THE CALL OF THE BLOOD

AND

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OR

Anglo-Indians and the Sepoy Mutiny

BY

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"LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN

AND

OUR FATHERS THAT BEGAT US."

—Ecclesiasticus XLIV, 1.

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INTRODUCTION

The laurel chaplet when thou look'st on it,
Speaks more of suffering than of prosperous state.

—GOETHE

The Anglo-Indians who fought in the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 are long since dead; but their glorious deeds are writ large on the page of history. The recital of how they bore themselves, and suffered, and fell like heroes, still stirs the breast and quickens the pulse of their descendants.

Readers of *Hostages to India*, to which this book is a sequel, will remember that from the year 1786 onwards, the decrees of the Directors of the East India Company had piled disqualification upon disqualification on Anglo-Indians. They might not inherit, purchase, or possess landed property. They were banned from the major civil services, and from the rank and file of the British and Indian armies. Restrictions were placed on their education. Seeing their deepening discontent, there were many who openly declared that, like the proverbial worm, Anglo-Indians would yet turn upon their oppressors: that the day would come when they would combine with

Indians, and drive the British out of India as the negroes and mulattoes had recently expelled the Spaniards from Hayti. The Mutiny came, *but not that day*. When the revolt had been suppressed, to mollify the reproach under which Indians in general had fallen, a patriotic Hindu apologist published *The Mutinies and the People, or Statements of Native Fidelity exhibited during the Outbreak of* 1857-58. Anglo-Indians needed no champion to document their loyalty, or to scoff at scaremongers like Lord Valentia.* Nevertheless, it would have been singularly fortunate for these pages had the copious official and non-official literature relating to the Mutiny sorted Anglo-Indian from European, and chronicled separately the vital services which Anglo-Indian manhood, and womanhood, and youth had rendered the Fatherland in its hour of peril and dire distress. But at the moment there appeared to be no reason for anyone to discriminate between an Englishman and his India-born sons and daughters. Accordingly, as in 1757 so again in 1857, no skin-deep, odious distinctions

* In 1806 Lord Valentia warned the East India Company against the day when Anglo-Indians would join hands with Indians and expel the British from India. *Cf. Hostages to India*, page 27.

were made when the salvation of the corporate whole depended upon the solidarity of its parts.

More books have been written on the Indian Mutiny than on any other historical incident. Portents of a brewing storm were pointed out to Government, but its statesmen and generals took no heed. They heard not the rustling of the leaves. They were startled out of their torpor when the trees suddenly were snapped in twain by the fury of the tempest. Yes, they awoke as men drugged—unprepared, stunned, bewildered—when owing to a miscalculation in dates, the rising broke out somewhat prematurely at Meerut. Thence it spread to Delhi, Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow. Scotched at one place, it lifted its hydra-head at another—at Futtygurh, Seetapore, Shahjahanpore, Baraich, Fyzabad and Jeypore. It took into its sweep Bareilly, Ferokhabad, Muttra and Agra. It plunged the Doab in blood and fire. It drew into its vortex Nagpore, Jhansi, Nusserabad, Neemuch, Mhow, Gwalior and Indore. It found no foothold in the Punjab, although it appeared at Jullundur, Jhelum and Sealkot. Finally, exhausted and crushed, it petered out in fugitive and guerilla warfare in the dense jungles of Nepal where the archfiend, the Nana Sahib, was skulking to save his own life.

In comparison with the atrocities of the Mutiny, the horrors of the Black Hole fade into insignificance. The cruelties perpetrated in the Revolt ranged from the wanton slaughter of defenceless Europeans and Anglo-Indians, and their families, isolated in mofussil solitudes, there growing indigo, laying telegraph wires, and constructing rail-roads, to the wholesale massacre of British-born men, women and children, congregated in capital cities and military centres. Everywhere it engulfed Europeans and Anglo-Indians alike in a merciless maelstrom of rapine and arson, mutilation and torture, outrage and murder.

Hostages to India has stressed the viewpoint that, in the pending political readjustments in this land, the British must not desert their Anglo-Indian descendants. Conversely, this booklet recounts how loyally the latter in the crisis of the Sepoy Mutiny answered the Call of the Blood, and proved, as they had ever done of yore, that

The blood a hero sire hath spent
Still nerves a hero son.

CHAPTER I

DELHI

—Death is drunk with gore; there's not a street
Where fights not to the last some desperate heart
For those for whom it soon will cease to beat.

—DON JUAN

At the twilight hour of evensong on a fiercely hot Sunday, the memorable 10th May, 1857, the Mutiny broke out all unexpectedly, and the sepoys began at Meerut that orgy of excesses which everywhere marked the progress of the insurrection. It was only two years that the electric telegraph had been introduced into the country, and by it now was flashed to Delhi the tragic happenings at Meerut Cantonments. The message was received by three Anglo-Indian operators, Charles Todd,* George Brendish, and J. W. Pilkington. They tried to get further news from Meerut, but no word came through. Todd, the senior officer, sent his assistants to

* Charles Todd was the son of a priest of the Church of England. His wife was sister to J. W. Ricketts, who took to Parliament the East Indians' Petition of 1829. His widow and two sons were sent to Calcutta after the relief of Delhi, and were given pensions by Government.

Time

From Umballa | To All Stations

From | To

WORDS

The following just rec'd from Delhi
We must leave office all the Bungalows
are being burnt down by the Sepoys
Regmt. They came in this morning
We are off dont tell today. W.C. Todd
is dead we think. He went out this morning
and has not returned yet. We heard
that nine Europeans were killed
Good bye

FACSIMILE OF THE TELEGRAM THAT SAVED THE PUNJAB AND INDIA.

Ambala immediately repeated the message to Lahore, whence it was issued to Peshawar and other military stations in the Punjab. Forthwith the sepoys were disarmed at every military outpost in that Province. It was in reference to this prompt action made possible by an Anglo-Indian youth's telegram, that Sir Herbert Edwards speaking to a London audience said :—" Just look at the courage and sense of duty which made that boy, with shots and cannon all round him, manipulate that message which, I do not hesitate to say, was the means of the salvation of the Punjab." High as was this praise, Sir Robert Montgomery, Judicial Commissioner, went further when he declared— " The electric telegraph saved India "— words that are inscribed on the memorial obelisk standing on the site of the Delhi telegraph office, and unveiled by Lord Curzon in 1902.

Up to two o'clock on the afternoon of the 11th May, Brendish and Pilkington continued telegraphing developments. Finding the position desperate, Brendish signalled for the last time to Ambala, and concluded his message with the words " and now I am off. " With Mrs. Todd and her little son, they took refuge in the Flag Staff Tower, whither many others had gone for shelter.

At sunset, as many military officers and civilians as had conveyances set out with their wives and children for Ambala.* Brendish, Pilkington, Mrs. Todd and her child rode in a postal van. *En route* they were joined by certain planters, and reached their destination on the 13th. Here the telegraphists resumed their duties at the local office. Brendish was presently transferred to Ludiana. There he learnt that the Meerut Light Horse was being recruited from men in the uncovenanted services, and he enlisted. He remained at Bijnour in that Force, until with some others he was put on the strength of the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry. This unit continued in the Nepal Terai in search of the Nana Sahib, until it was disbanded at Sultanpore, Benares, in July, 1859. From Benares he went to

* Among them were Mr. Wagentrieber of *The Delhi, Gazette*, and his family. His wife, a daughter of Col. James Skinner, " drove the open carriage, while his step-daughter handed him a loaded rifle after every shot. The baby slept in the well of the conveyance, amid the din and excitement of the pursuers and pursued. Four times within a distance of twenty miles was this heroic family attacked by merciless *goorjurs* ; but bold hearts and a steady hand enabled him to force his way through the murderous assailants, four of whom he shot dead, and wounded two others."

—*History of the Indian Mutiny* by Chas. Bell

Cawnpore, where he rejoined the Telegraph Department, and was posted to Calcutta on the 7th September, 1859.* Of Pilkington but little is known.

The premises of *The Delhi Gazette* were among the first European houses to be attacked, because of the number of Europeans and Anglo-Indians who were working on the paper. D'Rozario and Boesalt were killed, while John Pereira, Harrington, and Joseph Brown had narrow escapes. In the Cashmere Bazar the rebels burst into the house occupied by William Clark, his wife and child, as well as James Morley and his three children. Morley alone escaped death, and fled to Kurnaul.† The cruelty of the insurgents was fiendish. In their march from Panipat to Delhi, the troops under command of

* He retired in September, 1896, and died on the 2nd November, 1907. He was buried in Lower Circular Road Cemetery. Pilkington died at Roorkee, on 24th, March 1867.

Brendish and Pilkington received "as a mark of public approbation" a month's pay—Rupees Thirty. As a writer caustically remarked—"Thirty rupees for saving an Empire!" In mitigation it should be added that Government retired Brendish on full pay pension, and in 1902 he was decorated by Lord Curzon with the Medal of the Victorian Order.

† *Lahore Chronicle* of 19th August 1857.

Sir H. Bernard came across a pair of boots—those of a girl of six or seven—with the feet in them. The legs had been cut off a little above the ankles.*

A typical example of how Anglo-Indians fared at Delhi is furnished by James Skinner Aldwell, in a pamphlet which in 1891 he printed for private circulation. It is entitled *Some Reminiscences of the Defence of House No.* 5, *Darayaganj, Delhi, on the Outbreak of the Mutiny in* 1857. In it he relates :—

" On the morning of the 11th May, 1857, Mr. John Foulon, Overseer of the Grand Trunk Road, left his house at 3-30 a.m. to inspect the road between Delhi and Ghaziabad. On arriving at the Hindun Bridge, about 10 miles from Delhi, he alighted from his buggy, and was going across the bridge, when he met some troopers of the 3rd Light Cavalry, who cut him down at once. His syce seeing him cut down got into the buggy, and drove back as fast as he could, to inform Mrs. Foulon.

" On hearing the man's story, she sent for my father to consult him. He went across to her house, and after hearing the syce's account of what had occurred, he advised her to come

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* *Friend of India*, 1858.

over to his house ; but she refused to do so, saying she did not believe a word the man had said. My father then consulted our next-door neighbour, Conductor James Nolan, and it was decided that all the women and children from the neighbourhood should be brought to our house, as it was the one capable of being defended, till help came from Meerut. Though we had ample time and means to escape, it was decided to remain where we were because of those who were taking refuge with us. The help we hoped for never came.

" The women and the children were brought over, and we bolted the doors of the lower storey, and then went upstairs to make preparations for the defence of the house. We then saw the toll-house across the river at Salimpore on fire. About half an hour later some troopers, without uniform, entered the city by the Rajghat Gate, and rode straight to the *dak* bungalow, facing the Delhi Gate of the Fort, and killed two young officers who had arrived during the night. They then rode up to the houses along the ramparts near by, and the first one they entered was Mr. John Churcher's (now house 12). He came out to see what was the cause of the disturbance, and was at once shot. The next house they visited was Mrs. Thompson's

(now house 10), and shot Miss E. Thompson dead, wounded Mrs. Thompson and also Miss G. Thompson, and left them to die a lingering death in the compound. They then crossed the road to the Inland Transit Company's office (now house 15), and killed the Agent and Mr. Thomas.

"My father told me to get the Thompsons over to our house, and I rode out to the open piece of ground near the Jhajjar Nawab's house (now house 16), where the garrison garden and tennis courts are now. I met our butcher, Nannay, and the baker, Qadar Bukhs, who begged me to go back; but on telling them that I was going to fetch the Thompsons, they swore they had all been killed by sowars. While they were telling me this, I saw two sowars coming towards me; but as they were not in uniform, I had no suspicion that they were mutineers. Nannay, however, on seeing them said, 'Those are the men who killed the Thompsons,' and he forthwith ran away. As I had turned my mare's head homewards, the troopers came on at a gallop: so I dug my heels into her, and made all speed for home. The troopers' horses having done forty miles during the night were tired, and could not catch me up. When I reached our gate, I found it closed. So I galloped into the

adjoining gateway of Mr. Nolan's house (now house 4), and the troopers discharged their pistols at me, but they were too far off to do mischief.

"The guard at the military hospital was the week previous to this of the 54th Native Infantry, and was that very morning relieved by the Rifle Company of the 38th Light Infantry, who looked on at all that happened quite unconcernedly, and took no steps to assist us.

"After the troopers who had chased me had gone, we heard a great noise and shouting in the direction of Mr. Foulon's house (now house 21), and then saw Mrs. Foulon running towards our house with a crowd of natives after her, pelting her with stones. On seeing which we all stood up, and pointed our guns at them, when they turned back, and Mrs. Foulon reached our house. But, poor creature, she was bleeding very much from wounds on her head, and she had a great many bruises all over her body.

"About ten o'clock a dyer entered the compound with a bloody *tulwar* in his hand, calling out to the servants to show the way, for he had come to kill the *kafirs*. Nolan had told him to go away, but still he came on, and fearing he would get under cover of the

verandah, Nolan fired and shot him through the heart. This put a stop to anyone coming into the compound, till they made their final attempt to rush the house on the morning of the 13th May. *

" We now set to barricading the doors with all the furniture in the house, and after every door had been secured as far as possible, Nolan pointed out the places we had to defend in case of an attack.

" About this time all the servants left excepting Munshi Sharfaraz Ali, Bhawani bearer, Qasim, the punkha coolie, and Piari, the old ayah, who decided to remain with us. All the other servants left breaking all the *surahis*

**List of those who took shelter in the house No. 5, Daryaganj* :—

Rev. Mr. Mackay, Baptist Missionary ; Mrs. Nolan and three children ; Mrs. Prince, her daughter, Mrs. Riley and two children ; Mrs. Foulon ; Mrs. Crowe, wife of Sgt. Crowe, and three children ; Mrs. Davis and two daughters.

List of those engaged in the Defence of the house No. 5, Daryaganj :—

Conductor James Nolan, taken prisoner and shot, 13th May ; Sub-Conductor R. N. Settle, killed in the house on 13th May ; Sgt. Geo. Connors and A. G. Aldwell, taken prisoners and shot on 13th May ; A. Aldwell and J. S. Aldwell, escaped on the morning of the 13th May.

and water *chatties* before leaving the house. The only *chatty* left containing water was one upstairs in my bedroom.

"We were eight men and sixteen women and children in the house. The women and children were put in the rooms facing the ramparts, as no one could attack them from that side.

"Conductor Nolan, being the senior military man, took command, and posted us to the places we had to defend. . . . . We could see the bridge of boats quite clearly, and were anxiously looking out for the troops from Meerut, which we expected would follow up the mutineers arriving from Meerut, but none could be seen. All we saw was mutineers coming in small parties.

"About 3 p.m. there was a terrible explosion. Mr. Davis (who was a clerk in the Commissioner's office) wished to leave us and go to the Ballabgarh Raja's house near by (now house 23). Nolan tried to persuade him not to go, as there were a lot of *badmashes* about. He said he knew the Raja's *daroga*, and that he had armed men in his pay at the house, and the *badmashes* would not dare to touch him if he once got there. He left us at about 4 p.m., thus deserting his mother and sisters and leaving them to our care. We saw him

go across to the Raja's compound, and that was the last we saw of him.

"Shortly after Mr. Davis's departure, a man came to our bearer to tell him that his (the bearer's) wife and child had been killed by the explosion of the magazine, which we had heard at 3 p.m. The bearer asked for leave to go to look after his people. The man who gave the information was a relative of our bearer, and was employed in the magazine as a *khalasi*, and it was from him that we first learnt that the magazine had been blown up.

"Sharfaraz Ali, the *Munshi*, was living in our compound. He had his mother and another old woman by the name of Saheb Khanam living with him. He asked my father if he might send his people away, but he had already sent Qasim for three *doolies*. My father gave his consent, and the doolies left the house, and Sharfaraz and Qasim went with them. After some time we found that my mother, younger brother (about twelve years of age) and sisters had also joined them. My father was very much annoyed at their leaving the house without telling him.

"After sunset the hospital guard fell in, and the native doctor, Imam Buksh, left the hospital. The sepoys sent away the sick,

and after taking all they wanted, they gave us a parting volley and left. A few minutes after this, the *badmashes* began breaking the bottles, and looting the place. About 8 o'clock they set the hospital on fire, and went away. All was quiet now, but we were on the alert not knowing what was coming next.

"At midnight we heard a great noise and the rumbling of wheels. So we got ready, expecting a rush. It was just two days past the full moon, which showed the front of the houses clearly to the mutineers.

"Our gate was a bamboo one. We had put the chain on, and also large stones against it to prevent its being pushed open. The mutineers brought four guns, and placed them in position about thirty yards from the gate. We heard the order given to load, and as each gun was loaded it was fired. They fired about a dozen shots, but none struck the house. All went over it. They then depressed the guns, and the shots began striking the top of the house which had no parapet; and the infantry accompanying the guns began firing volleys. Nolan gave the order to fire, which we heartily did. At each volley from us, the mutineers used to leave their guns, and run back a hundred yards or so; and when our firing ceased, they came

back and fired again. After our first volley, the two howitzers began firing grape and cannister. In the morning we found the cases lying in the compound. About 4 p.m. they retired. The whole day of the 12th, we were not molested. But at midnight they came back with their guns and a large body of infantry. The firing this night was so heavy that we could hardly show our heads above the parapet of the second storey. About 3 a.m. Settle was killed. A bullet hit him on the left breast, and he died immediately.

" Our ammunition was running short. We had plenty of powder and small shot ; but the bullets were nearly expended : and as all hope of succour from Meerut had been given up, and all of us had been without food and water since the 11th, we made up our minds to try and escape at 4 a.m. of the 13th.

" Nolan placed my father and myself at the entrance of the lane leading to the ramparts —my brother and Sergeant Connors to keep up a fire behind the wall over the steps by which the women and children were to pass. Being thus posted, Nolan went in to bring the women and children out. The mutineers then directed their guns on the steps leading down to the head of the lane by which the

women and children had to descend, and their second round broke them down. Escape was then entirely cut off. My father called out to my brother to escape through the kitchen; but before he and Sergeant Connors could remove the barricade, the mutineers rushed into the house, and their retreat was cut off. The mutineers were in great numbers, and in the attack made straight for the verandah to get under cover from our fire. So we jumped over Nolan's wall, and went along the Wellesley bastion, and jumped down on to the berme from the embrasure facing the Delhi gate. All who could not join us were taken prisoners, and shot on the morning of the 13th May, and thrown into the ditch now existing within the native infantry lines.

"After many hair-breadth escapes, my father and I (the only two defenders of the house who had escaped) reached Bulandshahr on the 18th May. We escaped on the 13th and wandered about the *jhow* jungle opposite the old fort up to the evening of the 15th. As we had had nothing to eat since the evening of the 10th, we swam across the river, and reached the other side. Here we were stripped of all our clothes by *Gujars*, and the first mouthful of food we got since the 10th, was on the night of Friday, the 15th, when we

reached the village of Chilla. The villagers would not allow us to enter the village, but made us sit in the field where they were treading out the corn."

As has already been seen, of the sixteen persons who forgathered for mutual protection at Aldwell's house, only two escaped death. This was by no means an isolated case of extermination by the rebels. Mr. Charles Staines of Hissar, described in *The Mofussilite* of the 5th January, 1859, as "an East-Indian," lost no less than thirty-two relatives, of whom seven perished in Delhi; *viz.*, T. W. Collins, pensioned Deputy Collector of Delhi; his wife, Eleanor; his mother-in-law, Mrs. E. P. Staines; three brothers-in-law, J. W. Staines, E. W. Staines, and G. R. White; four sisters-in-law, Mrs. A. Hunt, Mrs. Elsie Cochrane, Mrs. A. White, and Miss Christiana Staines; seven nephews, William G. Staines, Lewis C. Staines, Geo. S. Hunt, James White, Henry White, Edward White, and an infant boy, G. R. White; three grand-children, John T. Collins, Josephine T. Collins, and Joseph O'R. Collins Leeson. Nor did this long roll of murdered complete the fearful toll taken of one single family. At Cawnpore were killed J. R. Collins, brother of T. W. Collins of Delhi, Inspector of Post Offices,

Cawnpore Division, and his wife, Janet. A like fate overtook at Futtygurh, Mrs. H. Collins, mother of T. W. Collins of Delhi and of J. R. Collins of Cawnpore ; while at Agra was slain in action, Robert O'Connor, nephew of T. W. Collins of Delhi.

No wonder *The Mofussilite* should have written :—" Who knows what a poor East Indian did at the assault upon the Cashmere Gate ? Mr. Charles Staines lost twenty-five relatives in the massacre of Delhi. At this time he was at Hissar, whence he escaped, and joined the army before Delhi—thirsting for revenge. He was no mercenary. He mounted the breach with the gallant Enos. The Commanding Officer of the regiment, on coming in a line with the church, asked aloud if there was anyone who could show the way to the Residency. Staines stepped forth, and offered his services. The Colonel said ' Then lead on, my man. We will follow you up.' He then took the shortest way to the main gate, which was stormed in a instant. He then took them through a back door to where the insurgents were in great force. As soon as he burst open the door, he was fired upon by two sentries guarding the passage. Luckily they missed. Staines rushed upon them ; and before they had time to recover

themselves, cut them down with his sword, and pushed forward: but here he had not advanced far when he received a ball in the right thigh, and fell."

Harrowing stories are related of children snatched from their mothers, and spitted upon bayonets or crucified to trees. But through the gloom of affliction there sometimes shines a beam of redeeming grace. Major R. G. Wilberforce of the 52nd Light Infantry in his book, *An Unrecorded Chapter of the Mutiny*, gives the following account of the experiences of Mrs. Leeson,* written in Camp Sursowlee outside Delhi :—" About 5 p.m. my attention was directed to three figures coming along the road from Delhi. I directed my glasses upon them, and soon saw that the two men and the boy were not coming to us with any hostile intention, for they were unarmed, and they were hurrying along as

* Hodson of Hodson's Horse thus writes of her :—" I have a letter from an unfortunate woman, a Mrs. Leeson, who was saved from slaughter at Delhi, on May 11th, by an Afghan lad, after she had been wounded, and her child slaughtered in her arms. . . . I fear she is the only European, or rather the only Christian (for she herself is hardly European) left alive from the massacre. Her husband was the son of Major Leeson, and a clerk in a Government office in Delhi."

fast as they could, constantly glancing backward, evidently fearful of something or some one behind them. I told the men not to fire upon them, and went down to the large gate that opened out upon the road, to await their arrival.

"I had not long to wait before the three presented themselves for admission. I told the sentry to open the gate and let them in. No sooner was this done, than the boy ran forwards, and throwing his arms about my neck, kissed me, said something in English. and then burst into tears.

"I at once took him to my quarters, and, after a glass of brandy-and-water, the mystery was explained. The boy was a woman—the sole survivor of the Delhi massacre. She had been saved by the chief Maulvi; had been in the city for three months and fifteen days; and had at last found the opportunity to escape, disguised as a boy.

"As poor Mrs. Leeson grew calmer, she told me of the fearful sights she had witnessed in those awful days. She and some other women took refuge in a cellar. With them were a few white men, notably a Baptist missionary. . . . . For some days they held at bay the horde of desperate, murdering ruffians who attacked them. At last one by

one the men fell, the ammunition was exhausted, and the dead bodies of the fallen were piled up in front of the cellar as a breastwork, and behind that breastwork stood the missionary, fighting for the women and children who were still alive with him in that pit.

"For three days and three nights did this little band of men guard the women and children, never fainting, never fearing, always hoping for the succour that never came. Until at last the missionary was left alone with nothing but his sword to protect his charge against the mutineers. Stripped to the waist, behind the parapet of the dead, the hero stood, and for hours this Horatius held his own. At last he fell, shot through the heart, and the blood-thirsty devils poured in.

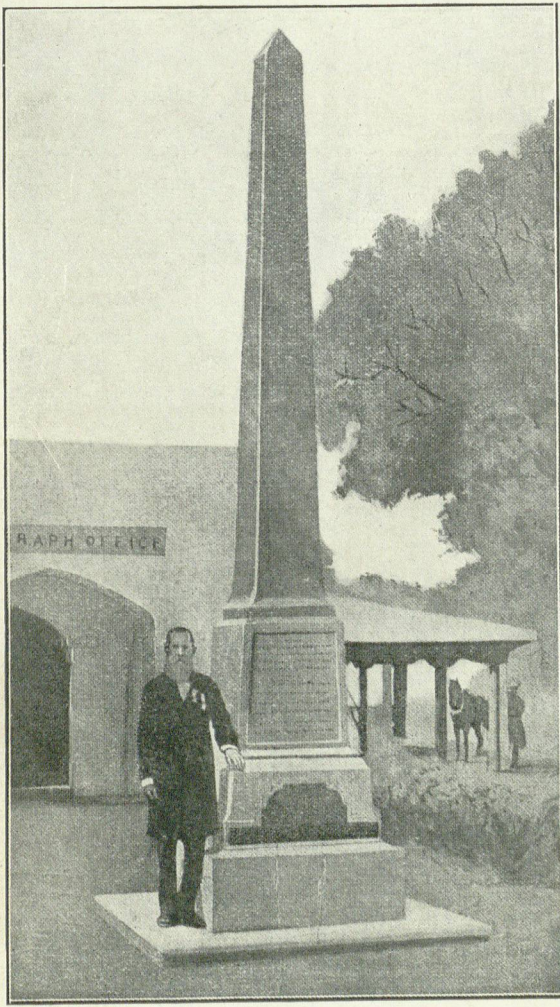
"Mrs. Leeson was covered by some of the dead bodies which were thrown down as the mutineers rushed in, and so escaped the doom that was meted out to the survivors. As evening came on, she crawled out of her hiding place. She was at once seen, and expected immediate death. But instead of Death, she found Life. For the man who saw her told her to lie still till he brought her something in which to disguise herself. This

done, he took her to the chief Maulvi's house, where she remained till her escape."*

The two Afghans who had escorted her to the British outpost, turned out to be notorious outlaws, who in the confusion of the first days of the mutiny in Delhi, had been set free from prison by the mob. Nicholson rewarded them by sparing their lives, and by employing them as spies.

Delhi was retaken on the 19th September, 1857. The sights that met the relieving army were heart-rending. They found Christian women crucified naked against the walls of houses, and desolation was on every side. The King of Delhi, his wife, his two sons, and their retainers fled the City, and took refuge in Humayun's tomb. How they were captured by Hodson and brought to justice does not belong to this story. But the memory of the Mutiny at Delhi will not fade. On a tablet by the south door of James Skinner's Church within the Cashmere Gate of that Imperial City is a tablet which tells of the

* Perhaps in this experience is to be found the historical basis of Mrs. Steel's Mutiny novel, *On the Face of the Waters*. Other Mutiny novels worth reading are Chesney's *The Dilemma* and Patricia Wentworth's *The Devil's Wind*.



BRENDISH BY THE TELEGRAPH MUTINY MEMORIAL AT ITS UNVEILING BY LORD CURZON, 1902

death, at the hands of sepoys, of great-grandparents, ten children, sixteen grandchildren, and a still larger number of great-grandchildren comprising one single Anglo-Indian family. Alas, what happened at Delhi happened also at many another place.

CHAPTER II

LUCKNOW

—Keen was the foe and alert, and hyæna-like hungered for prey ;
And the list of the dead and dying grew longer from day to day.
And day after day went on, and weary were we and worn ;
With never a realisation at night of the hope of morn.
And our store of food ran short—and our brave defenders then cried,
" Give it the women and children, we can but die like men."
Like men they died. You honoured their deeds with tears and laurels at home :
There never were nobler heroes in the mightiest days of Rome.

—H. SAVILE CLARK

The Mutiny broke out at Meerut on the 10th May, 1857 ; Delhi, 11th May ; Lucknow, 30th May ; and Cawnpore, 6th June.

If dramatised, the Siege of Lucknow would be presented in Four Acts, and the principal scene would be laid in the Residency and its environs. The First Act would place on the boards the stout defence put up by Sir Henry Lawrence and Brigadier Inglis ; the Second the aid brought to the beleagured by Sir Henry Havelock ; the Third, the first relief

of the garrison by Sir Colin Campbell ; and the Fourth, the siege and final rescue of the city by the British troops under Sir Colin Campbell and Sir James Outram. The Prologue would make allusion to the first overt manifestation of disaffection by the 7th Oudh Irregular Infantry at Musa Bagh, and their disarmament : to the removal of European and Anglo-Indian families from the Civil Lines to the Residency : to the concentration of ammunition and stores at Machhi Bhawan near the Residency : and to the investiture of Sir Henry Lawrence, Chief Commissioner of Oudh, with plenary military powers and the rank of Brigadier-General.

In its spread from Delhi southwards to Lucknow and Cawnpore, the Mutiny overran Oudh. Those whom it came upon in its advance were put to the sword : those who fled to Cawnpore and Lucknow suffered the fate of the besieged. In their flight from one District to another, Mr. and Mrs. Thriepland arrived at Jaunpore, exhausted and way-worn. The mutinous 37th at that moment came from Benares, and the Thrieplands with their children took refuge in the hut of a *chaprasi*. Here they were betrayed by the peon to some *sowars*, who having stripped the parents, shot them dead. Mrs. Thriepland lingered

for a few hours, during which time she was insulted and mocked by the ruffians. The *ayah* pleaded for the lives of the children, and they were spared as the faithful woman swore on the Q'ran that she would make them Muhammadans. With them she passed from place to place, and after experiencing great hardships and much suffering, she and her charges were brought to Calcutta along with other survivors from the Districts of Oudh. Government gave her and the children pensions ; and as a result of her statements under examination, the perfidious *chaprasi* was, on the conclusion of the Mutiny, tried and hanged.

At Fyzabad Charles Martindale, Head Clerk of the Commissioner's Office, and his son, Robert, were murdered ; but his daughter was permitted to live, though, says *The Delhi Gazette* " Death were preferable to her present condition. We trust her case will be held in remembrance by those who deny that any Christian women had been abused by the rebels. This is the third case that has come to our knowledge." From a village near Bareilly in 1858 the Commander-in-Chief rescued four British women and their children.

At Agra the aged Mrs. Matthews was murdered in July, 1857. The mutineers

stripped her, and covered her with straw to which they set fire. Mess Sergeant John Jones of the 3rd Europeans stated under examination that he had seen an Anglo-Indian woman crucified, and that he had taken down a boy spiked to the wall. At this place Pearson's Battery was raised. It was manned by Anglo-Indians, who, according to Malleson, "did excellent work."

At Mainpuri the Rev. Patrick Kellner (uncle of Sir George Welsh Kellner, K.C.M.G., and of Mr. E. W. Kellner, C.I.E., distinguished Anglo-Indians of a past generation) was the Chaplain. He was one day crossing the sepoy lines, when a *havildar* saluted and informed him that they were going to break out, but as he was a *padri* they did not wish to do him harm, so he had better leave the station. The reverend gentleman had no intention of deserting his flock. He informed the Collector of what was brewing, and before the sepoys revolted, all the British inhabitants of the place, men, women, and children had been sent away. Foiled but not defeated, the rebels hotly pursued the fugitives.

European and Anglo-Indian planters in all parts of Oudh hastened with their families to the nearest British military station. Many of

them never reached their destination; and those that were fortunate enough to come into Lucknow, were presently joined at the Residency by the English-speaking residents of the city, through whose streets and lanes they were "hunted like rats," as a survivor put it, and slain with every accompaniment of cruelty. Those who did not perish by the sword of the rebels, were kept in captivity, till on the 24th July, they were dragged into the open space in front of the north-east gate of the Kaiser Bagh Palace, and there butchered, within ear-shot of the advance of Outram and Havelock.

Captain John B. Hearsey's Personal Narrative gives a vivid picture of what fugitives endured in their flight from mofussil places to British centres. He was a gallant scion of a celebrated Anglo-Indian family of warriors.*

*Harry Hearsey = *Jat* lady

Hyder Young = Khanum Zahur-ul-Nissa

John Bennett | William Moorcraft | Harriet

As Anglo-Indians were disqualified for the Army, John and William entered the service of the King of Oudh in 1836. However, through influence, in 1856 they were appointed Captains in the British Army, and distinguished themselves so greatly in the Mutiny that they were

He had recently realised the ambition of his life—a Commission in Her Majesty's British Army. His cousin and brother-in-law, General Sir John Bennet Hearsey, had squelched the Mutiny at Barrackpore. He aspired to win his spurs, and the Sepoy Revolt seemed to give him his opportunity. He was at Sitapore when the Mutiny broke out there on the 30th May. He had recently been transferred from the 8th Oudh Irregular Infantry to take command of a detachment of Military Police. On the 4th June the 10th Oudh Irregular Infantry began the cruel work of carnage, and Hearsey forthwith strengthened the guard at Mr. Christian's house, where all the ladies and children had taken refuge. Within a brief space of time Col. Bisch, Adjutant Graves, Captain Gowan and Dr. Hill were shot by their regiments. The troops had revolted, and with a shout the 10th Oudh Irregular Infantry now burst into the compound of the house where the women and children had congregated. Hearsey left his post and was hastening towards the spot, when

rewarded with estates that yielded Rs. 10,000 annually. In 1862 John gave away his Zamindari, and settled in Florence, where he died in 1875 in his own house, Villa Hearsey, in Piau di Zuleri.

Ragunath Singh, the Subadar, and six men seized him and tied him to a tree. Sergeant-Major Rodgers, his wife, and son were also placed in custody. Meanwhile the civilian part of the station was the scene of massacre. About 2 p.m. Hearsey and the Rodgerses were removed to the house of Capt. Barlow, who had been killed. Presently Hearsey's popularity with the sepoys led them to allow him to depart with the Rodgerses, Miss Jackson and Mrs. Green. The native officers of the 41st Native Infantry, however, demanded that Hearsey should be handed over to them ; but while the dispute over him proceeded, Hearsey placed the ladies and the boy on his elephant, and he and Rogers, mounted on horse back, set off for the north accompanied by a small escort of fifteen loyal men. Next morning they reached the village of Onel, where the escort left them : and by evening they arrived at a small fort near the river Chouka. After a night's rest they crossed the stream, and halted at Baragaon. Here the elephant broke loose and disappeared. After a delay of three days, with the assistance of Amunt Singh, a local Zamindar, they proceeded to Mutheara, from whence they journeyed by boat on the river Kowriali to Mullapore. At this place they met

Mr. H. Gonne, Capt. Hastings, and Messrs. Brand, Carew, Sullivan and Brown, who were making their escape to Calcutta.

The next morning the refugees embarked; but at Rampore, hearing that the Ghauts were being carefully watched by the mutineers, and that Mr. Cunliffe and others had been murdered on the previous day while crossing at Byram Ghat, they retraced their steps by land to Mutheara. Here they were detained for nearly two months, when they discovered that their protectors had sold them to the rebels; that they were about to be conveyed to Esannuggur; and that they would there be put to the sword. Finding an opportunity, they fled precipitately towards Kypruguah, and reached Burnpurpore, a village in Raja Rundhooj Sahae's district. But the approach of 300 men sent after them by the Rani of Dhowraria, urged them to continue their flight further north. At evening they were held up by the river Mohon, and they sheltered for the night in the tall grass on its banks. Their pursuers overtook them, and opened fire. Hearsey shot their leader. This made them pause, of which the ladies and Mr. Carew took advantage and went off on the elephant to the west. Captains Hastings and Hearsey, abandoning

horses and baggage, followed them by the tracks of the elephant, until they lost the trail. Darkness was overtaking them in a dense jungle, and they resolved to swim across the river. They spent the night on the opposite bank, and pushed on towards Koolapore barefooted, and with scarcely any clothing they reached the village of Gonapatia, where they met Mr. Brand and Sergeant-Major Rodgers, who along with Mr. Brown, the writer, had swum the river—Mr. Brown having been carried off by an alligator before he could reach the bank. Exhausted and footsore they reached Koolapore late in the evening, and Mr. Gonne joined them on the following day.

Rodgers informed them that the ladies, Mr. Carew and Mr. Sullivan were still in the forest. For two days search parties sought for them in vain. The search had to be given up, for news was brought that the Dhowraria Rani's followers had tracked them, and were within a mile of Koolapore. The refugees instantly fled towards the forest of Seechapani, and a Zemindar of Raja Koolraj Singh took them to Balchowra and from thence to Dhoobi Koti in the Nepal Hills. The local Raja showed them much kindness, but they were by now stricken with malaria,

and to it Mr. Gonne and Captain Hastings succumbed. The others lived in concealment in a reed hut constructed in a remote part of the forest. After some time the report reached them that the ladies and the others from whom they had got separated on the banks of the Mohow, had fallen into the hands of the Dhowraria people ; had been taken back to Mutheara ; and had been forwarded to Lucknow.*

For upwards of three months the party, now reduced to four, continued in the Nepal Hills, and accompanied the Raja and his family to Bulchowra. The Raja now received peremptory orders from the Durbar to deliver up the refugees. Being anxious to accompany Jung Bahadur's forces into Lucknow, Hearsey set out along the bed of the river Bubbyia, and reached Siriguath, which is three marches from Sulian. But hearing that the Ghurka rebels had blockaded the pass of Bootwall, he returned to Bulchowra.

As Oudh and Rohikund were still in possession of the insurgents, Hearsey was unable

* Miss Jackson and Mrs. Green were shot. Mr. Brand and Sergeant-Major Rodgers were sent by the Raja of Nepal, owing to their prolonged illness to Bootwall. Nothing has been traced of the ultimate fate of Mrs. Rodgers, her son, Mr. Carew, and Mr Sullivan.

openly to go to Lucknow. He therefore assumed the disguise of a native trooper and passed through a great portion of the Oudh Terai undergoing many hardships. He ultimately reached Burrumdeo in twelve days, and there met General Kisendaj of Nepal. Through his assistance he proceeded, and on the 29th January, 1858, he arrived at Loahghat. After a tedious journey across the hills, Naini Tal, Mussooree, and Meerut he at last reached Lucknow.

At Lucknow Sir Henry Lawrence had at his disposal only 700 European soldiers. To reinforce so small a force, he raised a corps of Volunteers and a Constabulary Contingent, part infantry and part cavalry, from the European and Anglo-Indian members of the Uncovenanted Services. With them he faced 50,000 rebels, and repelled the savage onslaughts of overwhelming odds. *The Phoenix* newspaper of the period records that "at the retreat from Chinhut the cavalry behaved with intrepidity, and covered, in the midst of death and destruction, the retreat of the party which had sallied out on that unhappy occasion. Their gallant leader, Captain Radcliffe, obliterated all distinctions due to differences in grades of society, and they gallantly braved peril and pestilence under his

command." When the rebels were bent upon carrying simultaneously several important posts by dint of sheer force of numbers, the gallant 32nd and the Uncovenanteds sustained the shocks with calm resolution and undaunted bravery.

Instances of individual courage amounting almost to contempt of danger abounded. Sir Henry Lawrence had ordered the erection of a parapet over the highest roof of the Brigade Mess. Tents rolled up in gunny-bags were provided for the purpose. "Charles Crabbe was the lad," says *The Phoenix* of the 9th January, 1858, "who boldly stood upon the roof of the edifice to pull up the rollers, in the midst of showers of shot from the surrounding buildings. Mr. Phillip's service," continues the same paper, "in guiding a sortie in the direction of his house, where the enemy had planted a heavy gun, was equally valiant. Among the many who distinguished themselves was Mr. Hyde. When in sight of the enemy's battery, he rushed forward, killed three rebels—shooting two and sabring the third. Joyce, a spirited and promising lad, like Phillips, went out by order of General Outram to show the way to the officer leading the sortie, and fearlessly performed the hazardous duty

required of him. Young Campagnac, while fit subject for hospital, having received a severe contusion in the leg in the beginning of the seige, was always seen, with one foot bandaged, and supported by a stick on one side, and with shouldered rifle on the other, at the traverse which was the rallying point of guard."

"This important position was further strengthened by the brave McGrennen and Hill, agents to Messrs. Thacker, Spink & Co. Mr. Sequera was ordered by the Serjeant of the Guard in Sago's garrison to exchange shots with the rebels through an aperture made by them at the angle of a wall through which an assault was momentarily threatened, and musket-balls poured in by the dozen. The young man was instantly at the post. There was no room to sit or stand. He stretched himself on the ground, and in that position loaded and fired for a few minutes, during every moment of which he was expected to receive a mortal wound. Captain McCabe repaired to the post, and demanded the name of the non-commissioned officer who had posted the young man in a place of certain death, so that he (the non-commissioned officer) might be shot. Sequera would not divulge his name."

The Volunteers proved themselves invaluable. They started to their feet whenever called to duty. They went from musket to spade, and from spade to musket with willing hearts—most of them the while dressed as coolies, like whom also they toiled. From the highest to the lowest in the land testified to their courage, tenacity, endurance and other military qualities. Lady Inglis in her book, *The Siege of Lucknow*, states that the clerks from the Government offices, the merchants and the tradesmen, who together numbered about 150, "were distributed in parties with the regular troops throughout the garrison." Sir James Outram in his Divisional Order of the 5th October, 1857, offered his "special congratulations and thanks to the European and Eurasian portion of the garrison." And in reviewing the incidents and course of the insurrection, in his *Account of the Mutinies in Oudh and of the Siege of the Lucknow Residency*, Mr. R. Gubbins, Financial Comissioner for Oudh, and next in rank to Sir Henry Lawrence, observes :— "Sufficient justice has, I think, scarcely been done to the clerks and uncovenanted service. The admirable conduct displayed by this class, which contained such men as

Kavanagh* and Williams, during the siege of Lucknow surprised us all; particularly as in times of peace this body is too often noticeable for want of energy and character. Several of them rendered excellent service in the Volunteer Cavalry. All behaved well during the siege, and were often very conspicuous in repelling the fiercest attacks of the enemy. They deserved, I think, better at the hand of Government than they received, or had at least received, when I left India. General Outram bestowed upon them a donation of three month's batta. But these sums united will not make up to them the ordinary salaries which they would have continued to enjoy if the public peace had not been disturbed. The Uncovenanted and clerks deserve better of the State than this.

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* T. H. Kavanagh, V. C., has by some been claimed as an Anglo-Indian. Unfortunately for the writer of this book, he was not. He was born at Mullingar, County Westmeath, Ireland, in 1820, and came out to India with his father in 1839. Thus he had had eighteen years in which to learn Urdu—although, it is noticeable that during his perilous mission, he himself left most of the speaking to his Indian companion. In his *Guide to Lucknow* Mr. E. H. Hilton, M.V.O., a colleague of Kavanagh, describes him as " a tall Irishman." See also *History of the Victoria Cross* by Wilkins, and *Our Soldiers and the Victoria Cross* by S. O. Beeton.

" All these men sustained heavy loss in the destruction or abandonment of almost the whole of their property, for which few, if any, have yet received compensation. Several of them received personal injury of a permanent nature from wounds received in military service, and which are likely to interfere with their future efficiency and promotion. The salaries of this class are small and barely sufficient for their comfortable support. All such claims, therefore, ought to be most liberally considered. The uncovenanted service, let me again say, distinguished itself very remarkably at Lucknow. Individuals belonging to it on several occasions volunteered and took part in sorties, when the enemy's guns were charged and spiked. And its members should have no cause to complain that their gallantry and good conduct have gone unrewarded. . . . Mr. J. Sinclair, who was in his own business, distinguished himself as a soldier. Early in the siege he was shot through the right leg; after recovering from which wound he joined a sortie from Innis's post, in the course of which he received a second wound, having been shot through the right arm with a musket ball. The injury was very severe, and the limb has been permanently disabled. . .

He and others sustained severe and irreparable bodily injury, but have received no compensation from the public purse for property which was forcibly appropriated to the public service."

The volunteer defenders of Lucknow, however, were not fighting for reward or compensation. Something greater and nobler steeled their nerve and gave them strength. Well might they say :—

We challenged Death. He threw with weighted dice,
We laughed and paid the forfeit, glad to pay,
Being compensated beyond our sacrifice
With that nor Death nor Time can take away.

Aye, they were brave men ! And what an inspiration their womenfolk were to them ! Day and night they relieved the wants of the sick and wounded. They spoke words of comfort to the dying. And Death was on every side. Burials took place in the twilight of evening, or in the darkness of night with not even " the lantern dimly burning." Under shelter of St. Mary's Church pits were dug to receive the bodies of the victims of the day's casualties. A few muttered prayers, and the grave was hurriedly closed ; for it was dangerous to linger by the dead. Rank and birth were levelled. The enemy's guns boomed as the body of Sir Henry

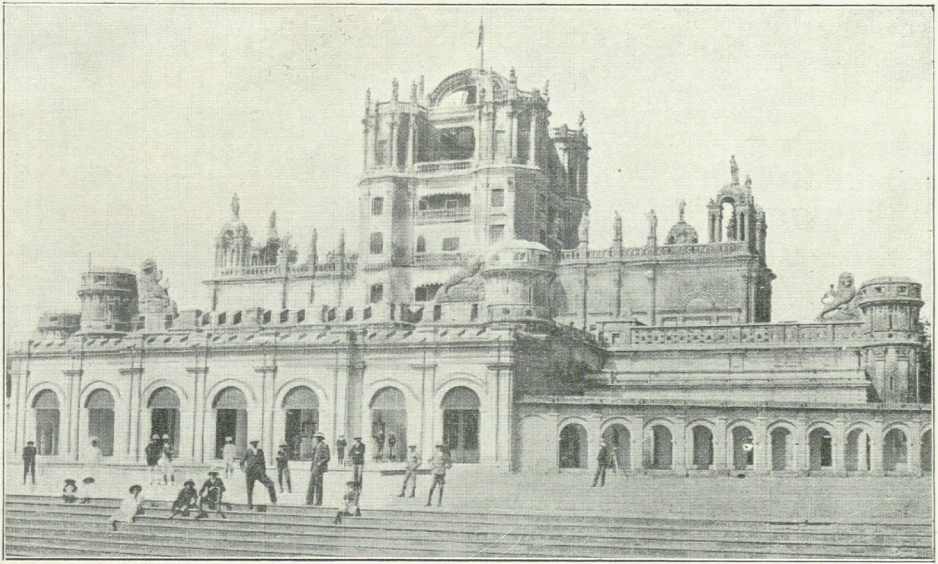
Lawrence was being committed to the earth along with the remains of his humbler comrades-in-arms—"some to share the narrow chamber of his grave, some to sleep by his side."

There was sadness and weeping, but not a murmur among the women. They were heroes every one of them. They tended the children ; washed blood-stained and tattered garments : gathered sticks for fire : and cooked the scanty meals. They shared with the men what rations there were—beef obtained from famished artillery oxen, and coarse *chapaties*—no milk, no sugar, no tea, and but little water. Unwholesome and insufficient diet became the cause of disease. So run down were the beleaguered that presently the slightest scratch became septic, so much so that surgical operations and wounds usually terminated in death. Hilton, one of the survivors and an eyewitness of the siege of Lucknow, relates :—" The General Hospital presented one of the most heart-rending sights imaginable. The scenes of suffering which I witnessed in this place while attending the wounded and dying are indescribable. Everywhere wounded officers and men were lying covered with blood—some with mangled limbs, their faces pale, their

bodies almost cold. Surgeons were to be seen busy, cutting, probing, amputating, and bandaging." The garrison subsisted on starvation rations of repellent food. The sick and wounded had to go without the commonest essentials. Small-pox, cholera, boils, dysentery and fevers filled the cup of suffering, while the iron hail of bullets "mingled with the drenching rain of the monsoons dropped upon us, so that the deaths sometimes rose to twenty in a single day." Nor did the enemy spare the hospital; and numerous casualties occurred among persons passing from one post to another.

Of these posts, Constantia, better known as Lucknow La Martiniere School, was one of the most important. It was situated at a distance of about two miles from the Residency, and had eighty boarders and twenty day-scholars. Of them ten were capable of handling a musket, and three could rank as fighting men.

On the first signs of the gathering storm, Mr. George Schilling, the Principal, with praise-worthy circumspection collected in the rooms above what then was, and still is, the main dormitory on the first floor, a supply of wheat, *dal*, rice and *ghee*, etc., sufficient



CONSTANTIA (LUCKNOW LA MARTINIERE).

to last for three months. He likewise stored earthen jars filled with drinking water. The stairway was provided with a stout door, but it was considered prudent to further barricade the entrance to the upper storey with sand-bags, boxes of old books, crockery, and so forth. The building itself had been designed by the Founder of the School, General Claude Martin, to withstand a siege; but further to strengthen it against assault, parapets were now run up, so that from the shelter they afforded the enemy might be picked off. In addition, bricks and missiles of every description were gathered on the roof to hurl at the insurgents.

The wings of the building continued to be used as class rooms ; but it was arranged that as soon as the alarm bell was sounded, the pupils would hasten to the central block. The bell was the deep-toned bell upon which the great clock of the school rang out the hours from the turret. It may still be seen in the vaults of the institution. Naturally, false alarms were frequent, but there came the day when the bell boomed forth the tragic tidings that in Lucknow itself the mutineers had risen.

A few weeks previous, weapons had been served out to the senior boys and the masters.

They consisted of the old-fashioned flint muskets, uncertain in explosion and precision. There had been daily drills by one of the teachers who had served in the army ; and the small platoon was exercised in using the gingals which had been mounted on the bastions, and in defending the position from behind the parapets. Further, a small guard of the Third Regiment of Military Police had been told off to protect the school. But, being Indians, they presently joined the mutineers, and were replaced by a sergeant and eight privates of the Thirty-Second (European) Regiment from the Chaupar Stables—now known as Lawrence Terrace.

" On the night of Saturday, the 30th May, 1857, the date upon which the Mutiny broke out in the Mariaon Cantonment," writes Edward Hilton, M. V. O., himself a Martiniere boy at the time, " I was in charge of the choir boys sent from La Martiniere to assist the Rev. H. S. Polehampton in the Sunday services in Cantonments. That night, as usual, Mrs. Polehampton was conducting the choir practice. We were in the midst of chanting the Magnificat, when suddenly the bugle sounded the alarm. After finishing the Magnificat, the practice was brought to a close. The Rev. H. S. Polehampton took

the choir to his house, and gave us the choice of remaining there or proceeding to La Martiniere College at once. As our elephants were waiting, I preferred taking the boys home, and twelve of us set out on our moonlight journey of about six miles. Near the iron bridge we passed some sepoys marching with fixed bayonets ; but, to our great relief, they took no notice whatever of us. Who they were, whether friends or foes, and whither they were going, we could not tell, nor cared we to know : but with all possible speed we pushed along, fearing every moment an attack from the mob, as we had to pass through the most crowded streets. We arrived unmolested at Hazratganj Gate (since demolished), opposite the site of Eduljee's shop, when a *sowar* (native cavalry man), with drawn sword but without fire-arms, rode up and ordered our *mahout* (elephant driver) to halt. Seeing, however, that his horse would not come near our elephant, I told the *mahout* to go on. After an exchange of abusive epithets, the *mahout* proceeded, and the obstructive *sowar* took his departure after a few farewell flourishes of his naked sword by way of menace. On arriving at La Martiniere we found everyone on the top of the building looking at the far-off

flames of the bungalows in Mariaon Cantonment, and we received the hearty congratulations of all on what they considered our Providential escape."

About the 18th June, it was decided to abandon so isolated a position as La Martiniere, and the masters with their families and pupils were transferred to a house adjoining Mons. Duprat's in the Residency area. Directly Constantia was vacated, the rebels took possession of it, and from its vantage committed great depradations. Claude Martin had feared that on his death, the King of Oudh might confiscate the magnificent building to himself; and to prevent his doing so the General had acted upon the known *taboo* to Muhammadans occupying a mausoleum. Accordingly, in his Will he directed that his remains were to be interred in the vaults of Constantia. But the mutineers recked nothing of so trivial an impediment, and without scruple or ceremony, they destroyed his tomb and scattered his bones. They dug up the costly marble flooring, and removed the massive doors from their hinges.

The house allotted to the Martiniere boys adjoining Mons. Duprat's residence, and known thereafter as the Martiniere Post,

was "a native building belonging to Sah Behari Lal, a banker. When the buildings about the Residency were being put into a state of defence, this single-storeyed house, with a good parapet protecting its flat roof, was one of those selected to be an outpost. The south front, however, was entirely unprotected, and as the enemy throughout the siege was only twenty feet distant, it was one of the most exposed works in the line of defences." Between it and Johannes' house there was a narrow street. "On the 10th August, a mine was sprung by the enemy in front of this Armenian gentleman's house, which entirely blew down the outer room of the Post, destroying upwards of fifty feet of palisades and defences. The room adjoining, in which were the sick and wounded boys, thus became completely exposed: the outer room, which was providentially unoccupied at the moment, being blown away. The teachers discovering the danger, communicated the fact to the boys, and they promptly rushed to the spot, and hastily removed the sick and the wounded to a secure position without any mischief. The doors connecting the inner room with the room that had been blown up, were, however, open; and through these doors the enemy, who had swarmed into

Johannes' house, could be plainly seen. For some minutes they neither fired nor made any attempt to advance, so that Mr. Schilling and the boys had time to close the intervening doors securely. The enemy soon after commenced firing, and a private who had accompanied Brigadier Inglis to the scene of the disaster, was killed by a bullet passing through the door panel. The rebels soon occupied in force all the surrounding buildings, from which they commenced a furious fusilade, and made several attempts to get into the Cawnpore Battery ; but a steady musketry fire made them beat a hasty retreat. They managed, however, to get into the cellars of the rooms, in which the guard of the Thirty-Second was located, and made it very uncomfortable for the courtyard by firing through the grating ; and as it was dangerous to step forward to fire upon them, it seemed as if one of the posts was really lost. Captain McCabe of the Thirty-Second Regiment, however, came to the rescue with a few hand-grenades, which were dropped into the *taykhana*, killing three, and the remainder found things so uncomfortable that they vanished."

During the siege of the Residency fifteen Martiniere pupils did duty as adult soldiers.

THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW, IN 1856.

They mounted guard. They stood to arms against attacks of the enemy. They were under fire on the two occasions that the eastern enclosing wall of the Martiniere post was breached by the rebels. They threw themselves fearlessly into the thick of every action. Moreover, they were leaders of the smaller boys who were put to washing clothes, grinding wheat, cooking, pulling *punkhas* over jaded women languishing in the broiling heat of an Indian summer, and over wounded and fever-stricken soldiers in hospital ; fetching water and wood fuel, while bullets were pinging through the air : running errands ; and doing every description of menial work in the absence of country servants. Four-and-a-half months in the steaming and scorching heat of the hot and rainy seasons of Oudh, boys of from ten to twelve years of age were night and day in attendance upon sick and dying men, women and children in improvised hospitals and underground chambers. To make matters worse, they had to go through the siege in the single suit of clothes that they had on their backs when the Mutiny began.

At no time did the Martiniere Post escape the attention of the enemy. During the first and second days of the siege, the boys

picked up upwards of 200 bullets within the precincts, and latterly as many as 20 to 23 round shot were collected every day. Almost all the pillars which supported the portico were knocked down. Cannon ball and bullet penetrated through doors and windows. One day the portico came down with a crash, and its debris was utilised as a breast-work which the boys held to the last—the 22nd November 1857.

A sharp-shooter, a negro nicknamed Jim the Nailer, earned notoriety by the manner in which, from a window in Johannes' warehouse opposite, he picked off any one who dared to expose himself for even a moment. He wounded one of the Martiniere boys, Smith. Hilton and Luffman, thinking they would avenge their comrade, went up to the roof of the building in which they were quartered, in the hope of sniping Jim. While on the look-out, one of the lads, S. Hornby, brought up a supply of ammunition. The attention of Hilton and Luffman was diverted by his arrival, and a bullet from the ever-alert Jim struck Luffman's musket, and glancing along the barrel lodged in his left shoulder. Presently, Hilton himself was wounded. Two other boys died of sickness contracted through the privations they had endured. Three boys,

George Roberts, John Smith, and Richard Greuber, attended Sir Henry Lawrence on his deathbed, washed his wounds, and brought him water to drink from a well exposed to incessant fire.

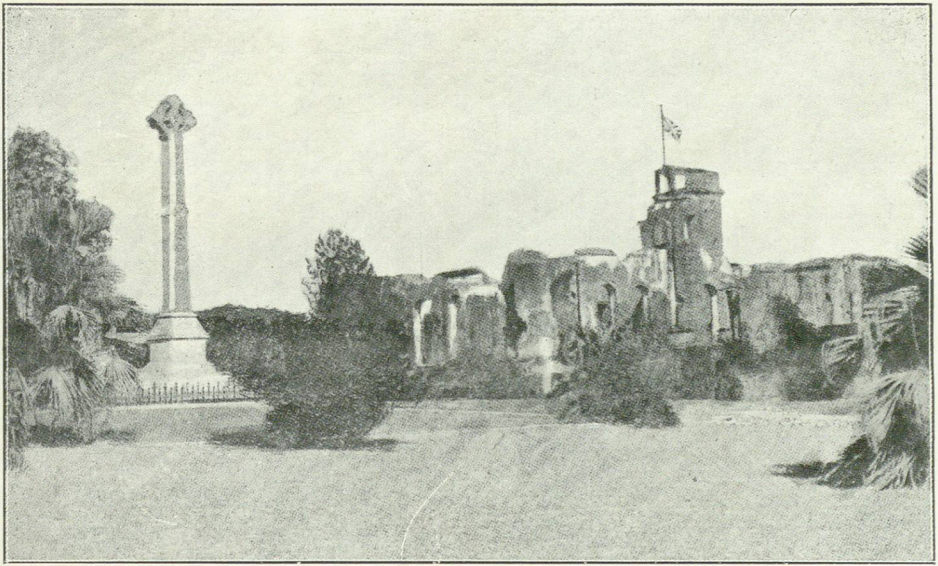
The names of the fifteen grown-up lads who did duty as soldiers in the garrison deserve to be recorded. They were Edward H. Hilton, David Arathoon, William Clark, John Hornby, Daniel Isaacson, James Luffman, James Lynch, David Macdonald, Lewis Nicholls, Donald Macdonald, George Roberts, Joseph Sutton, John Walsh, and Samuel Wrangle.

When the Mutiny was over, among the schemes for pacification and settlement of Oudh, it was proposed to establish a landed gentry, whose vested interest in tranquility and the Company's rule, would make them valuable allies. About this time Lord Canning, Governor-General, visited Lucknow. Mr. Schilling called on him. Remembering the signal services which he and his pupils had rendered, Lord Canning said to Sir Robert Montgomery who was standing by, "Why should we not make Schilling a *Talukdar*?" Thus it came to pass that the Principal of the Lucknow Martiniere became a nobleman of Oudh. The estate conferred

on him was worth four-and-a-half lakhs of rupees.*

During the siege many Anglo-Indians distinguished themselves: but the names of only a few have been rescued from oblivion. Ramsay, a telegraph Assistant at the Residency, worked day and night at his post, until he was shot dead by a stray bullet. Apothecary Thompson was ubiquitous. Rees, in his account of the Mutiny, said of him "Next to God, Dr. Thomson had been the means of saving many lives." Mendes, a clerk in the office of the Chief Commissioner, "was attacked in his house in Lucknow. He must have retreated from room to room, for everywhere on the floor were bloody footprints visible. A hundred wounds in his body testify to the cruelty of his enemies. Two barrels of his revolver were found to be discharged." Gubbins records that A. Bryson, E. Sequera, and G. Baily, distinguished themselves. Miss Walters, better known as Begum Asharaf-ul-nissa, the wife of a Moslem Grandee, rendered valuable

*Eventually Schilling was allowed to sell his *taluk*, and on its proceeds he lived in contentment in Upper Norwood, England, until the time of his death in 1896.



Lawrence Memorial and Residency, Lucknow, 1858.

secret service to Colonel Bruce, Quarter-Master-General, by furnishing him with information regarding the state of affairs in Lucknow.

The story of the Relief of Lucknow, first by Sir Colin Campbell and then by him and Sir James Outram, may not be here related. Although few traces remain of the havoc the Mutineers made of historic sites and buildings, the Residency yet stands—its grey walls scarred by ball and bullet—a silent witness of the fury of the rebels : and

' Neath the ruined Church walls, here sleep in the shade,
The mother and infant, the warrior and maid.
Their graves are mute voices which silently tell
Of those who once suffered, and gloriously fell.
When the mutinous surge beat against this lone rock,
And a handful of Heroes repell'd the dread shock
Which threatened destruction to each and to all,
When Death was a solace, and welcome the call.
Affliction's dark cloud has since vanished at last—
But the Ruins remain to speak of the Past.
The stranger now treads, with full rev'rence, the ground
Where the sleepers will sleep till the Last Trumpet's sound.

—K. L. NICHOLSON.

CHAPTER III

CAWNPORE

Ah, what will they say in dear old England when they hear of massacre after massacre of our countrymen at various stations, perpetrated by sepoys chiefly, under circumstances of the most horrible atrocity — of English women forced to taste the dripping flesh of their husbands murdered before their eyes, of others compelled to see their infants crucified on the wall or lifted on the bayonet's point, and then, if not dishonoured, hewn down with the sword. . . . . and literally divided limb from limb like sheep in a slaughter house —of English families hunted through jungles, across plains, or the rivers and swamps, that the seed of the Feringhee might be exterminated from the land—of a numerous band who surrendered their liberty on promise of life and protection . . . . but were no sooner in the hands of their enemies than they were betrayed to death.

—A LADY *in "The Friend of India" of 10th September, 1857*

From the moment Lucknow was flung into the crucible of the Mutiny, the tensest anxiety prevailed in Cawnpore. It was felt that the cities were too near to each other for the sepoys in the local garrison to escape infection. But here, as elsewhere, the officers continued lulled in a sense of security through a pathetic

faith in the staunch loyalty of their men. Lest it should precipitate disaffection they were disinclined to make any preparations for an insurrection. Notwithstanding rumours of contemplated treachery on the part of the native regiments, no action was taken to disband them. The Anglo-Indian wife of the sergeant-major reported that when she had been marketing in the Cawnpore bazaar a sepoy in mufti had addressed her with "You will none of you come here much oftener. You will not be alive another week." Her tale was discounted at headquarters. More to allay growing solicitude than from a conviction of impending evil, General Wheeler, the Commanding Officer, had a mud wall four feet high thrown up so as to enclose the area of the old dragoon hospital with its two houses. But things began to wear a more and more serious aspect, and on the 21st May, the women and children were transferred to these quarters; though army officers continued as usual in the regimental lines. Provisions were laid in for twenty-five days, and ten guns, which were the only artillery that could be moved into position, were placed at points of vantage.

On the 4th of June all members of the Uncovenanted Service were mustered, and

armed with muskets, of which there was a goodly supply. Ammunition was served out to them, and they were divided into sections under the command of officers, who instructed them what they should do should occasion arise. The next day, the bugles sounded "All hands to arms!", and forthwith every man, from drummer or writer to army officer, spread himself out under the mud walls. Merchants, writers (*i.e.*, office clerks) and drummers (most of whom were Anglo-Indians) numbered about 300.*

The mutiny in Cawnpore actually broke out on the night of the 6th June, by the men of the 2nd cavalry setting fire to the riding-master's bungalow. This done, they made off with horses, arms, colours, and the regimental treasure chest. They annexed some

*Captain Mowbray Thomson, one of the two survivors of the Cawnpore Garrison, in his book, *The Story of Cawnpore*, says there were, all told, more than 1,000 Europeans in the entrenchment, including 300 Anglo-Indian children of the local school. *The Friend of India* in 1858 questioned the accuracy of his statement regarding the school children. On the other hand, as will be seen on another page eyewitnesses deposed during an official enquiry conducted after the Mutiny, that on their boat there had been the school-mistress and twenty-two misses, who were burnt to death in the boat. *Cf. Cawnpore* by Trevelyan.

thirty boats laden with shot and shell, and ammunition sufficient for an entire campaign. There was no longer any mistake as to the temper of the sepoys, and all British officers were withdrawn from their regiments and summoned into the intrenchments.

From the very first the condition of the besieged was desperate. In artillery, ammunition, food and medical stores they were but ill furnished. Drinking water was insufficient, and there was no reserve of it. One of the earliest acts of the insurgents was to destroy by fire the hospital supply of drugs and appliances. Civilians tried to operate cannon in the absence of trained gunners. Bandsmen, opium agents, and telegraph clerks were put to fire 6-lb. balls out of 9-pounders. To make cartridge cases the ladies used their stockings. Privation and exposure bred sickness and disease. In the course of three weeks upwards of 250 men, women, and children were buried in the well. Horror followed on horror. There was no safety—not even within doors. Mowbray Thomson relates that "Mrs. White, a private's wife, was walking with her husband under cover, as they thought, of the wall. Her twin children were one on each arm. A bullet

passed through her husband. Killing him, it passed also through both her arms, breaking them ; and close beside the breathless husband and father, fell the woman and her babes, one of them being also severely wounded. I saw her afterwards in the main-guard lying upon her back, with the two children, twins, laid one at each breast, while the mother's bosom refused not what her arms had no power to administer." It would be easy to multiply tragic incidents such as this. But to what purpose ?

Cawnpore was by now completely severed from all communication, and daily the urgency increased of getting into touch with British forces at other centres. Any attempt to convey messages was attended with grave risks. It was essential that the person sent out on such perilous errands should speak the vernacular like an Indian, and assume faultlessly the garb of a native of the country. If he was of a swarthy hue, so much the better. In these circumstances, whenever available, Anglo-Indians were indicated. Three of them had already fallen into the hands of the enemy, and been killed. But undaunted by the fate of those who had gone before them, Blenman and Shepherd volunteered to convey messages to Allahabad. A digression may be permitted

to give an account of their daring and courageous services.

Blenman, described by a Mutiny writer as "astute and singularly courageous, observant and bold to temerity," had already offered on more than one occasion to steal into the Nana's camp, and bring information concerning the enemy. He was dark of complexion, but this advantage did not abate the risks he ran; for other Anglo-Indians who had ventured as he proposed to venture, had been seized, and put to death. Having heard that General Wheeler felt it imperative to get a message through to Allahabad, he offered to go to that city with a report of the desperate condition of the British at Cawnpore, and an urgent appeal for succour. Accordingly, disguised as a cook, with a pistol secreted in the folds of his wraps, and fifteen rupees tucked away in his dirty waist-cloth, he set out on his perilous mission. He managed to elude seven horse pickets, but the eighth seized him. In vain did he protest that he was a *chamar* (eather dresser) outcaste from the purlieus of native Cawnpore. They handled him roughly, and stripped him of his clothes such as they were. He would have been shot dead with his own pistol but for his presence of mind—the weapon had belonged to a

Firinghee. They deprived him of his fifteen rupees and the piece, and bade him make himself scarce with all possible speed. He was thankful to be let off so easily, and returned to Cawnpore—foiled in his attempt to reach Allahabad, but able to report that the investment of the beleagured was even more strict and intensive than had been apprehended.

"Uncertain in temper and impatient of control," but withal "a man worth his weight in meal and powder," as G. O. Trevelyan describes him, the dauntless Blenman lived on through the dangers and privations of the siege of Cawnpore, ever distinguishing himself by day and by night behind the feeble defence of the mud outworks. He was among the betrayed at the Suttee Chowra Ghat, and boarded there one of the three boats that got clear and floated down the river. But of him more anon.

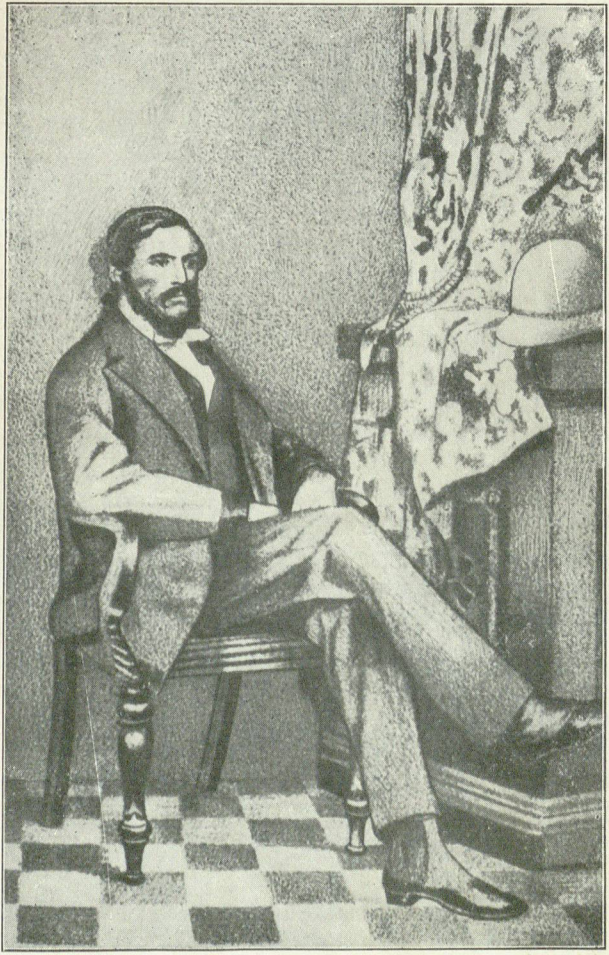
W. J. Shepherd was a clerk of the Commissariat Department at Cawnpore. General Wheeler had in vain tried through Indian scouts to get information from the city. They went out in search of information, but none of them returned although tempting rewards had been offered them. Shepherd who had barely recovered from a bullet wound in the back, volunteered his services, and they

were gratefully accepted. His story may well be related by himself :—" General Wheeler instructed me to try and negotiate with certain influential parties in the city, so as to bring about a rupture among the rebels, and cause them to leave off annoying us, authorising me to offer one lac of rupees as reward, with a handsome pension for life, to any person who would bring about such a thing. This, I have every reason to believe, could have been successfully carried out had it pleased God to take me out unmolested ; but it was not so ordained (it was merely a means under God's providence to save me from sharing the fate of the rest) ; for as I came out of the intrenchment, disguised as a native cook, " Budloo " by name, and passing through the new unfinished barracks, had not gone very far when I was taken prisoner, and under custody of four sepoys and a couple *sowars* well armed, was escorted to the camp of the Nana, and was ordered to be placed under a guard. Here several questions were put to me concerning our intrenchment, not by the Nana himself, but by some of his people—to all of which I replied as I had previously been instructed by our General ; for I had taken the precaution of asking him what I should say in case I was taken. My answers

were not considered satisfactory, and I was confronted with two women servants, who three days previously had been caught in making their escape from the intrenchment, and who had given a version of their own, making it appear that the English were starving, and not able to hold out much longer, as their numbers were greatly reduced. I, however, stood firmly by what I had first mentioned, and they did not know which party to believe. I was kept in custody till the 12th July (from 24th June) on which date my trial took place, and I was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, with hard labour.* They gave me only parched gram to eat, and that in small quantities."

Fugitives everywhere fared disastrously. Waterfield, G. W. Maling, J. Maling and W. Jacobi, all endeavoured to make their escape disguised as natives. They were hunted out of their place of concealment, and killed. In Cawnpore city Mr. McIntosh, an aged gentleman, and his son dressed themselves like chowkidars, and remained in the servants'

* The arrival of General Havelock and the recovery of Cawnpore, brought about Shepherd's release. He eventually died at Lucknow on the 26th July 1891. The pictures of him are reproductions of illustrations in his *Narrative*.



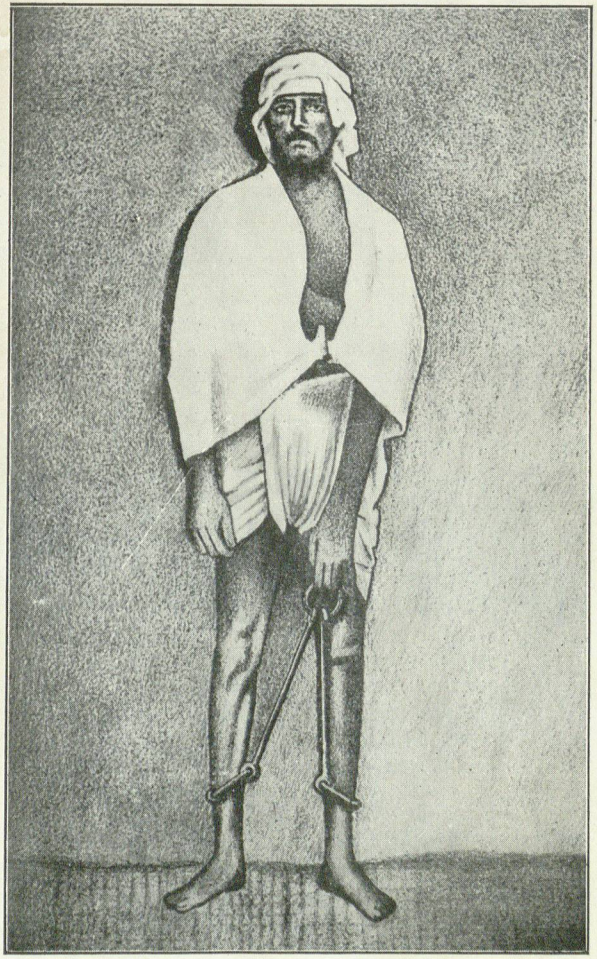
W. J. SHEPHERD.

lines for two days. As soon as they suspected that they had been recognised, they took shelter under a bridge on the road near the gate of Greenway Brothers. They were pointed out by some boys ; dragged forth, and hacked to pieces. Their bones lay bleaching in the sun in a drain for three or four months, until they were picked up, and given burial by another son. Mrs. McIntosh, helpless through old age, garbed as an Indian woman, hid in her washerman's hut. Before long she was tracked, and beheaded. Her trunk was laid on its back in a ditch. The bleeding head was placed on the breast, and there it remained till it decomposed.

Three boats of refugees from Futteghur with thirty men, an equal number of women, and sixty children, managed to pass Bithor, but ran upon sandbanks within a mile of Cawnpore. They were fired upon, and those who survived the bullets were brought to the Nana, who proposed to keep them as prisoners. But his brother, Bala, insisted upon their being slaughtered. Accordingly on the 11th June " they were taken from Savada House to the plain west of it, and at about three in the afternoon the villain, Bala, took his seat upon a *pucca chabootra* which was there, whence he gave the word to fire.

After discharging two rounds of shot, the wretches fell upon their victims with swords and bayonets, and completed the slaughter. . . . The sweepers in attendance stripped the corpses of their clothes, which, together with whatever jewels and cash they found upon the bodies, they took for their own use. . . . After this the bodies were flung on common open carts, and conveyed to the river." One poor girl was found on the banks by a washerman, insensible from loss of blood from her sabre wounds. He took her to his home and gave her for adoption to a *golundaz* (artillery man), who carried her away with him when Cawnpore was rescued by General Havelock. She was never heard of again.

Among the beleagured was an Anglo-Indian family, the Jacobies. When the storm of rebellion was brewing, like countless others they set out for Lucknow. Disguised as a native, Mrs. Jacobi, an elderly lady, was seized and delivered to the Nana Sahib, who placed her in captivity. She thus escaped the hardships and disquietudes of the intrenchment, and possibly a shell such as the one which accounted for her husband, a watchmaker by profession. Already one of her sons, W. Jacobi, had been discovered in the dress of a peasant, and had been put to death.



W. J. SHEPHERD *alias* "BUDLOO."

Her second son was in the intrenchment, where he shared the duties common to privates. One day he noticed on the roof of the magazine a fire-ball. Mistaking it for a live shell, he instantly clambered on to the roof, seized the missile, and headed it over the breastwork, with a sigh of relief. Commenting on this act of bravery, Trevelyan in his book, *Cawnpore*, reflects :—" There was many a Victoria Cross earned in that camp, where victory was not, nor any reasonable chance of victory." It is believed that young Jacobi perished in the massacre of Suttee Chowra Ghat.

As has been seen, Mrs. Jacobi fell into the hands of the Nana. Several other ladies were imprisoned with her in the Savada House. On the 21st day of the siege, the Nana selected her to be the bearer of the following arrogant and pompous message to Sir Hugh Wheeler:—

> " *To the Subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty, QUEEN VICTORIA. All those who are in no way connected with the acts of Lord Dalhousie, and are willing to lay down their arms, shall receive a safe passage to Allahabad.*"

He personally delivered the document into her hands, and gave her verbal instructions.

The next day she proceeded to the intrenchment in a *palki*, and did her errand. The

protocol, unrivalled for its brevity and insolence, was laid before a council composed of General Wheeler, Captain Moore, and Captain Whiting. The debate was long and anxious. What alternatives offered ? Death or Capitulation. The rains were at their height. The mud walls that shielded them from the foe were being washed down by the heavy showers. The stores had run out, and the besieged were subsisting on less than a quart per day of almost uneatable native food. There were no surgical instruments, and no medicines. The enemy had destroyed them. Famine, disease, suffering, and exhaustion were daily taking a heavy toll. Here was an offer of life from the Nana. Yes ! But would he keep his word ? Inwardly all three of the council felt that he would break it. And yet on the one hand it was not advisable to betray avidity in accepting his offer : on the other hand it would be unwise to offend him by raising his suspicion that treachery was expected of him. Mrs. Jacobi accordingly was directed to return with the reply that the Nana's message was receiving consideration, and that he would later on be answered. Her escort conducted her to him. He listened to her report, and sent her back into captivity. It was, however, plain to all that the tyrant's will must be done.

His offer accordingly was accepted, and he solemnly ratified his promise of a safe passage to Allahabad.

With hopes damped by distrust, the whole British population of the intrenchment proceeded to the Suttee Chowra Ghat of the Ganges to embark on the boats that had been provided for their transport to Allahabad. The tragedy that was there enacted will be related in due course.

Sir Hugh Wheeler, K.C.B., as has been mentioned, was in command at Cawnpore when the Mutiny broke out at that place. With him were his Indian wife, their son "G. R." and their two daughters. The son was a lieutenant in the 1st Native Infantry. Early in the siege he was severely wounded, and for a time his life was in danger. The crisis in his suffering having passed, he was reclining on a sofa, still weak from the loss of blood. One sister sat at his feet, while the other was helping her parents in nursing the invalid. Their tender solicitude for him was cruelly terminated. In their presence a round shot from the redan took off his head!

After enduring the privations and dangers of the siege, the four remaining members of the family found themselves in the tragic

procession that wended its way to share in the culminating catastrophe to be enacted at the Suttee Chowra Ghat. They embarked on the same boat as Thompson and Delafosse —one of the three boats that managed to push into the stream. They had hardly got under weigh when a murderous shower of bullets came upon them from the bank. Some were killed, others leaped into the shallow water and scrambled out to dry land—that is, those who escaped on the way a hail of lead. Among these were the Misses Wheeler. The elder of the two is said to have shot down five of the Mutineers with her revolver, before they could slay her. *The Poona Observer* affirms that when the 78th Highlanders arrived at Cawnpore, they found and identified her remains. So affected were they by the spectacle, that they removed the hair from the scalp, and distributing the tresses to one another, took solemn oath, after each man had counted the number of hairs that had fallen to his lot, that for every hair they would have the life of a miscreant sepoy. The story though characteristic of the fury of the British soldier of the day, lacks confirmation, although it obtained wide currency.

Miss Emily Wheeler, the younger daughter of the General, likewise escaped to the bank.

There she was seized by Nizam Ali Khan, a Pathan of Rampore, a trooper of the 2nd Cavalry, who had captured four other European women and three Anglo-Indian wives of bandsmen. The latter were delivered over to the Nana Sahib, who imprisoned them with the 130 victims who were eventually massacred in Savada House. Unlike the other *sowars* in his Company, Nizam Ali Khan refused to part with his fair captive ; deserted the ranks ; and rode away with her.

On the termination of the Mutiny, when search was being made for those who had been lost sight of in it, William Clarke, Fitchett and W. T. DeCruze, Anglo-Indian bandsmen, in their deposition affirmed on oath that they had seen a lady being carried off on horseback in the direction of Fattegarh. They said that her clothes were wet, and she wore a chintz gown. Elahi Buksh, a loyal sepoy of the 56th Native Infantry, who fell into the hands of the rebels and was kept prisoner, likewise testified that he had seen "a *sowar* carrying a lady on horseback. She had on a green dress. Her legs were hanging over one side of the horse ; and the *sowar* held her with one arm."

Nizam Ali Khan knew full well that sooner or later he was bound to get into trouble with

the Nana on the one side and with the English on the other for his romantic knight errantry. One story goes that he instigated a trusty comrade to bruit it about, that, after killing her captor and his family, Miss Emily had cast herself into a well. The report gained immediate credence, especially as it seemed to gather confirmation. For, a villager related that while he was passing Nizam Ali Khan's door, Miss Emily came out with a sword in her hand, and in excited tones exclaimed " Go in, and see how nicely I have massaged the Corporal's legs." Another peasant averred that he had been present when the Missy Baba's body, all swollen, had been lifted out of a well. *The Friend of India* published a more dramatic version, but advised that it should be received with reservation—the *sowar* had carried off Miss Emily to his home ; she had remained with him till nightfall, at which time he had gone out, and had returned drunk. As soon as he had fallen asleep, she had taken his sword, and with it she had cut off the heads of her ravisher, his wife and children. Thus having avenged herself, she had jumped down a well, and had been killed.

Immediately after the Mutiny had been crushed, Major Harvey, Superintendent of

the Bombay Branch of the Thuggee and Dacoity Department, took up an official investigation of the case, and Muhammad Buksh was deputed to follow up all clues. After a prolonged tour of enquiry, he reported that all that he had been able to ascertain was that Nizam Ali Khan had kidnapped Miss Emily; that he had left Cawnpore with her in company of his own wife and sister; that his wife had become estranged from him because of Miss Wheeler: and that, exasperated, in a fit of anger he had killed the young lady in the jungles of Kuttao in Oudh; and that he had taken and thrown the body into a dry well. Major Harvey, however, could not bring himself to credit the story as recounted by Muhammad Buksh. He persisted in his efforts to get at the truth, and if possible to trace her whereabouts if she were still alive. Finally he announced in *The Bombay Gazette* (1860) that he had recently received a communication from the unhappy lady, who "is so utterly broken in spirit that she desires to be left in her present obscurity."

Another Anglo-Indian family that suffered grievously during the Mutiny was that of the Greenways. Its head, Edward Greenway, was a merchant of standing and substance at Cawnpore. When the sepoys rose he, his

mother, wife and children, accompanied by a friend, Mr. Hollings, took refuge in his factory at Nujjubgurh, at a distance from Cawnpore of about sixteen miles. The rebels were coming up to the house, when its occupants went on to the roof by a ladder which they pulled up after them. Mr. Hollings was a marksman with the rifle, and from behind the parapet which surmounted the walls, he killed or wounded sixteen of the assailants. The Nana Sahib had frequently been a guest of the Greenways, and knew that they were in affluent circumstances. When he was informed of the stand they had made, he sent a posse of his sepoys to capture them, and bring them into his presence—his intention being to exact ransom. The contingent experienced a hot reception. But Mr. Holling's ammunition ran out. Finding the position impossible, he sat astride one of the parapets in full view of his foes, and girded at them to be brave and shoot straight. Several shots were fired at him. One found its mark. Pierced through the breast he fell from the parapet on to the ground—dead. The others on the roof surrendered, and were not too roughly treated because of the ransom money in view.

On an ordinary bullock cart, and exposed to the broiling sun, they were brought to

the Nana Sahib. He demanded a sum of two lacs of rupees for their safety, protesting that he was doing so much for them for old times' sake. Pending production of the money, he ordered them to be confined in Savada House. Here they met the Jacobis and other prisoners.

Captain Mowbray Thomson in his *Story of Cawnpore* relates that on the 21st day of the siege, the firing of the pickets ceased for a time. The outlook man on the crow's nest of the intrenchment, scanned around him for the cause of this unusual lull. Presently he called aloud, "There is a woman coming across." At first she was supposed to be a spy in the garb of an English woman, and one of the soldiers was about to shoot her, "When," continues Mowbray Thomson, "I knocked down his arm, and saved her life. She had a child at her breast, but was so imperfectly dressed as to be without shoes and stockings. I lifted her over the barricade in a fainting condition, when I recognised her as Mrs. Greenway. . . . She handed me a letter*. . . . on the 23rd June . . . . . and stayed

* Shepherd and others give the version that the Nana's letter was brought to the intrenchment by Mrs. Jacobi.

in my picket, though all the time eager to return to her little children whom her brutal captor had retained as hostages. . . . She cried most bitterly while communicating her wrongs, and returned at night to the Nana's camp, bearing the message that his letter was being considered."

The fate of the different members of the Greenway family is illustrative of the doom that overtook many another Anglo-Indian house. Mrs. Rose Greenway (mother of Edward Greenway), Edward Greenway, Mrs. Greenway (wife), Francis (son), Leah, Martha, and a third child (daughter), were all butchered on the 15th July along with other victims in Savada House. Thomas Greenway, merchant, died of fever in the intrenchment. His wife and following children perished by fire, the sword or drowning, on the 27th July at Suttee Chowra Ghat, *viz.*, Henry, Frederick, Ann, and Rosaline. Mrs. Samuel Greenway and Miss Louisa Greenway died of fever in the intrenchment. Samuel Greenway was murdered on the 30th July. Of the whole family at Cawnpore the only one to escape was Mrs. Charles Greenway, mother of Samuel Greenway. Owing to her extreme old age she was spared, but received much annoyance from the rebels.

To this catalogue of extermination a parallel is found in the Jacobi family. Fred. Jacobi, coachbuilder, was killed in the intrenchment. His wife perished at Suttee Chowra Ghat. Henry Jacobi died of sunstroke. His wife and children, Henry, Lucy and Hugh were slaughtered at Savada House. His grown-up son, William, was unearthed from his place of hiding, and murdered.

It has been at the expense of continuity in narration that the personal experiences of certain Anglo-Indian men and women in the Mutiny have been recalled. Let us hark back to the arrival of the Cawnpore captives at Suttee Chowra Ghat. There took place the ruthless murder of those who had had no choice but to lay down their arms in order to save dear life. The boats were there with the rowers at the oars. But some of the craft were so beached that it was no easy matter to drag them down to the water. Others could be boarded only by wading knee-deep through puddle and water. The sun burned in a molten sky. But more cruel than Nature's elements was the Nana's cold-blooded, planned, treachery. As soon as the boats were laden with their human freight, on a given signal the boatmen deserted and made for the bank. Immediately the sepoys, who had followed

the procession from the intrenchment to the ghat, directed a pitiless fire on the miserable victims agonising to escape from their death trap. In the thatch roofs of the boats, smouldering charcoal had been secreted, and presently the flames broke out. Little children, distracted women, the wounded, and the sick were burnt alive. Some of the women crouched behind boats; others stood up to their necks in water; others scrambled to the bank. The men fought as only those at bay can fight, and accounted for a goodly number of their cowardly assassins. In the *melee* only three boats got away, and drifted rudderless adown the river—two to deliver their exhausted occupants into the murderous hands of the enemy on the opposite bank, the third to be retaken by an exultant foe several miles down the placid Ganges. Blenman, who has already been mentioned, was in this boat. His craft, after passing through the ordeal of a merciless rain of bullets from the Suttee Chowra bank, at two in the afternoon stuck off a village called Nuzzufgurh. Forthwith the river marge was covered with a host of feudal militia, the retainers of the notorious Ram Baksh, as also sepoys and troopers. Trevelyan graphically describes what followed:—"A gun was brought

forward, and unlimbered ; but, while the artillerymen were taking their aim, there came down from heaven that unbroken sheet of water for which men had been looking out during the past fortnight. The rains had begun in earnest. The piece could be discharged only once ; but the storm did not protect our people from the keen fusilade. Whiting fell dead ; and Harrison's trusty revolver here availed him nothing ; and dark Blenman, sorely hurt, implored a comrade to put an end to his wayward existence. Vibart was shot through the arm, and his subordinates, Quin and Steppings ; while Mrs. Steppings and Captain Turner of the 1st Infantry were badly wounded in the leg. After five hours of this bitter work there hove in sight a boat manned by 50 or 60 mutineers, armed to the teeth, who had been deputed by the Nana to follow and destroy the relics of our force. This vessel, likewise, ran on a sand bank, not altogether against the inclination of her crew, who did not relish the notion of forming themselves into a boarding party. They liked the idea still less when a score of Englishmen came dashing at them through the shallows. The half dozen ablest swimmers alone escaped to tell their master that, in spite of all they had

gone through, those extraordinary *Sahibs* were the same as ever.

"Amidst pelting rain and freshening wind, the second night closed in. Faint and hungry they sank to sleep—those men who would yield only to Death. At midnight some of their number woke, and became conscious that they were again afloat. It was blowing a hurricane. . . . . They had turned aside out of the navigable channel into a backwater from which egress there was none. And then their vessel grounded, and the musketry recommenced. Vibart, who was already dying with a ball through either arm, desired Thomson and Delafosse to land and beat away the enemy, while those who remained attempted to ease off the boat. The two officers selected a sergeant and eleven rank and file of various regiments ; and the party sallied forth, fortunate in that it was appointed for some time to tread once more on English soil, and for the rest to die at least sword in hand. They had not departed many minutes, when a host of insurgents poured down upon the helpless troop of women and wounded men, like wolves upon a flock of sheep deserted by their dogs. The boat was captured after a short but murderous conflict, and escorted back to Cawnpore by a strong

body of horse and foot. Blenman was no longer on the boat. His body had already been committed to the more merciful alligator-infested river."

But meanwhile what about the carnage at Suttee Chowra Ghat? Alas, no pen can describe the Inferno there enacted. Some idea may be formed of the atrocities from the statements of Mrs. Bradshaw, the Anglo-Indian wife of a bandsman, corroborated by another Anglo-Indian lady, Mrs. Setts:—

"In the boat in which I was to have gone, was the school-mistress and twenty-two misses. General Wheeler came last, in a *palki*. They carried him into the water near the boat. I stood close by. He said, "Carry me a little further towards the boat." But a trooper said "No. Get out here." As the General got out head foremost, he gave him a cut on his neck with his sword, and he fell into the water. My son was killed near him. I saw it. Alas! Alas! I saw it. Some were stabbed with bayonets. Others were cut down. Little infants were torn in pieces. We saw it; we did; and tell you only what we saw. Other children were stabbed, and thrown into the water. The school-girls were burnt to death. I saw their clothes and hair catch fire. In the water, a few paces off, we

saw the youngest daughter of Colonel Williams. A sepoy was going to kill her with his bayonet. She said, 'My father was always kind to the sepoys.' He turned away, and just then a villager struck her with a club, and she fell into the water."

Mowbray Thomson, one of the survivors of the Cawnpore carnage, relates "After the men, who had not escaped in the two boats, had all been shot at the ghat, the women and children were dragged out of the water into the presence of the Nana, who ordered them to be confined in one of the buildings opposite the Assembly Rooms. . . . . When Major Vibart's boat was brought back from Sooraj-pore, that party was also taken into the Nana's presence, and he ordered the men and women to be separated—the former to be shot, and the remainder to join the captives in the dwelling or dungeon beside the hotel in which he had taken up residence. Mrs. Boyes, wife of Dr. Boyes of the 2nd Cavalry, refused to be separated from her husband. The other ladies of the party resisted, but were forcibly torn away, a work of not much difficulty when their famished, wounded state is considered. All the efforts, however, of the sepoys to sever Mrs. Boyes from her husband were unavailing. They were therefore

all drawn up in line just in front of the Assembly Rooms. Captain Steppings asked to be allowed to read prayers. This poor indulgence was given. They shook hands with one another, and the sepoys fired upon them. Those that were not killed by the volley, they despatched with their *tulwars*. . . . . The wretched company of women and children now consisted of 210, *viz.*, 163 survivors from the Cawnpore garrison, and 47 refugees from Futtegurh."

Meanwhile, the originator and contriver of these atrocities paced to and fro in front of his tent. Not all who had been in durance had gone down to the ghat. There were those who were too ill to be moved, and others who were incapable of walking all the way to the river. The Nana ordered them and all other men who had remained back in the intrenchment, to be speedily put to death. The women and children were led to the pavilion of the cruel monster, who directed that they should be confined in Savada House, with a guard drawn from the ranks of the Sixth regiment recently arrived from Allahabad, to keep watch over them.

That night Cawnpore was illuminated. But within the gloomy walls of Savada House,

there was many a weeping Rachael. For the rest, the condition of the women was piteous. Several of them were already suffering from wounds. All of them were begrimed and in tatters. Their food had consisted of coarse *dal* and *chapatis*, which at first were prepared by a drummer's Anglo-Indian wife, but afterwards bought in the bazaar. On rare occasions they had been given milk and Indian bread. Two or three women had died daily of their festering wounds. Presently the miserable captives were conveyed on bullock-carts to *Bibighur*, and lodged there. Their transfer to this building did not ameliorate their lot. It had formerly been occupied by a native clerk, and had two principal rooms each about twenty by ten feet, and there were several dingy cells intended for menials. In an open space some fifteen yards square, in the sweltering heat of June, two hundred women and children, many of them delicately nurtured, were thrust, to suffer every form of privation. They had to eat out of coarse earthen pans. To add poignancy to their humiliation their food was served by *mehters* (sweepers). They had no furniture, no beds, not even straw upon which to lie. They spent their nights, and many their dying hours, on coarse bamboo

matting, whose splinters hurt and irritated the skin. "When the siege had terminated," says an eyewitness, "such was the loathsome condition into which, from long destitution and exposure, the fairest and youngest of our women had sunk, that not a sepoy would have polluted himself with their touch."

In spite of great difficulties, Government was doing all in its power to speed British troops into Oudh. By the end of May a wing of the First Madras Fusiliers, under Major Renand and Colonel Neill, had landed in Calcutta. By forced marches they reached Benares in time to stifle the incipient outbreak at that city. On they pushed to Allahabad, where the British were in dire distress, defending, with but scant success, a mile and a half of wall against a horde of rebels. By the 9th June, Allahabad had been saved. Immediately this had been achieved, Neill sent two guns and 800 men, mostly of the Madras Fusiliers, under command of Major Renand, to hasten to the succour of Cawnpore. Before the force could reach that town, news came of the capitulation of the intrenchment and of the massacre of Suttee Chowra Ghat. Havelock lost no time in moving northward from Allahabad, with six cannon and 1000 British

soldiers, and overtook Major Renand's detachment of Fusiliers at a point within five miles off Futtehpore. The next morning the Nana's army, commanded by his faithful henchman, Jwala Pershad, was scattered like chaff before the wind, and on the 15th at Pandoo Nuddee, the soldiers of Bala Rao, the Nana's brother, were completely routed. The miscreant leaders had now no choice but to make a last stand at Cawnpore. This they resolved to do. The Nana took an oath that, come what may, the Firinghees would not have the satisfaction of rescuing their kinsmen and women rotting in his dungeons. That very afternoon, Mr. Thornhill, Judge of Futtegurh, Colonels Smith and Goldie, Edward Greenway, and his son, Thomas, were ordered to come out of their cells. The Nana Sahib, Jwala Pershad, Tantia Topee and Bala Rao awaited them outside. They instantly read their doom. They bravely bore themselves, though their lips moved in prayer. At the gate which led into the road, they were stopped by a squad of sepoys, and shot dead. Their bodies were dragged on to the grass bordering the road, and became the sport of the mob. This, however, was merely the prelude to worse that was to follow.

The Nana now gave the order for every woman and child to be slain. The sepoy guard are said to have shrunk from so dastardly an attack on women and children. To escape a charge of insubordination, they fired a volley into the roof. Thereupon, the Nana's favourite slave-girl known as the Begum, brought five men of the tyrant's escort—three Musalmans and two Hindus—to sabre the hapless captives. The five rushed into the house ; and people standing outside heard shrieks, fainter and still fainter as the night wore on, telling of the cruel carnage within doors. " Next morning," relates Drummer Fitchett, " the sweepers living in the compound were directed to throw the bodies into a dry well near the house. The bodies were dragged out, the dead and the dying—most of them by the hair of the head. Those whose clothes were worth taking, were stripped naked. Some of the women were still alive. I cannot say how many; but three could speak. They prayed that, for the sake of God, an end might be put to their sufferings. I remarked one very stout woman, an half-caste, who was severely wounded in both arms, who entreated to be killed. She and two or three others were placed against the bank of the cut by which bullocks go down

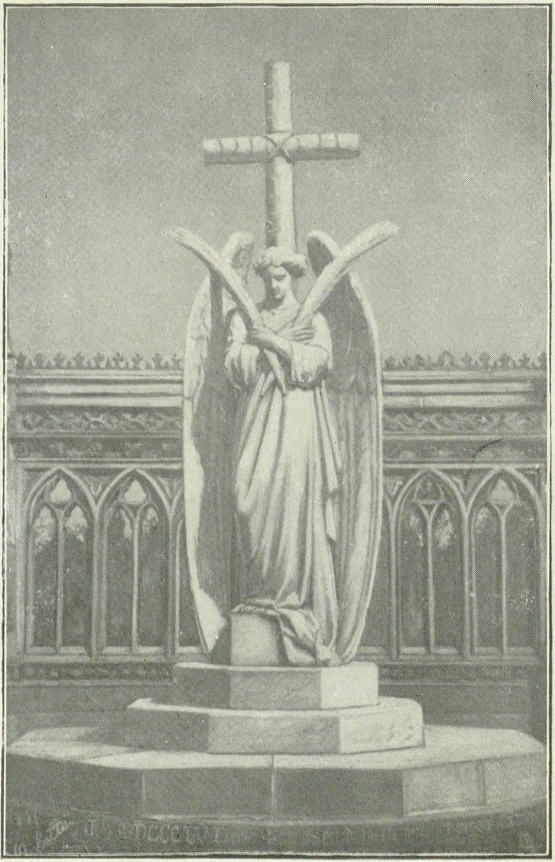
in drawing water from the well, and shot. The dead bodies were first thrown down the well. Application was made to the Nana about those who were alive. I believe the other children and women who were alive, were then thrown in." On the 17th July when Havelock entered Cawnpore from which the enemy had been that day expelled, there was not a single living European or Anglo-Indian in the city.

Among those not yet dead but flung into the well, was Mrs. Murray, widow of Band-sergeant William Murray, of the 56th Native Infantry, who had been shot through the head. Her brother had met a like fate, while her two sons, Alick and John had been felled by the *tulwar*. The following account from her pen appeared in *The Indian Empire* :—" The women all, high and low, were stripped in open air, a strip of blue cloth of hardly three cubits and less than a cubit in breadth, was given to each woman just to cover herself. Then followed the massacre of the children, and I can without any exaggeration confidently declare that no less than 300 angels were destroyed. They were bayonetted, shot, dashed on the ground, and trampled under foot. One Eurasian boy of seven years, having escaped from the hands of the sepoys,

came running and fell upon the Nana's foot, and begged him to spare his life. . . . The boy had not lifted up his head from the foot before it was cut off by express order of the Nana, and he flung the head away with his foot. My two grandsons, Robert and Charles, aged five and twelve years respectively, were cut down on the spot. My two daughters-in-law were cut down. Both were pregnant; but the latter, being very far advanced, expected daily to be confined, was ripped open, and the child came out of her womb, which was cut on the spot. Many were the heart-rending scenes which followed when mothers were forced to give up their infants in arms to be brutally murdered in their presence. But they are too many to be related here. I received one sword cut on the head by a *sowar*, who, aiming a second blow, I guarded with my hand, when I received another cut on my hand. After that I received one cut on my back, which was so severe that I fell down senseless. I received two cuts more, but am not sensible as to when they were inflicted. After that what passed I do not know. When all the people were gone away, I opened my eyes, and found myself lying on a heap of dead bodies fearfully mangled. . . . . Before I fell, I remember to

have seen several grown up girls and young ladies taken away by *sowars* and other men, but as many were taken away there was not one that had not personal attractions—the best passport for their safety. . . . To what indignities they were subjected is a mystery . . . . On the arrival of General Havelock. . . . I was promptly sent to Allahabad. . . . and to Calcutta."

Pardon the halting language of the poor. It reached the ears of Heaven. He sent deliverance. But like Pharoah of Egypt the Nana hardened his heart though he knew that the day of retribution was upon him. He determined to rob victory of its sweetness, and, as has already been related, ordered every woman and child prisoner to be murdered before the relieving army could arrive. His command was only too thoroughly and too willingly carried out. When Havelock and his heroes entered Cawnpore at sunrise of the 17th July, they went to the House of Horrors. "Those who from the contest field, wandered through the ladies' rooms," narrates Trevelyan, "saw what it were well could the outraged Earth have hidden. The inner apartment was ankle-deep in blood. The plaster on the walls was scored with sword-cuts, but low



The Memorial Well, Cawnpore.

down, and about the corners, as if a creature had crouched to avoid a blow. Strips of dresses vainly tied round the handles of doors, signified the contrivance to which feminine despair had resorted as a means of keeping out the murderers. Broken combs were there, and the frills of children's trousers, and torn cuffs and pinafores, and little round hats, and one or two shoes with burst latchets, and one or two daguerreotype cases with cracked glasses. An officer picked up a few curls preserved in a bit of cardboard, and marked, 'Ned's hair; with love.' But round were strewn locks some near a yard in length, dissevered, not as a keepsake, but by quite other scissors." On the blood-saturated bamboo mat lay a coverless Prayer Book. On its fly-leaf was written, "For dearest Mamma, from her affectionate Louis, June, 1845." It was open at the Litany, and the words "From battle, murder, and sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us" were stained with human blood. Verily had hapless women and children paid the penalty of their British heritage! The rooms were empty of captives, for they had been slain and their bodies had been cast into a well—a well since consecrated "to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and

children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the Rebel Nana Dhoondopunt of Bithor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857." With head bowed, and arms crossed over her bosom, on its lid there stands, by day and by night, the Angel of God, bearing in her hands the Palms of Victory and Peace.

CHAPTER IV

The Punjab

Be stirring as the time : be fire with fire :
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror.

—Shakespeare

As has been mentioned, the Mutiny honeycombed Oudh. It, however, failed to make much impression on the Punjab. What killed its chances of success there was the telegram which Brendish had sent to Ambala reporting that the rebel sepoys of Meerut had swarmed into Delhi, and were murdering the Europeans in the City and Fort. From Ambala the ill news was flashed to Lahore, whence it was repeated to the military outposts of the Punjab, together with orders that native regiments were to be disarmed and disbanded instantly. Taken by surprise, and overawed on parade grounds, the sepoys sullenly laid down their arms, and dispersed vowing vengeance.

To have forestalled a general uprising doubtless was a masterly stroke. But its recoil was not unattended by disadvantages. Some 38,000 turbulent and disgruntled sepoys

had been let loose on the country, and they naturally spent their time in fomenting sedition, in murdering stray British men and women in cantonments and small towns, if they did not, as only too many of them did, rush off to Delhi to join the insurgents there. With a handful of British soldiers, the administration had to cope with sporadic outbreaks by disbanded sepoys ; to police the turbulent elements in a martial people ; and at the same time forward to Delhi a stream of reinforcements to help in the struggle of the English to regain that city. Thus, the difficulties and anxieties of the Government of the Punjab were greatly increased by the disintegration of its army ; but it was better so than that the fearful massacres of Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore should be repeated in the war-famed Land of the Five Rivers.

Presently the tension of officials was relieved. The cool-headed, decisive, and lighting action taken by the local civil and military authorities began to tell. It enheartened loyal Indians, reassured the vacillating, and cowed the seditiously inclined. The undaunted bravery and vigour with which the British took the field against overwhelming odds struck a chord of admiration in the breasts of the warlike Punjabis. Never at any time too well disposed

to the Hindustanis, they now offered for enlistment, not so much to replace the disbanded regiments as to pursue them to the walls of Delhi and beyond.

And here let merited tribute be paid to those Indian Princes, *talukdars*, *zemindars*, fighting castes, and village rustics, without whose loyal adherence and active support, the chances of war would have been well nigh a forlorn hope for the British. With Tennyson proudly may we say,

Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due !
Thanks to the kind dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

But what if it had been otherwise ? What if Brendish had not sent his telegram ? What if, in its absence, the Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Army had had his hands filled with a rebellion on a large scale in the Punjab ? With the land of the Indus seething in revolt : with Oudh and the North-West Provinces overrun by enemies : like molten lava the Mutiny would have made irresistible headway, and gripped the whole Indian Peninsula. The arm of England would have

been paralysed, and her people would have been exterminated, or expelled from the land. But this was not to be.

As has already been remarked, the disbandment of sepoy regiments in the Punjab averted an impending danger, but it enmeshed Government in complications fraught with peril. It flooded the country with thousands of idle soldiers who spent their time and energy in urging all and sundry to join hands with them in exterminating the accursed *Firinghi* and his seed. They were at the root of the outbreaks in the Districts between the Gogra and the Jumna. They infested the roads from Ferozpore to Delhi. They blocked the lines of communication between the north and the south. They waylaid commissariat supplies *en route*. They harassed reinforcements proceeding to Oudh. Their sole objective was to isolate Delhi.

The civil and military administration of the Punjab had only a handful of British soldiers to fall back upon. It, therefore, was as much as the European garrisons could do to protect arsenals, Government treasuries, cantonments, and depots. There was no one to keep open the Grand Trunk Road and its feeders: to quell outbreaks in the Districts:

to save the lives of English men, women, and children living in outlying places : to convey provisions and munitions of war to Delhi. And yet, it was imperative that all this should be done. The authorities knew not which way to turn. But the hour produced the man —HENRY VAN COURTLAND.*

Born in 1815, this eminent Anglo-Indian soldier was the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Clinton Van Courtland of the Company's Army. While still a boy, he was sent to England for his education, and was given a military training. When he was about seventeen years of age he returned to India, with the intention of obtaining a commission in the Company's Forces. But the Indian blood which he had derived from his mother stood remorselessly in his way. Cruelly disappointed, like many another India-born son of an Anglo-Saxon warrior, he solaced himself, as they had done, by taking service with an Indian Ruling Chief. Ranjit Singh, the Lion of the Punjab, appointed him to his army. When the First Sikh War broke

* He is described as "a native of India" by Nolan in his *History of the British Empire in India*, and "of mixed parentage" by Sir Lepel Griffin in *Ranjit Singh* (Rulers of India Series).

out he threw in his lot with the British, and served as Political Officer at Ferozeshahr and Sobraon. When hostilities ceased, he returned to the pay of Ranjit Singh. But the Second Sikh War presently taking place, Van Courtland finally changed masters, and was posted to General Edwards' forces. He distinguished himself in the Battle of Multan; and on the annexation of the Punjab he entered the Civil Service, and was on its cadre when the Mutiny began.

Bred to war, and with the rattle of musketry in his ears, how could he be reconciled to the monotony of quill-driving? Whereas he pined for the saddle, he was imprisoned in an office chair. Impatiently did he watch the rising tide of British adversity. Unable to remain inactive any longer, he volunteered to raise a body of Indian cavalry, and lead it to battle. His offer was accepted. His reputation among the Punjabis as a soldier, and the affection with which they still regarded his father, stood him in good stead. It therefore did not take him long to raise and equip the Harriana Light Horse. True, it was composed of a medley of races and men, and was commanded by only nine British Officers. Nevertheless it was destined to achieve great things—even to the turning of the tide of war.

General (for that now was his rank) Van Courtland immediately hastened to the relief of Sirsah, which had fallen into the hands of the insurgents. Reinforced by a contingent of Bikaneer troops, he next repulsed the rebels at Hansi, and then advanced on Hissar, where the cruelest atrocities had been perpetrated. Mrs. Smith, wife of the second clerk of the Collector's office, had concealed herself and her children in some bushes near the house. She had obtained for a famished beggar the position of *Chowkidar* (watchman) in her husband's office. The ingrate betrayed to the sepoys the place of her concealment, and she and her children were ruthlessly massacred. Mr. Jeffries, Head Clerk of the Collector's office, was shot by a *sowar*, and hacked to pieces. Mrs. Wedderburn, her child, Mrs. Barwell, and Miss Thomson hid themselves on the roof of a parapeted house on the rampart *terreplein*. One of the ladies, overcome by anxiety, and impatient to see what was getting on, indiscretely showed herself. Instantly the mutineers clambered to the roof, murdered them all, and flung their corpses outside the rampart. When Van Courtland retook the town, shreds of Mrs. Smith's gown and strips of the children's clothing were found hanging on the

bushes where the unfortunate victims had fondly sought sanctuary. Both sides of the ramparts were littered with the bones and fragments of slaughtered women and children. These mournful relics were reverently gathered, and given Christian burial.

Having regained possession of Hissar, Van Courtland scattered the sepoys at Mungali, and expelled them from Jamalpore. He had now subdued the country up to Rohtak and within a few miles of Delhi. He had achieved what he had set out to accomplish—the re-establishment of British ascendency in Districts of strategic importance, such as Sirsah, Hansi, Hissar and Rohtak. And more. He had diverted from Delhi a powerful force of rebels under Prince Muhammad Azeem, and he had compelled that scion of the Royal House of Oudh to flee his native Province.

When the siege of Delhi had been raised, and the Mutiny had finally been quelled, Van Courtland's signal services were rewarded by the Companionship of the Bath and by the Commissionership of Multan.

He ranks with Skinner, Hearsey, Forster, and Gardner. He retired from service in 1868, and died in London on the 15th March, 1888.

CHAPTER V

BOMBAY

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

—SHAKESPEARE

The flames of the Mutiny had been stamped out in the Punjab ; but they spread to Central India, and would in all probability have devastated the city of Bombay, and thence overrun the Western and Madras Presidencies, but for the courage, resourcefulness and initiative of CHARLES FORJETT, the Anglo-Indian Commissioner of Police, Bombay.

Of Forjett's early years not much is known. He began life in a humble capacity in the Topographical Department of the Survey of India. By dint of application and tried merit he filled a variety of responsible positions—Translator to Government in Urdu and Mahratti, Superintendent of Police at Poona and the South Mahratta Country, Uncovenanted Assistant Judge, Deputy Commissioner of Police, Bombay, Commissioner of Police, Bombay, and Sheriff.

As may well be imagined, the civil and military officials at Bombay were in a state of acute anxiety lest the Mutiny should break out in the City. The officers commanding the native regiments, as elsewhere, refused to question the loyalty of their men, and urged that if it was thought necessary during the approaching Muharram festival to take precautionary measures, these should be confined to the civic population, and that no vigilant eye should be kept upon the Musalman troops in the barracks. Forjett, with his intimate knowledge of Indian people, and the caste and religious Free Masonry of the inhabitants of the country, regarded the sepoy as "our only source of danger." Lord Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay, generously gave Forjett a free hand, and permitted him to incorporate into his police force fifty mounted Europeans. Mr. Crawford, the Magistrate, in his arrangements for the Muharram, instructed Forjett to break up his European police into groups. Forjett resolved that they should be kept in a body; and in an interview with the Governor he frankly informed His Excellency, "I must keep my Europeans together, and have them at hand in case of a sepoy mutiny." His Lordship dismissed him with the friendly

remark, "It is a very risky thing to do to disobey orders; but I am sure you will do nothing rash."

Meanwhile, Forjett had had his spies at work among the sepoys. In his book *Our Real Danger in India* he relates:—"It was on the eve of the last day of the Muharram. A Hindu god was being carried in procession by some town's people. A Christian drummer, belonging to the Tenth Regiment of Native Infantry, in a state of intoxication, assaulted the carriers, and knocked over the god. Two policemen, by whom the outrage had been witnessed, took the drummer into custody. A report of this reached the regiment, and some twenty of them turned out, broke into the lock-up, rescued the drummer, assaulted the policemen, and marched them off as prisoners to their lines! The European constable of the section, with four policemen, then proceeded to the lines, and demanded the liberation of the policemen; but a large body of sepoys surrounded them, and commenced an assault, when the European constable and policemen in self-defence, fought their way out, leaving two sepoys for dead, and wounding several others. This was followed by great excitement among the sepoys, and a large number took to their arms. A

report was brought to me that the native regiments had broken out. Ordering the European Mounted Police to come on as soon as possible, I hastened to the spot as quickly as my horse could carry me. I found the sepoys in a state of tumult, trying to force their way out of the lines, and five or six of their European officers with drawn swords keeping them back. On seeing me, the sepoys clamoured that I was the man who had ordered them to be killed ; and the European officers repeatedly called out, 'For God's sake, Mr. Forjett, go away ; your presence is exciting the men.' My reply was, 'If your men are bent on mischief, the sooner it is over the better!' Within three or four minutes my assistant, Mr. Edington, came galloping up, followed very soon after by my mounted Europeans, about fifty-five in number. Bringing my men to the "halt," I cried, 'Throw open the gates, I am prepared to meet them.' This had the effect of cooling their ardour for an outbreak, and they soon fell back. Had I, in compliance with the wishes of the officers, attempted to retire, and ordered my men to do so, the sepoys would have fired upon us, and broken into mutiny.

"The above events quite dissipated the shadow of doubt that existed in my mind

as to the necessity of disobeying the orders of Government in respect of the police arrangements for the Muharram, and led to my resolving that the sepoys should be strictly looked after by my Europeans being together.

"Shortly after this outbreak there was some talk of introducing martial law into Bombay. I, therefore, put up a gibbet in the yard of the police office, and I summoned the leading men among those who, in the event of a mutiny, would be foremost in the ranks of the lawless, and intimated to them, that if I should have the least reason to believe that any of them contemplated an outbreak in Bombay, they would at once be seized and hanged.....If during my presence at any place of *rendezvous* the language of anyone bordered on sedition, I immediately threw off my disguise, and seized him on the spot; and such was the fear inspired by the police, and such the opinion regarding its ubiquity, that though the number assembled was one hundred, or two hundred, or more, they immediately hastened away, leaving the man who had been taken into custody to his fate."

From the first Forjett's spies had done useful work, as also had the detectives employed

by the police. One of the latter made the discovery that the house of Ganga Prasad was being resorted to by sepoys ever since the late brush between them and the police during the Muharram. Forjett forthwith tried to introduce a secret agent of his at the meetings, but he failed in this endeavour. "I was, therefore, compelled," he relates, "at all hazards to force Ganga Prasad from his house during the night, and bring him to the police office. I there coerced him into divulging all that could be learnt from him connected with the meetings of the sepoys.... It was then arranged that he should afford me the opportunity of being an eyewitness of what took place at his house when the sepoys met there... The house occupied by him consisted of an ante-room about thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide, with a narrow passage from the entrance to a small room at the back of the ante-room.

"I proceeded to the house the following evening in disguise with my assistant, Mr. Edington, and a trustworthy native policeman. We were shown into the small room before the sepoys came there. Three or four small holes made in the wall of plastered wicker-work, which separated that room from the ante-room, enabled us to witness what

took place when the sepoys were present. They came into the room one by one at short intervals, and although their number was not large, it was not possible, from the conversation which took place, that there could be any misconception as to the wide-spread disloyalty of the sepoys at Bombay, or as to their treacherous intentions.

"To have depended upon police evidence alone to prove the charge of treason against the sepoys, would have been to make shipwreck at once of the endeavour to bring them to punishment. Against such evidence, I foresaw, would be arrayed an overwhelming number of witnesses—their own officers—to prove that every man in the lines had been most carefully looked after, and that the conduct of one and all of the accused was above suspicion... I, therefore, invited Major Barrow, the Officer Commanding the Marine Battalion, to accompany me to the sepoy meetings; and he readily complied with my request... We disguised ourselves differently every day... These visits we were able to repeat only four times. The presence of one of us in the immediate neighbourhood of the house, on the last occasion excited suspicion, so that Ganga Prasad deemed it advisable that we should discontinue to go there.

"During these visits, however, the following facts were very clearly ascertained :—

"First ; that an outbreak and revolt on the last day of the Muharram of 1857 had been determined upon by the sepoys of the regiments in Bombay.

"Secondly ; that their purpose had not been carried out in consequence of the *hooshiaree*, or vigilance, maintained on the occasion.

"Thirdly ; that it had subsequently been determined that the outbreak should take place during the ensuing Dewalee.

"Fourthly ; that the plan was to kill as many as they might chance to come across, or all who happened to oppose them ; to plunder Bombay as speedily as possible, and then to march out of the island.

"The plan of the contemplated outbreak and revolt was not discussed at the meetings which we witnessed, but were spoken of as matters that had been already planned and determined upon.

"Major Barrow's astonishment when he saw some of his own men in Gunga Prasad's house was remarkable : 'My God, my own men ! Is it possible ! '"

"What transpired at Gunga Prasad's house was duly reported to the military authorities by Major Barrow on the one hand, and by myself to the Private Secretary, for the information of Lord Elphinstone, on the other. Court-martials were in due course convened by order of Government, and the proceedings resulted in condemnations.

"Happily this intended mutiny was nipped in the bud by the very opportune assistance rendered by Major Barrow. If the Mutiny in Bombay had been successful, Lord Elphinstone was of opinion, and this is indisputable, that nothing could have saved Hyderabad and Poona, and the rest of the Presidency, 'and after that,' he said, 'Madras was sure to go.'"

For the signal service Forjett had rendered Government omitted to give him any personal reward. But in Resolution No. 1717, dated the 19th June, 1858, the Governor-in-Council, Bombay, declared that they could not "too highly praise the devoted zeal of this public servant, upon whom such grave responsibilities were imposed during the past year. The Honourable the Governor-in-Council will only say, and the statement contains very great praise, that the expectations raised by

the appointment of Mr. Forjett to the executive command of the Bombay Police have been amply realised."

In the following year, in his letter to the Commissioner of Police, No. 1681, dated the 23rd May, Mr. Anderson, Secretary of the Judicial Department, thus wrote :—"The Right Honourable the Governor-in-Council avails himself of this opportunity of expressing his sense of the very valuable services rendered by the Deputy Commissioner of Police, Mr. Forjett, in the detection of the plot in Bombay in the autumn of 1857. His duties demanded great courage and acuteness, and great judgment, all of which qualities were conspicuously displayed by Mr. Forjett at this trying period." Higher appreciation awaited him. Sir Charles Wood, Secretary of State for India, conveyed to him "the gracious approbation of Her Majesty the Queen of your conduct during the critical period of the Mutiny and the disturbances in India." It is gratifying to add that his only son received a commission in a British regiment.

From all sides, and from all persons, Forjett continued to receive encomiums and congratulations. Lieutenant-General Birdwood, wrote to him, "I do feel that we are mainly

indebted to Lord Elphinstone and yourself for the peace we enjoyed in Bombay." The European and Indian Communities of Bombay presented him with a complimentary address, and, with the sanction of Government, with a purse of £1,500 "in token of strong gratitude to one whose almost despotic powers and zealous energy had so quelled the explosive forces of native society that they seem to have become permanently subdued." About the same time the Back Bay Reclamation Committee allotted him five shares in their Company, which they afterwards sold out, and remitted him £13,580.

In course of time Forjett retired to London, where he died on the 27th January, 1890. To the last he chafed over the inadequate recognition which he had received from the State, and solaced himself for his disappointment by reciting in his book, *Our Real Danger in India*, Mutiny Services upon which he prided himself.

CHAPTER VI

MADRAS AND THE FIRST MADRAS FUSILIERS

Oh, for an aiding voice from Heaven ! to give
To ages yet unborn, and bid them live,
Heroes, as now, for ever—this tried band—
These dauntless spirits of my native land !

—R. H. RATTRAY.

Note—Although their gallant Commander, General Neill, states in his History of the First Madras Fusiliers that from the time of their creation in 1664 the Corps had always been entirely recruited from the British Isles, there is abundant evidence that in the ranks of that first regiment of the line there were always, and certainly were in the days of the Mutiny, a goodly number of Anglo-Indians. Some of the evidence may be considered.

In the Cathedral of Madras the Memorial to the First Madras Fusiliers has these words :—" This tablet is erected in the City of their origin, and their home for over two hundred years."

Again, when the Fusiliers were passing through Calcutta on their return from Oudh to Madras, the Governor-General addressing them said :—" You have earned the gratitude of the whole community of your countrymen :" You are returning to your Presidency :" " I wish you a speedy and prosperous voyage to your own Presidency."

Only twenty years after the Mutiny *The Madras Mail* stated in its columns, "The First Madras Fusiliers, the Second Light Infantry, and the Third Madras Europeans corps formed by the East India Company, were chiefly composed of Eurasians and Anglo-Indians." This assertion remains unchallenged.

Lastly, in the issue of *The Madras Mail* of the 16th July, 1931, Mr. J F. McMurray of Bangalore wrote :— "With reference to Mr. H. A. Stark's query, I write to inform him that there were at Vizagapatam in the years 1875 and onwards, when I was quite a boy, several Eurasians—they were called such in those days—military pensioners, who had seen active service during the Indian Mutiny. Some of them belonged to the First Madras Fusiliers, and others had served in artillery and cavalry regiments. I am an old man now, but in my younger days I met several Eurasians at Berhampore, Cuttack, Aska, Gopalpore, Coconada, Masulipatam and other places, all of whom had fought in the Mutiny under Colonel Neill. The children of these old soldiers will be able to give authentic proofs besides producing the medals their fathers earned."

"In the year 1910" continues Mr. McMurray, "I met a very old man, a Eurasian, Clamp by name, at the Rangoon Hospital. He informed me that when the Indian Mutiny broke out he was a boy at the Orphan Asylum at Madras. He enlisted into the First Madras Fusiliers, and there were with him a whole lot of Eurasian boys of Madras and Calcutta."

Its progress arrested through the vigilance of Forjett at Bombay, the Mutiny did not affect the Madras Presidency. But although the tranquility of the Southern Capital was not

disturbed by War's "excursions and alarums," its inhabitants were for long in nervous suspense lest the sepoys in the local regiments should catch the fever of revolt. With anxious interest the news of each day was scanned, and great was the feeling of satisfaction when it became known that Madras was to be given an opportunity of taking part in the suppression of the revolt, inasmuch as General Neill with his First Madras Fusiliers had received orders to proceed to Calcutta *en route* to the scene of action.

This brilliant regiment, originally designated the First Madras European Regiment, had been raised by the East India Company in 1664 ; and there is reason to believe on the authority of historians such as Orme, Fortescue, Edmund Burke, Wilson and others that even at that early date there were in its ranks Germans from Hanover, and Anglo-Indians—the descendants of British servants of the Company. It fought at Arcot, Plassey, Condore, Wandewash, Pondichery, Guzerat, Solinghur, Nandi Droog, Amboyna, Ternate, Banda, Seringapatam, Kirki, Mahedpore, Ava; and under its changed name of the First Madras Fusiliers, at Aden, Multan, Pebru and several places in the Punjab. It had

earned for itself the renown of being the first regiment of the line.

And now it was called upon to take a share in the quelling of the Mutiny. There was something appropriate in the summons. In 1757, by the battle of Plassey the Fusiliers had given the British possession of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa. A hundred years later theirs was the task of stemming the advancing tide of war, which threatened to wrest from the East India Company these and later acquired territories.

Neill lost no time in getting ready for embarkation. Having added to the Fusiliers as many Anglo-Indian civilians as were willing to enlist, he visited the Madras Male Orphanage Asylum, and enrolled on the spot 117 senior boys who knew something of drill, and could carry a rifle. He marched them off to Fort St. George, where the regiment was in barracks. On the 18th May, only ten days after the Mutiny had broken out at far off Meerut, General Neill and his warriors weighed anchor for Calcutta, where they were reinforced by a contingent of locally-recruited Anglo-Indians large enough to give the latter the preponderance in the regiment.

The Fusiliers crossed the Hooghly to Howrah, meaning to take train to Ranigunj,

which was then the terminus of the East Indian Railway. When they arrived at the platform, the train was on the point of steaming out. Neill sent word to the station master that it must wait till his men and their baggage had been accommodated. The conceited official sent back the astounding reply that Neill might be in command of the troops, but he was not in command of the station staff! Neill was not the man to be trifled with, nor was he given to hesitation. Instantly a military guard stood over the engine-driver and his fireman, ready to put them under arrest the moment the train budged an inch.

In due time Neill and his men detrained at Ranigunj, and proceeded by marches, by *dak gari*, and bullock train, through the Sontal country and Gaya, to Benares, which they reached on the 3rd June, footsore and weary. They were just in time to extinguish the flames of revolt in that city, where the 37th Bengal Native Infantry had been showing signs of disaffection. The next morning the malcontents were ordered to fall in without arms. Some obeyed. Others appeared with their weapons, and without warning fired on their officers. In the *melee* several Fusiliers were wounded before the sepoys were overpowered and scattered by the artillery.

Reinforced by fugitives from Benares and other places, on the 6th June the sepoys at Allahabad murdered their officers and a considerable number of civilians. Neill, with an emergency detachment of Fusiliers, immediately set out to the rescue. He and his men crossed the river by a bridge of boats, and brushing aside all opposition, entered the Fort. The following day another unit of the Fusiliers arrived under Major Stevenson. Meanwhile, a third wing of the regiment, assisted by the 13th Irregular Cavalry, opened up the line of communication between Benares and Cawnpore. Thus, when on the 7th June the Mutiny broke out at the latter ill-fated city, there happened to be in it a handful of Fusiliers.

The enemy having gathered in great force at Saidabad and Russelpore, Neill advanced against them by two routes. Eighty Fusiliers and 100 Sikhs went in advance by steamer, while 200 Fusiliers, two guns, and a body of Sikhs and Irregular Cavalry proceeded by land. The camp of the rebels was destroyed, and they were put to flight. Unfortunately cholera broke out, and carried off twenty-eight brave Fusiliers.

There was no rest for the warriors from the Southern Presidency. On the 13th July at

Futtehpore ; on the 15th *twice in one day* at Pandu Nadi; and on the 16th at Cawnpore, the insurgents broke and fled before the Enfields and bayonets of the magnificent Fusiliers, who between the 3rd and 16th July had been in nine engagements in eight different places. "And all this," says the admiring historian, "was in the months of June and July on the plains of Hindustan. Never did soldiers endure more, fight harder, die more cheerfully, or triumph more gloriously." Nor was this high praise undeserved or unendorsed : for Havelock in his Despatch of the 12th July, 1857, thus wrote : "The First Madras Fusiliers (Major Renand in command) on the Grand Trunk Road, between the 1st and 11th July, at the head of a force of 400 British and 420 Native troops, with two pieces of cannon, had everywhere pacified the country by punishing the ringleaders in mutiny."

By this time the terrible massacre of Suttee Chowra Ghat had taken place at Cawnpore, and the fiendish Nana Sahib was still confining behind prison bars suffering and tortured British men, women, and children. Major Renand was detailed to retake the town with the Fusiliers. The River Pandu lay athwart his line of march ; but there was a bridge over it. This bridge the enemy desired to

wreck, and accordingly had taken up a strong position on the river. It was obviously imperative that they should be dislodged. In the attack which followed, the Fusiliers were extended as Enfield riflemen, for in the words of Havelock they were "the most practised marksmen in the Force." They hugged the bank of the stream, and kept up a biting fire. Unhappily, Major Renand was mortally wounded, and expired. The bridge, however, was forced; and when the Nana came to hear of this, he realised that nothing could now prevent the British from re-entering Cawnpore. In desperation and venomous revenge he determined to rob victory of its prize. He ordered the instant slaughter of every English man, woman, and child who had survived the massacre of Suttee Chowra Ghat. His devilish order was carried out with the appalling thoroughness that has been described in the chapter relating to Cawnpore.

The Fusiliers advanced, their impatience for dealing out retribution being given keener edge by the intelligence which reached them of the Nana Sahib's latest act of brutality. They were followed by two guns, behind which moved the central battery of six guns under Captain Maude. The Nana's forces were taken on their left flank, and a

wing of the Fusiliers, extended as riflemen, covered the advance. By evening the Nana was in precipitate flight to his capital, Bithor; and the British flag once more waved over Cawnpore. In his Despatch Havelock wrote :—" I must reiterate my obligations to the Officer Commanding my detachment and batteries, and to Major Stevenson and the Madras Fusiliers."

Cawnpore being re-occupied, the Fusiliers set out in pursuit of the fugitive Nana. They burnt to the ground his palace at Bithor, and blew up his magazine. But he himself escaped —carrying out his own advice to his followers, not to put up a fight with the *neel topi wallas* (wearers of the blue hat) who "shoot dead before they can be sighted." No wonder the Indian soldiers nicknamed the Fusiliers "Fire-Belchers." Their reputation was known to General Neill, who thus wrote of them :— " The European troops all wear linen blouses and caps. Our regiment (the First Madras Fusiliers) wear blue ones, for which the native language is *neel topi* ; and the *neel topies* are pronounced the terror of all with their Enfield Rifles. They disperse cavalry beautifully. Two hundred of the 2nd Cavalry charged young Seaton and twelve Fusiliers. They sent them flying with empty saddles."

On the 21st July the Fusiliers marched in the direction of Lucknow, and when within a few miles of that beleagured city they had two encounters in which they routed the enemy. A couple of days later they and the Highlanders precipitated themselves on the earthworks of Unao, broke through the entrenchments, and captured the town. About this time some artillery had arrived from the Cape, as also had the remainder of the Chinese Expeditionary Force. Moreover, Outram himself was hurrying on to Lucknow. When he got there, with a noble self-effacement rarely witnessed, he gave over the command to Havelock in consideration of all Sir Henry and his men had already gone through and achieved.

The First Madras Fusiliers formed part of the famous relieving forces with which began the attack on the sepoys investing Lucknow. The troops advanced from the Alam Bagh to the Residency in the following order :— 5th Fusiliers, a battery, the 84th Regiment, the First Madras Fusiliers, a battery, the 78th Highlanders, the Ferozepore Regiment, H. M.'s 90th, and last of all the heavy artillery. As Havelock's heroes came on, the enemy's batteries opened fire on them, and supported it by rapid musketry from the concealment of

some tall grass. Undaunted, the British lines steadily advanced. Presently the infantry were commanded to lie down, while H. M.'s 5th were rushing the house at the bridge. The Madras Fusiliers could not be restrained. They made a dash, and carried the house. But they themselves got scattered. Further ahead there was a deep *nullah* surrounding the city. It crossed the path of advance of the column, but it was spanned by a bridge, which in its turn was protected by a stockade battery and a wide trench. Notwithstanding withering grape and shot from the battery, and showers of bullets from the neighbouring houses, the relieving troops pushed on. The Fusiliers, supported by a portion of the 84th, carried the battery. At sunset the gates of the Residency were flung open to receive the valliant deliverers. But alas ! Neill, the gallant and brave leader of the Fusiliers, had fallen with the shout of victory in his ears.

While the Fusiliers were thus covering themselves with glory in the Province of Oudh, the hearts of their fellow townsmen at Madras filled with pride and gratification. As the horrors perpetrated by the insurgents helped them to realise the seriousness of the situation, the more alarmed portion of the community,

especially the women and children, spent the nights within Fort St. George, or on vessels riding at anchor in the roads. Being petitioned to do so, the Governor raised a volunteer force designated the Madras Guard of Cavalry and Infantry, 700 strong. The men took seriously to their military duties, and their presence was regarded as having had a deterrent effect, particularly upon the undesirables who had entered the city from disaffected centres.

On the 11th May 1858 their Colours were presented to the Infantry Guard. *The Atheneum*, a Madras newspaper, relates that the whole East Indian population must have been present, for there was scarcely a single family of the Community that did not have one of its members in the Volunteer Force. The uniform was colourful—blue, red and gold. At the ceremony of receiving their Colours the Guards advanced, deployed, and formed one side of a square. Her Majesty's 44th and the Volunteer Cavalry formed the side on the right of the Volunteer Infantry, and the two Regiments of Native Infantry and the Governor's Body Guard formed the side on the left, thus leaving one side of the square open. Presently the Colours were uncased by Quarter-Master Fox and Adjutant Latham of the

Volunteers, the Rifle Company presenting arms as they did so. The two senior Captains of the Volunteers advanced to the platform, and knelt on their right knees, while Lady Rawlinson gracefully and feelingly addressed them. The Colours of the Regiment and the Queen's Colours were then handed to the two kneeling Captains, who passed them on to the two Ensigns, Baldry and Maskell. They fixed the Colours in their belts, and took up a position in front of the Rifle Company, which presented arms, the band, as they did so, playing the first few bars of the National Anthem. The whole of the Regiments then formed mass of open columns, right on the front, on detached markers, and afterwards wheeled into line. These movements being effected, the Ensigns carried the Colours. An escort preceded by the band marched in slow time down the line of Volunteers, the whole Brigade presenting arms as the procession fronted it. When the Colours had been trooped, the several regiments marched past in quick time, and the proceedings terminated with the general salute. As His Excellency the Governor left the ground, the usual number of guns from the Fort announced his departure. The Guards were then marched off the Island to the

maidan on the other side of the road, where Colonel Silver read to them Lady Rawlinson's address, and his reply on their behalf.

In March 1859, in the Banqueting Hall of Government House, Colonel Silver presented to Lord Harris an address from the Volunteer Guards requesting him to continue to be their Colonel. In reply His Excellency said that he was specially gratified by the fact that so many of those who had come to do him honour belonged to a class which "uniting many of the characteristics of the European and the Native, forms the interpreter, agent, and helpmate, in working out the wonderful resources of the country." In his youth he had experienced the advantages of the friendship and kindness of East Indians. The distinguished Colonel Skinner, commonly called "Secunder Sahib," was of their race. The Commander-in-Chief and he knew equally well that under a dark face was concealed as true an English heart as ever beat. There was, again, Kyd, who had given his name to the famous Kyd Docks in Calcutta, not to speak of Wristle of Lucknow and Boileau of the Foreign Office, Calcutta. From these men he had received, when most in need, as much information and assistance as he had received from any public officer in the whole

course of his service. They wanted him to continue to be their Colonel? He was much gratified by their request, and the honour it offered. It would yield him particular pleasure to wear the uniform of the Volunteers.

When the Mutiny was over, Sir C. Trevelyan, then Governor of Madras, notified the disbandment of the Cavalry section of the Madras Volunteer Guards, and the retention of the Infantry on the same footing as a Regiment of Militia in England; that is, they were to be ready to be called out at a day's notice: but till actually required for service they would follow their ordinary avocations and not be troubled with drills.

The Relief of Lucknow practically ended the Mutiny. No longer was it necessary to strain the military resources of the Company. It was therefore resolved to give a space of rest to soldiers who, like the First Madras Fusiliers, had been continuously in the fighting line for the better part of two years. The Fusiliers accordingly were marched back to Calcutta *en route* to Madras. On the 2nd February 1859, at Calcutta, they were given an enthusiastic reception. A portion of Her Majesty's 3rd and 99th Regiments with the Calcutta Volunteer Guards were drawn up in front of Government House, where the Viceroy with

a number of military and civil officers had assembled. On the arrival of the Fusiliers upon the parade ground, they were received with military honours, and loudly and repeatedly cheered. The Governor-General in his address to them said: "Colonel Galway, Officers and Soldiers of the Madras Fusiliers, I am glad to have the opportunity of thanking you publicly in the name of the Government of India for the great services you have rendered to the State. More than twenty months have passed since you landed in Calcutta. The time has been an eventful one, full of labours and perils, and in these you have largely shared. Yours was the first British regiment which took assistance to the Central Provinces, and gave safety to the important cities of Calcutta and Allahabad. You were part of that brave band which first pushed forward to Cawnpore, and forced its way to Lucknow, where so many precious lives and interests were at stake. From that time you have, with little intermission, been in the front of danger.

"You are now returning to your Presidency, your ranks thinned by war and sickness; but you return covered with honour, carrying with you the high opinion of every commander who has led you in the field, the respect of your fellow-soldiers in that great English army

in which, from the beginning, you have maintained a foremost place ; and the gratitude of the whole community of your fellow-countrymen of every class. Further, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you do not leave behind you a single spot of ground upon which you have set your feet, where peace and order have not been restored.

" When you reach Madras, tell your comrades of the Madras army that the name of the First Fusiliers will never be forgotten on this side of India. Tell them the recollection of all that is due to your courage, constancy, and forwardness, will never be effaced from the mind of the Government under whose orders you have served. Tell them especially that the memory of your late distinguished leader is cherished and honoured by every Englishman amongst us ; and that, though many heroic spirits have passed away since the day when he fell in front of you in the streets of Lucknow, not one has left a nobler reputation than General Neill.

" I now bid you farewell, Fusiliers, and I wish you a speedy and prosperous voyage to your own Presidency, to which you are indeed an honour."

On the conclusion of this complimentary address, the men formed again in marching

order, and proceeded to the ghat where they were to embark for Madras. As they marched along the Strand they were saluted by the guns of Fort William and the shipping in the river, and all the vessels in the harbour were dressed with flags in their honour.

The Fusiliers reached Madras Harbour on the 21st February 1859, and landed on the following day. They had voyaged in H. M. Steamer *Sydney* with the transport *Tubal Cain* in tow, and landed under a royal salute. The whole of the effective troops in the garrison, including the Governor's body-guard, paraded in full dress on the north beach and formed along the streets thence to the railway station. The Fusiliers marched between the lines of troops to the railway terminus, where they were regaled to a sumptuous repast.

The day was observed as a public holiday in all Government and mercantile offices. The war-stained warriors marched amid the enthusiastic cheers of the ladies and gentlemen who crowded the verandahs of the buildings on both sides of the roads, and of an immense multitude of the native population. As they passed, the troops presented arms to the Colours that had come through victorious from so many fields of battle. When they arrived at the railway station congratulatory

addresses were read to the regiment on behalf of the European and Indian communities. After dinner the veterans entrained for Arcot, whither their wives and families had preceded them, and where they were to recuperate after their arduous campaign.

CHAPTER VII

Calcutta and the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry

Within the city's formed a dark conspiracy
To massacre us all, our wives, and children.
Venice Preserved—Thos. Otway

In the early months of 1847, at Berhampore in the District of Murshidabad and at Barrackpore some twelve miles north of Calcutta, the sepoys had evinced a spirit of indiscipline. General Sir John Bennett Hearsey was in command of the Presidency Division, and he silenced the mutterings of disaffection with prompt decision. But the fires of revolt were not extinguished. They were merely driven underground, there to smoulder till they exploded with volcanic violence.

With these warnings of trouble brewing, Calcutta was not taken altogether by surprise by the news that the Indian troops at Meerut had risen and slain their officers. But it was not pleasant to think of the inflammable materials lying in the near-by barracks of Barrackpore and Dum Dum. It was resolved to urge the Governor-General to raise a body of foot and mounted Volunteers from among the

British residents. This was done, and while the project was receiving consideration, the European and Anglo-Indian men of the city organised themselves into a police civic guard, and paraded the streets with the double object of reassuring the timid and of restraining the native populace and the sepoys of the neighbouring cantonments.

On the 12th June 1857 orders were issued for the recruitment of the Calcutta Volunteer Guards. They were to consist of a battery of four guns, a regiment of horse two-hundred strong in five troops, and seven companies of infantry numbering five hundred men. They were required to supply themselves at the start with their uniforms—brown Holland blouses, sola hats of helmet shape or felt hats with white covers, trousers of white American drill, and black waist and shoulder belts. They were armed with fusils and bayonets. The cavalry wore a black leather pouch, a belt, and a sling belt. Their equipment was completed by a sabre and a long hog spear. They had to supply their own horses. The whole force was intended for the preservation of peace within the city, and for its defence should it be assailed from without. *The Mofussilite* in 1858 bore testimony to the service rendered by them :—" During the

period of Calcutta's greatest peril, they were considered by all disinterested authorities to have saved the city—by preventing an attack being made."

Living at the nerve centre of the Government of India, the residents of Calcutta were kept palpitating with Mutiny news that daily poured into the Capital by telegram, despatch, messenger, and letter. This put such an unwonted strain on the minds of the citizens, that they were soon worn down through living in hourly fear and in an atmosphere of scares. This was applicable no less to the military than to the civil British population. The crisis came on Sunday, the 14th June 1857, ever since known as Panic Sunday. Acting on information that he had confidentially received, and with the concurrence of the Governor-General (who unhappily was slow to believe anything against the sepoys), General Hearsey had on that very morning disbanded all the Native Troops at Barrackpore. In addition, the native guards posted in different parts of Calcutta, while required to continue on duty, were deprived of their weapons. Intelligence of these happenings circulated in Calcutta, with the usual exaggerations. The rumour spread that the disbanded sepoys, augmented by their comrades at Dum Dum,

were actually on the way from Barrackpore for the wholesale slaughter of the Europeans of Calcutta. Trotter relates how high officials, both military and civil, led the way in a wild stampede to Fort William, or to ships and steamers on the river, while others took to the roofs of their houses, where they had stored provisions and water, or flocked to stations appointed for rendezvous in case of danger. The Volunteer Cavalry, who had been called into being only two days previously, patrolled the streets, and the Infantry were on picket duty without intermission at the Medical College, Wellington Square, and the Madrasah College (each on the main highway between Barrackpore and Calcutta) and the Doveton College junction of Park and Free School Streets, at all of which points swivel guns were placed in position and manned. That day the churches were deserted, and the doors of the palaces on Chowringhee Road were bolted and barred from within.

Nothing happened on Panic Sunday, but it was later discovered that there had been ample cause for alarm. It transpired that it had been secretly planned on that day, while the European guests of the friendly Maharajah of Gwalior were being entertained by him, at the Botanical Gardens across the river, to a

display of fireworks, the sepoys of Fort William would rise, slay their officers and as many civilians, men, women, and children, as they chanced upon ; and having been joined by the sepoys of Barrackpore, they would proceed to the palace of the deposed King of Oudh at Garden Reach, and link up with that Muhammadan Grandee's force of 1,000 armed retainers. They would then head the dense Moslem populace of that part of Calcutta, and in a mighty wave roll back on the city to complete the work of plunder, arson, and murder. Their carefully matured plan was foiled by a drenching down-pour of rain which made a display of fireworks on that night an impossibility.

The insurgents had experienced a disappointment, but not a defeat. They therefore merely postponed the execution of their plot to the 23rd June, a day that seemed uncommonly propitious. In the first place, it was the centenary of the celebrated Battle of Plassey which had given the rich lands of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa to the hateful English : and then there was the cherished prophecy that the foreign domination would last no longer than one-hundred years. And to make the omen even still more auspicious, there was the remarkable coincidence that the Hindu festival of Rath Jatra and the

Muhammadan celebration of the Bakr Eed festival fell on the 23rd June. When the military ardour of the sepoys would be leagued with the religious frenzy of a mob fired by strong drink and maddening *bhang* who could withstand the Pandies? Little did they anticipate that when the wished-for 23rd June came, those who were going to do such great things in its brief hours, would be fugitives from Bengal, hastening to Oudh, there to join their false-to-the-salt brethren at Cawnpore and Lucknow.

Meanwhile, Calcutta began to fill with people who were on the high seas when the Mutiny broke out, or who came to it from the mofussil, having fortunately escaped the vigilance and the atrocity of the rebel sepoys. Among these compulsorily idle folk were furlough-returned civil and military officers of the Company. The former could not proceed to their stations as these were in the hands of the insurgents. The latter had no regiments to rejoin, as their old regiments had been disbanded or were in the camp of the rebels. In addition there were sea-faring men, including the officers and crews of the Peninsular and Oriental and other shipping companies. Then, there were the clerks in Government and mercantile offices who were working at less than half-pressure. Further,

there were indigo planters, their sons, and assistants ; youths who had just left school or were on the point of doing so ; apprentices in workshops and factories ; not to speak of a great number of European and Anglo-Indian men—more of the latter than of the former—thrown out of work by the disruption of business. Many of them were related to the best families in the country. Most of them were excellent horsemen, crack shots, and keen sportsmen.

The Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry

This valuable material was too good to be allowed to run to waste. The Government wisely decided to create from it a first-class fighting unit—the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry—200 strong, on the footing of a volunteer corps receiving pay. Captain F. C. Chapman was appointed recruiting officer, and the buildings of the Lower Female Orphan Asylum were made over to him as his office, and for the barracks of his recruits. The main house is now the Military Station Hospital in Lower Circular Road. The troopers were accoutred in brown corduroy breeches, over which were drawn jack-boots reaching above the knee. Loose blue flannel blouses and grey felt helmets enveloped in large white turbans, completed a

rough and ready uniform, which, together with a heavy sabre, a light carbine, and a formidable revolver, gave the men the appearance of a band of dare-devil, dashing moss-troopers*

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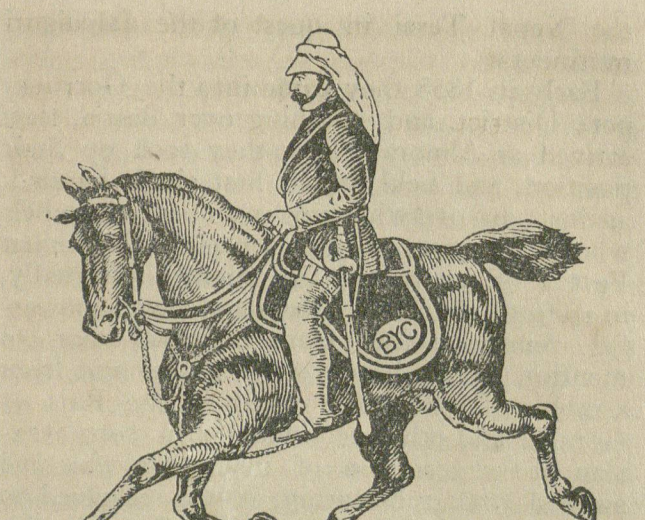
*The account here given of the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry is from Nash's book entitled "Volunteering in Bengal," and from the *unpublished* reminiscences of C. R. P. Weatherall. Both of them were troopers in the Corps during the whole of its life.

How eager young Anglo-Indian bloods were to join up and see active service is exemplified by the following letter written by Mr. F. H. Beaty to the author from Rawalpindi, Punjab, on the 10th September, 1927.

"Dear Sir, With reference to your letter published in the *Pioneer* of 7th September 1927, I would ask you if you intend to publish anything about the Yeomanry Cavalry raised in Meerut in 1858 for Europeans and Anglo-Indians, and which Corps under the command of Capt. Stanley Clark marched all the way down to Bengal, through disturbed Districts, and eventually were disbanded at Calcutta.

"I was at the time a boy at St. George's College at Mussoorie, and I enlisted in this Corps at Landour, and went down and joined headquarters at Meerut about the end of December 1858 or January 1859. When I reached Meerut the Commanding Officer said I was too young, and he could not think of taking me on, as they were going on service. I was 16 years old, but I looked much younger. After 22 days I got my discharge, and returned to school. I wonder if I can claim to be the oldest Volunteer living in India.

"The troopers received Rs. 100 per month and free horse and accoutrements, and were one hundred strong."



TROOPER, BENGAL YEOMANRY CAVALRY.

In October, 1857, the Yeomanry Cavalry proceeded by train from Howrah to Raniganj. They marched *via* Deoghur and Gaya, and leaving Patna behind them they crossed the Ganges into Tirhoot, where the rebels were in full force. They kept constantly on the move, and passing through Darbhanga, Motihari, Bastia, Kumtoul, etc., they entered

the Nepal Terai in quest of the Jalpaiguri mutineers.

Early in 1858 they came into the Gorruckpore District, and marching over Bastia, they arrived at Almora. Here they took up their position, and held it, at first single-handed, against an overwhelming number of rebels who had ensconced themselves in Bulwaghat Fort. They routed the enemy repeatedly, in spite of the latter's having received powerful reinforcements from Fyzabad—not to mention from a horde of *budmashes* and from a rabble of 1,400 men raised by the Raja of Gondha and other zemindars. In consideration of the accession of insurgents who had swelled the rebel army, it was resolved to strengthen the British force. Accordingly, the Yeomanry Cavalry now received support from the Gorruckpore Field Force, consisting of 300 men of H. M. 13th Regiment, 250 of the Naval Brigade, with four guns, 500 Ghurkas of Jung Bahadur, and 50 Sikhs. Col. Rowcroft took command of the joint forces, routed the rebels, and captured nine guns.

But it had been an anxious and critical time. " From day to day," says Nash, " with bulldog pertinacity and clenched teeth, we held to the position, and bore against the

perils that beset us. All of us knew that every man in the Corps carried his life in his hands ; that he was under the Shadow of Death ; and that his safety, for some time at least, must depend upon his own vigilance and exertions : and so the vigilance and exertions of patrols, pickets, sentries, and even of camp-followers, never flagged a moment "

Nor was the enemy less watchful for the psychological moment at which to spring on his quarry. At last the long awaited time seemed to come ; and the opposing foes met in a death-struggle on the undulating, ravine-intersected outskirts of Belwagurh. Let Nash describe the battle in which he was a combatant :—" One hundred and twenty-two sabres with the Colours at their head prepared to charge. The words ' March, Trot, Gallop !' in rapid succession have scarcely passed the lips of the leader, when on dash the Yeomanry like greyhounds slipped for the chase. They sweep over the plains, they plunge into intercepting ravines half full of water that momentarily check their race into the jaws of Death ; they tear through the stream in the teeth of a shower of grape from the enemy's one and only 18 pounder. Still on goes the squadron, with every nerve braced, every sabre gripped : knee to knee the

onward wave of steel roars as it were 'Now for the gun ! Now for the gun ! ' as the scowling black monster from its gaping muzzle vomits for the last time another deadly discharge of grape into our faces : but with free rein, neck and neck, with outstretched strides the maddened and gallant horses fly like the irresistible shower of the iron hail that had just flown over their heads. Yet mutineers, with muskets levelled from the shoulder, stand like posts, and draw not a trigger. A few strides more, and bayonet and sabre will cross one another. When, lo ! in an instant up spring hundreds of sepoys on every side as if out of the very ground itself. They have been crouching like tigers prepared to spring from behind the village, and from behind the thin line of their front rank by which we had been decoyed. It was now too late to check the headlong rush : and, had it been attempted, in the confusion that would doubtless have followed, the destruction of the whole squadron would probably have been the result. No sooner, therefore, were these numerous assailants disclosed, than the next moment a stream of musketry, like a sheet of fire, met us with terrible effect, and literally cut down a section of the squadron, and encumbered the spot where this withering volley was

received, with men and horses struggling in dying agony.

"But nothing could daunt the remnant of that devoted band. They plunged in among the enemy with an ardour that could not be resisted. In an area of Heaven knows how few square yards, the killed and the wounded lay crowded together as they had fallen. Some of the latter, with their garments on fire, were unable to move; others fell and died without a groan; others, weltering in their blood, or bleeding to death, dragged themselves up into a sitting posture, and with revolver in hand, watched the doubtful fight; and others again, having escaped severe injury and having lost their horses, were standing over their helpless comrades, and shooting down the scattered sepoys as they approached within revolver range of that gory spot.

"While all this was going on, the undaunted remnant—roused to almost superhuman efforts—having ridden into and over the mutineers, drew their revolvers, and an unrelenting and indiscriminate carnage ensued. And now the left squadron, noticing their comrades hard pressed, also raced into the *melee*; and then the clank of steel, the rattling of musketry, and the yell of the mutineers—

which might possibly have been heard a mile off—supplemented by a wild chaos of sabres, bayonets, revolvers, and muskets, all mingled in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter. No quarter was sought or offered till these desperadoes, flinging themselves into the adjacent ravines, soon disappeared in and among the deserted villages beyond."

In the cold season of 1858-59, the Yeomanry Cavalry was employed in the operations of the Baraitch District of Oudh, where they gained the sobriquet "Shaitan Paltan," *i.e.*, the Devil's Regiment. They were finally engaged against the insurgents on the Nepal frontier. Throughout they had been commanded by Major Richardson of the 8th Irregulars, with Capt. F. C. Chapman second in command. The Cavalry contained four troops, one of which was under the command of Lieutenant DeHoxar, a member of the well-known Anglo-Indian family of Northern India.

When the Corps was disbanded at Patna in 1859, the Viceroy addressed the men in the following terms before they separated :—"I cannot allow the Officers and Men of the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry to disperse without expressing in general orders this acknowledgment of the excellent services they have

rendered. The *Gazettes* of the 23rd March, 27th April, 11th May, 6th and 13th July, 13th August, 12th and 19th October, 23rd November, 1858, and the 11th and 18th January, 1859, all testify that the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry have borne a distinguished part in the several operations therein recounted. Long marches, exposure, fatigue, and harassing patrol and picket duties have from the first fallen to the lot of this young Corps, and they have borne the whole in true soldier-like spirit. The Governor-General-in-Council conveys his best thanks for the good service they have rendered to the State, and in disbanding the Corps, which from the 27th instant will cease to belong to the British Army, he wishes its members a hearty farewell."

In St. James's Church, Calcutta, there is the following mural tablet :—

BALWAN, ALMORAH, BIKRAMJOTE, NUKGGUR, HURRIAH, JUGDISPORE, DOOMAREAGUNJ, BURRAREA, TOOLSIPORE, A. D. 1857-1858.
Erected by the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the Regiment of Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry, in memory of their Comrades who fell in action with the enemy, or died of their wounds or disease:—
CAPTAIN A. GIFFARD ; LIEUTENANT S.

STROVER; CORONETS L. MARTIN, A. W. MARSHALL, H. P. TROUP, C. S. GAYNOR; SERGEANTS, C. H. SAVAGE, W. A. CURRAN, W. H. BENNET, W. WILLIAMS; TROOPERS, G. WESTERLY, T. TAYLOR, E. O. TURNER, H. RANDOLPH, F. MILTON, J. BROWN, R. MAY, G. RICHARDSON, G. ANDERSON, J. D. ALLINGHAM, E. FITZERALD, J. EYROL, T. BURKE, W. GRIFFITHS, J. THOMPSON, and T. HUNTER.

Early in the course of the Mutiny, refugees who had the good fortune to escape the ferocity and vigilance of the rebels, began to congregate in Calcutta. It was, therefore, found necessary to arrange for their housing and maintenance. Accordingly, under the active patronage of Lady Canning, a Relief Committee was constituted. A house was rented in Cornwallis Square, near Dr. Duff's College, and fitted as a home. But the demand for increased accommodation continued to grow, so much so that by January, 1858, when (as will presently be related) the survivors of the tragedies of Allahabad, Lucknow and Cawnpore arrived in Calcutta, the Committee had a house in Chowringhee, a portion of Bishop's College adjoining the Botanical Gardens, and sixteen other houses. The funds of the Committee then stood at

Rs. 10,12,073, and a home and shelter was afforded to 280 war-ruined inmates.

The fall of Delhi practically broke the back of the Mutiny. By December, 1857, the rebellion had spent most of its force, and its worst elements had been brought under control. Nevertheless, the stories of suffering in various parts of Oudh had still to be enacted. At last came the time when it was possible to bring together the survivers of the Mutiny *battue*, and send them by river to Calcutta. Accordingly, the wounded, the sick, the destitute, the bereaved—men, women, and children—left Lucknow on the river steamer, *Madras*, for Calcutta, where great preparations were made to give them an enthusiastic welcome. On Friday, the 8th January, 1858, two guns from the ramparts of Fort William gave the prearranged signal that the *Madras* was passing Atchipore. Straightway every one who had a horse or a carriage went down to Princep's Ghat, whose steps in those days reached into the water of the river. As the steamer arrived she was greeted by a royal salute of 21 guns, and the men-of-war in the stream discharged salvoes. All vessels at anchor were dressed out in flag and bunting. The steps of the Ghat, down to the water edge, were laid with the ceremonial red

carpet, and policemen formed a guard of honour at the gangway. While the passengers were being slowly landed, the public looked on in reverent silence. Mr. Beadon, Secretary in the Home Department, on behalf of the Government ; the Hon'ble Mr. G. Talbot, Private Secretary to the Governor-General, on behalf of Lord Canning ; and Dr. Leckie, Secretary to the Relief Committee, went down to the water's edge to receive the ladies. Says *The Englishman*, " A sudden rush towards the river, a thronging towards the gangway, and a slight whisper of voices, indicated that the landing had begun....As the ladies and children proceeded up, people doffed their hats almost mechanically, silently looking on as the heroines passed up. At this moment another ship in harbour fired a salute. But it did not sound joyfully. It was rather like the minute guns in remembrance of those whose widows and orphans were now passing in solemn review before us. The black dresses of most of the ladies told the tale of their bereavement. The downcast looks, and the slow walk bore evidence of the great sufferings they must have undergone in both mind and body. The wan and wasted cheeks, the weak and trembling forms, the almost universal garb of woe, betokened the widow,

or the childless, or the orphan. The cheers died away on the lips of those about to utter them. And as they passed a chaos of recollections forced itself upon our minds, and we asked, 'Where are those who for the sake of saving English women and children from dishonour and death, have willingly sacrificed their own lives ? Where is the illustrious Havelock—where the heroic Neill ? Where so many others who have stretched forth their arm to the rescue of helpless women and innocent children " Alas, they are no more, but their names will live for ever in the heart of every true Briton, though there be no monument to mark the place where they sleep the everlasting sleep. The procession thus passed on, and those who composed it were handed into carriages which conveyed them to their temporary home. Home did we say ? It sounds more like mockery to call the solitary room of the widow and her orphan by that sacred name."

Broadly speaking, the Queen's Proclamation of 1st November, 1858, marks the termination of the Mutiny. The military activities after that date were merely to round up fugitive rebels and punish their ringleaders. A couple of months before that date, Lady Canning presented their colours to the

Calcutta Volunteers, and in doing so said :— " The readiness with which you came forward at a time of trouble and anxiety, and sacrificed your leisure, ease, and the comforts of your homes on behalf of the safety of the public, and the zeal with which you have applied yourselves to the study and discharge of your self-imposed duties, assure me that these British colours will be confided to trustworthy hands." Presently it became obvious that the purpose for which the Volunteer Guards had been raised had been accomplished, and that there was no longer any necessity to retain them as a defence force. Accordingly, on the 19th June, 1859, the Governor-General published the following Notification :—" His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General desires in the name of the Government of India publicly to acknowledge the services of the Volunteer Guards, and to thank the Officers and the Members of the several Corps for the cheerful and hearty manner in which they tendered their services, and have performed their several duties at a great sacrifice of their own time and convenience. The Corps of the Calcutta Volunteer Guards will be broken up from the 1st proximo (July, 1859). All members of the Corps are invited to continue to wear their uniform on occasions

of public ceremony. The Standards of the Cavalry and the Colours of the Infantry will be deposited in the Arsenal of Fort William."*

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* Enquiries made of the present Commanding Officer have elicited the information that these relics cannot be traced in the Fort.

CHAPTER VIII

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

KING JOHN. *We owe thee much! Within this wall of flesh*
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love.

HUBERT. *I am much bounden to thy majesty.*

KING JOHN *Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;*
But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

—KING JOHN.

The cobra that has had its back broken, defiantly raises its head, and strikes out impotently on every side. So did the mutinous sepoys, worsted at Cawnpore, Lucknow and Delhi, viciously vex the English by guerilla warfare. While their sporadic outbreaks were occurring, it was decided to allay public unrest by announcing that the regime of the East India Company was at an end, and that the Government of India had been assumed by the Sovereign of England.

Accordingly, with Oriental pomp and ceremony, on the 1st November, 1858, at every

civil and military station of any importance was read Queen Victoria's epoch-making Proclamation. It proffered amnesty to all who had been led astray in joining the mutineers, and sentenced to death those who had been ring-leaders in the insurrection, or who had committed wanton murder. For the rest, all subjects of Her Gracious Majesty would receive even-handed justice, equal rights, and indulgent benevolence. "WE declare it to be OUR ROYAL WILL AND PLEASURE," continued the Proclamation, "that none be in anywise favoured, none molested or disquieted, by reason of their religious faith or observances, but that all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the Law....And it is OUR FURTHER WILL that, so far as may be, OUR subjects, of whatever Race or Creed, be freely and impartially admitted to Offices in OUR Service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity to discharge." The substance of the document and the language in which it was couched, were meant to convey to the Princes and Peoples of India that, although the Mutiny might for a while longer drag out a spent and fitful existence, it had in point of fact been crushed, and the rule of England had been established.

While the Mutiny was in its dying throes, the outrages that had been perpetrated in the larger cities of Oudh continued to be committed on a smaller, but no less tragic, scale in various towns of Northern India. Nowhere were Anglo-Indians exempt from the violence of the mutinous rabble, for Indians have never discriminated between European and Anglo-Indian. Yet neither threats nor inducements could prevail on the latter to forsake their fathers' people. Nevertheless, such is the perversity of maligners, that when the question came up of compensating losses suffered in the Mutiny, there were found churlish and ill-natured officials who argued that Anglo-Indians had sided with the British merely to save their own skins, and therefore they were not entitled to indemnity for property that had been destroyed by the enemy. Happily there were not wanting those who gave the retort courteous that the motives for which Anglo-Indians had rallied to the defence of Britain's Cause had been no less patriotic and altruistic than those of English merchants, tradesmen, clerks, planters, and civil servants.

As a matter of fact, the amazing way in which Anglo-Indians had risen to the occasion; how they had spontaneously flocked to the

Company's Flag ; and how they had acquitted themselves like seasoned soldiers, came as a rebuke to those with whom it had been the fashion to belittle and discount the "country-born." When it was recalled that they had been subjected to harsh repression for the greater part of a whole century; that they had been admitted to only the lowest rungs of the mercantile and civil services; that they had been ostracised from the Company's Standing Army ; in truth that for decades everything had been done that could have been done to stamp out of them every single British quality inherited from their fathers—when all this was recalled, the soldierly work they had done on the march, behind the entrenchment, in the charge, and on the battle-field, came as a revelation. From the office desk to which for generations they had been relegated, suddenly called to be soldiers of the line, they had rivalled the British soldier from England whether in courage, staying-power, rifle work, enterprise or discipline. Facts are reputed to be stubborn things, and many there were who, like Balaam, had hitherto been disposed to scorn Anglo-Indians, were now constrained to applaud them. In a worthy mood of appreciation, Major O. Barnes, who as Commandant of the Lahore

Light Horse had had every opportunity of knowing the truth of what he said, declared "Many a gallant officer could testify, if he would, to the pluck of that halfcaste boy, or how straight his trumpeter* went in that charge!" The small band of heroes at Arrah,† the Corps of Artillery Drivers, and the Volunteers Corps of Patna, to mention a few out of many, had shown the indomitable spirit and true-ringing metal of the British soldier, by the side of whom they had fought on many a bloody field. The Uncovenanted men of the Lucknow Volunteer Cavalry had sustained and repelled the repeated assaults of 50,000 rebels "with calm resolution and undaunted bravery." The First Madras Fusiliers, Pearson's Battery, the Mounted Volunteers of Agra, the Yeomanry of Meerut, Calcutta and other towns, all containing a goodly proportion of Anglo-Indians, had so distinguished themselves, and had contributed so signally to the suppression of the Mutiny,

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* Bandsmen were recruited from Anglo-Indians.

† Among them were DaCosta, Munsiff; Godfrey, school master; Cock, Head Clerk to the Collector; Tate, Secretary to the District Engineer, S. I. Ry.; D'Souza, Delpeiront and Hoyle, Railway Inspectors. Hoyle was rewarded by a grant of land.

that it was universally conceded that the Anglo-Indian Community ought to receive restitution for past wrongs and injuries, and be given their rightful place in the Army of India.

There was accordingly much satisfaction when in 1858 *The Poona Observer* announced that the Government of India had resolved upon raising a Corps of East Indians from all parts of India for service in Bengal, and that Captain Woods of H. M.'s 81st Regiment was in camp enlisting recruits. The Regiment was to be composed exclusively of men descended from European fathers, and was to be designated "The Eurasian Corps". The Order proceeded :—"Recruits must be above eighteen years of age, able-bodied, and not under five feet four inches in height; and will be enlisted under rules applicable to European soldiers. A Bounty of Rs. 25, and a free kit will be allowed to each recruit on enlistment, and the pay will be the same as in the European Infantry, rations being supplied as in European Regiments by the Commissariat Department."

The proposed Regiment did not attract recruits to the extent that Government had hoped. There was, however, some response, and on the 12th September, 1859, *The Friend of India* wrote :—"The East Indian Regiment

now at Raneegunj numbers 250. They are intelligent soldiers, and pick up their drill and rifle practice smartly. A large allowance of Commissariat beef will make them approach more nearly the physique of the European. Why are they not sent to Madras, where their numbers would be at once doubled? Every year will improve them, and a younger generation of their children rising up, the *one* Christian Regiment may increase to *ten*, and form an important addition to the European force." It would appear that there was more than one East Indian Contingent, for the *Friend of India* of the 24th May, 1859, stated:—"The Eurasian and Native Christian Company of Artillery now at Jhansi is to be incorporated with the East Indian Regiment at Dacca." In Wenger's *Lall Bazar Church* (Calcutta) it is mentioned that the Regiment at Raneegunj at one time numbered 558 men, and that it was disbanded in 1864.

That Anglo-Indians did not enlist in larger numbers into the Anglo-Indian Regiment, has been set down as a black mark against them. It has been adduced as another instance in which the Community has thrown away a fine opportunity. Much as we may to-day regret that the attempt to add an Anglo-Indian unit to the standing army of India lacked

success, we must admit the substantial reasons for which, from the outset, the project was bound to fail. In the first place, the most propitious time to recruit for the army is not immediately after a devastating war. Who does not remember how young men who went through the late war, and who had witnessed its cruelties and horrors, emphatically averred " Never again ! " Anglo-Indians think and act as do other common mortals. When there was a foe to fight, to a man they had taken up arms in the Mutiny. Only once in the whole history of England have school boys fought her battles. That honour is the proud boast of the Anglo-Indian pupils of Lucknow La Martiniere. Men who had served in Pearson's Battery, in the First Madras Fusiliers, in the Yeomanry Cavalries, in the Lucknow Light Horse, men who had tramped and trudged the scorching plains of Oudh in the noonday sun of an Indian summer ; men who had floundered in, and ploughed their way through, the mire of Indian roads and fields during a tropical rainy-weather; men who had a hundred times looked Death in the face—such men naturally saw no point in enlisting now that there was no enemy to fight. Moreover, was it to be expected that a small community of perhaps

not more than 80,000 souls, from their already decimated manhood would furnish soldiers for a new regiment?

Further, everyone is familiar with the wave of unemployment that has swept over England and other countries after the recent war. Such was not the case in India after the Mutiny. Instead of a dearth, there was a plethora of work. Extensive operations in the construction of new or extended railway and telegraph lines made an unprecedented demand for workmen. In the major Presidencies new metalled roads were made, and the Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta to Peshawar was macadamised in its entire length of 1,500 miles. New distributaries were excavated taking off at various points of the Great Ganges Canal. In addition vast sums of money were expended in building new barracks, public buildings, bridges and lighthouses, and in repairing the damage done by the mutineers to cantonments, jails, official residences and so forth. Then too, there were vacancies in Government Offices caused by casualties in the massacres and battles of the Rebellion. There were thus unlimited openings for Anglo-Indians, besides whom, at least in the years immediately after the Mutiny, no one was available. What then was

the position? While Government invited Anglo-Indians to form a Regiment, it likewise demanded their labour for railway, telegraph, survey and manifold public works—offering them liberal salaries in civil employment against a private's pittance in the army. Men who had lost their all in the Mutiny had the choice of serving one and the same Government in either a civil or military capacity. There was no enemy to fight; but there were broken fortunes to mend. They did not offer for the East Indian Regiment, and this is counted against them as a "lost opportunity."

Presently things began to settle down to normal conditions; and when it became known in England that abundance of remunerative work was to be had in India, there was an influx of British men and women that outrivalled the migration into India that there had been when the Suez Canal was first opened. It was now that the Domiciled European Community received further augmentation. Remarking on this, *The Friend of India* of the 8th November, 1860, wrote :—"India is as busy, as smiling, as in 1856. In far larger numbers than before, wives and children, young ladies engaged to be married, and others expecting to imitate

them, cadets full of hope, and old civilians full of disgust, merchants, shopkeepers, and adventurers of every class, crowd the East. Their numbers are increased by every mail ....Every new importation renders others necessary to supply their wants. Every new mile of railway, every new coal mine, every new joint-stock company, every addition to the official or capitalist class, necessitates new flocks of engineers, artisans, tradesmen, school masters, clerks and merchants. Society grows at either end....With the influx of Europeans of a class very different from the refined officials of a monopoly, will come either good or evil to themselves, and strength or weakness to our power and prestige, accordingly as Anglo-Indian Society is prepared to provide for them. Than the 'loafer,' the vagrant, the drunkard, uneducated or debased, whose passions are under no control and who is answerable to no public opinion, nothing can be more sad to the Christian or alarming to the statesman."

The Queen's Proclamation of 1858 proved a stumbling block in the way of Anglo-Indians. For, if all Her Majesty's subjects in India were to receive equality of treatment, Anglo-Indians who had remained loyal could not be singled out for reward, seeing that millions of Indians

had, like them, remained faithful. Thus although Lord Canning was among the first and the most ardent to acknowledge the vital services which the Community had rendered in the Mutiny, the Queen's Proclamation prevented him from initiating preferential legislation in their favour. He accepted the position that the British nation stood to them *in loco parentis*. He confessed that unreasoning prejudice and unfounded apprehensions had made Ishmaelites of them in the land of their birth, and had brought down on their devoted heads disqualification upon disqualification. Indeed, they had been no one's concern. Every man's hand had been against them. Canning felt that in all this there was a reproach the British must wipe out, a debt they had to pay, a reparation which they had to make, to Anglo-Indians. Whereas Lord Valentia had advised the wholesale deportation of them to England under ban never to return to India, Lord Canning hailed them as a valuable asset of the British Government. In the Mutiny had they not answered the Call of the Blood in deeds of heroism and valour, and sealed their sonship with the supreme sacrifice ?

This was regarding Anglo-Indians from an altogether unwonted view-point. Though

the Proclamation stood in the way of any preferential treatment of them by the Government, obviously a Christian nation would wish to offer thanks to Almighty God for deliverance from the enemy. What worthier form could it take than providing for the moral, intellectual, and spiritual welfare of Britain's children in India? If Canning could not confer communal privileges on them on behalf of the Govenment, at least he could lay it on the conscience of the ruling nation, that service done to the Anglo-Indian people would be a thanks-offering acceptable of God. He accordingly took counsel of Bishop Cotton, who at the State Thanksgiving at St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 28th July, 1860, preached a sermon in which he pleaded for an increased number of well-equipped schools on the hills for the education of boys and girls of British descent. As a result, the Diocesan Board of Education was instituted, and began to collect money which came in in generous donations.

Lord Canning was naturally not content that the British people and members of the Anglican Church alone should do their duty by Anglo-Indians. Admitting that the Government *qua* Government were by the Queen's Proclamation precluded from showing special favour to them, that was no reason why

privileges that had hitherto been restricted to Indians should not be extended to another class of Her Majesty's subjects. Since 1813 the education of the natives of the soil had been fostered by grants-in-aid ; but hitherto no financial assistance had been given to the self-supporting schools of the Anglo-Indian and Domiciled European population. The Viceroy undoubtedly had the cruel and unjust strictures of Lord Valentia in his mind when, in his Minute of October, 1860, he feelingly pleaded for fair play to Anglo-Indians :—" It might be long," said he in that memorable document, " before it (the Anglo-Indian Community) would grow to what would be called a class dangerous to the State, but very few years will make it, if neglected, a glaring reproach to the Government. . . . On the other hand, if cared for betimes, it will become a source of strength to British rule and of usefulness to India. The Eurasian class have a special claim upon us. The presence of a British Government has called them into being. They serve the Government in many respects more efficiently than the native can serve it, and more cheaply and more conveniently than the European can." Based upon these considerations was his decision to extend to European schools

the provisions of the grant-in-aid system obtaining in Indian schools.

Before Lord Canning could materialise his plans for the amelioration of the Anglo-Indian Community, his term of office expired in 1862 and he returned to England. His active co-adjutor, Bishop Cotton, died in 1866. Thus, as so often happens in India, a philanthropic public movement languished owing to the removal of those who had sponsored it. But already considerable funds had been collected for European schools, and to perpetuate the memory of the late Bishop additional donations and subscriptions were raised. With the money thus realised the existing schools in the hills were endowed, and at other places were opened new schools named after the recently deceased Prelate.

Between the years 1862 and 1876 India had no less than four Viceroys. Small wonder that continuity in the new policy towards Anglo-Indians received a set back and temporary interruption, and that interest flagged in their welfare. It was not till Lord Lytton became Viceroy that Lord Canning's concern in them was revived. He appointed Archdeacon Pratt to make a survey of European schools and education throughout India, and report on what should be done for

their improvement. In due time, on the 31st August, 1881, Lord Lytton wrote his celebrated Minute on which the Government of India passed its Resolution of the 18th October, 1881, making European Education a Department of Public Instruction. In it the political and economic situation of Anglo-Indians was thus sympathetically passed under review :—"The Governor-General-in-Council agrees in the conclusion come to by former Governments that the state of things revealed in the foregoing figures is from every point of view lamentable, and one which, if allowed to continue, will certainly be in the end (to use the words of Lord Canning) 'a glaring reproach to the Government.' It has been rightly said that one very special reason why Government cannot afford to ignore the growing up in India of an uninstructed European population is that in the case of the European his capacity for self-maintenance depends entirely upon the education he receives. He cannot support himself in this country by working as a day-labourer or by adopting the avocation of the native peasant. An uneducated European almost necessarily becomes an idle and profitless, and often a dangerous, member of the Community. On the other hand, it must be remembered that

he (or his English ancestor) was brought out to India originally to do work that could be done only by the European—a fact which gives him some claim to consideration. The climate is uncongenial to him, the cost of living is necessarily disproportionate to his means, and he is deprived at the same time of those educational opportunities which are now available at Home to even the poorest of the working class. In all these respects the European parent is placed at a disadvantage ; it thus becomes necessary for the Government to come to his assistance."

In giving effect to the policy inaugurated by this Resolution, in each major Province a whole-time officer was appointed Inspector of European schools, and provision was made in the Imperial and Provincial Budgets for the promotion and improvement of Anglo-Indian education. To a people whose political and economic well-being depends almost entirely upon their being provided with a sound, and even high, education, Lord Lytton rendered a truly great service.

In the opinion of military historians, the Mutiny failed largely because the sepoys had no capable leaders. The Nana Sahib and his minions were not soldiers. They had no genius for conducting a campaign, nor were

they versed in the methods of European warfare with which they were encountered. They were, therefore, unable to do justice to the excellent material they had in the revolting sepoys—men who had been trained by European officers, and who had fought battles under British commanders. Had it been otherwise—had the leaders of the insurrection been as efficient as the men they led—the issue of the Mutiny might have been very different from that which history records. Lacking skilled officers in their own communities, what if, as envisaged by Lord Valentia, they had found them in Anglo-Indians ? For the years of repression and contumely which had been their portion, what if these had joined in the rebellion ? Born of sires who had won India for England : of the same stock as the Gardners, the Skinners, the Hearseys, the Forsters, the de Hoxars, and the Van Courtlands, it would have been no difficult matter for them to supply the rebel forces with leaders, the absence of whom alone stood between the malcontents and victory. But (*Pace*, my Lord Valentia !) throughout the chequered history of their oppressed race, the loyalty of Anglo-Indians has never wavered or been suspect. In the ranks of the mutineers, according to Forbes Mitchell and others there

were disgruntled and soured Englishmen—but never an Anglo-Indian! To a man they threw in their lot with what must oft-times have seemed the losing side. Odds notwithstanding, they stood by the British, as true as tempered steel.

In view of these considerations there will be many who will contend that the smallness of the reward given to Anglo-Indians was incompatible with the magnitude of the services they had rendered. Let this be conceded. And yet, on the one hand, we can conceive the Government of Lord Canning explaining that with all the good will imaginable to make adequate return, their hands were so bound by the Queen's Proclamation that they could not follow their own inclinations in the matter. And, on the other hand,we can hear the Anglo-Indians of 1857 protesting that neither they nor their ancestors had ever made market-place bargains with their British kinsmen : that the simple truth was that they had heard the Call of the Blood, and that they had willingly and freely answered it. They were amply rewarded if they had added lustre to the best traditions of their fore-fathers. And today we rejoice in that fifty years later the self-same spirit animated their descendants, who in the late Great War gave to the British

arms a larger percentage of manhood than any other race in the Empire. And we are confident, come what may in the days to follow Anglo-Indians will unfailingly prove that

The blood a hero sire hath spent
Still nerves a hero son.

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And now—

The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit

My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,—

Would it were worthier.

GLOSSARY

Ayah—child's Indian nurse.
Batta—gratuity while on active military service
Bearer—Indian valet.
Bhang—an intoxicating leaf.
Bibighur—women's appartments, or wife's house.
Budmash—scoundrel, hooligan.
Buggy—a gig with a hood.
Chabootra—a masonry roofless platform attached to a house or set in the garden.
Chapati—thin discs of unleavened bread.
Chaprasi—peon, carrier of letters.
Chatty—earthen pot for storing water.
Compound—area round a house and belonging to it.
Dak Bungalow—travellers' rest house.
Dak gari—mail, or stage, coach.
Dal—lentil, pulse.
Dewalee—the festival of the worship of the Hindu goddess Kali.
Daroga—head constable of police.
Dooly—a swing cot, litter.
Firinghi or *Firinghee*—generic name for Europeans.

Ghat—landing place consisting of masonry steps leading to the water of a tank or river.

Ghee—butter boiled and then set to cool before being used in cooking.

Goojurs or *Gujars*—a criminal tribe of the United Provinces.

Havaldar—a native officer holding the rank corresponding to a Lieutenant.

Jhow or *Jhau*—a shrub used for fuel or thatching.

Kafir—applied by Muhammadans to non-Muhammadans. Compare "Gentile".

Khalasi—a tent-pitcher, or hauling-man.

Maidan—an open plain covered with turf.

Maulvi—an expounder of Muhammadan Law, or a teacher of Urdu, Persian, or Arabic.

Munshi—a lower grade teacher of Persian or Urdu.

Nullah—a stream usually narrow and dry in summer.

Neel—indigo; hence, blue.

Palki—a kind of sedan chair borne on the shoulders of its carriers.

Pucca—made of kiln bricks and motar; hence anything firm and sound; genuine.

Punkha—a fan made of cloth stretched on a rectangular frame, or of a frill or mat depending from a pole along its length. It is suspended from the roof, and by being swung to and fro by a rope pulled by a man, it creates a breeze.

Sahib—a gentleman; usually applied by Indians to Europeans, or to their own *elite*.

Surahi—a goblet made of clay.

Taluk—a landed estate.

Talukdar—a landed proprietor.

Taykhana (or more correctly *Tahkhana*)—an underground room used as shelter from the heat of the day, or as a place of safety or concealment.

Tulwar—sword or sabre.

Verandah—a pillared balcony surrounding a house.

Zemindar—large land-owner.