

982

Dhananjayrao Gadgil Library



GIPE-PUNE-000982

THE
LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
MAJOR-GENERAL
SIR JOHN MALCOLM, G.C.B.,

LATE ENVOY TO PERSIA, AND GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY;

FROM
UNPUBLISHED LETTERS AND JOURNALS.

BY
JOHN WILLIAM KAYE,
AUTHOR OF THE "LIFE OF LORD METCALFE," "THE HISTORY OF THE WAR IN
AFGHANISTAN," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.
BOMBAY: SMITH, TAYLOR, AND CO.

MDCCLXVI.

[The right of Translation is reserved.]

V 21418ny7L69

A856.2

982

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

SECOND MISSION TO PERSIA.

[1810.]

	PAGE
Voyage to Bushire—Malcolm's Literary Pursuits—Lindsay Bethune— Advance to Shiraz—Reception there—Murder of Captain Grant— Malcolm's Sorrow—March to the Royal Camp—Sir Harford Jones— Malcolm's Reception by the King—Drilling the Persian Army—De- parture of the Mission—Incidents at Baghdad—Return to Bombay . . .	1

CHAPTER II.

AN INTERVAL OF REST.

[1811—1816.]

Residence at Bombay—Adjustment of Accounts—Literary Labors— Mackintosh, Elphinstone, and Martyn—The Madras Controversy— Return to England—Visit to the North—Burnfoot and Abbotsford— Parliamentary Examination—Personal Objects—Correspondence with Wellington	54
---	----

CHAPTER III.

AFTER WATERLOO.

[1815.]

Arrival at Ostend—Journey to Paris—Reception by the Duke of Wel- lington—Conversations with the Duke—Sight-seeing and Savans— The Prussian Army—Destruction of Works of Art—Humboldt— Walter Scott—Journey to Châlons—Review of the Russian Army— Its Character and Constitution—Return to Paris—To England—Last Year at Home—Preparations for Departure to India	97
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

THE CIRCUIT OF THE RESIDENCIES.

[1817.]

	PAGE
Voyage to Madras—Reception there—Correspondence with Lord Hastings—Visit to Calcutta—Political and Military Employment—Visits to Mysore, Hyderabad, Poonah, and Nagpoor—Malcolm joins the Army of the Deccan	144

CHAPTER V.

MEHIDPOOR.

[1817.]

Objects of the War—Extent of our Operations—Uneasiness at the Marhatta Courts—Conduct of the Peishwah and the Bhoonsla—Proceedings in Holkar's Camp—Advance of Sir John Malcolm's Division—Negotiations with Holkar's Wakeels—The Battle of Mehidpoor—Defeat and Pursuit of Holkar	18
--	----

CHAPTER VI.

THE SURRENDER OF THE PEISHWAH.

[1818.]

The Treaty with Holkar—Settlement of the Country—Approach of Badjee Rao—Overtures—Negotiations with the Peishwah—Terms Offered—Vacillation of Badjee Rao—His Surrender—Discussions with the Supreme Government—The Terms considered	225
---	-----

CHAPTER VII.

ASSEERGHUR.

[1818.]

Dispersion of the Peishwah's Followers—Mutiny of the Arabs—Suppressed by Malcolm—Departure of Badjee Rao for Hindostan—Improvement of the Country—The Assye Festival—Malcolm's Character as an Administrator—Appa-Sahib and Cheetoo—The Siege of Asseerghur—Its Surrender	267
---	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

CENTRAL INDIA.

[1819—1821.]

	PAGE
The Bombay Government—Malcolm's Disappointment—Correspondence on the Subject—Solicited to Remain in Central India—His System of Administration—The Madras Government—The Malwah Report—Contemplated Return to England	299

CHAPTER IX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[1817—1821.]

Correspondence on Various Subjects—Treatment of Native Princes—Progress of Russia in the East—Christianity in India—Management of the Natives—Maintenance of the Native States—The Sovereignty of Oude—Uses of the Court of Directors—Et cætera	353
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

OVERLAND TO ENGLAND.

[1821—1822.]

Departure from Bombay—Voyage to Egypt—Journey to Cairo—Interview with Mehemet Ali—Incidents in the Mediterranean—Naples and Rome—Switzerland and France—Post-haste to England	397
---	-----

CHAPTER XI.

HYDE HALL.

[1822—1827.]

Reasons for Settling in the Country—Hyde Hall—Malcolm's Hospitalities—Hare, Whewell, and Sedgwick—Thoughts of fresh Service—Literary Pursuits—Visits to Ireland, France, and Scotland—Persia and Russia—Personal Anecdotes	415
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.

PREFERMENT.

[1824—1827.]

Promptings of Ambition—Resignation of Sir T. Munro—Contest for the Madras Government—Appointment of Mr. Lushington—Malcolm's Pension—Thoughts of the Dirsection—Appointment to the Bombay Government—The Farewell Dinner	458
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BOMBAY GOVERNMENT.

[1827--1830.]

	PAGE
The Voyage Out—Reception at Bombay—Duties of the Government— Economical Reform—Encroachments of the Supreme Court—Collision with the Judges—Provincial Tours—Administrative Measures—Nuz- zurana—Resignation of the Government	495

CHAPTER XIV.

THE END.

[1831--1833.]

Departure from India—Journey through Egypt—Meeting with Lord Clare—Mehemet Ali—England—Parliament—The Reform Bill—Can- vass for Dumfries-shire—Meeting with Cobbett—The India Charter— The Last Days of Sir John Malcolm—Death	554
---	-----

APPENDIX	623
--------------------	-----

APPENDIX.

(Page 52.)—DEATH OF CAPTAIN CHRISTIE.

DR. CORMICK TO GENERAL MALCOLM.

(*Private.*)

Tabreez, Nov. 23, 1812.

MY DEAR SIR,—My last letter to you was written, I fancy, from the Prince's camp at Ak Tuppah, when Sir Gore was about to march from thence to Teheran. The Prince kept me by force for the winter. I resisted all I could, but in vain, as Sir Gore ordered me to stay. Would to Heaven I had succeeded, as I should not then have been a witness to all the misfortunes and calamities which have marked H.R.H.'s short campaign. His army is totally annihilated, his guns lost, and, what is infinitely worse than all, the amiable, brave, and gallant Christie is no more. If it be any consolation to be generally regretted, he is deeply so by all Persia. His amiable manners, his equanimity, and his cool, steady, and invincible gallantry, endeared him to all ranks of people, particularly to the Prince and to the soldiers: the former I saw twice in tears for the man who so nobly sacrificed his life for him. But I have not attended to my intention of giving you an account of our misfortunes in regular order, and will, therefore, try to be more connected.

Sir Gore came to the Prince's camp as mediator between him and the Russian Commissioner-in-Chief in Georgia, who had come by appointment to the banks of the Aras, at a place called Uslandooz. The Prince kept about thirty-five miles at his own

side of the river, the Russian refused to come to him, and no meeting took place between them. A Russian General was sent to the Prince's camp to propose the appointment of deputies on all sides, to meet on the banks of the Aras, the Russian Commissioner-in-Chief having retired as far on his side as the Prince was on this from Uslandooz. This arrangement took place; the deputies met for some days, but all ended in nothing. The Russians would not cede anything, as they at first promised, and the Persians would not be satisfied with any arrangement with the *status quo presentium* for its basis, so that no arrangement or accommodation could be agreed upon.

Before Sir Gore left Tabreez to come to the camp, a report reached us that a peace had taken place between England and Russia; and this was in some degree confirmed by a letter to the same purport from an officer belonging to the Russian ships in the Caspian to Major D'Arcey and the English officers who were opposed to them in that quarter. Sir Gore immediately wrote to Major D'Arcey not to allow the English to be opposed in any manner to the Russians, and they all, in consequence, returned to the Prince's camp, which they had reached before the Embassy arrived. As there was a good deal of misunderstanding, enmity, and *bedamaghee* between Mirza Buzoorg and Sir Gore, the latter was very anxious for an opportunity of withdrawing the English officers from the field. In all his letters to the Russian, and particularly to the General who came to our camp, he boasted of having withdrawn the assistance of the English officers from the Prince upon the mere unconfirmed report of a peace in Europe; he abused Mirza Buzoorg and all Persians heartily to them, and assured them no Englishman should in future assist Persia in the field. In this temper of mind the negotiations were commenced; and when Sir Gore found that the Russian would not think of ceding, as he at first promised (having said he was ready and authorised to cede), he became irritated and angry with everything Russian, and, of course, agreed that the Persians were moderate and right in all they demanded. The English officers were now ordered out of camp. Major D'Arcey, Major Stone, the two Lieutenants Willocks, and Major Douville (a Frenchman whom we have here) returned to Tabreez, but the Prince and his Minister prevailed on Sir Gore to allow our dear friend Christie and

Lindsay, with thirteen drill sergeants, to remain. Being kept in camp without any specific orders how to conduct themselves, and knowing the Prince intended them to fight, although Sir Gore, perhaps, did not, Christie came to breakfast with Sir Gore the last day he was in camp, and asked him openly whether they were to fight or not. His answer was, "I am deaf and blind, and if gentlemen think proper to knock their own heads against a wall, I cannot help it;" or words very nearly to this effect. The consequences of this indefinite answer it was not difficult to foresee. I asked Christie, the moment we came out, if he intended to fight against the Russians; he answered, "Yes; I was in doubt before, but now I cannot be off."

We now marched towards the Aras, and Sir Gore towards Teheran. Four or five marches brought us on the banks of the river, where we encamped with our front towards it. Here it ran from west to east, so that we faced due north, with a small river running into the Aras on our right. We had been here for ten days, in undisturbed quietness, and blind, incautious security, when, on the 31st of October, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we were most completely and effectually surprised by the Russians. Nobody in camp had any idea of their approach till they had advanced through a clear and open plain to within a few hundred yards of us, and were in possession of a little hill in our rear, which commanded every part of the camp, before our men could fall in. At this time Lindsay was on the other side of the Aras with all his Topechees, waiting for the Prince, to accompany him hunting. When the order for this had been given, the day before, Lindsay remonstrated three times; but in vain. The report of the approach of the Russians reached him beyond the river, and he returned (a fursukh at least) full gallop, and just reached his guns when the Russians gained the little hill. Had they advanced right into the camp they must have reached the guns on our left long before Lindsay. With the greatest difficulty he mounted them, and got them off, with only about ten or twelve rounds for all his thirteen guns. Christie had during this time drawn up his men, as well as hurry and confusion would admit of, between the camp and the hill the enemy had gained possession of, being determined here to oppose their entrance into camp. They opened from above a gun upon him, with a smart

fire of musketry, and immediately about three hundred men descended the little hill, opening and extending their files, and advanced upon him. While preparing his men to charge them, an order from the Prince arrived to retreat across the little river on our right. Christie sent a sergeant to represent to him the impropriety of retiring, and the necessity of charging and annihilating the small body of the enemy that was in front of him. The Prince got into a passion, abused Englishmen and all that was English, galloped up himself to the Sirbaz, seized their colors, and delivered them to a Gholam, telling the rascals to run away; which of course they did, except two companies, who, from personal attachment, still stuck to Christie, and behaved gallantly. With these he followed the troops the Prince had made retreat, carrying away with him some wounded officers and men that were left on the ground. Lindsay, after having fired away the few rounds he had (3lb. shot out of six-pounders), and perceiving the danger he was in, retreated with his guns across the little river after the other troops had led the way. Here the Prince, not knowing that he had no ammunition, commenced the most extravagant abuse of him for not continuing to fire even *without* ammunition. Lindsay returned his sword, and gave over charge of the guns to the Subadar, saying he would not fight again for the Shah-Zadeh. In a few minutes the Prince came to him, begged and entreated him to forget what he had said, and not to leave him in his distress. Lindsay agreed.

We were now driven out of our camp, which the enemy got quiet possession of, having lost everything we possessed in the world except the clothes we wore and the horses we rode. Abbas Mirza collected his scattered troops, and took a position within shot of the enemy, and divided from him by the little river we had crossed, and about six hundred yards of ground filled with jungle. As Lindsay had no ammunition, he proposed to the Prince to head twenty of his own men and thirty or forty Gholams, and to make a dash into our own camp, and carry off some rounds in the best way they could. This was agreed to. They mounted and set off, but not a Gholam (except one single man) stuck to him. With his own twenty and this man, they succeeded in carrying off six rounds of ammunition each man, and returned.

In this new position our right was under a little hill, or *tuppah*, which the Persians intended to strengthen, and had already commenced, as there was a half-dug ditch and several holes around it. Our front faced our own camp, out of which we were driven by the Russians, who now possessed it; and our left extended along the banks of the river I have so often mentioned. The Prince ordered Christie to take two companies and skirmish with the enemy in the jungle that divided us; and as we had now got a little ammunition, Lindsay took two guns to oppose two or three of theirs, which were on the opposite bank, and firing upon us. They both succeeded famously, as, after a few rounds, the Russians pulled back one of their guns into a hollow, and there it remained silent. With another gun they fired occasionally, but did us no harm. Christie's two companies conducted themselves admirably, and drove the Russians back out of the jungle, and returned when their ammunition was exhausted.

It was now becoming dark, the ammunition of the Sirbaz was nearly exhausted—we had about six or eight rounds only for each gun—we had only lost twenty or thirty men killed and wounded, we had not the means of continuing the fight even if we had daylight, when the Prince, instead of retreating, took the fatal resolution of remaining there for the night. When dark, he sent for Christie and Lindsay (the former having had his leg and his horse wounded during the day), and asked their opinion as to the line of conduct he ought to pursue. They recommended him strongly to quit his present situation and fall back among some hills in his rear, so as not to be within reach of the enemy during the night; but in vain. He ordered Lindsay to bring his guns close under the little fort, or *tuppah*. Lindsay represented to him that he had much more to apprehend from the ditch and holes that were there during the night, than from the enemy. Abool Futteh Khan repeated this to him, but in different words, and he gave over for the present. Christie requested permission to draw off his infantry to the left, and there await the approach of the Russians, who, if they attacked us at night (a thing most certain), must come that way; but he was refused.

The Prince spent the night in consulting with every one about him. He listened to the advice of all, he followed that of none; and he himself, his Minister, his Mirzas, and Mostofees all gave

orders, while no one knew what he did or what he said. In this state of confusion did we pass the night, Sirbaz, Topechees, Gholams, horses, mules, and camels, all about this little hill fort, which, if complete, had only room for two hundred men within it, and was unfortunately almost full of thatched roofs of very combustible matter. The Prince, to complete the demonstration to the world of his own and his minister's incapacity, ordered two guns to be taken up to the top of it, although it was impossible to fire them down to any advantage. We were pretty confident that pickets would have been placed so as to give us intimation of the advance of the enemy; but we were mistaken. About half-past four a man came from the Prince to tell Christie that he had permission to take his men where he wished, and ordering Lindsay peremptorily to bring down his guns immediately to the base of the hill fort. They both obeyed. Christie had only advanced about ten paces when he was brought up in the dark by a line of Russians. He challenged them, not suspecting who they were, and their answer was a huzza, a volley of musketry, and a charge of the bayonet. His men instantly dispersed, and ran in confusion around the little tuppah. At this time, eleven out of thirteen guns had (as Lindsay had represented in the beginning of the night) fallen into the ditch and holes, so that they easily fell into the hands of the Russians. All now became confusion and slaughter, those above firing on their fellow-soldiers below, and the enemy bayoneting them like sheep, for no resistance was made. At this time the roofs on the top of the little hill took fire, and burned to death about three hundred men, with horses and mules, and a camel that were crowded in there. Every one now escaped as well as he could.

We were still more completely surprised at night than we were in the day. When the volley was first fired, one part of the line of Russians was about twenty-five yards from the Persians, and in the intermediate space I was on horseback, slowly advancing to them. Their powder showed me the ground over which to gallop, and the extent of their line, so that I soon got round their right into the rear of their line, and having escaped this danger, I incurred no other. In the course of the morning I was happy to see Lindsay safe, but no one could give any account of Christie.

This affair took place on the morning of the 1st of November, and at noon on the 2nd, finding all the Europeans safe except Christie, of whom I could hear nothing, I got the Prince's permission to return to the scene of our misfortunes (12 fursukhs), and enter the Russian camp, with the hope that I might be of use to him if he was wounded, and to ascertain his fate. The enemy had re-crossed the river before I reached it; but I soon found the body of our dear and gallant friend Christie, shockingly mangled by the barbarians. They had taken off all his clothes, and I buried him in the field of battle, amidst the slain and the groans of the wounded, who were still languishing on every side. From prisoners of ours who made their escape I found that he had received a ball through his neck in the dark, and being faint with loss of blood, remained sitting on the ground. After daylight it was reported to the Russian villain who commanded that an English officer was wounded at a little distance. He looked at him with a glass, and immediately ordered two men to go and put him to death. It is unnecessary to enumerate his wounds, of which he had five dreadful ones, four of them with the sabre. He insisted on taking the sword you gave me at Maragha on that day, so that I have lost this with everything else.

From this general account of affairs you will be able to draw your own conclusions. The Russians were assured by Sir Gore that no Englishman would fight against them, and therefore, on finding them engaged, looked upon them as entitled to no quarter; while, in truth, no men of honor, left as they were, could have avoided fighting. All has been lost from the incapacity of the Prince and his criminal minister, and for want of a man of sense to command us. Lindsay has been reading this letter, and insists on my telling you that only nine guns out of the thirteen were under his command, and that the two that were saved belonged to these, so that he only lost seven altogether. The others were under Persians. As it is impossible to write or even to read this over again, I hope you will have the goodness to send it to Captain Pasley for perusal, and perhaps to Jukes, as they are interested in Persian affairs. On the 6th of this month died, at Ardebile, Major Stone, of his Majesty's Royal Artillery; and about the same time an European servant of Sir Gore's, and a sergeant-major of artillery, at Erivan, were carried off by fever.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.