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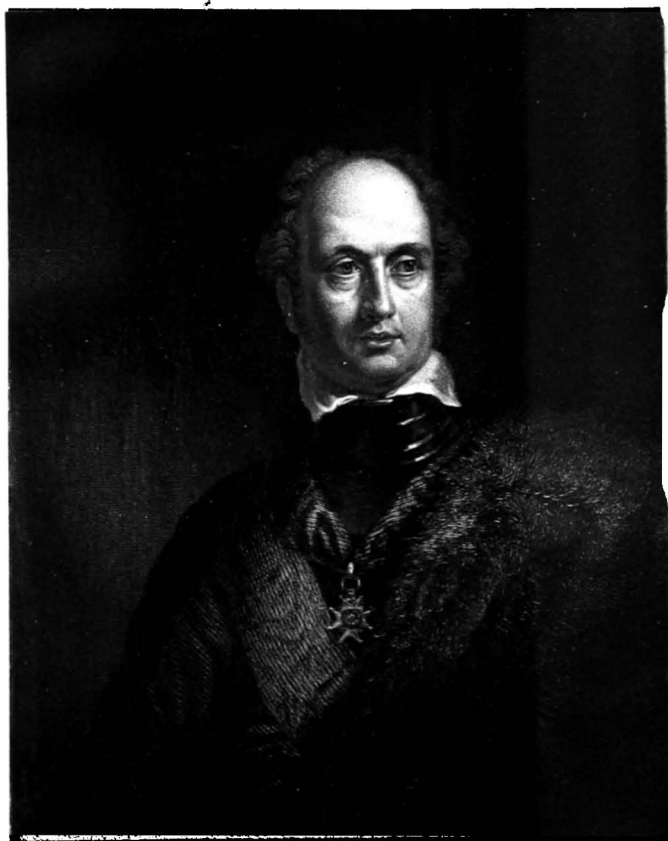
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BY
SIR J. W. KAYE.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.

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P R E F A C E.

I THINK that something should be said regarding the circumstances, which have resulted in the publication of this book.

Two or three years ago, I was invited by the editor and by the proprietor of *Good Words* to write a series of biographical papers illustrative of the careers of some of our most distinguished 'Indian Heroes.' As the materials, in most instances, were not to be obtained from printed books or papers, to perform this task in a satisfactory manner—that is, to write month after month, throughout the year, a memoir of some soldier or statesman distinguished in Indian history—would have been impossible to one, the greater part of whose time was devoted to other duties, if it had not chanced that for many years I had been gathering, from different original sources, information relating both to the public services and the private lives of many of those whose careers it was desired that I should illustrate. I had many large manuscript volumes, the growth of past years of historical research, full of personal correspondence and biographical notes, and I had extensive collections of original papers, equally serviceable, which had not been transcribed. As, therefore, only to a very limited extent, I had to go

abroad in search of my materials, I felt that I might accept the invitation and undertake the task, God willing, without danger of breaking down. The temptations, indeed, were very great—the greatest of all being the opportunity of awakening, through a popular periodical counting its readers by hundreds of thousands, the interests of an immense multitude of intelligent people, whom every writer on Indian subjects is painfully conscious of being unable to reach through the medium of bulky and high-priced books.

Of the Lives, which I selected for illustration, the greater number had never been written before, and of those which had been written before, I had unpublished records which enabled me to impart some little freshness to my memoirs. The sketches were published originally without any chronological arrangement. They appeared, in uninterrupted succession, during the year 1865. The great difficulty with which I had to contend was the necessary limitation of space. I was often compelled to curtail the memoirs after they were in print, and thereby to exclude much interesting illustrative matter. As, however, the republication of the Lives in a separate work had been determined upon, I had less regret in effecting these mutilations. The excised passages are now restored, and new additions made to the memoirs, considerably exceeding in extent the whole of the original sketches. I may say, indeed, that the work has been almost entirely re-written, the chapters in the periodical having been little more than sketches of the more finished portraits which are now produced after fifteen additional months of conscientious research.

Of the materials, of which I have spoken, something

more should be said, the more especially, as in one or two instances I have to acknowledge the assistance that I have derived from other writers. For much of the valuable information contained in the memoir of Cornwallis I am indebted to Mr Ross's very ably-executed work. It should be stated, however, that long before his book was announced I had contemplated the preparation of a Life of Lord Cornwallis, and had amassed a considerable stock of materials in illustration of it. In 1850, I wrote to Lord Braybrooke, soliciting permission to consult the records of the Cornwallis family, and I received in reply a very courteous refusal—which, indeed, as I was wholly unknown in England at that time, I ought to have expected—accompanied with a statement that a prohibition had been laid upon the publication of these family papers. I was rejoiced to find afterwards that the prohibition had been removed, and that the editing of the correspondence had been placed in such good hands. I believe, however, that the student of Mr Ross's book may find something new in my slender memoir; and, at all events, for reasons stated at its commencement, there is a peculiar fitness in its insertion in this work, which the reader will be well disposed to recognize. The Lives of Sir John Malcolm and Sir Charles Metcalfe I had already written in detail, but I felt that two such names could not be excluded from my muster-roll. For a memoir of Mr Elphinstone I had a considerable mass of original memorials, but no amount of correspondence in my possession would have rendered me wholly independent of the very able and interesting biography communicated by Sir Edward Colebrooke to the *Journal of the Asiatic Society*. The well-

known volumes of Sargent and Wilberforce, illustrative of the life of Henry Martyn, have of course yielded the chief materials on which the brief memoir of that Christian hero is based; but from the correspondence of Charles Grant the elder, made over to me by his son, the late Lord Glenelg, I have been able to glean something to impart a little novelty to this the most familiar chapter of my work.

The memoirs of Burnes, Conolly, Pottinger, Todd, Henry Lawrence, Neill, and Nicholson, are all written from original materials supplied to me by relatives or friends. The journals and correspondence of Sir Alexander Burnes were given to me by his brother, the late Dr James Burnes, and much supplementary information has been derived from other sources. The journals of Eldred Pottinger were obtained for me from his family, when I was writing the History of the War in Afghanistan, by the assistance of Captain William Eastwick, now of the Indian Council, who was one of Sir Henry Pottinger's most cherished friends and associates; and the journals of Arthur Conolly came into my possession when I was writing the same work. From the families of both I have received very valuable assistance since I commenced the preparation of these volumes. With D'Arcy Todd and Henry Lawrence, officers of the Bengal Artillery, I had the privilege of being on terms of cherished friendship. For the memoir of the former abundant materials were supplied to me by his brother, Colonel Frederick Todd; and for that of the latter I have chiefly relied on my own private resources, knowing that Sir Herbert Edwardes is writing a life of his great and good friend, which will leave nothing unsaid that ought to be said about

him. Following out the list in chronological sequence, I then come to the memoirs of those two great soldiers who died so nobly for their country just as fame was dawning upon them—Neill and Nicholson. From the widow of the one and from the mother of the other I received the memorials which have enabled me to write, very imperfectly, I fear, the lives of those heroic men; but an opportunity may yet be allowed to me, in another work, of doing further justice to soldiers who have reflected so much glory on the great Army of the East India Company.

Although to some small extent, perhaps, accidental circumstances may have favoured my choice of these particular Indian worthies, from among so many, I think it will be considered that on the whole they represent the Indian Services as fairly and as completely as if the selection had been wholly the result of an elaborate design.* For it will be seen that I have drawn my examples from all the three great national divisions of the British Empire—that Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen come equally to the front in these pages. Cornwallis, Metcalfe, Martyn, and Todd were Englishmen—pure and simple. Malcolm, Elphinstone, Burnes, and Neill were Scotchmen. Pottinger and Nicholson were Irishmen. Ireland claims also Henry Lawrence as her own, and Arthur Conolly had

* There is one omission, however, so observable, that something should be said respecting it. It will occasion surprise to many that the name of Sir James Outram does not appear in the list. There is no other reason for this than that he is entitled to a book to himself, and that I hope soon to be able to discharge what is both a trust confided to me by the departed hero, and a promise made to the loving ones whom he has left behind.

Irish blood in his veins. It will be seen, too, that I have drawn my examples from all the three great presidential divisions of India. Metcalfe, Martyn, Conolly, Todd, Lawrence, and Nicholson were Bengal officers, and served chiefly in that Presidency; Malcolm and Neill came from the Madras Presidency; Burnes and Pottinger belonged to Bombay; whilst Elphinstone, though nominally attached to the Bengal Civil Service, spent the greater part of his official life in Western India. It will be also seen that nearly every branch of the Service is illustrated in these biographies,* and, in the military division, every arm is fairly represented. Todd, Lawrence, and Pottinger were Artillery officers. Arthur Conolly was of the Cavalry. Neill was attached to the European Infantry, and Burnes and Nicholson to the native branch of the same service—in which also Malcolm commenced his career. From all of which it may be gathered that it little mattered whence a youth came, or whither he went, or to what service he was attached; if he had the right stuff in him, he was sure to make his way to the front.

The memoirs being now published in chronological sequence, I am not without a hope that the collection may be regarded in some sort as a Biographical History of India from the days of Cornwallis to the days of Canning.

* I must express my regret that the volumes contain no example drawn from the Medical Service of the East India Company—a service which was never wanting in men equally eminent for those professional attainments which are exercised so unstintingly in the cause of our suffering humanity, and for those heroic qualities which are exemplified by deeds of gallantry in the field, and by lives of daring adventure.

All the great wars which, during those momentous three-quarters of a century, have developed so remarkably the military and political genius of the 'Services,' are illustrated, more or less, in these pages. The two great wars with Tippoo, the earlier and later Mahrattah wars, the war in Afghanistan, the Punjab wars, and the Sepoy war, afford the chief incidents of the book. But the Historical is everywhere subordinated to the Biographical. I have not attempted, indeed, to write History; it has grown up spontaneously out of the lives of the great men who *make* History. But if it should not be of any value as a History of India, I may still hope that it will be accepted as a not uninteresting contribution to a History of the great Indian Services—the Military and Civil Services of the East India Company. Those Services are now extinct. I have striven to show what they were in their best days; and unless the ability of the execution has fallen far short of the sincerity of the design, I have done something in these pages to do honour to a race of public servants unsurpassed in the history of the world.

And I hope that, as a record of those services, this book, however imperfect the execution of it, may not be without its uses. I have striven to show how youths, from the middle-class families of our British islands, have gone forth into the great Eastern world, and by their own unaided exertions carved their way to fame and fortune. The Patronage-system of the East India Company, long condemned as a crying abuse, and at last, as such, utterly abolished, opened the gates of India to a hardy, robust race of men, who looked forward to a long and honourable

career, and looked back only to think of the joy with which their success would be traced by loving friends in their old homesteads. But it is not now said for the first time that the system could not have been very bad which produced a succession of such public servants as those who are associated with the history of the growth of our great Indian Empire, and as many others who in a less degree have contributed to the sum of that greatness. For the heroes of whom I have written are only representative men; and, rightly considered, it is the real glory of the Indian Services, not that they have sent forth a few great, but that they diffused over the country so many good, public officers, eager to do their duty, though not in the front rank. Self-reliance, self-help, made them what they were. The 'nepotism of the Court of Directors' did not pass beyond the portico of the India House. In India every man had a fair start and an open course. The son of the Chairman had no better chance than the son of the Scotch farmer or the Irish squire. The Duke of Wellington, speaking of the high station to which Sir John Malcolm had ascended after a long career of good work accomplished and duty done, said that such a fact 'operated throughout the whole Indian service, and the youngest cadet saw in it an example he might imitate—a success he might attain.' And this, indeed, as it was the distinguishing mark, so was it the distinguishing merit of the Company's services; and there grew up in a distant land what has been rightly called a great 'Monarchy of the Middle Classes,' which, it is hoped for the glory of the nation, will never be suffered to die.

I wish that the youth of England should see in these volumes what men, merely by the force of their own personal characters, can do for their country in India, and what they can do for themselves. I feel that on laying down the book some readers may say that the discouragements are at least as great as the encouragements, for that to a large proportion of those of whom I have written Death came early, and in many instances with sudden violence. But I know too well the temper of the men from whom our armies are recruited to believe that the record of such heroic deaths as those of Todd and Lawrence, Neill and Nicholson, will make any man less eager to face the risks of Indian life.

'Who'er has reached the highest pinnacle
Of fame by glorious toil or daring skill,
. . . . let him possess his soul in quietness
And bear his honours meekly ; at the last,
E'en gloomy death will have for such a one
Some gleams of brightness, for he will bequeath
To the dear offspring of his heart and race
Their best inheritance—an honoured name,'*

The deterring circumstances which threaten to impair the efficiency of the Services are of a different kind. I am afraid that there has grown up, in these latter days, a general dislike to Indian service, and that those who go out to the East are ever in a hurry to come home again. The 'nepotism of the East India Company' had its uses. It was said

* TREMENHERE'S PINDAR—a book in which the noble and inspiring thoughts of the old Greek poet are rendered in simple, manly English, well adapted to such a theme as the exploits of Heroes.

to be a monstrous thing that the services of the East India Company were, to a great extent, hereditary services, and that whole families should be saddled upon India, generation after generation. We only discovered the good of this after we had lost it. That enthusiasm which is so often spoken of in these volumes as the essential element of success in India, was nourished greatly by these family traditions. The men who went out to India in those old days of the East India Company did not regard themselves merely as strangers and sojourners in the land. They looked to India as a Home, and to Indian service as a Career—words often repeated; but as their repetition is the best proof of their truth, I need not be ashamed of saying them again. It is in no small measure because I wish that others should go forth from our English homes on the same mission, and with the same aspirations, that I have written these memoirs, and if I have induced even a few, contemplating these heroic examples, to endeavour to do likewise, I shall not have written in vain.

J. W. KAYE.

Norwood, May, 1867.