The next special subject to be noticed in recounting this tranquil portion of Sir H. Lawrence's life is his connection with the scheme, or rather series of schemes, which culminated in the foundation of the now famous institution of the "Lawrence Asylum." I subjoin the first letters in which he propounded the outlines of this great project to the Indian Government, and add to them a fragment with which Lady Edwardes, Sir Herbert's widow, has kindly furnished me, carrying on, as far as necessary, her husband's unfinished work as regards this subject, in which Sir Herbert took an interest scarcely exceeded by that of his friend Lawrence himself. Could I have found space to treat it more at length, I should have had, first, to show the great pecuniary sacrifice at which Sir Henry, at no period of his life a rich man, devoted his own means as well as his time to this child of his devotion; and, next, the endless difficulties and hindrances which he had to deal with and surmounted. "You will see," says Lord

Lawrence, sending to Sir Herbert some correspondence relating to the early stages of the business, "that even Lord Hardinge deprecated the scheme." All this reads strangely, when we know that there are now (January, 1868) full five hundred boys and girls getting a good training, in a fine climate, and altogether promising to turn out useful members of society. Of a certainty Henry's good deeds live after him. The asylum has proved an untold blessing to the British soldier's orphan in India.

To COLONEL STUART, *Secretary to Government Military Department.*

SIR,—

Nepaul Residency, July 22, 1845.

HAVING projected the formation of an establishment in the N.W. hills for the education of the children (especially the daughters) of European soldiers, I have the honour to request that you will lay before the Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council the enclosed circular, with my request for the sanction of Government, and that of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, to my circulating copies of the document among the several regiments of her Majesty's and the Honourable Company's troops on the Bengal Establishment.

2. I further beg the favourable consideration of Government to the following points :—

1st.—That, in whatever portion of the hills the establishment may be fixed, the undermentioned officers belonging to the nearest stations or depots may be declared to be the Government members of the Committee of Management, to be associated with five residents or visitors, the latter being selected by the subscribers to the funds of the institution :—The Commanding officer, the Station Staff, the Chaplain, the Magistrate, the Civil Surgeon.

2nd.—That Government will permit the Committee to select from the ranks of the Army two married soldiers as teachers and superintendents for the first hundred scholars, and an additional teacher for every hundred after the first; granting to these men the regimental pay of their rank with claim to pension. All extra salary to be paid by the Committee.

3rd.—That the present allowance to which European children are entitled be continued.

4th.—That such portions of surplus canteen funds as are appropriated to the instruction of regimental children shall go with them to the Asylum, rateably to the number of children—that is, if 100 rupees is yearly appropriated to the education of 100 children and twenty of the latter are taken, that the canteen fund pay that number of rupees yearly to the Asylum Committee.

3. I offer no apology for thus intruding on the Governor-General in Council, because I know that both the Honourable the Court of Directors

and the Government of India are desirous to forward all measures for the amelioration of the condition of any portion of their troops. It may, however, be necessary for me to state that my proposal is no sudden freak of wild enthusiasm, but the sober result of long acquaintance with the condition of barrack children, and of the especial degradation of girls. In the year 1842 I was for a single month in civil charge of Mussourie ; had I remained I should have established a small European charity-school there. When in charge of Amballa, as soon as the Kussowlee Hill was brought within my jurisdiction, I proposed to Mr. Clerk the establishment of a European free school there. He entirely approved of the suggestion, but his illness and my own departure frustrated that scheme. I mention these points to show that I have long considered the subject.

4. I may now explain how the scheme got into the papers before I had procured the sanction of Government. During my brief charge of Mussourie, I visited Mr. Mackinnon's school, where I was much struck with the robust, active appearance of the pupils, as well as with that gentleman's management, and with the energy, ability, and good feeling displayed by him on all questions. On my arrival here, more than a year ago, I wrote to him, asking what he thought of a Hill Military Asylum, to which I said that I would give a donation and monthly subscription. My letter was altogether private, but he being the editor of a small weekly journal (since defunct), alluded in one of his issues to my proposal. Some time after, the editor of the *Delhi Gazette* called upon the person who had made the offer to communicate with him, as he would gladly lend his influence to promote the establishment of an asylum. Being anxious to elicit the feeling of the English community, and show Government what support the scheme was likely to obtain, I then wrote two letters, under the signature of "H," explaining my views. They drew forth some correspondence containing many good suggestions, and procured several donations and subscriptions, as well as some letters, showing that many warrant-officers are anxious for the establishment of an asylum, and willing to pay for the education of their children.

5. I calculate that, under good management, each child will not cost above 10 rupees per month ; as soon, therefore, as Government sanction is obtained, a commencement may be made with the subscriptions and donations already registered. I have, however, little doubt that, as soon as the institution is fairly set on foot, many persons who have hitherto held back will come forward in its support. I have purposely refrained from drawing up any definite scheme of management, being desirous that, in the framing of rules, the institution should have the advantage of the judgment of the committee. In the course of three months all could be arranged by epistolary intercommunication ; and next February the institution may be started.

6. Attached is an extract from a letter lately received from Mr. Mackin-

non on the subject. I have, as suggested by him, addressed Major Smith and Dr. McAndrew.

I have the honour to be, &c.,
H. M. LAWRENCE, *Resident*.

MY DEAR COLONEL,—

Azfool, 23rd July, 1845.

MAY I beg the favour of your support to my project of a Hill School, which I have this day officially forwarded to you? I have long had the scheme at heart, as likely to materially benefit the children of European soldiers. My first wish was to see the Calcutta Orphan Schools removed to the hills; and about this time last year I wrote officially to the Secretary, offering 5,000 rupees towards assisting the movement of part or all of the institution; but my offer was declined. I hope to have better luck in advocating an establishment for the reception of *all* European children, of both services.

Believe me, &c.

(Signed) H. M. LAWRENCE.

Colonel Stuart, Military Secretary.

Circular to be sent to the Commanding Officers of all her Majesty's and the Honourable Company's regiments, brigades, and battalions, on the Bengal Establishment:—

1. Government has sanctioned the formation of an asylum in the North-west Hills, for the education of soldiers' children, the locality to be hereafter determined.

2. Several gentlemen have come forward with subscriptions and donations; but, unless supported by the army generally, the scheme must fail. I will give a donation of five thousand rupees (5,000), and a yearly subscription of one thousand (1,000), as long as I am in India, and drawing a salary equal to that which I now receive. My money (5,500), including half-a-year's subscription *in advance*, shall be lodged in the Delhi Bank by the 1st January next, and I request that all subscribers and donors will lodge their contributions by that date, so that operations may commence early next year. Including the above, I calculate that 8,000 rupees donations, and 2,000 rupees annual subscriptions, have already been registered; when 2,000 rupees is added to the donations, and the annual subscriptions are doubled, giving us 10,000 rupees in hand, and a clear income of 4,000 rupees per annum, the establishment may be started with fifty pupils—twenty-five orphans, and as many children whose parents can pay for them, being at once admitted.

3. One with another, according to the annexed scale, and including the present Government allowance to children, I calculate that those who pay will cost the institution very little extra; and that, after a fair start has been made, the expense of each free scholar will not average above

10 rupees per month, or seven in excess of the Government allowance. The number of the first class, then, can be indefinitely increased, and need be limited only by the extent of premises; but the amount of aid given to orphans must entirely depend on the support the institution receives from the public generally, and especially from the military of all ranks.

4. As many misconceptions appear to be afloat, I may remark that I do not design the institution should be restricted to any particular division of Christians, or to any one arm of the service. I propose that *all* children, the offspring of European father and European mother, both of her Majesty's and the Honourable Company's army, whether Catholic or Protestant, be eligible for admittance; that the number of vacancies for the ensuing year be declared early in the previous September, and be allotted to regiments, brigades, and battalions, in proportion to their subscriptions, as per Explanatory Table No. 1.

5. Different hill stations have been suggested for the site of the institution. It, however, appears to me that the asylum should be in the vicinity of one of the established sanatoria, both that the public should be able to visit and inspect the establishment and for the advantage of medical aid. A low site, about 5,500 feet high, somewhere in the rear of the centre of Mussourie, would, I consider, combine most advantages as a retired position, suitable to all seasons, and within reach of local authorities.

6. The establishment to commence with a girls' asylum, to the extent of 100 orphans in excess of paying children; and then, according to the extent of funds in hand, a boys' establishment to be commenced on, within a reasonable distance of the female asylum. I wish the girls' department to be based upon the same principle as the Calcutta Female Orphan Institution, with the economical modifications that may be found practicable in a cold climate. The boys' establishment to be on the strictest system of economy that will educate them as useful members of society.

7. It is proposed that the locality shall be decided by the votes of the majority of subscribers. A donation of 100 rupees, or a subscription of 2 rupees monthly, entitling to one vote. Donors of 500 rupees, or subscribers of 5 rupees monthly, to have two votes. No one person to have more than two votes. Regiments to vote collectively; sixteen subscriptions of 2 annas entitling to two votes, according to Table No. 1.

8. A code of rules for the management of the asylum, embracing all internal arrangements, to be drawn up by a committee of eleven, five of whom to be appointed by Government, and six to be elected by the majority of votes. This committee to have full power over the funds, &c., &c., for two years, when a new election to take place.

9. The Committee to form a code of rules for the management of the institution, which might be easily effected in the following manner: Let each

member commit to paper his suggestions, *in detail*, and vote that one particular member should draw up the code; in whatever member's favour the majority of votes appear, let him be furnished with the recorded suggestions of all the other members, and, with their aid, draw up a full and minute code. This document might then be circulated to members for their remarks, and, after final revision by the preparer, be submitted to Government for approbation. The code having once obtained Government sanction, should be declared the law of the asylum.

10. Should any of the six members of the committee elected by subscribers be non-residents of the sanatorium, each individual should have the option of nominating his substitute from among the residents or visitors of the station.

11. To prevent delay, it is requested that the enclosed tables, after being filled up, may be returned to Major Lawrence, who will collect the votes, report the result to subscribers, and communicate with the gentlemen nominated as a committee. Speed is entreated, so that a commencement may be made before next hot weather.

Memorandum by LADY EDWARDES.

In the repose at Nepal was planned and matured the scheme that first gave the English soldiers' children a Home in the Hills of India, and rescued them from the heat and danger (both physical and moral) of barrack-life in the plains. Up-hill and with difficulty the first effort was made; but it resulted in the "Lawrence Asylum at Sanâwur," which was endowed, and very largely supported through life by Sir Henry; and was left in loving legacy in his will at last, commended to the care of the Government that he had served so well, and that he died in the defence of.

And nobly has this request been responded to! and Government has taken upon itself the charge; and so fruitful has been this scheme of noble charity, devised by these two kind and loving hearts, resting in their weariness at Nepal, that, not only at Sanâwur, but also at Murree, Mount Aboo, and Ootacamund, and in the Neilgherry Hills, stand now these noble Institutions—"Lawrence Asylums"—which will serve to keep Sir Henry Lawrence's name alive in the memories and hearts of his countrymen in India, when perhaps other deeds that won more honour from the world may be forgotten.

E. E.

The following is also a rough draft of a proposal to start the first Lawrence Asylum, drawn up by Sir Herbert (then Lieutenant) Edwardes, 1846 :—

The funds of the proposed Hill Asylum for the children of European soldiers having now accumulated into a sum sufficient to start the institution, the requisite building will be begun so soon as the rains are over.

Mussourie being thought too far away from any European station, a site near the the Fir Tree Bungalow, between Soobathoo and Kussowlee, will most probably be selected. This will bring the schools within an easy walk of both those stations, and enable the European soldiers to judge for their comrades, and their comrades to judge for them, of the nature and working of the institution, and the education and treatment received by their children. The buildings will, it is confidently hoped, be completed, and the schools opened, in January, 1847. The principles on which the education will be conducted have already been explained in the public report of the meeting held in camp at Lahore; and, in spite of the attempts that have been made to misrepresent that report, it is known to the soldiers that the religious instruction of their children will be entirely dependent on the wishes of the parents; *i.e.* the Bible—the common text book of Christians of all denominations—will be read in open school by all the children, but not commented on. It is in commentaries on the Bible that sects take their rise; and different churches are the result of different inferences drawn from the same passages of Holy Writ. In the Hill Asylum, therefore, whose sole object is to do good to the soldier's child, the Bible will be read; but inferences will be left to the consciences, and commentaries to the priest or clergyman, whom Catholics and Protestants permit to be their children's spiritual guides. It is requested, therefore, that those fathers who have maturely considered these things, and weighed the advantages of obtaining a superior education for their children, now that the liberality of the Court of Directors has thrown open commissions to the European children, will put down upon this paper the number and names of the children they propose to send to the asylum.

From Sir H. LAWRENCE to the Rev. J. PARKER.

Mount Aboo, July 1st, (1854?)

MY DEAR MR. PARKER,—

(Year not given.)

. . . . In the history I would dwell on the barrack life of children, and show the number rescued from barracks, stating also that we have never forgotten that our original object was to get children from barracks, but that their parents have less appreciated the boon than warrant and other officers. At Aboo our proportion of barrack children is scarcely one-fifth, and though we have a European regiment with 153 children in it, we have only seven of them. First thoughts, as far as I can recollect, were on my return from Cabul in December, 1842, on finding myself appointed superintendent of the Dhoon, with charge of Mussourie. My reign, however, there was only for a month, when I returned for a year to the Sikh States. That year was one of so much toil that I had no time to think of extra work, and in December, 1843, I was moved to Nepaul. During 1844 and 1845 we corresponded with several persons interested in the matter. Mr. Thomason, I think, was the first, and was

at least the one on whom I most depended, but his response was cooler than I expected. He said there was already an asylum in Calcutta, the "European Female," &c. He, General Parsons, Mr. Martin Gubbins, C.S., Mr. Atherton, C.S., and others gave liberal donations or subscriptions, but many to whom we wrote gave no answer. About July, 1845 I offered the managers of the Upper and Lower Orphan School some pecuniary help if they would move to a Hill Station. I got a cool answer to the effect that the scheme was impracticable. I then wrote officially to Government, suggesting an asylum; after some months I received an official reply, sending me the opinions of the officers commanding artillery regiments, and the two European regiments, with a few lines to the effect that I would perceive that my plan was not feasible. I saw nothing of the kind. The commandant of artillery's letter was favourable, and one of the others was little less so; the writer of the third said he could not give an opinion. He might have said with the writer of the Government letter to me, that he did not care to trouble himself in the matter.

Such was the state of affairs when I joined the army of the Sutlej in 1845. In March of that year, a few days after the army had reached Lahore, Sir Hugh (Lord) Gough kindly consented to attend a meeting at which Sir Henry Smith, Colonel (now General) Grant, Colonel Havelock, Colonel Birch, Lieutenant (now Colonel) H. Edwardes, and other officers were present. At that meeting, at my request, many more commissioned officers of all persuasions attended. I explained my views and wishes. That the asylum was for *all* soldiers' children, and especially for those in the barracks. That the Bible must be read *by all*, and Bible instruction be given *to all*; but that Romanists and Dissenters might be instructed by their own pastors, on fixed days, and under fixed arrangements.

Officers and soldiers were generally satisfied; the only dissent was from Sir Harry Smith, who proposed a division of the fund, and the establishment of two asylums. I replied, that he could establish a Roman Catholic Asylum if he liked, but I could not consent to the appropriation of any portion of the funds collected by me to any institution but *one*. Finally, he gave in to the rules as published.

Colonel Edwardes thinks that I yielded Rule — to Sir Harry Smith's outcry, but I am sure this is a mistake, and believe I took the rules in rough to the meeting, and that there was no substantial alteration made. The proceedings of that meeting are probably among the asylum records. My idea was then still for *Mussourie*. The result of the meeting was a good collection. . . . I forget whether it was on the day of parting that March (1846), or in March, 1847, that I asked Lord Hardinge for Government help, and he kindly promised all that was eventually given. It was at 4 A.M., on taking leave of him at the Ghât of the Byas River, in March 1846, *I am pretty sure*.

During the hot weather, about August, 1846, in company with Colonel

Boileau, of the Engineers, and, I think, Lieutenant (now Major) Becher of the Engineers, and Lieutenant Hodson of the Fusiliers, I searched for a site around Kussowlee, and on the Fir Tree Ridge in the old road to Soobathoo. My object being to have the asylum within my own jurisdiction, the cis-Sutlej States being under me as resident at Lahore; Mussourie was not so. We nearly fixed on a spur of the Kussowlee Hill, but eventually selected the Hill of Sanâwur as combining most of the requisites for an asylum, viz., isolation, with ample space, and plenty of water, at a good height, in a healthy locality not far from European troops. The selection was most fortunate, and I doubt not I owe it to my companions.

In November of that year, 1846, Maharajah Goolab Sing offered me a lakh of rupees for the asylum. I told him that if he still wished to give the money after an interval of a twelvemonth, to inform me by letter, and I would ask for Government sanction. Two or three times within the year the offer was repeated, and eventually I asked and obtained sanction. The money was at once funded, and still remains so. It is our only capital.

As soon as the site was fixed, the buildings were commenced. Lieutenant Hodson took much trouble with them. In March 1847, the asylum was opened under the charge of Mrs. George Lawrence, wife of Colonel George Lawrence, with about twenty children, seventeen of them having been sent from Lahore by me: eight of them being Roman Catholics. Mrs. Lawrence very successfully superintended the asylum till the cold weather of 1847. An apothecary in the service, Mr. Healy, had been selected as medical officer and assistant master. He aided Mrs. Lawrence, and on her departure remained in full charge till the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Parker, in February, 1848.

During the year 1846-7, Mrs. Henry (Lady) Lawrence advertised for masters and a governess. After much correspondence, and many personal interviews with parties desiring employment, as also with persons interested in education, she selected Mr. William Parker, who had been recommended to her by Mr. Tufnell, as superintendent of the asylum, and resolved for the present not to send out a governess or matron. Mr. Parker had many interviews with Lady Lawrence, and eventually embarked with his family, and reached Calcutta in December, meeting Colonel H. (Sir Henry) Lawrence there on his way to England. Mr. Parker was ordained by the Bishop of Calcutta, and started for his inland journey to Sanâwur.

During 1848, Sir H. Lawrence selected a gentleman as second master, also a pupil-teacher and a matron, both of whom reached India with him and Lady Lawrence in December, 1848. Though the matron had been recommended as *the one* fitting person in a large training establishment in London, she evinced so little fitness that it was thought advisable to give her £80 to go back from Bombay. The second master joined

the asylum, but soon became dissatisfied, and left. The pupil-teacher, William Hallifax, was a first-rate instructor, worked his time, and a farther term, and then took his discharge.

The success of the asylum is mainly, if not entirely, owing to two persons indirectly to Lady Lawrence, directly to Mr. Parker—to the first for selecting the second. Her task was no slight one, undertaken and carried out in very weak health. His has been before our eyes for eight years, and its result is in the well-being of the asylum with its many inmates.

On Sir H. M. Lawrence leaving the Punjaub, Maharajah Goolab Sing, instead of joining the testimonial to him, sent 25,000 rupees to his successor for the asylum : this occurred two or three months after his departure.

In 1850, Sir H. and Lady Lawrence remained a fortnight on the asylum premises, and again stayed there for two months in the autumn of 1851, daily looking into all departments of the institution, and testing its working in all branches. Lady Lawrence during these visits daily talked to the girls, and evinced a mother's interest in their welfare. Being unable to walk among them, they would flock around her litter and watch for its coming down to their play-ground. I have sat up till past twelve to write this letter, which gives pretty much all I can say. If you desire more, pray send me questions, which shall be promptly answered. The less said in the history about me the better, but give the credit due to my brothers George and John, to Edwardes, Hodson, and others, who from the beginning have helped us, and without ostentation have (my brothers) kept up a warm interest.

H. M. L.

* * * * *

How this first Lawrence Asylum flourished, and grew into the noble institution it now is, and how, like an elder sister, it led on many others afterwards by its good example, all India can tell. A few words written in April, 1857, by the hand that traced these first chapters, give a glimpse of it then still under the superintendence of its first principal.

The accompanying sketch shows its beautiful position among the first ranges of Himalayan mountains, and has an appropriate interest as being taken from Kussowlee, the place where Lady Lawrence spent so much of the anxious time that she waited for her husband's return from Cabul. Dear, beautiful Kussowlee !

From SIR HERBERT EDWARDES, *writing to* LADY EDWARDES.

25th April, 1857.

. . . With the asylum I was quite delighted. It has expanded into a

perfect parish, clustering round a most English-looking church. The discipline and order of the whole institution are very remarkable, as well as the health and strength of the boys and girls. Above all, I was pleased with Mr. Parker. His universal ability is exhibited at every turn. He has both planned and executed everything. The children evidently regard him with that mingling of confidence and fear which is inspired by a really good schoolmaster.

. . . Mr. Parker told me that the Romish priest's congregation had dwindled to two children, at which point the priest abandoned the institution and retired to Agra, whence the bishop has since fulminated a sentence of condemnation. . . .

* * * * *

A few papers follow, written by Sir Henry Lawrence, at different dates, when another asylum was being planned for Mount Aboo, in Rajpootana, before Sir Henry Lawrence left it for Oudh, in 1857:—

Mount Aboo, November 20th, 1856.

. . . The thanks of the Committee are due to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford, and to Mr. Legh for the progress and well-being of the children and for their own zeal and kindness.

Being about to proceed to the Plains, I now record my often-expressed opinion that the chief defect in the school is a defect in bodily energy in the children. I wish each boy to learn the use of his hands at some trade, I don't care what it is. Let him cobbler, carpenter, tailor, or smith. This should be apart from telegraph survey, printing, or gardening work.

Boys must be taught not to be ashamed to put their hands to anything; to consider labour as honourable, and to see the advantage to themselves of being handy.

There should be no loitering in the verandahs or within doors in the morning and evening; running, jumping, climbing, &c., should be encouraged. The boys, and indeed the girls, should be occasionally taken across country, and occasionally to break the monotony of their walk by running races, double quick, &c. &c.

Referring to to-day's distribution of prizes, I wish the dullest child to be made to understand that a prize may be obtained by industry and good conduct. Every one that *tries*, whether he or she succeeds or not, shall get a prize next year.

H. M. LAWRENCE.

To LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MILLER, *Artillery, Secretary to the*
Ootacamund School, &c.

SIR,—

Camp Neemuch, January 20th, 1857.

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge this day the receipt of your

letter of the 27th ultimo, and regret very much the views of your Committee. *From the outset all the children at the Lawrence Asylum were read the Bible. Of the first batch of children sent to the asylum from Lahore by me in 1847, seven or eight out of about sixteen were Roman Catholics, whose parents were distinctly told by myself that all children admitted to the asylum must read the Bible. Not one parent objected. It is quite true that the proportions of Roman Catholics have since greatly decreased, and that there are now few in the asylum, but this is attributable to the priests, and not to parents. I have no desire to force the consciences of Roman Catholics. Indeed, I do not desire that disputed points of Scripture be mooted in the schools, but that such portions be read in common as Protestants and Roman Catholics acknowledge. Rule 27 protects Roman Catholics from Rule 29 being offensively used, while Rules 28, 30, and 31 provide for the special separate instruction of Roman Catholics by their own pastors. As a Protestant I cannot concede more, and in yielding this much I give offence to many excellent Christians who are urging me to cancel 27, 28, 30, and 31. Were I to agree to cancel 29, I should be acting in opposition to the principles that have guided me in the establishment for soldiers' children.*

I beg, then, it be understood that my donations and subscriptions will depend on the authorized version of the Bible being read in open school in the school, in the spirit of Rule 27. Trusting that this explanation will prove satisfactory, and that the schools will be established at Ootacamund, and begging you will thank the Committee for their kind and friendly expressions, I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. M. LAWRENCE.

Here Lady Edwardes's paper concludes.

One of the last memoranda in Sir H. Lawrence's Nepal Journal relates his attendance at a ceremony which has now, happily, become matter of past history, not only in British India, but throughout the Native States; excepting when an instance occasionally occurs in some dark and unfrequented corner, which, if reported, is always visited with the severest reprobation within the power of Government. And the condemnation thus passed on the practice has gradually, we may hope, revived the sentiments long expressed in the better part of the Hindoo devotional literature. "They are not suttees who perish in the flames, O Nānuk! Suttees are those who die of a broken heart. (Adee Grunth.)"

November 5, 1845.—I have just returned from a Suttee; after twenty years' residence in India this is the first I have seen. A terrible sight, but less so than I expected. The woman was cool and collected, and

evidently under no sort of-coercion. The corpse was that of a Goorkha commandant; it was laid on a small platform, raised on six or eight stakes driven into an island, eight or nine feet square, in the bed of the Bagmuttee. The platform had a double bottom; between the two was laid wood, resin, and ghee; the corner stakes met above, forming a rude canopy. About a hundred spectators, chiefly beggars and old women, were collected to view the spectacle. Ten or twelve Sepoys, and as many Brahmins, were assisting around the pile. When Dr. Christie and I arrived, the woman was inside a small (open) rattee close to the river, apparently dressing; we could just see her tinsel head-dress. In about five minutes she came out mounted on the back of a man. At the edge of the rattee her carrier-stopped, and she, dipping her finger in a platter, took red dye stuff and made teekas on the foreheads of some of the assistants. He then carried her to the pile, and round it four or five times, during which time she took rice and spices from a platter, and threw it to the people around, who held out their hands, and many their sheets, to catch it; others begged for alms and her ornaments. Two or three tomtoms were all the time being beat. After finishing the circuits she dismounted, stooped, and washed her hands in the river, and then uncovered her husband's feet, placed her head to them, and kissed them. She then ascended the pile, made more distributions of rice, &c., and some spice, and commenced disrobing herself, taking off her tiara and upper coloured silks, and gave them to persons around. She then sat down and took off her armlets and bracelets and gave them. All this took at least a quarter of an hour, during which time she was as composed as at a festival. She then lay down close behind the corpse, her head close to her husband's. The platform was so narrow that she had to be squeezed between the corpse and the stakes on her side. Her hair throughout was loose, hanging over her shoulder; she was a Goorkha, about thirty-five or forty years old. When laid down, the coloured sheet over her husband was drawn so as to cover her too, and then three strong bamboos were placed across the pair, and each held at either end by a man so as to prevent her rising. They did not press on her, but would have effectually kept her down had she struggled. Over these bamboos some loose faggots were thrown, and then two lighted lamp-wicks were placed on the head of the corpse, and a minute after a torch was applied under the platform close to the heads, when a strong flame broke out; the crowd shouted and the tomtoms beat more loudly so as to have drowned any cry that may have been uttered by the victim; but whatever were her pains, they could not have lasted a minute. The fire was fed with ghee and sulphur, and a strong flame kept up so as in five minutes to have quite consumed all the head of the platform. I have seen the sad spectacle, and shall not willingly witness another. The old hags around me grinned with delight; ours were the only sad countenances. I saw two or three women near the victim, who were

probably relations, but such could not be known from their actions; all was utter unconcern.

In a few days more Lawrence received the summons which decided the course of his remaining life. The first Sikh war had broken out. The fiercely-contested action with which it commenced had excited an anxiety which our success at Ferozeshuhur, bravely as that field was won, had been insufficient to remove. "A battle" (in the words of Cunningham, the historian of the Sikhs) "had been won, and more than seventy pieces of artillery, and some conquered or confiscated territories, graced the success; but the victors had lost a seventh of their number; they were paralyzed after their prodigious exertions and intense excitement, and the Sikhs were allowed to cross the Sutlej at their leisure, to prepare for fresh contests." Among the heaviest losses sustained by our army was that of Major Broadfoot, whose knowledge of the country and people rendered his services of the highest importance to Lord Hardinge. And it was especially to replace Major Broadfoot that Major Lawrence was now summoned in the following pressing letter from the Governor-General's Secretary, Mr. Currie:—³

Camp Ferozeshuhur, December 24, 1845.

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,—

WE have had some *very* hard fighting, as you will have hereafter; but our troops have been victorious in every engagement. . . .

Then follows an account of the battles of Moodkee and Ferozeshuhur.

This is a very imperfect notice of our operations. The engagements were very severe; our loss is heavy, and the bodies of the Khalsajee are strewn over miles of their territories.

But to the main purport of my letter. Broadfoot is killed, and you are required forthwith. You should make over charge to your assistant, who I conclude is still at Nepal, and come *with all despatch* to this place. There will be a modification of late arrangements, and more direct control over departments here will be exercised by the Governor-General through my office than has hitherto been the case. But your position will be in all respects satisfactory to you, and the Punjab is before us. *Come quickly*. We have lost many valuable officers, and the Governor General's staff has been much cut up. . . . Your corps has its full

³ Now member of the Council of India.

share of killed. . . . I have no time for more; lose no time in coming; you are a long way off.

F. CURRIE.

This was received by Lawrence at Gorruckpoor (as Lady Lawrence reports) at 7 P.M., January 6th, and at 3 P.M. next day "he was off." So his wife informs Mr. Clerk⁴ in the following letter, dated from Segowlee on her own way to Calcutta, whence she sailed for England, for the sake of her health and the care of her children, in February 1846, leaving him for the time to pursue his further destiny alone :—

MRS. LAWRENCE to GEORGE CLERK, ESQ.

Segowlee, January 1846.

MY DEAR MR. CLERK,—

I WOULD not venture to obtrude my feminine politics on any public man but yourself, but I think you will do me the justice to believe that I only wish to transmit to you my husband's views—to say for him what he has no leisure to say for himself. If your health admits, I do hope we may be saying the same, and much more, to yourself, before this can reach you, for we never think of a new province across the Sutlej without thinking of you as its governor.

You know how Lawrence always longed to be again on that frontier, but it is satisfactory now to feel that he never had a shade of grudge or jealousy on Major Broadfoot's appointment, and that they two corresponded on matters up there in the most cordial manner. Lawrence's first letter, offering Major Broadfoot all the help and information he could furnish, crossed one from the latter, asking for the same.

I believe Major Broadfoot's mother and sister, to whom he was everything, are still alive. When I go home I hope to see them, and add ours to the many testimonies they will have to his high character. A soldier like him can be ill spared now.

I forget when my husband last wrote to you, not, I think, since the appointment of Futteh Jung Chountra as minister. He is a timid, nervous creature, who seems to live with a drawn sword over his head, in every point a contrast to poor Matabur.

The Chountra affects great simplicity, and even poverty, in his dress, &c., has a small sawaree, and very few soldiers and hangers-on about his gates. He always gets *a pain in his stomach* when he is summoned to Durbar, and feels afraid to go.

The man with real influence is Guggur Sing, now a general, originally

⁴ Sir H. Lawrence's early friend and adviser in India, often referred to in the earlier part of this volume; afterwards Governor of Bombay; now member of the Council of India.

a slave. He is, in appearance, like Matabur, and seems to have some of his *pluk*. According to report, he and the Maharanee carry everything their own way, the Choutra being afraid to act, and the young *A'sa'om* of a prince being very quiet for some months past, occasionally telling his papa that if he is not placed on the guddee he will go and turn Fakeer at Kassee, and now and then putting an officer, who has been too obsequious to Guggur Sing, to stand all day in a pond.

Jung Bahadoor, Matabur's nephew, is likewise a general, and called commander-in-chief. He takes no very prominent part just now, and seems to spend his energies in devising new uniforms. But he is active and intelligent, and if (perhaps it would be more correct to say, *when*) there is another slaughter in the Durbar, the struggle will probably be between Jung Bahadoor and Guggur Sing.

The Maharajah goes on in the same inexplicable way, apparently afraid of his son, yet putting him forward, and at the same time seeming to allow the Maharanee and Guggur Sing to be the virtual rulers of the country. Possibly he has heard of the Kilkenny cats. The Rajah never was so civil to Lawrence as for the last two or three months, when they met on the road, getting out of his palkee and walking with him—almost apologizing for Matabur's murder, saying he had warned the general and expostulated in vain, and that at last it was plain *both* could not live. When we left Nepaul last month we were allowed to come down by the Phirfung road, which no European ever before traversed, and is mentioned, I think, even by Kirkpatrick, as jealously guarded. For travellers it is a much better road than our old one by Chitlong, being admirably laid out, and as good as the road from Soobathoo to Simla. But it is full ten miles longer than the Chitlong road, by which Lawrence says he would prefer leading a force. . . . You will, I am sure, like to know Lawrence's proceedings, and how aptly he was here, ready to be off at a day's warning to Ferozepoor. He had applied for leave from 15th November to 15th February to take me to Calcutta, making over charge to his assistant, Captain Ottley. Tim was to accompany me home. Our little *Nepaulce* son was to stay and take care of his papa. In October, however, Captain Ottley expressed his determination to go home, and Lawrence thereupon determined to accompany me only as far as Dina-poor. We left Nepaul on the 11th of December, and had a delightful march, made very slowly on account of my weakness, till we reached our own border at Kuksaol,* on the 23rd of December. There we got the first tidings of the Sikh inroad. Lawrence galloped into Gorruckpoor to hear further particulars and meet Mr. Thomason for a day or two. On the 6th of January (the very day our troops marched from Cabul four years ago), we had made our arrangements; next morning I was to start

for Dianpoor, my husband for Nepaul. At seven o'clock that evening he got a letter from Mr. Currie, summoning him to Ferozepoor, and at 3 P.M. next day he was off. I am waiting here now till his papers come from Nepaul, that I may sort and forward them to him. . . . Probably you have heard of the suspicions now awake regarding disaffection to a large extent among our troops; indeed, the two (12th and 14th) regiments at Ferozepoor have proved that *they*, at least, are mutinous. Lawrence has had much correspondence from Patna, Benares, and other stations below Cawnpore regarding the intrigue having extended to Nepaul, and the whole of the 7th regiment of Cavalry here, Mussulmans almost to a man, being implicated. Captain Wheler knows the corps well, and does not see so far any ground for suspecting any of his men; but it is pretty certain that agents have been at work here, and that presents have been sent up from the Betiah Rajah to Nepaul; and there are so many and extensive *slight* symptoms in many places that Lawrence and Captain Wheler think there *is* unusual activity in laying trains to the powder barrel to be found in every Native court and corps. Lawrence used to say that any inroad on our frontier would be too mad an act even for Ghorkhajee. But, after the Sikhs crossing the Sutlej, it is hard to say what would be too mad for any one to do; and an outbreak just now, when all below Cawnpore is stripped of troops, would at any rate cause much bloodshed and distress, end how it might. There was vast talk about the Rajah increasing the number of his regiments, but I fancy this has ended in the manufacture of 3,000 skullcaps for the soldiers already forthcoming,—at least *tailors* seem more in request than officers at Nepaul. The Rajah has repeatedly offered 5,000 of his troops to aid us against the Sikhs, and Lawrence would be very glad if 500 of them were taken to serve with our army, as hostages for the troops at Nepaul. You know his opinion of that army, that they would be a formidable defensive force in their own strong country, but very insignificant invaders without either cavalry or guns (they *have* plenty of guns, but could not easily move them), and there is not a man of them who ever saw a shot fired; yet, really, people in the plains talk of the Nepaul horsemen just as of the Afghan. I wish you could have seen some of the riders, when Matabur insisted on the officers being mounted, and every bazaar in the neighbouring plains was ransacked for tattoos. It *was* formidable when we were out in the carriage of an evening, and met a few colonels and *Komadans* holding hard on their vicious brutes that utterly refused to obey the rein, squeezing almost against the carriage wheels, while the rider, in a flurry of politeness and fright, kept, "Salam, Sahib, salam—nyaghora, Sahib—bohut tez."⁶

It would puzzle a professor of political economy to account for such a ying and murderous Durbar, such an inoffensive army, and such a pro-

⁶ "Salaam, sir, salaam—a new horse—very fresh."

sperous, well-fed, well-clothed, well-lodged population, all crowded into that bit of a valley.

And now I will release you from this *essay*, entreating again that you will acquit me of the affectation of forming opinions of my own on points I know so little about. But I know you liked to hear my husband's notions, and these I can give pretty faithfully.

I expect to sail from Calcutta next month, probably in the *Queen*, taking our two boys with me. I should be delighted to see you in England, and, moreover, I am sure that, if you remain there, you will do me the same *great* kindness you did four years ago in keeping me apprised of what is going on. . . . I hope you are becoming very strong and well, to be Governor of the Punjaub, and that your family are all as well as you could wish. Will you remember me most kindly to Mrs. Clerk, whom I hope to have the pleasure of meeting in England. How do your boys get on at Rugby? We have just been reading Dr. Arnold's *Life*, and I feel as if even the air of the place where that man lived and laboured must be good for a boy.

The last entry in Lawrence's *Nepaul Journal* thus sums up his experiences in the most tranquil chapter of his life :—

Segowlee, 7th January, 1846.

Last evening, on my return from Molikaree, I found a letter from Government calling me to the North-West. I wished for many reasons to delay a week, but I *ought* to go at once. I, therefore, wrote off three letters to lay bearers, and in half an hour (2.30 P.M.) I started after my palankeen, which went off two hours ago. We have had two most happy years here; and, amidst some discomforts, have had many blessings and have enjoyed ourselves, and, I hope, have not envied others. We have gained some experience, and, I trust, will both be the better for our seclusion. My wife, my darling wife, will support herself, and believe that He who brought us together, and has kept us midst many dangers and many partings, can and will protect us still. May we both trust in our Saviour and endeavour to show our trust by our conduct.

His "memorandum for Captain Wheler," to whom he handed over the acting administration of the Residency, is brief and to the purpose. The following extracts may suffice :—

7th January, 1846.

You will perceive that the object of Government is in no way to interfere with *Nepaul* domestic affairs, but simply to watch British interests. The *Rajah* and Minister are the only persons with whom you have official communication; you address the latter, and receive and talk to such persons as are sent by the *Maharajah*. Be civil to the *Heir Apparent*,

and *all others*; but have no official, and as little as possible other, communication with any but the Rajah and his Chief Minister. You probably will be tempted; be very civil, but very firm in holding aloof from others.

The Minister is respectable but timid; the real power is in the hands of General Guggur Sing and the Maharanee, whose attendant he is. He will most probably send to you: be civil to the messenger, but, as far as possible only see him before the Assistant or Dr. —. Let all that is said be before witnesses, or you are liable to be belied. . . .

The Rajah is suspicious, and full of intrigue; be patient and polite, but firm to him. Perfect coolness and apparent unconcern as to all that is going on is, perhaps, the wisest course.

Above all, remember that at all times *peace* is the object of Government; and that now especially it will be desirable. This can be best effected by the course above recommended.

The most fruitful sources of disturbance are women and cows. Warn your servants against offences; and on your arrival, remind the Residency people of the orders regarding women.

I cannot close this chapter without adding one word on the manner in which both husband and wife found, in their distant political headquarters, leisure—and, what was more difficult, means—to attend to the demands of public liberality and private munificence. I certainly feel, for my own part, that the precept, which rests at once on the highest authority and on the most sacred internal feelings, to abstain from all ostentation of charitable actions, has its obligation even beyond the grave. There is, in my judgment, something indecorous and unworthy in bringing prominently before the public the beneficent acts of one who, in his lifetime, would have shrunk from such display of them. Such deeds have their assured reward, but that reward is not to be found either in contemporary or posthumous fame. Nevertheless, I am sensible, also, that I should perform very imperfectly the office of delineating the entire character of Sir Henry Lawrence, if I altogether omitted to dwell on this strongly-marked feature in it; for his charities were really not to be measured by the standard to which men are accustomed. They were, to speak plainly, extraordinary. We have seen how the time at Khatmandoo was used in founding the Lawrence Asylum. I have found accidentally among the mass of his papers an undated and unsigned memorandum of the amount of subscriptions which he gave in three years (they were those of his Punjaub government, a little later than the time with which I am now dealing) to certain Calcutta charities. It was his habit to

transmit these to Mr. Marshman, who has verified the paper for me. I subjoin the letter which Mr. Marshman has kindly written me in explanation of it:—

The memorandum is one that I sent him. He was one of the largest-hearted men it has been my happiness to know. When he was appointed Resident at Khatmandoo he immediately wrote to me to say that he was in the receipt of a larger income than he had ever enjoyed (I almost think his previous allowances in the military service had never exceeded 800 rupees a month), and that he considered it his first duty to do as much good with it as possible; and he asked me to become his almoner to the various Christian and benevolent agencies in and around Calcutta. At the same time he promised to send me 1,000 rupees every quarter to be distributed among them; and he continued the remittance without interruption until he accompanied Lord Hardinge to England. The memorandum is a portion of my periodical report to him of the various institutions which had benefited by his liberality.

1844.

	Co.'s Rupees.
Received from Lieut.-Colonel Lawrence	2,000
Dr. McGowan's Hospital	300
The Serampore Native Hospital	200
The Free Church, Calcutta	300
The European Female Orphan Asylum	100
Mrs. Voigt, for the Poor	100
The Calcutta Auxiliary Baptist Missionary Society	100
The Bengal Auxiliary London Missionary Society	100
The Sailors' Home	150
The Christian Tract and Book Society	100
The Calcutta Auxiliary Bible Society	100
The District Charitable Society	150
The Bible Association	100
The Fever Hospital	100
The Church Missionary Society	100
	2,000

1845.

Received from Lieut.-Colonel Lawrence, first instalment of 1845	1,000
Ditto ditto, second instalment of 1845	1,000
Ditto ditto, third instalment of 1845	1,000
Ditto ditto, fourth instalment of 1845	1,000
	4,000

	Co's Rupees
Brought over total received from Lieut.-Colonel Lawrence for 1845	4,000
The Free Church Institution	300
The Benevolent Institution, first three months of 1845	150
The Serampore Hospital	100
The Serampore Ladies' Benevolent Society	100
The District Charitable Society	150
The Serampore College	100
The Loodiana Press	100
Mrs. Wilson	300
The Serampore Ladies' Benevolent Society	100
The Benevolent Institution, second three months of 1845	150
The Serampore Ladies' Benevolent Society	100
The Benevolent Institution, third quarter of 1845	150
Subscription to Dr. Yate's Tablet	25—1,825
	<hr/>
December 31, balance in hand	2,175
	<hr/>
	4,000
1846.	
Balance in hand	2,175
Received from Lieut.-Colonel Lawrence, first instalment of 1846	1,000
	<hr/>
	3,175
The Benevolent Institution, fourth quarter of 1845	150
The Serampore Ladies' Benevolent Society	100
The Bengal Auxiliary Baptist Missionary Society	100
The Serampore Ladies' Benevolent Society	100
The District Charitable Society	100
The Free Church Mission, Calcutta	200
The Benevolent Institution, first six months of 1846	150
The European Orphan Asylum	100
The Bengal Auxiliary London Missionary Society	100
The Bengal Auxiliary Baptist Missionary Society	100
The Church Missionary Society	100
The Irish Relief Fund	200—1,500
	<hr/>
December 31, balance in hand	1,675
	<hr/>
	3,175
1847.	
Balance in hand	1,675
Received from Lieut.-Colonel Lawrence, second instalment of 1846	1,000
Ditto ditto first instalment of 1847	1,000
Ditto ditto second instalment of 1847	1,000
	<hr/>
	4,675

	Co.'s Rupees.
Brought over balance, &c., 1847 4,675
The Benevolent Institution, second six months of 1846	150
The Calcutta Diocesan Clergy Society	100
The Benevolent Institution, first six months of 1847	150
The Serampore Hospital ,	100
The Serampore Ladies' Benevolent Society	150
The Serampore College	150
The Serampore Missionary Society	50
The Bengal Auxiliary Baptist Missionary Society	100
The District Charitable Society	100
The European Orphan Asylum	100
The Bengal Auxiliary London Missionary Society	100
The Church Missionary Society	100
The Christian Tract and Book Society	100
The Calcutta Auxiliary Bible Society	100
The Bible Association	100
The Calcutta Christian School Book Society	100
The Benevolent Institution, second six months of 1847 ..	150
The Serampore Ladies' Benevolent Society	100—2,000
	<hr/>
Balance in hand 2,675
	<hr/>
	4,675

To these must, of course, be added his unrecorded donations of all kinds ; and, first and foremost, his lavish contributions towards the creature of his zeal and forethought—"the Asylum." And, when it is remembered that he was entirely without private fortune ; that all he could give was saved out of a handsome allowance, doubtless, but which had to meet his claims of personal expense and of provision for a growing family, I think it will be found that similar examples of quiet self-denial and well-doing are rare enough in his station, or in any other.

CHAPTER XIV.

1845—1848.

MAJOR LAWRENCE had already (before the summons reached him) been appointed by Sir Henry Hardinge the Governor-General's Agent for foreign relations, and for the affairs of the Punjaub (the 3rd January 1846), to which was added (the 1st April) an appointment of Governor-General's Agent for the affairs of the North-West frontier. He was thus replaced as principal in the position which he had been sent to fill as Assistant in March 1840. Sir Henry Hardinge was fully aware that he had no man at his disposal possessed of anything approaching to Lawrence's qualifications for the post; and, it must be added, that there was from a very early date, in the relations between Hardinge and himself, a peculiar cordiality and sympathy, which are evinced throughout the whole course of a most intimate correspondence.

Henry Lawrence was present at the "crowning victory" of Sobraon; and, though his duties as Political Agent were not compatible with much of active military service, yet (as Major Macgregor observes of him, in a letter written after his death, 23rd April 1860): "Henry Lawrence, even when in the highest employ, was always the artillery officer, always working his guns (or, rather, the guns of others) in the field, when not engaged in council." The publication of the work of Major Cunningham (*History of the Sikhs*), in which, it was suggested that the great cause of the Khâlsa was, in fact, "sold" by the Sikh leaders on that occasion, excited a controversy which it is unnecessary now to revive, but which produced at the time a good deal of soreness, especially in the mind of Sir Henry Hardinge. It was with a view to this discussion that Lawrence, some years afterwards (the 20th March 1850), addressed to his old chief the following letter, narrating the circumstances of the engagement, so far as they fell within his own cognizance:—

Cunningham was with your lordship in the early part of the day at Sobraon. You sent him to bring up the horse artillery; a few minutes

afterwards you sent Mills ; and then, in your anxiety to get them, you sent me. . . . I found Mills getting one troop ready to move I ordered the two others to join it, and told Mills to bring all ; and then pushed back to join you, and found you opposite a high battery of the enemy, near their left centre, where they were making a stand, after our troops had entered their lines at other points. By your desire, I told Horsford (now Colonel) to unlumber and open his battery of nine-pounders on them. We were then about 200 or 250 yards from the point which they held, and the lines on our right were in our possession. Horsford did not fire more than one or two rounds ; but your lordship must have remained some time in that direction, for I next remember being sent by you to the bank of the river, on the enemy's original left, to tell Alexander, who was with the guns, which must in the interim have been brought up by Mills, to withdraw, if he suffered much from the enemy's fire from the opposite side of the river.

I must pass very rapidly over the remaining events of the first Sikh campaign, in which Sir Henry bore rather a political than a military part. On the 28th January 1846, Sir Harry Smith fought the battle of Aliwal :—

This action (I quote from Sir Henry's own account, or, rather, defence of Lord Hardinge's administration, which first appeared in the *Calcutta Review*, and is reprinted in Sir Henry's collected *Essays*) secured the communications, and the authorities could now await without anxiety the arrival of the siege train.

On the 10th February was fought the decisive battle of Sobraon ; and it may not be out of place to reproduce Sir Henry's remarks, in his special character of artillery officer, on some problems of strategical science raised by this short campaign :—

The question has often been asked, Why were not the entrenchments at Sobraon and Ferozeshah turned? Why attacked in the face of the formidable Sikh artillery? The same question might be asked of almost every Indian battle. The Duke of Wellington wisely counselled taking an Asiatic army in motion ; but he himself, with half his numbers, attacked them at Assaye, in position, and by a forward movement. At Mehidpoor, where, perhaps, the next most formidable display of cannon was encountered by an Anglo-Indian army, Hyslop and Malcolm—the latter, at east, accustomed to Indian warfare, and trained in the school of Wellington—not only attacked the Coorg army in front, but crossed a deep river under fire. But the fact is, that Ferozeshah was not to be outflanked : its oblong figure was nearly equally formidable in every direction ; and, had Sir Hugh Gough attacked on the northward face, he might have sub-

jected himself to the double fire of Tej Sing in his rear and the works in his front, besides having abandoned the line of communication with his wounded and baggage at Moodkhee. As matters turned out at Sobraon, perhaps, the cavalry and Grey's division, with some horse artillery, might have crossed the Sutlej simultaneously with the attack, and completed the destruction of the panic-stricken Sikhs. We say, perhaps, for even now we are not satisfied that the move would have been a safe one.

A few days only intervened between the day of Sobraon and the occupation of the Sikh capital, Lahore. It is necessary shortly to review the political state of things under which the occupation took place. The death of the famous and successful ruler of the Punjab, Runjeet Sing, had left his throne to the precarious keeping of a boy heir, Dhuleep Sing; an intriguing mother, the "Maharanee;" and her confidential adviser, placed by public belief in too intimate relations with her, the Rajah Lal Sing, a name very familiar to those conversant with Indian politics a quarter of a century ago. Already, at this early period, there were many in India, and some at home, who counselled the employment of our victory by the annexation of the Punjab to the British dominions. Such was not the policy of Hardinge.

He had (says Mr. Marshman—*History of India*, iii. 298) neither the means nor the desire of annexation. . . . He considered it necessary to punish the Sikh nation for past offences, and to prevent the recurrence of aggression, but he was anxious to perform these duties without suppressing its political existence. Immediately after the Sikh army invaded our territory, he had issued a proclamation confiscating the cis-Sutlej possessions of the Lahore crown; and he now annexed the Jullunder Dooab, or district lying between the Sutlej and the Beas, to the Company's dominions, by which he obtained security for our hill stations and a position which gave us the control of the Sikh capital. The expenses of the campaign were computed at a crore and a half of rupees, which the Lahore state was required to make good! but the profligacy of the ministers and the rapacity of the soldiery had exhausted the treasury, and of the twelve crores which Runjeet Sing had left in it, there remained scarcely fifty lakhs of rupees to meet the demand.* Sir Henry determined,

¹ And all the Alpine territory lying between the former river and the Chenab.

² The reader cannot help being a little amused, occasionally, at the indignation expressed by Indian authorities and their historians on meeting with empty treasuries. Had the minister of the Sikh Government not been "profligate," nor the soldiers "rapacious," a handsome sum would no doubt have remained in that of Lahore, which would have found its way into the coffers of the Company. One is involuntarily reminded of a story current in the Crimean war. A Zouave was

therefore, to take over the province of Cashmere and the highlands of Jumnoo, in lieu of the remaining crore. Since the death of Runjeet Sing, the powerful Rajah of Jumnoo, Goolab Sing, had always cherished the hope of being able, by some happy turn of circumstances, to convert his principality into an independent sovereignty. During the recent contest he had played the part of an interested neutral, watching the issue of the contest, and prepared to side with the strongest. . . .

The policy of annexation was, we know, essentially contrary to the general views on this class of subjects entertained by Henry Lawrence. These have already become known to my readers, and will appear more and more distinctly as they proceed in this narrative. To abstain from all enlargement of our limits not provoked by the absolute need of security; to enforce on the natives of India, not by precept, but by practice, the duties of justice and forbearance; to apply ourselves, as our special business, to the task of raising the moral character of the governing and aristocratic classes, or such relics of them as ages of political vicissitude have left, and thus enable new Indian sovereignties to grow up under British protection—these were throughout his Indian life the objects which he endeavoured to force on the attention of rulers, and which (so far as his own practical influence extended—and it was at one time very large) he endeavoured to carry into effect. I here make this cursory mention of these opinions of his, which will come more distinctly before our eyes as we proceed in the story of his life, not to pronounce any judgment on their wisdom or soundness, but simply in order to afford a key to the general tone of his advice and character of his conduct when representing British authority as agent to the Governor-General, in a warlike country just subdued; a country agitated at once with internal dissensions and distrust, and with fear of annexation by the conqueror. And although the following extract (of a letter from Major Shaw to General George Lawrence, written in 1860) has more direct reference to events which occurred at a later period than 1846, I insert it here as confirming in the strongest manner what I have stated as to Henry Lawrence's general feelings:—

Mr. John Ludlow, in his book on *Thoughts on the Policy of the Crown towards India*, classes Sir Henry Lawrence with the annexationists.

met, returning from the sack of Kertch, with only a worthless and heavy article or two of furniture to drag behind him. A spectator condoled with him. "Oui, monsieur," said he, "ces brigands-là (the inhabitants of Kertch) us ont tout emporté."

Surely nothing can be more erroneous than this. I never heard a word spoken, nor read a line written, by your brother, on annexation, that was not in severe reprobation of it. He stood almost alone also in condemning the annexation of the Punjaub, which others looked upon as almost a necessity. (*See pp. 192, 193, 194.*) . . . I believe his (Mr. Ludlow's) every sentiment is in accordance with what your dear brother felt and said on annexation. How he should have written such a representation, I know not.

Although with some interruption of the subject immediately in hand, I insert here, in confirmation of the general character of Henry Lawrence's views on this subject, the following postscript of one of his confidential letters written to Lord Hardinge a year later, relating to the parallel case of our annexation of Sindh. It will be seen that Lawrence took the pains to keep a copy of this document, and sent it to his wife in England, whose deep interest in the "Outram controversy" he well knew.

P.S.—In regard to Sindh, I don't think Government can do better than restore it to the Ameers, for, as I understand the case, we could then dispense with every man now in Sindh; the desert being our frontier. I would not advocate leaving a man behind, political or military, but simply to have a treaty allowing us the free navigation of the river. The difficulty would be, as to whom to give the country, as well as to keep the peace between Ali Moorad and the new ruler or rulers; they should select a head in whose family the chiefship should descend, or there would be endless contentions. The people of Sindh may be, and I hope are, happier than they were under the Ameers; but I don't think the case is so clear as to justify the annual expenditure of half a million sterling, and to sacrifice the lives of a couple of hundred British soldiers. This is the expediency view of the question: at least as much might be said on the moral question. My opinion is that from beginning to end the Ameers have been treated harshly, and most of them unjustly; in short, that we had no business in Sindh in 1838, and that the war of 1843 might have been avoided. Your lordship will not take amiss the freedom of these remarks. I should not have ventured on them had not your allusion to Sindh appeared to invite notice. I have considered the Sindh question a good deal, and have made up my mind to the desirability of retiring, although I am aware of the objections to such a step generally in India. There is, however, all the difference in the world between voluntarily restoring a country at a period of perfect peace, and abandoning it when pressed or even threatened with dangers.

Some compensation would have to be given to Indians who had settled in Sindh under our wing, and partisans of ours who could not safely remain. Half a year's present expenses would do all this liberally.

H. M. LAWRENCE.

DEAREST,—

25th May, 1847.

MUCH as I wished to write in the *Calcutta Review* about Outram and Sindh, I have never been able to do so, but perhaps I have nearly as much aided the truth by helping to direct Lord Hardinge's attention at different times to the subject.

Your own

H. M. LAWRENCE.

With how slight anticipation of success Sir Henry Hardinge himself entered on the unpromising task of reconstituting the Sikh government, with the adoption of which the ambitious class of politicians in India reproached him as with a weakness, appears from the following confidential letter of March 30, 1846 :—

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,—

YOUR report of the accommodation for the troops at Lahore, and the energy of your proceedings, is satisfactory.

When I consider the character of the Ranee, her minister, Lal Sing, and the absence of any man of master mind among the Sikhs, to take the helm at this crisis, I confess I think the probability is adverse to the continuance of a Sikh government, which after all is a mere fragment of the population of the countries which they profess to rule, their numbers of men fit for the active duties of soldiers on the trans-Sutlej side not exceeding 100,000 fighting men.

For the present, however, such discussion, as regards the Punjaub, was premature. Whatever advanced politicians might dream of, there was no serious thought of its annexation in 1846.

Lord Hardinge (says Sir Henry, in the Essay already cited—written in December 1847) had not the means for annexation, had he desired it. The Sikhs have come to terms, and have settled down, because they have been well treated by us, and protected from their own army and chiefs by us; because scarcely a single jaghire in the country has been resumed, and because the rights and even prejudices of all classes have been respected. It is, however, by no means so certain, had the country been occupied, all jaghires summarily resumed as has been done elsewhere in India, and held until it might be the pleasure or convenience of Government to examine into the tenures, that the Sikh population would have sat down quietly under the yoke. . . . Had they been reduced to the level of our revenue-paying population, there cannot be a doubt that there would have been a strike for freedom.

As it was, the British Government, administered by Hardinge, contented itself, as has been seen, with annexing the "Jullunder Doab"

between the Sutlej and Chenab; with maintaining the existing Sikh authority at Lahore, under the protection of a subsidiary British force, the use of which was to terminate absolutely at the close of the year; and with handing over Cashmere to Goolab Sing, that chief undertaking to cease from interference in the affairs of the Sikh State properly so called. On the day of the date of this arrangement (March 11) Lord Hardinge addressed the following instructions to Sir Henry as his agent in the Punjaub, where he was to be assisted by his brother John Lawrence as commissioner of the annexed territory, and his frequent visitor at Lahore:—

LORD HARDINGE *to* SIR HENRY LAWRENCE *as Agent N.W. Frontier.*
Lahore, March 11, 1846.

The use of the force to form the garrison of Lahore is to be strictly limited to the protection of the town and citadel of Lahore, by defending the gateways, the ramparts, and the exterior walls of the place.

After many subsidiary instructions the Governor-General proceeds:—

The Sikh chiefs, excluded from power, will probably intrigue against the present Government, and may attempt to excite the soldiery against those who were parties to the Treaty of Peace. Rajah Goolab Sing may wish to see the Punjaub in a weak and disturbed state, and the cry of the country having been sold to the English might cause considerable excitement. It will therefore be necessary to be at all times in a state of military vigilance. . . . In all your proceedings you will enforce by your advice, and protests, if necessary, the earliest reorganization of the Sikh army on the safest system for the permanence of the Sikh Government, doing everything in your power to ensure the success of this trial of re-establishing a Sikh Government, which may eventually carry on its functions without British aid or British interference.

The strength put forth during this campaign by the Sikh nation as a military power has rendered it expedient to weaken the resources of a State which had become a military republic dangerous to its neighbours and its own Government; but the Sikh territories are sufficient, if wisely administered, to render the Government quite equal to resist any native power by which it can be assailed; and you will on all occasions assure the Sikh rulers that, whilst we do not desire the annexation of the Punjaub to the British Indian possessions, the Government is determined not to lend itself to any subsidiary system, and as soon as its troops are withdrawn will decline to interfere in the internal affairs of the Sikh State, except by such friendly councils as those which passed between the two Governments in the time of the Maharajah Runjeet Sing.

One of Lawrence's projects—attended at this time with but partial success—was to induce a number of the disbanded Sikh soldiers to enlist with us.

I have talked (he says in March 1846) to several men as to their entering our service. They at once said they would be delighted, and would go wherever we liked; but that they hoped we would allow them to wear their hair and turbans. The hair, I observed, would be respected, but turbans could not be allowed. After some talk they said there would be no objection to helmets or caps *of iron*. I thought that this would help us out of the difficulty, and I hope that your Excellency will approve of the idea, and authorize me to say that iron or steel caps will be permitted, and that their hair will not be interfered with. If you can do so we shall in the course of a month be able to raise two very fine regiments. I would suggest that fifteen or twenty men per company be Mussulmans or Hindoos of our own provinces. I can raise four or five hundred Sikhs here from the discharged men if your Excellency so desires. I have seen some very fine-looking fellows, and expect a large number to come to me this afternoon. I shall make no promises until I receive your orders.

The Sikhs say that, according to their holy books, any man who wears a cap will suffer purgatory for seven generations, and a Sikh would prefer death to having his beard cut. I have, &c.

(Signed) H. M. LAWRENCE.

The treaty of March 9th, 1846, which disposed for a time of the fate of the Punjab, was signed on the part of England at Lahore by Mr. Currie and Henry Lawrence; on that of the "Khâlsa," the great ideal Sikh commonwealth, by the young Dhuleep Sing, his minister Lal Sing, and other warlike chiefs of the nation. But one very important part of the arrangement was provided for by separate treaty of March 16th; this was the transfer to Goolab Sing of "all the hilly or mountainous country, with its dependencies, situated to the eastward of the River Indus, and westward of the River Ravee," including the celebrated valley of Cashmere. Territory, in fact, was taken from the Lahore Durbar in lieu of a pecuniary mulct, which it was unable or unwilling to furnish; and the minister, Lal Sing, was believed to be ready enough to get rid in this way of the rivalry of a formidable chief. On the 15th of March, Goolab Sing was formally invested with the title of Maharajah at Amritsir; and (says Cunningham) "stood up, and with joined hands, expressed his gratitude to the British Viceroy, adding, without however any ironical meaning, that he was indeed his Zurkhureed or gold-boughten slave."

But the strongest vindication which I have seen, both of the man himself, and of the wisdom of the course adopted towards him, I find in a letter of Sir George Clerk, written to Sir Charles Napier in March 1849 :—

I have been under the necessity on more than one occasion of testing rather severely Goolab Sing's loyalty to us. My belief is that he is a man eminently qualified by character and surrounding territorial possessions, for the position of ruler there, that all his interests lie on the side of friendship with us, that he will always desire, and some time or another may need, our countenance of his authority, against enemies. Their aggressions, whether Chinese and Goorkhas on one side of him, or Afghans on the other, will be retarded, rather than precipitated, by his proximity to them in *that* form ; instead of our being in more direct contact with them. If Rajah Goolab Sing of Cashmere ever goes against us, it will be owing only to his having been handled stupidly by our Government, or by our officers on the frontier and in the Punjab."*

Henry Lawrence himself, it must be confessed, was not over-complimentary in his estimate of this fortunate chief's character :—

We admit that he is a bad man ; we fear, however, that there are few princes who are much better ; few who, with his provocation, have not committed equal atrocities. . . . The general tenor of the reports of the score of English travellers who have visited him during the years 1846 and 1847 is, that though grasping and mercenary, he is mild, conciliatory, and even merciful. . . .

I have no doubt that Maharajah Goolab Sing is a man of indifferent character, but if we look for perfection from native chiefs, we shall look in vain. Very much, but not all, that is said of him might, as far as my experience goes, be so of any sovereign or chief in India. He has many virtues that few of them possess : viz., courage, energy, and personal purity ; his disposition is cruel, but not more than that of hundreds who have not his excuse for such conduct. The next worse feature in his character is miserliness, but this I cannot believe he carries to the extent lately

* Runjeet Sing, adds Sir George, "fostered in the north of his kingdom a Rajpoot power, because it could have no affinity with his turbulent Khalsa on one side, or with magignant and vindictive Islam on the other. Had proof of the wisdom of this measure been wanting, it has been signally shown in his time and ours, on four important occasions. Lord Hardinge gave still greater substance, to that Hill ruler. The measure was provident and wise ; as were all his own measures. There are those who now would disregard his policy, and who seem to be utterly ignorant of the motives of it. The ruler has some grounds for the remark he made to an English Ibex-hunter up there. 'My good friends the English Government having discovered their mistake, in supposing that the shawl wool is a product of my country, seem disposed to shear *me*.'"

reported. . . . It is trying to have to deal with a niggardly man, and one whose word cannot be depended on ; but if such men were to influence our dealings with native chiefs, further than putting us on our guard against the consequences, there would be an end of all communication. . . . The way in which he has been doubted, denounced, and vilified in anonymous journals, is very disgraceful to us.

I hope (he writes to the new Maharajah, 11th April, 1846) that with your usual good sense and forethought, and remembering the expressed opinions of Mr. Currie and myself, you will at once withdraw from all lands not specified as yours in the treaty. Such conduct will be to my comfort and to your own good name.

In several Purwanahs, I observe that you state certain portions of the Damun Koh to belong to the Kohistan, and assert other estates to be yours of old, and in one Purwanah are the following words :—" If I am to have only the Kohistan, then I shall have nothing but stones and trees." I am as much astonished as annoyed at these words, for to me, your friend, it appears that Cashmere is something, and that Jusrouta and Huzara, &c., are something ; but whatever is their worth you took them of your own free will and pleasure. Since, then, my friend, you have acquired, by the treaty, an extensive territory, I beg you, in the way of wisdom and forethought, to forego small matters.

In your Purwanah to your servant Mohkumooddeen, you wrote of being obliged to employ an army. You surely did not think that without an army and at that expense, the settlement of so large a tract of country could be effected. Certainly by mildness and consideration, and by allowing a maintenance to all, and recognizing the rights of all, a small army will eventually suffice ; but in the first instance everywhere a large force is necessary. When arrangements are once made and good government established, then the army can be reduced.

I am grieved that such complaints as I have alluded to should have been uttered, for it seemed to me and to all India, and will doubtless appear to all in England, that your Highness had cause only of thankfulness ; in that you had received much in return for very little ; and I, in belief of your wisdom and forethought, was a party to the above arrangement. It is therefore strange that I should have trouble and care from your acts, or that you should think that in your affairs I would deviate a hair's breadth from the terms of the treaty. In the way of sincerity and good will, I have now written what was necessary, and beg an early and distinct reply.

In April, this year, he received from his sister, Letitia Hayes, the tidings of his mother's approaching dissolution :—

April 12th, 1846.

MY DARLING HENRY,—I do not know who writes to you by this mail ;

the hand that never failed you, our beloved mother's, will not in all probability ever again be capable of doing so. . . . We were sent for on the 21st. Learning it might be the last day of unclouded mind, thank God, her own vigorous mind and heart spoke to each of us, and during the night she rallied so much as to make it impossible to say how long it may please God to spare her. . . . She was most thankful at hearing your wife's letter from the river to her brother William. Dearest Honoria, I have been grieving to think of the sinking of heart it will give her to hear she has no mother. We have together rejoiced our heart and soul over your happy union, dearest brother, and do we not still allow ourselves to glory in your renown ; yes, to-day mamma and I agreed you were born to do good, and make all within your reach thrice blessed.

Your ever fond sister.

Among the earliest duties cast on the Resident was also that of repressing the passion for redress and retaliation naturally excited in the minds of men who had suffered under the oppression of those chieftains whose power was overthrown or curtailed by the British successes. Some difference of opinion between him and Major Mackeson on this subject, of which the details are not preserved, elicited a communication from Lawrence to the Government of India, which laid down distinctly the general principles which he considered it important to maintain in relation to this class of cases :—

In my opinion it is absolutely necessary that acts of aggression and outrage, and crimes violating the peace and good order of society, which have occurred within a definite period preceding the introduction of our rule, should be cognizable by our officers. To leave the evildoer in possession of the property he has acquired by violence ; of the rights which he usurped by the strong hand ; to allow the robber and murderer to pass unpunished ; is tantamount to tacitly permitting the aggrieved to retaliate, and thereby to perpetuate feuds and to encourage crime. There is doubtless no peculiar advantage in fixing the term of three years as the period from which complaints should be heard ; but as it is absolutely necessary to fix some date, I consider that such space of time is amply sufficient. If no overt act has occurred during three years, we may fairly take it for granted that no interference is necessary.

Government will observe that I propose no strait-lace mode of procedure in these cases, but that they should be decided by arbitration under the eye of a British officer. It is hardly fair that Major Mackeson should bring forward Kythul in proof of the unpopularity of such courts. As long as I remained in that part of the country, the system of arbitration was extremely popular ; when I left, Kythul, the district was for thirteen months, in spite of my warnings and remonstrances, left to the

tender mercies of a deputy-collector, who was removed from the agency after he had done all the mischief that might have been expected at his hands. I care not, however, by what process justice is administered, so that it be not denied, and the people be reduced to steal or forcibly carry off cows, children, and women, in retaliation for similar acts of violence, perpetrated previous to the introduction of our rule.

One of the earliest occasions on which Sir Henry was called on to exhibit his qualifications as a ruler in the exercise of his duty as Government Agent at Lahore was that of an incident popularly styled the "Cow Row," trifling enough in itself, but a fair illustration of the difficulties which beset an officer in charge of British interests in a place full of warlike natives, recently subdued, of doubtful or dangerous temper. The slightest false step in the direction either of undue violence or undue lenity may be most pernicious to the public interest; while the officer, for his own sake, is harassed between the fear of treating as trifling a serious danger and that of treating a trifle as serious.

I regret (he writes to the Government of India, 21st April, 1846) to have to report that about 11 o'clock A.M. to-day a disturbance arose in the city of Lahore, owing to the brutal conduct of a European artilleryman towards some cows. The man was sentry over the outer gate of the artillery barrack enclosure leading to one of the streets of the city. He was endeavouring to keep passengers, &c., from coming down the street, to enable a long string of camels, with ammunition, arrived from Ferozepoor to-day, to come up and enter the gates, when a herd of cows pressed upon him, and in self-defence (as he says) he cut at them. He might, at any rate, have been contented to use the flat of his sword. Three or four animals were wounded.

The news immediately spread, and the shops of the town were closed :—

I sent word to Rajah Lal Sing that the sentry should be punished, but that he must desire the shops to be opened; and I further requested that he would punish those who tried to create a disturbance by inducing people to shut their shops. . . . Accompanied by Major Macgregor and Lieutenant Edwardes, and attended by a dozen Sowars, I then went into the town to explain what had happened to the people, and to assure them of protection. We had proceeded half-way through, and had quite satisfied the owners of two of the animals, and were still in the house of the second, talking to him, when we heard a disturbance outside. On going out, we found our attendants engaged in a scuffle with part of a crowd of Brahmins and Khatrees, who, it appears, had followed us;

while, from the roofs of the adjoining houses, brickbats were being plentifully thrown. Scarcely a man or horse escaped untouched, and Lieutenant Edwardes was severely struck on the head. We gave immediate notice at the gates, caused them to be closed, and put the different guards on the alert; and then went and informed the Major-General of what had occurred.

While on my way back, I sent for Rajah Lal Sing and Sirdar Tej Sing, who arrived at my quarters soon after myself. I told them they must make over to me the owners of the houses from which we had been pelted, as well as any armed men found in the streets. . . . The crowd has nearly dispersed, and most of the shops are again open. There was nothing preconcerted in this affair, nor would I believe a single Sikh to have been concerned in it. on the contrary, many have since offered their services. Brahmins were the instigators.

On the following day Lawrence again entered the city, and found the excitement but little abated:—"Rajah Lal Sing sent to inform me that he hesitated to seize the Brahmins implicated because they threatened to destroy themselves!" By firmness, however, Lawrence procured their arrest, and forced Lal Sing to obey his bidding. The leaders were sent in irons to Ferozepoor:—

I thought of flogging the three chief offenders, and should have done so, had I not been personally affected by their offence.

It must not be supposed that we were attacked yesterday owing to ill-will against us personally: we are daily to be found equally at disadvantage: and I believe that any other Europeans would, at the time, have been treated in the same manner. Had I been aware of the extent of excitement that prevailed, I should not have gone into the city: as it was, I acted as, under somewhat similar circumstances, I had some years ago done at Umballa, when I found that a few kind words very soon appeased the mob.

The principal instigator, Dutt Brahmin, was ultimately executed. no other life was taken, and the ebullition quietly subsided.

This apparently trifling event seems to possess additional importance when regarded with the light afforded by the experience of subsequent years. It is a general truth that religious fanaticism is strongest, not in regions where one form of faith exclusively prevails, but in those in which belief is divided; and especially in those border-lands which have on their respective frontiers populations of opposite faiths. There are plenty of examples in Europe to confirm this assertion. Now, the Punjaub is a border country, between the

faith of Islam and that of Brahma; on its northern and western boundaries are the seats of the fiercest sectaries whom Moham-
medanism has now to display—the “Wahabees,” as they are com-
monly, but only analogically, termed, as they have no connection
with the Arab reformers properly so called, while within the land of
the Five Rivers itself, the Sikh nation maintains a zeal for the tenets
and practices of Brahminism scarcely paralleled in the interior of
India. And in this very year (1871) the killing of cows in that pro-
vince by Mussulman butchers, practised publicly where it had been
heretofore only tolerated with much precaution, has led to feuds
attended with bloodshed, and threatening serious consequences.

In May, 1846, Lawrence had to leave Lahore at the head of a small
force, detached to reduce the Fort of Kangra, in the north-east of the
Punjaub, held by a chief who declared that he would hold out to the
last, unless “Runjeet himself appeared to demand the keys.” Its
importance seems chiefly to have consisted in its natural strength.
Vigne, the traveller, considered that by European engineers it might
be rendered impregnable. The chiefs of the Lahore Durbar had pro-
mised to obtain the surrender, but had not performed their under-
taking. “There are parties in the Durbar,” writes Lawrence to the
Governor-General, “whose exertions in this matter have, to say the
least of it, not been in our favour.” Though the garrison was small,
consisting only of about 300 men, the danger of the example, and
the evident hesitation of our reluctant allies, rendered it necessary to
proceed with vigour. When heavy guns were brought up, and before
they were “placed,” the garrison surrendered, and were recommended
to the mercy of Government.

The following private letter from Sir H., now Lord, Hardinge—he
had just been promoted to the peerage—conveys the instructions
under which Lawrence acted on this occasion:—

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,—

Simla, May 27th, 1846.

I AM much obliged to you for your congratulations; and, when
the Sobraon promotions are received, I hope to reciprocate my satisfac-
tion in seeing your name favourably noticed.

I beg you will not make yourself ill by your exertions at Kangra.³ I

³ This remarkable spot (situate in the hill country, in the north-east of the Pun-
jaub, near the Beas River) is thus described in a “Memorandum by Major E. H.
Paske, Deputy Commissioner, Punjaub, on the Products and Trade of the Kangra
District, with some Remarks upon Trade Routes,” 1870.—

“Kangra proper, with its outlying subdivisions of Kooloo, Spitti, and Lahoul,

quite approved of your conciliating Brigadier Wheler, as, when the siege commences, all the military arrangements will be, of course, in his hands.

The terms, in case of a siege, being unconditional surrender after the guns are opened, will give rise to no difference of opinion, and you, as Political Agent, will dispose of the garrison by marching them as prisoners to Philloor. . . .

You will observe that, once having sanctioned the use of a Native Agent as the means of inducing the Sikhs to surrender, Dewan Dena Nath, up to the commencement of the siege, ought to have had his own way ; if he chose to bribe them by letting them pocket 25,000 rupees, the affair was theirs, not ours. The appearance, as the official correspondence now stands, is, that negotiations between the Sikh garrison and the Sikh Agent were broken off by you before the siege had commenced. I know you have done everything in your power to induce the surrender ; but in this affair, where there may be many casualties, we must not only attend substantially to the means of avoiding them, but also to appearances. A gallant resistance by the Sikh garrison is a very undesirable result. I considered Colonel Outram quite wrong in having anything to say to the assault of Puncotta. You must not, on his account, imitate an unnecessary example, and I really cannot spare you.

Yours very sincerely,

HARDINGE.

The more forts are dismantled (observes Hardinge, in giving private directions to Lawrence about this capture), with proper regard to the habits and interests of the Hill Rajahs, the better. Indian military policy

which together comprise the district of Kangra in the Punjaub, is an extensive tract of mountainous country, situated on the outer ranges of the Himalaya Mountains, covering an area of about 12,861 square miles, and containing a population of 752,419 souls. The district comprises all the hill territory belonging to the British Government, situated between the Rivers Ravee and Sutlej. It extends from Shahpore on the west, in latitude 32° 20', longitude 75° 45', to the borders of Chinese Tartary, in latitude 32°, longitude 78° 10'. The northern extremity touches upon Ladakh, and the southern limits of the district rest upon the plains of the Barea Doab."

Mr. G. Barnes, in his "Settlement Report," gives the following very accurate and graphic description of the Kangra Valley :—

"I know no spot in the Himalayas which for beauty or grandeur can compete with the Kangra Valley and these overshadowing hills. No scenery presents such sublime and delightful contrasts. Below lies the plain, a picture of rural loveliness and repose. The surface is covered with the richest cultivation, irrigated by streams which descend from perennial snows, and interspersed with homesteads buried in the midst of groves and fruit-trees. Turning from this scene of peaceful beauty, the stern and majestic hills confront us. Their sides are furrowed with precipitous watercourses, forests of oak clothe their flanks, and higher up give place to gloomy and funereal pines. Above all are wastes of snow, or pyramidal masses of granite too perpendicular for the snow to rest upon."

is aggressive, and not defensive; but the last campaign has proved that it is very desirable to have fortified posts, in which we can deposit stores and ammunition, &c.

The very trifling difference between Governor-General and subordinates to which the following letter relates, would not be worth preserving in memory, were it not for the kindly tone of Lord Hardinge's letter making up the quarrel. Henry Lawrence had offended him by carelessly sending him, without explanation, a private letter of Brigadier Wheler, with some passages in which he was displeased:—

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,—

Simla, June 9th, 1846.

YOUR letter of the 4th and the English mail were received together, but no list of promotions for Sobraon, which I attribute to the public office being short during the Easter holidays.

Rely upon it, there are few men in India who esteem you more sincerely than I do for your qualities of head and heart; and I am quite satisfied by your explanation that you never sent papers calculated to displease me.

I shall be very glad to see you here, for you require rest: and I should be glad to confer with you. On the other hand, the great experiment at Lahore depends upon the temper of the army. I will write you on that subject. . . .

Yours very sincerely,

HARDINGE.

In June 1846, Lord Hardinge's cordial wishes for the professional advancement of Henry Lawrence were gratified by his promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

The events which followed require a brief explanation, in order to explain the part taken in them by the subject of our memoir, although their importance, as matters of Indian history, has passed into oblivion along with the great Khâlsa sovereignty, which our Government and the Resident honestly, but ineffectually, strove for awhile to maintain. By our appointment of Goolab Sing to the separate throne of Cashmere, the Vizarut, or Chief Minister's post in the Durbar of Lahore, became vacant. It was through our tacit permission that Rajah Lal Sing was allowed to establish himself in it, and made thereby the most powerful authority among the Sikhs, alternately controlling and controlled by the ambitious Maharanee, and entrusted with the charge of the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing. Lal Sing and the Princess were soon engaged in a common intrigue

against us ; and they found an agent in Sheik Imammoodeen, the Governor of Cashmere, on behalf of the Sikh Durbar. This chieftain was under orders to deliver up possession to Goolab whenever the latter was ready to assume it ; but, in league with his powerful supporters at Lahore, he first delayed, and then refused to execute this duty :—

The Sheik (says a writer in the *Calcutta Review* of July, 1847) is, perhaps, the best mannered and best dressed man in the Punjaub. He is rather under than above the middle height ; but his figure is exquisite, “as far as it goes,” and is usually set off with the most unrivalled fit which the unrivalled tailors of Cashmere could achieve for the governor of the province. His smile and bow are those of a perfect courtier, whose taste is too good to be obsequious ; his great natural intelligence and an unusually good education have endowed him with considerable conversational powers ; and his Persian idiom would do no dishonour to a native of Shiraz. Beneath this smooth surface of accomplishment and courtesy lies an ill-sorted and incongruous disposition : ambition, pride, cruelty and intrigue, strangely mixed up with indolence, effeminacy, voluptuousness and timidity. . . . Deeply engaged in the intrigues and revolutions of Lahore, he was never to be found at the crisis of any of them ; and so completely are all his aspirations negatived by indecision, that he spent the six months of his Cashmere government in wavering between three different schemes for his own personal aggrandisement ; doubtful whether to accept Goolab Sing’s offer, and continue governor on a salary of one lakh per annum . to oppbe the transfer of the province to that prince, which Rajah Lal Sing told him should be a receipt in full for his Cashmere accounts ; or to try to buy over the British, and make himself independent sovereign of the loveliest valley in the world. We shall see presently that he chose the most senseless of the three.

In this choice he was urged, it is said, by the influence of a wife, the daughter of the Khan of the Kohistan, “proud of her kin and blood,” and bigoted in her Mohammedan faith. Imammoodeen took up arms to oppose the entry of Goolab Sing, and his troops obtained some advantages. Henry Lawrence had need of all his usual promptitude and vigour. The kind of support which he had to expect from the Sikh Durbar may be partly collected from the following letter, addressed by him to Currie (September 1846) :—

I observe that Rajah Lal Sing is complaining of Maharajah Goolab Sing wanting the Sikh troops to go by the distant and difficult passes, to *prevent* their succeeding, and thereby causing their disgrace ; but the Maharajah has now too deep an interest in the game to desire that it

should be lost. These endless jealousies and mutual accusations between Goolab Sing and Lal Sing are conducive to much mischief. Unhappily, the word of one is no better than that of the other.

The troops selected by the Lahore Durbar for the service were :—

Under Sirdar Sher Sing—His own troops, the Kohistanees, about 5,000 in number ; four guns.

Under General Doab Sing—Two regiments.

Under General Khan Sing—Two regiments.

Lahore troops, under General Imam Sing—Two regiments ; two guns.

Within a few weeks Lawrence had placed himself at the head of the unwilling Sikh troops, whose Government he compelled by force of resolution to adhere to their engagements with us and with Goolab Sing. Supported by Brigadier Wheeler, with a British force from the Jullunder Doab, he put down without difficulty all efforts at resistance, and was admitted into Cashmere by the terrified Sheik. Imammooden surrendered himself personally to Lawrence. The conduct of the Sikh troops (says Lord Hardinge) under the same officers who led them so lately in their invasion of our provinces, now employed in carrying out the conditions of the Treaty of Lahore, and, perhaps, the least palatable part of those conditions, under the instructions of British officers, cannot but command admiration.

Properly considered (adds the Reviewer already quoted), this feat of compelling the culpable Lahore Durbar, with its chief conspirator (Lal Sing) at its head, to make over, in the most marked and humiliating manner, the richest province in the Punjaub to the one man most detested by the Khâlsa, was the real victory of the campaign ; and its achievement must continue an enigma to every one who remembers that it was performed by 10,000 Sikh soldiers, at the bidding and under the guidance of two or three British officers, within eighteen months of the battle of Sobraon.

This conjuncture was described by Henry Lawrence, in a letter to Mr. Kaye (published in his *Lives of Indian Officers*, ii. 298), as—

That ticklish occasion when I took the Sikh army to Cashmere, and when I was obliged to tell Lal Sing's vakeel that if anything happened to me, John Lawrence was told to put the Rajah (Lal Sing) in confinement. The fact was, I knew he was acting treacherously, but trusted to

carrying the thing through by expedition, and by the conviction that the British army was in our rear to support and avenge us.

Henry Lawrence had to use all his determination to maintain, and impress on his chief and the public, the policy of supporting Goolab Sing, in opposition to the pressure put on him by many of his own officers and friends, among whom the new Maharajah enjoyed anything but a good character; their opinion, perhaps, partly influenced by the very unfavourable portrait drawn of him by Henry Lawrence himself, in his literary works. The following playful letter from his intimate friend and most attached lieutenant, Herbert Edwardes, evidently refers to some dispute between them on this subject, in which the Resident had maintained his own opinion at the expense of checking his impetuous subordinate:—

Camp Thunduk Panee, 12th October, 1846.

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,—

I HAVE received your letter of the 8th, and digested the wiggling it contains as well as I might. My unhappy style of composition will some day be the death of me. I have looked through my letter-book for "the British lion," and find him "waking from slumber," in a letter to Poorun Chund; but remember, it is a translation from a Persian letter, and some allowance must be made for the spirit of the language. However, I do not *insist* upon the lion; and, after all, he is of no great consequence, one way or the other. In my public letters to you, I think I have put great violence on myself, and made as plain a pudding of my plums and suet as the materials admitted of—all out of consideration for your Abernethy appetite in these matters. With respect to the other point, in which I see I have offended, I am greatly puzzled. You tell me, "not to blacken G. S—— quite so much;" and I must answer, that if I did not, I should not tell the truth, or what I myself believe to be such. I know you too well to think you would wish me to write to order, or make out a case; and, in writing to you, I have considered it my duty always to tell Government through you how matters actually stand. I may be deceived, of course, in my estimate of the Maha's character; but I should be surely wrong, if I did not paint him *as he appears to me*. Sent up to give information to Government, I thought I was bound in honour to describe the man *as I found him*—a bad king, a miser, and a liar! If he is not all this, and a thousand times worse (for he is the worst native I ever came in contact with), then I have belied him, but not wilfully. If I had found him a Noshirvan or a Ha'tim Taje, I would have been right happy to sing his praises. God knows, I have over and over, in good and ill humour, serious and laughing, in public and private, tried to win him to better ways—to strive, in his old age, to get an *acquittance* for

the injuries he has inflicted on almost every household in the Kohistan. I am not his enemy, I assure you ; neither does he look on me as such. I have told him things which he certainly never heard before, and which made his two confidential men's hair stand on end ; but both he and they are all the better for it. They know I think them all rogues, and they own it with the most delightful frankness. We get on capitally, and are the best of friends. The Maharajah, I am sure, was never such a good Christian as at this moment. Presently, perhaps, I may be able to write, and call him an honest man.

Now, don't be angry, my dear L——, but come and see him ; or, rather, come and transact business with him, and, after hearing and seeing for a week, blow me up again if you think I have "blackened" the dirtiest fellow in all India. . . . I cannot refrain from adding here an extract from the very last overland letter I received from home, which, after informing me that a certain book—which shall be nameless—is now a stock book in the family," says, in allusion to some passages in it, "Who could reclaim or actually civilize *such a being as Goolab Sing?*"

(Now I am even with you for your cut at my "Brahminee bull!")

The next is from Edwardes to Lieut. Lumsden, on the same subject :—

Camp Segowlee, 17th October, 1846.

MY DEAR LUMSDEN,—

• 8 o'clock P.M.

TEJ SING, in the civillest manner in the world, has declined a meeting with the Maharajah at Dhundésur,

His plea is ill health ; but, if he is well enough to march at all, he is well enough to come to meet the Maharajah.

However, that is not the point. If he was really *ill*, it would not do at this moment to decline a meeting. The report of a *split* in the camp would go abroad immediately, and do great mischief. Tej Sing has not come thus far about his own business ; he has come about Goolab Sing's ; and G. S—— thinks it necessary to meet and concert future measures.

Please tell him, therefore, he *must* come ; and make him name his time, and stick to it. It would never do to bring the Maharajah to Dhundésur, and then Tej Sing send word he had a bellyache.

The fact is, that both these old rogues are in a mutual fright of each other ; but if you accompany Tej Sing, and I accompany Golab Sing, they cannot poison each other without witnesses, at all events.

I send this by the motbir, whom the Maharajah despatches to persuade the refractory C. in C.

Is not this like the embassy of Ulysses to the sulky Achilles, when he *would* keep his tent, and would *not* come out and wop the Trojans?

Believe me, yours ever,

HERBERT B. EDWARDES.

The instalment of the Maharajah Goolab in his new sovereignty is thus reported by Lawrence to Mr. Currie, Secretary to the Government :—

12th November, 1846.

1. I have the honour to report for the information of Government as follows:—

2. Maharajah Goolab Sing entered the city of Cashmere about 8 A.M. on the 9th inst., and found his sowars in entire possession; Sirdar Shoojan Sing, with the garrison of Shirghurry, about 3,000 men, and the family of Sheik Imammoodeen, having moved off two days previously. To avoid their line of march, the Maharajah made a detour on his road from Shupeyon, and fell in with me again at Pampur on the evening of the 8th. I thought that his Highness would prefer entering his capital by himself, and therefore gave him the opportunity of doing so, but the meeting at Pampur led me to imagine he was willing to sink his dignity in the increased opinion of British support that my formal accompaniment would afford him. I am, however, still at a loss to know what were his real wishes; for the fortunate moment to enter the fort and palace of Shirghurry being 8 A.M., he left Pampur before daylight, and now says he was averse to having me disturbed at so early an hour.

3. By the perfect freedom with which I am followed in the streets and on the river with idle complaints on the merest trifles, as well as with others serious enough to the complainants, but not coming within my jurisdiction, I am induced to hope that the Maharajah is not closing the door against appeals in cases of legitimate reference, according to the terms of the treaty and the recent orders of Government. Cashmerees are everywhere noted for their litigiousness, vociferous volubility, and begging propensities. There are many complaints of losses and violence during the late disturbances; but neither during my three days' tour through the south of the valley, nor during the last two days in the city, have I heard a whisper against the Maharajah or his Government, except, indeed, from one Jaghirdar, who came to me at Islamabad, to beg my intercession, saying, he heard that it was the intention to confiscate all Jaghires. I hope this is not true; and it will be observed that, in the enclosed translation of a letter which I left for the Maharajah at Shupeyon on the 6th instant, I referred, among other questions, to Jaghires. I hope the tenor of the letter will be approved. Yesterday evening the Maharajah, alluding to it, remarked that it contained advice that would be good for him in this world and in the next; and, while I am writing, Dewan Jewall is telling me that a reply is under preparation, and that all I wish shall be done.

4. Yesterday morning I paid a visit to the Hurree Parbut, and accompanied by Vuzeer Rutnoo and Col. Muttra Das, went over the works and inspected the garrison. The soldiers are about half-and-half Sikhs and

Hillmen, and are generally fine, stout, soldierly fellows, quite as much so as any we saw with Sheik Imammoodeen, and scarcely inferior to the average of Lahore troops. The natural position of Hurree Parbut is very strong, but the works are flimsy and ill laid out, and guns can only be worked from below the body of the place. The besieged had only four guns, one an old brass sixteen or eighteen pounder, and three small ones, five and two pounders; one of the latter and a four by five mortar were taken in a sally, during the early part of the siege by Colonel Muttra Das. There are three tanks for water in the fort, capable, in my opinion, of holding water for three months for a thousand men. By a determined sally, water could always be procured from the city lake or the wells under the fort.

5 On the 8th instant, at Islamabad, I inspected the irregulars that had entered the valley under Vuzeer Rutnoo Chund. They were nominally 2,500, and probably amounted to nearly that number. Accompanied by Captain Browne, I went down the ranks of more than half, and counted 1,200, and estimated that about 2,000 were on the ground. Five hundred or more were reported gone to bathe, and we could see many coming in as we departed. About 300 were fine, well-equipped men, and perhaps 1,000 more were of average quality; the rest were old men and boys. Four or five hundred may have been armed with bows. There were two small guns, about two pounders, and ten ——— with the detachment. On the whole, the appearance and equipment of the men was quite equal to that of any of the contingents lately furnished by either Sikh or Hill chiefs on the frontier. I spoke to the Maharajah as to the objectionability of employing old men and children; he replied that the case just now was one of necessity, that it had always been the practice of the country for each village to furnish so many men; that old men could fire guns; but that he was quite willing to attend to my suggestions in this as in other matters. I propose to see the whole of the troops here, amounting to about 10,000 men, and then those in Huzara, when I shall report generally on the army.



I have also personally and separately questioned seven Rajahs of Iskardot and its neighbourhood, and taken their depositions. They were all within the Hurree Parbut fort during the siege, and all express themselves satisfied with Maharajah Goolab Sing. I repeatedly told them that, if they wished, they had now an opportunity of escape, and of obtaining maintenance in the British territory, but that it could not again be offered; that the Maharajah would be master within his own territory, but that any chief who now declared his desire to emigrate might do so with safety, and under British security of a provision at such station as he might select for his residence. I had some difficulty in making some of these chiefs understand; but taking them first separately, with only their own and my moonshee present, and then having the whole seven

together—some of whom speak Persian pretty well—I repeated over and over again my meaning, and got them to do so to each other, and then caused each individual personally to declare that he understood what was said, and without fear spoke his real sentiments.

* * * * *

I hope much will be effected during the next three days, for which period I have consented to delay my departure. I will then proceed to Lahore and Poona, or Huzara, as may appear necessary, with reference to the several calls on my time. Under any circumstances, one officer will go to Huzara, and one remain here until affairs are brought into some order, but I doubt the advantage of permanently leaving an officer with the Maharajah, though, perhaps, it may prove useful to depute a respectable Native Agent, who can keep Government informed without being an incubus on the local authorities, and detracting from their credit without himself having any real authority.

The following communication to Mr. Currie touches on a point of some interest, on which Lawrence negotiated with the new Maharajah:—

15th November 1846.

At this interview the Maharajah expressed his entire willingness to put down both infanticide and suttee; the first crime he agreed to make penal by proclamation: but, he remarked, he was not yet strong enough to insist upon the abolition of suttee, though he would do all in his power to prevent the rite, by giving maintenance to widows, and preventing his own connection from burning their females. If he holds to this promise, it will be sufficient, for suttee is seldom performed in the hills, except in families of rank. It is, I believe, true that the Maharajah has hitherto discountenanced the rite; but the crime of infanticide is supposed to be much practised in his family. His proclamations, however, against it must be useful, and I shall take every fitting opportunity of following up the opening gained in the question of suttee, which I explained was contrary to the Shastra, and had already been publicly forbidden by the Jeypoor Durbar.

As soon as Goolab Sing had been established in power, Henry Lawrence, "with his usual energy," as Lord Hardinge describes it, returned at once to Lahore. The next thing to be done was to bring Lal Sing to solemn trial and exposure before all the Sikh chiefs, for his complicity with Imammoodeen in the treacherous opposition to Goolab Sing, the defeated "Sheik" having turned King's evidence against his late accomplice. He had already placed in Lawrence's hand three original documents, purporting to be instructions from

Lal Sing to the Sheik to oppose Goolab Sing : and to the officers and soldiers in Cashmere, to be faithful and obedient to the orders of the Sheik. The strange and novel proceeding of this trial, conducted by the Sikh chiefs themselves, in presence of Henry Lawrence and Mr. Currie, the Secretary to Government, are best described in the words of the former's report to Government, in the person of Mr Currie, who is somewhat awkwardly addressed, having himself taken part in the trial :—

Lahore, 17th December 1846.

1. Mr. John Lawrence's last letter of Punjaub intelligence reported the state of affairs up to the 22nd November, since which but one topic has engaged the attention of the Durbar, the Sirdars, and the people, viz, Rajah Lal Sing's share in the Cashmefe rebellion.

2. In reporting the circumstances of his fall, I am obliged for perspicuity's sake to glance at much that has already been recorded.

3. On the 1st December you arrived at Lahore; and it was no longer doubtful that an inquiry was to take place. The Rajah and the Ranee were in great distress; the former holding private interviews from morning to night, the latter consulting the astrologers, and sacrificing to the gods in favour of the Rajah.

4. On the 2nd December a grand Durbar was held to receive you, and you delivered a Persian letter from the Right Honourable the Governor-General to his Highness the Maharajah. On the evening of the same day the Ministers and Sirdars paid you a visit of ceremony in your own tent; and you took the opportunity of requesting Fukeer Noorooddeen to read aloud for general information the letter received from the Governor-General; and again translated its contents orally in Oordoo yourself to the assembly.

5. The letter in question congratulated his Highness on the happy and peaceful termination of the Cashmere rebellion, which at one time threatened to disturb the friendly relations now existing between the Lahore and British Governments; by violating the terms of the treaty so lately made at Lahore. It proceeded to inform the Maharajah the Sheik Imammoodeen had, at last, only given himself up to the British authorities on their promise that the causes of the rebellion should be investigated; for he solemnly declared that he had acted under orders from Lahore in resisting the transfer of Cashmere to Maharajah Goolab Sing. Finally, it pointed out the necessity of such an investigation, to prove the truth or falsehood of the Sheik's allegations.

6. The Sirdars and Ministers were, accordingly, informed that on the following morning, the 3rd December, at 8 A.M., a Court of Inquiry would assemble at your Durbar-tent. The Court was to be perfectly open to all, and the Sirdars, of all degrees, were invited to attend.

7. At the appointed hour next day the Court assembled, constituted as follows:—

PRESIDENT:

F. Currie, Esq., *Secretary to Government.*

MEMBERS:

Lieut.-Colonel Lawrence, C.B., A.G.G.

M. General Sir John Littler, K.C.B., *Commanding the Garrison.*

John Lawrence, Esq., C.S., *Commissioner, Fullunder.*

Lieut.-Colonel Goldie, *Commanding 12th Native Infantry.*

Rajah Lal Sing, Dewan Dena Nath, Sirdar Tej Sing, Khuleefah Noorooddeen, Sirdar Ultur Sing Kalehwaluh, Sirdar Sher Sing Utáree-waluh, and a large assemblage of other Sirdars attended, as did also Sheik Imammoodeen and his officers.

8. The particulars of the trial you have already reported fully to Government, and need not be repeated; suffice it that the Sheik, being called on to make his statement, boldly denounced Rajah Lal Sing as the instigator of the rebellion in Cashmere; and three papers (two to his own address, and one addressed to the Sheik's troops) were produced in evidence—all signed by the Rajah. The most significant of the papers, viz., that addressed to the troops, was acknowledged by the Rajah; and the other two, though denied, were, in the opinion of the Court, fully established to be genuine also. The evidence, indeed, was most conclusive; the defence, miserably weak; and, after two sittings, the Court, on the 4th instant, pronounced a unanimous sentence of "guilty" against the Rajah.

9. When this was communicated by you to the rest of the Ministers and the principal Sirdars, they acknowledged, more candidly than might have been expected, the impossibility of the Rajah any longer being Vuzeer; and his deposition once determined on, he seemed to pass altogether from their minds, or only to be remembered, as a large Jag-hurdar, whose income must be recovered to the State without delay. Dewan Dena Nath, the most practical man in the Ministry, who had single-handed defended the Rajah in the face of facts to the last moment, as soon as the verdict was pronounced, passed on without a remark to the necessary arrangements for securing his relatives, Misr Umeer Chund and Misr Bughman Doss, who held extensive districts in the provinces, and were defaulters to a large amount. This indifference to Rajah Lal Sing's fate is to be accounted for by his policy in the Vizarut; instead of trying, as any sensible man in his position would have done, to make himself popular with the Sirdars, "and win golden opinions from all sorts of men," by attending to the interests of the Khâlsa and administering the revenues with liberality, he early took the first step to his downfall by acting as if he considered it certain, and laying up ill-gotten stores against the evil day. He discharged as many of the old Sikh soldiers as he

could, and entertained in their places foreigners from his own country and Hindustan ; and, while reducing the Jaghires of the Sirdars, on the plea of public poverty, he appropriated enormous grants himself, or lavished them on his relatives and servants. As a Minister, therefore, the Rajah failed to conciliate either the chiefs or the army ; and, as a private character, he was personally odious to the Sikh people, for his intrigue with Runjeet's widow, or, as they regard her, the mother of the Khâlsa ; my firm opinion is, that his life would not have lasted one month after her departure from Lahore. It is due, however, to Rajah Lal Sing to state, that throughout the British occupation of Lahore, his attention to the wants and comforts of our troops, and his civility and kindness to the officers, could not have been exceeded. Had he carried this policy into his civil administration, and accepted our advice in matters of more moment, he would have secured his own fortunes and re-established the Maharajah's.

10. Attended by the rest of the Durbar, I then went to the Palace ; and the result of the investigation and removal of Lal Sing from the Vizariat was communicated to the Maharanee by Fukeer Noorooddeen and Dena Nath.

11. The charge of the Palace was at this time made over to Sirdar Sher Sing Utāreewaluh, brother-in-law of the Maharajah, who has gained considerable credit lately by his spirited administration at Peshawur and active co-operation with Maharajah Goolab Singin suppressing the Cashmere rebellion. Meanwhile, the Rajah himself was conducted by Lieutenant Edwardes from the tent wherein the Court was held to his own house within the city, escorted by another detachment of the above-mentioned "body-guard."

12. To prevent even the slightest stoppage of public business, the powers of Government were, as a temporary arrangement, vested in a council of four, viz., Sirdar Tej Sing, Sirdar Sher Sing, Dewan Dena Nath, and Fukeer Noorooddeen ; and circular orders were immediately issued by the Durbar to all the Kardars in the kingdom, informing them of the Vuzeer's deposition for treason to his sovereign ; and that no Purwannahs were to be obeyed which did not bear the four seals of the Council.

13. On the morning of the 13th December, Rajah Lal Sing was removed to Ferozepoor, under charge of Lieutenant Wroughton, 12th Native Infantry, escorted by the 27th Native Infantry Regiment, 200 Sikh sowars, and a company of Sikh infantry.

14. The momentous events I have above recorded were enacted in perfect peace ; perfect quiet reigned in the city and the country. Not a shop was closed or plough laid aside during the trial, deposition, or removal of the Vuzeer ; and those who are acquainted with the past history of this unhappy capital, how factitiously power has usually been seized in it, how bloodily maintained, and with what violence wrested

away, will recognize under British occupation of Lahore a public confidence and sense of security as new as it is complete.

15. On the 9th December, you laid before the Durbar a letter from the Right Honourable the Governor-General, reminding them of the time being fast approaching for the departure of the British troops from Lahore, and asking them what arrangements they had made for the future. The receipt of this letter caused the greatest excitement at the Court, the majority of the Sirdars being filled with alarm at the prospect before them, in the event of our withdrawal. Till within the last few days, no one has expressed a more anxious desire for our stay than the Maharanee; and, even on the day following that on which Rajah Lal Sing was deposed from the Vizariat, and her grief was at the worst, she declared to me, when I called on her, that she would leave the Punjaub when we did. A very short time has given a more active—perhaps, a more vindictive—turn to her inclinations, and during the last day or two her whole energies have been devoted to an endeavour to win over the Sirdars of high and low degree, and unite them all together in a scheme of independent government, of which she herself was to be the head. In this her chief aid and counsellor has ostensibly been Dewan Dena Nath, ever ill-disposed to the English, and now probably contemplating with alarm the possibility of our becoming the guardians of the young Maharajah, and—what he would less like—the guardians of the exchequer. He has survived many revolutions, in which kings and families, old masters and old friends, have perished; but I doubt if the Chancellor of the Punjaub could long survive one which should altogether do away with peculation. Calculating, therefore, on having, when we withdrew, the whole management of affairs in his own hands, he has apparently preferred to run all risks, and joined heartily in the intrigues of the Maharanee: or it may be that, perceiving himself not only in the minority, but that he almost stood alone from the Maharanee, he considered it a point of honour not to abandon her. He is a man both of courage and ability, and has his own notions of fidelity, however they may be opposed to ours. The Sirdars, however, have shown great steadiness and perseverance in the matter; and, headed by Sirdar Tej Sing, the Commander-in-Chief, and Sirdar Sher Sing, the Maharajah's brother-in-law, have stoutly refused the Queen's proposal, to sign and send a letter to the British, declaring her the head of the government, and their readiness to obey all her orders. The debate was renewed morning and evening, and lasted till the 14th December, eliciting strange philippics and recriminations, and even abuse, within the Palace, and usually ending in the Sirdars rising and retiring in a body, saying that the Queen wished to bring ruin on her son and all the Khâlsa; that she might act as she pleased; but, for their parts, the Palace was no place for respectable men, and that they would cross the Sutlej with the British troops. Accordingly, they seemed to have left Dena Nath to write an answer to the Governor-General's letter, in what terms he chose:

and no sooner had it been sent, than messages from various Sirdars came to disown all participation in its composition. Sirdar Sher Sing, in particular, whose near relationship to the Maharajah makes it his strongest interest to do what seems best for the stability of the Punjab as an independent kingdom, applied to me for a private interview on the subject, and sent me a paper explanatory of his wishes. Standing studiously aloof from the intrigues of the Court, I declined the private interview, but perused the paper, and, strange to say, it proposed the unreserved committal of the kingdom to British guardianship, till such time as the young sovereign comes to maturity; pointing out with much good sense the necessity of reviewing fairly the whole resources of the kingdom and portioning out the Jaghires, establishments, and expenses accordingly.

16. It was evident, therefore, that in the written answer to the Governor-General's letter, we had not got what his lordship desired, viz., an honest expression of the wants, wishes, and opinions of the great body of the chiefs, who, during the boyhood of the Maharajah, are the natural representatives of the State; and you thought it best to assemble all the Sirdars together, and give them an opportunity of speaking their mind, unbiassed by the Maharanee's persuasion and abuse.

17. On the 15th December a Durbar was held for this purpose in my camp, and was more fully attended than any state meeting I have yet seen at Lahore; the momentous importance of the occasion to "the Khálsa" having, in addition to the Ministers and principal Sirdars, drawn many petty chiefs, officers, and yeomen to the spot. An Akálee, in the full costume of his order, with high blue turban, wreathed with steel quoits and crescents, was quite a new figure in this deliberate assembly, and showed that all ranks took an interest in the business of the day.

18. Instructions from the Governor-General having reached you just as the Assembly met, you were enabled again to state plainly to the chiefs the terms on which alone his lordship would consent to leave British troops at Lahore for the assistance of the Durbar, after the time fixed by the treaty of last March. It was repeated to them, therefore, that his lordship would be best pleased could they assure him of their ability to carry on the government alone, unsupported, except by the sincere friendship of the British; but, if they thought this was impossible, and they called on the Governor-General to interfere and actively assist them, they must understand that his interference would be complete, *i.e.*, he would occupy Lahore, or any other part of the Punjab, with what force he thought advisable; a stipulated sum of money being paid monthly into the British treasury for the expenses of the same; and, further, that the whole civil and military administration of the Punjab would be subject to the supervision of a British Resident, though conducted by the Durbar and executive officers appointed by them. This arrangement was to hold good till the maturity of the young Maharajah, when the

British troops would retire from the Punjaub, and the British Government recognize its perfect independence.

19. This proposition being communicated to the Assembly, Dewan Dena Nath expressed a wish to adjourn, in order that they might take the opinion of the Maharanee; but you informed him that the Governor-General was not asking the opinion of the Queen-Mother, but of the Sirdars and pillars of the State; and, to enable them to discuss the matter among themselves, and come to an unbiassed opinion, I retired with you into another tent, and left them to themselves.

20. The fixed sum proposed by you to be paid yearly for the expenses of the British troops was twenty-four lakhs of rupees, and we were soon informed by messengers that this was the only point on which there was any debate; presently, a deputation of five or six of the principal Sirdars came to propose reduction of this sum, as a point of friendship; and after canvassing the matter, with reference to the resources of the country, it was at last agreed to fix it at twenty-two lakhs per annum. The consent of each member of the deputation was then asked separately, and written down by my Meer Moonshee, in presence of yourself and my assistant, Lieutenant Edwardes. We then returned to the Assembly in the other tent, and the same form was observed to every Sirdar and officer of high or low degree, fifty-one in number, considered eligible to vote; and though there were not a few in that Durbar who were foremost among the war-party at this time last year, it is gratifying to know that, on this occasion, not one dissentient voice—not one who did not prefer British protection to a short-lived, anarchical independence. The next day (the 16th) was then settled for discussing details, and the Assembly was broken up.

Yesterday afternoon (H. Lawrence reports to Mr. Currie, the 22nd December, from Lahore) I went to the Durbar, and found twenty or so of the principal chiefs and officers assembled in the Shah Mahul, opposite the Maharanee's screen, close to which a chair was placed for me. Her Highness then, in an audible voice, expressed her thankfulness to Government for the arrangements that had been made, which, she observed, had saved her own and her son's life, and had secured her throne. She repeated these speeches several times, and reminded us that when Mr. Currie was last here, and I had told her that we were ready to march at the expiration of the present year, she had replied, that if we went, she would go too, as with us alone had she found safety. After some desultory conversation and rest, I then returned with the Council to transact business. It must not be considered that the Maharanee's words altogether expressed her feelings. . . . I am aware that she is rather submitting to what she perceives is inevitable than that she is really pleased with present arrangements. I do not mean that she is dissatisfied at our remaining at Lahore; on the contrary, I have a sort of doubt that she

would have given anything—even to half the kingdom, except the supreme authority—to have induced us to stand fast ; and I even believe that she prefers her present condition with us to supremacy without our protection. At first she was very angry, and gave vent to her feelings in abuse of Sirdar Tej Sing and the chiefs ; but, by holding together and reasoning with her, they seem to have brought her to some sort of reason. I hear that Tej Sing told her that, if she would only keep quiet, and not commit herself before the world, he would be her brother and her friend ; but that, if she persisted in violence and nonsense, he would have nothing to say to her.

The final result of these proceedings was, that the independence of the Punjaub was prolonged by the so-called Treaty of Byrowal, subject to the continued occupation of the capital by British troops:—

The interposition of British influence (so the Governor-General declared) will be exercised for the advantage of the people ; and the success of this interposition will be assisted by the confidence and cordiality with which the Sirdars will co-operate with the British Resident. That officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence, is well known to the chiefs by his energy, talents, and integrity ; by these qualities he has conciliated their goodwill and respect. . . . A Council of Regency, composed of leading chiefs, will act under the control and guidance of the British Resident. The Council will consist of eight Sirdars, and the members will not be changed without the consent of the British Resident, acting under the orders of the Governor-General. The power of the Resident extends over every department, and to any extent. A military force may be placed in such forts and posts, and of such strength, within the Lahore territory, as the Governor-General may determine. These terms give the British Resident unlimited authority in all matters of internal administration and external relation during the Maharajah's minority, which would terminate on the 4th September 1854.

To these conditions all the chiefs, in number fifty-two, assented ; and thus Henry Lawrence was left, in all but name, the master—uncontrolled, save by the Supreme Government at Calcutta—of the magnificent realm of the Five Rivers, the kingdom of Porus, the original India of the Greeks and Persians.

The summary of the narrative of this eventful year may be concluded—as regards himself—in an extract of a letter from his brother, George Lawrence, to Henry's wife, Honoria, in England:—

Henry is looking well, and I think is better than usual ; the trip to

Cashmere, he says, quite set him up ; and the Governor-General remarked lately, that knocking about seemed to do him good. It was very gratifying to me to see the high estimation in which he is evidently held by the chiefs, and, indeed, by all parties. I have never yet heard one dissenting voice as to his being the very man for his present berth. I was much struck with the peace and confidence which pervades all ranks, both in city and country, and could not have believed that one short year would have done so much. The officers freely admit that it was entirely to Henry's energy and promptitude in repairing in person to Cashmere that matters there were brought to an amicable adjustment.

As regards the country which he had administered, Mr. Arnold, in his *History of Lord Dalhousie's Administration of British India*, thus sums up the results of Lord Hardinge's Government :—

Writing ^{of the} Ganges, in the last month of 1847, the Governor-General was able ^{to} report the Punjab to the Secret Committee as perfectly tranquil ; but for the perilous passions of the Queen-Mother, he could boast to make over the Peninsula free from any disturbing cause. . . . Our supremacy beyond the Sutlej was declared to be as real as if it were loaded with the real responsibilities of annexation.

It must, however, be added, that this apparent tranquillity was purchased at no trifling cost of military expenditure :—

Well aware that the Sikhs were to be trusted as far as their fears, Lord Hardinge doubled the garrison of the North-West. He left on this and that side of the Sutlej more than 50,000 men and 60 guns.

How short-lived were the hopes entertained by the more sanguine class of observers of the durability of the system of protection thus established in the Punjab is now a matter of history. "The problem has yet to be solved," wrote Mr. Thomason, whose word in those days was, in India, as that of Ahitophel at Jerusalem, "how we can give to a tottering empire such a blow as the Sikhs have received from us, and yet leave them independent."

Hardinge certainly evinced no flourishing anticipations as to the result. That Henry Lawrence could not entertain such, whatever confidence he might affect, is evident from a singular passage (singular in relation to the circumstances of the time), in which, writing an article on the "Kingdom of Oude" in 1845, he had predicted the all but inevitable fate of such a system as he was called on in 1846 to administer. We have seen already, and may see again, how his literary speculations, seasoned with love of controversy and strong taste

for political disquisition. contained in the periodicals of his time, when read by the light of subsequent events, sometimes invite inconvenient comparisons between the prediction of the writer and the performance of the statesman :—

Much casuistry was expended some years ago in defence of the Dewani, or double government, system, which was at best but one of the poor cloaks of expediency, and was gradually thrown off as our strength increased. The subsidiary and protected system is, if possible, worse. If ever there was a device for ensuring mal-government, it is that of a Native ruler and minister both relying on foreign bayonets, and directed by a British Resident ; even if all three were able, virtuous, and considerate, still the wheels of Government could hardly move smoothly. If it be difficult to select one man, European or Native, with all the requisites for a just administrator, where are three who can and will work together to be found ? Each of the three may work incalculable mischief, but no one of them *can* do good if thwarted by the other. It is almost impossible for the minister to be faithful and submissive to his prince, and at the same time to be honest to the British Government ; and how rarely is the European officer to be found, who, with ability to guide a Native state, has the discretion and good feeling to keep himself in the background—to prompt and sustain every salutary measure within his reach, while he encourages the ruler and minister by giving them all the credit—to be the adviser, and not the master—to forget self in the good of the people and of the protected sovereign ! Human nature affords few such men ; and, therefore, were there no other reason, we should be chary of our interference.

The beginning of the year 1847 thus found Henry Lawrence in peaceful possession of viceregal authority over the province. In the duties which devolved upon him, he was assisted by a staff of subordinates such as has very rarely been collected under the superintendence of any single chieftain of the political military order, of which India furnishes the most remarkable and instructive specimens. It was thus he spoke of them himself, in a letter written at a later time to his friend Sir John Kaye, and printed by the latter in his *Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii. p. 233 :—

I was very fortunate in my assistants, all of whom were my friends, and almost every one was introduced into the Punjaub through me. George Lawrence, Macgregor, James Abbott, Edwardes, Lumsden, Nicholson, Taylor, Cocks, Hodson, Pollock, Bowring, Henry Cox, and Melville, are men such as you will seldom see any where, but when collected under one administration were worth double and treble the number taken at hap-

hazard. Each was a good man: the most were excellent officers. My chief help, however, was in my brother John, without whom I should have had difficulty in carrying on.

Of the names inscribed in this list, that of Nicholson is preserved as belonging to one of the most heroic officers who ever fell in the service of this country. That of Edwardes appeals to still more recent memory. Of Lord Lawrence it is unnecessary to speak. Indian public opinion does justice to the remainder. On the whole, it may be said that the Punjaub officials, trained in the school of the Lawrences, formed a class apart, whose fame is preserved in tradition to this day.

As Resident at Lahore, Henry Lawrence has enjoyed an interval of some months, not indeed from incessant labour, but from the harassing and incessant intrigues of the Durbar, reduced at last to sullen acquiescence in the British protection, which they hated even while they craved for it. I find little of general interest in his papers devoted to details of military arrangement, revenue settlement, and negotiation with frontier chiefs. One or two of Lord Hardinge's kindly letters will describe the general character of his employment even better than his own:—

LORD HARDINGE *to* SIR H. LAWRENCE.

April 16th, 1847.

As regards the frontier opposite Dinapore, you had some communication with Mr. Thomason on your way to the Sutlej, and recommended a work to be thrown up. I dislike all fortified works in an Empire like India. Our system must be offensive, and not defensive. Still I admit a safe place for the civil authorities and scattered European establishments to fall back upon; a safe depot for ammunition, stores, &c., on a small scale, and well retired from the frontier, may be a judicious arrangement, and if so, it ought to be arranged quietly now, and not at the moment of pressure. Let us have as much information as you can on the revenues and resources of the Punjaub. Edwardes, Nicholson, and your brother, each in the districts he has visited, give a wretched account of the natural impediments which must, under any government, however ably administered, render the Punjaub a poverty-stricken acquisition. I was much struck with Agnew's memorandum on the Huzara country. Can the fact be true, that in two of the five districts of that country the armed men are estimated from 35,000 to 50,000, whilst the revenue of the five districts is only £30,000 a year? . . . Last month I wrote to Hobhouse officially, again recommending you to be a Civil K.C.B. of the Bath, and also Currie. . . . Let me know what you say *now*, after

three months' experience of your government, and a more intimate knowledge of the resources of the country, whether the policy of March 1846 was right ; and whether that of December 1846 will stand the test of time—that is, for seven years.

It appears as if Henry Lawrence, at this time, had come round to views rather less unfavourable to annexation than those entertained by his chief.

Same to Same.

May 17th, 1847.

The Major's letter (George Lawrence, at Peshawur) is one of the best letters I ever read. If I were not apprehensive of Sikh prejudices and natural jealousies, I would place him in Huxtable's position at Peshawur. I am sure you will do right to give him as much power as you can without offence to the Durbar. I am rejoiced that I appointed him, and persisted, notwithstanding the objection of a triumvirate of Lawrences beyond the border.

It is quite proper that you should, in all your official despatches, honestly and truly report not only facts, but your own impressions of passing events and future liabilities in the Punjaub ; consequently, when I remark that your letter of the 29th April will cause some uneasiness at home, I make no objection to your hints of coming events which cast their shadows before ; but I shall be very glad if you would well weigh and consider whether the anticipated disloyalty and possible disturbances to which you point are the result of the system adopted last December, with the sanction of the Sikh nation, or whether they would have been more easily avoided by direct and immediate annexation. In my opinion, the cause of discontent would have been infinitely greater by the positive degradation to which the last of the Hindoo dynasties would have been subjected by the ill-humour of some disappointed chiefs who have saved their Jaghures, and their army rank as colonels and generals, by British protection conferred upon them at their own earnest solicitation to save the Rajah. To me it appears that all the elements of treason and violence would have been still more active under a system of absolute annexation, which the chiefs well knew would despoil them of power never to return. The temper of Eastern chiefs may perhaps submit at once to a great evil, and call it fate or destiny, when they will feel and resist against a state of things infinitely more favourable to their dignity and hopes ; and it is probably very difficult for a European to argue upon the impulses by which Eastern people form their resolutions in political emergencies, and act upon them resolutely.

Then, again, if we are to consider the possible consequences arising out of the system adopted as regards our men, surely their allegiance is more likely to be preserved by saving than by destroying the last of the

Hindoo dynasties. Whether it be national or religious, it would be much more likely to display itself in the mode to which you allude by annexation than by protection. When deported beyond the Indus, they would be called upon to perform a service which they detest. Their personal interests and their alleged religious feelings might then sympathise with a kindred people, and, concentrated in large bodies at Lahore and Peshawur, ferment with treason. These dangers, which, in my opinion, are remote, will be eventually the cause of our loss of this Empire, and would be aggravated by annexation.

. . . I am writing in a hill fort as fast as I can trace my words, having, my dear Lawrence, no reserve with you.

The next letter seems to express Henry Lawrence's hopes of the future rather than his convictions. It is published in the Punjaub Blue Blook of 1849 :—

LAWRENCE to CURRIE (*Secretary to Government*).

Lahore, June 2, 1847.

With the experience of fourteen months, I can certify to this people having settled down in a manner that could never have been hoped or believed of them ; but yet they have not lost their spirit. To this fact I frequently testified last year, and commented on their bold and manly bearing. A large majority of the disbanded soldiers have returned to the plough or to trade ; but there are still very many floating on the surface of society ; and, such is the fickleness of the national character, and so easily are they led by their priests and pundits, and so great is their known pride of race, and of a long unchecked career of victory, that if every Sirdar and Sikh in the Punjaub were to avow himself satisfied with the humbled position of his country, it would be the extreme of infatuation to believe him, or to doubt for a moment that, among the crowd who are loudest in our praise, there are many who cannot forgive our victory, or even our forbearance, and who chafe at their own loss of power, in exact proportion as they submit to ours. But this was not to be avoided, and so far from being a discouraging feature of our position, is the best assurance we can have of our strength, while it proves, whoever our secret enemies may be, they can neither find a weak point nor an opportunity.

At no period of Anglo-Indian history has any great conquest or crisis been immediately followed by complete peace and security in the countries annexed to our dominion, or by the universal goodwill of a people whom we had beaten in the field. The opposite error to over-confidence is, however, not less mischievous. People here are partial to quoting the Cabul catastrophe, and, unfortunately, have too often the example set by those among ourselves who should know better than to consider the British position at Lahore in any point comparable with that at Cabul. Here, however, as there, our fate is in our own hands. I do not disguise

from myself that our position at Lahore will always be a delicate one ; benefits are soon forgotten, and little gratitude is to be expected. Moreover, there are the daily refusals, the necessary resummptions, the repressing, or patching up, of domestic squabbles—all leaving behind them more or less of ill-will, petty enough in detail, but in the mass sufficient powerfully to affect, for years to come, the movements of any honest administration in the Punjab. I do not know that the Sirdars and officials of this kingdom are naturally more evil-disposed than those of any other part of India ; but their country is certainly more backward in civilization ; was but the other day reclaimed from a state of the most ignorant barbarism ; and has been but little subjected to the wholesome restraints of a regular government.

In the course of the summer, however, the prospect began still more to darken. The continued intrigues of the Maharanee rendered it, in Henry Lawrence's view, necessary that she should be separated from her son, the young Maharajah Dhuleep Sing. But when it came to the question in what manner the banished princess was to be disposed of, national and tribal pride, private interests, personal attachments and personal jealousies rendered the counsels of the chiefs so distracted as to be nearly unavailable. I add, as delineating Henry Lawrence's part in this transaction, the Proclamation in which he announced it to the Sikh chiefs and nation, and Lord Hardinge's private letter of approval :—

A GENERAL PROCLAMATION for the Information of the CHIEFS of the LAHORE DURBAR, the PRIESTS, ELDERS, and PEOPLE of the Countries belonging to Maharajah Dhuleep Sing.

THE Right Honourable the Governor-General of India, taking into consideration the friendly relations subsisting between the Lahore and British Governments, and the tender age of Maharajah Dhuleep Sing, feels the interest of a father in the education and guardianship of the young Prince.

With this end in view, it appeared to the Governor-General to have become absolutely necessary to separate the Maharajah from the Maharanee his mother, an opinion in which the Durbar perfectly coincided : and accordingly, on the 19th day of August 1847, her Highness left the Palace of Lahore and was taken to Sheikhopoorah.

The reasons for this step are shortly these :—

First. That at the time of the making of the treaty of Byrowal it was considered necessary to exclude her Highness the Maharanee from all share in the administration of the public affairs ; and that she should have a separate maintenance appointed her, to enable her to pass the rest of her

life in honourable retirement. Notwithstanding this, her Highness has ever since been intriguing to disturb the government, and carried her opposition to the Ministers so far as quite to embarrass and impede the public business.

Secondly. The Maharajah is now a child, and he will grow up in the way that he is trained. It was only too probable, therefore, that his mother would instil into him her own bitter feelings of hostility to the chiefs; and that he would have thus grown up at variance with the Sirdars and ministers of his kingdom. This could not be allowed. The young prince should be reared up in the cultivation of every natural and acquired excellence of mind and disposition; so that, at the expiration of the present treaty, peace should be preserved by the kindly understanding existing between the Maharajah and all classes of his subjects—a blessing which could not be hoped for if the young Prince remained with his mother.

Thirdly. So long as her Highness the Maharanee occupied the Lahore Palace, strangers visited her without restriction; and every seditious intriguer who was displeased with the present order of things looked up to the Queen-Mother as the head of the state; some of them even went so far as to plan the subversion of the restored Khâlsa government.

Let all ranks, therefore, rejoice throughout the kingdom that the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India has so much at heart the peace and security of this country, the firm establishment of the estate, and the honour of the Maharajah and his Ministers.

(True Translation.)

(Signed) H. B. EDWARDES,

Assistant to Resident.

Lahore, 20th August 1847.

From LORD HARDINGE to HENRY LAWRENCE.

August 14th, 1847.

. . . Nothing can be more satisfactory, than the manner in which you have carried the removal of the Maharanee into execution. I entirely approve of the judicious terms in which the proclamation was worded. Her Highness's seclusion at Sheikhopoorah is, in my view, preferable to a more distant banishment. It avoids the national affront of parading the mother of all the Sikhs through Hindustan, and will reconcile the Sikh people to the step; and as we cannot publish all we know of her misconduct, but must justify the step on the expediency of the separation, the less any of the measures taken have the appearance of punishment the better. In this sense don't reduce her pension too low. It was granted at the time the treaty was signed, and the Ranee ceased to be Regent. The resolution should not deprive her of any comforts and luxuries to

which, as the Prince's mother, she may be entitled ; on the other hand, she should not have the means of offering large bribes. Her Highness must be warned that on the first occasion of her entering into intrigues, other and more serious steps must be taken.

In all our measures (says the Governor-General in a subsequent letter) taken during the minority we must bear in mind that by the Treaty of Lahore, March 1846, the Punjaub never was intended to be an independent State. By the clause I added, the chief of the State can neither make war nor peace, nor exchange nor sell an acre of territory, nor admit a European officer, nor refuse us a thoroughfare through his territories, nor, in fact, perform any act (except its own internal administration) without our permission. In fact, the native Prince is in fetters, and under our protection, and must do our bidding. I advert hastily to this point because, if I have any difference of opinion with you, it consists in your liberality in attempting at too early a period to train the Sikh authorities to walk alone ; I wish them to feel and to like our direct interference by the benefits conferred.—(Oct. 23, 1847.)

Having accomplished this difficult measure of policy, Henry Lawrence found himself obliged by the state of his health to intermit his hitherto incessant labour. He had suffered from the trial of the hot weather of 1846, and the recurring months of Punjaub summer now visited him severely. He was beginning to pay the penalty exacted of her most energetic servants, not so much by the climate of India, as by the exertions demanded in that climate of those who sacrifice themselves by crowding the labours of years into the compass of a few busy months. He left Lahore for British India on the 21st August, leaving his brother John, as Acting Resident, to carry out the measures which he had organized for the government of the country, and especially for the suppression of slave-dealing, "suttee," and infanticide. On the 17th October we find him again at his post at Lahore ; but in a few weeks he left it, and quitted India on sick-leave for England. In this homeward journey he was the companion of his attached friend Lord Hardinge, who had been superseded by the appointment of Lord Dalhousie to succeed him as Governor-General, but had waited at Calcutta until the arrival of his successor.

On his homeward voyage, Lord Hardinge addressed the following letter to Sir John Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton, then President of the Board of Control, on behalf of his comrade :—

MY DEAR SIR JOHN,—

Aden, Feb. 8, 1848.

. . . I am anxious to say a few words to you on a subject which you formerly received with favour. I allude to the distinction of the K.C.B.

E E

for Colonel Lawrence. I have no objects to urge as regards myself, and his claims are so strong and so just that even if I had I should wish his to take the precedence. I should be made most happy if, on his return to England, he could be rewarded by this mark of her Majesty's favour. Since the war closed, early in 1846, his labours have been incessant and most successful. His personal energies, his moral force of character, were admirably displayed by leading the Sikh forces into the Cashmere passes in the autumn of 1846; a force scarcely recovered from mutiny to their own government and hostility to us, and he has, since the treaty, as you know, administered the government of the Punjab with great ability and complete success. This is the last act of conscientious duty towards a most deserving officer, and there is no one of the many officers whom I have left behind me in India who has such good pretensions to the favour of Government as my good friend Colonel Lawrence, and there is nothing which you can do for me which will give me more pleasure than to see him honoured as he deserves.

Henry Lawrence reached England in March 1848, and Lord Hardinge's recommendation was carried into execution by his appointment to the rank of K.C.B. on the 28th April.

He spent his holiday between England and Ireland, in the society of relatives and friends; but I have not been able to ascertain any particulars of his stay at home, the necessity for writing letters having for the time ceased.

From this enjoyment of his long-deferred repose, Sir Henry (as he may henceforth be styled) was aroused by the tidings of the new outbreak in the Punjab, which ended in the second Sikh war. I will not revert to the narrative of events which have occupied so many pens. Suffice it for my present purpose that the murder of our two brave officers, Vans Agnew and Anderson, at Mooltan, took place in April 1848, and the tidings of it reached England before summer had begun. Lawrence was immediately on the alert.

He felt (says his friend, Sir John Kaye) that his proper place was where the war was raging. He had not yet regained his health: loving friends and wise physicians alike counselled him that there was danger in a precipitate return to India; but he knew that there would have been greater danger in a protracted sojourn in England, for, inactive at such a time, he would have chafed himself to death. But, for a man devoted, above all things, to his duty, he had a stronger call on him than any impulse of his own could have furnished.

In his article on Napier's "Misgovernment of India" (*Calcutta Review*, 1854), he informs us how Lord Broughton procured him an

interview with the Duke of Wellington, which ended in the Duke's saying, "that he ought to return to the Punjaub." "I expressed my readiness," he adds, "and wrote to the Court (of Directors), offering to go at once. They replied, politely ignoring me, and leaving me to act on my own judgment, as I was on medical certificate. I was disappointed, but perceived no hostility in the Court's act." "The Company," says Sir John Kaye, in his comment on this circumstance, "was a good master, but very chary of gracious words."* I subjoin the official communication itself; and must say that I think there was a little "touchiness" in Sir Henry's criticism on it. To dissect closely the style of every communication from a busy office is over-particular. Many a correspondent weighs and ponders over every word of its contents, as if each had its special covert meaning; when, in point of fact, the colour is given by the clerk who happens to hold the pen, and who can hardly be supposed at all times capable of distinguishing between the reverence appropriate for a hero and the courtesy due to an ordinary mortal:—

East India House, July 29, 1848.

SIR,—

I HAVE laid before the Court of Directors of the East India Company your letter of the 10th instant, stating that if, under present circumstances, the Court consider that your services can be of any use on the Indus, you are ready to proceed to India in such time as to be available to accompany any force that may take the field in November, in any capacity that the Governor-General may see fit.

In reply, I have received the Court's commands to state that they are very sensible of the zeal for the service which has dictated this proposal; but that they leave it to yourself to decide on the time of your return to India within the term of your furlough on sick-certificate.

I am desiréd to add that, should your health permit of your return, the Court are persuaded that the Government of India will gladly avail themselves of your services in that manner which shall appear to them to be most conducive to the public interests.

Before, however, Lawrence could make ready to leave his native country, post after post had brought tidings of the spread of the disaffection and continuance of the outbreak. There came the news of the gallant and fortunate maintenance by Edwardes and his "forlorn hope" of their distant post on the Indus; "like a terrier," as he said himself, "barking at a tiger:" his victories at Kinneyree and Suddoo-

* *Lives of Indian Officers*, ii. 301.

zain (June and July), and the unsuccessful first siege of Mooltan by General Whish. It was plain to most observers that the earth was heaving with all the preliminary tokens of a general convulsion; that the strange theocratic commonwealth of the "Khâlsa," at once an idea and a fact, was to make one more struggle for existence and supremacy; that the intrigues of the ambitious slave-girl, the mother of Dhuleep Sing, whom our odd Western notions of propriety invested with the attributes of queen-mother, had been so far successful as to arouse against us an amount of rebellious feeling on which we had in no degree calculated. It was clear enough, moreover, to those familiar with the Indian character, that the absence of Lawrence himself, who had already obtained an extraordinary influence over the Sikh mind, was operating most prejudicially. For his own part, he had acquired, by close intimacy, so much regard for those among whom he had lived and governed for the last three years, that he almost to the end remained incredulous, not, of course, as to the reality, but as to the extent and depth of the rebellious element with which the British Government had to contend.⁵

If Sir Henry was sensitive about his personal influence and reputation, as no doubt he was to an extent not very compatible with his personal comfort, he must have appreciated the assiduous consultations to which he was at this time subjected by the India Board authorities at home, by his friend Lord Hardinge, and by Lord Dalhousie writing from India. Already the ominous question of "annexation," as a necessary penalty for the Sikh revolt, was looming in the horizon; and, with his own feelings wholly adverse to that solution of the question, he may have been somewhat perplexed by the contradictory manifestations of opinion which he received confidentially, almost at the same time, from his former and his present master:—

LORD HARDINGE to SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

August 7, 1848.

If the Sikh chiefs and the army are so infatuated as to try their fate by a last and desperate appeal to arms, the result cannot for a moment be

⁵ I have before me a newspaper copy of Lord Dalhousie's famous Minute on leaving India, to which Sir Henry has affixed some very curt marginal remarks. To the words, "The murder of the British officers at Mooltan," he has appended, "Not by Sikhs." To the somewhat stilted indictment against the Sikh nation in paragraph three of the Minute, "But when it was seen that the spirit of the whole Sikh people was inflamed by the bitterest animosity against us," &c., he notes in the margin the simple word, "No."

doubtful. The mischief may be attributed to the policy ; but annexation is occupation, and involves the dispersion of the forces in the Punjaub, and as it would not prevent insurrection, we should in that case, when it broke out, be cramped in our movements in proportion to the number of dispersed posts occupied by the British army. . . . The possession of artillery by the Sikh insurgents is the only advantage which the treaty gave them, and of which they would have been deprived by annexation ; but the motives for a national rising would have been strong—now, they are unintelligible. . . . Our next difficulty would be, what sort of an annexation can be devised more secure than that which tempted the Sikh chiefs and soldiery to be faithful for five years on their own entreaty, and on terms for their sect and Prince the most favourable that could be devised.

LORD DALHOUSIE *to the Same.*

. . . There are considerations beyond that of the material stability of our power. And it *will* remain for us to consider whether we can continue in relations of amity with a power whose government, even under our protection and guidance, will not, or cannot control its own army, or whether we should not at once take our own measures for obliterating a state which, as these events would appear to show, can never become a peaceful neighbour, and which, so long as it is allowed to exist, is likely to be a perpetual source of military *annoyance* (at all events), and, consequently, a cause of unsatisfactory expense and of additional anxiety. That it will never really be again a source of military danger, I believe truly has been effectually secured by Lord Hardinge.

The following, from Mr. Currie (his acting successor in the Political Agency), reached him about the same time :—

Lahore, July 20, 1848.

Your brother John sent me, a few days ago, your short note of the 24th May, the purport of which was to intimate your intention of being at Lahore on the 1st February next, and your hope that this would suit my convenience. My convenience is a thing which has never been consulted by any one since I first agreed to come here for two years, at your request to enable you to visit England without loss of appointment ; and I have no desire that it should be taken into consideration now. I must say, however, that I shall be happy to make over this Residency to you whenever arrangements may be made by the Court for my retaining a seat in Council, and by Lord Dalhousie for your reappointment to Lahore. . . . I have had a most anxious and trying time here ; but all cause for anxiety will have passed away ere you return.

LORD DALHOUSIE *to SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.*

. . . My word is passed that, on your return at the end of a year, you should be replaced at Lahore ; and so you shall. . . . I fully join in all

you say as to Mr. Edwardes' merits ; and, although you have all thrown up your caps too soon as to the result of his actions, he deserves all he has got in winning them. If he wishes to go home, he shall go ; if he prefers to stay, I will honourably prefer him in charge under the Government, whenever I have a just opportunity of doing so. . . . Mooltan *must* be taken ; and as matter of self-preservation, the army, which has declared its object, *must* be met and crushed. The ulterior policy need not be promulgated till then ; but I say frankly I see no halting-place midway any longer. There was no more sincere friend of Lord Hardinge's policy to establish a strong Hindoo government between the Sutlej and the Khyber than I. I have done all that man could do to support such a government and to sustain that policy. I no longer believe it feasible to do so ; and I must act according to the best of my judgment on what is before me. All this we shall have many opportunities of talking about at some stage or other.

Sir Henry, with his wife, left England, never to return, in November 1848.

Lady Lawrence's journal of this voyage, in letters addressed to her son Alexander (who remained at home), is a record of impressions of pleasure. Her husband was with her, and all her own ; she carried out also her second boy, born in Nepal. Her health was, for the time, re-established ; she was enjoying all the buoyancy of heart to which recovery gives birth—when we feel as if rendered young again in the midway of our fatiguing pilgrimage ; and all the romance of her temperament—her passionate love of natural beauties, her religious enthusiasm, her vehement participation in her husband's opinions and controversies—come to the surface in these careless utterances, penned to satisfy her own emotions rather than for the sake of a child too young to appreciate them. Take the following description of a sunset in the Egyptian desert, not traversed as yet by rail :—

At length the sun declined almost due behind us, and the western sky began to glow with colours which made the desert itself seem a part of heaven. Not above two or three times in my life, on the broad sea, or among the Himalayas, have I ever seen an aspect of the sky that seemed like this : it might belong to some world different from ours. Clouds like masses of rough gold, brilliant rose-tints, and near the horizon, a band of pale green, all of a jewelled splendour that is never seen in more northerly latitudes. So sank the sun ; and then the sky took an appearance of red flame with dark smoke, like vapour also, such as, I think, must have appeared over Mount Sinai, and which brought very solemn thoughts of that cloud of flame in which our Lord will at last descend. The lower mountains, now almost opposite the setting sun, had, till he sunk, shone

with rosy light here and there, and the rest had a rich neutral tint ; but now the range stood forth so close and forbidding that they seemed to me like those to which the impenitent will cry when they say to the mountains " Fall on us, and to the hills, cover us." It was a scene of such solemnity as I hope never to forget. But it faded away, and only a few thick clouds floated below the western star in the clear, pale sky, when we met another batch of travellers from Bombay. Our vans stopped ; papa got out, and, in the twilight, had ten minutes' talk with Colonel Outram. They have long known each other by character, and corresponded pleasantly, but had never met before. There is much alike in their characters ; but Colonel Outram has had peculiar opportunities of protesting against tyranny, and he has refused to enrich himself by ill-gotten gains. You cannot, my boy, understand the question about the conquest of Sindh by Sir Charles Napier ; but I wish you to know that your parents consider it most unjust. Prize-money has been distributed to those concerned in the war. Colonel Outram, though a very poor man, would not take money which he did not think rightfully his, and distributed all his share in charity—giving £800 to the Hill Asylum at Kussowlee. I was glad, even in the dark, to shake hands with one whom I esteemed so highly.*

As we shall have abundant opportunity of remarking on the personal relations between Lawrence and Napier, when brought in contact at subsequent periods, I will forbear from any comment on the question between the latter and Outram, although productive at the time of so much heart-burning, and unfortunately, of so much derogatory controversy. Sir Henry, as we see, espoused vehemently the side of Outram. His chivalrous nature revolted against what he conceived the injustice done to the Ameers—injustice peculiarly felt by him, because he disapproved as much of the political as the moral character of the conquest achieved over them ; and his feelings were strongly engaged by the contrast between the conduct of Napier,

* The following trifling extract from another letter of nearly the same date to her absent boy may merely serve to show how far Lady Lawrence was, in her religious fervour, from disregarding the cultivation of ordinary literary tastes, or the creation of them in those she loved :—" I am very glad you have been hearing the *Lady of the Lake* ; it is very pretty. Tell me which you like best. I think I used to like best about the fiery cross being sent round the clan. Tell me when uncle read the *Tempest* aloud. We have asked him to get a copy of Skakspeare as our Christmas present to you, dearest child. I used, when I was a child, to like *Macbeth* best of all ; and after that the *Tempest*." " I should like to know, Alick dear," says his father, in a later letter, October 28, 1854, " if you remember all the verses and poetry that mamma taught you, and that I helped you to learn in Nepaul. You used to learn four or five pages of the *Lays of Ancient Rome* in a day as a pleasure, lesson when you were eight years old."

enriched by that conquest, and Outram, who refused to touch his own inferior share in the prize-money. Let us pass over the subject. There is, after all, room enough in the Pantheon of Indian heroes for Napier, Lawrence, and Outram, bitterly hostile as they were in their lives and unreconciled in their deaths.

Sir Henry, with his wife, reached Bombay in December, whence he proceeded at once to Lahore; the last news which greeted his arrival being that of the capture and imprisonment of his brother Colonel George and Mrs. Lawrence by the Afghans, after weeks of almost desperate tenacity of resistance at Peshawur. Their captivity, however, was not of long duration.

CHAPTER XV.

1849.

WE have now accompanied Henry Lawrence, as it were, step by step, to the summit of his Indian ambition. We have seen him make his way, without interest or patronage, except such as he won for himself by "industrious valour," to the government of a great, subjugated, and protected province; ruling it with almost absolute authority, under the supremacy of a Governor-General who sympathized with all his views, and sought almost too eagerly for his counsel and support. Loved at once, and respected by his own subordinates; all but worshipped, after their Oriental fashion, by the Natives, with whose speech, habits, and thoughts he was familiar to a degree very rarely equalled by official Englishmen; he was, perhaps, in as enviable a position as the noble service to which he belongs afforded, while, as yet, envy had scarcely begun to make its discordant notes heard amidst the general chorus of voices raised in his honour. He was now to return to the scenes of his labours and deepest interests, to the country which he had known for more than twenty years, and with which he had made himself thoroughly familiar, and that under circumstances the most flattering to one covetous of renown; for he had been almost recalled by the public voice as the one man necessary for the occasion. Whether justly or not, the opinion had got ground that it was owing in some degree to his absence that the recent disorganization of the Punjaub had taken place; and that his presence was the chief thing needed to restore the broken fabric of his and our policy. The "ikhbal" of the great English chief—so said the natives—had deserted his countrymen. His departure had been the signal of revolt; his return, it might be hoped or feared, would be the signal of reconciliation or reconquest.

Such was the outward promise of events; and yet—such was the bitter irony of Fortune—this very epoch of dawning prosperity proved the turning-point of his life in the other direction. Thenceforward his career was still to be that of one devoted to the per-

formance of his duty, and finding in it high opportunities of enjoyment for his keen and ambitious spirit; but it was, at the same time, to be in the main one of disappointment. He was to witness the seeds of successful administration, painfully sown by himself, ripening into a harvest to be reaped by others. He was to see projects of policy, matured by himself in the fulness of knowledge and experience, neglected or set aside, or altered and transformed, by new masters, the successors of those under whom he had grown up, and whose counsels had been matured along with his own. He was to see himself, not, indeed, treated otherwise than with the personal regard which was due to him, but "shunted" aside, in what he deemed his mid-course of usefulness, into a quiet nook by the wayside, there to repose until he and those who ruled over him could set their horses, in popular phrase, better together. It was a hard destiny, doubtless; and so it was deemed by many an honourable friend and staunch partisan of his own, and, to a considerable extent, by the public voice of India. But yet fairness compels even a biographer to admit, that those who sympathise with him and admire him most had scarcely a right to deem him, in the main, treated with injustice.

In the first place, because it is impossible for a supreme ruler, be he Governor-General or Sovereign, to maintain in a post of high activity, as well as responsibility, one whose views, on certain leading points of policy, are diametrically opposite to his own. If the ruler, under such circumstances, allows the vizier, from whom he differs, to continue his course of action, from mere dislike to annoy and affront, he is guilty of a very serious dereliction of duty. He sacrifices, not merely his own influence and *prestige*, but the interest of his subjects, to what Lawrence himself would have emphatically called "the fear of man." The only course open to the ruler, in such a case, if he is bent on humouring the feelings of his subordinate, is to bid him to remain in his place, but confine himself to carrying strictly out the policy imposed on him from above. In the case of subordinates whose duties are of a comparatively unimportant order, this line may no doubt be, and often is, adopted without much inconvenience; but the governor of a great, though subordinate, state, with his army, his cabinet, his host of executive officers, is not to be thus half-trusted, and employed under indenture to serve in a particular way. No man would have recognized, and acted upon, this principle more resolutely than he who became, in this instance, the victim of it.

Had Lawrence been Dalhousie, he would as certainly have rid himself of a right-hand man who thwarted him—not, indeed, by disobedience, but by opposition of opinion—as did Dalhousie himself. Whether the principal or the subordinate were the more sound in his judgment may be a question of deep interest for the after-world, which has by-and-by to apportion permanent renown; but it can make no difference as to the right or wrong of the immediate case. Queen Anne might be wise or foolish in determining to make peace with France; but, having so determined, it is idle work to accuse her of ingratitude because she turned out her veteran Whig advisers, under whose conduct such peace was impossible.

Such are, as it seems to me, the general principles on which the often raised problem, whether an agent, either dismissed or virtually superseded, has been fairly treated or no, must be practically decided. But it must also be admitted that there was much in Lawrence's personal character which at once exposed him to the probabilities of such collision, and rendered it more difficult for him to bear it with that "innate untaught philosophy," which belongs, it may be, to an inferior order of minds. I cannot believe it to be the duty of a biographer, whatever admiration he may sincerely entertain for his hero, either to conceal or to gloss over those points in his temperament or conduct which he may deem imperfect. No true portraiture can be drawn without its shades as well as light. In the first place, the record of his early life shows abundantly that he was by nature headstrong and opinionate, intolerant of opposition and of contradiction. These were qualities which he was always seeking to keep under control; and this endeavour he carried on mainly by the aid of a firm, almost stern, Christian philosophy, which in his written remains contrasts at times in a marked manner with the great kindness and sensitiveness of his nature. The discipline of this sort of concentrated enthusiasm kept down the rebellious tendencies in Lawrence, but could not subdue them into coldness. It gave him the resolution to submit, but not the resignation which submits cheerfully. And, it must be added, every feeling of disappointment had in his temperament, as in others, a certain disposition to become personal, or, in other words, to fester. We have seen that his father wrought his unpropitious way through life under the constant pressure of a "grievance." His path was one of obscurity, his son's one of renown; and yet something of the same uneasy, persistent feeling of ill-usage—the result, perhaps, in the first place, of affection and veneration for that very father—seems to have

descended from the one to the other. As far as I can judge from his remains, Henry Lawrence was too apt to diverge into that untoward line of thought which makes men ready to interpret into hostility any occasion of being overruled, or opposed, on questions of public or private policy, and to stumble over every obstacle which they meet with in their chosen career, as if it were a rock of offence placed malignantly in their way.

I have expressed boldly what I regard as a defect in Henry Lawrence's mental organization. I fear I may offend others, besides his personal admirers, when I suggest likewise, that it was to some extent a defect of his class, and of his education. That Anglo-Indians, as a rule, are apt to be "touchy," to fall into some exaggeration of their own personal importance, and some unnecessary resentment at supposed slights, is pretty generally admitted, even by those who do the fullest justice to the noble qualities which a truly Roman system has developed among them for a century. And for this, it appears to me, there are two leading reasons. The first is, the comparative isolation of their lives. His time devoted in the main to a round of commonplace duties, with few intervals of amusement and relaxation; with very few associates, suffering too frequently from the impatience produced by a climate at once irritating and enervating—the Indian official, in his lonely dignity, or in the narrow regimental or official set to which he is confined, has only too much opportunity to brood over his own prospects, and to anatomise his own sensations. The healthy process of being "knocked about" in a busy, changeable, self-engaged society, in which he is himself only a unit, is seldom experienced by him. In the next place, his hopes, aspirations, fears, have all a tendency to become of a strictly personal nature. He can only rise in one narrow and definite line of progress—rise by talent, by industry, or by interest, or by all combined. From the time that he enters on his course until he abandons it, India is to him one great field of competitive struggle. Not to attain an expected advantage, to be passed by another in a race for it—these are vexations, but which may be lightly borne where the mind is diverted by a choice of other prospects: not so where the race is close run, and every aspirant well known to every other. And, even where an individual may chance not to have his mind exclusively fixed on his own future, he is pretty sure to engage himself deeply in hopes or fears on behalf of others, which he indulges until they become almost as acutely felt, and eat into the

constitution as sharply, as those which touch himself. Partisanship becomes a passion ; and Henry Lawrence was very far from having conquered it. As far as his nature was not subdued by discipline he was a vehement lover and a good hater.

And one more feature must, in justice to all parties, be added, to complete the picture. He had early taken, as we have seen, to critical writing ; his pen was ready and incisive ; his temper fearless, his judgment apt to be severe, though always restrained within the bounds of gentlemanly and honest controversy. But so it happens, whatever the cause of the phenomenon, that those who are most exercised in this line of writing, and most ready at employing the press as a vehicle of their sentiments regarding public measures and public men, are apt to be the most sensitive to similar criticism when directed against themselves. Lawrence, as it seems to me, furnished no exception to this general rule. Whenever his or his friends' policy was obstructed, or their persons, in his opinion, slighted, the mortification which he suffered was increased tenfold by the stings of press animadversion, and his first impulse was to adopt similar means of vindication and retort.

The first, and most significant, warning of the impending change in his destiny, was to be found in the altered tone of his private correspondence with the two successive Governors-General—the one with him in England, the other out in India. That correspondence was at this time exceedingly active, and Sir Henry carefully preserved it. The change from the "Dear Lawrence," and the varied terms of affectionate subscription used by Hardinge, to the "Dear Sir Henry" and "Yours sincerely" of Lord Dalhousie, indicates plainly enough the altered terms on which he stood with them respectively. Hardinge and he had long been friends ; but the friendship had ripened into cordial affection. His Lordship speaks of and to Lawrence uniformly with the tenderness of a brother. Whatever his other faults or merits, the old Peninsular hero was one of the most amiable of men. There was something almost feminine in his tenderness of nature. Sir Henry Lawrence, in writing about him in the *Calcutta Review*, seems to think it necessary to defend him against the charge of a too yielding disposition :—

Because Lord Hardinge was always cordial and kind to his secretaries, some have jumped to the conclusion that he was unduly influenced by them. Far otherwise: he was ready to hear the opinion of every one who had a right to give one. But no Governor-General ever more

decidedly took his own line, and chalked out his own course, than Lord Hardinge.

The very necessity under which the friendly critic felt himself of volunteering this defence showed the prevalence of those qualities which gave some occasion for the charge. In truth, Lord Hardinge had, when personal resolution was not required, a tendency to lean on others. This arose, in part, from that great modesty and simplicity of character which made him the favourite pupil of Wellington in his greatest wars, and made him also, when armed with all the dignity of Governor-General, ready to follow Lord Gough to the field as a subordinate in the first Sikh campaign. It is clear from the correspondence that Lord Hardinge not only loved and admired Lawrence, but that he to a certain extent depended on him, as the stronger of the two; and he was repaid by deep attachment. With the exception of a slight coolness occasioned in Henry's mind when, on his departure for England, the Governor-General appointed Currie to succeed him in the Punjaub, instead of John Lawrence—whether that step was prompted by regard for Currie, his secretary, or by a dislike to be thought too much under the influence of “the Lawrences”—there was never an interruption to their friendship. From the many affectionate expressions of Lord Hardinge's attachment, which greeted Sir Henry Lawrence during the last days of his stay in England, I select one only:—

27th October 1848.

I only received your letter from Bristol on my return to South Park last night from Windsor Castle. I, therefore, address this note to Clarendon Place, to say that I shall come up to town on Sunday morning by the first train, and be at the Carlton as soon after ten as I can, and find you out, wherever you may be. . . . I say nothing more at present, except the assurance to you and your dear wife that, in the matter concerning your son, I shall take the most devoted interest, trusting, by the blessing of God on your honourable proceedings and distinguished career, I shall never be called on to act as a guardian to your boy.

Lord Dalhousie was a man of different mould. His character is matter of history now; and I shall make no scruple in speaking of it with the freedom which beseems at once its grandeur and its defects, so far as it affected the career and prospects of the subject of my memoir. All know that he was self-reliant, imperious, strong-willed, autocratic; a thorough gentleman in act and thought, notwithstanding

ing all the insinuations of the Napier school to the contrary; but intolerant of opposition, and bent on removing it out of his way, with little regard for personal feelings or considerations. I have very little doubt, moreover, from the general tone of his early correspondence from India, that he went there impressed with a fear, cherished in a nature as cautious as it was proud, of being supposed to be under the dictation of this or that local adviser. Though not exactly answering to the description of "that young fellow," by which Napier designates him—for he was nearly forty—yet he had, of course, the disadvantages of youth, as compared with men who had grown grey in the Indian service, and whose experience was at least undeniable, while his abilities were as yet untried. He was, I think, determined to show, on all good occasions, that he could, and would, stand alone, even more demonstratively than the circumstances required. It was to some extent unfortunate for both—very unfortunate for Lord Dalhousie—that the occasion between Lawrence and his new superior so soon arrived, and that the consequences of the collision became, through other necessary causes, irreparable.

From his landing-place at Bombay, in December 1848, Sir Henry proceeded at once to the Punjab, and joined the army in campaign against the rebels, after nearly a twelvemonth's absence. He was present at the last days of the siege of Mooltan, left that place on the 8th January 1849, and arrived in time to witness the half-won contest at Chillianwallah, when Lord Gough claimed a victory which public opinion at the time denied him. According to Mr. Kaye :—

After the battle, which both sides claimed to have won, Lord Gough proposed to withdraw his army some five or six miles from the scene of action, for the sake of obtaining better fodder for his cattle. Against this Henry Lawrence warmly protested, saying, that if the British fell back at such a time, even a single mile, the Sikhs would accept the fact as an evidence of our defeat, and take new heart and courage from our retrograde movement. . . . These arguments prevailed. The British army remained on its old encamping ground, and at the worst it could only be said that there was a drawn battle.¹

While the issues of the war were as yet undecided, Sir Henry

¹ *Lives of Indian Officers*, ii. 302.

resumed his post as Resident at Lahore on the 1st February. He was not present, therefore, at the battle of Goojerat, which finished the contest; but he received the following account of it from Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde):—

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,—

*Two or three miles North
and two points East of Goojerat.*

HURRAH! We have gained a great success—I should rather say, a great victory! The army advanced from Sadawalla this morning, at half-past seven o'clock. . . .

We advanced in this order, opening fire with our artillery on the enemy, causing them to fly before us in every direction. They stood firmly; but they could not stand the fire of our artillery. They were driven before both wings in the greatest confusion on both sides of Goojerat, leaving their camp standing, and all the property in it. . . . They are dropping their guns and tumbrels along the road, getting rid of every encumbrance to hasten their flight. They were, as an army, one vast mass of fugitives, all crowded together in one heap—cavalry and infantry, regulars and irregulars. The loss of their entire camp; every tent taken, of chief and soldier; all their ammunition, which is now being blown up in every direction in their camp. I did not fire a musket; and I thank God, which I do with a most grateful heart, that our loss has been altogether insignificant. The army is in high spirits. It was like a beautiful field-day, the whole day's work. God bless you and yours most sincerely,

C. CAMPBELL.

Twenty-two or twenty-four guns, in all.

"The Battle of Goojerat," says Mr. Arnold, "admirably planned, patiently fought out; and sufficiently consummated, ended the second Sikh war, and finally crushed the Khâlsa army."²

Sir Charles Napier informed his brother William, by letter, that Sir Henry Lawrence "sent Lord Gough a whole plan for the battle, which would, if followed, have lost the army, in case of a check. *Of that I speak from hearsay only.*"³ I am aware of no other authority for the story; and Sir Charles's hearsay against a man whom he disliked may, probably, be passed over with little attention.

Already, even before the last cannon were heard at Goojerat, Lord Dalhousie, anticipating the overthrow of the Sikh army, had been engaged with Sir Henry in settling the draft of a proclamation,

² *Administration of Lord Dalhousie*, i. 177.

Life, iv. 281.

inviting the Khālsa to lay down their arms.⁴ I have not found it preserved; but there can be no doubt, from the correspondence which follows, that, as framed by Sir Henry, it was in accordance with his characteristic views of considerate tenderness for the misled, and of personal feeling towards the leaders of a warlike race, with which he had so long dwelt in amity. Lord Dalhousie disapproved of them as too temperate for the occasion, and these are the terms in which he conceived it necessary to announce that disapproval to his veteran subordinate, just returned to his sphere of duty, and with whom he had scarcely as yet formed a personal acquaintance:—

Ferozpoor, 1st February 1849.

In my conversation with you a few days ago I took occasion to say to you that my mode of conducting public business, in the administration with which I am entrusted, and especially with the confidential servants of the Government, is, to speak with perfect openness, without any reserve, and plainly to tell my mind without disguise or mincing of words. In pursuance of that system, I now remark on the proclamation you have proposed. It is objectionable in matter, because, from the terms in which it is worded, it is calculated to convey to those who are engaged in this shameful war an expectation of much more favourable terms, much more extended immunity from punishment, than I consider myself justified in granting them. It is objectionable in manner: because (unintentionally, no doubt) its whole tone substitutes you personally, as the Resident at Lahore, for the Government which you represent. It is calculated to raise the inference that a new state of things is arising; that the fact of your arrival with a desire to bring peace to the Punjab is likely to affect the warlike measures of the Government; and that you are come as a peacemaker for the Sikhs, as standing between them and the Government. This cannot be. . . . There must be entire identity between the Government and its Agent, whoever he is. . . . I repeat, that I can allow nothing to be said or done, which should raise the notion that the policy of the Government of India, or its intentions, depend on your presence as Resident in the Punjab, or the presence of Sir F. Currie instead. By the orders of the Court of Directors, that policy is not to be finally declared until after the country is subjected to our military possession, and after a full review of the whole subject. The orders of the Court shall be obeyed by me. I do not seek for a moment

⁴ So endorsed by Sir Henry Lawrence; but the papers thus denominated consist only of two draft letters by him, addressed to Chutter Sing and Sher Sing. Lord Dalhousie has marked certain passages as "disapproved," on account, apparently, of the gentleness of the language used.

to conceal from you that I have seen no reason whatever to depart from the opinion that the peace and vital interests of the British Empire now require that the power of the Sikh Government should not only be defeated, but subverted, and their dynasty abolished. . . . I am very willing that a proclamation should be issued by you, but bearing evidence that it proceeds from Government. It may notify that no terms can be given, but unconditional submission; yet that, on submission being immediately made, no man's life shall be forfeited for the part he has taken in hostilities against the British Government, &c. &c.

Those who can estimate aright, and make due allowance for, "the pride of haughty souls to human honour tied," may calculate what it must have cost one who had occupied the position so long held by Lawrence, to answer duly a new master who addressed him thus. The application was a sharp one, doubtless; but however he might wince under it, it could not make him swerve from the path of duty:—

Lahore, 5th February.

I have written the proclamation in the terms I understand your lordship to desire: but any alteration made in it, or the letter, by your order will be duly attended to when the translations are prepared. I may, however, observe, the Natives do not understand "unconditional surrender." They know that, with themselves, it implies murder and spoliation. As, therefore, life and security from imprisonment is promised to the soldiers, I would suggest that the words "unconditional surrender" be omitted, as they may be made use of by the ill-disposed to blind others to the real conditions. . . .

My own opinion, as already more than once expressed in writing to your lordship, is against annexation. I did think it unjust: I now think it impolitic. It is quite possible I may be prejudiced and blinded; but I have thought over the subject long and carefully. However, if I had not intended to have done my duty under all circumstances, conscience permitting, I should not have hurried out from England to have taken part in arrangements that, under any circumstances, could not but have in them more of bitterness than all else for me.

Lord Dalhousie, it may be observed, was apt to pique himself on his own resolution in performing that painful function of official duty—the correction and reprimand even of distinguished officers, when necessary. He thought Lawrence deficient in this quality. "If — had behaved to me as he did to Lawrence" (he is reported to have said on one occasion), "I would have smashed him!" It would, however, be erroneous to infer from the somewhat chivalrous

gentleness of Lawrence's disposition that he was deficient in the same unpleasant faculty when needed. He could be as curt, and as decided, at times, in administering the "snub"—to use a disagreeable word—as Lord Dalhousie himself. It must be remembered that the receiver of the following admonition was not only a most meritorious officer, but a popular hero, one whom fortune had placed in the way of achieving a great service to the Empire; and that he was, moreover, the closest personal friend and ally of Lawrence himself, among all those whom he had trained and led; he, of whom Napier speaks, in his contemptuous way, as "Sir Henry Lawrence's *protégé* Edwardes, who, after being brought forward as a young Clive by the Directors, proved to be no Clive at all;" and who lived, not only to honour Lawrence continually while living, but to undertake and leave half-completed the task of his biography:—

SIR H. LAWRENCE *to* EDWARDES.

February 23rd, 1849.

Lieutenant Young has behaved admirably as a soldier; but where would be the end of men acting on their own responsibility if not only you, but he, could, without reference to me, disarm and discharge a regular regiment for an offence committed months ago? If such is right, there is no need of a Resident at all. Considering how the battle of Goojerat has gone, little ill would probably result; but had the result been even doubtful, it would have given an excuse for the 3,000 or so Durbar troops still with us to desert. Just now, when you are only recovering from a sick-bed, I am sorry to have to find fault with you, but I have no alternative in this matter. The times have loosened discipline, but the sooner it is returned to, the better for all parties. The Governor-General more than once, even before I resumed charge, dwelt most strongly on the manner in which every assistant in the Residency acted just as if he were a Commander-in-Chief and a Governor-General. You will not mistake me. You know me to be your friend, I hope in the best sense. I know and admire your excellent qualities; I fully appreciate the good service you have done, and have most gladly borne testimony to them; but this is not the first time we have had a discussion of this kind: I most sincerely hope it will be the last.

Another officer, well known in after-days, seems to have received similar warnings:—

SIR H. LAWRENCE *to* LORD DALHOUSIE.

April 15th, 1849.

I am averse to bring Lieutenant Hodson's name again before your lordship; but I venture to do so, as I may have been misunderstood.

He wishes to give up the Guides, and to be an assistant. From education, ability, and zeal, there is no man in the Punjaub better fitted to become an excellent civil officer. His faults are that he is aware of his ability, and is apt to arrogate too much. If I have appeared to your lordship to have too much taken his part, I have at the same time said so much to him of his errors, that he seems to think I wish to get rid of him!

Another cause of difference, not unattended with ruffling of temper, between the Governor-General and Sir Henry, is disclosed in the correspondence of this period: namely, the ancient controversy respecting the character and trustworthiness of Goolab Sing. It will be remembered how often Sir Henry had, in the main, espoused the cause of this potentate, in the matter of his appointment to Cashmere, notwithstanding the embarrassing fact that he had himself left on record, on various occasions, an extremely low opinion of him:—

February 18th, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR H.,—

REFERRING to the communications which have passed between us regarding Goolab Sing, you disclaim being his admirer, and urge your desire to make the best of a crooked character. I give you the fullest credit for both assurances. You appeal also to your own career to show that you have had but the one object of doing your duty, and that without being influenced now, any more than at any other time, by personal feelings. Nothing was or could have been further from my intentions than to lead you to suppose that I had the slightest feeling to the contrary. I do not think there is anything in my letter which would carry that inference; but if so, and if you have so construed it, I beg you to be assured I meant no words of mine ever to convey such a meaning. As for your not having my confidence, differences of opinion must not be understood as withdrawal of confidence. You give, and will, I hope, continue to give, me your views frankly. I shall give you, in reply, my opinions as frankly. If we differ, I shall say so; but my saying so ought not to be interpreted to mean want of confidence. Be assured, if ever I lose confidence in your services, than which nothing is farther from my contemplation, I will acquaint you of the fact promptly enough. Till the announcement comes, then,—than which, I repeat, nothing is less anticipated by me,—I remain assured of your retaining that feeling of confidence and conviction of your value to the public service which alone was my motive for replacing you where you are.

The private correspondence which I have quoted shows that, in the beginning of February, Lord Dalhousie's mind was well made up

as to the expediency of annexing the Punjaub, but that he felt himself in direct opposition on this subject to so high an authority as Sir Henry; and that for this, doubtless, among other reasons, he, resolute as was his nature, hesitated as to acting on his own conviction. His policy was "not to be finally declared until after a full review of the whole subject." The circumstances which hastened on this declaration were sufficiently peculiar to deserve a record, especially as they throw light, in more respects than one, on the character of the subject of this biography.

I find in Sir Henry's correspondence the copy of the following note, addressed by him to Lord Dalhousie, on the 11th March, from Lahore :—

SIR H. LAWRENCE to LORD DALHOUSIE.

Lahore, March 11th, 1849.

If there is likely to be any delay in your lordship's coming to Lahore, I should like to be permitted to run over to Ferozepoor for a few hours, or that my brother John should do so, which would answer equally well.

Lord Dalhousie's answer (March 13th) shows that the eventful visit had taken place :—

I have had two long conversations with your brother, and have requested him to convey to you fully the substance of what we have been discussing, both as to my intentions and as to the mode of carrying them into execution. I am much obliged by his coming here.

John Lawrence was at that time, in point of position, Commissioner for the Jullundur or cis-Sutlej district, but his frequent employment as acting Resident at Lahore during his brother's or Currie's absences brought him and the Governor-General at this anxious time into very intimate relations. The object of the above note was to obtain an opportunity for confidential discussion of the annexation project. It was, I believe, suggested originally by Lord Dalhousie himself. But when the time came, Henry, for some reason or other, was indisposed to the interview. After what we read of the occasional style of correspondence between the chief and subordinate, we may perhaps feel not much surprise at this disinclination. All that Henry could do would have been to contest, by often unsuccessful arguments, a foregone conclusion in favour of annexation. John was not in the same untoward predicament. The difference between the two brothers was this : Henry, with a strong personal dislike to annexa-

tion, nevertheless thought (as he told Mr. Kaye⁵) that, considering the recent conduct of the Sikhs, the time had come when this measure might, "perhaps," be resorted to with justice; but he believed it to be wholly inexpedient. John, though, on general principles, no greater lover of annexation than his brother, deemed its expediency in this instance both undeniable and pressing. John was a veteran civilian and revenue administrator. To make both ends meet—the special object of honest and able men of this class in general—was in his view essential. He knew that, come what might, the Punjaub must form the great military advanced post of our dominion—a "*tête-du-pont*," as it were, protecting our rich central provinces from Afghan, Persian, or Russian; the point from whence, if necessity compelled, we must make our own foreign influence radiate over the divided, jealous, but warlike tribes of the Northwest. Whoever might govern the Punjaub, England must garrison it; and our experience of recent days showed that the maintenance of that garrison would be at once more costly and more necessary than ever. Now, military contributions, from a nominally independent people, were a precarious and hazardous resource. If annexed, its revenues administered with British skill and regularity, and those revenues rapidly increasing under the security of British government, the Punjaub would, in time, create an accession to our treasury instead of a demand on it. But this was a view which, from the very nature of Henry Lawrence's mind, made on him but slight impression. He was no "political" except by accident, and had in him the characteristics of a soldier and a statesman, not a financier. There was no more scrupulous and high-minded judge of the morality of a public measure, no more clear-sighted appreciator of its policy; but considerations as to its pecuniary cost or profitableness were but reluctantly received into his counsels. He had "no head for figures," in public or in private transactions; and, like most men deficient in this respect, was somewhat disposed to undervalue those who saw in them the chief governing elements of human action. This was undoubtedly an imperfection, and many will perhaps deem it one which, in a ruler of men, no other merits could compensate. Others may think that, after all, the greatest efforts have been achieved, and the greatest benefits secured, by statesmen and by communities with whom, when a great crisis arrived, the economical aspect of the case was postponed as matter of secondary importance.

⁵ *Lives of Indian Officers.*

John Lawrence found Lord Dalhousie at Ferozepoor, not less resolved than he had hitherto been on annexation as the final object of his policy, but in considerable hesitation as to the mode and time of carrying it into effect. It was a hazardous experiment, and the question was whether it was to be tried on a people still cowering under the terror of recent defeat, or postponed until the same people had been more effectively either conciliated or subdued. On this head John Lawrence's counsel was given without hesitation. The problem of annexation itself he assumed as determined. That being so, he had no doubt as to the immediate step to be taken. What was to be done, must be done quickly. The "Khálsa" must be allowed no time to recover its prestige and reconstitute its armies. Besides this, the hot weather was fast approaching. The difficulty of moving and provisioning marching forces, in case of any necessity for action arising, would increase with every week. He advised, therefore, that what was determined should be done without delay. His advice was taken; and on the 29th March, at Lahore and elsewhere, the multitudinous tribes of the Five Rivers, of the Indus Valley, and the skirts of Western Himalaya, were informed that the sovereignty over them had passed to the Queen of England. The announcement was received in general with sullen submission. Since that time much variation and much revolution of feeling has taken place as to the general policy of annexation. But of one thing there can be no doubt, that a most flourishing province has enjoyed, for a quarter of a century, the benefit of a wise and temperate government, instead of being the constant battle-field of two rival religions and thirty or forty self-styled independent chieftains, united only for occasional purposes of oppression. It should be added, in closing this important chapter of my work, that even Lord Hardinge had by this time come round to the policy advocated by Lord Dalhousie. Writing to Sir Henry (March 24, 1849) he says: "The energy and turbulent spirit of the Sikhs are stated by one section (of politicians here) as ground for *not* annexing. In my judgment this is the argument which would dispose me, if I were on the spot, to annex. . . . I should be ashamed of myself if I would not depart from a line of policy which was right at the time, because I might be charged with inconsistency."

Right or wrong, however, Lord Dalhousie was secure in this matter of popular applause. Such counsels as those of Henry Lawrence were never less in favour, either with Anglo-Indians or

with the multitude at home. The hot fit of annexation fever was then upon us ; to be succeeded, after the mutiny, by the frigid reaction of our day.

I like this young man (Lord Dalhousie), says Sir Charles Napier,⁶ for he is seemingly a good fellow, but he has no head for governing this empire and drawing forth all its wondrous resources ! What the Koh-i-noor is among diamonds, India is among nations. Were I emperor of India for twelve years, she should be traversed by railroads and have her rivers bridged ; her seat of government at Delhi, or Meerut, or Simla, or Allahabad. No Indian prince should exist. The Nizam should be no more heard of, Nepaul would be ours, and an agree-fit should become the courtly imperial sickness at Constantinople, while the Emperor of Russia and he of China should never get their pulses below 100 !

It would be unfair to judge Sir Charles Napier too closely by the wild extravagances of diction in which he indulged in his private communications, although his admiring brother and biographer deemed it an honour to be able to communicate them to the world. But what he said in this matter he meant ; and there will be always a large proportion of the world, more especially the Anglo-Indian world, who will lean towards the sentiments of a Napier rather than those of a Lawrence or an Outram, and who revert, in their hearts, to the boldly announced views of Lord Dalhousie. "I take this opportunity of recording my strong and deliberate opinion, that in the exercise of a wise and sound policy the British Government is bound not to put aside or neglect such rightful opportunities of acquiring territory or revenue as may from time to time present themselves."⁷ Nor can the modern principle of British policy towards Native potentates, now commonly ascribed to the influence of Lord Canning, be regarded, even yet, as more than a promising experiment. But this much, at all events, the lessons of recent times ought to have taught us : to remember the old proverb about dwellers in glass-houses. The course of unmitigated and unreasoning vituperation in which a large portion of our society lately indulged against European Powers for annexing provinces without the express consent of their inhabitants, came not quite gracefully

⁶ September 3, 1849. *Life*, iv. 188.

⁷ Herein, however, he only repeated the somewhat sweeping declarations of former Indian governments. See Marshman's *History of India*, ii. 337. All the members of Lord Dalhousie's Council were favourable to the principle of annexation, except Sir George Clerk, *ib.* 399.

from those who must have been aware of what we have done in India, and still more of what we have justified and applauded.

The immediate result of this final overruling of his judgment was, that Sir H. Lawrence sent in his resignation of the Residentship. It was by no means Lord Dalhousie's wish, or policy, to come to a rupture with one so eminently qualified to hold the first place of government in his new conquest. His secretary, Mr. Elliot (Sir Henry), was sent to induce Lawrence to withdraw the resignation. He succeeded, mainly by the very just argument that the Resident's own favourite objects—the treatment of the vanquished with fair and even indulgent consideration, the smoothing down the inevitable pang of subjugation to those proud and brave enemies, with whose chieftains no man was so familiar as he, or could so fully appreciate what there was of noble in their character—were in imminent danger of being thwarted, if his moderating presence were removed between conqueror and conquered.

After this partial reconciliation, the private, or "demi-official," correspondence between chief and subordinate became even more guarded than before. Each knew the other, and was careful not to give offence. On Lord Dalhousie's part, indeed, there was always that ease and frankness of manner which the high polish of a gentleman—and no one possessed this more eminently than his lordship—enables him to throw into communications with officials, even where the real relation between them is one of restraint. How Sir Henry, however, chafed at times under the self-imposed curb, may be conjectured from the following very confidential outpouring of his grievances to John. It is of a rather later time than that on which we are now occupied, but I introduce it here in order to have done with this unpleasant part of my subject :^a—

To JOHN LAWRENCE.

June 13, 1851.

I am at a loss to understand the Governor-General. We are snubbed about Edwardes, then about the Goorkha corps of Guides, on the

^a I have to thank Mr. Beke, the African geographer, for bringing to my notice an act of kindness on the part of Lawrence at this period, and to which I find no reference in his own papers. He fell in at Aden, on his way to India, with a son of Dr. Bialloblotzki, who was accompanying his father, with no very definite prospects, on his mission to Zanzibar. Sir Henry conceived a regard for the almost friendless youth, took him to Lahore, and found Government employment for him, in which, I believe, he still remains.

assumption that we intend to send the head-quarters of the Guides, and perhaps recommend their being sent, to Murree: Bad enough to snub us when we are wrong, intending to do right; but to be insulted by assumptions and tittle-tattle is too bad. The remarks, too, on the last batch of Jaghires, on which we all agreed, are not pleasant. I am heartily sick of this kind of letters. One works oneself to death, and does everything publicly and privately to aid the views of a man who vents his impertinences on us, in a way which would be unbecoming if we were his servants.

CHAPTER XVI.

PUNJAUB, 1849—1852.

It was, in all probability, in some degree, owing to the existing differences between himself and Sir Henry Lawrence, that Lord Dalhousie was led to reconstitute the government of the newly-acquired province after a hitherto untried model. The single executive authority was withdrawn from Sir Henry, and a Board of Administration formed, in which two colleagues were assigned to him as President. The scheme was not at first very favourably viewed, either by the officer thus indirectly suspended, or by others. Lawrence wrote to Edwardes, March 17th, 1849 :—

There are to be four Commissioners (civilian) on 2,500 each, and two men with me here (at Lahore) as a Board: they are to get 3,500 each, and I my present pay. Mr. Mansell and John [Lawrence] are the men. There is much in this that I don't altogether fancy, though there are advantages in commissions. On the whole, I would rather be without them.

Nor did the cynical Sir Charles Napier, who arrived at Calcutta on the 6th of May to take command of the Indian army, judge much more favourably of the scheme :—

I would rather¹ (he writes to his brother William, June 23rd) be Governor of the Punjaub than Commander-in-Chief: had I been so, my arrangements would have been quite different from what they are. We shall see how the Commission works. Perhaps it may do, but my opinion is against it; and I shall confine myself strictly to my military duties, *offering no opinions on other matters*. Had I been here for Lord Dalhousie to put at the head of the Punjaub, I believe he could not have done it: my suspicion is that he was ordered to put Lawrence there.

“Boards rarely have any talent,” says the same eccentric personage, after a visit to Lahore in 1850, of which he criticizes the fortifications

¹ *Life*, iv. 168.

(*Indian Misgovernment*, p. 48), "and that of the Punjaub offers no exception to the rule."

I draw from the first chapter of Kaye's *Sepoy War* an analysis of the composition and duties of this Board, which I believe to be exact :—

The system was one of divided labour and common responsibility. On Henry Lawrence devolved what was technically called the political work of the government. The disarming of the country, the negotiations with the chiefs, the organization of the new Punjaubee regiments, the arrangements for the education of the young Maharajah, who has now become the ward of the British Government, were among the immediate duties to which he personally devoted himself. The chief care of John Lawrence was the civil administration, especially the settlement of the land revenue; whilst Mansell superintended the general judicial management of the province; each, however, aiding the other with his voice, and having a potential voice, in the general council. Under these chief officers were a number of subordinate administrators of different ranks, drawn partly from the civil and partly from the military service of the Company. The province was divided into seven divisions, and to each of these a commissioner was appointed. Under each of these commissioners were deputy commissioners, varying in number according to the amount of business to be done; while under these, again, were assistant commissioners and extra assistants, drawn from the uncovenanted servants of Government—Europeans, Indo-Britons, or natives of pure descent.—(*Sepoy War*, i. 52.)

There were, in all, some fifty-six subordinates, commissioners, assistants, deputies selected from the best men of the civil and military service.

An arrangement which devolved on the members of the government a common responsibility, together with divided duties—which rendered each answerable for the acts of the other two, although he habitually took no part in them, nor, indeed, owing to the great pressure of business, could take effective part—would certainly seem a contrivance calculated only to enhance the ordinary faults of divided councils, and to eventuate in compromises where action was required, in ill-concealed differences, and final disorganization: although the analogy of Cabinets might be cited by those who look to apparent rather than intrinsic similarities. And so it proved in this instance; but not, it must be admitted, until the machine had, at all events, so worked as to accomplish many good purposes, during the space of nearly four years which elapsed between the

constitution of the Board in April 1849, and Sir Henry's retirement from it in December 1852. The Board's own printed Report of its proceedings for the first two years (down to 1851) concludes with a passage of just self-appreciation :—

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

I feel as if I might be doing more real justice to my subject, and producing such a memorial of him as men of his own stamp might more appreciate, by endeavouring to compile a summary of his and his colleagues' great work, than by inviting attention to mere biographical details. But space would not serve me, even were the task in other respects an appropriate one. I must content myself with referring my reader, among many other authorities, to the works of Sir John Kaye, Sir Henry's close friend, literary associate, and earnest admirer: the *Lives of Indian Officers*; *History of the East India Administration*, and first chapter of the *Sepoy War*; Arnold's *Administration of Lord Dalhousie*; to Sir Charles Napier's derogatory attacks in the strange work, *Defects, Civil and Military, of the Indian Government*, published after his death, and to the reply to those attacks by Sir Henry himself, in Vol. XXII. of the *Calcutta Review*, written (contrary to usual custom) in his own name. Why this remarkable

paper, which is full of interesting autobiographical details, was not included by his literary executors in the collection of his essays, I do not know.

The arrival of Sir Charles Napier to assume the command of the Indian army, which took place immediately after the constitution of the Board, proved indirectly, in one respect, of considerable advantage to Sir Henry in his endeavours to set that machine in motion. It united the latter with Lord Dalhousie in opposition to a common enemy. Sir Charles, disappointed of military glory by the submission of the Sikhs, arrived eager to take the whole supremacy of India, civil as well as military, into his own hands. His contempt for the "politicals," to whom he found the new frontier province of the Punjaub delivered, knew no bounds; and if Sir Henry was not, properly speaking, a "political," he was worse—a soldier who had exchanged the uniform for the garments of the scribe. Napier's scorn for such administrators was only exceeded by that which he felt for the "young Scotch lord" who controlled them; "as weak as water and as vain as a pretty woman or an ugly man."³ The self-willed old soldier, who had come out in an unlucky hour to take command of an army when fighting days were over, and to revolutionize existing institutions for lack of any other occupation worthy of his dignity, had yet to learn that in Lord Dalhousie he would encounter a spirit as high and as stubborn as his own, armed with authority incontestably superior. The period of his stay in India, from May 1849 to September 1850, was diversified with quarrels of every possible origin and description; as his own diary, in which he concealed no emotion and probably exaggerated many, only too plainly evinces. His first attempt was to establish a scheme for the military government of the Punjaub. This was as distasteful to Sir Henry Lawrence, to whose principles of statesmanship military rule was in many respects repugnant, as to Lord Dalhousie himself, for whom it meant a transfer of the chief authority in this important province from his hands to those of the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Dalhousie accordingly warned Sir Henry of the coming onslaught, and bade him be prepared to meet it. It came in the shape of a long and depreciating minute on the Punjaub administration. This was encountered by the Board with as long an answer, which again engendered a prolix reply, and the controversy died away, as Indian controversies are apt to do, in the expenditure of a pro-

³ *Life*, iv. p. 254.

digious quantity of ink. I am not aware that these documents produced any other result.

At a later period, as I have already mentioned, the differences which this dispute had provoked were aroused afresh by the posthumous publication of Sir Charles Napier's book on *Indian Misgovernment*, which Sir Henry, as has been said, criticized in the *Calcutta Review*. I only refer to the subject here in order to illustrate a common topic—the uncertainty of human conjectures, and the danger of attributing hastily a correct prophetic spirit respecting coming events, even to the ablest of men concerned in dealing with the present. Much has been said of the prescience of Sir Charles Napier, something of that of Lawrence, on the subject of the coming great Mutiny. Now, the facts are these. In March 1849, before Sir Charles reached India on his last visit there, his trust in the Native army was “firm as Ailsa rock.” “I have studied them,” he says, “for nearly eight years, constantly, at the head of Bengal and Bombay Sepoys, and I can see nothing to fear from them except when ill-used, and then they are less dangerous than British troops would be in similar circumstances.”* But before Sir Charles had been a year in India occurred the mutiny of the 66th Bengal Infantry, occasioned by a misunderstanding about allowances. His mode of dealing with this crisis, and, in particular, his enlistment of a number of Goorkhas to replace the mutineers, were a good deal disapproved of at the time, and produced, in point of fact, his resignation. Now, Sir Charles, when thus thwarted, quickly and readily worked himself round to the opinion that the Bengal Sepoys in general were a dangerous body. “I saw, on the one hand, that two Native regiments had just mutinied for increase of pay, and there were strong grounds to suppose the mutinous spirit was general in the Bengal army. . . . Few are aware of the great and secret spread of the spirit of mutiny. . . . I saw the great and imminent danger to which India was exposed by the mutinous spirit among the Sepoys, the dangerous influence which the Erahmin supremacy had assumed in the army,” and so forth. Such expressions abound in the latter part of his Diary. “All was on the balance, when I flung the Goorkha battalion into the scale, as Brennus did his sword, and mutiny, having no Camillus, was crushed.” “Common sense pointed out the wisdom of doing this, especially at

* “Report on the Military Occupation of India,” cited in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1871, p. 95.

a moment when the faith of the Sepoys was doubtful ; for with the Goorkha race we can so reinforce our Indian army that our actual force in India would be greater than that of the Sepoy army, numerous as it is."

These views Sir Henry Lawrence, who has also been termed a prophet, not only did not share, but fiercely controverted in the remarkable review article to which I refer (1851). He saw no impending danger whatever from any mutinous spirit in the army, which he had known and trusted so well. In particular, he absolutely distrusted all reports of the disloyalty and the spirit of combination alleged to prevail among the Brahmins. And he called in evidence his own long experience of Nepal to prove that the idea of replacing our Sepoys with Goorkhas was a mere absurdity ; that the mountaineers could not possibly be enlisted in sufficient numbers ; and that, if they were, the notion of their military value would prove a delusion. It may be permitted to us to suspect, without disparagement to the well-earned fame of two eminent men, that their prophecies were a good deal coloured by personal partisanship ; that Sir Charles conjured up the phantasm of coming mutiny to hang it as a threat before Lord Dalhousie, and Sir Henry discredited it, because determined not to yield a point to the memory of one whom he so heartily disliked and opposed as the deceased Sir Charles. Still, taking the words as they appear, and judging by the light of subsequent events, it must be owned that Napier spoke aright on both subjects,—the fidelity of the Sepoys and the value of the Goorkhas,—and that Lawrence spoke amiss. No man better knew the qualities and character of the Sepoys ; he was, on the whole, more familiar, perhaps, with their habits, their instincts, their languages, than any single servant, military or political, within the limits of our vast dominion. Yet it would be a mistake to compliment his sagacity, as has been often done by his admirers, by saying that he foresaw the mutiny. Near as it was, he did not foresee it—did not in any degree calculate on it ; though passages indicative of a vague fear may, no doubt, be detected here and there in writings so varied as his, and especially where he wrote with the object of deterring from measures which he deemed inexpedient.

As my work is one of biography, and not of history, it will suffice for me to direct attention to the portion of the joint labour of the Board which, according to the division of work already specified, fell principally to the lot of Sir Henry himself. Of these, perhaps the

most important was the reorganization, so far as deemed safe and practicable, of the disbanded fragments of the Sikh army. "We have raised," he says, "five regiments of as fine cavalry as any in India, and as many corps of splendid infantry." It was worthy of remembrance, for it was under Sir Henry's inspection that the nucleus, at least, of that Punjaub force was formed which in after-days, under the management of his brother John, was to descend triumphantly on Delhi at the most critical moment of our Indian history—the new and solid staff which was to replace that just self-broken in our hands. On him fell also the control of our affairs with the numberless "Hill Tribes" partly within and partly without the nominal limits of the Punjaub, which border on its cultivated plains for nearly three-fourths of a circle from the frontier of our North-Western Provinces to that of Sindh. On him, of course, devolved the general control of the executive part of the machine; and, above all, the management of our relations both with the broken Sikh aristocracy, and the half-pacified Mohammedan borderers whom it was necessary, as far as possible, to bring within our range of policy. And it may be added, that it was throughout his official life a special feature in his administration that he habitually took counsel with the natives respecting any proposed modification of domestic policy, and made use to the utmost of those facilities for common deliberation which ancient institutions have created in old-fashioned Hindoo communities.

One of Sir Henry's most active subordinates in the Punjaub was Major James Abbott, who subsequently rose to the rank of General. He was deeply attached to his principal; and not without reason, for Abbott, with all his zeal and good qualities, had a singular aptitude for falling into temporary discredit with his superiors, military and political. The countenance of Lawrence often stood him in stead in the controversies thus engendered. Some allowance may therefore be made for enthusiasm; but I cannot forbear from inserting, at this point of my history, a paper on the general character of my subject, drawn up by one who had reason to know him so well:—

October 1858.

I first became acquainted with Henry Lawrence at the Military Academy, Addiscombe, which he entered as a Cadet about a year before me. Time, in maturing and ennobling his character, left many of the peculiarities of the youth unchanged to the last; and these were so remarkable that he was easily identified in after-years by his juvenile associates.

Imagine, then, a rather tall, raw-boned youth of sixteen years, with high cheek-bones, small grey eyes, sunken cheeks, prominent brows, retreating forehead, light brown lank and scanty hair, and one of those dry clean skins to which no impurity will fasten. Imagine this frame full of life and energy, buoyant with spirits, and overflowing with goodness; yet quick of temper, stern of resolution, the champion of the oppressed, the determined foe of everything mean, bullying, or skulking, and you have before you Pat Lawrence—the youth as I knew him, a Cadet at Addiscombe.

His frame was not very robust, but the energy which we have so often admired in him in after-years, and which seemed to wax in vigour in proportion to the decline of his bodily strength, was something observable. He was not remarkable for skill in manly sports; but he loved them, and was ever to be found where they were carried on—his head, meanwhile, full of poetry, which he omitted no opportunity to spout, in a loud voice, in the intervals of the game.

If we follow him into study, we shall not find him taking a very high grade in any branch of education, except, perhaps, mathematics and the theory of fortification. With his pencil, as with his steel pen, he was not very skillful, and his classical education had been neglected; but he was a zealous student, endeavouring to supply by soul and labour the quickness which had been denied him.

Such was Henry Lawrence when I first knew him in 1820; and I know nothing more instructive than the comparison of what then he seemed to be with that which afterwards he proved himself—the most enlightened ruler and statesman in India. A man whose nobleness of soul inspiring some of the most valuable endowments of mind, and some of the rarest and highest virtues that ever met together in the same breast, rendered him, in the eyes of those honoured with his intimate acquaintance, without a rival in the world.

His character was original in the extreme. Nothing in it was borrowed. It seemed as if he felt it dishonest to make others' opinions or acts his own by adoption; but there was no ostentation of independence in this. His own self-approval was his only aim; and this minute and searching pursuit of truth was tempered and beautified by a noble vein of poetic ardour, which never, probably, could have shaped itself in words, but which gave glory to the warm affections, the manly aspirations, the matter-of-fact reason and solid sense of the youth and of the man.

There can be no doubt that, had he been born thirty-five years later, he would have been ignominiously rejected by the examiners for cadetships in the Indian army—a fate which, under like circumstances, must have befallen Nelson himself, and about three-fourths of the heroes to whom England owes her glory. Let the nation consider well the inevitable consequence of the new system of examination for the army. The qualities which make the distinguished soldier or sailor are strong common sense, sagacity, personal and moral courage, self-confidence,

fertility of resource—these are much oftener found in the possession of men who could never become scholars, than of those who distinguish themselves at college.

Dum Dum.—When next I met Henry Lawrence, it was at Dum Dum, whither he had preceded me. There he at once chose the part, from which he never afterwards swerved. Dum Dum was at that time split into two cliques: those who to the most heartfelt religion superadded the belief that their religion was to exhibit itself in external peculiarities, and those who regarded such differences as whimsical, offensive, or hypocritical. Amongst the latter were many probably as sincere Christians as amongst the former class; but, at the outset of life, the heart is easily affected by the sight of a small band of sincere men voluntarily foregoing many amusements and indulgences from conscientious motives, and in spite of the ridicule of those around them. The young men who resided at Fairy Hall were very estimable characters; their time was spent rationally, and, whatever may have been their failure in judgment, they were sincerely anxious to improve their time and their minds, and their hearts were open to receive any who showed a disposition to join them.

It is not, therefore, surprising that Henry Lawrence became an inmate of Fairy Hall, an estate at Dum Dum, which then almost deserved its title, so prettily was it shaded with wood, and enlivened with water. Still, his vigorous sense assured him that, however right and wise to walk humbly with his God, it was neither wise nor right to suffer any outward peculiarities to put a barrier between himself and his fellows. From all such outward demonstrations his excellent taste revolted, and he mingled as freely as ever with his old associates, locking up the sacred fire in his heart, but exhibiting its effects in self-conquest, increased affection for his fellow-creatures, and more earnest application to his professional duties and studies.

Although I had always felt an especial interest in the society of Henry Lawrence, yet, being of a younger class, I was not much thrown into his society at Addiscombe; and at Dum Dum I was shy, and required that a companion should come half-way to meet my advances. His habits rendered him very sociable and popular. He had many companions, and was in no need of me; but there were some peculiarities of character which we shared in common, and which, it seemed to me, caused him to like my society when we were thrown together.

From Fairy Hall he was called to join the troops in Arracan. There he was attacked with that terrible fever which becomes a heritage and scourge for life; and he was sent to England by the doctors on sick furlough.

I next met him at Kurnaul in 1829, on his return from this sanatory trip. He lived with his brother, Lieutenant George Lawrence, Adjutant of the 2nd Bengal Light Cavalry, who was then just married, and occupying a house that has since fallen, at the south-east corner of the Park.

He often asked me to spend the day with him, which I greatly enjoyed. He had laid out all his savings in the purchase of some very valuable books; and he was now bent upon the acquisition of the Eastern tongues. His fever, though quelled for awhile, had not abandoned him; it hung about him, undermining his fine constitution, but never mastering his order or diligence.

His mind, even then, was greatly improved by a judicious course of reading, and by the habits of reflection and self-examination. He especially applied himself to military history, with a view to comprehend the strong and weak points of the tactics of all who have excelled in the art of war.

In 1839 the ill-fated expedition to Afghanistan was concocted, and all artillery officers on staff employ were recalled to join the army of the Indus at Kurnaul. Whilst I was preparing for my departure, Henry Lawrence and his bride put up at my tent for a few hours, on their journey by dák northward—he to Kurnaul, and she to Simla. I then met her for the first time, and was struck by the strong congeniality of spirit between herself and her husband; she seemed, in fact, the female power (to use an Eastern expression) of himself. When females enter India as young girls, the pleasure of escaping from the school-room, and becoming persons of consequence and objects of attention, easily reconcile them to the sacrifice of all the social enjoyments, the luxuries and conveniences and healthful climate they have left behind them; but when they enter India as young women, they can rarely tolerate the desolate contrast between the present and the past.

Mrs. Lawrence had entered India as a woman, but in her enthusiastic love for him she had come to bless, she found delight in the solitary tent on the sun-parched plain, in the half-furnished comfortless bungalow, in wandering with him through the cheerless jungles and scarcely less dreary tracts of cultivated land; nothing was without interest in her eyes, and she might, perhaps, have been tempted to bless the very wretchedness of those very circumstances which so enlarged her power to administer to his happiness. It was easy to see that Harry Lawrence had found the being best calculated to make him happy—entering into his interests and pursuits with all her soul, and counting nothing evil that was shared with him. She was not beautiful, in the ordinary acceptation of the term; but harmony, fervour, and intelligence breathed in her expression, emanating from a loving heart, a cultivated mind, a taste chastened and refined, a perfect temper, and aspirations as lofty and holy as those of the noble being to whom she clung.

At Kurnaul I again met Henry Lawrence, and we marched in the same division to Ferozepoor, where Runjeet Sing met Lord Auckland, and gave us a review, which quite eclipsed Sir Harry Fane's previous exhibition in his honour. It was here that Henry Lawrence was brought into contact with the army of the Punjaub and its remarkable ruler, little deeming

how closely the interests of that principality should hereafter be drawn to his heart. There seemed at that time little probability of his being ever employed in the Political Department, for he was without interest and a military man.

At Ferozepoor Lawrence waited upon the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Henry Fane, an accomplished soldier, and laid before him a plan which he had been devising for a Corps of Observation, of which our army is so greatly in need. Sir Henry Fane allowed the strong necessity for such a corps, entered into all the details with great interest, and was mightily tickled to find that, not contented with shaping out all the details, Lawrence had himself filled up the roll of officers to be appointed to the corps. Sir Henry Fane went over the list with him, and was struck with the judicious and practical views upon which this selection of a staff had been made; in fact, there was no man in India so highly qualified as Henry Lawrence to select instruments for whatever work was in hand. His penetration and sagacity rendered him as infallible in this respect as the Marquis of Wellesley, for it is not too much to say that every agent of his selection fully justified his choice.

Sir Henry Fane promised his warmest support of the project, but regretted that its adoption depended upon others (who might not see its necessity) far more than it depended upon himself. The army then assembling was destined for Herat, and Sir Henry Fane was to have commanded it. He had given his opinion strongly against an expedition shaped in violation of every principle of military science. When the siege of Herat had been raised, and the force had in consequence been greatly reduced, Sir Henry Fane left the command to Sir John Keane, and went to sea for his health. He died on the passage home. I need not say that, without his countenance, the project fell to the ground, and in every subsequent campaign the want of a corps of observation has been keenly felt.

I marched on with the advancing column. Henry Lawrence remained at Ferozepoor, where he met Mr. George Clerk, and was transferred to the Political Department as an Assistant. I did not again meet him until the Sutlej campaign in 1846. He had then been summoned from Nepal by Lord Hardinge, when our affairs were at their worst, to restore order by the vigour of his counsels and the soundness of his views. He had suddenly become the ruling spirit of the Punjaub, but remained for his friends the same simple-minded, hearty Pat Lawrence of former years.

He immediately inquired after my affairs, and, finding that the appointment I held in Bengal was ill-suited to my taste, recommended me for the office of Commissioner to define the new boundaries of states in the Punjaub, and afterwards, on completion of this duty, recommended me for the office of Deputy-Commissioner in Huzara. All this proceeded from his own kind and thoughtful heart; for, had he not inquired my wishes, I should never have troubled him with them.

From this time, and for about seven years and a half, I was under the orders of my old friend Sir Henry Lawrence ; but, as my duties lay upon the very outskirts of the Punjaub, while he was generally at Lahore, I saw little of him. The loss to me cannot be estimated. It was the greater that we sometimes differed in official correspondence upon points on which we felt alike, and on which we could have had no difference had he been present to see things as they really existed. I had so great an admiration of his high qualities of intellect and soul that I should have been disposed to doubt of my own judgment if, in matters equally open to his observation as to mine, there had been any difference between us.

But his very love of fair play, his catholic justice, which extended to the meanest as to the highest, including even the enemies of society, led him to distrust his own bias in favour of the evidence of those whom he cared for, and to weigh it in even scales with that of persons unworthy of trust. The slightest symptom of prejudice on the part of one against the other enlisted his sympathies with that other, however unworthy he might be. It was, in his eyes, persecution, and he felt himself the constituted foe of all persecutors. Thus, persons against whom I had no personal feelings, good or bad, but whom I freely spoke of according to their misdeeds as enemies of the poor and of society generally, became (with the aid of a little misrepresentation on the part of those around him) legitimate objects, not exactly of his sympathy, because they were manifestly evil-doers, but of his countenance to such extent as might shield them from the effects of my supposed prejudice against them.

This was extremely painful to me, although I admired and loved the spirit from which it proceeded ; but I thought that the man who had ruled for nearly eight years one of the most turbulent districts in India at the expense of one capital punishment, was entitled to the credit of complete exemption from bias against any under his rule or in his neighbourhood. Had the people of Huzara generally believed me capable of such bias it is impossible that they should have voluntarily settled from a condition of habitual war against law and order to one of greater freedom from crime than can be boasted by any equal population in the world. After-events here fully justified my views, and I should not have mentioned the subject save in elucidation of one of the phases of a character so remarkable, whose very errors were an excess of virtue, or, if otherwise, were made the provocation to a thousand generous acts of compensation. But I am anticipating.

This is no place for recurring to the history of Huzara, a rugged and mountainous tract, lying between the Indus and Jhelum, above Atuk and Rawul Pindee. He sent to these people, who, after a struggle for their liberty of some forty years, had succumbed to the overwhelming power and resources of the Sikhs, and had by them been treated with the greatest rigour and barbarity—he sent them the same message of peace which had been borne by his agents throughout the Punjaub. Their

wrongs were redressed ; their rights were restored, so far as was possible. The sentence of death for praying openly to their God was removed, and even cow-killing could no longer be punished with death. A curb was put upon the rapacity of native officers, civil and military, and there was one great jubilee throughout the land. The exiles thronged back by thousands, and were reinstated generally in their forfeited lands ; and, where resistance was shown in the mountains, from diffidence natural to people who had been so grievously oppressed, he provided means the most ample, and insisted upon such force being exhibited as should save bloodshed, by showing the folly of resistance. Men serving under his orders were not trusted by halves : he employed those only in whom he reposed confidence, and he placed at their disposal almost unlimited means. The people of the Punjaub—I mean the industrious classes—blessed the coming of the English and the name of Sir Henry Lawrence ; but the Sikh nobility and gentry cursed from their inmost hearts those foreigners who by raising up the people and instructing them in their rights, were rendering their future oppression difficult, if possible.

Such was the state of things when Sir Henry Lawrence's failing health obliged him to return to England ; and Sir Frederick Currie, a Bengal civilian, was appointed in his place. The Sikh army rose as our Sipahi army has since risen. The master mind was away, and for awhile they prevailed ; but finally their indecision enabled us to crush them, and the Punjaub was annexed, greatly to the grief of Sir Henry Lawrence. Had he been present his genius might have averted this blow for a few months ; but the conspiracy was deeply laid, and no human skill or prescience could have prevented the outbreak. Upon this subject he who had left the Punjaub in such profound repose may naturally have formed a different judgment ; but the assistants to the Resident, who were in charge of the several districts of the Punjaub, had all foreseen for some time the coming storm. . . .

I need not, to you who were eye-witnesses of his acts, expatiate upon the powers of mind which this annexation called forth, the watchful benevolence, the catholic charity, the wisdom—far-seeing, provident, and sound—which calculated every contingency and provided for every emergency. What the watchmaker is to the watch, that was Sir Henry Lawrence to the Punjaub. His assistants fashioned wheels, pivots, spring, and balance ; but it was his great mind which attributed to each his work, which laid down the dimensions of every circle, the power of every spring, the length of every lever, and which combined the whole into one of the greatest of triumphs of modern polity.

His was the spirit which inspired every act of the local government which touched the heart of all his subordinates with ardour to fill up each his own part in a system so honourable to the British name. All caught from him the sacred fire ; his presence seemed all-pervading, for the interests of the meanest were dear to him as those of the most powerful ;

and goodness and greatness were so natural wherever he came that other fruits seemed strange and impossible.

These sketches of character by Major Abbott will assist us in appreciating one of the most marked features in that of Sir Henry; his singular power of attaching to him those among whom he lived, and especially those whom he commanded. In the eyes of the natives, and in particular of his favourite Sikh chiefs, he served as the impersonation of the conquering English race in its better aspect, while he was equally successful in winning the affections of the Europeans with whom he was brought chiefly in contact. He had a rough simplicity of manner, a disregard of form, and a frankly cordial demeanour, which, in the opinion of the formal part of the Anglo-Indian world, were carried to excess. Among the many newspaper attacks made upon him in the Punjaub, one which obtained much currency related to the abruptness of his conduct, and his disregard of ceremony in communication with the Punjaub native chiefs themselves. They knew better; and no complaint of this kind, so far as I am aware, ever mingled with their admiration of the ruler. A line from his friend Abbott to himself (the 14th October 1849) throws light on these peculiarities:—

14th October 1849.

You ask me why I call you Sir Henry. When I was at Lahore, my sense of propriety was shocked with the familiarity occasionally used by young officers in consequence of your kindness to them. It is the vice of the age, which is undoing all that is venerable. It naturally led me to use more ceremony towards you than I might otherwise have thought proper, because I am a very old acquaintance, and have received many proofs of your friendship. My deference is a marked rebuke to those who forget your rank in your condescension.

The excursion to the Huzara country, to which Major Abbott alludes in the paper quoted, was but an incident in the numerous progresses which it was Sir Henry's habit to make over every part of his dominions. In no other way could he so effectually perform his special duty of controlling his motley subjects through personal communication. "He knew them," says one of his admirers, "and they knew him; and their knowledge of him led them at once to confide in his willingness to protect and power to quell them." It must, however, be added, that this portion of his functions was anything but unacceptable to him. Endowed with a restless activity of body, as

well as mind, which seemed to defy the climate, notwithstanding the fever-tribute which he had been compelled to pay ever since his Burmese campaign, he was never so happy as on horseback, escorted by his "tail" of British and Native followers, threading the wild gorges of the Lower Himalaya in summer, or spurring across the green expanse of each "Dooab" campaign in the flush of spring —

I have been twice all round the Punjaub (he writes, somewhat exultingly, to his friend Mr. Kaye), visiting every station, and staying at each a few days. I have not missed one; and, though I have not travelled in the usual style of Indian governors, or, indeed, in the style of most collectors, I have managed to see everything, from the bottom of the salt-mines at Pindadon Khan and Kohat to Ladakh and Iskardo, on Goolab Sing's northern frontier. Each year I have travelled three or four months, each day riding usually thirty or forty miles, with light tents, and sometimes for days with none at all. The last cold weather I rode close round all the frontier, visiting every point of interest, and all our posts, small and great, and riding through most of the passes, from Huzara by Yuzufze, Peshawur, Kohat, and the Derajat, down to the Sikh border. At stations, or where anything was going on, we halted one, two, or three days, visiting the public offices, gaols, bazaars, &c., receiving visitors of all ranks, and inspecting the Punjaub regiments and police, and receiving petitions, which latter were a daily occurrence, sometimes a couple of hundred coming in.⁴

"The President of the Board" (says one of his colleagues, March 1850, illustrating the safety of the country under his government) "has lately gone a circuit of not less than 1,000 miles, the greater part with an escort of 1,000 men, half of them Sikhs—often for days with a single soldier, and only for one march, in the Kohat Pass, with half a company and half a troop."

The most remarkable, in many respects, of the tours of inspection which he achieved during his Presidency of the Board, was his journey to Cashmere in the summer of 1850. It was preceded by a not very agreeable preliminary correspondence with Lord Dalhousie —

You have stated (says that nobleman, April 25, 1850) your wish to go to the Cashmere Hills during the next rains, in the expectation of an entire absence from the plains during that season re-establishing your health. I need not assure you that I have personally every desire to

⁴ *Lives of Indian Officers*, iii. 306.

assent to what may be for your benefit ; but, however much I might wish to consent to measures advantageous to your health, I am bound to say in candour that I could only consent to this scheme this year, in the hope and belief that it will render such absence unnecessary in future years.

. . . Your absence will necessarily confine at present the other members at Lahore. Of Mr. Mansell's habits I know nothing ; but it is impossible that, after the active movements of your brother's life for so many years, imprisonment in one place can be otherwise than bad for him. Previous to your departure, therefore, before the rains, I would request that he would come up to Simla, and meet me there. . . .

Sir Henry's answer is not preserved ; but its purport may be guessed from Lord Dalhousie's reply :—

May 17, 1850.

I do not think that anything in my letter regarding your visit to Cashmere could be construed into even indirectly imputing to you "undue seeking after ease." Certainly I intended nothing of the kind, and you are one of the very last men in India against whom any one could throw out such a hint. But, whether for health or otherwise, I am bound frankly to tell you that I did not think absence habitually for half the year nearly was compatible with your office or fair to your colleagues. Goolab Sing's territories can't be said to be within your charge.

On this journey Lady Lawrence (shortly after the birth of her youngest child at Lahore) accompanied her husband. I find only a fragment of a diary, in which she describes the "Ruttun" pass, 8,000 feet high, the first crossed on the ordinary road thither from Lahore :—

*Sunday, June 22 (1850).—*Left Thunna at daylight, about 3 A.M. : two hours reaching summit of range, Ruttun Peer ; halted twenty minutes on summit, descended thither to Bairamgulla 8 A.M. Ascent, first part of march, gradual ; road good, scenery beautiful. Left hand, steep acclivity ; to right, deep descent. Forest of walnut, beech, chestnut, horse-chestnut, maple : birds warbling ; one note very like a nightingale, but more powerful. Every rise of hill we surmounted gave a wider view of plains below : Ruttun Peer, the crest of the ridge, commanded a view on one side of plains ; on the other, of steep descent (I suppose 1,000 feet) to Bairamgulla : village on crest ; abode of Peer, who brought me out a handful of walnuts and a bunch of roses as an offering. All the village came out to look at us ; ragged and dirty enough, but most picturesque ; dark eyes, expressive people, graceful forms. Road descending round through dense forest of pine, with here and there sprinkling of chestnut and walnut, wild flowers and spray branches of wild rose. At length

descended to bed of stream ; clear torrents rushing over huge boulders. Left the cold Alpine fir forest, and were now in glades and thickets of shrub, with fresh greensward. Sun had just surmounted the wall of steep hill, and shone into glen below. . . . At the bridge stood a group, the sun shining on their gay dresses ; the Kardar of the village, with his sepoy and a follower in clear white dresses, scarlet shawls, tiger-skin belts, long tasselled lances, matchlocks, powder-horns. From bottom of gorge looked back, and saw our picturesque cavalcade winding down the path I had come : scarlet doolies, caparisoned horses, soldiers, Kashmerees, with their Jewish faces, long beards, and loose garments. Crossed bridge of two pine-stems with a little fear ; came to a green level, with some fine trees, where our servants were bivouacked, horses and mules picketed ; a bungalow just prepared for our reception. Temperature delicious. Left Bairamgulla 3 P.M., reached Pashara just at sunset. First three hours' road through bed of stream, rapid torrent ; crossed ten or fifteen times on bridges such as that of morning. Half mile from halting-place, on right-hand side ; a waterfall ; sheer descent of water into deep abyss of foam ; mist rising in clouds, rainbow across the torrent ; some small whitish birds flitting about like silver creatures. . . . After three hours began to ascend left bank ; cannot imagine how we ever got up the steep, zigzag path, often blocked up with boulders ; opposite side of gorge bristling with Norway pine. Last mile level : village of Pashara.

This prolonged and pleasant journey was extended, after Lady Lawrence had left him, into the regions of the Upper Indus, to Iskardo and Ladakh, and lasted until September in this year. He writes on August 29 to congratulate his brother George on removal to another post :—

I have had a very nice tour with H., who makes a good travelling companion, energetic, clever, and well-informed. I don't know why you did not take to him at Peshawur. He has his faults, positiveness and self-will among them, but it is useful to us to have companions who contradict and keep us mindful that we are not Solomons. I believe that if Sir Charles Napier stood on his head and cut capers with his heels, *à la* Boileau, he would consider it quite right that all commanders-in-chief should do so. He will never allow that Prendergast was wrong, and he insists that all Indian editors are blackguards, and that, comparatively, all English editors and newspapers are gentlemen, and dealers in truth and propriety. Toryism and Absolutism are right, Liberty only another name for Red Republicanism. So you see we have enough to differ upon.

At this time a report reached India that Sir Henry had been seized

and imprisoned at Ladakh. "If this news is true," says Sir C. Napier, "there will be plenty of danger:" and he contemplated with romantic delight a grand expedition in the style of Alexander the Great among the snowy summits of the Western Himalaya.

"I am prepared," he says, "and with God's help it will be over before Christmas, though I fear the snow will have choked the passes, in which case we must wait for hot weather, and Goolab will be able to play a stiff game: rock, sun, snow, all on his side! Diable! However, I have thought and know what I have to do. I wish they would *nab* the Laird of Cockpen" (Lord Dalhousie, who was then on the frontier).⁵

In August 1850, during this absence of Sir Henry, occurred the outbreak of the Afreedees at Kohat, chiefly remembered on account of the bitter personal controversies which Sir Charles Napier thought proper somewhat later to import into the business. Being on a tour of inspection at Peshawur, where George Lawrence was then stationed, Sir Charles deemed it not inconsistent with his dignity as Commander-in-Chief to put himself at the head of a small local force directed against these insurgents, and to turn into a "Warden-Raid" (as the Borderers, according to Walter Scott, used to term a plundering expedition conducted by the Lord Warden of the Marches in person) what to others seemed no more than one of those trifling frontier troubles to which the advanced posts of our power are always exposed. He converted the incident, as usual with him, into a text for general vituperation of the military arrangements of India, sarcastic comments on the shortcomings of the Punjab Board, and special depreciation of the individuals with whom he was thrown into contact. Of George Lawrence, however, who, as Resident at Peshawur, was necessarily in his councils, he merely says, "He is a right good soldier and a right good fellow, and my opinion of him is high; but he tried the advising scheme a little with me at Kohat!"

I only refer, however, to this event, chiefly to be remembered as the last occasion on which the hero of the Peninsula and of Sindh was engaged in actual warfare, by way of introduction to the following singular and modest letter from Sir H. Lawrence to Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde (Aug. 29, 1850), to ask for permission (which he also applied for and obtained from the Governor-

⁵ *Life*, iv. 388.

General) to accompany him on the occasion. The application came, from other causes, to nothing :—

. . . I have had a very nice trip, and am all the better for it. Five times I have been above 14,000 feet high. I am now moving from the commercial to the warlike side of the frontier. Three weeks ago I gave a dinner to 300 traders from and to Yarkand ; last week, to a rather more numerous party of merchants and soldiers at Iskardo. . . .

I told the Governor-General that you were willing I should go with you in case anything is to be done. He has replied very politely, saying that all he wants is to have the road to Kohat secured. . . . I will be delighted to act with you . . . and I don't see how matters are to be carried on generally at Peshawur until the Kohat people have been well thrashed. I have not a doubt that we shall get on together as cordially as we have ever done. *Though only a soldier in name*, I hope you will find me an active aide-de-camp, and as obedient as any ensign, so long as a shot is to be fired. And even when peace is again proclaimed, I see not why we should not work together at Peshawur as we did at Lahore. I wish for peace ; but I confess that if there is to be war, I should like to have opportunity of showing that I am not a mere civilian.

The Kohat people, however, were “well thrashed” without the personal aid of Lawrence. He returned to Lahore.

The following to Lord Dalhousie, 11th October 1850, sums up some of his experiences, collected during this journey, of the state of the North-Western frontier, and his counsels respecting it :—

I have the honour to acknowledge your lordship's letter of 2nd inst. I will have the Maharajah informed as to the armour, and will also suggest his presenting two of each of his small guns—Sher Bachas, Bhag Bachas, &c. They would be curiosities at home. I am aware of the outcry that has often been raised in England on very slight grounds. In the present case, it is simply a question whether the Afreedees are to plunder and murder at will, and to command our communications, or not. Eviction is doubtless a strong measure ; but, properly managed, might be carried out without the loss of half a dozen lives on either side. My brother G. seems to me both right and wrong. He reasons on his Afghanistan experience. Neither we, nor any Government on record, have ever commanded more than the plains and the ground their troops occupied, because no Government ever had the means and the will systematically to conquer the tribe and bridle their glens. The forts usually built on the skirts of the hills, to which the garrisons could fly if attacked by an overwhelming force, were in the hands of the Native chiefs, who accordingly were masters of the country. The Suddozyes, the Baruckzyes, and the British did much as preceding administrations had

done. Instead of taking revenue, they paid many of the Ghilzye, Huzara, and other chiefs, and at worst, when these nominal subjects broke terms, carried fire and sword into their valleys, destroyed their forts, and returned to Cabul, often with the punished tribe at their heels. It would have been a different story had the Government force remained for even a few months, dismantled *all* their forts, and erected one central and commanding one, leaving in it a trusty garrison. All Afghanistan could not touch one of our entrenched positions, though none of them were strong. The Cabul cantonment had only a seven-foot wall around it; the large city of Ghuznee was held by only one native regiment; Khandahar by only two or three; Khelat-i-Ghilzye by one; Besh Bolak by another; and all might have stood firm to this day as to any injury the Afghans could have done them. These never made a show of assaulting Cabul or Jellalabad. Thus the Sikhs held a garrison of 100 men in the Gundgurh hill, in Huzara (where they were especially hated), in the face of Major Abbott, until late in the war. And thus, with posts of ten, twenty, or thirty men, the Sikhs, and after them Goolab Sing, have held all these hills. This very morning I went over a fort occupied by only six men, though capable of holding 200. It commands the road, and awes the country; and though as unscientifically laid out as possible, would hardly be taken by thousands of hillmen. I lately mentioned that Hushora, if possible a weaker one than this, though, with its detached work, altogether holding only twenty-five men, was respected by the Chilas people. I have ventured at this length to explain my meaning, which is, that the people of the Kohat Pass once thoroughly subdued, or altogether removed, and a loyal colony substituted, and a fort or two of moderate strength (not mere serais with towers), would keep the Pass and secure the road. Whether I go to Peshawur or not, I should be sorry to interfere with my brother getting an airing. I could come up in a week if operations are undertaken.

Sir Charles Napier resigned his office of Commander-in-Chief in September 1850, and left India in the following November. His path and that of Sir Henry ceased henceforth to cross each other. But Sir William Napier, as we have seen, kept up the old controversies by the posthumous publication of his brother's diary and letters; Sir Henry Lawrence retorted, as I have also mentioned, in a paper in the *Calcutta Review*, and the following page from that article sums up Sir Henry's view of the issue between them, closed by his antagonist's death:—

My task is done—to me, especially at this time, an earnest and painful one. I have endeavoured for thirty years to live peaceably with all men. Sir Charles would not let me do so. While at a critical period employed

in important duties, and entitled to fair consideration—nay, to cordial aid, he thwarted and misrepresented me. My pen, however, should never have been raised against him, had he not himself thrown down the gauntlet, and published to the world his marvellously one-sided volume. Still, as I have again and again turned over his pages, to quote his own words, and perceived how ardent was his animus, how prejudiced were all his acts, assertions, and opinions, I have been disposed to lay down my pen, and to let his work in Sindh and the Punjaub speak for itself—mine and that of my colleagues tells its own tale. Were I alone concerned I might have done so; but I have a duty to perform to those who acted with and under me, and to the service to which I belong. I have, however, endeavoured to write of Sir Charles Napier dead as if he still lived. Better to understate my case, than to cast undeserved odium on him who is gone.

On another of these excursions, at a later period, to Peshawur, and over the distant North-Western frontier in that direction, Sir Henry was accompanied by Lord Stanley (now Lord Derby), who was visiting India as a traveller. Lord Dalhousie, in writing on the subject of this visit of Lord Stanley, exhibits something of that characteristic caution which on some subjects qualified the Governor-General's decisive and resolute disposition:—

February 9th, 1852.

Your brother John disturbs me by telling me Lord Stanley is bent on going through Kohat and Derajat with you. I have no suspicion of your rashness; at the same time, recollect that, if any ill-starred accident should happen, it will make a good deal of difference whether it happens to Lord Stanley and Sir H. Lawrence, or to John Tomkins and Bill Huggins. I think he will hamper you with a troublesome responsibility in visiting the frontier posts, which you are anxious to see; and, altogether, I don't like it. One can't prohibit a man going where he wishes to go in British territory; but I wish you would put him off it, if you possibly can.

It must, however, be added that this habit of constant locomotion, however adapted to the circumstances in many respects, had some tendency to diminish both Sir Henry's usefulness and influence in others. It necessarily threw a larger share of management than would otherwise have been the case into the hands of his less migratory colleagues, brought them into more direct relation to the Governor-General, and, very probably, gave additional weight to their pressure on certain points of administration as to which they entertained

differences of opinion from himself—differences, as we shall presently see, which ended in breaking up the Board.

I find among the papers entrusted to me but scanty records of Sir Henry's private life and occupation when at home in Lahore, in the intervals of his journeys, during the three and a half busy years of the Board's activity under his presidency (April 1849 to January 1853). His wife was his companion throughout; but, while his health was interrupted by constant recurrences of his besetting fever, hers suffered more seriously from the climate. She was never really well in India, especially during this her last sojourn there. Their household was enlivened by the company of a sister, Charlotte, who was at this time paying a visit to India. Whether to rank the following singular composition, which I find among his papers, in the category of romance or earnest, I am unable to decide. The names are evidently disguised; and it is without address:—

December 1850.

Overwhelmed with work, public and private, besides the deep responsibility of the charge of my sister, I take up my pen to lay before you a very important question—the parties concerned having agreed to abide by your decision. The case is as follows:—Within the present century, in a mean suburb of London, resided the amiable and accomplished Miss B——. Her father had borne a commission in her Majesty's service, and died in the hour of victory at the head of his regiment. I will not tear your heart by a lengthened tale of suffering. It will suffice you should know that E. B——, whose mother had died in her infancy, was, by the untimely death of her gallant father, left to the tender mercies of two aunts—cruel women, as cruel, indeed, as aunts generally are—one had a fat heart, the other had no heart at all. So harsh was their treatment, that at the age of seventeen, E. B—— fled their roof, and for more than twenty years managed to earn a scanty livelihood by shirt-making and teaching, or rather tending infants. It was after twenty years of such toil and trouble, during which she had often been for days and weeks on the verge of starvation, and had only been saved from it by the occasional help of an uncle and aunt, themselves in indifferent circumstances—that at length she gave them offence by some peculiarities in her religious opinions, or, perhaps, by her stiff, unbending mode of making them known; so this scanty help entirely failed her at last, as less and less frequently came the occasional sovereign or half-crown, a bundle of clothes by a cousin, or by one of their friends. E—— appeared abandoned by man; but she despaired not. She had hope and consolation within—a Friend that forsakes not the orphan. Times changed. E. B——'s poverty continued; but prosperity, almost wealth, fell to the lot

of her cousins. They were not what is called bad people. They had been religiously brought up ; went to church regularly twice, sometimes thrice, on Sundays, and at least once during the week. They were constant attendants at revivals, at missionary meetings, and would have walked any distance to convert a Hindoo or Hottentot ; but somehow they forgot their cousin, the orphan child of their own grand-parents. Somehow they forgot she was in penury ; had often no bread ; very often, indeed, not an ounce of meat ; that a cup of tea was a strange luxury to her. They could find no fault with her, further than that she was an enthusiast ; that she worshipped God after her own fashion, was liberal beyond her means, and went on her way caring not for man or man's opinion. E——'s youth and beauty were fled. With years came increasing cares, and among them frightful disease. Her cousins rolled in carriages, clad in silks and satins, and would have been ashamed to acknowledge the orphan daughter of their father's elder brother. After a long absence a brother and sister of the cousins met at C——. It was at the top of the hill, near the church there, that something touched the brother's heart. It may have been that he had often trodden that path with his father and mother—now both gone ; that many friends had passed away ; a new generation had arisen, and he was stirred to see that old and new alike forgot and contemned the most deserving member of the family. He spoke to his sister, kindly but warmly, showing how she had neglected a plain and pressing duty. The sister, whom we will call Julia, wept, but they were not tears of contrition. She denied E——'s claims ; denied having neglected a duty to her ; and only cried because her brother was vexed with her. Often has the subject been since discussed. The brother and sister happened once more to be at the same place ; and this day, while sauntering through a new, but already neglected, burial-ground, the brother, whom we will call George, endeavoured to improve the occasion by returning to E——'s case. But Julia was stubborn. Her heart was hard. She positively denied all blame, expressed no contrition, and is unlikely to come to a more happy state of mind, unless you step in ; for, having some knowledge of your character, she consents to abide by your decision. I did not intend to make this letter so long a one, but hope you will excuse it. Charlotte writes to you so constantly that I need hardly say we are in the Governor-General's camp, and in the midst of pomps and vanities, for which I have less fancy than she has.

It is unnecessary to add, that the spare hours, as well as more than the spare cash, of both the consorts, were constantly devoted to works of charity. Sir Henry's eagerness to secure a revenue for his Asylum, even by means which some might think questionable on grounds of

⁶ Sic, but I do not profess to understand the pedigree.

prudence, led him into another trifling controversy with Lord Dalhousie, which is a little characteristic of both parties. His lordship writes :—

September 1852.

I am concerned to find that I have neglected to reply to your questions regarding the Asylum. . . . In regard to the acceptance of contributions to it from Native chiefs, you remind me of having said that "I saw no objection," or words to that effect. You are quite right. I said that I had no objection myself; but, I added, that I was not sure that others would take the same view, and advised you that the point should be clearly settled for your own sake, as I understood there had been a discouragement of it, if not a prohibition of it, by the Government before my time. I saw no objection, because I knew perfectly that your integrity and your honour would prevent your ever taking a gift for the Asylum under circumstances which would interfere with your public duty; but, on the other hand, you know very well that there are plenty who would be glad to misrepresent any act of yours, and to injure you if they could; and as I confess I do not believe that any one of the Chiefs contributes to such an institution as the Asylum, from which they and theirs derive no direct benefit, except from a desire to please you, and to gain favour in the local or Supreme Government, I think your detractors will very probably try to represent that you are using your official position virtually to obtain support for an object in which you take a strong personal interest from persons who are under your authority. . . .

To complete the summary of his personal avocations during these years, I must add that he continued throughout his literary activity, contributing known articles to the *Calcutta Review*, and, I have no doubt, maintaining correspondence on public affairs with the newspapers. On these subjects, also, he had to meet with some slight checks, though by no means unfriendly, from his shrewd superior. The following instance shows how the boldness of the experienced English minister, who would have confronted with unmoved courage the resentment of a dethroned rajah or of a dismissed official, gave place to wariness and circumspection when a question arose which brought him in danger of collision with the press. Lord Hardinge had been soliciting Sir Henry to criticise certain representations of Cunningham (in his *History of the Sikhs*, already referred to). And Sir Henry did not think himself justified in doing so without consulting the Governor-General. Lord Dalhousie answers him (the 3rd September 1849) :—

I received last evening your letter of the 28th, enclosing articles from the *Friend of India*. . . .

It was very certain that everybody would say that Captain Cunningham was dismissed, nominally, for using official documents ; but, really, because he said things disagreeable to the Government. It was equally clear that the Government declaration, that he had used official papers, would to the public serve as warrant for all his statements, and would give weight both to them and the general opinions he uttered. . . . The articles you send me show how the facts have been misinterpreted. I consider it very desirable for the Government, and fair to all concerned, that so false an impression should not get firmly fixed in the public mind for want of all contradiction of the inference which has been drawn. The difficulty is how to do it. The injunctions laid on me, to prevent by all means publications by Government functionaries, are so frequent, and the soreness respecting them at home so great, that I feel I could not agree to your publishing a letter to Captain Cunningham with your signature. It would, of course, elicit a rejoinder, and, if allowed once, could not be reasonably refused in another case.

I think it at the same time so just that you should set yourself, as concerned with others, fair before the public, that I cannot object to your writing a letter of refutation for publication. I quite enter into your dislike to writing anonymously upon such a case; but, for the reasons I have stated above, it seems to me necessary that you should take that course, sending your name confidentially to the editor, as warrant for your letter. This is the usual course, I believe. I can see no reason why you should not have official documents to refresh your memory, if you require them, abstaining, however, from directly quoting them. I have not read Captain Cunningham's book myself. I cannot find time just now.

I add a few miscellaneous letters and memoranda, chiefly to show how unintermitting were his efforts to impress on his subordinates the lessons through the exercise of which he had himself reached and dignified his high position—justice, moderation, mercy, and that kind of courtesy which is substantial, and not superficial :—

To D. SIMPSON, ESQ.

Lahore, 2nd June 1850.

Nawab Imammoodeen (Sheik) introduced a Fakeer gentleman to me the other day; he was summoned by you to Dera Ismael Khan, but (said) he was so very holy a man, he had never done such a thing to king or kaiser. Runjeet Sing had visited him, instead of the Runjeet. This may have been, though he is a dirty-looking fellow. I therefore wish I could give you a faithful description of his person; I accordingly do so now, from my notes taken at the time (the personal *signalement* follows). . . . I am glad to hear you are doing so well, and hope you like your berth at Dera Ismael Khan. I trust you will have no reason to regret remaining with us, when enticed by Mr. Thomason. The spirit of the Regulations

is good ; but I hope you will always bear in mind that, in a new country, especially a wild one, promptness, accessibility, brevity, and kindness are the best engines of government. To have as few forms as possible, and as are consistent with a brief record of proceedings ; to be considerate and kind, not expecting too much from ignorant people ; to make no change, unless certain of decided improvement in the substitute ; light assessment, considering the claims and privileges, even where somewhat extravagant, of the privileged classes, especially where they affect Government, and not Ryots.

To COLONEL NAPIER (*now LORD NAPIER of Magdala*).

10th March 1851.

Yes, I am sorry you wrote the Chumba letter ; and, indeed, I am angry with you for it ; for I think you do Goolab Sing injustice, and Chumba too,⁷ and make propositions which would soon, if carried out, nullify the independence of any Native state. *As the pressure of the day is that way*, it is hard to get a dig from *you*, O Brutus ! . . . I have come out, bag and baggage, to Shalimar, for change of air ; but, as yet, it has done me no good. I am able to work, but have fever every day. Yesterday, went to Kutchery, and worked all day, brisk enough ; had fever as soon as I returned, and till late at night, and then such a perspiration as takes the little flesh that I have away. Hathaway is puzzled.

The following short practical directions may be of service, at all times, to officers charged with a duty of some difficulty :—

Memorandum for Officers disarming Villages.

Lahore, 12th March.

Immediately on your arrival call the head men, and inform them that it is the order of the Durbar that they give up *all* arms and ammunition, and allow two hours for their doing so ; keep your men together, and on the alert ; do not search, but give the head men distinctly to understand, that if arms are hereafter discovered to be in their villages, they will be individually held responsible, and will be liable to imprisonment and to have all their property confiscated.

Take a note of the names of the head men who appear before you. Inform them that no man in their villages is henceforward permitted to carry arms, unless he is in the service of the State.

(Signed) H. M. LAWRENCE.

⁷ A small Native state north-east of the Punjab.

CHAPTER XVII.

1852—1853.

IT now becomes necessary, in completing this portion of my task, to advert to more causes which led to serious discord in the Board of Administration, to its final disruption, and ultimately to the retirement of Henry Lawrence from its Presidentship.

How strongly his sympathies were engaged on behalf of the native chiefs throughout India—whether sovereigns on their thrones, or Zemindars, Sirdars, and the like, by whatever title known, who intervene between the sovereign and the cultivator in the various forms of that ancient society, manifold in aspect, wonderfully uniform in its intimate organisation—the reader will long ago have been enabled to learn. Henry Lawrence could never forget that we came among them as conquerors; that, whatever may be said concerning our right to be there, the continued exercise of that right can only be justified by our maintaining there a governing, purifying, humanizing influence; and from his heart he loathed all acts and expressions of contemptuous arrogance, whether proceeding from the military chief, in his pride of arms and greed of conquest, trampling on the dispossessed inheritors of ancient greatness, or from the ordinary European of inferior class indulging in his spirit of caste, and prodigal of insult to those of the conquered race whom their ill-fortune threw in his way.¹ These feelings touched the romantic, as well as the religious, side of Henry Lawrence's character, as they had that of his countryman, Burke, in earlier time; and it may be added, as another trait of resemblance to Burke, that being eager and active in literary controversy, he was apt to write himself even into greater fervour than he would, perhaps, otherwise have exhibited, and to treat those from whom he differed rather with the hostility of an opponent than the calm, overruling dignity of a statesman. It had been, moreover,

¹ "No man," says one of his biographers, "ever sat at Sir Henry's table without learning to think more kindly of the Natives."

as we have seen, the project of his life, from his earliest introduction to the affairs of the Punjab, to erect that great mystical "Khâlsa" corporation of the Sikhs into an aristocratic State, at once leaning on and lending support to our Empire on the side of the North-west; to make it, after the death of Runjeet, an allied and independent power—to reconcile it when hostile, to spare it when subdued, and to utilize its great military force as a barrier against Afghanistan, and, if need were, against Russia. The rebellion of 1848—which broke out in his absence, but of which he had not foreseen the probability—rudely disturbed, but did not wholly dissipate his dream. Annexation brought its total dispersion; and, as is natural with men of his peculiar temperament, we have seen from his papers how his dislike of annexation rather grew than diminished after its accomplishment; how that catastrophe, which at first he was inclined to submit to as a disagreeable necessity, became gradually magnified in his eyes as an error and a crime. It was, however, accomplished; all that remained to him was—the sovereignty of the Khâlsa being destroyed—to exercise his own personal influence, both with the Government of India and with the Sikhs themselves, to break the fall as much as possible, and, in particular, to protect the old aristocratic and ruling class by converting them into something like feudatories* of our own, and by rendering our fiscal exactions from them as light as the necessities of the State would allow.

He thus expresses his sentiments on the subject, as it were, in a parable (1850), which I find among his miscellaneous papers:—

Alcuin, writing to Charlemagne, A.D. 796, regarding the newly conquered Huns, gives his advice as to the manner of their conversion: 1. By sending among them gentle-minded missionaries. 2. By not requiring tithe from them. "It is better to lose the tithe than to prejudice the faith. We ourselves, born, bred, and educated in the Catholic faith, scarce consent to surrender a tithe of our goods: how much less readily will such consent be given by the newly born faith, the doubtful heart, and greedy spirit of these tribes!"

Hints that may (as no doubt Sir Henry covertly implied) apply to the civil as well as religious treatment of wild races.

* I employ this word in its common use among us Europeans; but I cannot but observe that, in my judgment, more confusion has been introduced into the discussion of Indian subjects by our inveterate habit of applying phrases and notions derived from Western jurisprudence to the utterly unanalogous social usages of the East than through almost any other form of fallacy.

The most important, and almost the earliest, of all the duties imposed upon the Board, called at once into exercise his principles and his feelings on these portions of our polity. This was the "Revenue Settlement." To all familiar with Indian topics, the very words call up associations pregnant with some of the most difficult questions that can occur between conqueror and subject. The Indian multitudes depend wholly on the soil for subsistence; what they raise beyond subsistence, and the necessary profit on capital—what, in short, in Europe is termed rent—is divided between Government and the middlemen—Zemindars in Bengal, called by a variety of names elsewhere. The settlement apportions these several shares. It is at once the Cadastre or Domesday Book of the soil, and the Magna Charta of the tenantry. On the Settlement—a document compiled by officials of the Civil Service, with such aid as native lights can give them—depends the question whether Government shall retain or forfeit a right to a revenue increasing along with the improvement of the soil—whether the village communities shall thrive or languish, whether the intervening "gentleman" shall be a man of independent property or a mere helpless client of Government. Such are the issues affecting so many millions of the human race, which are brought from time to time for trial before our English officers

Now, among these officers there have prevailed, for some generations, two different schools of opinion—one set of disputants have steadily held that the zemindars, originally middlemen or collectors between the Mogul Government and the village cultivators, remunerated by a share of what they could exact from the tenant, had possessed by long prescription, or had acquired, rights over the soil analogous to those of a European proprietor. In the famous Bengal "Permanent Settlement" of Lord Cornwallis this view prevailed; and the zemindars consequently obtained, at a fixed rent to Government, the right to raise all that they could beyond that rent (except in certain cases of fixed tenancy) from the cultivator. In other long-settled parts of our great Empire the "Ryotwar" system is followed, under which the rent is raised by Government directly from the tenant. But in the various newly acquired provinces great conflict of opinion on this subject always arose. We found in them a numerous class of warlike chiefs, who, or their immediate ancestors, had been gratified by the native sovereigns with large "jaghires,"—charges on land, or, more accurately, the right to extort what they

could from the tillers of the soil within a limited district. I find this opposition of feeling so clearly stated in a paper on the subject of the recent Punjaub Tenancy Act by Sir Erskine Perry, that I have no scruple in borrowing his words :—

For a complete understanding of the case, it must be borne in mind that two different schools of theorists on land tenures in India have always existed amongst our English officials—the one in favour of a landed aristocracy, the other in support of peasant proprietorship; and, accordingly, as supporters of either theory filled the highest places in Government, the views (or they may be called crotchets) of one or the other party prevailed, and all the powers of Government were put in force to give effect to them. Under the influence of the first theory, the “perpetual settlement” was made in Bengal, which, according to Niebuhr, was the most wholesale confiscation of property in and known to history; and, recently, the talookdars in Oudh were constituted the absolute lords of the soil. Under the influence of the second theory, the cultivators in Bengal were made hereditary proprietors by Act X. of 1859, a similar rule was enforced in the North-west Provinces, and a like law was attempted to be passed by the late Governor-General in Oudh, but it was nullified by the action of the Secretary of State in Council. Now the same question presents itself as to the Punjaub.

Now, to apply European real property language, derived from our feudal law, to such a state of things as this, was in truth irrational. The Indian native possesses neither the words nor the ideas which characterize the lauded institutions of the west. With us the ownership of the soil is a prerogative invested with peculiar sacredness. The right of the landowner has been usually treated as something far more incontestable than that of the sovereign. With the Hindoo, as far as European minds can really enter into the ideas of a people educated under totally different associations—it would seem as if the admitted rights of cultivator, government, and middleman, were rather attached to their respectively due shares of the produce of the soil, than to the soil itself. However, a controversy grounded on imaginary axioms is apt to be rather more than less inveterate from its unsubstantial character.⁸ One class of our officials were for raising

⁸ The case is thus stated by one of the highest of our Indian authorities, Sir Henry Maine, in his work on *Village Tenure* —

Let us suppose a province annexed for the first time to the British Indian Empire. The first civil act of the new government is always to effect a settlement of the land revenue. . . . Among the many questions upon which a decision must be had, the one of most practical importance is, “Who shall be

the possessors of Jaghires into the position of owners in fee simple, subject to certain payments; others would regard them only as entitled to the enjoyment of a share of produce limited by ancient and doubtful grants, would deal with them according to those views, justly of course, but not lavishly, and lean rather to the side of the cultivator and also to that of Government than to theirs, on any question arising which involved their several interests. Such a contest of opinion prevailed in Lawrence's day, and, as regards the Punjaub, prevails still. On the question of amending the imperfect and temporary settlement effected by the Board in 1850, fierce discussions arose in the Council of the Governor-General, and extended even to this country; nor can the issue be even now regarded as finally settled. Henry Lawrence embraced, with all his energy of character, the view most favourable to the native aristocracy. John's opinion leaned in the other direction. Both were practised revenue officers; but, as has been said, the details of this business, and, indeed, of any methodical business, were to Henry somewhat distasteful: John's energy was equally great, his attention to the subject far more minute, his tenacity of purpose equal. And this difference between the two brothers soon made itself felt to the disadvantage of the elder.

The character which this ancient contention assumed, in regard to the settlement of the Punjaub, will be best understood from the

settled with? with whom shall the settlement be made? what persons, what bodies, what groups shall be held responsible to the British Government for its land revenue?" What practically has to be determined is the unit of society for agrarian purposes; and you find that in determining it you determine everything, and give its character finally to the entire political and social constitution of the province. You are at once compelled to confer on the selected class powers co-extensive with its duties to the Sovereign. Not that the assumption is ever made that proprietary powers are conferred on it; but what are supposed to be its rights in relation to all other classes are defined, and in the vague and floating order of primitive societies the mere definition of a right immensely increases its strength. . . . Do you, on entering on the settlement of a new province, find that a peasant proprietary has been displaced by an oligarchy of vigorous usurpers, and do you think it expedient to take the government dues from the once oppressed yeomen? The result is the immediate decline, and consequently bitter disappointment, of the class above them, who find themselves sinking to the footing of mere annuitants on the law. . . . Do you, reversing this policy, arrange that the superior holder shall be answerable to Government? You find that you have created a landed aristocracy which has no parallel in wealth or power except the proprietors of English soil. . . . Do you adopt a policy different from either of those which I have indicated, and make your arrangements with the representatives of the village community? You find that you have arrested a process of change which was steadily proceeding. You have given to this peculiar proprietary group a utility which it was losing.

following passage of the Report of the Board in 1854, already adverted to :—

The present occupants of the soil may be divided into the following classes :—

First, the descendants of ancient proprietors, who have gradually lost possession of the village lands, and the privileges which property in them confers. Their main, if not sole, lien on the land consists in a species of head-rent, which, collected under several designations, is variable in amount, and precariously realized. Under the late regime this class were gradually retrograding, and in a few years would have been entirely extinguished. The Sikhs looked alone to the security and development of the revenue, and thus, the industrious and more frugal races gradually usurped the rights of those whose lands they had originally been content to cultivate.

In some instances, these proprietors still retain a portion of the land, usually that which their own husbandry could manage. But, more generally, these rights were limited to a seer, or even less, in the maund, at harvest time from each cultivator. Tenures of this kind in all their different phases are to be found. They have been recognised, investigated, defined and recorded; and the class, which depend on them, have now a fair chance of no longer retrograding.

The second class in the Punjaub are the present proprietors of the soil, the individuals or corporations in actual possession. Where the tenure belongs to a single individual, or a family of a few individuals, a portion of the lands is cultivated by their own ploughs; the remainder is occupied by cultivators—some mere tenants at will; the others with right of hereditary occupancy, contingent alone on the payment of rent.

Under the Sikh system of taxation, the revenue absorbed the larger portion of the rent. The profits or rent of the proprietor varied in every holding. It was sometimes a trifling percentage, in grain or money. It was often the mere right to engage for the Government revenue, and the exemption from assessment of lands tilled by one or more ploughs. In some parts of the country, however, it represents a fair proportion of the crop. The rent of land varies from one and half per cent. of the gross produce up to full twenty-five per cent. In the province of Mooltan and the Derajat, where the revenue has hitherto absorbed but a moderate portion of the produce, the rent of land is highest.

The co-partenary communities, the brotherhood of the same clan, and often descended from the same ancestor, are found throughout the Punjaub in all their integrity; but they chiefly abound in the parts where the races of Hindoo lineage flourish. This tenure is perhaps found most frequently among the Jat race. Each co-partner occupies and cultivates his own farm, in his own way, and pays his proportion of the village assessment in the mode agreed on by the brotherhood generally. In such tenures

the greater part of the land is cultivated by the community; where held by tenants, they cultivate either under each proprietor, or hold those lands which are the joint property of the community.

It is very remarkable how strong is the feeling of ancestral descent, and the rights which such claims confer, in co-parcenary communities. In those tenures the public voice will admit the title of individuals to their ancestral shares, who have been out of possession for one or two generations. Knowing that our courts will not recognize such claims, a compromise is usually made with the party in possession, who retains a half or a third, with reference to his own and the claimant's relative influence in the community. In this way large numbers of exiled proprietors have recovered possession of their land in Huzara and other parts of the country.

It is not uncommon for these co-parcenary communities to redistribute the village lands with reference to ancestral shares; but more commonly, each co-parcener retains the lands in possession, and co-sharers advancing claims, are allowed to add to their farms by taking in portions of the common lands. In these communities it is not possible to discriminate between rent and revenue. The public demand, with a sum added for village expenses, is divided, according to common consent, on the ploughs, the occupied lands, or the shares of the different co-parceners. The quota of each is collected by the village elders and accountant, who appropriate their own perquisites, and pay the revenue into the public treasury.

The hereditary cultivators compose the third class, and a very important one in many districts. Their tenure is often scarcely distinguishable from that of the proprietor. Where his clan is strong and industrious, he has often gradually usurped the right of the proprietor, as has already been described. Where land is abundant and cultivators are scarce, the distinction between him and the proprietor will often be nominal. He will, in some cases, pay no more than an equal quota of the public demand. The main distinction between him and the proprietor is the inability to sink a well, to sell, mortgage, or transfer his land: but he can sub-rent it. The trees, which he and his ancestors have planted, become his own property; those of spontaneous produce, not growing in his field or hedgerow, belong to the proprietors. The right to sink a well is a question often warmly litigated, for on its decision will hinge proprietary title.

In the province of Mooltan a curious tenure has grown up, consequent on the desire of the ruling power to reclaim the waste land. It partakes of the rights of the proprietor, and of the hereditary cultivator. Where land was owned but not cultivated, Sawun Mul and Moolraj were in the habit of granting patents to individuals to sink wells; these people pay trifling head-rent to the proprietor. The well belongs to the patentee, as also the use of his land, for without irrigation there is no cultivation.

The holders of these wells are termed *chukdars*, from the *chuk* or frame of wood on which the well is built. In some cases, the rent of the land, equal to one-fourth produce, will be divided between the owner of the well and the proprietor of the land, but more frequently the latter will receive a mere trifle.

The fourth class are the tenants at will, who cultivate from harvest to harvest, or year to year. If they reside in the village, their tenure is tolerably permanent; if in a neighbouring one, more precarious. They usually cultivate on the condition of gathering half the crop, and as the proprietor is generally on the spot, and is himself a husbandman, he is able, by his knowledge and presence, to secure his full share.

The most pressing difficulties arose, as will be easily understood, not as to the half-independent chieftains, whom it was necessary to treat with regard for their exceptional position,—but with the “*jag-hirdars*” or pensioners. These were leaders who, under Runjeet Sing’s government, had been conciliated by grants of rent or villages, on the duty (very irregularly performed) of keeping on foot a number of armed men; and, further, with large grants of pasture land. These constituted a kind of fiscal nobility, so to speak, analogous (so far as European analogies may be employed) to the powerful chiefs who gradually seized on and appropriated the domains of those decaying barbarous monarchies which had arisen on the decline of the Western Roman Empire. As the “companion” of the Gothic Sovereign became by self-assertion a “Count” in his own right, so the pensioned soldier of the Sikh ruler was in the way to become an independent or half-independent chief. This state of society was obviously temporary and transitional: it did not really afford a fair opportunity for applying the principles of landownership, of which I have spoken; and the settlement was itself made provisional only, and tentative. It was over the details, not the outlines, of the case that the disputes arose. Henry’s preference leaned to the chieftains, that is, relatively, against the Ryot and the Government; John’s inclination was the other way. Henry believed that to deal gently with these survivors of a former system was at once just in itself, and the best policy for securing friends to the new Government. John was inclined to deem their claims exorbitant, their tenure nominal, and to look at the necessities of the new government as to a certain extent superseding the custom of the old. But as usual in such cases, differences which arose on one important subject soon extended to minor matters.

There can be little profit or satisfaction in bringing before the

public the details of a painful controversy between two attached but high-spirited brothers, each firm in his convictions and strong in self-opinion; and I will only do so to the extent necessary to explain what was in fact the turning point in the career of both. Sir Henry preserved the correspondence which took place on the subject in May 1852. He addressed a letter of complaint against John to their recently appointed colleague, Mr., now Sir Robert Montgomery, who half-jestingly complains, in the course of the correspondence, that he served as a "regular buffer between two high-pressure engines." After mentioning certain specific causes of difference, on public and personal questions, which it is not necessary now to reproduce, Sir Henry proceeds:—

But it is not on these or other large questions that I consider I am the one who has reason to complain; but on minor and every-day matters of patronage, favour, or promotion, I have seldom or ever made a proposal that he has not opposed it, the inference being that I am either dishonest in my views of patronage, or that I am incompetent to judge of the merits and qualifications of individuals. I might say a good deal as to jaghirdars and pensioners, and how sorely I am daily vexed about them, mainly owing to John's own line of conduct and the spirit that he has engendered in some of our officers against the whole class. Independent of feelings of humanity, I look on the manner in which these people are treated as most impolitic. The country is not yet settled; troubles may arise at any hour almost, in any direction, when the good or ill will of such men as Dena Nath, Tej Sing, Sheik Imammoodeen, Lena Sing, and others, would be of consequence.* . . . I have scratched off this hastily before going to bed, and heartily desire not only peace but confidence, and I wish to show you how that, if I have neither, it is not my fault.

Montgomery communicated this letter to John, as had been intended. John answered by a more elaborate vindication of himself, addressed nominally to the same neutral friend. He replied to the several complaints made against his personal demeanour towards Henry. "At annexation," he said, "Henry was ill, apparently in mind and body: he was not well apparently when he came out, and was sorely chafed at annexation. He did consequently comparatively little work. All details were thrown upon me; everybody was referred to me. Whoever did not understand what was to be done, was referred to me for explanation. Establishments, pensions, jag-

* Two of the chiefs here named, for whom Sir Henry thus interceded, were present in the Mutiny, on our side, with their retainers; two were dead.

hires, all were thrown on my shoulders." He went on to show how, in his opinion, Henry's frequent and long absences, however beneficial both to his health and to the political superintendence of the country, rendered it extremely difficult to work the machine of a Board composed of three constituent members; how, in addition, their effect was to place him, John, in more direct relation to the Governor-General than would otherwise have been the case, and thereby to increase Henry's own dissatisfaction in finding himself thwarted or disregarded.

Well, then, as regarded pensioners and jaghirdars, I give way as much as I can. I could point out many cases where my consent has been violently opposed to my own personal views; but I found it did little good. So long as I opposed any of Henry's recommendations he was no better satisfied than if I had gone on my own views. He thinks we treat these classes harshly. I think we have been very kind to them. I cannot see the political value of such allies as Tej Sing, Dena Nath, and others; but it seems to me that we have been even munificent to them. I do not think that, in the event of a disturbance, any one of them would act against us, or, indeed, would have any inducement so to do; and, moreover, that if they did, they would do us no harm. The Sheik is a man of more mettle, but even he could do little. However, I have always treated them with the greatest consideration. . . .

With our utterly different views of civil administration (he concludes), it is not possible that we can work together pleasantly to ourselves. I would wish that we discussed public questions together as little as possible; that when we differ we record our views in writing, when the one or the other will be supported by yourself, when the party in the minority will either give way, or, in special cases, go before the Government. If we are scrupulously careful to record no expression which we are not prepared shall stand, and eventually, if necessary, go to Government, neither will probably give reasonable cause of offence.

Montgomery could obviously do little more than give the soothing advice which in such cases is easily tendered, but seldom received with advantage. "Hereafter," he says, "when the daily strife of conflicting opinions is at an end, when we shall all have run our courses, how wretched will appear all the bickerings and heart-burnings which occupied so much of our time. Let us all, while we are spared, do our best, and be able to say from our hearts at the end that we are unprofitable servants."

Such was the state of conflict at this time between the two brothers; and I cannot comment on it better than in the words

which I find in a casual memorandum of Sir Herbert Edwardes, written after the death of his much loved chief and friend :—

Temple, talking with me to-day about Henry and John Lawrence, made some fair remarks as to the general characteristics of Henry as a civil administrator: "Sir Henry's policy was this:—The revenue. to have very light settlements. In judicial matters. to do as much justice as possible under trees in the open air before the people. In jails to take immense pains with the prisoners, considering that we were responsible for their lives and health, and morals, if we put them into durance. In material improvements: to go ahead at a tremendous pace and cover the country with the means of communication—roads, bridges, &c. In policy: to be very conciliatory to the chiefs of our own territory, very friendly and non-interfering with neighbouring courts" He remarked generally that it was best for the State that the two brothers were associated together, though it proved so unhappy for themselves. Neither was perfect: each had lessons to learn. Sir Henry would soon have had to close the Treasury. with his ideas of jaghure improvements, light revenue, &c., and John would have had a full revenue but a mutinous country. Both were so naturally truthful and candid that when they had done the mischief they would have owned it and retraced their steps. But by both being together the mischief was prevented. One checked the other. At the same time they confirmed each other's faults. Sir Henry was more lavish in his proposals, because he thought that John would cut down any proposal which he made; and John was more hard and stingy, upon parallel reasoning. We both agreed that John had begun to adopt Sir Henry's views in many things from the very moment that Sir Henry left the Punjaub, and that the crisis of 1857 had very much more softened and modified John's former principles. . . .

Sir Henry, says an anonymous critic, "regarded the balancing of the income and expenditure of the province as altogether a secondary consideration; the support of the great freeholders, in their untaxed condition, and even the increase of their possessions by lands free from taxation, being the first, both being in accordance with the custom of Sikh rule. But Mr. Lawrence argued that the resources available from taxation would not allow us to maintain a Native system of government together with the extensive English system which we had introduced. . . . The chiefs could afford to pay their share of the revenues, or should they object to that, to relinquish lands granted (by native governments) for service no longer necessary to be done."

For the time, however, the breach was irreparable. Sir Henry has left but scanty memoranda of the last stages of the rupture. Both brothers felt that their continuance in office together could only em-

barrass the Government under which they served. It so happened that the opportunity occurred for the Governor-General to remove either of them to a post of honour and emolument equal to that which he now held, though not entailing duties of equal importance. John was ready, and offered to accept the political Residency at Hyderabad in order to solve the difficulty; but Lord Dalhousie felt bound to decide which of the two he would retain in the Punjaub. His choice fell on John. It will not be difficult for the readers of these pages to ascertain the reasons which moved him. His own administrative predilections were more in harmony with the views of the younger than of the elder brother. He loved not to create or maintain subordinate powers in antagonism with his own. He had no more sympathy—so far as his words or actions disclose—with the rebel chieftains of the North-west than with their lords—the sovereigns whom he had, in so many cases, dispossessed. He believed the great object of the English in India to be the good government of the millions, and that this would be rather impeded than promoted by the maintenance in power and wealth of a class whom one school termed their natural protectors, another their usurping oppressors. Nor had the many contentions and misunderstandings which had taken place between Henry Lawrence and himself been without their effects in determining his decision. I subjoin the letter (demi-official) in which, after some previous correspondence, Lord Dalhousie announced his decision :—

[*Private.*]

Government House, December 23, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR, HENRY,—

TWO days ago I received your brother's notes of 12th and 13th, and yesterday your letter of 13th, relative to the Residency of Hyderabad being conferred upon one or other of you, with a view to terminating the unsatisfactory relations which have been produced between you, in your present positions at Lahore, by the difference of your sentiments upon many public questions connected with the administration of the Punjaub.

You are aware that by the unreserved communications of yourself and your brother for several years past I have been made fully cognizant of your differences of opinion and of the partial estrangement they had created. On every occasion I have spoken frankly to each of you; I have repeated to each what I had said to the other, and up to the last occasion on which we met I stated my conviction that, however irksome or painful such conflict of opinion might be to yourselves, the public service had, I conceived, been promoted rather than injured by it.

I am bound to say that during the present year I have felt some doubt whether your estrangement was not beginning to be injurious. From the letters of both of you I have received the impression that differences of opinion were becoming more frequent and more acrid, and that equally the existence of them, and the desire on both sides to avoid cause for engaging in them, was leading to questions being tacitly laid aside because you saw no probability of agreeing upon them, when it is very probable that they might have been advantageously mooted and discussed.

When, therefore, the Residency at Hyderabad became vacant, I did consider the feasibility of effecting by means of it some change which might remedy those inconveniences to the public service in the Punjaub which seemed to me to be impending. The Residency of Hyderabad itself was not available. The distinguished claims of Colonel Low, and his peculiar aptitude for that particular office, proved while he held it temporarily in 1848, pointed him out at once as the most proper person to be appointed. But his appointment would vacate the Governor-General's Agency in Rajpootana; and by means of this desirable and high office I conceived some arrangement might be made to effect the object above mentioned.

It has for some time been the recorded opinion of the Supreme Government that, whenever an opportunity occurred for effecting a change, the administration of the Punjaub would best be conducted by a Chief Commissioner, having a Judicial and a Revenue Commissioner under him. But it was also the opinion of the Government that, whenever the change should be made, the Chief Commissioner ought to be an officer of the Civil Service.

You stand far too high, and have received too many assurances and too many proofs of the great estimation in which your ability, qualities, and services have been held by the successive Governments under which you have been employed, to render it necessary that I should bear testimony here to the value which has been set upon your labours and upon your service as the head of the Administration of the Punjaub by the Government over which I have had the honour to preside. We do not regard it as in any degree disparaging to you that we, nevertheless, do not consider it expedient to commit the sole executive charge of the administration of a kingdom to any other than to a thoroughly trained and experienced civil officer. Although the Regulations do not prevail in the Punjaub, and although the system of civil government has wisely and successfully been made more simple in its forms, still we are of opinion that the superintendence of so large a system, everywhere founded on the Regulations and pervaded by their spirit, can be thoroughly controlled and moulded, as changes from time to time may become necessary, only by a civilian fully versed in the system of the elder provinces and experienced in its operation. All the world unites in acknowledging the talents and merits of Sir Thomas Munro. I cannot, therefore, illustrate better the strength

of my own convictions on this head than by saying that if Sir Thomas Munro were now President of your Board, I should still hold the opinion I have expressed above regarding the office of Chief Commissioner.

As the Government entertained these views it became evident that the change it contemplated in the form of administration could not be effected, nor could the dissensions existing be reconciled, unless it were agreeable to you to transfer your services to some other department. And as it appeared to us very improbable that you would agree to any such transfer, and as we had no desire to *push* you into taking any step unwelcome to yourself, the Government decided not to make any movement upon this occasion.

Your present letter, in which you state that, with reference to the discord which prevails in the Board, you are willing to accept the Residency of Hyderabad, though by no means desirous of quitting the Punjaub, has reopened the question, and I yesterday submitted it to my colleagues in Council.

The result of our consideration was the statement I have now to make, that if you are willing to accept Rajpootana, retaining your present salary as personal, the Government will be happy to appoint you to it, with a view to effecting the change of the form of administration in the Punjaub to which I have already referred.

I presume your offer had no especial reference to Hyderabad. Rajpootana in your hands will have the same salary as Hyderabad, and a political jurisdiction such, I believe, as accords with your inclinations. The Agent marches all the cold weather, and in the hot weather is privileged to retire to Mount Aboo. These are considerations which render the appointment agreeable as well as important, though I do not for a moment pretend to compare its importance with the Punjaub.

I have now very fully explained the views and proceedings of the Government regarding your position and the proposal under review.

I hope you will be satisfied by it that the Government has evinced every desire to treat you with the highest consideration. Although it is not to be expected that you can concur in the view the Government has taken regarding the Chief Commissionership, you will at least be convinced that neither I nor my colleagues had any desire of forcing our views into practical operation at the expense of your feelings, or to do anything which might discredit your public position.

Before closing this letter, I must take the liberty of adding what is due in justice to you, that in all our correspondence and conversations regarding your differences with John Lawrence, I have always found you acting towards him with frankness and generosity.

The subject of this letter is, of course, entirely confidential. I shall write to your brother to-day, and inform him that I have written to you, and nothing more will be said or done until I shall receive your reply.

Some further correspondence,—unnecessary to relate, as it originated only in a temporary misunderstanding—intervened, and the

following may be taken as Sir Henry's final resignation of the appointment, which, it is evident enough, he quitted with great reluctance :—

19th January 1853.

I have the honour to acknowledge your lordship's letter of the 9th instant. I regret that I have misapprehended the sense in which your letter of 23rd December uses the expression of "the recorded opinion of the Supreme Government." The context led me to suppose that there was a recorded opinion of my presence here being the only hindrance to the adoption of an improved administration of the Punjaub. I also regret if I inaccurately expressed myself as to the little option being left me of resigning my post here. I am quite aware that your lordship's letter of 23rd December, as well as the one under reply, offers me the choice; and I meant that the views of Government for this province, having once been made known, it would be repugnant to my whole nature to remain where I hinder, rather than carry out, those views. For peace sake and the benefit of the public service, I was prepared to make way for J. L., and I have no wish to recall that offer. Our differences certainly hindered work, and therefore, while the Board existed, it was better that one of us should be withdrawn. That when a single head should be appointed, I was deemed unfit to be that head, was a mortifying discovery, and I could not but write as feeling the disappointment, though I hope I expressed myself with due respect. However, if I was before ready to vacate the post here, there are now stronger reasons to request my removal. I therefore at once accepted your lordship's offer of R., and made my preparations accordingly. If this latter proceeding appears over hasty, I must ask your lordship to consider how rapidly the cold weather is passing, and that every week is important, to enable me to become somewhat acquainted with my new charge before the heat begins. I am therefore prepared to join at Ajmere so soon as official notice arrives. I leave Lahore this week.

To JOHN LAWRENCE.

20th January 1853.

As this is my last day at Lahore, I venture to offer you a few words of advice, which I hope you will take in the spirit it is given in, and that you will believe that, if you preserve the peace of the country, and make the people, high and low, happy, I shall have no regrets that I vacated the field for you. It seems to me that you look on almost all questions affecting Jagheerdars and Mafeedars in a perfectly different light from all others; in fact that you consider them as nuisances and as enemies. If anything like this be your feeling, how can you expect to do them justice, as between man and man? I am sure if you will put it to yourself in this light, you will be more disposed to take up questions affecting them in a kindly spirit. I think we are doubly bound to treat them kindly,

because they are down, and because they and their hangers-on have still some influence as affecting the public peace and contentment. I would simply do to them as I would be done by. I by no means say much in favour of most of their characters ; I merely advocate their cases on the above grounds. I think, also, if you will coolly consider the Jullunder Jagheer question, you will agree that the original conquerors there, and their old families, have been treated with unusual harshness : whole bodies of them have been recently petitioning me for the same terms as we have given here. Surely this is scarcely justice. You have now an excellent opportunity to redeem an error, and to obtain for yourself popularity. I simply referred parties to Macleod, because I believed you would be offended with any other step I might take. I beg you will allow Mac to report on *all* the old cases, say of those of possession of above fifty years, and that you will act on his and the district officer's recommendation. I will not trouble you on other subjects ; on most of them you are more at home than I am ; I strongly recommend you to hold weekly Durbars—an hour or two thus spent will save much time, and cause much contentment. Wishing you health and all success, yours affectionately.

To MR. MONTGOMERY.

26th February.

The sad and provoking thing was, that where there was so much in which we agreed, that we should wear out our hearts in such matters of detail. You expressed regret, and I doubt not were sincere, at my having proposed to the Governor-General to remove me from the Punjaub, and perhaps I too bitterly replied that I did not regret the step. I may now add that scarcely a month of the four years, since annexation passed, that I did not suffer more annoyances than in any year of my previous career, and that nothing but a sense of duty prevented me throwing up my appointment any time the last three years. I felt deeply for myself ; I also felt for my brother, who made himself ill by what was doing. I therefore took the earliest opportunity that my sense of duty appeared to allow to offer the Governor-General a choice of placing me in the position I should originally have held, or of removing me. You were right in supposing I had little to expect from his lordship. I was not disappointed on that head, though I had a right to have expected more courtesy and consideration in carrying out the change. But enough ; my wife told you we should bring away no angry feelings. We are sorry, not angry, and our best wishes are for the prosperity of all Punjaub undertakings, and for the happiness of you one and all.

At about the same date with this letter I find the draft, unfinished, of one which, from its contents, I conclude that Sir Henry Lawrence intended to address to Sir John Hobhouse (Lord Broughton, then at

the head of the Board of Control), in order to solicit the confirmation in his new appointment of the brother to whose differences with himself he attributed his own mortification and loss. It will serve at all events to show how genuine and deep was the affection which united those whom circumstances and tempers had brought into such painful opposition to each other :—

In many respects I look on my brother John Lawrence as better adapted to this office than any other officer I know. My departure will cause considerable alarm in the Durbar ; but in the native opinion the change would be the less if my brother took my place, especially as he has already acted for me, and will now be here again for two months, and is known to be on the most brotherly terms with me. Perhaps it may be unseemly in me saying so much for my brother, but I do so on public grounds.

Two letters more, belonging to this unhappy period of Sir Henry's career, although a little later in date, shall be here inserted. In the one he recounts the history of what he considered his wrongs to his long-trying friend Lord Hardinge ; in the other, to Sir James Hogg, then Director of the East India Company, since Member of the Council of India, who had given him friendly aid in the matter of obtaining a writership for his son :—

6th March 1853.

I had in no one way spoken to Lord Dalhousie as to my position, and having on the occasion of annexation given offence to his lordship by declining in the first instance to take part in it, because I thought the manner of carrying it out was not creditable or becoming to Government, I felt I had no right to intrude any personal question on his lordship. I therefore determined to carry on as long as I conscientiously could. Two years ago, for the first and *only* time, I spoke to the Governor-General in regard to my position as to my brother. Lord Dalhousie replied in kind terms that nothing could be more proper or conciliatory on my part, and that he hoped the letter would have good effect. Well, there has since been no change for the better ; and during the last year that our common friend Mr. Montgomery, who had been Commissioner of Lahore, was substituted for Mr. Mansell (transferred to Nagpore), matters have been rather worse. . . . And the annoyance was that these were *not* great questions of policy rarely occurring, and for which there might be one struggle, but they were daily, small questions, each immaterial in itself, but the whole amounting to a great grievance. For instance, we were well agreed as to the proper mode of defending the frontier, and of keeping the peace generally ; we were in unison as to light assessments, simple laws, and general non-interference in village

concerns, and prompt energetic measures in putting down the first germ of disturbance. But we differed much as to the treatment of the old Durbar officials, military and civil, and especially as to rewards to those who had served us well during the war. We also differed in *practice*, though not much in theory, as to the employment of the people of the country, and indeed as to nominations of officials generally. I wished to employ Punjaubees wherever they were at all fit. I also wished to help sons of old officers. My brother, on the other hand, stood out for giving all the uncovenanted berths to natives employed in the settlement, which was tantamount to excluding Punjaubees and young gentlemen altogether. The oppositor I met on all such questions, and as to the treatment of Jagheerdars, was a daily vexation. The chiefs and people of the Punjaub had been accustomed to come to me for relief, aid, and advice. Now I could literally never say or do anything without almost a certainty of my order or wish being upset or counteracted by my colleagues. As to Jagheerdars especially, I was constantly annoyed; we had got over the recommendations, &c., as to their estates, and had gone up to Government in *unanimity*, though often against my will, for while it was assumed we were treating Jagheerdars as well as under a native Government, we were in nine cases out of ten cutting off their children without the slightest provision, while I need hardly say that, under a native Government, whatever changes might have been effected, the mass of Jagheers would have from year to year remained much to the same amount; and though A, B, or C might have been fleeced, it would have been for the advantage of D, E, and F. Well, I submitted my own will in many cases, in which I would have made a struggle had I not known there was no chance with Government; but it was otherwise in small matters of ceremony and attention, costing nothing, in which I was daily thwarted; in short, without any decided intention of bringing all men and all things to one dead level, which to me appeared as unpolitic as cruel, the tendency of things seemed to me to be that way. Parties and individuals came to me and appealed in questions in which I had given my vote for them, and I could not even tell them that I *had* voted for them. All this was double vexation, for knowing what power I at one time had, they could not understand, and often did not believe my present helplessness. With all this I managed not to quarrel with my colleagues, but when the Hyderabad Residency fell vacant I told John that if *he* chose to ask the Governor-General to give it to him or to me I was agreeable. He sent my note to Lord Dalhousie; so next day I myself wrote, saying, that for peace sake I would make way for my brother, but that I would rather remain at Lahore as Chief Commissioner on my present salary than be Governor of Madras or Bombay. I added, that whichever of us might be selected, the Board had done its work, and that there should be one head. He then offered me Rajpootana, about to be vacated by Colonel Low, but said that he and his colleagues did not desire to push

me out of the Board, and were content to allow us to go on as long as I might desire to remain at Lahore. I replied that I accepted the offer, and that indeed I had little choice, since I was told it had been recorded in Council that I was the only impediment in the way of a better order of things. I added that I had hoped my fourteen years' experience on the frontier had matured me for a sole charge, and that I felt deeply mortified. Lord Dalhousie replied that I had misinterpreted his letter; that I was free to go or stay, and had been distinctly told so; that nothing was recorded against me, that I was again told I might stay, but that if I did, my brother also would be kept where he was found useful. I replied quoting the Governor-General's own words as to the recorded opinion, and added that originally I had one motive, peace with my brother; I had now another, that I was in the way of the Government plans. I repeated, therefore, my readiness to accept the offer of Rajpootana, and said I would start in anticipation, and requested my orders at Umballa. . . .

I am quite ready to allow that my brother John is well qualified for the post he has got, but I do not know any other civilian in India who is. His special fitness, however, is *not* that he is a civilian, but that he would make a good soldier; and, with all deference to the Governor-General, I think he has gone twenty years too fast, and that already we have too many trained civilians and too much of the Regulations in the Punjab; that what is there wanted is the very simplest form of law, or rather of equity, and that the proper men to carry it out are such as Edwardes, Nicholson, Taylor, Lake, Becher, and civilians of the same stamp—men who will not spare themselves, who will mix freely with the people, and will do prompt justice, in their shirt-sleeves, rather than profound laws, to the discontent of all honest men, as is done in Bengal, and even in the pattern Government of Agra. The expression "a trained civilian" puzzles me; the fact being, that I have done as much civil work as my brother, and twice as much as many civilians who are considered trained men. I, too, have held every sort of civil post during the last twenty-one years, and *have trained myself* by hard work and by putting my own shoulder to the wheel. Six years I was a Revenue Surveyor, doing all the most difficult and detailed work of a settlement officer. For four years I was a district officer, judge, magistrate, and collector, without assistance of any kind. For six years I have been a Chief Judge and Commissioner of Appeal in revenue matters. For fifteen months I held these high offices unaided. Had I been told I was unfit for such posts I should readily have assented; indeed, I never sought them, and was always diffident of my ability to do them justice. But what government chooses its governors and high administrative officers from the judges of the land? Indeed, it seems to me to be the merest prejudice that, after details are no longer required of me, and when I should be helped by a Judicial and by a Revenue Commissioner, that I am not fit to be at the

head of the Administration, and conduct those military, political, and general duties that I have with perfect success been conducting for the last six years. I have kept the peace. Had the peace not been kept, perhaps I should have been more heard of. I may say that during the two years I had charge of the Punjaub under your lordship's orders, as well as during the last four years, a single regular soldier had not been called out. I may add that I am at least as popular as any European in the Punjaub, and, further, that, had I had my own way, I could have collected a larger revenue than has been done, and with less distress to the people. But I must stop. I feel I have been very egotistical. I could hardly have been otherwise, writing at all. During the last four years my pen has often been stayed because I feared to write too much, and now I hesitated to write until within a few hours of the departure of the mail.

(Signed) H. LAWRENCE.

To SIR JAMES HOGG.

I feel very grateful for your kind promise of a writership for my son Alexander, and hope he may prove worthy of your patronage. Pray add to the kindness by making the nomination a Bengal one. I feel flattered by your desiring me to write occasionally. I should have written on my removal from Lahore, but I hesitated to refer to what I considered a grievance. No man worked harder or more conscientiously than I did for Lord Dalhousie; but, from the day of annexation, I never felt that I had his confidence as I had Lord Hardinge's. I need not tell you that a Board is not a bed of roses: my berth was one of thorns. The Governor-General was well acquainted with the fact, but was not only not disposed to improve my position, but when, for the first time, in December last, I made a definite proposition in the matter, he gave me to understand that he had recorded in Council the opinion the Punjaub should be administered by a Chief Commissioner, and that *he* should be a civilian. I was certainly told that there was no wish to *push* me out, and that I should be permitted to take my own time, but what was such information but a push, ay, and a kick? I at once told his lordship that I was ready to leave Lahore, and repeated the assertion on his giving me the opportunity of recalling the offer. I had offered to go to Hyderabad, not that I wished to go there, very far from it, but that I desired to be at peace with my brother John, who was equally ready to go there, or indeed even to take Nagpoor or Indore. But when I received the Governor-General's reply, I had another and even stronger motive: I could not, indeed, stay where I was not wanted, and where I was told my presence was the only hindrance to a better form of Government. I do not affect to conceal that I was mortified; the Governor-General was pleased to tell me that, had Sir Thomas Munro been President of the Board, he should still be of the same opinion, that a civilian should be at the head of the

administration. Perhaps I ought to bow to such politeness, but I confess that this I cannot do, and can only come to the conclusion that his lordship does not know as much of the Punjab and its wants as he thinks he does. My brother will, I think, do very well, but it is because he is in heart and action more of a soldier than half the men who wear red coats. And, setting aside my own case, I sincerely think that, instead of pushing rules and regulations into the Punjab, we have already gone too fast, and, for the next twenty years, should eschew such things, and give the least possible law, and the greatest amount of justice. Lord Dalhousie seems to think nothing of my local knowledge, and, though I say it, popularity. Hard rules may be well enough for peace times, but with the elements of disquiet still around, some weight, one might think, would be given to that; *singly* I kept the peace all 1846-47, and that, burdensome as was my office since annexation, I worked in it successfully. As to the cant about being a trained civilian, and so forth, I can only reply that I have had twenty years' civil experience, and have held every sort of civil office, magisterial and fiscal, executive and superintending; and that, having had always to put my own shoulder to the wheel, I have had the best sort of training. I am half ashamed of this long essay, but after your kindness I could not be silent; and, writing at all, I must express my real sentiments, even at the risk of appearing presumptuous. But I know no single instance of a man who for six years successfully administered a province such as the Punjab, who was rewarded by the Governor-General whom he served as I have been. Again I beg your pardon; I have said my say, and shall not again trouble you on the subject.

Enough has now been given, much more might be added from the papers which Sir Henry Lawrence has left behind him, to show how acutely he felt the severity of the blow which had fallen on him, and how he resented the injustice of which he conceived himself the victim. I have not thought that justice could be done to his remains, nor a full portrait of him executed in its light and shades, without thus much exposure of his inmost sentiments. But I have already intimated my own opinion, that it was an unhappy tendency of his mind to regard opposition and over-ruling in public matters, too much as personal slights to himself. And we have seen that he had long regarded Lord Dalhousie as his enemy. But his lordship must at all events be acquitted of any injustice towards him in the step which he then took. He was assured on the best authority, that of the brothers themselves, that they could no longer work together: his own views of public policy were in accordance with those of the younger: he thought John right on certain important questions, and Henry wrong; and it was in truth unreasonable to expect that he

should subordinate his sense of what the administration of the province required to the feeling of what might be due to Sir Henry as the elder brother, as higher in rank, or as an eminent public servant, and one who had merited well of his country. But that Henry Lawrence should acquiesce in his own deposition—for the appointment to Rajpootana, honourable and valuable in itself, was in truth a deposition from an office long and worthily filled—was more than could be expected. And he found plenty of sympathizing friends to deprecate the measures adopted towards him, and to exasperate his own wounded feelings. He left the Punjaub a disappointed and aggrieved man: a painful interruption (for the time) of a course of almost unbroken honours and successes.

He or Lady Lawrence was at the pains of collecting and indorsing a whole packet of letters and notes, hasty scrawls for the most part, addressed to him by friends, and mainly by his own inferior officers, on the occasion of this change in his destinies. I subjoin a few of them, to show at once the devotion of which he was the object, and the view taken by his friends of the decision under which he suffered:—

If any other consolation (writes one of his subordinates from Umritsir) than that of the inward satisfaction you must feel, and the consciousness of having acted nobly by your brother, were required to support you through the trial (for trial it will be) of severing so completely your connection with the Punjaub, you may perhaps derive some additional satisfaction from knowing that this act of self-devotion on your part has raised you to the highest possible position in the hearts of all who know and appreciate your character and the motives which have actuated you. You will be regretted by all, both European officers and natives. With the latter, I know not who will supply your place. The Sirdars and Jagheerdars of the Punjaub will lose in you their only friend and benefactor, and grieve for your loss most bitterly. Lord Dalhousie has, in offering you the Rajpootana Residency, struck out the keystone from the arch of the Punjaub administration. For the future, *fortiter in re* will continue to be the characteristic of the rule in these territories, without much, I fear, of the *suaviter in modo* which has hitherto accompanied it, and has been the chief element of its success.

The next is from the hero of Delhi in later times—Nicholson:—

MY DEAR SIR HENRY,—

Bunnoo, 4th January 1853.

I HAVE just got your express of the 1st, and am very sorry for the country's sake to hear you are going, and also not a little selfishly sorry

on my own account; for I don't know how I shall ever get on when you are gone. If there is any work in Rajpootana I am fit for, I wish you would take me with you. I certainly won't stay on the border in your absence. If you can't take me away, I shall apply for some quiet internal district like Shahpore. I don't think either Taylor or Lumsden will return to the Punjaub. And I am afraid poor little Abbott will soon be driven out of it. I will keep the secret.

From COLONEL R. NAPIER, *now* LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

January 8/53.

I received your letter telling me of your being about to leave the Punjaub, when at Kotla, and I assure you it was a very severe blow, and totally unexpected. If it had happened in a way that was pleasant to you I should have taken it with great regret, but still as one of the incidents that we must look to. I feel now greatly distressed at it as an act of injustice, as much as if inflicted on myself. I will not speak of the change to me personally, though it will be a great one. . . . I have no fear whatever for your future career if you remain in India: *one man* may find your independence interfere with his plans; your value remains, and will surely be appreciated and desired when any emergency arises.

From NICHOLSON.

January 30, '53.

I only got yours of the nineteenth yesterday, it having gone in the first instance to Bunnoo. The same date brought me a letter from your brother, in which he said that he hoped to prove as staunch a friend to me as you had ever been. I cannot but feel obliged to him; but I know that, as a considerate and kind patron, you are not to be replaced. I would, indeed, gladly go with you, even on reduced allowances. I feel that I am little fit for regulation work, and I can never sacrifice common sense and justice, or the interests of a people or country, to red tape. A clever fellow like old Edwardes can manage both; but it is beyond me. It would do your heart good to hear the Sikhs in the posts along the border talk of you. Surely, in their gratitude and esteem "you have your reward."

Lady Lawrence had added to that collection a transcript, in her own hand, of a newspaper article of the time:—

The announcement in another part of our columns that the charge of Rajpootana has been conferred upon Sir Henry Lawrence will hardly surprise anyone; for certainly there is no public servant in India who is more marked out for it by the rare union of ability to serve his own and protect a Native Government. Without examining what local claims may exist among the political officers at the various Rajpoot courts, we venture to think that the Governor-General's selection will be unanimously approved by the public both in India and England. Perhaps also the most envied political charge in the Bengal Presidency may bring to Sir

Henry Lawrence duties more congenial, a greater independence, and a relaxation not unneeded after four years' incessant labour, in broken health, and the trying climate of Lahore. He has the natural satisfaction, also, of giving advancement to his own brother, and leaving him at the head of the Punjaub administration. But we, who are organs only of public feeling, must be excused some sincere regrets upon the occasion; not for the loss of a head of society, whose hand, heart, and home, open to all, had made him universally beloved; but for the departure of so much kindly association and knowledge of the people out of a country which Englishmen are engaged to govern.

The service of the East India Company has no lack of able and honest men, and from whatever branch of it, or whatever part of the Presidency the vacancy in the Lahore Board may now be filled, we shall be sure that Lord Dalhousie will draw no doubtful arrow from his well-stocked quiver. But Sir Henry Lawrence's successor can never be to the Punjaub what Sir Henry Lawrence was. His connection with this country commenced so far back as A.D. 1838, as Mr. Clerk's assistant at Ferozepoor. Runjeet Sing, the founder of the Sikh Empire, was then alive; and Sir Henry had seen his successors—Kurek Sing, Rao Nihal Sing, Shere Sing—all "come like shadows, so depart," before he was finally called on to be the guardian of Dhuleep Sing, the last Maharajah of Lahore. The chivalrous attempt to prop up the falling Khālsa dynasty began in March 1846 and ended in March 1849. Sir Henry was the life and soul of it; and it was during his temporary absence that it failed. He returned to witness the second Sikh war, and the final conquest of the Sikh people; and since the Punjaub has been a British province, Sir Henry has still been at the head of its government. Fourteen years of association between a public officer and a people is rarely to be seen nowadays in India! The association has been eminently kindly too. The Sikhs have always known "Lawrence" as a friend: whether in the Khaiber Pass with their regiments co-operating with Pollock, as Resident at Lahore, or as President of the Board of Administration, he has been ever a staunch and hardy comrade to their troops, a "source of honour" to their chiefs, and of justice to their labouring classes; and thus it is that, at this moment, the planless Ministers, powerless Sirdars, Jagheer-less Jagheerdars, disbanded soldiers, and other fragments of Runjeet's broken court and army, find in Sir Henry Lawrence a natural representative, such as they can find nowhere else, and must inevitably be "disfranchised" by his loss. A people's regret, however, is a ruler's reward; and let Sir Henry go where he will, the kindly memory of him and his good deeds, in thousands of Punjaub homes, will follow after him as a blessing.—*Lahore Chronicle, January 5th, 1853.*

And, lastly, I must make room for a wife's affectionate defence of her husband. This paper is in Lady Lawrence's handwriting, and must have been intended as a reply to some newspaper assailant.

There were plenty of such attacks, and Lawrence was always too sensitive to them; but I do not think it was ever sent :—

In your issue of 27th January (1853), you have an editorial on the "Changes in the Government of the Punjaub," on which, with your leave, I will make a few remarks, although the demi-official tone of your editorial makes it rather bold in a stranger so to intrude. You give fairly earned praise to Mr. Montgomery and Mr. John Lawrence, especially to the latter, whose character and position have both made him the more conspicuous. There is also much justice in your remarks on the greater efficiency of a Government with one head than that of what Mrs. Malaprop calls "a gentleman who was three dogs at once." What I demur at is, that the members of the late Board should be praised at the expense of their President, although Sir Henry Lawrence may well say to those who come after him, "Except ye had ploughed with my oxen, ye had not found out the riddle." The knowledge that he had won during fourteen years' hard labour among the Sikhs is the inheritance that his successors take up. You concede to him this experience, but you couple the admission with the assertion, fenced by a cautious "*perhaps*," that the very extent of this acquaintance, and a consequent sympathy with Native dynasties and Native ideas, may have slightly diminished the earnestness of his desire "for improvements." Whereon do you ground this statement? You could scarcely have lighted on a less feasible ground of complaint, for the character Sir Henry Lawrence has long borne among those under, over, and amongst whom he has worked, is rather that of an enthusiast wishing to urge on improvements for which the people were not yet ripe, than of a sluggard, allowing the wheels to move on in their old track. What, indeed, but the springtide of enthusiasm could have floated him over the obstacles he has met since he first showed the people of the Punjaub by what spirit a civilized and Christian governor was actuated? He has lived to see many a plan, at first derided as visionary, proved practicable and useful, and many another will so be found long after he has passed away. If the new doctrine that sympathy with a people unfits a man to rule them, then, indeed, Sir Henry Lawrence has showed himself unfit for his position. If it be unlike an English gentleman to consider the rank and feelings of other men, irrespective of their colour, creed, or language, then truly he has renounced his birthright to adopt "native ideas." Twenty years of varied civil experience among the people of India have given Sir Henry Lawrence a rare knowledge of their language and character, their wants and wrongs, the good and the evil that our system has introduced among them. I watch the conduct of the English in India, and from the private soldier to the general officer, from the clerk to the judge, I see prevalent the spirit that talks of the "black fellows," that, perhaps unconsciously, assumes that the natives are very much in our way in their own country, except so far as they may be turned to our comfort or aggrandisement. It therefore provokes me to see the

slender appreciation of a man who uses his authority as a trust on behalf of the people so strangely brought under our rule. As to Sir Henry Lawrence's views on "developing the resources of a country," to which you refer, judge by what he contemplated and accomplished during the two years of his single authority in the Punjaub—the abuses he put down, the army he disbanded, the government he organized, the great public works he began. These foundations were covered over during the second campaign, but they came to light again when peace was restored, and afforded ground for the Board to work on. The public will probably exceed the meagre praise you give to the Board in pronouncing it not altogether a failure.

I subjoin a letter from Sir Henry Lawrence, written towards the end of his Lahore career, to Lord Hardinge, to congratulate his lordship on his appointment as Commander-in-Chief, and to express his own views on a subject of which later years have shown the pressing importance—the attitude to be observed by us towards those frontier Mohammedan tribes, whose warlike fanaticism has since then not only disturbed the peace of the Punjaub, but threatened the tranquillity of the whole of our North-Western dominion :—

To LORD HARDINGE.

Nov. 24, 1852.

One line to congratulate very heartily on your promotion. You will, doubtless, have had plenty of congratulations, but none more cordial or more hearty, on both public and private grounds, than mine. Here we jog on much as usual, work rather increasing than diminishing, and much of it increased by the difficulty—nay, impossibility—of getting three men (two of them brought up under the Civil Regulations of Bengal) to agree on every military, political, revenue, judicial, and miscellaneous question for a people, many of them as much adapted for regulations as they are for the quibbles and technicalities of Chancery. However, progress is made, though at the expense of some jars. — in Huzara is one great bother. He has got us into two little wars by carrying his private feelings (good though they be) into public questions, and treating as enemies *bad* men simply because they are bad. Rhagan, the wildest portion of Huzara, is thereby in rebellion, and much of the rest would have been if we had not pulled him up sharply. I would give Rhagan to Goolab Sing, on whose territory it bounds, and whose troops have just, *for the first time*, enabled — to enter the valley, whose people he affected to protect against their chiefs. Such protection of folks whom you cannot reach seems to me to be nonsense. You do them no good, and do ourselves a deal of harm. I could write a great deal in this strain, and it is because I have difficulty in restraining myself that I so seldom write to your lordship at all. My health is very much improved,

and my wife's even more so. My brother John has not been so fortunate, but just now is pretty well. Except Huzara, all is quiet, even Peshawur and the Derajat. I would have had a cordon of small jaghirdars along the border to meet and manage the outside hillmen; but the Governor-General and those about him, as well as my brother, seem to object to anything in the shape of a jaghirdar. We have, however, a good line of posts, at ten and fifteen miles apart, all along the Derajat, which *may* keep the peace, though it will be at a much greater expense than could have been done by a looser and more irregular system. Reynell Taylor, who is now in England, with half the means, preserved the peace better than Brigadier Hodgson has done. In return for the above, as to our doings, I shall be glad of a line from Charles, Arthur, or Wood, if you have not time, telling me what has been done as to the defence of England. I cannot divest myself of the idea that Louis Napoleon will try his luck against us, either at home or in the Mediterranean. Next to our ships it strikes me we ought to look at our guns. they do not eat, and, in whatever number, are not likely to be turned against us. A good militia and yeomanry, with a moderate regular force and 500 or 600 fully-equipped guns, kept at four or five safe points, whence they could readily move to the coast, would give us everywhere such a superiority in artillery as would compensate for numerical inferiority in regular troops. Seven artillerymen to each gun would suffice with an equal number of able-bodied men taken from the militia. So that the harness, ammunition, &c., were all kept ready, there need be little permanent expenses in horses—cart and carriage cattle being generally in abundance, and even manual labour, and, perhaps, locomotive engines, being available for short distances across country. You will excuse my artillery zeal, even at this distance. I feel a sort of alarm at the very idea of invasion finding us but half-prepared. Again, I say, I rejoice to think you are at the head of the army, and I hope that ere long the ordnance will be placed under the Horse Guards.

The same important subject is discussed in two other letters, to Lord Dalhousie, and to his fellow-traveller, Lord Stanley, which I therefore insert here without reference to date:—

TO LORD DALHOUSIE.

30th September 1852.

I have the honour to acknowledge your lordship's letter of 15th inst., asking whether a simple declaration of Government intentions to the Swat authorities will not be sufficient.

Your lordship is quite right in this matter. A spiritual chief, exercising influence as opposed to infidels, could hardly be expected to give securities to an infidel Government. It will, therefore, be sufficient that he and others having something to lose, be made *fully* to understand that we will not put up with the present state of things. Mere hints and general expres-

sions, however, that would be sufficiently intelligible and efficacious in Europe, will here hardly suffice. The country is strong and the people unconquered. They have also witnessed the part we played in Cabul. They will, therefore, believe *what they see*, and can little understand that there *is* power where it is not exercised. With deference, therefore, I would suggest reference being made to Ranazye, or some other event of the sort that they cannot dispute. The shorter and more imperious the Government letter the better; but the Board in forwarding it might write to the following effect: "The Syud and the Akoonzada will perceive that the British Government has no evil intentions towards them or towards Swat; but, as natives of Yusufzye, they must not only know that if mosques have been reopened at Peshawur, Huzara, &c., under British influence, and if, for the first time for more than a quarter of a century, Mohammedans are unmolested in the offices of their religion, it is not from fear or weakness on our part. The Government that commands half a million of soldiers, that has conquered all India, and before your eyes has recently subdued the Punjaub, has placed its dependent on the throne of Cashmere, and the vanguard of whose army drove Dost Mahommud, his sons, and his brother, like sheep, through the Khyber—that such a Government is not to be trifled with, and will not, like Avitabile and the Sikhs, permit its border to be embroiled, and its subjects to be plundered and murdered by the people of Swat, or by others obtaining protection in that quarter. If the Swat authorities wish for favour, it is to be obtained by good neighbourly conduct. If they prefer war and its consequences, these are also open to them. A fate like that of Ranazye will be the mildest punishment inflicted on future marauders and their protectors. The most noble the Governor-General in Council has written briefly: it will be your wisdom to weigh his lordship's words and understand them thoroughly."

Several copies of these letters might be despatched, and I would recommend that the Board be permitted to send simultaneously a letter to Sittana to the following effect:—

"Whereas numerous letters have lately fallen into the hands of the British authorities, showing that Moulvees and others, whose fanatic bands were, in 1846, dispersed by the Sikh and Jummoo detachments under Lieutenants Nicholson and Lumsden, when these Moulvees begged for mercy and were permitted, under promise of future good conduct, to go to their homes in India—showing that these men have returned to the Indus, and are trying to seduce poor and ignorant Mohammedans to join them, by false accounts of security and abundance,—this is to give warning that every man now at Sittana, or proceeding thither, who will, *within one month*, proceed to the officer in charge of Huzara, Peshawur, Rawul Pindee, or Yusufzye, will have safe conduct to his home, and will receive ten rupees for his expenses. After this notice any Hindustani or other British subject found in arms, or otherwise attached to the

Moulvees, will be treated as a Moofsid, and *the least* punishment he will receive will be three years on the roads in irons. This circular is issued in mercy to the poor and ignorant, who have been deluded. Woe to those who neglect the warning! their blood will be upon their own heads. All harbourers and favourers of these persons will be treated as belonging to them. Even the Moulvees are not excepted from the amnesty, if they will surrender on this proclamation. If they will not, and be taken alive they need expect no mercy."

A month or six weeks after the issue of the foregoing, I should like to move the Guides, strengthened to 1,000 men, round the corner of the ridge separating Yusufzye from Sittana by a night's march on the latter place, so as to take it by surprise, seize the Moulvees and their followers, and carry them off as prisoners. Well managed, scarcely a shot need be fired, and not a life lost. Not a soul should know, except the commandant of the Guides and *one* officer in Huzara, the starting-point to be in a distant point of Yusufzye, as would enable the Guides, by marching all night, to reach Sittana before dawn, leaving posts of 100 men at three or four points of the twelve or fifteen miles of dangerous road on the Indus. By surprising the head men of Kuble and the two or three villages on the road, and explaining the object of the force, no opposition need be encountered. A hundred men in position on the hill *above* each of these villages will sufficiently command it until the main body return. Simultaneously, as a measure of precaution, Gordon's corps might march at midnight, so as to be opposite Sittana at dawn; a gun, with a detachment, being left opposite Kuble, &c., to fire across, if needful, or even to move over the river if required.

Considering that the two Moulvees gave security for good conduct in 1846, and that these fanatics are only biding their time, and that, as long as they are at Sittana or on the border, with their present intentions, excitement will be kept up, I hope your lordship will approve of the above scheme. Something of the kind may be the more necessary if the Hussunzyes cannot at present be chastised.

Your lordship remarks that "Huzara is a torment," and suggests whether it might not be in jaghire, asking whether Jowahir Sing would take it? Probably he would, though he would soon rue the gift, and Government would be assailed by the press for "handing over its innocent subjects to an unsparing tyrant," and so forth. I doubt if even Goolab Sing could hold the country in peace. I do not know any Native chief who would adopt our plan of justice and light assessment. Huzara would not pay on that, or, indeed, on any system I got for the Sikhs, as a field of employment for their army, *not* with the idea of its paying. Though, therefore, I would not advocate giving up Huzara or any other portion of our territory to a Native chief, I think that a modified system might be effected advantageously for Huzara, and still more so for Peshawur and the Derajat, by giving small portions in jaghire on terms of

military service. These grants need not only not be perpetual, but they might be periodically resumable, say, every three or five years, and might be made dependent on the will and ability to perform the service specified. These would be bolsters to receive the shocks of "outside barbarians." The chiefs would understand better than we do how to deal with raiders and marauders, and we should not then hear weekly, as we now do, of British India being invaded, because a few cattle have been lifted, or a man or two murdered. In Huzara, for instance, I would take six or eight of the best and most trusty chiefs, and give them a line of frontier to hold against all *ordinary* comers, to be supported only when a *whole* tribe is against them. Part of the jaghire should be on the spot, and part in the rear, where the chief's family could be in safety. These jaghires need not exceed 20,000 or 30,000 rupees. Settlement to be made, as at present, with the people, but the jaghirdar to be allowed to make his own subsidiary arrangements with the people for payments in money or grain, *recording* the arrangement at sowing season before the Collector. I know, for *certain*, that such a system, worked by *selected* chiefs, would be acceptable to the people, and, if I have not acted on the permission given by your lordship last April to push this question of grain (or rather commutation for grain) payments, I beg you to believe that it is not that I have altered the opinion I then expressed, but because I was averse to enter into (or rather continue) unpleasant discussion on the subject with my brother. Huzara being generally irrigated, *can* stand cash payment, but most of the borders of the Derajat having too much or too little water, would, I am convinced, pay better and be better contented under the *modified* grain system I proposed, that is, one in which a money payment should be fixed at each crop on the grain as it stands in the field. My brother's answer to that is, that we should be cheated, that we have not machinery to work such a system, and that it engenders sloth. I rather agree on the last point, but demur to the others. A ten days' ride would enable the Deputy Commissioner *himself* (even if he had no Tehsildars and others to do the heavy part), to take a glance at every village in his district, and granting that we *are* cheated, our officers must be very negligent indeed if the loss so caused exceed the margin of thirty or forty per hundred, which we *are obliged* to leave, to enable any money assessment to stand for a term of years. I may add, though it lengthen this episode, that Murwut and Bunnoo, where *alone* grain payments have been continued, have *alone* paid as much to us as they did to the Durbar. Elsewhere, the remissions have been enormous, and yet the cry has been great, and not to be accounted for merely by the fall in prices or the extension of cultivation. I only suggested the modified grain payments for lands whose crops were uncertain, and after I had written I learned that Edmonstone in the cis-Sutlej, and Barnes in the Lahore division, were advocating much the same system; but John is altogether against it, and Montgomery is for a quiet life, so I surrendered,

and now merely refer to the matter as bearing on the one under notice. The jaghure scheme may probably appear the more eligible at this time, when your lordship may find some difficulty in providing troops for Burmah, &c. It would release in the Derajat one regiment of cavalry and one of infantry; it would make no change in Kohat, but in Peshawur it would save to the extent of one regiment of infantry, and much the same in Huzara. Thus, by giving jaghires to the amount of one regiment of cavalry and three of infantry, that number of soldiers would become available elsewhere; men of the country would obtain employment, and certain influential chiefs would find bent for their energies. In the Derajat, the near posts might be made over to the jaghirdars, the military being restricted to the main stations, with detachments of a company or two at three or four points, as Hurrund, Drabund, Dubra, &c., as *near* supports to the jaghirdars, the latter to be responsible for all losses within their respective beats, caused by a number less than a tribe, and to be supported on application to the nearest military post. These jaghirdars would require to be under the civil authority, the military officer to interfere only when called on. The great difficulty of the present system is, that of getting the civil and military to pull well together, and the latter to appreciate and work cordially with chiefs, zemindars, and native officers, who are not under themselves. I look on the system proposed as not only safe, but as one having the great advantage of offering occupation to the now unemployed military retainers of the Derajat and Huzara chiefs. It would not give them dangerous power, for each would only have a given line, say twenty to forty miles of frontier. They would have *employment*, that best defence against intrigue, and they would, by combined skill and pluck, defend their charge, doing much that we cannot do to avert attack, and if attacked and worsted, their repulse bringing no disgrace on our arms. I should greatly like being permitted to run *up* the Derajat, laying down this scheme. Three months would do it for the whole frontier.

Your lordship's remarks on Hussunzye are quite correct, and if the Sittana people are disposed of, we shall probably not have much more trouble from the Hussunzyes. If we have, Goolab Sing would like to march a force against them. In this case a British officer might be required to prevent atrocities; allow me to say that I would gladly be the man. Three of our regiments moving through Jehandad's country, in combination with three or four of the Maharajah's from the Jhelum, would completely overrun Hussunzye in a fortnight, when the country might be given to the chief best able to hold it, or, at worst, Goolab Sing would take it to hold as he does Chilas, by keeping the headmen as hostages in Cashmere, and receiving tribute, without *a man* of his being in the country to *tempt* insurrection. Such a fate would be but bare justice to the murderers and their harbourers. April would be the season for such operations.

I have written this while coming down the Ravee ; and in a small boat my hand has been more than usually illegible ; I have therefore delayed the letter to have it copied, and also to benefit by the opinion of Colonel Napier, who agrees in my views. I was at the head of the canal yesterday, where the works are getting on well. The river is navigable up to that point.

That he found time, while thus floating down the Ravee, for other thoughts besides those of policy and government, this Memorandum (October 2, 1852) shows :—

Let me try and write a few lines daily as a journal, and record, if it be only as Washington wrote, of thermometer and weather, and a word or two more daily or even weekly.

O Lord, give me grace and strength to do Thy will, to begin the day and end it with prayer and searching of my own heart, with reading of Thy word. Make me to understand it, to understand Thee ; to bring home to my heart the reality of Thy perfect Godhead and perfect humanity, and above all of my entire need of a Saviour, of my utter inability to do aught that is right in my own strength : make me humble, reasonable, contented, thankful, just and considerate. Restrain my tongue and my thoughts ; may I act as if ever in Thy sight, as if I may die this day. May I not fear man or man's opinions, but remember that Thou knowest my motives and my thoughts, and that Thou wilt be my Judge. It is not in me to be regular : let me be so as much as I can. Let me do to-day's work to-day, not postponing, clear up and finish daily. So living in humility, thankfulness, contentment.

The following to Lord Stanley after he had left the Punjaub, sums up some of his experiences, collected during this journey, of the state of the frontier, and his counsels as to dealing with it :—

March 31st, 1853.

I was glad to find from your letter of last month that you had not forgotten your ride along the frontier. Shortly after you left India, we had some trouble at different points—in Huzara, Peshawur, and the Derajat, but it was entirely owing to our not having authority to act effectively. Late last year we got such authority, when Nicholson punished the Vuzerees above Bunnoo effectually, and Mackeson retaliated on the murderers of our customs' officers on the Huzara border. It is not to be expected that such a frontier can ever be what is called *quiet* ; but it is quite in our power to prevent its being *dangerous*. We do not want antique generals, and brigadiers with antiquated notions, in such quarters ; but energetic, active-minded men, with considerable discretionary power, *civil and military*. It is all nonsense, sticking to rules

and formalities, and reporting on foolscap paper, when you ought to be upon the heels of a body of marauders, far within their own fastnesses, or riding into the villages and glens, consoling, coaxing, or bullying, as may be, the wild inhabitants. Such men, in short, as Nicholson, Taylor, Edwardes, Lake, and Becher, are wanted; and with them, very little writing-paper, still less pipeclay, with their accompaniments of red-coats, heavy muskets, and grey-headed discontented commandants. In short, with a *carte blanche*, I would guarantee, at a less expense than at present, to pacify the frontier within three years; that is, to make it as quiet as is consistent with the character of such a people. Now they hate, but do not fear us. I should try to reverse the case, to conciliate them when quiet, and hit them hard when troublesome. You will perhaps think it strange that I should be so writing from *Rajpootana*, but the fact is, that I was on a bed of thorns for four years. I was nominal head of the administration, with virtually less power than a member, as the opinions of the members were more favourably received at head-quarters than mine. I therefore only stayed while I thought I could be useful, and now, here I am, 700 miles off, dealing with a perfectly different people, sons of the sun and moon, and proud of their antiquity, as the Sikhs were of their parvenuism. Some men would like the change, I do not, and should prefer to have something more definite and satisfactory to do for my £6,600 a year than to watch the wayward fancies of a score of effete princes. On private, as well as public grounds, I was sorry to leave the Punjaub. There I had many friends, native as well as European; there I had the fruit of fourteen years' labour before me. Here I have everything to learn except the language, and, even in a political office, there is much to learn and read, the records alone being a library of folios that a twelvemonth will hardly master.

I will deliver your lordship's message to my friend, Colonel Napier. We have both often thought and talked of New Zealand since you left us. You seem to forget that I also talked with you on the subject, as I then said I would gladly go to New Zealand as Governor, and I would do so with the view of eventually settling there, though, perhaps, not at Canterbury. More than ever I feel that my career in India had better close. Your sketch of home politics is very interesting. I wish you had said something as to what is doing for the home defences. I am anxious to hear that a formidable artillery—500 or 600 guns—are always kept equipped, ready to move on points of the coast. Guns do not eat at all proportionably to their value. We can afford to be weak in soldiers of the line if we have good and ample artillery, with yeomanry and militia to take up points in entrenched positions, and dispute every inch of ground. I am very glad you have Lord Hardinge as Commander-in-Chief. Though I have no friend in Lord Dalhousie, I have no desire he should leave India. He is an able Governor-General, and is not likely to enter on more wars. As Rome advanced because the consuls served

only a year, so I fear does British India, because so many in power have such short careers.

P.S.—The Indus never could be a safe boundary. We are now safe from all but robbers, and could destroy in detail any army debouching from the Khyber; but were the Afghans at Peshawur, we should have there an army with guns watching their opportunities.

It has been my duty to bring before the reader, almost too profusely, the testimonies of contemporaries to the achievements of Sir Henry Lawrence in his government, both supreme and joint, of the Punjaub, but I cannot conclude this chapter without adding one more, which appears to me to recapitulate them in a very striking manner, although perhaps too much forgetting his associates in the homage paid to himself, from an article in the *Westminster Review* (October 1858):—

Certainly, among the marvels achieved by Englishmen in India, there is nothing equal to the pacification of the Punjaub. The genius of our country for dominion was never more strikingly demonstrated. The history of the Punjaub proves by how just a title we hold the place of the ancient Romans as the true *domini rerum*. The wisdom and beneficence of our rule were never more clearly vindicated than by the present condition and conduct of the Sikhs. All this is due to Henry Lawrence. It was his genius which conceived and carried through that system to which we owe the preservation of India. The work which he undertook in the Punjaub was nothing short of an absolute reconstruction of the State. In five short years he had done it. He had brought order out of chaos—law out of anarchy—peace out of war. He had broken up the feudal system, and established a direct relation between the government and people. He had dissolved the power of the great Sirdars. He had disbanded a vast Prætorian army, and disarmed a whole population. He had made Lahore as safe to the Englishman as Calcutta. And all this he had done without any recourse to violence, and with scarcely a murmur on the part of the conquered people. Even the chiefs, who saw themselves deprived of almost sovereign power, accepted quietly, almost without exception, the new condition of things. As for the mass of the people, they had abundant reason to be satisfied with a change, which, for the first time, gave them security for life and property, and all that immense practical good which, let the critics of our Indian dominion say what they will, invariably attends the presence of the British constable in any part of the world. . . .

In regard to the tenure of land, the most important, perhaps, of all the questions between sovereign and people in India, the measures adopted by Sir Henry Lawrence are a model for all future Indian government

and admirably illustrate his rare sagacity and judgment. The transfer of the lands usurped by the great Sirdars was so made as scarcely to draw a complaint even from the dispossessed holders. The resumption of estates was made to bear as lightly as possible on the existing proprietors. Every respect was paid to old-established rights and local customs. The private jaghirdars—an exceptional class who hold by special tenure for eminent military service—were left in full possession and fresh grants liberally made to those who had done similar service for us. Life pensions were granted to others whom the rigorous justice of the British collectors could not recognize, and every possible means adopted to render the change of government as little harsh to the upper classes as was consistent with the interests of the general community. The land-tax was reduced by one-fourth, yet the total revenue, even in the second year of the annexation, had reached the full amount ever realized by Runjeet Sing.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JANUARY 1853—MARCH 1857.

SIR HENRY'S appointment to the Agency in Rajpootana was thus announced by letter from the Secretary to Government :—

Fort William, 28th January 1853.

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you, that as you have demi-officially made known to the Governor-General your willingness to accept the office of Agent to the Governor-General in Rajpootana, his Lordship in Council has been pleased to appoint you to that agency, on the same salary as that drawn by you at Lahore, viz. 5,500 rupees per mensem. In doing so, his Lordship in Council gladly avails himself of this opportunity to convey to you assurances of the high sense which he entertains of the ability, energy, zeal, and judgment which you have displayed in the discharge of the duties of your important office as President of the Board of Administration at Lahore. Success beyond all expectation has attended the exertions of that body for the pacification and settlement of the new provinces; and the Governor-General in Council desires to offer his best and most cordial thanks and applause to you, who, during that time, have presided over its deliberations.

Early in 1853, accordingly, Sir Henry left Lahore in order to take charge of his new office. His journey was by Umballa to Jeypore and Ajmere. The latter city, two hundred miles south-west of Agra forms, with its territory, a small British "enclave" among the Native States of Rajpootana, and is, consequently, selected as the ordinary residence of the Agent.

For the benefit of those among my readers who may not have made Indian affairs their study, it may not be superfluous to mention that this region termed Rajpootana occupies an area in the North-West of India about equal to that of France, and, with the small exception of Ajmere already mentioned, is under Native rule. It is divided between eighteen sovereign States, the largest—Marwar—about the size of Ireland; some of the smallest scarcely exceeding that of English counties. Distance from the sea, absence of mountains and large rivers, a climate subject to extremes of heat, alternat-

ing, in some parts, with considerable cold, render this, upon the whole, one of the least attractive portions of the great peninsula. The business of the Agent, however, required frequent visits to the separate portions of it, and abundant locomotion; and to this occupation, as we have seen, Sjr Henry's temperament was by no means adverse. For the summer heats the Agent and Lady Lawrence had an allotted retreat at Mount Aboo. This spot is situated in the territory of Serohee, in the south of Rajpootana, near the western extremity of the Arawulli mountains, but forming an outlying ridge nearly 5,000 feet above the sea. Half-way to its summit stands the great place of worship of the Jains—a group of four temples, arranged in the form of a cross. "It is," says Colonel Tod, "beyond controversy, the most superb of all the temples of India; and there is not an edifice, besides the Taj Mahal, which can approach it." The summit itself was selected by Government in 1847 as a sanitary retreat, "from the moderate temperature arising from its great elevation, the beauty of the scenery, the fertility of the valleys, and the fine sites for building." Such was to be now the principal residence of the wandering couple, and the last stage of the earthly pilgrimage of one of them. But further description of it must be given in Lady's Lawrence's own words to her son Alexander in England, June 1853 —

Our house here stands on a high granite rock, round the edge of which are some flower-beds of artificial soil not much bigger than cheesecakes. With diligent watering these produce roses, geraniums, passionflowers, Cape heath, petunia, and a few others, *one* thriving honeysuckle. From our own bedroom is a door leading into a little thatched verandah and out upon the tiny garden, which is in shade till 8 A.M. Here I greatly enjoy sitting, looking over our rock down into the lake, surrounded by rock and wood. There is a delightful variety of birds, all very tame. I like to watch the kites sailing in circles high up and the busy little swallows skimming zig-zag among them unmolested. There is a sweet little bird, just the size of a robin, and as tame; but our bird is of a shiny purple black, with scarlet under the tail and white bars on the wings, seen when he flies. Then we have a lovely little humming-bird, not so tiny nor so brilliant as the West Indian, but the same form. I love to see it hovering like a butterfly over a flower, then plunging in its long, slender beak, and sucking the honey. Altogether, there is great enjoyment here, of which the greatest to me is the tranquillity and the quiet enjoyment of your father's society, such as we have never known since we left Nepaul. We do miss many dear friends in the Punjaub; but to me this is more than made up by having more of papa. The society of the place consists of about a dozen families belonging to this Agency,

and about twenty of the officers belonging to H.M.'s regiment now at Deesa.

Lady Lawrence's own feelings at the change—broken in health as she by this time was, and suffering acutely from the necessity of parting with her second boy, Henry, who had arrived at the age which rendered his departure for England unavoidable—may be collected from the following half humorous, half melancholy letter, addressed to her friend, Lady Edwardes, who had just now to pass through a similar transfer of location :—

MY DEAR EMMA,—

23rd February 1853.

YOU have been very often in my thoughts since I heard of you being ordered to Huzara. At first I was dismayed for you, as it seems a formidable thing for you to go to so lonely a place, without a house fit to receive you, for Herbert would never put you into Major Abbott's den—a mud umbrella, surrounded by stagnant water and filthy huts, with an exhilarating view of the gallows standing amid rice-swamps. But now I see matters in a fairer light. The want of a dwelling at Huzara will make your going to the hills a *must* instead of a *may*, and this is the best thing that could happen you. Yes, I am cruel enough to say so, for the looker-on sees most of the game, and we are cruel enough to see plainly that a timely sojourn in a good climate will, to all human foresight, preserve you in health sufficient to weather out your Indian time. The uprooting from Jullunder is sad work. I feel for you as I did for myself in my first uprooting in 1838, when I had struck my roots into Allahabad, and thought we should there have years of comfort, with Alick then just born. My household gods were not so numerous or so pretty as yours, but, such as they were, I well remember the pain of giving them up; of putting prices on all the things I had gathered to beautify our home. The effect of the lesson has lasted, in giving me utter indifference to those things which perish in the using; in binding me closer to that within which makes the home. . . . You are one who wants another to turn to when you droop under sickness or anxiety; a more amiable nature than mine, for, if I cannot have my husband and children, I would fain go like a wild beast into a den, and there howl it out alone.

The prospects and duties of his new situation were thus described to Sir Henry by the departing Agent, Colonel Low. It only shows how little is known (naturally enough) in one part of our vast Indian Empire of what is really passing in another, that Colonel Low should have thought it necessary to instruct his successor as to the character and temper of Lord Dalhousie :—

Calcutta, Feb. 20th, 1853.

You know the Governor-General as well as I do, and therefore I need not say anything about his general disposition; but I may as well tell you that in regard to the Rajpoot states he is particularly anxious to avoid interference with the internal administration of any one of them, unless forced upon him somewhere for a time by a minority and extreme confusion of affairs—such, for instance, as has happened at Kerowlee. So that the Rajpoot rulers pay their tribute to us, and abstain from serious aggression on their neighbours, his lordship is quite content with the general state of things in that part of India being such as it is at present. Of course he would be rather pleased than otherwise at seeing such improvements in their general state of civilization and habits of internal government as can be brought about, or rather as can be aided by our quiet and unobtrusive advice, when favourable opportunities occur for giving such advice. In short, Lord Dalhousie wants the Rajpoot rulers to do their own internal work, and not that it should be done for them by British officers; and I think that Lord Dalhousie thinks better of an Agent who does not trouble him with many reports. He mentioned particularly that — and — “wrote too many despatches.”

The duties to be now undertaken by Sir Henry, though not such as to satisfy the cravings of his active and ambitious spirit, were, as may be supposed, by no means of a trifling character. Eighteen Native states were under his supervision. The personal characters of their rulers, their intricate family rights and disputes, the state of their finances, the character of their government,—all these were continually under his consideration in the reports of his assistants. And scarcely second to this category of subjects in constant demand on his time and thought was the supervision of the assistants themselves; some of them full of the energy and activity which he valued so much, but apt, from the very abundance of those qualities, to “make work” and fall into the too general Anglo-Indian sin of excessive correspondence; some whom it was necessary to spur on in their track, others for whom the spur was unavailing. For both these great branches of his duty Sir Henry possessed that one peculiar fitness of which these pages have already exhibited so many examples—his thorough kindness and sympathetic character. With the Native chie’, he soon made himself as intimate and as popular in Rajpootana as he had been in the Punjaub. “Traditionally,” says Sir John Kaye,¹ “the Rajpoots were a brave, a noble, a chivalrous race of

¹ *Lives of Indian Officers*, ii. p. 309.

men ; but in fact there was little nobility left in them. The strong hand of the British Government, which had yielded them protection and maintained them in peace, had enervated and enfeebled the national character, and had not nurtured the growth of any better qualities than those which it had subdued. They had ceased to be a race of warriors, and had become a race of debauchees." It was one of the specialties of Henry Lawrence that he could discern whatever principles of good were latent under the mass of evil which mortified pride and engrossing indolence, and the sense of hopeless dependence on foreign masters, whose iron grasp was only softened in appearance by the silk glove of etiquette and established courtesies, had accumulated among these titular successors of famous warriors of old. He reaped, as has been said, his reward in their affection for himself. But the three years which he passed in Rajpootana were of course quite insufficient to ripen such seed as he may perchance have sown: he could only add one more name to those of our many able administrators from whom the Indian public has drawn comparatively little advantage on account of the rapidity of their transfer from one great province to another. "The affection," says a close observer of his conduct, "which he inspired among the natives with whom he came in contact, I never saw equalled. The high admiration and high esteem in which he was held by the chief of Rajpootana are well known. The Rao Rajah of Kerowlee, when he heard of Sir Henry's death, 'was deeply grieved, and abstained from food for several days.'"

Nor were similar points of his character exhibited to less advantage in dealing with his own subordinates. Besides higher qualifications, he possessed, in an eminent degree, a quality which can hardly be called a merit, but which often stands its possessor even in greater stead than more exalted merits; readiness to take interest in the concerns of others. Many a man, with the best and kindest intentions towards his associates and subordinates, and without any degree of haughtiness on his part, fails in winning affection, perhaps in obtaining a personal success, because he cannot bring himself to feel or to act this kind of sympathy with them in their affairs and their progress. Such a man avoids close personal intercourse except on business subjects, not from pride or unamiableness, but because he derives no pleasure from it, and is annoyed by the necessity for it. He is not what the Greeks called "anthropologous," which Sir Henry was to a very great extent. Without being exactly of what are termed social

habits, he loved companionship, and to have around him those in whom he took interest, and who repaid it. I have found among the records of this part of his life a curious indication of his habits in making acquaintance with his new set of subordinates. On some of their earliest reports, respectively, he has endorsed a kind of summary of their character as it struck him, *e.g.*, "——, political agent at ——, amiable and not without ability, but priggish, and must have his own way," and so forth. There are few ambitious and active young assistants who would not rather be anxious that they were noticed in this way by a popular chief, even though praise were mixed with disparagement, than that they were left in the cold shade of impartial silence.

Sir Henry Lawrence's characteristic of personal amiability was not altogether a gift of nature. His temper was naturally hot and impetuous; it was by self-discipline and constant watchfulness that he kept it in subjection; and the original man occasionally came to the surface to the last. He is thus described in the little work by Kavanagh, *How I Won the Victoria Cross*, page 26 :—

I knew Sir H. Lawrence first in 1841, in which year he was assistant to Sir George Clerk, the political agent of the Sikh States, whose ability, activity, and prudence, at a very critical stage of our relations with the Lahore Durbar, obtained for him the reputation which he has since maintained. I was a clerk in his office, and daily saw him; he was then an impetuous and indefatigable officer, and so wholly absorbed by public duties that he neglected his person and left himself scarcely any time for recreation. He had little of that gentleness of temper which afterwards grew upon him, and, although very accessible, was not always agreeable to natives. He was rather impatient, and not so practical a philanthropist as he afterwards became. A good, straightforward, native gentleman was sure to be treated with courtesy and with a cordiality that filled him with pleasure, but woe to the intriguer or deceiver. These Captain Lawrence met with a stern aspect, and sent sneaking away in fear and trembling. His brusque manner, grotesque appearance, and shrewd, sharp look attracted the notice of strangers at once, who always left him impressed with the feeling that he was no ordinary man. His mind and body were always in a state of tension, and both alike were denied proper rest.

A friend of his family, Miss Lewin, says in a letter: "On one occasion, in all the harass of preparing the Residency of Lucknow for the siege, Sir Henry so far forgot himself as to swear at my brother, and reprove him groundlessly; he had the Christian manli-

ness to acknowledge his fault a day or two afterwards, and make an apology to a young subaltern, whom he had, moreover, loaded with kindnesses." I have found among Sir Henry's papers of earlier date the draft of a careful and elaborate apology, or rather explanation, addressed to an official in the Punjab, whom in hot haste he called a "blackguard."

Without question, one of the causes which contributed to gain him the affection of those brought in contact with him was his singular liberality as well as disinterestedness in respect of money. I have already said perhaps more than enough on this subject; yet it requires to be distinctly borne in mind, in order fully to understand both his temperament and his influence.

It has been already said, however, that like most generous and sanguine men, Sir Henry under-estimated the claims which ordinary prudence, as understood by the world, would have instituted on behalf of a family. No success or salary could ever have made a rich man of him. No wonder, when such entries are constantly met with among his papers as one of a loan of 4,000 rupees to a young subaltern in Rajpootana, towards whom he seems to have been under no obligation, except what arose from a knowledge of his distress, and such letters as the following (from Dr. Smith, then editor of the *Calcutta Review*):—

Howrah, near Calcutta, 9th August 1854.

MY DEAR SIR HENRY LAWRENCE,—

I SHOULD have answered your last very kind letter immediately, but that just before I got it I had asked Nil Main Mittra (who, you may remember, was indebted to you for the means of proceeding as a student to Rurki College) to give me copies of his certificates, that I might transmit them to you. I was in daily expectation of receiving these documents; but Nil Main has been sick, and it was only yesterday that he came to me and brought them. You will, I am sure, be glad to see that your kind gift has not been thrown away, but that your *protégé* was the first student of his year. He seems a fine lad, and I hope he will not fall asleep now, but will continue to make progress, and will be a credit to you and to our institution. I think that Mr. Mackay has still some portion of that money in his hand that you gave for the purpose of sending some young men to Rurki; and, if I mistake not, he told me that he had more than once written to you to ask what to do with it, and had got no answer. If this be so, I think we shall be able to apply it to its original purpose by sending another young man there next cold season. I have now to thank you for your subvention of 200 rupees to the institution, which was duly realized.

The ordinary honours of a professional life were hardly more of an object to Sir Henry, at this advanced point in his career, than the mere emoluments by which he set so little store. But he was no doubt gratified by the testimonial to his military merits which he received in June this year, in the appointment of honorary aide-de-camp to the Queen, which was probably given him through the influence of his steady friend and admirer, Lord Hardinge.

To return again to Sir Henry's public career as "Legatus" of the vast province entrusted to him :—It so happened that the first transaction of any importance in which he was engaged brought him into collision with Lord Dalhousie on a point on which both felt very strongly. Kerowlee, a very insignificant Rajpoot State, lies in the vicinity of Bhurtpore. Shortly before Sir Henry's assumption of office the chief of this little sovereignty had died, adopting, on the day of his death, a boy who was a distant kinsman as his successor. Colonel Low, then Agent, recommended that this adoption should be recognized. The Governor-General saw an opening for proceeding with his favourite schemes of annexation ; but there was a division of opinion in his Council on the subject—Sir Frederick Currie supporting Colonel Low's recommendation. The matter was referred to England. The authorities here overruled the scheme of annexation, and sanctioned the succession of Bhurt Pal—the boy in question. The Governor-General consulted Sir Henry Lawrence. Sir Henry, as might be expected, was opposed to annexation, but he thought the adoption invalid,² and gave it as his decided opinion that Muddun Pal, "as nearest of kin, as accepted by the Ranee, by the nine most influential Thakoors, by three-fourths of the lesser feudal chiefs, and, as far as can be judged, by the almost general feeling of the country," should be recognized as Maharajah of Kerowlee. The following is from the semi-official report which he addressed to Lord Dalhousie, and which, strangely enough, does not appear at length in the printed papers, though quoted in them, and followed by a subsequent letter, entering more generally into the question of Rajpoot adoptions :—

To LORD DALHOUSIE.

April 5, 1853.

I did not ask the chiefs who spoke in favour of Muddun Pal, the Governor, of their preference. I should not have thought it right to

² Papers furnished for the House of Commons, 4th August 1855.

encourage such discussion. I have no doubt; however, that they referred to the abstract right. Indeed, one of them (the Alwur Rajah) made use of a word signifying right. Several of the Kerowlee Thakoors having also used the same expression when speaking of the rival claimants, I thought it my duty to report the fact of the feeling of the influential classes being in favour of Muddun Pal, but I did not mean thereby to give an opinion on the question of adoption. Indeed, I am not competent to offer one of any value, for I have not studied such questions, nor had anything to do with them. I believe, however, that the nearest of kin has the first claim, if there be no personal objection. In the present case it may be said there was personal enmity; and if either the late Rajah or his mother be entitled to adopt, neither of them could be expected to choose Muddun Pal. The Kerowlee chiefs who petitioned Government in favour of Muddun Pal did so in general terms. Had they been asked their reasons, they would, I think, have assigned the late Rajah's youth; and, still more, his wishes not being made known till he was on his death-bed. But, were the adoption to be set aside, the Hindoo law, I believe, gives the selection of an heir to the mother of the deceased Rajah, and, in this case, I understand the Ranee to approve the choice made by her. So that the question appears to be, whether the election is to be left to the chiefs or to the family of the Prince. I speak with great diffidence, but I am of opinion that the Hindoo law gives the chiefs no voice in the matter; indeed, that the principality is dealt with as a private estate. . . . This (Aboo) is a heavenly place, and we are right glad to get to it after our 700 miles' march, which I made, by diversions to all the principal places, more than 1,200. The roads are execrable indeed, even at Ajmere; there can hardly be said to be one in the whole country.

The new Agent thus found himself in opposition at once to both his superior authorities—to the Governor-General, “frustrate of his will” in favour of annexation, and to the Court of Directors, whose decision in favour of Bhurt Pal was thus called in question. However, the opinion of Sir Henry Lawrence ultimately prevailed. “The continuance of the present unsettled state of the succession,” says Lord Dalhousie, “is objectionable; and as Sir Henry Lawrence has now supplied the Government with the means of forming a decision, I would at once instruct him to recognize and to instal Muddun Pal at Kerowlee.”

Besides supervising the durbars of Native potentates, receiving their complaints, and settling their quarrels, the principal subjects to which he addressed his attention seem to have been three: the suppression of suttee and infanticide, and the establishment of something like prison discipline. Towards the first he made progress

beyond his own hopes, and effected a good deal for the second ; but the inveterate practice of infanticide, so closely connected with Rajpoot prejudice and pride of caste, was not to be put down during the few years of his tenure of office.

The following relates to the very entangled subject of the practice of "adoption" in the great Rajpoot families—a subject on which, it must be confessed, not only do very divergent doctrines prevail, but clever British functionaries seem ingenious in inventing doctrines for themselves :—

To LORD DALHOUSIE.

14th April 1853.

It having occurred to me that your lordship's note of the 23rd requires a more definite opinion than that given in my letter of the 5th instant, I have since examined such books as are within my reach on Hindoo inheritance, and have read the voluminous correspondence recorded in the office, on the occasion of several previous minorities. I have not, however, by me a copy of the Shaster, or of Macnaghten's translation, but believe that I have correctly ascertained the general law, as also the practice of Rajpootana.

I was wrong in supposing that a mother could adopt. The original law of Menu did not allow even a widow to do so. Most of the schools, however, give such permission, on the assumption that a widow is acquainted with the sentiments of her deceased husband. I believe the Shaster to declare, as is reasonable to suppose, that the person adopting must be of sound mind and of mature age. The practice in Rajpootana has given the Thakoors a decided voice in adoptions. In 1819, when the Jyepoor Rajah died, an adopted child was put up, and, as far as I can gather, would have been maintained, had the votes of the Thakoors been with him. Sir D. Ochterlony, evidently to the last, considered that the posthumous son, born nine months after the Rajah's death, was spurious. The mother's pregnancy was not reported till two months after the Rajah's death ; and yet, the adoption was set aside, chiefly, as seems to me, because the general feeling was in favour of the posthumous son.

Again, on the last succession to Joudpoor, the nearest of kin was *not* adopted ; but the reason assigned was, not only that the Ranee stated her deceased husband to have selected Tukht Sing (the present Maharajah), but that the Thakoors were in his favour. Further, in the case of the Kishengurh territory, on the Rajah's death in 1841, the widow adopted a child *not* the next of kin. But, after several reports to Government, in which Colonel Sutherland and Mr. Strachey dwell *first* on the majority of the Thakoors being in favour of the adoption, and then, after some time, of their continuing unanimous, the adoption was confirmed.

L L

I gather, then, that the general law *prefers* the nearest of kin, but does not object to any member of the parent stock being adopted. Further, that the practice of Rajpootana has given the Thakoors a voice in the adoption. Applying these rules and precedents to Kerowlee, and considering that *sixty-six* Thakoors (being, as is told me, all of any importance) petitioned in favour of Muddun Pal, and that Bhurt Pal was adopted by a minor on his death-bed, my opinion is in favour of Muddun Pal, as nearest of kin, and, in the words of his own petition, because Nursing Pal was a minor, *unmarried*, and had no authority, not even to give away a village.

Since receiving your lordship's letter, I have spoken on the subject more freely than I thought it previously right to do, and without expressing any opinion, have asked that of vakeels and others attending my camp. I have found only one opinion on the subject. This day I asked a Thakoor, whose name is affixed to the Kerowlee petition, the grounds of his signature. At first he simply replied that it was Muddun Pal's right; but, on my asking him if he gave no weight to adoption, he said, "Certainly, if the Rajah had been of age, and had formally made the selection. But," he added, "what is the adoption of a boy of twelve or fifteen years of age worth?" Kerowlee is a difficult and troublesome country, and, unless in the hands of a decidedly good rajah, would, doubtless, be best managed by a British officer. There would likewise be a difficulty in abandoning the parties, chiefly servants, who have stood by Bhurt Pal. On the other hand, were the boy confirmed, he might, on attaining his majority, ruin all the survivors of those who have now voted against him, and they, as I have shown, comprise the whole body of chiefs. In any case, I think it would be well for a time to have a political agent at Kerowlee.

I insert here (merely as in order of date, and not interfering with the narrative of this uneventful part of Lawrence's life) a letter from Colonel, afterwards Sir John, Nicholson, on a subject which now occupied men's thoughts deeply, and not the least those of the active-minded subject of this memoir. The prospect of war with Russia had wakened up all the old Indian traditions respecting the part played by Indian troops in Egypt during the last campaigns between France and England, and the yearly increasing importance of Egypt to ourselves, as affording the direct communication between England and India, added interest to the topic. Any utterance on military subjects of one on whom the stamp of heroism was so marked as on Nicholson is worth preserving. "He was an army in himself," says one of his describers:—

MY DEAR SIR HENRY,—

Camp Lukkee, 4th May 1853.

I RECEIVED this morning your kind note of the 20th, and Lady

Lawrence's of the 16th ultimo. I am delighted to hear you have such an enjoyable climate at Mount Aboo, and neither too much nor too little work. I am so sure that you and Lady Lawrence are much better off personally where you are than at Lahore, with its bad climate and the overwork and various disagreeabilities attaching to your position there, that I feel it would be selfish to wish you back again. We shall all then try to console ourselves for your loss by rejoicing at the manifest change for the better you have made. John has been very forbearing, and I am sure puts up with much from me on your account.

I am glad to hear that Sir James has given Alick a writership.

* * * * *

Have you seen a report—I hope it is untrue—that Russia has declared war against Turkey? I meditated at one time, while at home, applying for my whole three years' furlough, and employing it in learning Turkish, and making myself acquainted with the principal localities (in a military point of view) in Turkey and Egypt, from a conviction that we must one day have to oppose Russia in the former, and France in the latter country, and that an English officer with some active experience and a knowledge of the country and language would have a fine field open to him.

Sir J. Hogg and Lord Hardinge, to whom I mentioned my plan, thought the contingency too remote. I begin to suspect that it is not so, and that I should have done wisely had I adhered to my original intention. I don't know if you have ever thought over the subject. I should be very glad to have it demonstrated to me that my fears are groundless, but I confess if France should ever make an attempt on Egypt (and who will say it is unlikely?) it appears to me that the chances of success are very much in her favour. She has abundance of spare troops in the south of France and in the north of Africa, and she has the means of transport ever ready at Algiers, Toulon, and Marseilles. Alexandria is always weakly garrisoned, and since the days of Mahomed Ali and Ibrahim Pasha, the Egyptian troops have no pretensions to efficiency or esprit.

If France suddenly landed 30,000 men there, she would probably carry the place by a *coup de main*. Our Mediterranean fleet is not strong enough (even if it had warning, which it probably would not) to stop such an armament, and Alexandria would probably be France's about the time the intelligence of the sailing of the expedition from Toulon was received at London.

Egypt was a different country during the last war, and we should, I think, bear the difference in mind. Alexandria had no fortifications then. It has very formidable ones now. We had the Mamelukes to co-operate with us then. They no longer exist, and to the wretched Egyptian peasants and the Pasha's dispirited army it must be a matter of entire indifference to what state they transfer their allegiance.

I am convinced that any European force which surprised Alexandria would find the whole country at its feet immediately, and, from the natural

and artificial strength of the position, have little difficulty in holding it against any *second comer*.

If Louis Napoleon could come to an understanding with Russia, promising non-interference in Turkey in lieu for non-interference in Egypt, his game would, of course, be much simplified, and ours rendered desperate in proportion.

Well, I had no idea of writing such a yarn when I commenced, and all this may be great nonsense. It would be very satisfactory to me to have it demonstrated that it is so. With kind regards to Lady Lawrence,

Ever very sincerely,

J. NICHOLSON.

Lord Dalhousie had offered him about this time a transfer to the political agency of Hyderabad, the Nizam's territory, to which proposal he thus replies :—

17th July 1853.

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt, yesterday, of your lordship's letter of 4th instant, offering me the Residency of Hyderabad. As your lordship is so good as to leave me an option, I respectfully beg permission to decline this offer.

Lest my motives should be misunderstood, allow me to add a few words of explanation.

You know that my health is bad, and that it was with difficulty I struggled through the fatigue and vexation of the last four years at Lahore. Your lordship's kind permission to reside during the hot weather at Aboo gives an opportunity for recruiting my energies, worn out during a busy career of thirty-one years. This may seem inconsistent with my desire to remain in the Punjaub; but there I had mastered my work, and was intimately acquainted with the country, the people, and the officers of all ranks. I sought, then, to stay there, because I felt myself at home, and that my past labours had earned comparative future repose. I bitterly lamented my departure; but having here worked hard to acquaint myself with my duty, I now see my way before me; and though the work is not to my taste, as a direct civil charge was, or would be, yet I freely confess that, personally, I am happier, and better off, than I was at Lahore. At Hyderabad my position would be entirely different from what it was in the Punjaub. The field, as your lordship observes, is now of increased importance, and it is not without a struggle that I forego such an opening as you have had the goodness to give me. Ten years ago it would have been my highest ambition, but now I do not honestly feel that I could do justice to the work, with everything to reconstruct, an army to reduce and organise, an able and discontented sovereign to humour, a system of civil administration to introduce, in three extensive tracts, lying in three different directions, each more than a hundred miles from the capital.

To undertake all this with a weakened frame, with no one individual, European or Native, known to me, entirely ignorant of the country and all belonging to it, is more than I could venture. I should lose the little health remaining to me, and possibly, too, lose such reputation as I may have earned. It is not my nature to rest till I have seen my whole charge, which could not be done in a climate like the Dekkan without exposure that now I could not stand.

There are other and minor considerations to weigh with me. I am out of pocket about 1,000*l.* by coming here. A move to Hyderabad would cost me even more. I hope I need hardly add that none of the foregoing considerations would weigh with me if the public service required my presence; but as your lordship's offer is purely a matter of favour, I am glad to be permitted to decline. I did not ask for Hyderabad for its own sake, but simply as being a post next in importance to Lahore, a move to which would bear least the appearance of a push out. When, however, you offered me Rajpootana, though I felt it would lessen me in the eyes of others (as indeed it has done), I did not, circumstanced as I was, decline. It was a fresh mortification to find the civil charge of Ajmere, nominal as it was, withdrawn from the agent just at that time. However, on the whole, I feel, as I have said, that I have benefited; and I thank your lordship for the compliment you have now paid me, and for allowing me the option respectfully to decline.

The next is to his fast friend Lord Hardinge, on the affairs of the Punjaub, and on his own position and prospects:—

July 4th, 1853.

I have to thank you for a kind and interesting letter received last May, and this day's mail has brought me your note of 10th May to my brother, Dr. Bernard, acknowledging receipt of what my good friends at home consider my grumbling epistle of March. My sister, Mrs. Bernard, tells my wife she would have burked it had she had the opportunity. I was slow in writing at all, but now, after six months' reflection, I do not see what less I could, in honesty and candour, have said—I must have written as I did or held my peace altogether. John Lawrence allows that I never lose my temper in writing, and even Lord Dalhousie admitted that my tone to him was quite proper. I hope, then, that my letter to your lordship was not an exception to my rule. I was much obliged for the copy of your evidence before the Committee. I hope we shall have a good deal of reform without materially altering the present Constitution. It would be nonsense to put Natives into Council, or make them Sudder Judges; but into almost all other offices they may be gradually introduced, keeping the present generation well under supervision. Many a good Native officer is lost or ruined for want of such supervision. I am surprised to hear that George Clerk proposed to put Natives at once into

any situation, and to pay them as much as Europeans. Clerk's error used to lie the other way, towards paying them too little. Many a fight have I had with him on these subjects. But the Native army, I think, wants reform even more than the Native Civil branch. Is it not too much to expect from human nature that men should, under all circumstances, be faithful in an army of more than 300,000 men, wherein the highest attainable rank is that of soubadar major, or ressalidar? No doubt the service is an excellent one for ninety-nine men out of every 100; but we sadly want an outlet for *the one* bolder and more ambitious spirit which *must* exist in every 100; and, for want of this legitimate outlet, we may some day meet with a great catastrophe, or be content to go on with a system that does not get out of a Native army half what might be got. I cannot perceive the danger of making soubadars and jemadars of irregular corps captains and lieutenants. They virtually are such, but without the pay. Double their present rates, and make these posts prizes from the Line as well as from the Irregular Service, and you will at once put irregular corps on at least a footing with average corps of the Line, commanded as these are by worn-out colonels, aided by discontented captains and subalterns. For Bengal have only fifty corps of the Line, and let there be a captain and two subalterns for each company of those fifty corps, and let all the rest of the army be officered by three or by *one* European officer, so as to give openings for adjutant, or second in command, or even of commander occasionally, to deserving Natives. Such a scheme *may* appear over-liberal, because we have hitherto gone on a different system; but how we have gone on, and how nearly we have more than once been extinguished, your lordship knows. Rome survived for centuries by liberality to the soldiers of her provinces. So did the Mohammedan power in India. And, nearer home, does not Austria at this moment hold Italy with Hungarian bayonets? and Hungary with Italians? And can many of the officers or men of the Russian army be considered more loyal than are the soldiers of India? At this moment we have six battalions in the Punjaub under the name of Police corps, all commanded by Natives, and doing excellent service, three of them on the frontier. There are also twenty-seven troops of cavalry of 100 men each similarly commanded and doing equally good service. If such men are good for the Punjaub, why not for Bengal or elsewhere? There is an article in the *Calcutta Review* which I wrote ten years ago, on the military defence of India. I have now little to add or alter, and only wish that those in power would deal with the army for futurity—for the time when we may have a European Army, or one led by Europeans, to deal with. I would also gladly give up a percentage of my staff salary to add to the pay of brevet majors and captains who have obtained brevet by seniority.

The discontent of regimental officers is a great hindrance to improvement; but I do not think that the remedy often suggested, of preventing

staff officers returning to regimental duty, would answer. On the contrary, I think it often advantageous to a man to be taken from his corps. Gilbert, Littler, Nott, and others, the best of our officers, passed the greater part of their career on the staff. And, as regards myself, and others similarly circumstanced, I have seen much more military service, as well as had more responsible duty, than if I had been with my troop for the last fifteen years. In fact, I have been a general of division, and am at this moment a brigadier. I did not intend to trouble your lordship with this long tirade, but, when I write, I must say what is uppermost. The Guide Corps you raised at my request has held its ground as the best irregular corps in India. The present commander is a young fellow, Hodson by name,^s whom you gave me at Lahore in 1847. He is a first-rate soldier, and as your lordship likes young officers in command, I beg to bring him to your notice for a brevet majority. Sir C. Napier thinks highly of him, and, I believe, held out to him hopes of the rank. Hodson is a most ambitious and most gallant fellow, and very able in all departments. He was through both the Sikh campaigns; in the latter, with the Guides. Captain Coke, an old officer of twenty-six years' service, has admirably commanded the 1st Regiment Punjaub Native Infantry, since it was raised. He was with Colin Campbell in his fights in Yusufzye and the Kohat Pass. He is an admirable officer, and chafes much at being so often superseded. If you could make him a brevet major, you would cheer the heart of a deserving old soldier. You will not, I hope, be offended at my boldness. For two years I have thought of making these requests. You kindly tell Dr. B. that you have mentioned me to the Indian authorities as the man for Governor of one of the minor presidencies. Their reply was akin to Lord Dalhousie's declaration that, "if Sir T. Munro was now head of the board, I should still say that a civilian was required as Chief Commissioner." But supposing I were really ignorant of land tenures, and of the zemindary and ryotwaree systems, surely this would not constitute a valid objection to my being governor. As well might a lawyer be required at the head of the Indian Government, because the judicial system is bad, and requires reform. Just now there is a cross-tide, one current strongly against civilians, the other as strongly in their favour. Both are wrong. Lord Dalhousie talks of the training of a civilian. Why, it is acknowledged to be as bad as possible; and the wonder is, how such good men are turned out from so bad a school. Everything is made to their hands. Few of them ever do detail work. Whereas, I have been a civilian for twenty years in offices where I was obliged to do my own work. Such are my opinions; but I would not have intruded them on your lordship had you not often held out counsel to me, and had you not now mentioned having asked for a government for me. I may add, that I would rather

^s Well known in after-days at the recapture of Delhi.

be Chief Commissioner of the Punjaub, if anything took my brother away, than hold any office in India. Indeed, it will be difficult to wipe away the insult I have received, except by replacing me there. I say this the more freely as my pay here is equal, and my personal comfort in every way greater. John Lawrence is, perhaps, next to Thomason, the best civilian on this side of India—*i.e.*, he is the most practical. Such as he is, he would do more justice to any berth than would — or —, though they may both be considered clever men. The Court has thus the means of rewarding both John Lawrence and me, if they choose. I do not think they will deny my qualifications for the Punjaub, aided by a Judicial and Revenue Commissioner. I have never asked them for anything, and am not likely to do so now, and, if the worst came, would work out the remainder of my career with a good measure of contentment here. I hope not again to trouble you with my personal affairs. Your brief sketch of the measures you have taken for the home defences was most welcome. It is unpleasant at this distance to think that *home* is not quite safe. In your hands, if armed with sufficient authority, I doubt not all will be well. My wife requests her kindest regards, &c.

I must now return, though it will be for a very brief digression only, to the narrative of Sir Henry's domestic affairs and troubles. We have seen with what gratitude his wife welcomed their new home at Mount Aboo, where she hoped to enjoy to the full the society of her husband, after so many years of partial or total separation as had intervened since he left Nepal for the Punjaub. But few and evil were the days allotted for the completion of her pilgrimage. Her health, which had long been feeble in India, declined rapidly after her arrival. The enforced return of her second boy to England, leaving the couple with only the company of their little girl born in the Punjaub, seemed to go nigh to break her heart. The last letter in her hand which I have myself discovered among the papers is dated October 18, 1853, to "my own beloved boys, Alick and Harry." "My heart," it begins, "is very full of what I would fain say to you, though strength is lacking. However, my letters for five years have left a record which I may hope will come home to your hearts as you grow in years." Then follow her brief but touching religious exhortations, too sacred for unnecessary exposure. She evidently saw her end approaching; her husband could not part with his own hopes. "It will rejoice our sons," he adds, in a postscript, "to see their mother's handwriting again. . . . Pray remember how much your mother's happiness—indeed, her very life—is in your hands." But the struggle was not to last long. Sir

Henry himself conveyed to his sons the intelligence in a letter, of which I only produce some extracts. It occupied several pages, and was written at intervals in several days. It illustrates more points that are in his character; not only his deep religious earnestness, but that singularly restless activity of mind which was forced to discharge itself, when no other vent was at hand, in committing to paper every thought and feeling as they arose, and endeavouring to share them lavishly with those at a distance whom he loved, even during that trance of bitter sorrow which for a passing time incapacitates most men for exertion:—

MY DEAR SONS,—

Mount Abo, Jan. 15th, 1854.

BY the side of the remains of what, five hours ago, was your fond mother, I sit down to write to you, in the hope that, weak as may be my words, you will both of you, Alick and Harry, remember them as the dying message of your mother, who never passed a day, indeed an hour, without thinking of you, and the happiness of whose life was the fortnightly letters telling her that you were good, well, and happy. Two hours after her death, which occurred at twenty minutes to twelve to-day, your letters of December reached me. She had been looking out for them, as she was accustomed to do, from the earliest date of their being due; and her pleasure, nay delight, was always great when all was well, and her sons seemed to be trying to do their duty. Her daily prayer was that you might be good boys and live to be good men—honest and straightforward in word and deed, kind and affectionate, and considerate to all around you, thoughtful and pitiful for the poor and the weak and those who have no friends. . . .

It is time, Alick, that you made up your mind as to your future career. Tell your uncles about it. Even Addiscombe will require exertion. You think now that you would not care to be a civilian, and that it is not worth the trouble of trying for; but ten years hence you will assuredly regret if you now let go by the opportunity. To the qualified man the Civil Service is a noble field; to an unfit person it and every other field will be a field of vexation and degradation to himself and friends. . . .

Half an hour before I began to write on these two sides of this sheet I had taken my last earthly look at my wife and your mother. Corruption was gaining on her. I had slept on the verandah, as near as the doctor would permit me. . . . So I went and took my last look of her dear sweet face, and prayed for the last time by her side—prayed that what I had neglected to do during her life I might now do after her death, prayed that her pure spirit might be around you and me, to guide us to good and shield us from evil. . . .

Mamma said little to me during her last illness. She knew I weakly feared to part with her. She welcomed Mrs. Hill as having come to see

her die; and about midnight told me she would not be alive twelve hours. Again I say, my boys, remember with love, and show your love by your acts. few boys ever had such a mother.

So passed away as high-minded, noble-hearted a woman as was ever allotted for a life's companion to one called to accomplish a laborious and honourable career. The contents of this volume, and the expressions of affectionate admiration devoted to her memory by the intimate friend of both—Sir Herbert Edwardes—in the first of them, speak sufficiently for themselves, and need no recapitulation. But to me, in thus writing my last respecting her, there recur the memories of earlier, though more transitory acquaintance. My family had a slight friendly connection with hers, and it was to the care of my father in London that she was consigned in one of those early visits which are noticed in the third chapter of this work. And well do I remember, after so many years, the impression made on our circle by those fine features and the still more striking figure; the freshness, almost wildness, of that natural grace; the frank, unencumbered demeanour, and the step of a huntress Diana. I remember her unrestrained, yet graceful, eagerness to make acquaintance with the sights and novelties of a world almost strange to her; the singular absence of self-consciousness, either in regard of personal or intellectual advantages, with which she seemed to devote herself to "objective" study of things external; but I was for my own part unaware of the very existence of the young lieutenant of artillery, who, even then, lay at ambush in the corners of streets in the hope of seeing her pass by. I never met with her again. In the little chapel attached to the Lawrence Asylum at Kussowlee there is a stained-glass window, and a monumental slab, with an inscription in memory of Honoria Lawrence.

I subjoin a token of interest on this occasion from an attached friend, one of the many who had to thank Lawrence for personal acts of kindness:—

Sandhurst, April 3 (1854?).

I cannot say how deeply I grieved over the sad intelligence which lately reached us. I had really had so much pleasure in hearing how happy you were at Ajmere, enjoying more peace and comfort in domestic life than you have before had leisure for: and now to hear of your cup of happiness being suddenly so embittered, is very, very sad. My dear Sir Henry, I know that you have the best and only source of consolation to look to, and therefore I need not suggest it. I only wish to express

in few words my hearty sympathy in your sorrow, and my hope and prayer that the God you have boldly and faithfully confessed and served will support you, and grant you alleviations to your grief, and some I see in the presence of your kind sister-in-law. I hope the good wishes and prayers of the numbers that you have served and befriended may avail you somewhat now. I fully believe in the efficacy of the knowledge that they are deserved in soothing the very sharp edge of affliction, and the consciousness that you have not hitherto lived quite uselessly in the world, and that you may yet accomplish more good, will enable you to bear up against too great depression. Pray remember me kindly to your brother George and Miss Lawrence; and believe me ever, my dear Sir Henry, one of the befriended, thoroughly conscious of your kind encouragement, and grateful for it; and now often thinking with affection of you and sympathy for your sorrow.

REYNELL TAYLOR.

That Sir Henry's thoughts after this, his great bereavement, became more and more intently fixed on those religious subjects which had engrossed the inmost soul of her whom he had lost, was to be expected from his character; and those who have studied it will comprehend the mixture of simplicity and earnestness with which he turned to the elementary subject of the proof of natural as well as revealed religion, after so many years of practical evidence of the reality of his faith. "Help thou mine unbelief," was with him no mere "call out of the depths," uttered by one out-wearied with over-deep meditation on things beyond our reach. He had not attained thus far in speculative philosophy, nor was his mind of that order. His doubts lay on the surface, as did his convictions, intellectually speaking; his faith underlay the whole. After his wife's death he seems to have made a spiritual director, in some sort, of Mrs. Hill, of Dinapore—a singularly-gifted woman, and one of his Honoria's dearest friends. At least, I find a memorandum of Sir Herbert's to this effect:—

Mrs. Hill, in a letter of Easter Day, 1854, from Dinapore, answers a letter of Sir Henry's, asking her to resolve certain difficulties in religion. These, from her answers, seem to have been—

He "hardly knew what he believed, what he disbelieved. He would believe all, did he know how."

He "wonders why we are allowed to sin and to suffer, why some are born to bliss, and others to misery."

He "believes that Christ was God, yet cannot understand how, being so, he suffered."

He "desires to be assured that he and his departed wife must hereafter dwell together."

He "thinks God's dealings with the Jews very mysterious."

I have not found Mrs. Hill's letter in question. Some of Sir Henry's queries may have cost her little trouble; others will remain unanswered until the society of this world is dissolved, and its interests have passed away.

Sir Henry found relief where most men, so circumstanced and so qualified as himself, usually find it—in additional devotion to the work which he had to do. Yet, though it occupied now even more of his thoughts and attention, it is impossible to mistake a tone of languor and listlessness—partly, no doubt, attributable to weakened health as well as mental distress—which, more or less, pervades his later correspondence in Rajpootana. He wrote continually to his two boys in England, and his letters are full of a father's interest in his little girl "Hony," now six years old, and his sole companion, with the exception of a kind sister (Charlotte), who took charge of her.

On June 19, 1854, Sir Henry attained the rank of colonel, and on the 20th was appointed Honorary Aide-de-Camp to the Queen.

The following is addressed to his friend, Sir John Kaye, and relates to a good many matters of personal interest, besides the affairs of Rajpootana. Although great part of it has been printed already in Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*, it casts so much light on the subjects to which his administrative activity was at this time directed, that I think it advisable to reproduce it here. One thing may be noticed: that he seems to speak of prospects of annexation, in this letter to an intimate ally, with less aversion than he commonly displayed on more public occasions.

Mount Aboo, June 19th, 1854.

MY DEAR KAYE,—

YOUR letter of April only reached me a few days ago, *after* the letter of May that had come by Bombay. Pray in future direct to me Mount Aboo, *viâ* Bombay. I hope you have not reprinted my Napier Papers in England. If I publish again, it must be in a more leisurely manner, and I must see the proofs. My writings are not fit to be published off-hand. Besides, when I was writing, my mind was ill at ease. If Sir William Napier calls me names, which he probably will do, I will send you home a short letter to publish in the *Times*, and reserve any detailed answer for greater leisure and quiet. I have got a great mass of materials about Sindh, from various parties, friends and foes, of Sir Charles; their

perusal gives me a better opinion of his Sindh administration than I had before, and leads me to think that the article in the *Calcutta Review*, written by Lieutenant James, four years ago, was not a truthful one. That is, that his facts were often distorted. He was our chief authority on Sindh matters, and we had no reason to suppose he would mislead us. Last year I engaged Government to re-write and enlarge Sutherland's sketches. It will be a more formidable job than I contemplated. Sutherland's book was meagre regarding many states, and altogether omitted some of the principal. He wrote according to the materials he possessed. I have sent a circular calling for reports up to May 1854. I hope it is true that you are writing Sir C. Metcalfe's life; it would be very valuable, and, from your pen, very interesting. Thank you for Colonel Ludlow's letter about suttee; it is very interesting. Strange enough, I did not know that four out of five of the states mentioned had put down suttee. This office was in such frightful confusion that there is even still some difficulty in finding out what has been done. I have nearly completed the arrangement of the books and papers on shelves, and indexed the former and had lists of the latter made. Until I came all were stowed away in beer-boxes, &c., all sorts of things and papers mixed together, and the mass of boxes left at Ajmere, while the agent was usually here or elsewhere. I have had everything brought here. Last month I circulated a paper calling for information as to what had been done in every principality about suttee. I was induced to do so by the Maharaneé of Oodeypoor ignoring the fact of anything having been effected at Jyepoor, and by a suttee having recently occurred in Banswara and two in Mullanee, a purgunnah of Joudpoor (Marwar), which has been under our direct management during the last twenty years. With all respect for Colonel Ludlow, I think we can now fairly do more than he suggests. Twenty years ago the case might have been different, but we are now quite strong enough to officially denounce murder throughout Hindustan. I have acted much on this principle without a word on the subject in the treaty with Goolab Sing. I got him in 1846 to forbid infanticide, suttee, and child-selling. He issued a somewhat qualified order without much hesitation, telling me truly he was not strong enough to do more. *We* were, however, strong enough to see that *his* orders were acted on, and suttee is now almost unknown in all the western hills. I do not remember above two cases since 1846, and in both, the estates of offenders were resumed. I acted in the same manner, though somewhat against Sir R. Shakespear's wishes in the first instance, in the Mullanee cases, but on the grounds of the whole body of Thakoors having since agreed to consider suttee as murder, and having also consented to pay 2,000 rupees a year among them as the expense of the local management (which heretofore fell on Government), I have backed up Shakespear's recommendation that the sequestered villages should be restored. The parties have been in confinement several months; the Joudpoor punishment for suttee was

a fine of five per cent. on one year's income, which was sheer nonsense, and would never have stopped a single suttee. Banswara has also been under our direct management for the last five or six years, owing to a minority; the people pretended they did not know suttee had been prohibited. The offenders have been confined, and I have proclaimed that in future suttee will be considered murder. Jyepoor is my most troublesome state; the Durbar is full of insolence. We have there interfered too much and too little. Men like Ludlow would get on well enough through their personal influence, at such a place; but the present agent, though a well-meaning, well-educated man, of good ability, is, in my opinion, a hindrance rather than a help. He seems not to have a shadow of influence, and lets the country go to ruin without an effort at amendment. And yet it is very easy, *without offence*, to give hints and help: in the matter of jails, by simply, during a rapid tour, going once into every jail; and, on my arrival here last year, writing a circular remarking that in different jails (without mentioning names), I had seen strange sights that must, if known to beneficent rulers, revolt their feelings, &c. I therefore suggested that all princes that kept jails should give orders somewhat to the following effect:—Classification, so as to keep men and women apart, also great offenders from minor ones, tried from untried; to give ventilation, places to wash, &c. Well, in the course of two or three months, I got favourable answers from almost all, and heard that at several places, including Jyepoor, they proposed to build new jails. At Oodeypoor my brother told me that they released 200 prisoners on my circular, and certainly they kept *none* that ought to have been released; for when I went to Oodeypoor last July, I found not a man in jail but murderers, *every* individual of whom acknowledged to me his offence as I walked round and questioned them. The Durbar don't like such visits, but they are worth paying at all risks; for a few questions to every tenth or twentieth prisoner give opportunities to innocent or injured parties to come forward, or afterwards to petition. No officer appears ever before to have been in one of these *dens*. But more, I found that the agent at Jyepoor had not been even in the dispensary, which had been got up under our auspices, though it was his opinion that the ignorance of the officials was doing mischief. You are right in thinking that the Rajpoots are a dissatisfied, opium-eating race. Tod's picture, however it may have applied to the past, was a caricature on the present. There is little, if any, truth or honesty in them, and not much more manliness. Every principality is more or less in trouble. The princes encroach, or try to encroach, on the Thakoors, and the latter on their sovereigns. We alone keep the peace. The feudal system, as it is called, is rotten at core. In the Kerowlee succession case I told Government that, according to present rules, no state in Rajpootana could lapse; and such is the fact, if we abide by treaties and past practice; but in saying so I by no means agree with Colonel Low, Shakespear, &c., that it would not be worth

while to annex these states. Far otherwise : if we could persuade ourselves to manage them by common-sense rules, they would pay very well. I hope, however, they will be dealt with honestly, and that we will do our best to keep them straight. We have no right, as the *Friend of India* newspaper constantly now desires, to break our treaties. Some of them were not wise, but most were, at the time they were made, thought very advantageous to us. It would be outrageous, now that we are stronger, to break them. Our remedy for gross mismanagement was given in my article on Oudh in the *Calcutta Review* nine years ago : to take the management temporarily, or even permanently. We have no right to rob a man because he spends his money badly, or even because he illtreats his peasantry. We may protect and help the latter without putting their rents into our own pockets.

Yours, &c.,
(Signed) H. LAWRENCE.

I fancy we shall have some sort of treaty with Dost Mahommud ; unless Lord Dalhousie overreach himself by too great anxiety, and by agreeing to pay him a subsidy. If Persia attach Afghanistan, the help we should give the latter should be by attacking Persia from the Gulf. We should not send a rupee or a man into Afghanistan. We should express readiness to forgive and forget, to cry quits in Afghan matters, and pledge ourselves to live as good neighbours in future, but there ought to be no poking interference beyond the Passes or bribing one party or other. The *Delhi Gazette* reports are vastly exaggerated, but appear to be founded on fact ; my opinion is, that Dost Mahommud himself is, and has been, always anxious to be on good terms with us. Burmah is in better condition than the papers make out ; there ought to be no difficulty in settling that country, but Lord Dalhousie is too hard on privileged classes. Liberality in new countries is economy. I hope that Government will not dream of sending troops from India to Turkey. A hundred volunteer officers, each taking a dozen non-commissioned officers, would be useful in raising irregular troops.

To Lord Stanley he writes even more distinctly, about this time, on the subject of the annexation policy :—

Thanks for your interesting account of English politics. I daresay you are right in supposing that the public will soon be tired of the Russian war. Russia can no more invade India than the English can invade the United States ; but Russian emissaries, and our own fears, and our own press, do us incalculable harm. Many sensible natives of India think every Russian is eight feet high, and that Bombay and Calcutta are threatened by a Russian fleet, while an army is coming down on the Khyber. Many Englishmen are hardly less absurd. Yes, the Indian

Bill⁴ seems to have been hurried through at the end. I should have liked to have seen the year's postponement proposed by your lordship. Considering, however, how little the good folks at home think of or care for us, unless we are in a hurricane, perhaps we are lucky in getting what we have. For the present enough has been done for natives in the civil department of the service : what is wanted is that the military should be put on an equally good footing. We ought either to disband the army or open our posts of honour and emolument to its aspiring members. We act contrary to common sense, and in neglect of the lessons of history, in considering that the present system can end in anything but a convulsion. We are lucky in its having lasted so long. France has its Arab generals, and Russia has many Asiatic generals, but liberal England restricts its best native officers to posts subordinate to that of sergeant-major, obtainable, too, only by some thirty to fifty years' servitude. . . . You ask me how long Oudh and Hyderabad are to last. It is now the fashion to cry out for their annexation, but I am quite at a loss to understand the grounds. They are badly governed : so is Russia ; so is (or at least was) Ireland, the Cape, Canada, &c. . . . Bad as we are, I believe we are a good deal better than any native ruler of the present age ; but that does not justify us in picking their pockets or breaking treaties. With Oudh the treaty distinctly permits us to take the management of the country into our hands if necessary. . . . The humanity question is therefore disposed of as regards Oudh, and, if needful, we might similarly arrange for Hyderabad. At this moment, out of the eighteen independent states in Rajpootana, I have five under my direct management, because the sovereigns of two are juniors, and three are incompetent. Rajpootana has already paid us for protection, as have Oudh and Hyderabad, several times over. It is a novel mode of protection to seize for ourselves. It is also impolitic, for when we manage Native states we can indulge our philanthropy without expense, and by spending the haughty prince's revenue in his territory or on his own people we gain their affection, and thereby strengthen ourselves. Thus, without break of treaty, we gain all we ought to do by their exertion ; for assuredly the revenue of India ought to be spent in India. I feel I have not expressed myself clearly ; but you will understand my argument. I am, however, in a terrible minority. The army, the civil service, the press, and the Governor-General are all against me. But I still say, read our own treaties ; we have no right to make one day and break the next.

In a familiar letter to Sir John Kaye, on the subject of the latter's projected *Life of Metcalfe* (Dec. 18, 1854), he gives his own estimate of sundry Indian celebrities :—

⁴ I suppose the Act of 1854 "to provide for the better government of India."

Sir C. Metcalfe was a fine fellow ; his correspondence in this and the Lahore office is very good, incomparably better than Ochterlony's, or any other Resident's. If the book is not reviewed in the *Calcutta Review*, I may try my hand on it. I have often thought of applying to his friends for materials for his biography, but he has fallen into better hands. You have shown Tucker to have been a first-rate man ; but I have always looked on Munro and Metcalfe as our best. Perhaps I wrong Elphinstone, but I have never understood why he stands so high as he does, though undoubtedly he too is an able fellow. I might have gone to Lucknow the other day, but I cannot conceive why the Governor-General should, for a moment, have supposed I might have liked the berth. His success and good fortune have been wonderful.⁵ Unless some great accident occur, of which there seems no probability, he will go home with a great reputation, much of it well deserved, but he will leave few, if any, friends. He is certainly a very able man, of great industry, and of great tact, but with very little heart. I am glad you are at work upon a Life of Malcolm, and hope, for the honour of that cloth, that he will turn out a proper fellow ; but I have been accustomed to consider him as a clever, fortunate humbug. He *must* have been more, or he would not have held the place he did with Wellesley, Wellington, Munro, and other great men. It is too much the fashion to judge him and other politicals of bygone days by the measure of our *present* strength and position. Malcolm is now always sneered at for the liberality of his terms to Bajee Row ; but Munro, ignorant of all particulars, thought he was quite right ; and so he was, if, as is likely, the capitulation saved a siege of Asseerghur on another occasion of predatory war. . . . The gentlemen of the George Campbell⁶ school who have no stomach for war while it lasts, are always ready to call out, when all is quiet, at the measures that have brought about peace. Thank you for your kindly mention of her who is gone : my house is indeed dark.

Alexander, Sir Henry's eldest son, was now growing up towards the age at which it was his father's purpose to start him in life as a "writer" in the civil service. This was, no doubt, in the mind of the writer as he composed the following letter, introducing him, as it were, to the incidents of that career to which his future years would be devoted. Of the soundness of the political economy involved in the lecture some little doubt may be entertained. Those whose thoughts on this subject do not go far beyond the ordinary channel,

⁵ Lord Dalhousie's probable term of service was now approaching its end. He left India in 1856.

⁶ (*Second Edition*.)—I notice that this passage has been remarked upon. I gave it only as I found it among Sir H.'s papers. But the reader will have seen that he was sometimes a hasty critic, and I am not at all aware to what expressions of the present distinguished Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal he here refers.

but who are zealous for good and impatient of what they deem waste and extravagance, are apt to view with more than necessary severity irrational expenditure on fancies or luxuries (as they deem it) on the part of the industrious classes. Looked on from one point of view only, nothing can be more absurd than that a peasant or artisan who lives hardly and fares ill should scrape together all that he can spare, and more than he ought to spare, in accordance with our views of health and subsistence, in order to spend it on funerals, or weddings, or in driving about (like poor Neapolitan new-married couples) for three or four days in a carriage and pair, richly dressed, or (like a Hindoo) in his wife's "bangles" and bracelets. Nevertheless, this much must be remembered, that a taste for expenditure, *per se*, is one of the strongest motives possessed by ordinary men to exert industry and accumulate capital, and that it is not really of much moment to the State on what that expenditure takes place, assuming, of course, that it must be unproductive. Had Sir Henry read Malthus—not his *Population*, but his *Political Economy*—he might have looked on the question with somewhat different eyes. Of course if, in order to spend money in any of these ways, the poor man gets into debt, the evil to him is undoubted; but one must be allowed to suspect on this head that kind of involuntary exaggeration into which observers are sometimes seduced by adopting, without weighing, the loose statements of natives. With such figures as Sir Henry gives, the money-lender's profession could surely not exist at all; he would be in a state of continual bankruptcy.

To ALEXANDER.

Near Neemuch, Christmas Day, 1854.

I separated from the main camp three days ago, to have this day quiet, and (as far as Europeans are concerned) to myself. But I rose before 5 o'clock, read the Bible, and had a few minutes' work before 6 A.M., when I mounted and was out till 10 A.M., during which time I visited six villages; talked to the people for a few minutes in one; and stayed in one for an hour. I went into two or three houses, and minutely inquired into the condition of the owners of one. They were four oil-men, industrious; had two oil-presses, five bullocks, one cow, one buffalo. They all cook and eat together. One only is married; his marriage cost 200 rupees. Another is betrothed, and has had to pay 50, and will have to pay 35 more to the lady's father, and the marriage feast will cost 70 more. Their father died two years ago, when the burial feast cost 45. On that occasion they fed 200 oilmen with cakes made of Indian corn and sugar, and cooked in ghee. The daily food of the family is Indian

córn, with boiled coarse greens. This with salt and pepper is the daily food of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the cultivators and lower orders in easy circumstances. At feasts and festivals they have ghee, and occasionally a little milk. They sleep on the ground with a blanket around. I should require five or six such to keep *me* moderately warm. Their clothes cost perhaps a rupee. And yet ninety-nine out of a hundred of these simple-living creatures are in debt. Why? Because they buy what they cannot pay for : wives, jewels, feasts, &c. Their women have silver armlets, and so. forth, and it is considered a disgrace among all classes not to give feasts at marriages, deaths, &c. These brothers owe 350 rupees; or about as much as all four can earn in two years. One village shopkeeper is the creditor, and is owed 4,000 rupees in the village. The same trader says he is owed 30,000 rupees in the purgunnah (county) of Singowlee : which altogether only contains sixty villages, and perhaps 1,200 houses. In the very next village, which had only twenty houses, I did not dismount : but as I spoke to the people for a few minutes, I ascertained that one trader in it is owed 2,000 rupees. In this way I found that all but the traders are in debt, and I am at my wits' end to know how to help them. I laugh at their children's ornaments, tell them they are decoys for thieves and murderers ; I show my own and Hony's wrists and neck, and ears and fingers, and tell them we wear no silver or gold ; and I lately circulated large numbers of pamphlets in Hindu and Hindustani, explaining the folly of wasting our subsistence and incurring lasting debt in marriage feasts. Tell me, Alick, what more can be done ; for my Rajahs, as well as my Ryots, my kings, chiefs, and peasants, are all in the usurer's hands. . . .

January 7, 1855, 5 A.M.—I have quite changed the scene, and during the last ten days have been surrounded, by robbers, trying to ferret out two great robberies, and at the same time trying to find out the cause of the whole tribe employing themselves in such pursuits. I have brought several thousand soldiers to the neighbourhood, to be employed if needful, but I have been going about in the robber villages with two or three horsemen, and often altogether alone. They are a fine race of aboriginals, called Meenahs. They kill their infant daughters from pride, and because they cannot get good matches for them. Out of more than a hundred families, whose cases I have investigated, hardly a dozen have daughters. . . . One old villain who had been concerned in fifty or more gang robberies, coolly acknowledged having destroyed two infant daughters ; but he also preserved two : he has two sons.

Concerning these same Meenahs, I extract the following particulars from a report by the General Superintendent of the Thuggee and Dacoitee Department of last year, 1871 :—

Treacherous to a degree, secret, biding their time and opportunity,

and implacable in their resentments, they form a race essentially criminal, and cannot be entrusted with any employment which should remove them from strict and constant supervision. . . . The former possessors of the country, high born, and of ancient lineage, they are more purely Hindoo than Colonel Todd believed of them. The Meenas of Upper Rajpootana are Hindoos of the strictest sect, and not only do Hindoos of every denomination, high and low, drink from their hands, but all Thakoors, Jats, and Aheers, will even partake of food which has been prepared by them. The Meenas under consideration, moreover, never intermarry even in their mothers' "gote," or circle of affinity, except after a remove of four generations; and the installation of the Maharaja of Jeypoor on the throne is not considered complete except the ceremony of fixing the teaka or ensign of sovereignty upon his forehead is performed by the Thokedar, or head man of two gotes or subdivisions of the tribe named "Oosara" or "Chanda." But from where they could have originally migrated is involved in mystery.

I do not know who was the recipient of the following piece of advice: but it might be addressed with advantage to many a young officer in India:—

11th October [1856?].

I have the pleasure to acknowledge your letter. You of course know that until you have been two years with your corps you are not eligible for the staff. When you *are* eligible by service, and by having passed in the language, I will be glad to endeavour to assist you. You are candid in saying you do not like regimental duty, and it is quite right to be candid; but I hope you will try to like whatever duty you are put to. Depend upon it, that whether with your regiment or on the staff, it is very much to a man's advantage to be known to be a good regimental officer. My friend Colonel Napier, the chief engineer in the Punjaub, will be at his post before you have served your two years. I will write to him in your favour to bear you in mind. You had better say nothing of your letter to me, or of this reply, or indeed of your desire to get on the staff. Officers do not like young men trying to get away from their corps. Study hard, both at the language and at engineering. Don't rest satisfied with a smattering of the language, or with simply what is required for the examination, but try to become a good Hindustani scholar, at least a good colloquial one. Engineers, surveyors, and, indeed, all public officers, are greatly hindered in their work for want of thorough knowledge of the language.

The period of depression which followed the death of Lady Lawrence was not for Sir Henry one of literary, any more than official, inactivity. On the contrary, he returned to his old pursuits with even

increased zeal, and resumed his habits of correspondence, both with the reviews and the press, with much energy. I select from his publications of this period (March 1856), a passage which is now of importance only as showing the views entertained by one so capable of judging as himself, of the probabilities of that terrible catastrophe which was then imminent. The organization of the Indian military system, its defects and excellences, and the measures required for its improvement, had constituted the engrossing subject of his meditation for many long years. He had written, officially and in the press, incessantly respecting it, and had, in his own person, done still more. Nevertheless, I have already said that in what may be called his controversy, though posthumous, with Sir Charles Napier, Lawrence did not share the former's views as to the mutinous disposition of the Native army; and that he leaned, perhaps, to the side of favourable prediction the more naturally, because Napier's utterances had been so decidedly the other way. But there was no such by-reason for the language in which he weighs the same probabilities in a much later article (*Calcutta Review*, "Indian Army," March 1856). He is complaining of the slowness of Native promotion and scantiness of Native reward, which would, in his opinion, finally sap the loyalty of the Sepoy army, on which we yet entirely relied. "Ninety in a hundred Sepoys have every reason to be delighted with the service. Several of the remaining ten are satisfied. One, two, or three are dangerously discontented. The reason is plain. They feel they have that in them which would elsewhere raise them to distinction. Our system presses them down." . . . He urged, therefore, the needful measures of encouragement as desirable, but not pressing, still less as too late. "We must not wait," he said, "until, in a voice somewhat louder than that of the European officers in the days of Clive, the 'excellent drills' and the 'tight-pantalooned' combine to assert their claims. What the European officers have repeatedly done may surely be expected of Natives. We shall be unwise to wait for such occasion. Come it will, unless anticipated. A Clive may not be then at hand." Questions of pay, he observes, have been the most prominent cause of murmurs and mutinies. "The other chief cause of mutiny is religion—fanaticism. Hitherto, it has been restricted to Mohammedanism. Hindoos are contented to be let alone." Such, and no greater, was the real extent of Sir Henry's prevision in March 1856. Within little more than twelve months the army of Northern India was in general rebellion. In the period

immediately preceding the Great Mutiny, as in that before the great French Revolution, although the air was full of vague presentiments of danger, the wisest and the weakest alike were unable to forecast the actual shape which that danger was to assume. But one word may be added : had Sir Henry really foreseen the urgency of mutiny, it may be fairly questioned whether that mutiny would ever have broken out. His influence, knowledge, resources, and energy were such—such, at this period of his history, was the *prestige* attending his name throughout India, and such were his facilities for urging his views, both on the public and at head-quarters—that he might, in fair probability, have succeeded in pointing out, and causing to be adopted, the necessary means for averting the catastrophe.

There is another point of some importance on which Sir Henry's views have been somewhat misunderstood—to the credit, or to the discredit, of his reputation for sagacity, according to the opinion which the reader may himself entertain. It has been supposed that because he was himself emphatically a “man of the press,” and employed it as an instrument freely, on many occasions, he was therefore an advocate of the removal of restrictions on its freedom in India, as well as elsewhere. That was by no means the case. I find the following memorandum of this period among Sir Herbert Edwardes's collections ; but it is anonymous, and I cannot ascertain the identity of the writer :—

During the early part of 1856, when talking over with Sir H. Lawrence Kaye's *Life of Lord Metcalfe*, I made the remark that it was very much to his credit that he had removed the restrictions on the Indian press. Sir Henry remarked that he doubted the wisdom of this, for he said that, considering our position in this country, many circumstances might arise in which an absolutely free press might endanger the Government. He said, moreover, that considering Metcalfe's position as only acting Governor-General, his having done so during his short tenure of office might embarrass future Governors-General whose views did not extend to the same pitch as his own. I must not be misunderstood as saying that Sir Henry objected to a free press, but only that he thought that many occasions might in this country, governed as it is by a mild despotism, arise, in which a free press would unintentionally even embarrass the Government. His opinion was, that the natives of India generally had not arrived at that stage of civilization where a free press would be beneficially appreciated by them.

Among other special matters of interest which greatly occupied Sir Henry's mind during the later part of his stay in Rajpootana was

the project of establishing a school for soldiers' children at Ootacamund, similar to the "Lawrence Asylum," already in successful operation. I have not space to enter on the details of this extensive subject; but the following memorandum, conveying his views on the unhappy "religious difficulty," which seems everywhere, and in the smallest as well as the greatest educational undertakings, to paralyze, or at least to lame the activity of Christian philanthropy, may not be without interest:—

Memo. by SIR HENRY LAWRENCE on the Project for a School for Soldiers' Children at Ootacamund.

August 27th, 1856.

I deeply regret the differences of opinion that have arisen at Ootacamund, and earnestly trust that an accommodation may yet be effected. I regret the more because all the correspondence I have seen proves that there is *no difference* of opinion as to the need of a school at Ootacamund.

2. As my views are quoted by both parties, I must state that my wish from the beginning was to assist in founding at Ootacamund an asylum for the children of British soldiers in India similar in all respects to that now existing at Sunawar, and commonly known as the Lawrence Asylum. I did not stipulate for its rules, but until last March I certainly understood that the rules of the new school would at least be in their spirit. When at that time I unreservedly tendered a *donation* it was under the impression that, unless I did so, and unless I left the matter in the hands of the party I was then addressing, there would be no school at Ootacamund. I preferred to have a school for Protestants only rather than to have no school at all. My letter distinctly shows that the above were my grounds of action. Referring to the objections to the rules of the Lawrence Asylum, I beg to observe that that institution has stood the test of nine years' experience. The children are there dealt with on Bible principles; they are taught "all the leading truths of Christianity without unnecessary allusion to disputed points of parties." (*See the Report of Lawrence Asylum, page 6, sec. 34.*) The Scriptures are daily read, daily taught, daily enforced. In fact, Bible teaching is the basis of religious instruction at Sunawar. To this the Bishop of Madras bears testimony. Surely these facts are sufficient answer to the objections made that Catholics object to the Bible. The answer to such objection is simple: do not admit those who refuse to read the Bible.

3. Regarding the other objection, that Roman Catholic priests will intrigue and tamper with Protestant children, I may observe that the occasional admission of priests to visit and to teach members of their own persuasion *has not been* attended with any injurious effect to the children of the Protestant community at Sunawar. The Lawrence Asylum

rules have there sufficiently protected Protestants against Romanism. The attendance of priests is *strictly* confined to the children of their own persuasion in places set apart for the purpose (*vide* 7th Report, page 6, sec. 3), and with them only on fixed days and at fixed hours. Under these circumstances, and with the experience of the Sunawar Asylum before me, I see no reason to fear attempts at perversion; but, should any be made, the remedy is in the hands of the Executive Committee. Let them eject *any* promoters of proselytism, be they Roman Catholic or Protestant.

4. As the immense majority of the Committee must always be of the Established Church, there seems, I repeat, but little reason to fear any improper compromise of Protestant principle. Hitherto the objections against the Lawrence Asylum have been almost exclusively urged by Roman Catholics, and rather by their clergy than by the laity. The system of religious education, based on the authorized version of the Bible, has not been found an objection in the eyes of Roman Catholic parents. I have repeatedly heard this from their own lips. The proportion, however, of Roman Catholic children at Sunawar is but small, not exceeding one in ten, nor, I regret to add, does this small proportion seem likely to increase. Let us not, however, by the exclusion of rules, framed at Sunawar with a view of giving the Bible to all, drive this small minority from our ranks. There is ample in the Bible, at least for *children*, without running into religious controversy. We wish to make Christians, not controversialists. I regret deeply if in these remarks I have fallen into the danger I would wish to avoid. I rather hope that the differences that have hitherto divided the promoters of the education of the soldier's child, may, by mutual concession and forbearance, resolve themselves into earnest and united effort to secure the great object that all parties have at heart, and that an example may be set to the Natives around of Christian Charity, not of controversial hostility.

To return from these digressions to the course of public events, as affecting the career of the subject of this memoir.

On Feb. 29, 1856, Lord Dalhousie resigned the Governor-Generalship, and left Calcutta for England, his successor, Lord Canning, having assumed the government. The strong-minded, strong-witted, and imperious "Thane" quitted India only to die. He reached England indeed, but in a condition which rendered it impossible for him to meet attacks, and to justify before the public a course of policy unmistakably marked with the impress of his own genius. We have, therefore, no vindication by himself of the acts of his viceroyalty. He has only left behind him that remarkable farewell minute, which, in language somewhat reminding the reader of the self-laudatory inscriptions of Darius the Mede and other Oriental sovereigns, recapitulates the incidents and the great successes, as

some of them doubtless were, of his administration. That his lordship's mind was distinctly bent on the gradual assumption of direct authority by the Company over the territories still governed by minor independent potentates—on "annexation," as it is briefly termed—results plainly enough from his own straightforward declarations. And, like other men, he had no doubt a preference for those among his subordinates who agreed in his views and adopted them. It was his lot to find himself at variance with some of the ablest and most independent of our chiefs in India: with Outram, with Lawrence, with others whom it is better not to name, in order not to rake up extinct controversies. I have endeavoured to do such justice to the controversy between him and the subject of this biography as the documents at my disposal enabled me. Certain it is that not only did Lawrence think himself an ill-used man, but that his opinion was shared by others well qualified to judge impartially, such as Lord Hardinge, whose letters on the subject are most explicit, and who says himself that he interfered to set matters right to the best of his ability. But that Lord Dalhousie personally returned the personal ill-will which Lawrence avowedly entertained towards him, I cannot myself find evidence. He was not the man to repair a breach, or to make concessions; but he always spoke of Sir Henry with respect and with expressions of confidence; and one of the last occasions of correspondence between them was, as we have seen, that of an offer of the greatly coveted agency of Hyderabad, which, however, it did not suit Sir Henry to accept.

It seems to have been one of Sir Henry's earliest objects, under the new Government, to set himself right with Lord Canning by anticipation, as to certain points on which he always considered himself misjudged by the former Governor-General. He writes to his lordship, May 20, 1856:—

I beg your lordship will not credit the report which some persons have spread, that I am a spendthrift of the public money. It is my firm opinion that, in public as in private life, judicious liberality is, in the end, economy. I have acted in this belief through life, and in doing so, in keeping men contented, in preserving the peace, and in expeditiously getting through work, I think I have saved at least as much money to Government as any man in India.

Another calumny under which I have suffered is, that I am all for the chiefs and neglect the people. To this I reply that there was no more earnest advocate for light assessments in the Punjaub than myself. That

wherever I have myself made settlements, I have always made *large* reductions, so large as to have generally been objected to by other officers at the time, though the results have shown their necessity.

In regard to chiefs, I have hit them as hard as most men, but I am opposed to sweeping annexations on the plea of benevolence. I believe that territory will come to us honestly quite as fast as we are prepared to manage it, and that, in the interim, we have full power to redress grievances. I further think that it is both polite and proper, by little civilities and kindnesses, to break the fall of reduced chiefs. As a revenue surveyor, I have lived for years among the cultivating classes, and my later connections with the higher classes, and my acquaintance with their vices, have only confirmed my preference for the former.

Apologizing for this intrusion,

I have, &c.

That the change at head-quarters had aroused in Sir Henry's mind ideas of relief for himself from the somewhat monotonous position which he now occupied appears, I think, from the following letter to his friend Outram; the occasion being the appointment of Outram to the political agency for Oudh, where Lord Dalhousie's recent annexation had opened a new and interesting field of exertion. It is written from Agra, where Lawrence spent about this time two or three months in absence from his own neighbouring proconsulate:—

MY DEAR OUTRAM,—

Agra, April 2 [1856].

I HAVE taken a small sheet to prevent me troubling you with a long yarn. I hope all is going on comfortably, and according to your wishes. Were I ten years younger, or were I better able to stand the heat, I should propose to you an exchange, as I like the work you have *very much* better than my work in Rajpootana. I ought sooner to have congratulated you on your well-earned though tardily granted honours. Few of your friends were better pleased at hearing the news. Pray offer Lady Outram my hearty congratulations. I return your draft letter. I should like to see Lord Dalhousie's minute, especially paragraph 73, which converted you. I confess to be still quite unable to see the propriety of our appropriating Oudh surplus revenue otherwise than on Oudh. I think the allowance to the King ample. With the balance I would make Oudh a garden, and get a great name for John Company by the blessings we would thus shower on the country. The fame we should thus obtain would strengthen us in India generally, as much as the lakhs of rupees of the other arrangement will do. However, I am not without hope that perpetual sequestration may yet be the order of the day. It would much strengthen your hands as giving your officers no inducement to put on the screw, which too many, notwithstanding all orders, are so apt to do. I wish I could have

paid you another visit. I should have been too happy, but I was wanted here on very disagreeable duty regarding the Political Agent at Jyepoor.

With kind regards to Lady Outram,

Believe me,

Ever yours very sincerely,

H. M. LAWRENCE.

But Outram's health failed ; he was condemned to revisit England, and the great field of Oudh was once more open to Sir Henry's speculation.⁷ Of the communications which followed between him and Lord Canning, Sir John Kaye has given an account in the first volume of his *History of the Sepoy War*. He offered to serve in Outram's place, in a temporary measure, until some definitive measure were adopted. "The first misfortune," says Sir John, "that befell the ministry of Lord Canning, was that the letter conveying the proposal arrived a little too late." A civilian Chief Commissioner, Mr Coverley Jackson, "an expert revenue officer," had already been appointed, with two assistants for finance and justice. Affairs went ill. The habits and views of a veteran Bengal official were found little adapted to the exigencies of a new country and a half-subdued people. "Striking with one hand at Gubbins" (Financial Commissioner) "and with the other at Ommaney" (Judicial Commissioner), "the Chief Commissioner was continually in an attitude of offence, and the administration was likely to be wrecked altogether upon the lee shore of these internal contentions." Lord Canning, however, still held on with the existing arrangement, hoping for its natural termination by the return of Outram with restored health.

Sir Henry, therefore, to continue my use of Sir J. Kaye's language, "fell back upon his duties among those intractable Rajpoots, grieving over their degeneracy, striving mightily, but with no great success, to evolve something of good out of their transition state, and at last admitting that the peace and security we had given them had not as yet much improved the race. All through the year he had gone on, in his earnest, unstinting way, doing what he could, through divers channels of beneficence, alike for the ancient homes and the national chivalries, whereof history and tradition had given such grand accounts."

⁷ I find it positively stated by Sir Henry in a private letter from Mount Aboo, but without dates, that Lord Dalhousie, "when contemplating the annexation of that province," had offered it to him once before. See also p. 529 *supra*. But I find no more precise record of this offer, or of the reasons which made him at that time decline it.

And his aspirations for more diversified and interesting employment were fading away under a stronger impulse—the desire to revisit home. Failing in health, wearied in spirit, his Indian dwelling vacant from the companionship which had been the delight and the support of his existence in it, very solicitous about the future of his children in England, and about to be left alone by the departure of his young daughter, who had outgrown the safe limit of stay in India, he longed more and more for that relief which he had so amply earned. His feelings are strongly expressed in a letter to his old friend Clerk (October 30, 1856), which the reader will find printed in *Kaye's Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii., p. 313. He announces to him his hopes of returning home :—

How long I may remain in India if I live to return, will depend on circumstances ; but at present I have no vision before me of the few acres that you tell me would content you ; though, curious enough, I was told very lately by a friend that she had left me her best farm, in the South of England, by her will. But I must confess the ungrateful fact ; I am a discontented man. I don't want money, I have more than ample. You know how simple are my tastes, how few my wants. Well, I have two lakhs of rupees, of which each of my three children has 5,000*l.*, and I have another 5,000*l.* to share ; so that I hardly care to save any more. Money, therefore, is not my aim ; but I do desire to wipe away the stain cast on me by Lord Dalhousie.

He finally addressed to Lord Canning the following application :—

Nov. 9, 1856.

On account of my family I have long been anxious to get home even for a few months, and will be much obliged if you can permit me to go next month for nine, or even for six months, making over charge of the agency to my brother George. Under ordinary circumstances I should not take the liberty of naming the *locum tenens* I wish for, but I am not only under great obligations to my brother (who in fact mainly started me in life),^a but I conscientiously believe that he is the fittest available man to carry on the work to which I shall return after so short an absence.

2. In the present state of home affairs I see no prospect of employment with the English army—indeed I have given up the idea. But I wish to take home my little girl and to look after my sons. Had I not, however, the fullest intention of returning to India, I should not thus intrude on your lordship, but my present intention is to hold to my work

^a Sir George.

as long as health and strength last; and as by the new furlough rules I lose all pay while absent, I cannot afford to be absent long.

3. My brother's post in Meywar is the highest in Rajpootana next to my own, and he is somewhat known throughout the province. Your lordship will recollect that you put him in charge of the agency on General Low's departure. We will both be very thankful if you will repeat your kindness.

4. I will *not go* unless all be quiet, and even in the present state of Meywar affairs, I don't think I could make up my mind to go, leaving my office in any hands but my brother's. I have not said a word as to my wishes or thoughts to any one but my brother, as the foolish Meywar chiefs might hope for another bout of anarchy under a change of officials.

Leave having been accordingly granted, he wrote to Lord Canning (December 26, 1856) that he intended to proceed to England, leaving Neemuch on the first of the ensuing February :—

My health has, for some months, been so indifferent, that three doctors have given me medical certificates; but I do not propose to remain in England beyond the end of the autumn. Had my health been better, I should have placed myself at your lordship's disposal for service towards Herat, if any army go in that direction. . . . On this point, or rather on the army question generally, as your lordship did me the honour to ask my opinion when in Calcutta, I beg to say that I am the author of the two articles in the *Calcutta Review* of March and September last: the first on the "Indian Army," the other on "Army Reform." The question is one I have long had at heart, and look on it as the vital one of our Indian empire.

But the release thus longed for was not destined to visit Sir Henry Lawrence in life. Night alone—a night near at hand—was to bring cessation to his work. Immediately after the date of the above letter, Outram being now wanted for Persia, Lord Canning offered the writer the post of "Chief Commissioner and Agent to the Governor-General" in Oudh. The special importance of this offer, and the high trust which it involved, will be shown in the next chapter. It was one which Sir Henry, with his chivalrous feelings of duty, would not have felt himself at liberty to decline under any circumstances short of absolute necessity; but we have seen that the offer—to organize a new annexed kingdom, fallen into extremity of disorder—was one which peculiarly suited the romantic, as well as the ambitious, side of his disposition. He acknowledged and accepted the proffer :—

MY DEAR LORD,—

Neemuch, 19th January 1857.

I AM honoured and gratified by your kind letter of the 9th, this day received. I am quite at your lordship's service, and will cancel my leave and move to Lucknow at a day's notice if you think fit after this explanation to appoint me. My own doctor (my friend Ebden) thinks better of my health than any other doctor. Three other doctors whom I consulted before I came here, replied that I *certainly* ought to go home. The two staff doctors at this station say the same. But Dr. Ebden and Dr. Lowndes, both of whom know me well, say that my constitution has that elasticity, that in a work so much to my taste as that in Oudh I may be able to hold out. Annoyances try me much more than work. I went round Guzerat last month, several times riding thirty or more miles during the day; and being repeatedly out *all* day or night, and sometimes both. I can also work at my desk for twelve or fifteen hours at a time. Work, therefore, does not yet oppress me. But ever since I was so cavalierly elbowed out of the Punjaub, I have fretted even to the injury of my health. Your lordship's handsome letter has quite relieved my mind on that point, so I repeat that if on this explanation you think fit to send me to Oudh, I am quite ready, and can be there within twenty days of receiving your telegraphic reply.

If Jung Bahadoor will let me go for a couple of months in the hot weather to a point of Nepaul near Oudh, your lordship will probably not object, so as all be quiet within my charge. I was well acquainted with Mr. Jung when I was resident at Katmandoo, and I think he would be glad to renew intercourse. If he will not, you will perhaps let me take a part of my office to Nynee Tal or Almorah for a couple of the most trying months, if I find that I can do so without injury to the public service. These stations are only two nights' dāk from Oudh. But I have not abused my licence to live at Aboo, as is proved by the fact of my having been marching about Rajpootana at one time or other during every month of the year except June. Again thanking your lordship,

I remain, &c.

H. LAWRENCE.

In February 1857 (says Dr. Ebden, then his medical adviser in Rajpootana), "I gave Sir Henry Lawrence a medical certificate for a year's leave in England,* and only consented to his going to Lucknow on his promising to go home in November 1857."

To SIR H. EDWARDES.

Agra, February 26.

Your two letters of the 4th and 15th reached me yesterday. . . . I am carrying on my Rajpootana work here. . . . I am ready at a day's notice to start for Lucknow, where I *must* have a month's knocking about to see the country, the people and the officials. You say you are sorry I am

going, and *so am I*. I give up a great deal, indeed *all* my private desires, my little daughter, my sons, my sisters, and probably my health. But I could not withstand the offer, made as it was, by Lord Canning; I have also the vanity to think I can do good. The one personal motive was, to prove that I was not the Pootlee puppet in the Punjaub that Lord Dalhousie and . . . have been for the last few years asserting. I hope also the move may help George, who under any circumstances was to have acted in Rajpootana. Now you have it all, good, bad, and indifferent. Certainly Lord Dalhousie's act has roused my worst passions, and the last few years' ignoring of me in the reports and in the newspapers has often made me angry. My mind is now quiet, and I am in a more Christian spirit, which is one great good. Man can but die once, and if I die in Oudh, after having saved some poor fellows' hearths, or skins, or *izzat* (reputation), I shall have no reason for discontent. I wish to be at peace with all men, and can now more freely than ever forgive Lord Dalhousie, . . . and the *few* others who have done me injustice. But the price I pay is high, for I had quite set my heart on going home. . . .

The same announcement was made in a letter—his last letter, I believe—to his son Alexander (February 1857):—

Hony and aunt Charlotte will deliver this. Your sweet little sister will tell you all about me, and about Aboo. I wish I were with her; but you will have heard of the flattering offer made to me by Lord Canning, which I could not well refuse: Oudh is a noble field; not less so than the Punjaub, in some respects more so, as containing the homes of our native soldiers.

According to his wish, his brother George, whom he left as his acting substitute in Rajpootana, was finally confirmed in that agency by Lord Canning.

The testimony borne in the following letter by Mr. Raikes to the memory of Sir Henry, though addressed to Sir Herbert Edwardes at a later period, may find its appropriate place here:—

Northlands, near Chichester, July 7th, 1860.

Although my personal acquaintance with the late Sir Henry Lawrence was comparatively slight, yet, as it was impossible to know without loving him, so it is not easy to recall his memory without emotion.

In January 1853, at Amritsur, when I first entered the Lahore division as Commissioner, I had a good opportunity of observing the almost marvellous sway which Sir Henry exercised over classes of men widely differing in every feeling save love to him. There were the conquerors and the conquered, the European officials and the Sikh Sirdars, some of

the best specimens of English gentlemen, and some of the roughest Asiatic chiefs, all alike lamenting over the departure of the man who seemed to be the personal friend of each and all. The crowd of gentlemen was so great, that Charles Saunders, at that time Deputy Commissioner of Amritsur, had his large house fairly crammed with visitors, and I recollect that he and Mrs. Saunders, in order to extend their hospitality as far as possible, had taken up their own quarters in a tent on the flat roof of their house.

There was a still larger throng of native chiefs from every part of the Punjab, who watched every footstep of their departing Hakim, and pressed to get a last word, or even a look.

It was impossible to mistake the feeling evinced on either side, or to say whether the natives or the Englishmen present were the most zealous to show their respect and love. . . . My next meeting with Sir Henry Lawrence was at Agra. I have thus described that meeting in my "Notes on the Revolt:"—

"In March 1857, at Agra, when on his way to take charge of his new duties as Chief Commissioner of Oude, I had much daily and unreserved intercourse with Sir Henry Lawrence. I found him, as it were, ripening fast, alike for that goal of human glory which he was soon to attain, and for that sublimer change which so quickly awaited him. *

"His heart seemed overflowing with Christian charity. I remember that, in returning a volume of *Memoirs of Bishop Sandford*, he wrote to call my attention to the following passage, which he had marked with a pencil:—'My fears for those who retain a spirit of unforgiveness, are overpowering: I will sincerely declare to you that I could not myself pray to God or ask His pardon for my many transgressions before I go to bed at night with any comfort, or with any hope of being heard, unless I were conscious that I did from my heart forgive as I ask to be forgiven' (vol. ii., pp. 106, 107). When next I met him, as we walked to the early church service (it was the time of Lent), he poured out his heart on the beautiful topic of Christian forgiveness, adding that he had sent a copy of the extract above quoted to a distinguished officer, once his friend, who had taken deep offence at some public act of Sir Henry's. For every child that he met in my own family, in the missionary, or other public schools, he had a word of kindness or encouragement. Incidentally he told me that the secret of his ability to support those public institutions with which his name will for ever be associated, was to be found in his abstinence to the utmost from all sorts of personal expense.

"He went to Oude not without feelings of ambition, but principally from a high sense of duty, whilst he had the strongest medical opinions of the necessity of an immediate change to Europe, and when suffering, as he told me, 'from a dozen different complaints.'"

CHAPTER XIX.

OU DH, MARCH—MAY 1857.

WE have seen in a former portion of these memoirs, that Sir H. Lawrence's interest in the province of Oudh dated from an early period in his Indian career. That magnificent region, "the garden, the granary, and the queen-province of India," had claims for his imagination, as well from its wealth and natural advantages as from the strangely diversified historical associations connected with it. But more especially did it occupy a place in his meditations respecting the welfare of India, as the native province of some three-fourths of our Bengal Sepoys—the nursery of that fine race of soldiers of whose government he was so proud, and in whose welfare he so deeply sympathized. As early as 1845 he printed in the *Calcutta Review* an article on "The Kingdom of Oudh," in which he dwelt at once on the resources and value of the province, and on the principle on which its administration or protectorate ought in his judgment to be administered. His description of its capital, Lucknow, such as he saw it in its days of royal residence, has a touch of colouring which makes the reader suspect the neighbourhood at his right hand of a loved and romantic fellow-labourer, whose taste for the picturesque was more pronounced than his. It derives, at all events, a peculiar interest from the circumstance that the city on whose fantastic charms he dwells so complacently, was destined to be the scene of his last achievements, and of his death:—

This part of Lucknow, "the modern city," is both curious and splendid, and altogether unlike the other great towns of India, whether Hindoo or Mohammedan. There is a strange dash of European architecture among its Oriental buildings. Travellers have compared the place to Moscow and to Constantinople, and we can easily fancy the resemblance: gilded domes, surmounted by the crescent; tall, slender pillars; lofty colonnades; houses that look as if they had been transplanted from Regent-street; iron railings and balustrades; cages, some containing wild beasts, others filled with "strange, bright birds;" gardens, fountains, and cypress-trees; elephants, camels, and horses; gilt litters and English barouches—all these form a dazzling picture.

With regard to the views which Sir Henry then expressed as to the existing administration of Oudh and projects for its reform, it must be confessed that it is not easy to reconcile them at all points with the opinions which he entertained on kindred subjects elsewhere. The truth is, Sir Henry was a very prolific writer; his eager and almost over-rapid thought found ready relief in writing off his impulses; he was, moreover, like Anglo-Indians in general when they take pen in hand, addicted to the censorious, and a little to the contemptuous. He had under his eyes the vices of the court of Oudh and the chronic mismanagement of some portions of its administration, although (as we shall presently see) he exaggerated in some respects their effects on the condition of the people. "Whatever is, is worst," was consequently the leading note of his criticism.

When Lawrence wrote this article he could not anticipate how very soon he was to become distinguished as the special opponent of political "annexation" generally, and consequently the upholder, in the Punjab, of that very system of protection and of threefold government which he here condemns. He could not foresee that he was to conduct it on the largest scale, or at all events in the largest area, namely Rajpootana. And between annexation and protection there is no alternative as regards the existing states of the Peninsula, unless it were to abandon them entirely to their own devices, and inclose them externally with a *cordon* of British troops and posts-- a hypothetical scheme which Sir Henry Lawrence was not very likely to advocate.

His own suggestions as to the future management of the province are summed up in the last pages of his article. He proposed to set aside the reigning sovereign, Mahommed Amjud Ali:—

He should be treated with respect, but restricted to his palace and its precincts. The Resident should be minister, not only in fact, but in name. Let it not be said that he works in the dark, but give him the responsible charge of the country, and make him answerable to the British Government for its good or ill management, while his personal demeanour to the King must be deferential; he should be no more under his authority than the Commissioner of Delhi is under the Great Mogul. Divide the country into five districts, in each place a British officer as superintendent, who shall receive appeals against the native officers. Abolish, *in toto*, the farming system. Give as quickly as possible a light assessment for five years, fixed as far as possible by the people themselves; that is, let the one-and-a-quarter million (or thereabouts) the country may be supposed

able to bear, be subdivided in a great assembly of the people among the five districts; and then let the district, purgunnah, and village quotas be similarly told off, under the eye of British superintendents.

Due consideration must be given to the circumstances of all, and to the privileges that may have arisen from long exemption, and it must be remembered that one village may be ruined by paying half what another, in apparently similar circumstances, can easily afford; let the rich and powerful pay as well as the poor and weak. Reference must be had, and some consideration granted, to past payments and past privileges, as well as to present condition. Perfect equalization cannot be expected at once.

After the date of this article, however, the condition of things in Oudh did not improve, nor did the faults of our administration there, if they may not be called inevitable deficiencies rather than faults, diminish. This is not the occasion for repeating an often-recounted chapter in history, nor do the affairs of Oudh concern us further than as introductory to the last scene of Sir Henry Lawrence's life. As we know, the increasing disorganization of this fine province, so unhappily contiguous to our own most valuable possessions, soon excited the attention of one with whom such attention was apt to be preliminary to wider views—Lord Dalhousie. Then came the famous mission of Colonel, since Sir William, Sleeman, to examine into the state of the country—the “missionary,” as he has been somewhat too truly called, “of a foregone conclusion.” He took the public, as it were, into the confidence of himself and his employers, by his celebrated Report, and still more by his personal narratives. He went rather to put a universally received accusation into an official shape than to find original ground of accusation. As to the particular charges which he brought against the dynasty and its satellites, nothing need here be said. But absolute justice requires the admission that the description of the misgovernment and sufferings of the country itself was laid on with somewhat pronounced exaggeration of colouring. It is a very unfortunate habit of one who projects conquest, to commence his proceedings, as if by way of anticipating and warding off attacks, by multiplying and improving every sin which can be laid to the charge of his intended victim. Colonel Sleeman (says Lord Dalhousie's vindicator, Mr. Arnold) found “Oudh a country blessed by God, and metamorphosed into a hell.”¹

¹ *Lord Dalhousie's Administration*, vol. ii. p. 350.

The real and substantial lords of the soil were the Hindoo aristocrats, never wholly subdued by the Mahomedans, and becoming more than ever independent when we degraded the Mogul. These aristocrats, or Talookdars, as they were called, were hereditary landowners, frequently bearing the title of Rajah, and always exercising the authority of princes over their own domains. In theory, they were subject to the Nawab, and paid him an assessment upon their estates. In practice, they paid it when it was convenient, or not at all; paid when they could gain something by paying, or when it was cheaper than keeping a small army wherewith to laugh at the beards of the King's collectors. Oudh was covered with thickets of prickly pear, and jungles of bamboo and thorn, and these served those Oriental barons in the same stead as the Black Forest and the Rhine hills their mediæval antitypes. . . . If the jungle was not made to hand by nature, the Talookdar destroyed the crops about, and suffered the prolific and rank vegetation of the wilderness to make him a jungle. . . . This was the condition of things in the major part of Oudh. The land had no rest. . . . In the districts fertile land was being everywhere converted into jungle. . . . Total insecurity for life and property was producing its consequences; manufacturing industry was disappearing, the little towns were fading into villages, the villages were vanishing; rebels and robbers might occasionally spare the inhabitants, but the King's soldiers never.

Such is the description of Oudh before 1853, as drawn by a champion of annexation. Let us tone it down by the application of statistics. Oudh contains about 25,000 square miles English: in other words, it nearly equals in area the kingdoms of the Netherlands and Belgium together. Sir Henry Lawrence estimated its population (1845) at three millions—a considerable relative number, but (as it turns out) very greatly below the mark. Three or four years ago it was ascertained to contain eight millions, showing a density equal to that of the two countries aforesaid, the best peopled in Europe; and the annual Blue Book, entitled *Moral and Material Progress of India*, for 1869-70, fixes it at the almost incredible number of eleven millions and a half, or nearly 500 to the square mile. And yet, to the causes of desolation so rhetorically enumerated in the passage I have quoted, there was afterward added the Mutiny with its ravages and disastrous results. And British government, whatever magic we

* The same statement respecting the extensive conversion of rich districts into jungle under the Royal Government is made by so high an authority as Mr. Marshman (*History of India*, iii. 421), and by Lawrence himself, in the essay already quoted. But the evidence of figures is stronger than assertions.

It was, perhaps, even a more difficult task to deal with the arrears of embarrassment which had been cast upon him by the manner in which his predecessors had treated the pensioners of the late Kings of Oudh—many undeserving, many importunate, but towards whom justice was nevertheless due, and consideration and clemency graceful. “There was,” says Sir John Kaye (I am quoting from sheets of a forthcoming volume of his *History*), “a shoal of Court functionaries, of Court tradesmen, of titled pensioners, to whom the coffers of the King were accessible, and who were simply ruined when his Majesty was dethroned. The condition of some of these people was truly pitiable. Men and women of high birth, tenderly reared and luxuriously surrounded, were suddenly cast adrift in the world without the means of subsistence. Some warded off starvation by selling their shawls and trinkets. Some are known to have gone forth into the streets to beg under cover of the darkness of the night. . . . Nothing was further from the intention of Government than that these privileged classes should suffer; but the fact remains that they suffered considerably. The settlement of the pension list was in abeyance, and nothing was done to provide the pensioners with an *interim* allowance to keep them from starving. . . . Able men were not to be found for the performance of administrative duties in our settled provinces; but in a country just rescued, as it was phrased, from native misrule, they were all astray in the dark. . . . But Sir Henry Lawrence, who carried with him to Oudh the best of heads and the best of hearts, saw at once the terrible omission, and promptly proceeded to redress the wrong. Like many other good deeds done by good men, it was too late.”

The history of the “annexation” itself, and of its bearing on the Mutiny, is told by Sir John Kaye in the first volume of his *Sepoy War*, in a very different spirit, I need not say, from that which is exhibited by the partisans of Lord Dalhousie. To these controversies I only refer my readers, and pass them over, except as bearing on my immediate purpose. Outram, who had been Resident at Lucknow immediately before the event, had accomplished, ministerially, the revolution which had been decreed by the British Government; §

§ “That the duty to the performance of which he was now summoned was distasteful to him (Outram) is not to be doubted. His sympathies had always been with the native princes of India. He believed that it was sound policy to maintain the few remaining States, which the progress of our arms and our diplomacy had still left clinging to the soil. But there were circumstances in the oppressive misrule of Oudh to weaken those generous sympathies. . . . He

but it was work that "sickened him." On his departure on furlough, as we have seen, Sir Henry Lawrence had offered to serve as a temporary substitute; but Mr. Coverley Jackson had already been selected. During the course of 1856 the Residency was disturbed by what Sir John Kaye terms the "sharp contentions" between him and Mr. Martin Gubbins, the Financial Commissioner—one of those zealous and pushing subordinates who disconcert their superiors almost as much by their energy as by their marked desire to exhibit it. Outram was recalled to his post in order to pacify the combatants, and keep things in order; but he was wanted for Persia, and volunteered his services, being in England, to take command of the expedition thither. Sir Henry Lawrence was therefore appointed to the Chief Commissionership of Oudh, as we have seen, in his place, and reached Lucknow on March 20, 1857, just a month after the first growl of the collecting thunders of the Mutiny had been heard at Berhampore, in Bengal. On the 24th he writes the following playful account of his first impressions to his sister Charlotte in England:—

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,—

Lucknow, March 24.

I AM glad to think that your sea troubles are almost over; I hope they have been less than you anticipated, and that Hony has not been a trouble to you. I miss you both very much: your care and love for me, her pleasant prattle and loving ways. Here I am enthroned in the seat of the *wicked* king. I am glad I am guiltless of his dethronement, and must try to show that we have come to Oudh for some better purpose than to enjoy its revenues. The country is a splendid one, and will, I hope, settle down into tranquillity. Mr. Jackson has received me amiably, though he feels bitterly his supersession. He is an able and energetic man, but, like us Lawrences, has strong passions not under much control. . . . I hope to give you a *chit* once a month. I hope it will be regular, notwithstanding the mosquitoes, which are dreadful day and night. I write by candlelight, having got up before four o'clock. I do not feel afraid of the work, if I can only face the heat and the mosquitoes. I have just counted thirty-nine new bites on my right arm. . . . I am so glad I've got a *Hedley Vicars*. I see the little book in many houses. I had a great discussion at Neemuch about it, especially on the propriety of publishing the diary portion; I was strongly in favour. There are bits of that diary "worth their weight in gold."

Just before taking possession of his new office he received from his

hastened to Calcutta, thence to Oudh, and carried out Lord Dalhousie's orders with as much kindness of manner as it was possible to throw into such rough work."—Memoir of Outram in the *Times*, March 13, 1863.

brother John a letter, of which I subjoin a long extract, partly on account of the brotherly friendliness on both sides which it displays, partly for the sake of the lessons which John Lawrence—superior in this line of experience to Henry—reads in it to Indian officials in general :—

Rawul Pindce, February 18, 1857.

As regards official matters I would say, give no orders to commissioners or district officers, except on an emergency, direct. If you do, send copy to the Judicial or Financial Commissioner, as the case may be. If you do this, you secure the best chance of their working with you. It is sufficiently difficult to get men to be subordinate ; by letting them ignore their immediate superior you complicate matters. Talk to the subordinate officers as much as you like, and indicate in this way your general views ; but send orders through the regular channels. Even your friends will resent your writing direct to the subordinates. Secondly, if petitions come to you, and you wish to see the cases, you can, without any harm, refer the petitioners direct to the local officer ; but then, in doing so, you should tell the latter to reply through his superior. Thus : a man says his village is over-assessed, and so forth ; you send it to the Deputy-Commissioner of the district for information, which he will send up to his Commissioner, who will send it on with his views. By this plan some delay occurs ; but work, when so done, is done once for all. I would also take up such complaints very sparingly. Every native likes to go to the top sawyer, and it is only by close examination and cross-questioning that the truth comes out, and even then not always. . . .

A Chief Commissioner has not much direct power, but a good deal of influence. He cannot reverse judicial sentences, for instance : but he can question their legality or propriety. He can direct that they be reconsidered, or, if this be refused, which of course it would not be, he can refer to Government. In administrative matters he has most power. In all matters of general arrangement his voice would generally be decisive.

It is not easy to say on what points obstacles and difficulties will arise. Do what you will, arise they will. The great rule seems to me to consist in not deciding before you have both sides of the question, so far as possible, before you. There is too much writing and reference to Government. One has not sufficient time to think and digest. The mechanical work to be got through occupies the whole day. The work here has vastly increased since you left. I am often fairly bewildered with it, though I work at my desk steadily from the moment I come in before breakfast, with an interval of ten minutes to breakfast, until dark, or, at any rate, until I can no longer see. I never take a holiday, or knock off even for an hour.

I do not recollect anything else that strikes me as worthy of note. The

only point in particular which seems to me of value is your mode of doing your own work. In civil administration the great secret appears to me to consist in avoiding arrears. To do this you must always keep at the wheel, and endeavour, so far as possible, to work off daily all that comes in. Then in the whole year you may get through all your work. Much will depend on it being done in the way I describe. Your own office people cannot get through it properly unless it comes in and goes out like a running stream. And this is still more important for the proper working of the subordinate departments. Before a work or a system is set agoing, try and give your orders; if you cannot do so, better, so far as possible, accept those of others, even if it do not altogether accord with your own views.

The effect of his arrival on the public mind of the province, both among Europeans and natives, is described by Mr. Gubbins,⁶ in the first pages of his work, *The Mutinies in Oudh* :—

⁶ The name of this gallant but unfortunate gentleman has been so much mentioned together with that of Sir Henry Lawrence, and it has been so generally assumed that his work on the Mutinies does injustice to his chief, and that intentionally, that a few words may not be amiss to rectify what is in truth a common misapprehension. Sir Henry's fault, in official life, was over-sensitiveness, and it is to be regretted that his friends have sometimes shown too much of a tendency to the same weakness in dealing with him after his death.

Of Mr. Gubbins's character, with its mixture of talent, courage, audacity, and imperfect judgment, much might be said. He had, in Sir Henry's opinion, been much involved in that course of maladministration with regard to the pensions and the talookdars, of which Sir Henry witnessed the effects; and that Lord Canning had arrived, quite independently, at the same judgment, appears from the following letter :—

"I know how thoroughly I may rely upon your considerate treatment of all native interests. From what Mr Jackson had told me, I was not surprised to see in your letter that some of the talookdars have been hardly dealt with—many, if Mr Jackson's account was correct. Wood and he did *not* acquit Mr. Gubbins of the blame, but, in some details which he gave me, fixed it on the Financial Commissioner. I am sure that it will be necessary for you to keep a close watch and a tight hand upon that officer. He has had, as against his late master, a triumph which it would have been unjust and mischievous to withhold from him, but I have good reason to know that he is overmuch elevated by it."

Nor can there be any doubt that Mr. Gubbins's constant obtrusion of his advice throughout the whole of Sir Henry's Residence; his eager, sanguine nature, and impatience of what he considered hesitation; were trying enough to his principal; while his own firm belief in himself, and inclination to attribute blame to those who did not share in his impetuosity, here and there come to the surface in his pages.

"Gubbins is a fine fellow," writes Sir Henry, in a confidential note to Commissioner Tucker, at Benares, without date, "but he thinks ill of all who will not cut about the country. He looks too much to what he desires to do, and forgets our means. His schemes would have destroyed this force ere this. With God's blessing we shall weather the storm; but prudence as well as courage is required."

Towards the close of March, Sir Henry Lawrence arrived at Lucknow, in the capacity of Chief Commissioner ; and the influence of his kind and conciliatory demeanour towards the native community was soon felt. No one was more calculated to win the esteem and regard of the native gentry than Sir Henry Lawrence. Affable, and easily approached, deeply sympathizing with all who had lost consideration, or the means of respectable maintenance by the British annexation of the province, he was eminently calculated to soothe the public mind. The native gentry hastened to wait upon him ; all returned from the interview satisfied and hopeful. All congratulated themselves on having found a ruler so well disposed to listen to their grievances, and to remedy them, so far as was in his power.

Sir Henry Lawrence, indeed, was essentially a friend of the natives. He had long been habituated to cultivate a free intercourse with them, and to free himself more than most men from the trammels of native subordinates. He thought that Europeans were too apt to overvalue themselves and their own Government, and to undervalue the native Governments of the country. He thought that the people had many just causes for complaint ; and he was desirous, in ordering the administration over which he had been appointed to preside, to remove these grievances as far as possible.

How soon Sir Henry Lawrence tackled to the heavy business and responsibility now cast on him, and how he dealt with those whom he came to supersede or control, appears from a very frank and con-

But Lord Lawrence has, I believe, judged of him more equitably than some of his critics in print. "I do not think," he says in a letter to Sir H. Edwardes (13th December 1858), "I do not think there is anything in the book to which my brother's friends can fairly take exception. . . . It is true that Gubbins in one or two places speaks of Sir Henry's hesitation : first, I think, as to disarming the Sepoys, and secondly as regards the abandonment of the Muchee Bawn. But these were questions on which a prudent man might well hesitate and ponder. Henry's main object was to try and keep the peace until more European troops should arrive. As he said, time is everything. He had not the means of taking up matters with a high hand." On one point of his character there can be no doubt—his gallantry. Sir Henry himself termed him a hero. I shall have to speak, further on, of the imputation commonly brought against him of having urged Sir Henry to the attack on the rebels at Chinhut.

"Mr. Gubbins," says Colonel Edgell, in a private memorandum, "did right good service with his rifle after we had become besieged, and was known as a good shot by his chuprassees, several of whom deserted after having helped him with loaded rifles at the commencement. The chuprassees, doubtless, told the enemy of his good shooting, and knew the double crack of his rifle, if present with the enemy at Gubbins's post. His personal exertions and pluck throughout the siege were conspicuous, as was also his kindness and attention to the sick and wounded in his own house, which was always full. Mrs. Gubbins aided him in this respect in every way : both have been, I think, very unjustly maligned."

fidential letter, written within a fortnight after his arrival, to his brother-in-law, Dr. James Bernard :—

Lucknow, April 7th

MY DEAR JAMES,—

YOU will be glad to hear that after seventeen days' occupancy of my new berth, I find myself more comfortable than I expected. The work is *decidedly* not overwhelming, and I have less fear of the heat than I had. There is a large town-house, and another nearly as large in the cantonment four miles off, at my disposal. I was never so well housed. All hands seem glad at my coming, the natives especially. For the first time since annexation have the doors of the Residency been open to the nobles and the traders. I have held large Durbars for both classes (separately), and now the individual members of each class come to me daily. General Outram writes to me that he is glad I am come, as he is sure "I [he] could not have restored order." His wife, a nice, gentle creature, writes to me that she, too, is very glad, as when she was here on a visit in January last, "every one was wretched, and all wanted a firm, kind hand." The civil officers, whether civilians or soldiers, may well be glad of the change, for in the whole course of my service, I never saw such letters as have issued from these offices. "Evasion," "misrepresentation," &c., were common words, flung about right and left. I tore up two drafts of letters that came to me the first day, and altered three others. Mr. Jackson was not altogether to blame. He is a violent but able and kindly man. When thwarted he could not restrain himself, and lost his judgment. He stayed eight days with me, and was very amiable, though I told him he was very wrong in some of his acts, and in more of his expressions. He put into my hands the chief letters referring to despatches, and *did* astonish me. The Government letters are nearly as bad as his own. All the impertinences of all Lord Dalhousie's letters during my stay in the Punjaub hardly amounted to what was poured out on Mr. Jackson in a single letter. How he remained an hour in office any time this six months, is to me wonderful. He ought to have resigned last July. The delay in letting me join after I had accepted the berth seems to have been to enable Government to write half a dozen letters, each of many sheets, all dated March, and all pouring out vituperations on Mr. Jackson. He was on bad terms with five out of the six principal officers (civil) and also with the Civil Secretary. The Judicial Commissioner, as also the Revenue one, were at bitter feud with him. The first is not a wise man, jealous of interference, and yet fond of interfering. Mr. Ommaney is his name. He is chief judge and superintendent of police, and has charge of local improvement funds. I cannot say I admire him, but have no fear of his disturbing me. I took an early opportunity, even while Mr. Jackson was here, to let him (Mr. Ommaney, the Judicial Commissioner) know that he was not to lead me by the nose. The first occasion was regarding a Thuggee jail, in which I found all sorts of people

mixed up with Thugs, and the sentries all with muskets in their hands, at the mercy of the prisoners. On the spot I put the sentries into safe positions. Jackson was with me, and expressed surprise at my daring to interfere, inasmuch as, in one of his despatches, he had been told by Government that the Judicial Commissioner had plenary power in jail matters. As soon as I came in I wrote an official letter to Mr. Ommaney, saying I did not wish to interfere in details, but that the case was urgent, and that I was mobbed by life prisoners mixed up with men confined for misdemeanours, and that all could escape whenever they liked. The principal jail, I remarked, is in good order. It is within a quarter of a mile, and I doubt not was a year ago in much the condition I found the Thuggee jail, but an outbreak took place, and sixty prisoners escaped. Not a year passes that *one* such outbreak does not occur. Ten or twenty lives are often thus sacrificed to gross neglect, and to the arms of the guard being seized by the prisoners. Jackson was right in much that he said about last year's outbreak, but he laid all the blame on the Judicial Commissioner, whose part in the management need not be much more than that of the Chief Justice in England, certainly not more than that of the sheriff. He therefore got well scolded by Government, and they hardly supported him even when he was right. Lord Canning evidently was not satisfied with the state of the jail, for he asked me to look after it, notwithstanding Mr. Ommaney's plenary power. The original instructions of Government are in many points somewhat contradictory. The Chief Commissioner has full power in all departments, yet the Judicial and also the Revenue Commissioner have plenary power in many matters not being judicial decisions. Mr. Ommaney as a judge only refers capital sentences to me. The other question in which I interfered was one which strongly shows the bad effects of squabbling. It was as to the figure and size of the kutcharees (public offices). The Judicial Commissioner reported his plan, but his letter showed that he had only consulted two out of the four divisional commissioners, and that these two entirely differed from him, yet he adhered to his own plan, and Mr. Jackson consented to it a day or two before I joined. On looking at the plan and the letters of the objecting commissioners, I saw that Mr. Ommaney was quite wrong. I pointed this out to Mr. Jackson, and he agreed with me, but said he had consented to it for peace's sake. I accordingly got over the chief engineer (a very nice fellow, Major Anderson), and concocted a new plan, which Jackson approved of, and Mr. Ommaney allows is, next to his own, the best. The question is an important one, as it affects the comfort of all the civil officers, and all others in the Courts, and will do so for ever throughout the whole province. The safety of the Treasuries and the Records is also greatly affected. I am sure I was quite right, and that I have effected a vastly improved scheme of building (Edwardes agrees with me), but I also thought it good as an early opportunity of showing that I would have my own way in large matters. I think I can manage

Mr. Ommaney. The Revenue Commissioner, a better and abler man, whom I like, though I have never before been officially connected with him, may be a more troublesome coadjutor. He has strong views about breaking up estates and destroying the aristocracy. To a certain extent I agree with him, where it can be done fairly. He also *professes* to advocate low assessments, but in some quarters he has enforced high ones. We have, however, sympathies in common, and he, Mr. Gubbins, was so tremendously mauled by Mr. Jackson, that he, even more than others, has hailed my coming. The only divisional commissioner who was friends with Mr. Jackson is a good and very clever little fellow, by name Christian, who was our first secretary at Lahore. He has, however, gained seven years' experience, and has got a nice gentle wife (whose father, Mr. Raikes, is my friend and admirer). Curious enough, Christian quarrelled with Gubbins, and agrees with Jackson on questions on which he had taken the opposite side at Lahore—light assessments, and breaking up estates, &c. I hope, therefore, to have no trouble from him. He is now in the house, and I have invited all the other commissioners to come in and discuss certain matters. George H. Lawrence was under Christian, and liked him much, as do all his subordinates, though not so (generally) his superiors. He has been with me two days, and so far we are well agreed. The military and political arrangements are perhaps the worst, and mostly owing to General Outram. In the Punjab we were not allowed to enlist the very men who had fought on our side, and were restricted to eighty Sikh regiments of eight hundred. Here every policeman and every (with few exceptions) irregular soldier was in the king's service. Outram would not hear of *any* outsiders being enlisted. This was a great mistake. Besides, the position of the troops, magazine, treasury, &c., are all as bad as bad can be. All scattered over several miles. The infantry in one direction, the cavalry in another, and the artillery in a third, the magazine in a fourth, and almost unprotected. The Governor-General seems in sincere alarm regarding the state of affairs, though I hope there is no serious reason. A few days ago he sent me more than a sheet of paper from an officer in Oudh, whose name he did not mention, giving a frightful picture of the state of irritation afloat in Oudh, especially owing to Mr. Gubbins's revenue proceedings, and to "*civilian insolence*." Whoever be the author, he winds up with: "But I believe the sore can be healed at the expense of those inflated officials who have so strangely abused the powers invested in their offices. These, followed by men who will heartily co-operate in the good work which the antecedents of Sir Henry Lawrence lead the people to expect at his hands. . . . We want men whose policy will be strictly just, but not inhuman, whose manners are not haughty but conciliatory, whose language and views are those of English statesmen, not of revolutionary tribunals."

I don't know who my friend is, but I fear his picture of the revolutionary schemes of many is quite correct. A dead level seems to be the ideal of

many civil officers, both military and civilian. But enough. I have written so much on this one subject that I have little time or space for home or other matters. My health is better rather than worse, indeed I think much better. I am calmer and quieter than I have been for years, and take intense pleasure in looking about this immense city (700,000 inhabitants, next to Calcutta the finest and largest in India), in the morning, and dealing with authority all day in matters affecting many millions' welfare. While I write, two hundred or more traders are calling out against a *new* tax attempted to be levied in the city by Mr. Ommaney. They beset me yesterday evening, when I sent for Ommaney. He did not know, or affected not to know, their grievance. I find it was one of the questions in dispute between him and Mr. Jackson. I have stayed the levy pending inquiry.

Mosquitoes are my chief persecutors ; there is no getting rid of them.

The telegraphic despatch of the mail is just in, and tells of peace with Persia, but here we don't believe it.

I trust your health is better, and that you will make good use of the summer in going about with your household. Charlotte and Hony are about now joining you ; I do not allow myself to think that I too might have been of the party. I still think it was my duty to come here. Tell me if Charley's class leaves Haileybury with Alick's. I hope so. Do you know a Dr. Wells, who married Miss Fox? They are here, and I am sorry to say their bungalow was burned down two nights ago, they think by incendiaries. There is a bad feeling afloat in the native army, much such a feeling as we have a right to expect by our most absurd system, that allows no outlet for ambition. I have preached warnings for the last thirteen years. I hope Government will mend their ways before it is too late. Best love to Mary Ann and Letitia, and your flock and Charlotte. Give this letter to Charlotte to keep for me as a journal, for hastily as it is scrawled, it gives my fresh impressions of Oudh.

Yours very affectionately,

H. LAWRENCE.

Not long after Sir Henry's arrival, he applied for, and obtained, from the Governor-General the appointment of Brigadier-General, which gave him military authority over all the troops in Oudh. This was to him an all-important arrangement, as at this moment of danger, when mutiny, as we shall presently see, was so nearly impending, concentration of power was absolutely required. And it enabled him, without interference, to follow out his own leading idea, which was, to trust his Sepoys and other auxiliaries as far as he possibly could, and even beyond what others might have esteemed safe ; to hope even against hope, as regarded their loyalty ; and to feel that, even if this hope ultimately failed, everything practicable was gained by delay, and by avoiding to drive them into premature violence.

The re-enlisted troops of the late king, in particular, "received every attention and consideration from him. He endeavoured by liberal pay, rewards, and promotion, to attach them to the British Government, but doubted their fidelity. And though he gave them no sign of this, but trusted them equally with the native regiments of the line, his suspicions proved quite correct—they all revolted."

Throughout the month of April, Sir Henry was as yet able to devote himself to what may be termed the civil portion of his duties, to organize Government. With the month of May began the far more anxious and discouraging operation of organizing defence. The Mutiny had burst out in Bengal and at Delhi. Lucknow was as yet uninfected. Already, in April, the menacing apparition of Nana Sahib in the streets of that city, so picturesquely described by Sir John Kaye, had announced to those in the secret the impending catastrophe. Sir Henry, unwarned as to this particular danger, received the chief with his ordinary courtesy; but he suspected him, and cautioned Sir Hugh Wheeler accordingly (Gubbins, p. 31), but without effect. But it would be a great mistake to suppose, as some cursory observers have supposed, that because unaware of some particular quarters from which danger was to be apprehended, he was therefore wanting in general appreciation of its reality and its greatness. His, in fact, was one of the most difficult tasks which it is reserved for natures endowed with special ability to deal with. He had at once to take precautions against a tremendous peril, certain in its character, uncertain in its time and features, and at the same time not to exhibit, even to those most in his familiarity, his real sense of the peril. He had, in ordinary phrase, "to keep a good face" on it, to deal with the ordinary business of the province, with the grievances of talookdars, and pensioners, and discontented soldiers and hangers-on of the abolished court, on their own merits, and without showing by act or gesture that cases of a very different order and magnitude were at that time pressing on every faculty of his nature, and every hour of his time. He was providing against a siege, while exhibiting to the outer world that kind of confidence which seemed to imply that he had no apprehension whatever on the subject. What he did, was done without any external show; and this is the sum of it as recounted by a friend to Sir J. Kaye:—

It was Henry Lawrence's foresight, humanly speaking, that saved every

one of the garrison. But for him I do not believe that one would have escaped. Three weeks before anyone thought of the possibility of our ever being besieged in Lucknow, he saw that it might be the case. He laid his plans accordingly: got in all the treasure from the city and stations; bought up and stored grain and supplies of every kind; bought up all the supplies of the European shopkeepers; got the mortars and guns to the Residency; got in the powder and small ammunition, all the shot and shell, and the heavy guns; had pits dug for the powder and grain; arranged for water supply, strengthened the Residency; had out-works formed; cleared away all obstructions close up to the Residency, and made every preparation for the worst. And when, after the fight at Chinhut, the mutineers closed in on the Residency, and the whole population of the city and the province rose against us, they found the little garrison amply supplied with provisions, ammunition, and resources of every kind.

It was this necessity for looking at the crisis under a double aspect, military as well as political, which, I have no doubt, accounted for many steps which at the time excited doubt and criticism. With a force estimated only at about 700 Europeans and 7,000 natives of doubtful fidelity, Sir Henry, as soon as the news of the outbreak at Meerut reached him (May 13), undertook to maintain two distinct positions, the Residency, and the so-called Muchee Bawn,⁷ situated at four miles⁸ distance from the former, and on the other side of the river, a stronghold of the Sikhs when they had conquered and held Lucknow in former days, long abandoned, and used as a kind of repository of lumber, but occupying a very commanding position. In a military point of view, there was, of course, much to be said against the division of so small a force, but, as regards the policy of the measure, there can be no doubt that the abandonment of such a position would have been held as a signal of distress, and would utterly have belied that show of confidence which Sir Henry thought it incumbent on him to maintain.

As long, however, as the spirit of mutiny was still in check, he was indefatigable in his endeavours to pacify the classes on whose goodwill some reliance might be placed, and to redress or mitigate whatever grievances might be within reach of palliative.

Sir Henry was far too much occupied—indefatigable as his pen usually was—to have left much account, under his own hand, of the early proceedings of the mutiny in Oudh. I, therefore, in order to make subsequent passages intelligible, shall borrow from the numerous printed authorities, and especially from that which I have some reason

⁷ The "Fish Tower," so called from some emblematic figure on its exterior.

⁸ *Sic*; but the distance seems overrated. Others state it at two miles only.

to regard as the best—the *Narrative of the Mutinies in Oude*, by Captain G. Hutchinson :^o—

Events and wonderful tales thickened somewhat rapidly in March and April. Rumours of the hostile intentions of the British Government towards the religion of their Mahomedan and Hindoo subjects were in rapid circulation. Cartridges greased with the fat of pigs for Mahomedans, and of cows for Hindoos, were stated to be in preparation by thousands. . . . Events seemed pointing to a war of caste or religion, the former so much prized by the Hindoos, the latter by the Mohammedans.

It is impossible here to mention all the various steps taken by Sir Henry Lawrence to preserve the soldiery in their duty, and the people in their allegiance. Every conciliatory measure was adopted, consistent with the dignity of the British Government ; and there is no doubt that, by his untiring energy, discretion, ability, and determination, he *did* fan into a flame for awhile the wavering loyalty of many of the native officers and men, and that the army and people generally felt that his was a firm and experienced hand. In spite of the numerous tamperers with our sepoy, no open demonstration was ventured on, either by the army or the people, during the months of March and April. The Mahomedan fanatic preached his religious war in holes and corners, though the Hindoo pundit more openly prophesied the English reign was over, a new era had commenced ; but as yet the arm of the law smothered the serpent's hissing, and cauterised the spreading sore by numerous arrests, followed by executions.

These arrests very forcibly showed how much good still remained in the army. Plotters, tamperers, and preachers were alike seized, and often on the information of native officers and soldiers, who aided in the arrest of the offenders. It may be naturally supposed that such loyalty under such circumstances was rewarded with an open hand ; but will it be credited that, with few exceptions, all thus loyal equally joined the mutineers, and that one native officer who had received a handsome present for conspicuous loyalty, was hanged for as conspicuous mutiny six weeks afterwards ? The motives that sway an Asiatic mind set all ordinary reasoning at defiance.

It may convey a correcter idea of the difficulties to be overcome by the Government, and the danger threatening the European community, if the strength of the military force in the capital is here mentioned.

^o Erroneously described in the first edition as Sir Henry's Military Secretary. That office was held at this time by Captain (now retired Colonel) R. J. Edgell, to whom, as I have discovered since that edition appeared, the public is indebted for much of the information respecting the siege which these pages contain.

Military force in the capital and its environs on April 30, 1857 :—

Native Infantry,	3 Regiments,	13th, 48th, 71st.
„ Irregular do.,	2 „	4th, 7th.
„ Police do.,	1 „	3rd.
„ Cavalry,	7th Light Cavalry.	
„ Mounted Police,	1 ½ Regiment.	
„ Irregular Oude,	1 „	2nd.
„ Artillery,	2 Batteries.	

This, taking a native infantry regiment at 800 men, and a native cavalry corps at 600, gives as follows :—

Native Infantry, Regulars	. . .	2,400
„ „ Irregulars	. . .	1,600
„ „ Police	. . .	800
		—4,800
Native Cavalry, Regular	. . .	600
„ „ Irregular	. . .	600
„ „ Mounted Police	. . .	900
		—2,100
„ „ Artillery, 2 Batteries.		
European—H.M.'s 32nd, strength	. . .	700.
Artillery, one weak Company.		

Thus far, to the end of April, though an unnatural excitement prevailed everywhere, yet no open mutiny had occurred; times were exciting enough—they were soon to be more so.

On April 30, the 7th Regiment of Oude Irregular Infantry manifested, amongst its recruits, who had commenced ball-cartridge practice about the middle of the month, a reluctance to use the cartridge. The officer then in the lines, Lieut. Mecham, and from whom the account of this incident is taken, at once pointed out to the men the absurdity of raising objections to using that which they well knew and admitted was the usual cartridge, and which, moreover, they had been using for the last fifteen days. The men appeared satisfied, and at the moment no more was thought of it; the drill proceeded on that day as usual. On the 1st of May, however, the sergeant-major again reported that there was a steady refusal on the part of the recruits to bite the cartridge, and many had refused either to receive or handle them.

All that night and the next morning the men maintained the same mutinous aspect, some noisy, some sullen; but in the morning, about ten A.M., on the 3rd May, the quartermaster-sergeant came in hastily, and said the men were openly threatening to kill all the European officers. Shortly afterwards an unusual commotion was apparent in the lines, the men rushed to the bells of arms, took their arms, and seized the magazine; at the same time the havildar major and a few faithful sepoy came over to the officers and entreated them to escape, as the men had determined to take their lives. The officers armed themselves and went

outside, whence they saw the men of the regiment assembled in masses outside their lines, but not showing any apparent intention of advancing on the officers. Seeing this, the officers went towards them, determined to try if any further appeal to their senses could induce them to return to their duty and allegiance. The native commissioned officers came to meet their officers, and assured them no harm should befall them.

After some time, the sepoys so far listened to their officers, that they dispersed and went to their lines, but insisted on retaining their arms. That evening Captain Boilgau of the 2nd Oude Irregular Infantry, and Captain Hardinge of the 3rd Oude Irregular Cavalry, arrived by order of the Chief Commissioner; the corps was paraded, and each company to the question, "Will you bite the cartridge?" replied, "Yes," though their manner was insolent and sullen; no doubt the knowledge of a considerable force then coming from cantonments overawed them at the time. On the arrival of this force, the men were paraded and wheeled into line, the guns of the cantonment being loaded, and portfires lighted. A panic seized some of the men, who fled, when the rest grounded arms according to order; nearly all who fled came back on the assurance that violence would not be used to the obedient, and that night the arms of the entire regiment were conveyed to the magazine, and Captain Gall, with the 1st Regiment of Irregular Cavalry, left in camp close to the lines. The next day numbers of the ringleaders were seized, and a court of inquiry eventually elicited that treasonable correspondence had been going on for some time between this regiment and the 48th Native Infantry, then in cantonments, for the object of arranging a mutual rising.

About this time the news of the Delhi mutiny arrived, and Sir Henry Lawrence went to the Moosa Bâgh, where this regiment was cantoned, and, after dismissing almost all the native officers and a number of the non-commissioned officers and men, gave the rest their arms, and they were that day marched down to the city and put into the Dowlutkhânâ. The remainder, thus armed, continued faithful and did good service up to the first day of the siege, when the native officers said the men could stand by us no longer. Sir Henry Lawrence, to meet the wants of a hungry multitude, at the same time enrolled 3,000 police, which, under the vigorous and firm rule of Major Carnegie, the city magistrate, did excellent service.

With the further spread of the mutiny throughout Oudh, and the terrible scenes which attended it, we cannot now concern ourselves. I proceed to select from what remains of Sir Henry's correspondence, at this period, such portions as appear most important for my purpose.

The following to Lord Canning (18th April 1857) conveys some of the writer's earliest impressions of danger. Part of it has been already printed by Sir John Kaye :—

This city is said to contain six or seven hundred thousand souls, and does certainly contain many thousands (20,000 I was told yesterday) of disbanded soldiers, and of hungry, nay starving, dependents of the late Government. There *must* be intrigue and disaffection in such a mass. I know of no incivility, but I observe angry looks. This very morning a clod was thrown at Mr. Ommaney, and another struck Major Anderson while in a buggy with myself. He also (Major Anderson) told me he has observed that while other sepoys were particular in saluting, the 48th seldom or never saluted an officer (I presume he meant officers *not* of their own corps). As long as we can perfectly trust our own people, there will be little danger from any others.

The improvements in the city have gone very fast—too fast and too roughly. Much discontent has been caused by demolitions of buildings, &c., and still more by threats of further similar measures; also regarding the seizure of religious and other edifices and plots of ground as Nuzool or Government property.

I have visited many of these places, and pacified parties and prohibited any seizures of demolition without competent authority. The revenue measures, though not as sweeping as represented by the writer whose letter your lordship sent me by Colonel Edwardes, have been unsatisfactory. Reductions have recently been made to the amount of 15, 20, 30, and even 35 per cent., showing how heavy was last year's assessment. The talookdars have also, I fear, been hardly dealt with. At least, in the Fyzabad division they have lost half their villages. Some talookdars have lost all. Mr. Gubbins, however, desires to do justice; and I hope that revenue matters will soon be put on a wholesome footing. I beg earnestly that your lordship will give us a revenue survey. Even *one* establishment *this* year, with permission to increase gradually. Without a survey it will be useless settling boundaries, and without such settlement the jails will be full of combatants, of slayers and wounders of their own kinsmen. I look on a survey as equal to a couple of regiments. . . .

I get every support from Messrs. Ommaney and Gubbins and my secretaries, and indeed from everybody. My health, too, is improved.

Sir Henry appeared to see from the beginning that the mutiny would spread far and wide. He had himself spared no exertions, no means, to stay the tide: grand durbars were held, in which the faithful soldiers who brought forward miscreants tampering with the men were rewarded with an open hand, and on those occasions Sir Henry was wont to say a few words of advice to the native nobility, officers, and soldiers assembled around him. His words were described by an eye-witness as plainly spoken, with energy and candour. Delicately alluding to the honours which decorated his breast, and those of many native officers present, he reminded them of the fatherly

government which had bestowed them, and whose kindness and consideration was as great as its justice was sure and impartial. With all his care and solicitude for the welfare of Lucknow, Sir Henry was not unmindful of the out-stations of Oudh ; he knew well it was not necessary for him to remind British officers, civil and military, that England expected every man to do his duty, but he issued letters as events thickened, and results were but too palpable to all the officers, civil and military, scattered over the provinces, desiring them to consider they had his permission to provide for their own safety when mutiny and rebellion became inevitable, and not to wait for its actual burst into violence.

Although (says Colonel Wilson, in a private memorandum) he had been so short a time at Lucknow, he had taken a wonderful hold of the respect and love of the European soldiery. One day before the siege, Sir Henry had ordered all the garrison to repair to the posts they would have to occupy in the event of an attack. He then went round to see them in their places. On approaching the main body of H.M.'s 32nd, the men raised a tremendous cheer. Sir Henry asked Colonel Inglis why he had made them do this. Colonel Inglis said he had nothing to do with it, except trying to stop it. The men had broke out into cheers quite spontaneously. The same feeling pervaded the Native soldiery. They had a saying that when Sir Henry looked twice up to heaven and once down to earth, and then stroked his beard, he knew what to do. . . . There was a paper published in Lucknow. One day the editor wrote a very mischievous article against Government, and Sir Henry sent for him and warned him that if he wrote again to excite the Natives, he would suppress the paper. Soon after this, Sir Henry was riding by the house where the paper was edited, and, seeing the name up, said to his staff, "Let us go in and edit the paper for Mr. K." Going in, he said, "Mr. K., to show you I bear no ill-will, I am come to write you a leading article." He then made the staff sit down, and gave Mr. K. all the military views of the day, while he himself dashed off a rapid review of all the resources at the command of Government for meeting and putting down the mutiny. The article did a great deal of good at the time.

To Lord Canning, May 1.—Speaking of the effects of the "cartridge" excitement, he says :—

The oldest and best Hindoos are easily moved ; but if bad feeling extended to open mutiny, the Mahommedans would soon become the most energetic and violent of mutineers. I will, as your lordship directs, watch for differences of feeling between the two creeds. Whatever

may be the danger of the Native press, I look on it that the papers published in our own language are much the most dangerous. Disaffected Native editors need only translate, as they do, with or without notes of admiration or exclamation, editorials on the duty of annexing Native states, or the imbecility, if not wickedness, of allowing a single jaghire, or of preaching the Gospel (even by commanding officers), to raise alarm and hatred in the minds of all connected with Native principalities and jaghires, and among the above will be found the large majority of the dangerous classes.

My narrative is best continued from this point through the month of May, by the insertion of a "Memorandum of various features connected with Sir Henry Lawrence's Administration of Oudh," which I find among Sir Herbert Edwardes's papers, and of which he evidently intended to make use. It is anonymous; but I believe it to be the work of Colonel, then Captain, Wilson, "deputy-assistant adjutant-general," and then on Sir H. Lawrence's staff; and those who compare his account with those already published (the narrative of the Oudh portion of the mutiny alone has its own special bibliography), will, I think, discover no such discrepancies as should deter me from relying on it:—

1. Sir H. Lawrence joined at Lucknow about the end of March 1857, succeeding Mr. Coverley Jackson in the Chief Commissionership.
2. On his arrival he found himself in the midst of troubles, of which the most important were these:—
 - i. A general agitation of the Empire, from the discontent of the soldiery.
 - ii. A weak European force in Oudh, with all the military arrangements defective.
 - iii. Grievous discontent among several classes of the population of Oudh—viz., the nobility of Lucknow and the members and retainers of the Royal family, the official classes, the old soldiery, and the entire country population, noble and peasant alike.
3. This third was due to disobedience of, or departure from, the instructions laid down by Government at the annexation, as very clearly shown in Lord Stanley's letter of the 13th October 1858. The promised pensions had either been entirely withheld or very sparingly doled out; the old officials were entirely without employment; three-quarters of the army the same; while the country barons had, by forced interpretation of rules, been deprived of the mass of their estates, which had been parcelled out among their followers, who, for clannish reasons, were more indignant at the spoliation and loss of power and place of their chiefs than they were glad for their own individual acquisitions.

4. The weakness of the European force could not be helped; it was deemed politic to show the country that the annexation did not require force.

5. But the inefficiency of the military arrangements arose from mere want of skill, and was serious under the threatening aspect of the political horizon.

6. The discontent of the province, and the coming general storm, had already found vent in the brigandage of Fuzl Ali, and the seditions of the Fyzabad Moulvee.

7. And with all these difficulties Sir H. Lawrence had to grapple immediately on his arrival.

8. But I believe I may safely say that ten days saw the mass of them disappear.

The Fyzabad Moulvee had been seized and imprisoned.

Fuzl Ali had been surrounded and slain.

The promised pensions had been paid, by Sir H. Lawrence's peremptory orders, to the members and retainers of the Royal family.

A recognition had been published of the fair rights of the old Oudh officials to employment in preference to immigrants from our old provinces, and instructions had been issued for giving it effect.

The disbanded soldiers of the Royal army of Oudh were promised preference in enlistment in the local corps and the police, and a reorganization and increase to the latter, which were almost immediately sanctioned, gave instant opportunities for the fulfilment of the first instalment of these promises.

While, last but not least, durbars were held, in which Sir Henry Lawrence was able to proclaim his views and policy, by which the landholders should be reinstated in the possessions which they held at the annexation, the basis on which the instructions had been originally issued, which had been hitherto practically ignored, but to which he pledged himself to give effect.

9. To strengthen his military position, he placed artillery with the European infantry; he distributed his irregular cavalry; he examined the city, decided on taking possession of the Muchee Bawn,¹⁰ and garrisoning it as a fort; and summoned in Colonel Fisher and Captain George Hardinge; and with them, Brigadier Handscombe and Major Anderson, consulted and arranged for future plans against the storms which he saw to be impending.

10. Much of this and of his policy for remaining in Oudh, and the conduct of the defence of Lucknow, I know from recollections of what he occasionally let drop to me in his confidential conversations while inspecting the Muchee Bawn. He told me that nearly the whole army would go; that he did not think the Sikhs would go; that in every regiment there were men that, with proper management,

¹⁰ See note (7), p. 560.

would remain entirely on our side ; and that, therefore, he meant to segregate from the rest of the troops the Sikhs and selected men, and to do his best to keep them faithful allies when the rest should go ; that, if Cawnpore should hold out, we would not be attacked ; but that if it should fall, we would be invested, and more or less closely besieged ; that no troops could come to our relief before the middle of August ; that the besieging forces would, he thought, be confined to the sepoys—for the people of the country had always liked our European officers, whom they had frequently had to bless for the safety of their lives and the honour of their families—and the whole Hindoo population had a lively recollection of our friendly line of conduct in the late quarrel with the Mussulmans regarding the Hunnoomam Gurhee ; that to hold out where we were was necessary, for the slightest appearance of yielding or of not showing a bold front would result in annihilation ; that to hold out we must get provisions ; that to get provisions and prepare for an efficient defence we must keep open our communication with the country, and keep the city quiet ; that to the former end the retention of the cantonment was necessary, and of the Muchee Bawn to the latter, while the site of the permanent defences, in case of the need of concentration, should be the Residency.

11. All this I know, as beforesaid, from Sir Henry Lawrence's own casual and hurried remarks to me. Whether they are officially recorded anywhere, I do not know ; but they must have been written in letters to various persons, and repeated to others of his subordinates at Lucknow. I mention these matters thus early, as although the facts on which they bear did not immediately occur, still Sir Henry Lawrence had prescience of them, and had decided on his line of policy.

12. I understand, further, but not on authentic grounds, that Sir Henry wrote at a very early stage to Sir H. Wheeler, urging him to construct entrenchments at the magazine at Cawnpore, and to ensure his command of the boats, whatever might happen—that he wrote early to the Government, entreating them to divert one of the European regiments in the course of relief and divide it between Cawnpore and Allahabad ; and that subsequently he urged on Government to employ the troops of the Persian expedition in Bengal, and to stop the Chinese force for the same end, and to subsidize some of the Nepal troops for the protection of our older provinces east of Oudh.

13. To revert to the narrative, the measures already mentioned so entirely pacified the province that in spite of the previous discontent, the previous troubles, the proverbial turbulence of its inhabitants, and the increasing agitation throughout the empire, there was no difficulty experienced in collecting the revenue by the close of April. And the subsequent disturbances were, as will be shown, entirely due to the soldiery, and, till long after Sir Henry's death, participated in only by them, by the city ruffians, and by a few of the Mussulman families of the country

population. The mass of the city people and the entire Hindoo population held aloof, and would have nothing to say to the outbreak; and with one single exception every talookdar to whom the chance offered itself, aided more or less actively in the protection of European fugitives. This phase in the character of the disturbances in Oudh is not generally known; but it is nevertheless true, and is due emphatically and solely, under Divine Providence, to the benignant personal character and the popular policy of Sir Henry Lawrence.

14. The 1st of May saw our disturbances commence with the mutiny of the 7th Oudh Irregular Infantry. This, its suppression, and the Durbar in which he distributed rewards and delivered a speech on the aspect of affairs, have been fully described elsewhere, and need not be repeated by me.

15. The Durbar was held on the 12th. I am not aware whether he had any intelligence by that time of the Meerut outbreak. The telegrams when they did arrive were vague; but he indubitably kept on his guard immediately on receiving them. The cavalry were picqueted between the cantonments and the Residency, and the infantry and artillery were kept prepared for movement. His plans were evidently already decided; but they were to be effected simultaneously and not successively, and the movements of the Europeans were somewhat dependent on the arrangements of the Quartermaster-General's department. It was not till the 16th that the tents required for the 32nd were ready; and the morning of the 17th May saw an entirely new and effective disposition of the troops. Half the Europeans were at the Residency commanding the Iron Bridge—half, with the artillery, were at the south end of the cantonments; the bridge of boats was moved and under control, while the Muchee Bawn, not yet sufficiently cleansed from its old conglomeration of filth, was garrisoned by a selected body of native troops. The whole of these dispositions could not have been effected at an earlier date; and Sir Henry would not do them piecemeal or successively. Simultaneous, they were effective, and tended to paralyze any seditious plots that may have been hatching. Successive and piecemeal they would have incited the sepoy to mutiny and the turbulent to insurrection.

I here interrupt the narrative of the memorandum to insert a portion of Sir Henry's correspondence with Lord Canning, and with others, which relates to the events of the month of May.

To LORD CANNING.

May 1857.

I have recently received many letters on the state of the army. Most of them attribute the present bad feeling *not* to the cartridge, or any other specific question, but to a pretty general dissatisfaction at many recent acts of Government, which have been skilfully played upon by

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

P.S.—While on the subject I must give your lordship a proof of the estimate in which "the salt water" (Kala Pane) is held even by the most rough and ready portion of the native army. Last week an invalid subahdar of the Bombay 18th Native Infantry was with me for an hour or more. Among other matters, I asked him about foreign service, especially about Aden, whence he was invalided. With a sort of horror, he referred to being restricted to *three gallons* of water daily. I asked whether he would prefer 100 rupees a month at Aden or 50 rupees at

Baroda (where he had just before told me there was much fever). He replied, "50 rupees at Baroda." I then said, "Or 125 rupees at Aden?" His answer was to the effect, "I went where I was ordered, but life is precious; anything in India is better than wealth beyond sea." And such, I am convinced, is the general Hindoo feeling. The man was a Brahmin, but a thorough loyalist.

To LORD CANNING.

MY DEAR LORD,—

May 2, 1857.

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge your lordship's letter of April 27, just received, and am glad to find that what I wrote of the 48th Regiment yesterday quite meets your views. I fear to increase alarm and suspicion, and therefore do nothing not absolutely necessary.

The officers of H.M.'s 32nd now sleep near their lines, as they ought always to have done. Two guns of a native battery and thirty horsemen are also in their lines, so that they are a little army in themselves, and have the means of communicating with their neighbours.

I have no reason to doubt the fidelity of the artillery, though much has been done to disgust many of the native officers, because they don't understand our mounted drill. All the European officers are very young men, and therefore look to mere smartness.

Two hours ago Captain Carnegie came to tell me that there has been a strong demonstration against cartridges in the 7th Oudh Infantry this morning. I hope and expect the report he heard is exaggerated, but I tell it for his commentary. . . .

I have had Rookun-ood-Dowlah at my house, and rather like his appearance, but his sons are not pleasant-looking fellows. These people, however, can only by *possibility* be dangerous in connection with our own troops. I have struck up a friendship with two of the best and wealthiest of the chiefs, and am on good terms with all. We ought therefore to have information of what occurs.

I hope that the 34th Native Infantry will be disbanded, and that your lordship will raise a mixed Goorkha and Hill Rajpoot corps, and a Sikh one in lieu of the 34th and 19th. Goorkhas are not easily obtained, but seven years ago I got a thousand volunteers, at Katmandoo, in a week, to supply one company of the Guides. I did it through the Resident, or rather, by his permission through the medical officers, whom I asked to speak to Jung Bahadoer, and remind him of our old acquaintance.

As far as I have yet ascertained, the bad feeling, as yet, is chiefly among the Hindoo Sepoys. Doubtless, it is their fears for caste that have been worked on.

We measure too much by English rules, and expect, contrary to all experience, that the energetic and aspiring among *immense* military masses should like our dead level and our arrogation to ourselves, even where we are notorious imbeciles, of *all* authority and *all* emolument.

These sentiments of mine freely expressed during the last fifteen years, have done me injury, but I am not less convinced of their soundness, and that until we treat natives, and especially native soldiers, as having much the same feelings, the same ambition, the same perception of ability and imbecility, as ourselves, we shall never be safe.

I have not seen original articles on the cartridge question, but almost every letter and article in the English papers regarding Barrackpore, Umballa, Meerut, Berhampore, and Dinapore, has been translated. The original articles chiefly refer to local grievances and personalities. The politics of the editor are to be chiefly gathered from pithy exclamations, &c., heading an article, as "How good," "Wonderful," "Mutiny at —," &c. "More fires," with plentiful supply of the word "mutiny," "disobedience," "disturbance."

I would not trouble any of them, but, with your lordship's permission, I think we might squash half the number by helping one or two of the cleverest with information, and even with editorials and illustrations. Dr. Ogilvie tells me that more than one of the English illustrated papers would, for a good purpose, sell cheap their half-worn plates. An illustrated vernacular paper cleverly edited would tell well, and do good politically and morally. I will be glad of your lordship's sanction to a trial, not involving above 5,000 rupees, or £500. Of course, I would not appear, and I would use the *present* editors. At any rate try to do so.

I shall be quite willing to hold Oudh entirely with irregulars, aided by one or one and a half regiments of Europeans and a couple of batteries of European artillery, but I should ask, as your lordship contemplates, that the corps be of three classes, one-third mixed as at present, one-third with the Pathan and other Mohammedan tribes prevailing, and a third of Sikhs; indeed I should like to add a fourth of the Pasee, or local outcast tribes, who are fine hardy fellows, and get service in the Bombay army. . . .

It is so far well that the 48th have given up the letter, which is addressed to them all. Several of them have also to-day borne evidence against a Hindoo plate-cleaner of the hospital, who has been telling them his colonel has great confidence in the 48th.

MY DEAR LORD,—

Lucknow, May 4, 1857.

REFERRING to what has occurred with the 7th Oudh Irregulars, and to the feeling that still prevails against the 48th, I will be glad, if it can be managed, that one of the Sikh regiments can be sent up here at once, or even a wing. It might be on the plea of taking the place of the 7th. The *coup* is stated to have had great effect in the city, but people go so far as to tell me that the 48th last night abused the 7th for running away, and said if they had stood, the 48th would not have fired. I don't

believe one quarter of these reports, but they are not pleasant. The intercepted letter of yesterday evidently fell into the wrong hands. It ended with, "it is a question of religion."

I have, &c.

(Signed) H. M. LAWRENCE.

To LORD CANNING.

May 9.

I went through the lines of the 48th yesterday, and talked to many of the men; all were very civil, though many were downcast at the loss of their private property as well as of their huts; the wretched jumbling up of which (as in the Bengal system) prevents, in cases of fire in a high wind, saving anything.

Last night I held a conversation with a jemadar of the Oudh artillery for more than an hour, and was startled by the dogged persistence of the man, a Brahmin of about forty years of age, of excellent character, in the belief that for ten years past Government has been engaged in measures for the forcible, or rather fraudulent, conversion of all the natives. His argument was that, as such was the case, and as we had made our way through India, had won Bhurtpore, Lahore, &c., by fraud, so might it be possible that we mix bone-dust with the grain sold to the Hindoo. When I told him of our power in Europe, of how the Russian war had quadrupled our army in a year, and in another it could, if necessary, have been interminably increased, and that, in the same way, in six months, any requisite number of Europeans could be brought to India, and, therefore, that we are not at the mercy of the Sepoys,—he replied he knew we had plenty of men and money, but that Europeans were expensive, and that, therefore, we wished to take Hindoos to sea to conquer the world for us. On my remarking that the Sepoy, though a good soldier on shore, is a bad one at sea by reason of his poor food, "That is just it," was his rejoinder. "You want us all to eat what you like, that we may be stronger and go anywhere." He gave us credit for nothing. He often repeated, "I tell you what everybody says;" but when I replied, "Fools and traitors may say so, but honest, sensible men cannot so think," he would not say that he himself *did* or did *not* believe, but (as he had previously done) said, "I tell you they are like sheep—the leading one tumbles, and down all the rest roll over him." Such a man is very dangerous. He has his full faculties, is a Brahmin, has served us twenty years, and knows our strength and our weakness, and *hates* us thoroughly. It may be he is only more honest than his neighbours, but he is not the less dangerous. On one only point did he give us credit. I told him that in the year 1846 I had rescued 150 native children left by our army in Cabul, and that, instead of making them Christians, I had restored them to their parents and friends. "Yes," he replied, "I remember well—I was at Lahore." On the other hand, he told me of

our making Christians of children purchased during famines. I have spoken to many others of all ranks, especially during the last fortnight; most gave us credit for good intentions, but here is a soldier of our own, selected for promotion over the heads of others, holding opinions that must make him in heart a traitor. My interview with him was occasioned by his commanding officer having specially mentioned his intelligence and good character.

To DR. BERNARD.

Lucknow, May 18, 1857.

MY DEAR JAMES,—

. . . . I LEAVE Meerut and Delhi details to the press, and will confine the one sheet I can write to Oudh. From the day I arrived I was struck with the badness of the military arrangements; everything everywhere and no one responsible for anything. Well, I suggested several reforms, &c., but Delhi and Meerut events have forced me to carry them out with more haste than is desirable. We *have* secured our guns as far as circumstances admit, also made our treasury safe, our magazine tolerably so, and have nearly completed the occupation of a strong central position, which will secure us against ordinary events. But it is hard to look for danger from your own troops. I should be happy if I were rid of *one* of our three native regiments (the 48th), and happier if two were away; but, unless something goes wrong in our neighbourhood, I think the Lucknow brigade will remain steady. I have a disaffected city of 600,000 or 700,000 inhabitants, regarding which I am comparatively easy, and, indeed, should have no fears about it but for the troops. . . .

Memorandum, 18th May, inserted in SIR HENRY'S own hand in his Ledger-book.

Time is everything just now. Time, firmness, promptness, conciliation, and prudence; every officer, each individual European, high and low, may at this crisis prove most useful or even dangerous. A firm and cheerful aspect must be maintained: there must be no bustle, no appearance of alarm, still less of panic; but at the same time there must be the utmost watchfulness and promptness; everywhere the first germ of insurrection must be put down instantly. Ten men may in an hour quell a row which, after a day's delay, may take weeks to put down. I wish this point to be well understood. In preserving internal tranquillity, the chiefs and people of substance may be most usefully employed at this juncture; many of them have as much to lose as we have. Their property, at least, is at stake. Many of them have armed retainers, some few are good shots, and have double-barrelled guns. For instance (name illegible), can hit a bottle at 100 yards. He is with the ordinary soldiers.

I want a dozen such men, European or native, to arm their own people, and to make thannahs of their own houses or some near position, and preserve tranquillity within a circuit around them.

From LORD CANNING.

DEAR SIR HENRY,—

Calcutta, May 22, 1857.

I HOPE you will think that I have given you the best proof of the satisfaction and confidence with which all your proceedings during the last ten days have been viewed in the support which you have received. I have not had time for letter-writing, but there is a lull to-day; every preparation, present and prospective, that can be made here being complete; and I take the opportunity to send you one word of earnest thanks for your invaluable service. I cannot express the satisfaction I feel in having you in Oudh. You have got authority to ask Jung Bahadoor for his Goorkas. It is most unpalatable to me to give it, and to you, probably, to receive it. It is a humiliating confession of our weakness. But the proof of that weakness, in the event of a rising, and of our inability to protect our officers, would not be less a humiliation, and in other respects much worse. . . . The panic of some of the people here—officers of Government, who ought to set the example of a bold front at least, seeing that some of them have swords at their sides—is disgraceful.

To COLONEL MASTERS.

[Private.]

24th May.

We hear of meetings to-day among the Sepoys, and of another intended for to-night. I should be glad to know your opinion of the present state of feeling in your corps. While the present state of excitement lasts it would be well to keep one-third or one-half of the men accoutred and horses saddled at night. Should any alarm or outbreak take place in this cantonment by night or by day you will immediately get your corps under arms, and send me word whether they are to be entirely trusted, or to what extent. An officer with orderlies should bring the message, which should be in writing if time admit, the officer being informed of its purport. If your men are staunch, come down and join the Europeans at a steady pace, quick or slow, according to circumstances; but when within sight your pace should be a walk; and an officer should be sent to Colonel Inglis to notify your approach. Should you on march come across any persons plundering or firing, you will at once charge them: it will be a great matter to *commit* your regiment in favour of Government. . . . I think our proper line is to evince no unnecessary suspicion, but to be on the alert.

To SIR GEORGE LAWRENCE, *Agent in Rajpootana.*

May 24.

I have not written to you, as I do not want to hamper you with advice. I think you ought to be down in the plain in this juncture. But at this distance it is impossible to judge correctly. Neemuch, on the whole, seems the best place, as Dixon is at Ajmere. Certainly either Neemuch or Ajmere. I should be disposed to be at Neemuch, and to tell the Ranee in passing by that there was an opportunity to earn a good name. The Neemuch fortified square ought to be held by at least 100 men, half Rajpoot and other irregulars, and half Sepoys; 300 men in the same proportion in the Ajmere magazine, where the treasure ought also to be placed. I would get the Ranee to send off a regiment or two to Ajmere. . . . This is a grand opportunity for the Rajpoot chiefs to stave off annexation. . . .

To LORD CANNING.

May 27, 1857.

MY DEAR LORD,—

I AM much indebted to your lordship for your two kind letters of the 22nd and 24th.

I have refrained from writing, as I had nothing pleasant to say, and, indeed, little more than a detail of daily alarms and hourly reports. Our three positions are now strong. In the cantonment where I reside the 270 or so men of H.M.'s 32nd, with eight guns, could at any time knock to pieces the four native regiments; and both the city Residency and the Muchee Bawn positions are safe against all probable comers—the latter quite so. But the work is harassing for all; and now that we have no tidings from Delhi, my outside perplexities are hourly increasing. This day (29th) I had tidings of the murder of a tehseeldar in one direction and of the cry of Islam and the raising of the green standard in another. I have also had reports of disaffection in three several irregular corps. Hitherto, the country has been quiet, and we have played the irregulars against the line regiments; but being constituted of exactly the same materials, the taint is fast pervading them, and in a few weeks, if not days—unless Delhi be in the interim captured—there will be one feeling throughout the army—a feeling that our prestige is gone—and that feeling will be more dangerous than any other. Religion, fear, hatred, one and all, have their influences; but there is still a reverence for the Company's *Ikbal*. When it is gone we shall have few friends, indeed. The tone and talk of many have greatly altered within the last few days, and we are now asked, almost in terms of insolence, whether Delhi is recaptured, or when it will be. It was only just after the Cabul massacre, and when we hesitated to advance through the Khyber, that, in my memory, such a tone ever before prevailed. Every effort should be made to recover Delhi. The *King* is a watchword to Mohammedans. The

loss of a capital is a stigma on us, and to these is added the fear prevailing among all classes regarding all classes. A native letter, recently sent to your lordship from Bareilly, fairly depicts the feeling of the *better* classes of natives, and especially of natives. They think that we are ungrateful, and that we no longer respect their religion, or care for their interests. There is no positive abuse in that letter, whereas in all that are posted or dropped here the chief ingredients are abuse and violence.

Once Delhi is recaptured the game will again be in our own hands if we play the cards with ordinary skill. I will, as directed, submit my views on the army. Radical reform is required, especially among the officers. From top to bottom there are very few who both know and do their duty. The instances of gross ignorance and apathy that I daily encounter are most lamentable. I have been obliged to speak plainly, and even roughly, to many, and to record my opinions in orders. I have awakened some, and probably incurred the hatred of others.

Press of work stopped me here. We have since had the *émeute*, which I have lately suppressed. We are now positively better off than we were. We now know our friends and enemies. The latter beggars have no stomach for a fight, though they are capital incendiaries. We followed them on Sunday morning with the guns six miles, and only once got within range. I went with a few horsemen four or five miles further, and Mr. Gubbins, with only four horsemen, headed them four miles still further. We got sixty prisoners in all, and I am now trying them and others by three drum-head courts-martial. Yesterday evening we had several large gatherings in the city, and towards evening they opened fire on the police and on a post of irregulars. The former behaved admirably, and thrashed them well, killed several and took six prisoners. Among the former was a brother-in-law of the King's Vakeel. The Kotwal headed the police. I have made him a buhador. This evening we hung two men—one a Sepoy who murdered poor Lieutenant Grant, son of the Madras Commander-in-Chief, and a spy. To-morrow I shall get the proceedings of other courts, and will probably hang twenty or thirty. These executions will, I am confident, quiet men's minds. I have told you by telegraph it will never do to retire on Allahabad. We *could not* do it. Besides, I am quite confident we can hold our ground at Lucknow as long as provisions last, and we have already a month's laid in. When Delhi is taken we are all safe. If there is much delay most of our outposts will be lost. The officers killed are Brigadier Handscombe, Lieutenant Grant, and Cornet Raleigh, 7th Light Cavalry; wounded, Lieutenant Chambers, 13th Native Infantry, and Lieutenant Hardinge, 3rd Opdh Cavalry, both slightly. Hardinge is a splendid soldier. He led a few horse several times through the burning cantonments, and through a crowd of mutineers. One shot at him within a foot, and then bayoneted him through the fleshy part of the arm. Hardinge shot the fellow dead. Wounded as he was he could not have had an hour's sleep,

and yet he was the hero of yesterday's work, and had he had any good cavalry, he would have cut up all the mutineers. I was wrong as to his having been the hero. He was one, Martin Gubbins was another. He, with three horsemen, did the work of a regiment, and headed the rascals, and brought in six prisoners, for which I have given the three horsemen 600 rupees.

I have, &c.

(Signed) H. M. LAWRENCE.

To CHARLES RAIKES, ESQ.

MY DEAR RAIKES,—

Lucknow, May 30.

KINDLY give me an occasional line till Delhi is taken. We are pretty jolly; but if the Commander-in-Chief delay much longer, he may have to recover Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Allahabad—indeed, all down to Calcutta.

We are in a funny position. While we are entrenching two posts in the city we are virtually besieging four regiments—in a quiet way—with 300 Europeans. Not very pleasant diversion to my civil duties. I am daily in the town, four miles off, for some hours, but reside in cantonments, guarded by the gentlemen we are besieging.

Send a copy of this to my brother George at Ajmere. My health is very good *for me*.

Christian is doing very well and pluckily. What I most fear are risings in the districts, and the irregulars getting tainted. Daily I have reports of conspiracies all around. Show this to Mr. Colvin and Reid.

Yours very sincerely,

H. M. LAWRENCE. ¹¹

"That all Oudh should thus have risen against her new masters was a misfortune for which neither Lord Dalhousie nor Sir Henry Lawrence can be held fairly to blame. The former, had he stayed in India, would have taken good care to fill up the place of Outram with some one fitter than a mere Bengal civilian to confront the unwonted difficulties of such a post. On the other hand, had Lawrence been sent a year earlier to Lucknow, the force of his statesmanship and the charm of his personal sway might, perhaps, have done much to reconcile the bulk of his new subjects to a rule which may have aimed at keeping the public peace, oppressing none but criminals, and meting out the same cold justice alike to lord and peasant. If any one Englishman could have forestalled the coming disaster he was the man. As things stood, however, at the recall of Mr. Coverley Jackson, no power on earth could have prevented

¹¹ Printed by Mr. Raikes, in his *Notes on the Revolt of the North-Western Provinces*.

the final explosion for which long years of misrule and anarchy had supplied the combustibles, even if Wajid Ali's dethronement and Mr. Jackson's hard fiscal policy had together applied the torch. When Sir Henry Lawrence took up his new duties the train was already fired. . . . It was glory enough for Sir Henry that, with one weak British regiment at his command, he staved off the worst of the coming crash, even to the end of that fatal June.²²

²² TROTTER's *British Empire in India*, ii. 96.

CHAPTER XX.

ODDH, MAY—JULY 1857.

THUS far mutiny, though formidable, had been kept in check. On the morning of May 30th, 1857, Sir Henry was under no pressing apprehension of danger, as would appear from his letter to Mr. Raikes, with which my last chapter closes. But in the night of the same day (May 30) the "long-expected outbreak," to use the words of Mr. Gubbins, occurred. It is unnecessary for me to recapitulate the events of that unhappy period: how the mutineers were effectually defeated, and their revolt suppressed, as far as the city of Lucknow was concerned, but how they made their way out of the town, and escaped to join their more formidable associates at Delhi. For the outlines of the story I refer the reader to the writings of Sir John Kaye, and those of the numerous authors who described the events at Lucknow itself, each from his particular point of view. I only add a few details, more especially regarding Sir Henry Lawrence himself:—

On that evening (says Colonel Wilson, whom I assume to be the author of the MS.), Sir Henry had a few friends at dinner, for he was anxious that all should go on as much as possible as usual. I sat at the bottom of the table, and when the nine P.M. gun was fired, Sir Henry said with a laugh, "Wilson, your friends are not punctual."¹ I had hardly replied, when we heard the musketry in the lines, and some chuprassees came and reported the firing. The horses were at once ordered, and Sir Henry stood outside in the moonlight, on the steps of the Residency, impatiently awaiting his horse. There was a guard of a native officer and sixty Sepoys on duty in the Residency, and, immediately on the alarm, the native officer had drawn them up in line about thirty yards distant, directly in front of where Sir Henry Lawrence stood. And now the soobahdar came to me, and, saluting, said, "Am I to load?" I turned to Sir Henry, and repeated the question; he said, "Oh, yes, let him load."

¹ Colonel Wilson had given Sir Henry a warning.

The order was at once given, and the ramrods fell with that peculiar dull sound on the leaden bullets. I believe Sir Henry was the only man of all that group whose heart did not beat the quicker for it. But he, as the men brought up their muskets with the tubes levelled directly against us, cried out, "I am going to drive those scoundrels out of cantonment - take care while I am away that you all remain at your posts, and allow no one to do any damage here, or enter my house, else when I return I will hang you." Whether through the effect of this speech and Sir Henry's bearing, I know not, but the guard remained steadily at its post, and with the bungalows blazing and shots firing all round, they allowed no one to enter the house, and the residence of Sir Henry was the only one that night in the cantonment that was not either pillaged or burnt.

About four miles (says Mr. G. H. Lawrence,* Sir Henry's nephew, a member of the Bengal Civil Service) separated the cantonment from the city. Sir Henry's object then was, while crushing the Sepoys, to prevent the fire from spreading to the city. Therefore, taking immediately two guns, and a company of the 32nd with him, on the road to the town, he took posts, blocking up the roads, and effectually cutting off all access to the city. . . . On several shots being fired from the 71st lines on to the 32nd Foot, and guns, the order was given to "open with grape," upon which the Sepoys fled. The remnants of the native regiments, according to previous concert, were now marched up by their officers, and took part with the Europeans. . . . With the morning came the time for action. A small force moved out in pursuit of the mutineers, who marched too rapidly to suffer from the guns, and some of the cavalry took advantage of it to desert their colours and join the mutinous ranks. . . . On the afternoon of the same day, insurrection broke out in the city. No doubt the citizens and soldiers were to have acted in concert, and the plot had only been defeated by Sir Henry's arrangements. Nevertheless, as Asiatics never act when they ought, and act when they ought not, so now, the opportunity having passed, the city rose. It appears that in the morning some 6,000 city bravos had crossed the Goomtee to join the mutineers, but Sir Henry's prompt attack upon and dispersion of the latter, had disconcerted the plans of the budmashes, who, finding the mutineers gone, returned to the city and commenced an outbreak. However, the hand of the civil power was still heavy, and the police, assisted by some of the Oudh Irregular Infantry, who were located in the city, and who had not mutinied with their brethren in the regular line, after a sharp fight quelled the *émeute*, and captured the standard of the Prophet.

During the few next days (says Mr. Gubbins) "a court-martial sat in the Muchee Bawn for the trial of the mutineer prisoners. Many of them

* MS. in Sir H. Edwardes's collection.

were executed by hanging. But the sentences of death passed by the court were not all confirmed by Sir Henry Lawrence, for he inclined much to clemency."

I return to the MS. Memorandum, from which I have already largely quoted, as containing further intelligence respecting the suppression of the mutiny at Lucknow :—

The Muchee Bawn was on high ground commanding the stone bridge, and overawing the city. Sir Henry, when leaving me in charge of its defences on the 17th May, said that our safety depended on making the Muchee Bawn impregnable to the assaults of a mob. He and Major Anderson daily inspected the fort, and in six days it was ready for all emergencies. The terrepleine and the roofs of the buildings were protected by a parapet. Six heavy guns and eight light field-pieces were in position at various points; 200 popguns, of all sorts and sizes, were ranged over the parapets; a company of Europeans had been added to the gunners; food had been stored; the powder removed into it, and a telegraph erected for communication with the Residency, so that the reports among the natives dwelt strongly on the great strength of the Muchee Bawn; a natural fort, garrisoned by Europeans and Sikhs, and mounted with "teen sau top." On the 23rd of May, under these circumstances, Sir Henry Lawrence was able to breathe more freely, and on the 24th the row passed off quietly. Sir Henry sent detachments of native troops in various directions, as has been described by the different writers on the subject, and nothing further occurred in particular till the mutiny on the 30th May.

The only point that needs mentioning, from not having been dwelt on in the published accounts of the mutiny, is the conduct of the 13th Native Infantry. A portion of this regiment was in the Muchee Bawn; a portion, by itself, garrisoned the cantonment Residency; the remainder were in their lines. Those in the Muchee Bawn remained quiet and behaved well; those in the cantonment Residency were attacked by the mutineers and successfully defended their post, and drove off their assailants. The mass of the regiment, on the mutiny commencing, turned out of their lines and formed up under their officers on parade; about fifty only were missing. They were marched off to their arms, and after receiving them and remaining isolated under the fire of the mutineers, were eventually moved up to the position occupied by the 32nd Regiment, and bivouacked with them. This, the 13th Native Infantry, was from the first selected by Sir Henry as the most loyal of the corps. Every one of its native officers remained constant to us during the defence: and of

^a Three hundred guns.

the (about) 180 poorbeahs of it, who formed portion of the garrison, not one deserted; while the casualties among them exceeded their entire number (from the number of those who were more than once wounded).

The position taken up by Sir H. Lawrence prevented any of the mutineer troops from making their way to the city. Next morning (the 31st May) the British force attacked them and drove them northwards.

This was the signal for the rising only in the immediate neighbourhood, for ten days elapsed before all the other corps in Oudh had risen in mutiny, and they were influenced from beyond the Eastern frontier. Seetapore alone rose under the pressure from Lucknow, and only half so; it was also influenced from Bareilly and Shahjehanpore, where the troops had mutinied on the 30th and 31st.

The mutineers from Lucknow first marched up the eastern bank of the Goomtee, and then crossed it to the west at Mahona, and proceeded by Mullaon to Futtyghur, and thence up the trunk road to Delhi.

The other corps at the various stations in Oudh mutinied at different dates, and generally successively at the approach of the 17th Native Infantry and other mutineers from Jounpore and Azimgurb. Besides the corps at Lucknow, the only Native Infantry corps in Oudh were the 41st at Seetapore, the 22nd at Fyzabad, and the 17th, which came in from Jounpore. The 41st seems to have scattered, some remaining in Oudh, and others going to Delhi; the 17th had a quarrel with the 22nd regarding booty, and, marching across by Roy Bareilly, they took part in the Cawnpore massacre, and formed portion of the force that served under the Nana. Hence the 22nd Native Infantry was the only Native Infantry corps that remained in Oudh and marched with the local corps against Lucknow.

The most interesting topic at this period of the crisis is the fate of the European Residents of the various out-stations when, or before, the troops mutinied; and it is most remarkable how, on analysis, it appears that, with one exception, none of the chiefs or peasantry attempted to do them harm, while most were actively friendly and helpful.

The one instance of active hostility was shown to the fugitives from Cawnpore; they (Captain Mowbray Thomson and others), landing in Byswara, were attacked by Baboo Ram Buksh, of Doondea Khera, chief of a sept, and were placed by him in much danger. Escaping from him, however, they found refuge with the kind old Rajah of Morar Mow, who gave them protection and all the comfort in his power—finally escorting them to Havelock's force. Much of his active kindness was said to be due to the honourable feelings of his wife, who is said to have made him bind himself by oath to see to their safety. The Chief of Doondea Khera fell into great disfavour with his clan and the other Rajpoots for his conduct to the Cawnpore fugitives; and his wife deserted him,

writing him a letter which fell into the hands of the British authorities, to say that he could not hope for the favour of God after such inhumanity.

The narratives of the fugitive parties are very fully given in Major Hutchinson's book. I shall here merely analyse them.

From Rohilcund Mr. Edwards's party found refuge and safety with the Oudh chief Hurdeo Buksh.

From Shahjehanpore one party flying northwards joined the residents of Mullapore, whose fate I shall hereafter describe.

Another, coming to Mohumdee, joined the officers there; and the united party proceeding to Seetapore were attacked by their Sepoy escort, and all killed, except Captain Patrick Orr, who escaped and joined a party of fugitives from Seetapore. From Seetapore there were five parties of fugitives; the first marched into Lucknow at once; the second, consisting of Mrs. Doran and a few others, found shelter in villages, were secreted in carts, and so conveyed into Lucknow; a third, consisting of a Mrs. Phillips and a few friends, found shelter in a village, and remained concealed during the whole outbreak, until one of Lord Clyde's columns, proceeding in that direction in April 1858, enabled them to come out of their hiding-places in the face of day; the fourth party escaped towards Mullapore, and joined its residents and the Shahjehanpore fugitives already mentioned; the fifth, consisting of Miss Jackson, Captain Burnes, and others, wandered towards the estate of the Mitholee Rajah; there Mrs. Orr had already found shelter, and thither Captain Patrick Orr escaped from the Mohumdee party. This little band was hardly treated from the commencement. The Mitholee Rajah was a weak and cowardly man, much under the influence of his Mohammedan Vakeel, Zuhoor-ool-Hussin; and, dreading the anger of the rebel party, he feared to show active kindness to the fugitives. They therefore remained concealed in the jungles in the neighbourhood of his fort on a kind of sufferance, provided with food, and unmolested, but no more. They thus remained from early in June till the end of October, when the rebel Durbar, triumphing over their blockade of Outram's force, as well as the original garrison of the Residency, sent a party of troops, who seized this band of fugitives and took them as prisoners into Lucknow. A detachment of troops had been previously sent for the same purpose, but, deterred by reports set astir by Captain Orr, and receiving no active aid from the Mitholee Rajah, they had failed in their object.

The Mullapore party, consisting of the officers from Mullapore and fugitives from Seetapore and Shahjehanpore, found refuge at Muthera, the estate of the Dhowrera Rajah. They remained there well cared for and protected until a party of Sepoys from Lucknow coerced them into accompanying them towards Lucknow. Escaping from that party, a few found their way into Nepal; but the remainder concealed themselves in a village belonging to the Pudnaha Rajah, and there remained un-

molested and treated with some kindness until they were again discovered by the Sepoys and taken into Lucknow in September.

The residents of Fyzabad were in two parties—one the mass of the civil residents, placing reliance on Rajah Maun Sing; the other, the military officers, distrusting him. The troops, on mutinying, made no attempt to murder their officers. The party that trusted Maun Sing first took refuge in his fort of Shahgunge; but the mutineers threatened to attack it if they continued there, and he had to make arrangements for their escape down the Gogra. In these arrangements and in furthering their escape natives of all classes and creeds appear to have joined—the Rajahs Oodres Sing, Narain Sing, and Kugonath Sing; the Mussulmans Meer Bukr Hossein and Nadir Shah; the Mahouts of the Hunnooman Gurhee, and the Lumberdars of the village of Goura, are severally mentioned in the detailed narratives as giving special aid. The party, by their assistance, got safely down the river, occasionally meeting with insult, but nothing worse, from villagers. On getting to his estate they were sheltered for several days by Baboo Madho Persaud of Birheer, and thence being helped on to the Rajah of Gopalpore, they were finally conveyed by him in safety to Dinapore.

The cantonment party left in six boats. Two, after many escapes from mutineers and maltreatment by villagers, reached Gopalpore, and were helped on by the Rajah to Dinapore. A third got as far as Bustee, and thence made their way to Gorruckpore. The other three boatloads were surrounded by mutineers (17th Native Infantry) and cut to pieces, excepting one sergeant, who outran his pursuers, and, by the aid of villagers, reached Bustee and thence made his way to Gorruckpore.

The residents of Lenora and Gonda escaped to Bulrampore. There they received honourable protection and kindness from the Rajah, who eventually aided them into Gorruckpore. The residents of Baraitch were also advised to go to Bulrampore, but they instead tried to get to the fort of Pudnaha. On their way was Naupara, the Rajah of which was a minor, and the karinda, or steward, gave them no assistance, and told them that their road to Pudnaha was obstructed by mutineers. On retracing their steps and endeavouring to cross the Gogra, *en route* to Lucknow, they were discovered and killed by mutineers at the Byram Ghat.

From Sultanpore, before the troops mutinied, the ladies had been escorted with every kindness by the Amethee Rajah into Allahabad. On the mutiny breaking out such officers as escaped from the mutineers found protection and kind treatment at the hands of Roostum Sah of Dehra, who aided them into Jounpore.

The whole of the residents of Selone, before and at the mutiny, were safely and kindly escorted into Allahabad by the Rajah Hunwunt Sing, chief of the Bisen Clan, and the Talookdars of Budree and Dreheyen.

Finally, the fugitives from Durriabad safely reached Lucknow, through the good offices of the talookdar Ram Sahae of Hurraha.

This completes the circle, and, to analyse the cases, one talookdar, Baboo Ram Buksh, was actively hostile to fugitives; *one* Lohnee Sing, Rajah of Mitholee, was unkind, but not actively hostile, to the Seetapore party; *one*, the Rajah of Pudnaha, was passive, and allowed English fugitives to be forcibly seized in his estates by Sepoys; two or three stewards and two or three villagers were insolent to fugitive parties. But, with these exceptions, all other parties, some fourteen in number, received active aid and kindness from all the talookdars and villagers whom they came across; and this was due to the rekindling of the feeling of kindness and gratitude to British officers brought about by Sir H. Lawrence's character, policy, and acts, after lying dormant ever since the annexation. Many of the most active of these friendly talookdars, such as Maun Sing, Hunwunt Sing, and the Amethee Rajah, had suffered severely from the financial administration in the time of Sir Henry Lawrence's predecessor.

There is little doubt that resentment at these losses would, before Sir Henry's arrival, have led to very different lines of conduct on the part of the country barons and peasantry, in the event of such a crisis as the mutiny; and it is with the view of giving prominence to the results of Sir Henry's presence that I have mentioned and analysed these details.

To return to Lucknow, the tidings of the various disasters were wringing Sir Henry's heart; and anxiety for those who had still hopes of escape was weighing heavily on his health, debilitated as it was already, and severely tasked by the ceaseless labour entailed by the vigilant and desperate preparations for our own defence. His plan and policy were as before. A large portion of native troops had not yet deserted, and he trusted, under God's providence, to be able to retain a sufficient number thoroughly loyal to us. He believed that, unless he could retain some, our position was utterly hopeless. They would be requisite to add to our numerical strength, and to relieve us of much of the work under which the Europeans would succumb in such a climate. But he wished to limit that number to an equality with the European garrison, and, as the natives still vastly preponderated, the weeding must be effected with great tact and nice discrimination, so as to retain and confirm the really best men. The Sikhs were segregated and formed into companies at an early period of the crisis. For the rest his plan of selection was, by inquiry from officers on whom he could rely, by employment of picked men on responsible duties, by consultation of such native officers as could be trusted, by offering furlough to those who might wish to go, by holding out inducements to the wavering to leave Lucknow, by despatching others individually or in small parties on detached duty, and so forth.

It was necessary to collect and store provisions. To this end the roads must be kept open, and the cantonments must be held. Again, the city must be kept quiet; for this purpose the Muchee Bawn was to be garrisoned and held as a fort as long as might be needful, while the remnants of the old king's soldiers were enlisted into new bodies of police and lodged under the guns of the Muchee Bawn. Hence the worst of the dangerous classes were placed and kept under surveillance. But the main and final point of defence was the Residency and its surrounding buildings. These were being by degrees connected by a chain of parapets, which, with sundry batteries, formed eventually the position we defended.

But in spite of Sir Henry's well-known wisdom and sagacity, the extremity of the crisis caused many people to forget themselves, and from many persons, of whose obedience and support he might have had reasonable expectation, he received remonstrances against his line of policy, and strong entreaties to concentrate his troops, to evacuate the cantonments and the Muchee Bawn, to send the families to Allahabad, to Nepal, to disarm all the native troops, and so on. This worry, the constant anxiety, and his over-tasked frame, at length acted on his mind, and his medical advisers insisted on his taking rest; so that, on the 9th June, he handed over the reins of government to a committee consisting of Gubbins, Ommaney, Inglis, Banks, and Anderson. In this council Ommaney was of one mind with Gubbins; Inglis was carried away by Gubbins's energy and strong will; so that Banks and Anderson, who were fully imbued with Sir Henry's views, were in a minority when Gubbins was opposed to them.

It was at this period (4th June) that Sir Henry despatched to the Governor-General the following characteristic telegram:—

If anything happens to me during present disturbances, I earnestly recommend that Major Banks succeed me as Chief Commissioner, and Colonel Inglis in command of the troops until better times arrive. This is no time for punctilio⁴ as regards seniority. They are the right men, in fact the only men for the places. My secretary entirely concurs with me on the above points.

On the 9th of June, says Mr. Gubbins (p. 140), Sir Henry's health gave way. "An alarming exhaustion came on, and the medical men pronounced that further application to business would endanger his

⁴ I find among Sir Henry's papers a draft telegram in his own hand, which was not sent, but superseded by the above. It ends with the words, "There should be no surrender. I commend my children and the Lawrence Asylums to Government."

life. A provisional council was accordingly formed by his authority, at which I presided, comprising the Judicial Commissioner, Mr. Ommaney, Major Banks, Colonel Inglis, Major Anderson, the Chief Engineer, and myself."

The Council soon became divided, between those who (Mr. Gubbins at their head) were anxious to take strong measures with apprehended mutineers, and those who were "afraid of bringing on a crisis."

But (says Colonel Wilson, MS. Memorandum), affairs did not work well in their hands; and during three or four days that affairs were entrusted to the Council, several steps were taken that Sir Henry did not approve of, and on the third or fourth day (12th June, says Mr. Gubbins), on hearing of some of the acts of the Council, he emphatically, and with some little excitement, declared the Council at an end; and that he would resume his work from that moment: which he did.

And I must here resume the narrative of the same MS. Memorandum:—

The Council set to work immediately, and Gubbins forthwith began to give effect to his own policy of disarming and dispensing with all Sepoy aid. Step by step he continued to carry it out; till, at length, all the Poorbeahs without coercion of any sort gave up their arms at the bidding of their own officers, and were started homewards with their furlough tickets. This was too much for Sir Henry. He dissolved the Council, and on the 12th resumed the active duties of Government, having already sent to Colonel Inglis his letter of the 11th June already quoted, and, sending messengers after the Sepoys who had left, had the satisfaction of seeing numbers return to their post, with tokens of delight, the honesty of which was verified by their loyalty during the siege.

The disarming of the native troops on the 11th caused the mutiny, on the next day, of the police regiment, but, with this exception, the remainder of the month up to the commencement of the siege showed continuous success in both the material and political preparations.

As the account given by Colonel Edgell, another witness (MS.), as to the state of affairs between Sir Henry and the Council, a little differs from that just quoted, and more nearly supports the statements of Mr. Gubbins, I annex it here:—

The European officers of the native troops (says Colonel Edgell, speaking of the state of things immediately before the siege) were on the whole opposed to the want of confidence felt by Sir Henry towards

their men. All more or less proclaimed their implicit confidence in their own regiments, and that they were ready to go anywhere and perform any duty with them. Sir Henry was much harassed by the proceedings of commanding officers of native regiments. The native troops at Lucknow had mutinied at the end of May, and killed their brigadier (Handscombe). Many of the prisoners joined them, and the colours of the regiments had but few men left with them. One (the 48th) had less than 100 men, but in the course of the next two or three days it numbered 500 or 600: the other regiments were equally strong: where had these men been, how came their commanding officers to take them back? and what was Sir Henry to do with them, were constant questions occurring to him. Their commanding officers believed them perfectly faithful because they had come back, and were most indignant at the proposal to disarm them, or get rid of them in any way. At last, during Sir Henry's illness, in June, when a Council, composed of Messrs. Gubbins and Ommaney, Major Banks, Colonel Inglis, and Major Anderson, were acting for him, it was determined to send away all who would be induced to go, on leave. Sir Henry, on resuming the direction of affairs a few days afterwards, approved, and the native brigade, including all the Sikhs, was reduced to about 500 men. The Sikhs of the three native regiments were separated from the Poorbeahs by Sir Henry's order, and kept together. Of the Poorbeahs, the men of the 13th behaved admirably throughout the siege; the 48th and 71st did good service; and a body of about 200 pensioners under Major Apthorpe, 41st Native Infantry, did well. The infantry Sikhs performed good service; but those of the cavalry were a source of constant anxiety, and a belief was current in garrison that these Sowars were in communication with the enemy.

No work (continues the Memorandum) was carried on at the cantonments, because none was needed. At the Residency every labourer was employed for whom there was room. The outer walls of the buildings embraced within the position were connected by breastworks. When necessary, ditches were excavated in front of them, and parapets erected behind them; stakes, palisades, and such like impediments were erected, slopes were scarped; ramparts built at some places, and widened and pierced for batteries; roofs of houses were protected by breast-high walls; windows and doors were barricaded, and walls loopholed. Tykhanas were excavated and roofed to serve as magazines, and the demolition of the surrounding buildings was commenced. I may here mention that there was a difference of opinion as to whether the nearest buildings should be demolished. It was expected that, in any siege that might ensue, the enemy would not come too close, but, as at Cawnpore, content themselves with an investment, and a comparatively distant artillery and musketry fire. It was therefore believed by some that the nearest buildings should have only their upper stories knocked down; while the

lower story should be allowed to remain to act as a traverse to our own works from the enemies' fire. There was a species of compromise made. Where our position was weak, the houses were demolished; while near the Cawnpore battery, a few houses were left, which it was hoped we would ourselves be able to occupy as advanced posts—a hope which was falsified by the event, one of those buildings, called Johannes House, proving a most murderous post, and doing infinite mischief, until I blew it up by a mine. The result proved the accuracy of the argument on both sides: those fronts where the buildings had been demolished suffering most severely from artillery fire; those where they still remained, from musketry.

At the Muchee Bawn, the work was almost entirely confined for some time to improving its utility as an *entrepôt*. The walls were strengthened and loopholed, the position of guns improved, and communications opened out, but this, and the demolition of the adjacent commanding buildings, was nearly all that was done as purely military measures. The work chiefly lay in supporting the roofs, ventilating and clearing rooms, and making them habitable for the troops, clearing out rooms and excavating tykhanas, in which to store the food, ammunition, powder, and treasure, that were eventually to go to the Residency. Cholera broke out, and buildings had to be converted into hospitals; state prisoners were brought in, and had to be accommodated; cattle required sheds, and so forth. In fact, after the mutiny, the work and the expenditure at the Muchee Bawn were on making it an *entrepôt*, and not a fortress, although the latter would be supposed, from what has been stated in most of the published narratives.

The political and other arrangements have been fully detailed by Mr. Gubbins and others. Pensioners were summoned in; and of the numbers that answered the call, about eighty were selected and remained with us, one of the most useful sections of the garrison. Certain people of position and influence were confined as state prisoners, various intrigues and plots were detected, and the conspirators punished. All the ordnance, however old and useless, that could be found, was brought within the circle of our defences; the Crown jewels were conveyed to the Residency, and constant correspondence was kept up with the most influential Talookdars.

Consequently provisions continued to flow in a regular and ceaseless stream, and those first lodged in the Muchee Bawn were removed by degrees, with the treasure and ammunition, to the Residency, as room was prepared for them. Full intelligence used to be received of all events, and although it was frequently exaggerated and calculated to keep us in alarm, from the rumours of approaching attack from various quarters, still the variety of the sources, when it was received, proved the influence of Sir Henry's character. The Brahmin, Maun Sing, the Mohunts of the Hunnooman Gurhee, the Rajpoot talookdars of Amethee

and elsewhere, the zemindars of numerous villages, the Pasees of Ramnuggur, Dhuneyree, and other districts, the Mussulman descendants of the Bhow Begum—all these contrived severally to furnish Sir Henry Lawrence with important intelligence.

I find the following quaint story, appertaining to this period of fortification, among the scattered MS. recollections of those present at the siege :—

June 10.

Very many of the natives endeavoured to dissuade Sir Henry from the completion of the defences round the Residency. About this time a very respectably-clad and somewhat aged Hindoo called on the Brigadier-General, and stated to him that, being a well-wisher to the British Government, he had come to tender his advice, which was, that a number of monkeys should be procured, and that they should be kept at the Residency, and attended and fed by high-caste Brahmins, and that this measure would not only be the means of propitiating all the Hindoo deities in our favour, but that it would also tend to make the British rule in India again popular with the natives. Sir Henry put on his hat, and, rising, said in the courteous tone for which he was ever remarkable: "Your advice, my friend, is good. Come with me, and I will show you *my* monkeys." And, leading the way, he walked into a newly-completed battery, and laying his hand on the 18-pounder gun which occupied it, observed: "See! here is one of my monkeys; *that*," indicating a pile of shot, "is his food; and this" (pointing to a sentry of the 23d Foot) "is the man who feeds them. There I go and tell your friends of *my* monkeys."

It will be well to note here (says Capt. Hutchinson) that the siege of Cawnpore, at this time going on, was felt with the greatest sympathy by all in Lucknow, and numerous were the projects and designs for crossing the Ganges, and aiding the gallant band there besieged. With great interest and patience did the late Sir Henry Lawrence listen to all these proposals; but, comparing the intelligence received from Cawnpore with the plans proposed, and our means for executing them, Sir Henry, with firmness, yet with sorrow, decided he could only do his utmost to save all here—for Cawnpore he could send no aid. At last the news reached us through a letter written by a young officer at Cawnpore to his father at Lucknow, that General Wheeler had agreed to treat with the Nana. Sir Henry at once felt all was over with him, and a few hours brought the sorrowful news. It was no slight addition to his cares to have the painful duty of refusing aid to General Wheeler, whose letters were naturally urgent, and plainly expressed that otherwise all would perish. But the attempt was out of the question.

Sir Henry to Sir George Lawrence, at this time Agent to the Governor-General in Rajpootana :—

June 12.

Bad times here. I hope you are in a better plight than we are. We have very few black faces that can be trusted, but by the blessing of God we hope our 600 whites will make a stand until succour comes. I have considerable hopes of the Rajpoots, but shall be right glad to hear from you that all is well. Pray ask Ebdon to get my Company's paper into a safe place as soon as possible, and to keep a copy of the numbers and amounts of all the notes, and to place another copy in some safe place, until I get it. I feel that I was foolish in not securing the bread of my children. Some of us will probably fall in this struggle—some of us will survive. I trust implicitly to you, in case I fall, to look to my children, to Letitia and to Charlotte; and also to see that, in the event of the loss of all my papers, which is not improbable, my memory gets fair play. I want no more. Above all, I insist on it that if anything be published, it be simply a statement of facts. George (his nephew) has, I presume, given you particulars of our position, which is, perhaps, as anomalous as one as ever a British force was placed in. I ailed for two days from want of sleep and fatigue, but am all right again. Best love to Charlotte, my nieces, Ebdon, Forbes, &c.

To COLVIN, Agra.

June 12.

We still hold the cantonment, as well as our two posts, but every outpost (I fear) has fallen, and we daily expect to be besieged by the confederated mutineers and their allies from Cawnpore, Setapore, Secrora, &c. The country is not yet thoroughly up, but every day brings it nearer that condition. . . . All our irregular cavalry, except about sixty Sikhs of Daly's corps, are either very shaky, or have deserted. The remnant of Hardinge's corps, numbering 130 men, must be excepted, and their gallant commander thinks they will remain staunch if got out of Lucknow. They therefore march to-night in the Allahabad direction, though we can ill spare them. The remnant of the Native Infantry regiments have behaved well since the outbreak. Mr. Gubbins has been almost insubordinately urgent on me to disband these remnants; but the fact is, they consist of men who either joined us on the night of the *émeute*, or who stood to their guns on that occasion. If not better, they are certainly not worse, than the irregulars and the military police, on which Mr. Gubbins places, or affects to place, implicit reliance. He is a gallant, energetic, clever fellow, but sees only through his own vista, and is therefore sometimes troublesome. . . . The irregular infantry are behaving pretty well, but once we are besieged, it will be black against white, with some very few exceptions. More than 100 police horse deserted last night, and since I began this page I have received the report of the military police foot having deserted the great central gaol over which they were specially placed. . . . Then, again, we ought to have only one position. I put this question to some sixteen

officers five days ago, but all stood out for the two positions. ~~They~~ ~~are~~ ~~convinced~~ they were wrong, and the best of them now think so, but we are ~~convinced~~ ~~that~~, on the whole, the Residency is the point to hold. . . . The Talookdars have all been arming, and some have already regained possession of the villages of which Mr. Gubbins dispossessed them. Their example will soon be followed, and, once committed against Government, it will be their interest to help to destroy us. However, I have strong hopes, under God's blessing, to hold out for a month, by which time I confidently look for succour. If we had one single trustworthy regiment, we could do much and keep the field; it is the almost general disaffection that paralyses us. This is my answer to Mr. Gubbins's accusations of want of energy on my part. . . .

To LORD CANNING.

June 13th, 1857.

. . . . We have still about 100 irregular infantry, 200 cavalry, 200 regular infantry, 30 regular cavalry, and the town police, few of whom can be expected to stand any severe pressure. We, however, hold our ground in cantonment, and daily strengthen both our town positions, bearing in mind that the Residency is to be the final point of concentration. The health of the troops is good, and the weather propitious as long as there is not exposure to the sun. The conduct of the Europeans is beautiful. By God's help we can hold our own for a month, but there should be no delay in sending succour. The appearance of two European regiments would soon enable us to settle the province, but if Lucknow be lost, and this force destroyed, the difficulty would be vastly increased.

I have, &c.

(Signed) H. M. LAWRENCE.

To SIR H. WHEELER, Cawnpore.

June 16th.

I am very sorry indeed to hear of your condition, and grieve that I cannot help you. I have consulted with the chief officers about me, and, except Gubbins, they are unanimous in thinking that with the enemy's command of the river, we could not possibly get a single man into your entrenchment. I need not say that I deeply lament being obliged to concur in this opinion, for our own safety is as nearly concerned as yours. We are strong *in* our entrenchments, but by attempting the passage of the river, should be sacrificing a large detachment without a prospect of helping you. Pray do not think me selfish. I would run much risk could I see a commensurate prospect of success. In the present scheme I see none. Mr. Gubbins, who does not understand the difficulties of the most difficult of military operations, the passage of a river in the face of an enemy, is led away by generous enthusiasm to desire impossibilities. I write not only my own opinion, but that of many ready to risk their lives to rescue you. God grant you his protection.

Q Q

To LORD CANNING.

June 23rd, 1857.

A letter from General Wheeler, dated 18th June, 10 P.M., stated that his supplies would hold out for another fortnight, that he had plenty of ammunition, and that his guns were serviceable. The enemy's attacks had always been repulsed with loss, but he was much in want of assistance. Troops are still reported to be assembling at Fyzabad and at Duriabad, with the intention of concentrating and attacking Lucknow, but it does not seem that any onward move has at present been made. Our position is daily getting stronger, but daily some of our few natives are leaving, and if we are besieged, I fear that few, if any, will remain. This will be inconvenient, as it will make more difficult the raising of a native force when we are able to take the field. We still hold the cantonment, and can move eight or ten miles out if necessary; but, with no trustworthy cavalry and very few artillerymen, we are obliged to look keenly to our two positions in the city. If either would hold all conveniently, the other should have been abandoned, but such is not the case.

Each has its advantages, and we have to guard against sickness as much as against the enemy. From four sides we are threatened, but if all go well *quickly* at Delhi, and, still more, if Cawnpore holds out, I doubt if we shall be besieged at all. Our preparations alarm the enemy. It is deep grief to me to be unable to help Cawnpore; I would run much risk for Wheeler's sake, but an attempt, with our means, would only ruin ourselves, without helping Cawnpore. Cholera in a light form is amongst us. We have lost eight Europeans from it during the last fortnight at the Muchee Bawn. At each post four or five natives have died during the last week. All sanitary measures are being taken. The general health is good, and the weather, though hot, is favourable to those not exposed.

I am well. European troops moving above Allahabad should have guns with them, and also intelligent officers (civil or military) acquainted with the country. The detachments of H.M.'s 84th came here a fortnight ago, with only cloth clothes. It is important to see that others coming are properly dressed and cared for. We look most anxiously for news. I trust that all the China troops are coming, and that *large* indents have been made in England.

I have, &c.

(Signed) H. M. LAWRENCE.

Kindly have a copy of this sent to my son,
Alexander Lawrence,
Oakfield,
Penrith,
Cumberland.

The Gogra is navigable to Fyzabad or even to Byram Ghat for

steamers. Give us due notice of the route by which succour will come.

To MR. TUCKER (?), *Allahabad.*

Lucknow, 26th June 1857.

Your letter of 20th has reached and found us all well and comfortable at Lucknow, though some ten regiments with many guns are collecting eighteen miles off, with the avowed intention of attacking us. This they will hardly do, though they may try and plunder the more distant parts of this immense city. They wisely collect at a distance beyond a long march, or we should have beaten them with 300 Europeans and four guns, which we can always spare for *one* day at a time, as long as we are not actually besieged. The health of the troops is improving. Delhi captured. . . . This will have immense effect in the country. We only had this news yesterday, and I pass it to you, as the Cawnpore road is closed. General Wheeler is, I fear, in extremity, though I have been making every indirect effort to help him. Otherwise we have not the means. . . . To help him your succour must be speedy. . . . Employ Hindoos rather than Mussulmans. On approaching Cawnpore, care should be taken against treachery. The Nana is a Mahratta, and an adept in deceit. . . . I don't fear as regards Lucknow; but until we have another European regiment, we cannot expect to introduce order into the province. At present every villain is abroad, and an internecine war prevails in every quarter.

During the last half of June, the mind of Sir Henry Lawrence was disturbed between the anxieties of his own position and those which he felt on account of poor Wheeler and his helpless party at Cawnpore. All that Lawrence believed himself capable of doing had been done: every indirect method of sending assistance, through promises and bribery, had been tried. On the 24th, Wheeler addressed to Lawrence a most touching letter, describing the death of his son Godfrey, and the miserable extremity to which he was reduced. Lawrence could only answer in a few words conveying hopes which he was unable to realize.

WHEELER to LAWRENCE.

June 24.

I avail myself of the return of Maclean's man to give you an account of the past and present. (Here follows the detail of the mutiny of the 4th June). . . . Since then we have had a bombardment in this miserable position three or four times daily, now nineteen days exposed to two twenty-fours and eight other guns of smaller calibre, and three mortars; to reply with eight nines, you know, is out of the question;

neither would our ammunition permit it. All our carriages more or less disabled, ammunition short ; British spirit alone remains, but it cannot last for ever. Yesterday morning they attempted the most formidable assault, but dared not come on ; and after above three hours in the trenches cheering the men, I returned to find my favourite darling son killed by a nine-pounder in the room with his mother and sisters ; he was not able to accompany me, having been fearfully crippled by a severe contusion. The cannonade was tremendous ; I venture to assert such a position so defended has no example, but cruel has been the evil. (Here follows a list of killed and dead). . . . We have no instruments, no medicine ; provision for ten days at farthest, and no possibility of getting any, as all communication with the town is cut off. . . . We have been cruelly deserted and left to our fate. We had not above 220 soldiers of all arms at first ; the casualties have been numerous. Railway gents and merchants have swollen our ranks to what they are—small as that is they have done excellent service ; but neither they nor I can last for ever. We have all lost everything belonging to us, and have not even a change of linen. Surely we are not to die like rats in a cage. We know nothing of Allahabad, to which place we have sent five notes ; but whether they have reached, or even gone, we as yet know not. The ladies, women and children, have not a safe hole to lie down in, and they all sleep in the trenches for safety and coolness. The barracks are perforated in every direction, and cannot long give even the miserable shelter which they now do.

God bless you. Ever yours,

H. M. WHEELER.

Then follows a postscript, in which he entrusts the disposal of his worldly affairs to his "old friend."

LAWRENCE to WHEELER.

27th June.

I wrote twice yesterday ; I will do all you wish, as far as in my power. Brigadier Havelock with 400 Europeans, 300 Sikhs, guns, and cavalry, was to march from Allahabad immediately, and *must* be at Cawnpore within two days, and will be closely followed by other detachments. . . . I hope, therefore, you will husband your resources, and not accept any terms from the enemy, as I much fear treachery. You cannot rely on the Nana's promises, *Il a tué beaucoup de prisonniers.*

On the same day Lawrence addressed to his old friend and companion Havelock a letter, which will be found in the Memoirs of the latter (p. 281), urging him to immediate movement on Cawnpore. "We," he says, "are threatened by about ten regiments, which are

concentrating about eighteen miles off. . . . Our position is safe enough, though they may knock the houses about our ears. . . . Would that we could succour Wheeler, but the enemy hold all the boats on the Cawnpore side." This letter reached Havelock on his arrival at Allahabad from Calcutta.

To MR. COLVIN, at Agra.

27th June.

General Wheeler writes on the 24th that he can hold out for eight or ten days longer ; he is most anxiously awaiting relief from Allahabad. His assailants content themselves with a continuous cannonade from two heavy guns, three mortars and other field-guns. . . . Wheeler's loss has been very heavy, but he writes in a determined manner, and will no doubt hold out to the last. . . . We hold the Residency, Muchee Bawn, and cantonments, and are strong in the two former positions. Would that we could succour Wheeler, but the enemy hold all the boats on the Cawnpore side. . . . We are threatened on all sides by mutinous regiments of all arms, the nearest regiment being nineteen miles off, at Nawubgunge, and daily increasing in numbers. The whole of Oudh is more or less in a state of mutiny, all our outposts are gone, and Lucknow and its vicinity is the only position which represents the British Government. An addition of one European regiment and 100 European artillerymen will enable us to go anywhere, and re-establish order in Oudh. . . . Health good, cholera greatly decreased, supplies plentiful for two and a half months. . . . The rebels talk of opening their trenches on us the day after to-morrow, but we have no fear except for Wheeler, for supplying whom I am making every exertion.

These letters explain Sir Henry's own view of his position down to the end of June, or while he was yet hopeful of Wheeler's safety at Cawnpore. I add one more, before proceeding to compile the short remainder of the story, from the various narratives before me. He had now heard of Wheeler's disaster. "The news was brought," says the author of the *Defence of Lucknow*, "to a staff officer about 7 P.M. of the 28th, by 'three different natives.' Havelock knew it on the 3rd July, by report, from Lieutenant Chalmers, and from 'two spies sent by Sir Henry Lawrence, who had witnessed the massacre.'" —*Memoirs*, p. 284.

To CAPTAIN NIXON, at Agra.

MY DEAR NIXON,—

June 29, 1857.

BEST thanks for yours of the 20th, which I answer by kossid. Pray write again more fully—very fully. Say how all the chiefs and

their troops, also our contingents, have behaved. Also say what force my brother (George) has at Ajmere, and what are the feelings of the Rajpoots, &c. Is the Tonk Rajah against us, or only his troops? It was a sad blow to hear Delhi had not fallen on the 16th, as Major Raikes told us it fell on the 13th. Cawnpore fell by the basest treachery three days ago. I felt certain of the result of a treaty, and warned Wheeler, but too late; he was no sooner embarked than he was attacked and destroyed. I hope the Jauts are behaving well, also Jyepoor and Kerowlee. Give us full information; send this to my brother. We expect to be besieged in two or three days; in many respects we are strong enough, by God's help, to hold out till relief comes.

* * * * *

The above is a copy of what I wrote to you by another kossid. This goes by my own man, to whom I have given ten rupees, and told him he will get forty more if he gives the letter in eight days. When Delhi is taken, I presume that the troops will move down on Lucknow *via* Furruckabad. Unless such diversion is made, it is very likely that the Allahabad detachment will be unable to cross, as I calculated that within the next month they will hardly be able to spare more than 1,000 Europeans. With the overwhelming force that may be brought against us we shall not do badly if we hold out a month. I send this to you through the Lieutenant-Governor, who, I know, will do all that is possible for us. 1,000 or 1,500 Europeans, with some Sikhs and Bhurtpore and Kerowlee Jauts and Rajpoots, will be able to make way to Lucknow by one of the Ghauts near Furruckabad. They should bring six or eight guns. Delay may be fatal. I need say no more: I do not mention our points of weakness; you may guess them. Six weeks ago there were no defences, and before I came no one seems to have dreamt that soldiers or defences could ever be required. . . . I was ill for a few days, but am now wonderfully well. We have 632 of H.M.'s 32nd, forty-eight of H.M.'s 84th, and sixty European artillery. We can depend on few others, and have to defend two points.

We had (says Mr. Gubbins) received regular intelligence of the movements of the mutineer troops in Oudh. They had now assembled at Newaubgunge Bara Bankee, twenty miles from Lucknow. These facts were communicated by my daily reports to Sir Henry Lawrence. We knew that the mutineers were in correspondence with the Nana at Cawnpore. No sooner, then, did they hear that the entrenchment there had fallen, than they moved at once upon Lucknow. My scouts brought word early on the 29th of June that an advance-guard of not less than 500 infantry and 100 horse had actually arrived at Chinhut, a town on the Fyzabad road, within eight miles of the Residency from Newaubgunge, to collect supplies for the mutineer army which was expected to arrive there on the following day. Sir Henry Lawrence, upon this being

reported to him, ordered Captain H. Forbes, with the Sikh Cavalry, to reconnoitre their position. This officer accordingly went out, and soon came upon the enemy's pickets, who fired upon him. He remained observing them during the whole day, and returned at sunset.

Myself as well as some others in the garrison had expected as well as hoped that this advance-guard would have been attacked and driven back. Sir Henry Lawrence, however, meditated a bolder measure, viz., to attack the enemy in force on the next day, of which myself and those not actually employed were kept in ignorance. In pursuance of this resolve, the force in cantonments was quietly withdrawn at sunset, and moved into the Residency position and the Muchee Bawn.—*Mutinies in Oudh*, p. 81.

On the 29th June, accordingly, Sir Henry in person sallied from Lucknow and attacked the insurgents at Chinhut, at a little distance to the west of that city. The force which he led comprised 300 white and 220 native bayonets, thirty-six European, eighty Sikh sabres, and eleven guns. That of the mutineers is but approximately known; but it is clear that they were in greater force than was apprehended. The disaster which followed, the treachery of the native troops and artillery drivers, the conversion of what was at first meant as a reconnoissance into an attack, the repulse of that attack, our heavy loss and retreat, with no gain but that of safety, into Lucknow, have been recorded in so many narratives both by military men and civilians. But instead of referring to these, I will add the account of this disastrous event given in the "Memorandum" already quoted, by one who was apparently at Sir Henry's side through the whole affair:—

On the 26th June, Cawnpore was still holding out gallantly, and all information from the country tended to show that the mutinous troops were fearful to approach us. Several regiments had gone to Delhi; one had gone off to Cawnpore, and the continued defence made by the weak garrison there, with the exaggerated reports of our preparations and our strength, deterred the local corps with the few other old regiments that remained in Oudh from approaching to try conclusions with us. Sir Henry, therefore, although (as told to me by his own lips) sure that they would eventually come against us, hoped that they might confine the attack to a distant fire, and that it might perchance be possible to retain the Muchee Bawn and command the city. He therefore gave me instructions to construct two bastions at opposite angles of the position, so as in the first place to flank all its four faces, and, in the second, to enfilade the road to the Residency, so that, with the combined fire of the two positions, it might be wholly under our command. It was thus not till after the

20th June that any step was taken to strengthen the Muchee Bawn for a defence against disciplined troops or artillery, and by that time the completion of the rest of the work there freed the labourers for the construction of these additional batteries. On the 24th, false news arrived of the fall of Delhi, and a royal salute was fired. This did more mischief than could have been suspected at the time. It was at once circulated among those hostile to us as a proof of our losing heart, and being obliged to have recourse to falsehood to support our courage. This, with the intelligence of the fall of Cawnpore, emboldened the mutineers, who began to concentrate on Nawabgunge, on the road between Lucknow and Fyzabad. Sir Henry had previously reconnoitred the ground, and had conceived the idea of giving the advanced guard of the enemy a check at Chinhut, six miles out of Lucknow on that road, his object, of course, being to defer a close siege as long as possible. On the 28th, the enemy concentrated at Nawabgunge, and sent on an advanced guard to Chinhut. On the 29th they were seen by our advanced reconnoitring parties of cavalry; and Sir Henry prepared for action. He evacuated the cantonments, as there was no longer any object in holding them, and garrisoning only the Muchee Bawn and the Residency, he directed that a force should be prepared at the iron bridge at daybreak to march against the enemy at Chinhut. Sir Henry took to himself the task of planning the operations, and gave directions that the troops should thus assemble and march at daybreak; that coffee, biscuits, and rum should accompany the troops, and be distributed to them on the halt prior to the final advance against the enemy. Except that the provisions did accompany the force, none of these directions were obeyed.⁵ It was not till the sun was well above the horizon that the troops started for the iron bridge, and when they halted at the Kokrail nullah, before going into action, the provisions were not served out to them. When, consequently, the troops made their advance, the Europeans were perfectly exhausted, and hardly fit to move, much less to fight.

Subsequent communication with those who fought against us at Chinhut shows that Sir Henry was correct in his estimate of the spirit of the enemy. They came prepared to be beaten, and had no wish to break their heads against stone walls. Their command was divided. The local corps placed themselves under Khan Ali Khan, Karinda of Nuwab Ali Khan of Mohumdabad, the only talookdar who sent troops against us at this period of the crisis. The Native Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery were under the command of Burkut Ahmed, Ressaldar of the 15th Irregular Cavalry. They had sent on their advanced guard the day before, and only themselves come up shortly before the action, without

⁵ I insert this statement as given in the Memorandum; but it is necessary to be cautious in receiving implied charges of this kind made under disappointment.

being prepared for the contest, and the artillery was placed where it was immovable and easy to be taken.

Sir Henry, on coming within a thousand yards of the enemy, deployed into line ; on the right, Native Infantry supported by volunteer Cavalry and European Artillery ; on the left, the 32nd Regiment with Sikh Cavalry and Native Artillery ; in the midst, on the right, was an 8-lb. howitzer. In advance of either flank was a village : the infantry were ordered to advance and occupy them. The Native Infantry did so readily and easily, and held the village against all assaults. The 32nd advanced to take Ishmadgunge, the village on their flank, but at so slow a pace that the enemy anticipated them, seized the village before they reached it, and received them with a deadly fire. The 32nd were staggered, and could not advance. The elated enemy threw skirmishers out on the flank of the 32nd, who had to yield and give back. The European infantry being driven back on the road, the rear of the whole was threatened, and the whole force, so to speak, formed front to the left confusedly, and then facing to the original rear, went off in retreat, left (European infantry) in front, the Native Infantry covering the rear. The elephants of the 8-lb. howitzer being run off with by the Mahouts, that gun fell into the enemy's hands, and the drivers of the two (out of the six) Native Artillery guns upset them into the ditch on the side of the road, and went over to the enemy, but the remainder of the Native Artillerymen continued loyal, losing half their number in killed and wounded in the action.

In this fight there can be little doubt, seeing the ease with which the Native Infantry did their part of the work, that it would have been won, and in a little time, if the 32nd had been in a fit state to fight. The seizure of Ishmadgunge, the bringing guns to the front, and a charge at the enemy's guns, would have soon gained the day and deferred the siege ; but it was not so to be. The disobedience of orders as to the issue of the biscuits, coffee, and rum made the Europeans worse than useless, and the retreat became a complete rout, the enemy being kept in check by the Native Infantry, the Volunteer Cavalry, and one or two guns.

I add Sir Henry's own brief statements in a letter to General Havelock, enclosed in one to Mr. Tucker, at Allahabad :—

MY DEAR HAVELOCK,—

June 30.

THIS morning we went out eight miles to Chinhut to meet the enemy, and we were defeated, and lost five guns through the misconduct chiefly of our Native Artillery, many of whom deserted. The enemy have followed us up, and we have now been besieged for four hours, and shall probably to-night be surrounded. The enemy are very bold, and our Europeans very low. I look on our position now as ten times as bad as it was yesterday ; indeed, it is very critical. We shall be obliged to concentrate *if we are able*. We shall have to abandon much supplies

and to blow up much powder. Unless we are relieved quickly, say in ten or fifteen days, we shall hardly be able to maintain our position. We lost three officers killed this morning, and several wounded—Colonel Case, Captain Stephen, and Mr. Brackenbury.

It must, however, be added, that it appears plain that some alteration took place—it were vain to endeavour to explain why, as the secret of his feelings remained in his own breast—in the design of Sir Henry in the course of this unfortunate day.

It had been arranged (says Colonel Wilson, MS.), that the force should start on the morning of the 30th June at daylight. But the sun was up before the force crossed the bridge over the Goomtee, and where it was joined by the party from the Muchee Bawn. A small advance-guard was formed, and the force arrived at the Kokrail without adventure of any kind. There, before quite reaching the hedges, it was halted, and Sir Henry with the few cavalry and the staff rode about a quarter of a mile further on, to a piece of rising ground under some trees. Here some native travellers were met, who, in reply to inquiries, said they had come through Chinhut, but had seen no one. Sir Henry said it was evident they were not going to move that day, and that we would go back, and he told me to go back to the column then halted on the Lucknow side of the bridge, and order them to countermarch. I did so, and saw the order carried into effect, and I was returning leisurely towards Sir Henry, when about half-way I met Lieutenant Birch, who was acting as A.D.C. to Colonel Inglis. He was galloping, and he said, "The Brigadier-General has sent me to tell you to order the force on." I replied that he must mistake, as I had just countermarched it. He said, "No, it's no mistake. I bring you the order from himself." I then went back, and gave the orders, and returned to Sir Henry, who was still under the trees. He said not a word to me as to his reasons for having changed his mind. Proceeding on to within about two miles of Chinhut, a turn of the road showed us the enemy drawn up, with their centre on the road and their left resting on a lake. The events then followed as already detailed. As they were bringing up some guns, I said to Sir Henry (adds the writer), "I think we are getting the best of it." He said, "Well, I don't."

The same writer describes the unfaltering courage with which Sir Henry covered the last retreat, and the effect which his personal daring had in inspiring his men. The retreat was a trying operation. The enemy's positions⁶ and subsequent manœuvres were admirable, and displayed generalship worthy of a better cause. Had the leader

⁶ REE'S *Personal Narrative*, p. 71.

commanding the rebel army been obeyed to the letter, and had he had under his command men of ordinary valour, instead of a cowardly mass of native soldiers, distrustful of their own powers, not one man of our little force would have reached Lucknow to tell the tale of our disaster. Sir Henry Lawrence was seen in the most exposed parts of the field, riding from one part of it to another amidst a terrific fire of grape, round-shot, and musketry, which made us lose men at every step. When near the Kokrail Bridge he wrung his hands in the greatest agony of mind, and, forgetful of himself, thought only of his poor soldiers. "My God! my God!" he was heard to say; "and I brought them to this!" One hundred and eighteen European officers and men were missed—all slain in fight or massacred.

What there may have been of error or miscalculation in the conduct of a brave leader leading a few hundred brave men in the dark, as it were, on a daring enterprise, ignorant of the force opposed to them, without confidence in their own native followers, treason in front, on both flanks and on their rear, in the tumultuous city which they left behind them, matters little as regards the estimate which men have formed, and will form, of Sir Henry Lawrence's memory. It concerns his biographer more to notice a question which has been mooted affecting his moral, not his personal, courage, as if he had been influenced, in ordaining this sally, by the opinions of others, and by his own want of resolution to disregard them.

Even his earnest friend, Sir John Kaye (*Lives of Indian Officers*), takes up this view. "He, Sir Henry, had always, in the weak state of his garrison, been opposed to such offensive movements, thinking that the best chance of present safety and of future victory lay in husbanding his strength for the work of defence; but there were some about him—the most prominent of whom was Mr. Gubbins—whose irrepressible gallantry led them to counsel a more forward policy; and Lawrence appears now to have thought that the opportunity was a favourable one for trying this bolder and more pronounced style of action and threatening the enemy at a distance from the city walls. . . . He said afterwards that he had acted against his own judgment, and reproached himself for having been moved by the fear of man to undertake so hazardous an enterprise."

The authority for these words is Mrs. Harris, the wife of the clergyman at Lucknow, who reports them as used by Sir Henry in his last hours. But I cannot make out that the lady positively states that she heard them. They occur only in the course of a desultory

narrative ;⁷ and I must add that the impressions which I derive from the evidence in my possession (I refer rather to general inference than to any specific statement) is that the movement on Chinhut was Sir Henry Lawrence's own act, and in accordance with his deliberate policy. It was done in pursuit of his plan of prolonging, as much as possible, his defences until "better times," as he called them, should arrive—not in departure from it. If he had succeeded, as there was every fair reason to expect—succeeded, that is, to the extent, not of dispersing, but of delaying, the body of mutineers advancing to besiege the city, another chance for ultimate resistance was gained. He had a further reason ; the expediency of testing the fidelity of the few native troops he had in hand, especially the Sikhs. He risked the attempt on these grounds, though with some chances of serious failure against him, and he failed ; but I am slow to believe that he assumed the blame in somewhat effeminate self-condemnation of having acted through "the fear of man," unless it was at a moment when he was shaken by physical suffering.

I do not think (says Colonel Edgell, at this time Sir Henry's military secretary, writing to Sir H. Edwardes) Mr. Gubbins urged Sir Henry to go out specially to Chinhut. He was for aggressive measures generally, and what Sir Henry termed "wild expeditions" with detachments of the 32nd. I do not think Chinhut was mentioned until it was known the enemy were there, the day before we went out. I also think that the strength of the enemy was not accurately known to Mr. Gubbins or to anyone else until we had found it out—to our cost. An expedition like Chinhut was hazardous at the time, because we could not venture to leave half the artillery—the native portion—behind at the Residency, all our European artillery—one company—going with us. As we went out, Sir Henry and many others doubted how the native artillery would behave ; but Sir Henry said, "We must try and blood them"—meaning, commit them on our side. The result was a failure. We should have done better with our four guns, manned by Europeans alone. . . . Had the native artillery remained true, the enemy's flank movement would have been met and, no doubt, defeated ; but the howitzer and European guns were so pressed in consequence of the defection of our native gunners that they were obliged to retire. The howitzer was lost, because the team of bullocks for the limber was "nowhere," and the elephant

⁷ Mrs. Harris adds, that Sir Henry owned at the same time "that deference to the fear of man had been always his fault ; that he had sinned in accepting the Chief Commissionership of Oudh ; that he had disapproved of the annexation, and should never have come there but he had been actuated by pique." I do not find other testimony to these expressions.

with the limber could not be kept steady in several attempts to limber up, and at last fairly bolted. I think Sir Henry, in saying that he went to Chinhut "from fear of men's opinion," did not refer to those about him, but fear of public opinion generally. . . . Banks advised him not to go. Banks was a very plain-spoken and straightforward character in all business on duty, though a man of few words, and I am sure he enjoyed Sir Henry's entire confidence.⁸

Sir Henry Lawrence has been blamed (continues Colonel Wilson) for this misfortune; and as he commanded, the responsibility must rest on him. But none but those who were in his immediate confidence are aware of all the difficulties of his position. The whole city of Lucknow was wavering; hourly reports were brought in of the intended defection of our few native adherents. It was well known that the Cawnpore garrison had been destroyed. All the out-stations in Oudh were gone. Our servants were deserting. Sir Henry felt that he must endeavour to take the initiative; and yet he was afraid to weaken the garrison too much, or venture too far away, lest he should endanger one or both of the positions we were holding. . . . Throughout that terrible day, during the conflict, and when all was lost, and retreat became all but a rout, and men were falling fast, he displayed the utmost calmness and decision; and as with his hat off, he sat on his horse on the Kokrail bridge, rallying our men for a last stand, himself a distinct mark for the enemy's skirmishers, he seemed to bear a charmed life.

Of Sir Henry's great personal courage these volumes have afforded abundant evidence; nor is it necessary to dwell on so ordinary a quality in one whose titles to honour are of so much higher an order. Nevertheless, there were peculiarities about this side of his character which deserve a moment's attention. His was bravery implanted by Nature, strengthened by habit and discipline, but further fortified, so to speak, by that deeply-religious cast of habitual thought which, where it prevails, acts on the temperament with the same kind of corroborating influence as the fatalism of the Mussulman; equally intense and far more enduring. Valour so nursed is, in truth, "a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper." But of that share of

⁸ Dr. Ogilvie (inspector of prisons), who was at Lucknow during the siege, says in a private letter to Mr. Couper, Sir Henry's Secretary (23rd September 1857): "On his return from Chinhut, Sir Henry exclaimed to me: 'Well, Mr. Gubbins has at last had his way, and I hope he has had enough of it.' This observation, however, I understood not as implying that Mr. Gubbins had urged the particular position of Chinhut as a suitable field of battle, but as denoting that Sir Henry, in consenting to advance so far, had yielded against his judgment, to the general craving for some dashing exploit which Mr. Gubbins's earnest advocacy of active measures had engendered."

valour with which men are endued by nature rather than by training, there are two kinds. The one is what we popularly call "dash," the temper of mind which derives excitement from danger, and confronts it not merely with equanimity, but in a spirit of enjoyment. The other is of a more passive description, not exactly disregard of danger nor insensibility to it, but a kind of unconscious habitual slighting of it. This may be even allied to something like mental indolence. We shall see presently how Sir Henry exposed himself in the Residency at Lucknow to uncalled-for risk from the fire of the mutineers; how he was entreated to remove to a more sheltered spot; how he assented, but delayed for two hours merely because the trouble of moving his papers and effects, when fatigued on a very hot day, deterred him. He lost his life thereby; but who can estimate the value of the example which exhibitions of nerve like this afford to companions in peril less endowed with natural or acquired hardihood?

The affair at Chinhut was disastrous to this extent, that it precipitated what was otherwise inevitable, the occupation of the great open city of Lucknow by the victorious insurgents. They showed, indeed, on this occasion an alacrity which did more than usual credit to their determination. During the night after the action (that of the 30th) they loopholed most of the houses in the immediate vicinity, and early next morning "they began a very heavy fire of musketry, and the balls fell in showers everywhere. At one time in the forenoon they made a show of advancing to attack, but were driven back with loss." And now the siege of the cantonments, which included the "Residency" and the "Muchee Bawn," between which Sir Henry's small force was inevitably divided, began in earnest. The Muchee Bawn, however, was immediately and very successfully abandoned and blown up, and the Residency alone remained for defence. The strength of the garrison on the 1st July was (according to Mr. Gubbins) 927 Europeans and 765 natives. The same authority estimates the forces of the mutineers at this time—that is, of revolted regiments stationed in the province—at nearly 7,000 men. But it is impossible to say to what extent the numbers of this body were swollen by the mass of irregular insurgents and plunderers who attached themselves to its fortunes.

Here, then, Sir Henry was left with the remnants of a few broken corps decimated by disease, and a number of unsteady native policemen and servants, to resist an army of rebels backed by the loose

population of an enormous capital. His situation was, in truth, all but desperate ; to a degree which subsequent observers have hardly realized, and which he himself was very far from admitting. Had the rebels turned the artillery in their possession to such use as to assail by a converging fire the rotten so-called defences to which the life and safety of the European forlorn hope was now entrusted, the whole fabric would have crumbled to pieces before their assault. Had they continued to evince even that amount of vigour and unity of purpose which they displayed in the march from Chinhut and in the attack of the 1st of July, prolonged resistance would have been impossible. In point of fact, the ultimate repulse of the besiegers and rescue of the garrison were owing even less to the ample preparations made by Sir Henry than to the strange incapacity of the Oriental military mind for continuous effort, and the entire absence of leaders worthy of the name, which the history of the mutiny throughout displays.

The first efforts of the besiegers of Lucknow were, to all appearance, sufficiently formidable. "The wonder is," says one of the describers, "not that there were so many casualties as there were, but that any person was left alive in the garrison." But as the courage and resources of the defenders increased, the skill as well as fury of the assailants seemed to diminish. The assault of the 20th July (after Sir Henry's death) was "the most serious which occurred throughout the siege." It cost the assailants 1,000 men, the garrison only ten. "There were two others of the same kind, one on the 10th August, the other on the 5th September ; but they were much weaker, conducted with less determination, and lasted a less time than the first attack."

It was not for Sir Henry, however, to count on sheer incapacity and the discouragement of the enemy as his allies to this extent. He had to face the foe such as he at first appeared, and the seeming was formidable enough. He had to keep up the appearance of sanguine confidence, when his whole soul was engrossed with thoughts of the dreadful fate awaiting the helpless creatures, women and children, entrusted to his charge. He had to soothe, argue with, command the miscellaneous tempers which surrounded him and hampered him with their fears and their advice : the timid, who yielded to despair ; the impulsive, who were always urging him on what they conceived more decisive measures ; and—perhaps most trying of all—the ingenious schemers who were always placing their devices at his

disposal and urging them on his notice, when checked, with that patient argumentativeness which takes no denial. All this he had to endure. For the very necessity of the case threw all orders into a kind of republic, and Sir Henry's authority, though paramount when he chose to make it so, could not be exercised, as the records of the siege abundantly show, without listening to much volunteer as well as professional counsel. Such was his immediate position; around him, at a small distance, all was darkness. He had not the ordinary alternative of the commander of a besieged garrison who looks forward either to a calculable relief, or, if needs must be, to an honourable surrender. The prospect of relief was utterly dark; surrender meant abandonment of his charge to massacre. If in circumstances like these, which had, indeed, prevailed more or less for weeks before the actual excitement began, Sir Henry's clear-sightedness and prudence did in any instance give way—and the reader has all the materials before him for judging whether it did or no—this is merely to say that his judgment was not infallible under conditions which would have left room to few to exercise a sound judgment at all.⁹

The value of Sir Henry Lawrence's preparation, of the labour of many weeks, both in collecting stores to an extent which some were disposed at the time to ridicule, and in training men, was now to be tested; but not by himself. His career approached its end. Others were to conduct that noble four months' defence—rendered possible only by his forethought—others were to go through the terrible excitement, the alternations of hope and fear, which attended the repeated efforts at relief, with varying success—others to share in Havelock's final triumph, dearly bought by his death. My task is only to retrace the events of the first few hours of the siege, the last of the commander's life.

Sir Henry had taken up his quarters in a room in the Residency, much exposed to shot, but convenient for his purpose of observation.

⁹ Lovers of old Italian poetry may remember how Pulci describes the state of mind of the Paladin Orlando, when betrayed and beset with his small host in Roncesvalles:—

Credo che Orlando, come acuto e saggio,
 Conosceva il suo mal già presso al fine:
 Ma pur mostrava nel volto coraggio
 Che poco vaglion le nostre dottrine:
 Però che, quando un gran periglio è presso,
 Difficil molto è consigliar se stesso.

During the first day (July 1), says Colonel Wilson, the enemy threw an eight-inch shell from the howitzer they had captured from us, into the room in which Sir Henry and Couper were sitting. It burst between them, and close to both, but without injury to either. We now urged Sir Henry to leave the Residency and go elsewhere, or at least go down below into the lower storey. This, however, he then declined to do, as he laughingly said that he did not believe the enemy had an artilleryman good enough to put another shell into that small room. Later in the day some round-shot came into the top storey of the Residency; and in the evening Mr. Couper and I both pressed him to go below, and allow his writing-things and papers to be moved; and he promised that he would next day. All that day (July 2nd) he was anxious about the withdrawal of the Muchee Bawn garrison, and was busy getting the mortars brought in so as to shell the intervening space. . . . Providentially, the enemy had selected that night for the looting of the city, and the two garrisons were concentrated without any loss. . . . Towards 8 P M he returned greatly exhausted (the heat was dreadful), and lay down on the bed with his clothes on, and desired me to draw up a memorandum as to how the rations were to be distributed. I went into the next room to write it, but previous to doing so I reminded him of his promise to go below. He said he was very tired, and would rest a couple of hours, and that then he would have his things moved. In about half an hour I went back into the room with what I had written. His nephew, Mr. George Lawrence, was then lying on a bed parallel to his uncle's, with a few feet between them. I went between the beds, and stood on the right-hand side of Sir Henry's, with one knee resting on the bed. A coolie was sitting on the floor, pulling the punkah. I read what I had written; it was not quite in accordance with his wishes, and he was in the act of explaining what he wished altered, when the fatal shot came: a sheet of flame, a terrific report and shock, and dense darkness, is all I can describe. I fell down on the floor, and perhaps for a few seconds was quite stunned; and then got up, but could see nothing for the smoke and dust. Neither Sir Henry nor his nephew made any noise, and, in great alarm, I cried out, "Sir Henry, are you hurt?" Twice I thus called without any answer. The third time he said, in a low tone, "I am killed!" The punkah had come down, and the ceiling and a great deal of the plaster, and the dust and smoke were so great that it was some minutes before I could see anything; but as it gradually cleared away, I saw the white coverlet of the bed on which Sir Henry was laid was crimson with his blood. Some soldiers of the 32nd now rushed in, and placed Sir Henry in a chair. I then found that the back of my shirt was all blown off (I had on only a shirt and trousers), and that I was slightly wounded by a fragment of the shell. . . .

Several narratives of Sir Henry Lawrence's last hours are pre-

served ; some have been used by former writers, some are in my hands in manuscript ; all concur in the general portraiture of his resignation and calmness, his minute and conscientious care for the garrison in his charge, and the deeply religious preoccupation of his mind as regarded himself. But, as usual in such cases, the minute differences between observers who were all close at hand are such as to confirm the common impression of the uncertainty of historical testimony in small particulars. I think it sufficient for my purpose to select two : one by Dr. Fayer, who attended him ; one by his nephew George Lawrence, who was at his bedside to the last, who received his latest injunctions, who was wounded in the verandah adjoining, only half an hour before Sir Henry's death, but returned, injured as he was, to receive his last sigh. The tale is also touchingly related by Mrs. Harris, the wife of the clergyman who attended him. She, with two other ladies, nursed the dying leader amidst the storm of shot and shell which burst around his couch¹⁰ :—

DR. FAYRER *to* COLONEL WILSON.

MY DEAR WILSON,—

December 23, 1864.

THE particulars of Sir Henry Lawrence's death were, as nearly as I can remember them, as follows :—

On the morning of the 2nd July 1857, Mr. George Lawrence ran into my house and said that his uncle had been seriously wounded, perhaps

¹⁰ Major Banks, in his Diary (printed in Captain Hutchinson's Narrative), says that Sir Henry's last directions communicated to him after his wound were chiefly these :—

“ Reserve fire. Check all wall-firing.

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

“ Spare the precious health of Europeans in every possible way from shot and sun.

“ Organize working parties for night labour.

“ Entrench, entrench, entrench. Erect traverses. Cut off enemy's fire.

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

“ Use the State prisoners as a means for getting in supplies, by gentle means if possible, or by threats.

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

“ Turn out every native who will not work (save menials who have more than abundant labour).

“ Write daily to Allahabad or Agra.

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

killed, and begged me to go over at once and see him. At that moment there was a heavy fire of shot and shell on the Residency house. I went immediately, and found Sir Henry laid on a table in the drawing-room, with several officers about him; you, I think, and Sir G. Couper, were of the number. Sir Henry was faint and depressed by the wound he had just received, and his first question to me was, "How long have I got to live?" I replied that I hoped for some time; but on removing the torn dress, and having ascertained the extent of the wound, I said, as he pressed for an answer, that I thought about forty-eight hours. The upper part of the left thigh was lacerated by a piece of shell which had passed through it, comminuting the head of the bone, and causing extensive injury of the soft parts.

We gave him cordials and endeavoured to rouse him; he rallied considerably, though perfect reaction never came; but he spoke fast and freely, and not only then, but during that day and the next, he talked much, and on important subjects.

As round shot and shell were striking and entering the house, all thought it better to remove him, lest he should be hit again, or those around him should suffer. We accordingly carried him over to my house, which was just across the road, and placed him in a bed in the northern verandah, which at that moment was somewhat sheltered from the heavy fire of shot, shell, and musketry raining on the Residency.

We got him over without injury to anyone; but he had hardly been placed in the verandah before a terrific fire was opened on it, and it was only by the greatest care in keeping within shelter of the pillars and end walls that our party was protected. The following day, indeed, the round-shot had so crumbled the walls of the end rooms which sheltered the verandah, that we had to remove him into the drawing-room, which, though exposed, became less so than the verandah.

When he had sufficiently rested to bear further examination, I and my friend Dr. Partridge, with Dr. Ogilvie, examined him thoroughly under the influence of chloroform, and we found that the injuries were, as I at first supposed, so grave that even amputation at the hip-joint offered no hope of saving life; and we accordingly then thought only of the *euthanasia*, endeavouring to relieve pain, and make the inevitable passage to the grave as painless as possible.

He remained perfectly sensible that day, and for great part of the next—the 3^d. He died from exhaustion on the morning of the 4th, at about eight o'clock. I was there, and his last moments were peaceful, and, I think, almost painless. You remember how much he said during the first day, when he gave instructions concerning his successor, about what he wished us to do, and what he thought of the coming troubles; how thoughtfully he dwelt on every point of importance in reference to the defence of the garrison; and also, when speaking of himself, how humbly he talked of his own life and services.

I have no doubt you remember that he several times said he desired that no epitaph should be placed on his tomb but this: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty."¹¹

He said many kind things to those about him, and spoke most affectionately of those who would most deeply mourn his loss—his children and near relatives. As his strength failed he spoke less, and during the afternoon and night of the 3rd of July he said little. He gradually sunk, and, as I have said, expired on the morning of the 4th July, at about eight o'clock.

At one time we entertained hopes, for a few moments, that by amputation at the hip-joint a chance of life might be afforded, and I made the necessary preparations; but, on closer examination, we found that the injuries were too extensive to give any hope of success, and the idea was abandoned. I gave him chloroform at intervals, and also opiates and stimulants, as appeared to be necessary; and I believe that the pain was much assuaged. Indeed, I do not think that his suffering was so intense as those who stood around him imagined. From the moment almost of his arrival in my house a heavy fire was directed on it, and some of the party were wounded: Mr. G. Lawrence for one—a ball having passed through his shoulder.

The late Rev. J. P. Harris, chaplain, was with him constantly, and administered the sacrament. He was with him at his death. Sir Henry was buried in the evening. I did not actually see him interred, for at the moment when the body was being removed I was attending on a wounded man in Gubbins's garrison.

This is, as well as I can remember, how Sir Henry Lawrence died, and what occurred between his death and the infliction of the wound.

He said much that I cannot now sufficiently clearly recall to memory to enable me to put it on paper, but the subject of his conversations were chiefly the garrison and the steps to be taken for its safety, and the mutiny and the causes of it. Of himself he spoke most affectingly and humbly, ignoring his own great merits, and dwelling on what he thought his own shortcomings. He urged the vanity of all worldly ambition at a time like that which had suddenly come to him, and he entreated those who heard him to lay it to heart.

He particularly enjoined economy of ammunition and food, and expressed his deep anxiety about the fate of the women and children.

As all this occurred during great confusion and under a crushing fire, the last moments of his life were necessarily more disturbed than otherwise they might have been. But he was seldom, if ever, alone for a moment; and I believe that, as far as might be under the circumstances,

¹¹ Mrs. Harris mentions that he added to these words, "This text I should like: 'To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him.' Is it not in Daniel? It was on my dear wife's tomb."

his sufferings were relieved. His most constant attendant, who was wounded almost at his side, was his nephew, George Lawrence.

As to what occurred at the moment when he was wounded, and just after his death, you are better informed than I am.

If I have omitted anything, let me know, and I will endeavour to fill up what is wanting. Yours very sincerely,

J. FAYRER.

Extract of a Letter from G. H. LAWRENCE, Esq., C.S., to his Father, dated Calcutta, January 11th, 1858.

. . . . You would like to hear the true account of uncle's death, so I will try and tell you.

On July 2nd, about 8 o'clock, just before breakfast (which was laid in the next room at my suggestion), when uncle and I were lying on our beds, side by side, having just come in from our usual morning walk and inspection, and while Wilson, our Deputy Adjutant-General, was standing between our beds, reading some orders to uncle, an eight-inch shell, thrown from a howitzer, came in at the wall, exactly in front of my bed, and at the same instant burst. There was an instant darkness, and a kind of red glare, and for a second or two no one spoke. Finding myself uninjured, though covered with bricks from top to toe, I jumped up: at the same time uncle cried out that he was killed. Assistance came, and we found that Sir Henry's left leg had been almost taken off, high up by the thigh, a painful wound. We carried him from the Residency to Dr. Fayrer's house, amid a shower of bullets, and put him in one of the verandahs; there he seemed to feel that he had received his death-wound, and calling for the head people he gave over the chief commissionership into the hands of Major Banks, and the charge of the garrison to Colonel Inglis, at the same time giving them his last instructions what to do, among which was, "*never to give in.*" He sent for others, such as G. Hardinge, of whom he was very fond, told them what he expected from them, and spoke of the future; he also sent for all those whom he thought he had ever, though unintentionally, injured, or even spoken harshly to, and asked their forgiveness. His bed was surrounded by old friends and new friends, and there were few dry eyes there. His old servants he spoke to. He told them of the contents of his will, and who he wished to look after his children, and he also spoke of yourself and mother with great affection. He was pleased to say that I had been like a son to him, and that though he used to think me selfish, he had found me not so, and lastly gave me his blessing; may it avail much.

We all received the communion with him, and at one time the doctors thought of taking off his leg, but it would have been of no use. To drown the pain, they gave him chloroform constantly, and then he cried out rather incoherently about home and his mother. He seemed to me at times in great pain, but the doctor said he was not. He spoke, of course

of dear aunt Letty, and a good deal at intervals of his wife, repeating texts that she had been fond of. He took part in the prayers read by Mr. Harris, the clergyman, when we thought he was going, but more than once he rallied, though getting weaker and weaker. After the evening of the 2nd he scarcely spoke at all, and the next day was, I think, nearly unconscious. Dr. Ogilvie was very kind in watching with me, and giving him drink when thirsty; and two ladies also waited on him,—poor Mrs. Dashwood, who has since lost her husband and brother; and Mrs. Harris, the clergyman's wife; and I must not forget Mrs. Clarke. About eight o'clock on the 4th he died, quite quietly; I scarcely knew when his breath left him, for I was sitting at his feet, having just been wounded. Dr. Ogilvie first told me all was over.

A better man never stepped, but we must not grieve for him, but try and follow his example. He was buried in the churchyard, where all the rest were, but no one save the padre could attend, as the place was under fire, and every one had to be at his post. . . .

It became in a few hours (says Mrs. Harris) necessary to remove the corpse, and my husband summoned some soldiers to help him carry him out into the verandah, and then a very touching scene ensued. The men came in, and, before lifting the charpoy, one of them turned down the sheet which covered Sir Henry's face, and, stooping over him, kissed his forehead, and then the rest all did the same. I think there were four of them.

A hurried prayer, amidst the booming of the enemy's cannon and the fire of their musketry, was read over his remains, and he was lowered into a pit with several other, though lowlier, companions in arms.

The following simple testimonial expresses, at all events, the spontaneous feeling and judgment of the moment among those who surrounded Sir Henry Lawrence at his last hour. It is from Mrs. Ogilvie, wife of the surgeon who attended him, addressed to her mother at Allahabad :—

His death was an irreparable loss to the whole garrison, he was so efficient in every way. . . . It is said that no one is perfect; but, if Sir Henry was not, he was the next thing to it. If he had lived, I am quite sure he would have got the siege raised without assistance—he knew natives so well—and would have managed to get us out of the scrape somehow.

“He was a true Christian,” wrote Sir John Inglis, the distinguished officer who succeeded him in command, to Sir H. Edwardes, in sum-

ming up some observations on the last events of his life, "and a better man never breathed. As an experienced artillery officer, a clear-headed man, and a most efficient civilian, thoroughly understanding the natives' character, and knowing how to deal with them, his loss to our garrison was irreparable. But, independently of all this, we loved him as a friend, and felt we had lost a father."

It fell to the lot of the same officer to pay the last official tribute to the memory of his predecessor in his report of the 26th September—

The late lamented Sir H. Lawrence, knowing that his last hour was rapidly approaching, directed me to assume command of the troops, and appointed Major Banks to succeed him in the office of Chief Commissioner. He lingered in great agony till the morning of July 4, when he expired, and the Government was thereby deprived, if I may venture to say so, of the services of a distinguished statesman and a most gallant soldier. Few men have ever possessed to the same extent the power which he enjoyed of winning the hearts of all those with whom he came in contact, and thus ensuring the warmest and most zealous devotion for himself and for the Government which he served. The successful defence of the position has been, under Providence, solely attributable to the foresight which he evinced in the timely commencement of the necessary operations, and the great skill and untiring personal activity which he exhibited in carrying them into effect. All ranks possessed such confidence in his judgment and his fertility of resource, that the news of his fall was received throughout the garrison with feelings of consternation, only second to the grief which was inspired in the hearts of all by the loss of a public benefactor, and a warm personal friend. Feeling as keenly and as gratefully as I do the obligations that the whole of us are under to this great and good man, I trust the Government in India will pardon me for having attempted, however imperfectly, to portray them. In him, every good and deserving soldier lost a friend and a chief capable of discriminating, and ever on the alert to reward merit, no matter how humble the sphere in which it was exhibited.

Such was the immediate expression of general feeling on the death of Sir Henry Lawrence. But the honour then paid him was not destined to be a mere transitory display. His name and memory only became more and more familiar in men's minds as the distance of time which separated him from the communion of the living grew wider, and the real proportions of his greatness more truly perceptible. What he had done in the Punjaub for the establishment of British rule, for the government and reconciliation of a nation, was

only rendered gradually manifest ; but the immediate effects of his character and personal influence were never, perhaps, so truly present to the public mind as on that day, the 14th of August 1857, when Nicholson marched into the British camp before Delhi at the head of the last Punjaabee levies¹⁹ to decide the fate of the siege. Thanks to the foundations laid by Henry Lawrence and the superstructure raised on it by his brother John, that had come to pass which many a cautious Anglo-Indian had pronounced unsafe or impossible : a motley multitude of Sikhs, Afghans, and other warlike races, led by many a loyal chief, had been brought from the distant frontier to range itself in line of battle alongside of their former conquerors ; while our own European and regular garrison of the province had been rendered available for the same purpose by the content and order established in the region hitherto under its protection. The fortification of Lucknow as a bastion, against which, long after his death, the impotent surges of the mutiny continued to break in vain ; the statesmanship and wisdom through which the Punjaub became available in other hands than his as a main reservoir of the counteracting force, by which that mutiny was at last subdued,—these, as regards the crisis in which he perished, constituted the lofty claim of Lawrence to rank among the highest in that band of heroic fellow-labourers, military and civil, who saved for us the Empire of India. Such were his last and crowning services ; but they form, in truth, only an insignificant part of the titles which he earned to the gratitude of his country by devotion to her Indian interests in the noblest sense—by example, by precept, by inculcation, on all occasions and against all temptation to swerve aside, of Christian and honourable principles. Of these I need say no more, as they may be learnt, I hope, from the materials contained in these volumes without any idle recapitulation by his biographer.

Fourteen months after Sir Henry's death, in August 1858, the Government of India passed, under Act of Parliament, from the

¹⁹ "It has been officially computed that the total number of Punjaubees actually raised by Sir John Lawrence for service during the Mutiny amounted to 47,351. But, besides these, if we calculate the native contingents, amounting to about 8,000 men, the Punjaubees who had belonged to Hindustani regiments and who remained faithful, and the recruits who flocked to other corps in Hindustan, the total number supplied by the Punjaub could not have been short of 80,000 men."—COLONEL MALLESON, *Recreations of an Indian Official*.

hands of the East India Company to the direct control of the Crown. He was, therefore, the last of that great line of statesmen soldiers—the last in the list which begins with Clive and ends with himself—who held to the end, and dignified, the simple title of “servants of the Company;” and with him closes one of the strangest and not least glorious chapters in the history of England and of the world.

“He urged the vanity of all earthly ambition,” so Dr. Fayer tells us, “at a time like that which had suddenly come to him.” Those who survived him had to experience a singular and impressive comment on this maxim, as old as the world’s history. There was as yet no telegraphic communication between India and England; and on the 22nd July, three weeks after his death, the Court of Directors in London resolved that “Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, K.C.B., be appointed provisionally to succeed to the office of Governor-General of India, on the death, resignation, or coming away of Viscount Canning, pending the arrival of a successor from England,” in compliance with which resolution, according to the usage of that time, the Crown was advised by its Minister to make the appointment. Lord Canning was succeeded by Lord Elgin, but as that nobleman died in India, Sir Henry, had he lived, would probably have succeeded him by virtue of his nomination. As it was, the late Sir W. Denison filled the vacancy for awhile, and the present Lord Lawrence was then named to hold the magnificent viceroyalty which might have been his brother’s.

Some years after Sir Henry’s death, a plain tombstone was erected by the subscription of a few friends to his memory, in the English church at Lucknow. His name is also inscribed on the monument raised in the gardens of the same city to those who fell in the siege. And a space for a tablet and a statue were allotted to him in St. Paul’s by the side of other men eminent in Indian and foreign warfare and government; Sir Charles Napier, Elphinstone, and the two first bishops of Calcutta.

So much of Sir Henry’s papers and correspondence throughout his busy life are devoted to household ties and household concerns, that anyone who has taken an interest in them may find a short record of the members of his family, whose names have appeared often in these pages, convenient. Sir Henry left three surviving children:—
1. Alexander Hutchinson, in the Indian Civil Service, created a baronet in memory of his father’s achievements; he died from an accident, in Upper India, in 1864, leaving an infant son, the pre-

sent owner of the title. 2. Henry Waldemar, born in Nepal.
 3. Honoria Lætitia, Sir Henry's child companion after her mother's death in Rajpootana. Sir Henry left also four surviving brothers, who all attained a high position in Indian civil and military service : General Alexander, Madras Cavalry, since dead; Lieut.-General Sir George St. Patrick; Lord Lawrence; and Colonel Richard Lawrence. George Henry, in the Civil Service, who was with Sir Henry at his death, is the eldest son of Sir George. Four married sisters, and one unmarried, also survived him.

The following summary of the steps of his civil and military career, with dates, may be useful as a guide :—

- 1823. 21st February, arrived in India.
- 1825. 18th November, appointed adjutant to Artillery, S.E. Division.
- 1826. 25th April, appointed Deputy Commissary of Ordnance at Akyab.
- 1830. 10th February, arrived in India from furlough.
- 1831. 10th August, ordered to act as Adjutant to the left wing of 2nd Battalion of Artillery confirmed.
 - „ 27th September, transferred to Horse Artillery.
 - „ 23rd October, joined head-quarters of 3rd Brigade at Meerut.
 - „ 29th November, removed to 1st Brigade Horse Artillery.
- 1832. 12th September, pronounced qualified in the native languages.
 - „ 6th December, declared qualified for the duties of interpreter.
- 1833. 13th January, appointed Interpreter and Quartermaster to 7th Battalion of Artillery.
 - „ 28th January, permitted to resign the above appointment and re-appointed to 1st troop 3rd Brigade Horse Artillery.
 - „ 20th February, assumed charge of the revenue duties at Moradabad.
 - „ 22nd February, appointed Assistant Revenue Surveyor.
 - „ 14th March, removed to 1st Company, 4th Battalion.
- 1835. 2nd June, promoted to rank of full Surveyor.
- 1836. 2nd June, employed in superintending the Eastern Division of the Goruckpore Survey.
- 1837. 4th August, removed to 2nd Brigade Horse Artillery.
 - „ 4th September, employed in the survey of the District of Allahabad.
- 1838. 29th September, placed at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief.
- 1839. 14th January, appointed Officiating Assistant to Political Agent at Loodianah.
 - „ 21st January, received civil charge of Ferozepore.

1839. 21st February, removed to Foot Artillery.
 1840. 11th March, posted to 4th troop, 3rd Brigade, Horse Artillery.
 „ 31st March, appointed Assistant to the Governor-General's Agent, for affairs of the Punjaub and North-West frontier.
 1842. Accompanied Sikh Auxiliary Force to Cabul, &c.
 „ 31st December, appointed to officiate as Superintendent of the Deyrah Dhoon and Mussoorie.
 „ 31st December, presented with a sword by the Maharajah of Lahore.
 1843. 17th February, appointed Assistant to the Envoy at Lahore.
 „ 1st December, appointed Resident at Nepaul.
 1846. 3rd January, appointed Governor-General's Agent for Foreign Relations North-West frontier, and Affairs of the Punjaub.
 „ 1st April, appointed Governor-General's Agent North-West frontier.
 1847. 8th January, appointed Resident at Lahore.
 1848. 28th April, created a K.C.B.
 1849. 1st February, appointed Resident at Lahore and Chief Commissioner of the Cis and Trans-Sutlej States.
 „ 14th April, appointed President of the Board of Administration for the Affairs of the Punjaub, and Agent to the Governor-General.
 1853. 9th February, appointed Agent to the Governor-General for the States of Rajpootana.
 1854. 20th June, appointed Honorary Aide-de-Camp to the Queen.
 1857. 14th March, appointed Chief Commissioner and Agent to the Governor-General in Oude.
 „ 2nd July, wounded.
 „ 4th July, died.

Dates of Commissions.

Second Lieutenant Artillery, 10th May, 1822.
 First Lieutenant, 5th October, 1825.
 Captain, 10th May, 1837.
 Major, 23rd December, 1842.
 Lieutenant-Colonel, 19th June, 1846.
 Colonel, 20th June, 1854.
 Lieutenant-Colonel, 18th May, 1856.
 Brigadier-General, 19th May, 1857.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

THE following fragment is without date or address, but apparently belongs to the period between the Afghan and Sikh wars.

Purposing to give you a series of letters on matters general and particular, whether civil or military, I will commence with a brief confession of faith.

Our Government is neither so bad nor so good as it is made out to be. We are neither the monsters of the British Association, nor are we the angels of

Our civil arrangements are very incomplete, they intend well, and they often effect; arrangements have never been maturely and considerably made, and then efficiently administered; but individuals have been allowed to play with the people, making their best interests the subject of crude experiments. There were often zealous men; they passed away, and then came the sluggish and the slothful; the four-hour-a-day Kutchery men, they too changing with every crop, and less known to their people. There are and have been many bright exceptions, and at this moment there are perhaps in the civil service as many working men as in any equal number of functionaries; but there are still too few, and the motive, the incentive, is not much. Let any man acquainted with the service take up the list and look over the names of any consecutive fifty civilians, and add up their abstract for the period of their service, and the months of their service, and the hours of their occupation; let him do this in a general way, merely without favour, putting down items to the best of his knowledge, he will then sometimes find Mr. —, officiating collector at —, drawing 1,250 or 1,400, never absent, hard working, eight hours per day; Mr. —, collector, same service, absent about half his time, of much the same ability, drawing 2,500; another drawing 700 or 1,000, while his inferior in every point is drawing 1,600 or 2,000. But it is not so much the salary in excess given, for all will agree that for a man of ten or twelve years' standing 1,500 is good reward; but it is that either of the above classes, favoured or unfavoured, stupid, clever, mischievous, ay, positively mischievous, or however highly gifted, must all shake down

into session judges, commissioners, or members of boards. Thus it is with little exception, in the political and judicial departments; very superior ability will doubtless find its way, and perhaps more readily in this service than elsewhere; but the steady, sober man of sense, with nothing showy, but with habits of business and desire of usefulness, has little chance. . . . Let us turn over the list of those employed on the Afghan expedition at the outset and since, and all will agree that merit did not cause the selection. Intelligence, all will agree, might have been better; for besides the inefficiency of individual agents, the gross ignorance on vital points, on points that might and ought to have destroyed the army, there was a want of fitting in of the parts and dovetailing of establishments, which was cruelly felt. . . . In short, I look upon our Government as most governments, as one of favouritism and of parties, and that merit can seldom get over want of friends at court; and that it should not be so; that our position is such that our able men, our men of business, should be at the head, and that our sluggards should be on the shelf, and our idlers should be unemployed.

The present head of Government is known to mean well, and to be suspicious of intrigue in his appointments, but he requires both to remember that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and also that it is a cruel mockery to hand over a whole district to a man who is a fool, a drunkard, an idler, or a profligate; that it would be better to hand over to him his salary and prevent him from bringing ruin on his clients and a bad name on the Government.

Our military establishment should be on the most efficient footing, not only as to numbers, but as to perfect field efficiency: which means, that it should be seconded by contingents to (? from) every native State; that these contingents should be commanded and seconded by the choice of our military spirits; that the native officers should be really officers, in emolument, authority, pension, &c., on a lower rate of pay suited to their habits and expenses, but still as gentlemen.

That the divisions should be newly arranged and suited to our present circumstances: that at every post there should be guns: that we should take possession of Nepal, and either make arrangements for getting Cashmere or secure our communications with Afghanistan. It was the fault of our travellers and reporters, and not of the Government, that we have at an immense expense put ourselves into an advanced and weaker position than had we contented ourselves with securing the passes, and left an invader to flounder as he might through them. However, there are deserts and rocks enough still in our front, and we are very safe even from the Russians; but it behoves us to look at home, to prevent causes of disgust, and to be ready at a blow to crush the bud of rebellion.

Wherever we are few, we should be choice, our contingents therefore should be select. We should also mix our troops. We should have corps, or at least companies of Malays . . . and Hillmen; to every

European corps we should attach a native company, not as fags, but as an honourable distinction, as a light company with extra pay and privileges. We should have a proportion of our army with only two officers, commandant and second, all the rest to be as proposed, for contingents. The officers to be native gentlemen and picked non-commissioned officers, but the regularly officered corps to have no natives above havildar. . . .

Every officer holding charge of a company should have a colloquial examination ; a general staff corps to be formed for the supply of all staff appointments, for every branch, as a supporter and strengthener, and perhaps eventually a substitute for the civil service ; but every officer to do five years' (regimental) duty, giving him time to study languages, &c. ; every one after such service to be eligible before examiners constituted thus : at Kurnaul, Agra, Cawnpore, Benares, and Calcutta, let there be an examiner, before whom exercises to be performed, in two languages, political economy, law, history, particularly Indian, customs, and manners ; any other, such as dead and continental languages, science, &c., to be optional.

(Then follow mechanical precautions suggested to secure fairness of examination.)

APPENDIX II.¹

RELEASE OF PRISONERS FROM CABUL.

SIR H. LAWRENCE to — ELLIOTT, ESQ. (SECRETARY TO GOVERNMENT).

SIR,—

Lahore, August (apparently 1846).

I HAVE the honour to enclose a bill for rs. 13,947-4, incurred on account of 142 men, women, and children rescued through Syud Mortuza Shah from Cabul and its vicinity, and request the sanction of the Right Honourable the Governor-General.

I have sent the European boy to the Hill Asylum, and have made over all the native children either to their own friends, or such as appeared likely to treat them well: the latter, in all cases, with the child's full consent; and after I had kept him or her for two months, to give time for relatives to come forward.

The sixteen youngest girls (whose probable fate, if otherwise disposed of, would have been prostitution), have been made over to the missionaries at Loodiana.

I may here mention that another Syud, whom I sent up to Bokhara last July, with large promises of reward if he could procure the release or even tidings of the captivity of any European officers or soldiers in that quarter, has just returned. His mission has been entirely unsuccessful, but he has brought back confirmation of the tidings of the murder of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, though up to the date of his departure last year he assured me that their being still alive was probable. The man had formerly been a servant of Captain Conolly, and it was chiefly owing to the interest he expressed in his late master's fate, and that connections of Captain Conolly shared the Syud's hopes, that I sent him, though with very faint hopes of a happy result so far as concerned the two officers so often reported dead, though I thought it not improbable that information might be obtained of the captivity of other British subjects. I am now disposed to doubt the existence of any Europeans as prisoners in Central Asia.

¹ Chap. ix.

APPENDIX III.

THE following letter, without date, but addressed, about June 1852, by the Board at Lahore to the Government of India, is included on account of the importance which subsequent events have given to the subject:—

SIR,—

About June 1852.

IN July 1850, the Jagheer rolls of Huzara¹ were returned to the Board for further information, with an expression of the Most Noble the Governor-General's disapproval of the recommendations thereon. They have since been very carefully revised and reconsidered; and although the information is still more incomplete than could be wished, the Board, after frequent references to Major Abbott and other quarters, are unable to make more satisfactory returns than are now submitted.

2. The circumstances of Huzara are peculiar, both as to position and mode of acquirement. Held, as the name denotes, by numerous (Huzara, thousands) chiefs, the area of the country is not less than 3,000 square miles, of which fully nine-tenths are mountainous, the rest being narrow dales diverging from Huzara proper, which is a plain of scarcely fifty square miles. The mountains are rocky and wild in the extreme, intersected with few and narrow paths, and occupied by a wild, rude people who, though poor soldiers in the plain, are formidable in their fastnesses.

3. The country cannot be said to have been ever conquered. It does not appear to have even paid tribute to the Kings of Delhi or Afghanistan or to have been in any way molested by the Viceroy of the Punjab. The people rather commanded their own terms, and flanking the high road between Lahore and Peshawur, more usually obtained black-mail than paid revenue.

4. The Sikhs harried rather than subdued it. In several instances large bodies of them, under their best leaders, were beaten by the armed peasantry. By combined violence and treachery they at length made good their footing for a time and studded the banks of the Indus and every hill-top with forts, numbering, large and small, scarcely less than a hundred. Thus, though the country was temporarily subdued, the military occupation much more than swallowed up all the resources; and every

¹ Chap. xvii. p. 499.

Mahmmedan in the land was prepared to take the first opportunity for insurrection. It came with the Sutlej war, when not only was every small post surrendered or abandoned, but the strong fort of Hurreepoor, the capital of the country, capitulated to the armed peasantry, headed by their chiefs; and Moolraj, the Sikh Governor, was permitted to withdraw from the country.

5. In the division of the hill and plain country after the treaty of Kussoor, Huzarah was made over to Maharajah Goolab Sing; but it was soon found he could not hold it in peace, and that he was likely only to perpetuate the Sikh system of alternate foray and defeat—now cutting off a tribe or leader—now subject to the loss of his own detachments, and thus keeping the whole border in agitation. The Resident at Lahore, therefore, in 1846-7, under sanction of Government, proposed to the Durbar and to Maharajah Goolab Sing an exchange of territory, and, after much demur on both sides, effected the measure on the basis that an equitable assessment should first be made in Huzara, involving the release of jagheers and other rent-free holdings, and that, *on the reduced income*, lands should be given on another part of the border to *half* the value of those of Huzara.

6. Thus it was that a sort of guarantee was given by British functionaries to the Jagheer status established by Major Abbott, who was at that time—after having concluded the boundary settlement selected for the delicate task of establishing peace in Huzara by reducing its burthens, and substituting justice and conciliation for violence and plunder.

7. The scheme was at once found to answer, and has since worked well. The numerous chiefs, proud as they are petty, found for the first time that submission would not entail plunder, and that their rights, privileges, and feelings were safe in Major Abbott's keeping. They therefore stood by him in a body during the insurrection of the Sikh army, not only after the communication with Lahore had been cut off, but even after Dost Mahommud had taken part in the war. Many even stood nobly by his side when their own lands were occupied by the enemy, and all they held dearest was at stake.

If, then, the recommendations of the Board appear over liberal, they beg that the Most Noble the Governor-General in Council will do them the favour of believing that it is not without full consideration of the past and present circumstances of the country, and in the full conviction that it is the cheapest and most politic mode of managing it. The Governor-General is aware that the Board by no means coincide in all Major Abbott's views; they cannot, however, deny the fact that Huzara, with large elements of trouble in and around it, has continued in almost unbroken peace.

8. The Board have consulted not only the old Sikh officials and officers—as Rajah Taj Sing, Dewan Moolraj, and others, who long held commands in Huzara—but with Mr. Cortlandt and Major Chamberlain, both

of whom are intimately acquainted with the country; and they quite agree with the latter officers that the power of granting ten or twelve thousand rupees a year in Jagheer to influential persons, as lapses fall, will do more to preserve the country than any moderate number of troops can do. Major Abbott remarks that the full amount of increase of allowances he proposes to those chiefs and their followers, who served him faithfully throughout the war, would only suffice to pay one hundred and sixty matchlock men. This, the Board remarks, is about the expense of one company of infantry; while it cannot be disguised that the discontent or disaffection of a single individual—even the head of a mere village, however trivial be the cause—may raise a flame that will require regiments to put down, and involve expense incalculably beyond what is now proposed.

9. The Most Noble the Governor-General will observe the terms of each perpetual grant are distinctly for *services* when required, and that to provide against imbecility or other objection, the terms are left open to selection at each demise. This much of uncertainty is generally agreeable to natives of the East. It makes certain that their family will not be extinguished, except for misconduct; that a provision for the family *will be given*, if one worthy man be found: and it makes all emulous of the distinction. The Board are aware that there are objections to the scheme—that it may encourage the intrigues of one against another. This, at any rate, is to be preferred to intrigue against the Government; and as in their recent recommendation for succession to the Khanship of —, in Yusufzye, they desire always to uphold the undivided rights of seniority when merits are up to the mark, they do not desire to search for the ablest man among many sons or cousins, but simply to set aside the nearest heir, if he be decidedly incompetent or unfaithful.

THE END.