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John Laird Mair Lawrence,

A VICEROY OF INDIA.

BY

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A VICEROY OF INDIA:

BARON LAWRENCE.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE
SIR JOHN LAIRD MAIR LAWRENCE, G.C.B.,
G.C.S.I., P.C., D.C.L., L.L.D.,

*Of the Punjab, and of Grately, in the County of Southampton,
in the Peerage of the United Kingdom,
and a Baronet.*



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CHAPTER I.

John Lawrence's birth, parentage, school life, college life
at Haileybury—Policy of the East India Company—
Arrival in Calcutta—History of Delhi.

"O the hard lot of those, not only of those who
govern, but even of those who save the republic."

Cicero's Orations, II. against Catiline.

JOHN Laird Mair Lawrence was born at
Richmond in Yorkshire, on the 4th March,
1811. He was a son of Col. Alexander
Lawrence and his wife Letitia Catherine
Lawrence, whose maiden name was Knox.

Alexander Lawrence became an orphan at
the tender age of ten; he resided humbly at the
small dull town of Coleraine, in the province of
Ulster. At seventeen years of age Alexander
abruptly left his sisters, who had undertaken the
charge of him at Coleraine, and not waiting for a
commission, quitted Ireland for India as a
Volunteer. Alexander was ever a child of
misfortune, and after a life spent in hardships and
disappointments, eventually died at Clifton.

John Lawrence was by descent Irish-Scotch;
his mother claiming to have sprung from John
Knox the Reformer; not a very amiable or

gracious ancestor to cling to, if Mary Queen of Scots and her polished courtiers, heard the sermons of the enthusiastic, virulent and abusive Reformer correctly.

In the year 1817, John's three elder brothers, Alexander, George, and Henry returned home from Foyle Free Grammar School, at Londonderry, and he accompanied them to school at Mr. Gough's, College Green, Bristol. A rough, severe scholastic establishment. But John was not destined to remain long at an English school; for having an uncle (a Knox) at Foyle College, and his father's means being very limited, he was placed under his uncle's care.

At Foyle College, John was a school-fellow of Robert Montgomery (Sir Robert Montgomery) so distinguished in after life, and John's colleague in the Punjaub. At this College he exhibited no taste for learning, nor any special qualification for his future career. Again John's school was changed, and he found himself placed at Wraxhall, in North Wiltshire, and Robert Montgomery was his school-fellow for the second time.

But now an eventful period in John's life commenced; Mr. John Huddleston, a friend of the Lawrence family, and a Director of the East India Company, nominated him to a writership on the Bengal establishment. Having passed a preliminary examination, John entered the East

India College at Haileybury, and remained there two years; here he showed himself not over fond of study, but we must not imagine that he was noted for idleness, his course was a negative one. Donald Macleod (Sir Donald Macleod) was his fellow student; in later years he also worked with him in the Punjaub, and was his comfort and support in the dark days of 1857, when English rule in the East, seemed to be crumbling to dust.

John finished his studies at Haileybury, on the 28th May, 1829, and was ready for his Indian exile.

John Lawrence presented an untidy appearance; he was awkward and boorish, and was solitary in his goings out and comings in; his manner however was pleasant if not altogether sincere. He had not much conversation, except as he gleaned it in India, when launched into the world. His strong point was work, not idle talk.

Whilst John is preparing his Indian outfit, and arranging to sail for Calcutta, we will say a few words regarding his future masters, the East India Company. This Company is now a wonder of the past; it was formed for the special purpose of trading with the East Indies, prospered and gave large dividends. Goods when landed in India required factories in which to stow them, and the factories needed guards; so native soldiers were enlisted for the duty.

The government of the Great Mogul, who lolled away his time at Delhi, became weaker day by day. Native officials without control increased in insolence, they quarrelled with the officials of the East India Company. More soldiers were enlisted in India, and troops were sent out from England. A genius arose in Clive; the battle of Plassy was fought in 1757, and the rich province of Bengal passed into the hands of the East India Company by conquest.

Thus the Company crept on, always shivering in Leadenhall Street at the name of conquest, as it apprehended lessened dividends as the result; but still ever advancing and building up an Empire, whose foundation rested on sand, viz: its Native Army. One hundred years after Clive's victory, the whole fabric melted away in a single day. Yet all were lavish in their praises of this phantom, and the Court of Directors accepted with smiling countenances, the most abject flattery regarding it.

The seeds of dissolution were nurtured in the heart of the Company. Too few English troops were kept up, they were so costly; thus the guardianship of an Empire was entrusted to a Native army; it was cheaper than an English one, and this spirit of economy was well in accord with the feelings of a mercantile body. Whilst it lasted, the East India Company proved itself to be a noble, just

and kind master ; it raised up and kept faithful to their duties a body of distinguished Englishmen, who otherwise might have remained in indigence and obscurity in England.

But we must now return to John Lawrence, who landed in Calcutta with his brother Henry, on the 9th February, 1830. During the voyage he suffered much from sea sickness ; Henry was in bad health, he had been sent to England from India to recruit his strength, and had not yet recovered from the taint of fever, which for years lingered in his system.

In Calcutta, John was dissatisfied and despairing. But at length arrived the day of freedom from the swamps around Calcutta, and the enervating air of the town ; and John started in a *palanquin* for Delhi, to which place he had been appointed as Assistant Commissioner.

Henry had meantime reached Kurnal, a military station, about 75 miles north west of Delhi ; and was posted to a company of Foot Artillery.*

Imperial Delhi is the goal of Hindostan, to which all would-be conquerors press on ; whether they come from the North, South, East or West. Thousands of soldiers have fallen in its attack and defence, because its possession is considered the test of sovereignty. As many of our readers may

*NOTE.—We are indebted to Bosworth-Smith for a few of the facts of John Lawrence's early life, vide "Life of Lord Lawrence," which we strongly recommend to the public,

be aware, the Mogul rule was a foreign one in Hindostan; it was powerful in proportion as it was supported strongly, or weakly, by troops from Central Asia. The Mahometan religion is a stranger in India, whose inhabitants generally speaking, profess Hindooism.

The Emperor Acbar first welded the discordant elements of Government together; partly by conquest, partly by a conciliatory policy. But the successors of Acbar, though Imperial for a time, were grievously hampered by family feuds, before an Emperor outdistanced all competitors for the throne.

Jehangir, Shah Jehan, Aurungzeb, and Bahadur Shah ruled with royal sway. But evil days crept gradually on; the rulers of distant provinces aimed at independence, and secured it too often for Imperial unity.

People in India very rapidly acquire a distinctive character in dress, appearance and religion; and it is truly marvellous how the Mahratta powers sprung up, overran and conquered whole tracts of country in Central and North Western India. They were in their turn partially vanquished, but in the end founded the States of Gwalior, Berar, Indore, Baroda, and Poonah. However a network of independent, Hindoo States survived throughout Rajpootana. The Nizam of Hyderabad, and the King of Oude, who were both Mahometan

sovereigns, also escaped the domination of the Mahrattas.

It was the Mahratta conquests, which first brought the English to Delhi. Whilst Sir A. Wellesley dealt his blows on this nation in Central India, in the battles of Assaye, September the 23rd, 1803, and Argaum, November the 29th, Lord Lake was commissioned to expel the Mahrattas, who held the Great Mogul in chains in North Western India. He marched to Muttra, sadly in want of funds and supplies; there was no choice but to advance and conquer, no retreat could be made; so the battle of Delhi was fought in 1803, at Put-put-gung on the banks of the river Jumna, to the east of the city of Delhi, and the English became virtual masters of Hindostan.

But the old panic was at the heart of the East India Company, it trembled for its dividends; and Lord Lake gave away *Jageers*, (revenue paying estates) with a lavish hand to a useless set of fellows, who studded the country to the south and south-west of Delhi, and sowed it with intrigue and disorder; for it was said that the English did not care to advance beyond the Jumna. Homage was again paid to the old Mogul; he was seated on his throne, granted a liberal allowance, and proclaimed supreme within his palace walls, a small city we may call it within the City of Delhi, holding about 20,000 people.

A Resident of Delhi was appointed with a staff of English assistants, to govern the country which remained, after the estates above mentioned had been cut out of it. The Resident had control, more or less, up to the banks of the River Sutlej; the object being to prevent Maharajah Runjeet Singh from absorbing the territory of the *Chiefs of the Cis-Sutlej States; Puteeah, Nabba and Jheend. This he longed to do, and would have done, had not the Resident of Delhi put down his foot as firm as a rock, with a significant hint of, "choose between peace or war."

We have thus endeavoured to throw some light on the sphere, where John Lawrence was destined to toil, heart and soul for the next 12 or 13 years of his life.

The Delhi territory was what is styled a "non-Regulation Province." The spirit of the Regulations was looked to, not the letter. It would have been unsuitable to the people to apply our civil and criminal law too strictly to them, and it was a great advantage to John Lawrence that such was the case; for he was never a man to quibble. When his time arrived for the control of the Jullundur Doab, he knew what was essential, and had all necessary details at his finger ends.

We have mentioned that Henry Lawrence had

*NOTE.—There were nearly 100 minor chiefs and ten times as many petty land-holders in the Cis-Sutlej States.

gone on to Kurnal, situated on the southern border of the Cis Sutlej States; where he was in a few years to play such an honorable and stirring part.

Thus the two brothers were guided to posts best suited to their capacities, and obtained an official training, without which the burden of Government might have proved too weighty, for their strong and willing shoulders.

John Lawrence entered the Imperial City of Delhi, from the east, and would cross from the left bank of the river Jumna, to the right on which the City stands. John added another name to the numerous host of penniless adventurers, who have sought for fortune and fame in the East, and found it.

*Modern Delhi was at first only the encamping ground of the army of the Emperor Shah Jehan; the principal bazaar attached to it ran at right angles to the Lahore Gate. It grew into a street of well merited renown, known throughout the world as Silver Street. The space selected for this standing camp was protected by walls, towers and a deep ditch. As time wore on, the marked characteristics of a standing camp disappeared; street after street, mosque after mosque supplanted

*NOTE.—Some say that the name of Delhi may be traced to Dahaloo Rajah of Kanouj, others that the soil about Delhi being soft and unable to retain tent-pegs firmly in it, led to the name being given it.

more humble dwellings. They were soon thrown into the shade, by imperial parks and palaces.

An abundant supply of good water is most essential to the health, and comfort of the inhabitants of a large town in the East. Delhi was most fortunate in this respect; the Fyz Canal fully answered all her requirements, pure fresh water ever flowed through the City, and was at the disposal of rich and poor alike.

This Canal was first constructed by Sooltan Ferozeshah Ghilzee, in 1251, A.D. It leaves the Jumna at Khizerabad, in the Umballah district. It was in the first instance made as far as Safidan, a royal hunting ground in those days. For years it was neglected, but the Emperor Acbar ordered it to be cleaned out in 1561, A.D., and called it the Sha-ab Canal. It however again fell into bad repair, but having been taken in hand by the Emperor Shah Jehan, was continued from Safidan to Delhi.

The character of the tribes in the vicinity of Delhi was very turbulent; their depredations and predatory habits were considerably facilitated by the ravines, which surrounding the city, acted as channels to carry off the torrents of rain, which rush down from the range of hills in its vicinity.

After Lord Lake's capture of Delhi, the fortifications were improved and strengthened, as deemed necessary, by the application of British

skill and science. Thus the plundering propensities of these turbulent tribes were checked, as far as the city was concerned; but beyond the walls they were but indifferent subjects.

The City of Delhi is spread out before us as we look westward, and breathes of Imperialism, of wealth and power. The minarets of numerous mosques relieve the outline; Selimghurh, and the Palace where the puppet Emperor Acbar Shah resides, are prominent objects of architectural beauty, and are full of historical interest. What crimes, what treachery, what murders, what plots, what fratricides, what wholesale slaughter have not the walls before us seen!

*It was in the Royal Palace in March 1739, A.D., that the miserable Mahomet Shah sat one night, with the fierce Nadir Shah of Persia, and listened to the singing of the choice performers of Delhi. In an evil moment a number of men, dressed as European soldiers, discharged their muskets in sport; Nadir Shah fearful of treachery, jumped up and cried out, "There's false play!"

Mahomet Shah courteously restrained the northern warrior, remarking:—

"It's sport!"

The amusement proceeded; but the reports of the muskets were heard beyond the palace walls. The city people were not slow in spreading a

*See "Nirgis and Bismillah," Hafiz Allard.

report, that Nadir Shah had been killed; the property of the invaders was at once plundered in all parts of the city, and the greatest confusion ensued.

When morning dawned, thousands of half clothed Moguls came under the windows of the palace, and standing on the banks of the Jumna, they shouted:—

“If our King is alive, let him speedily show himself!”

Nadir Shah dressed himself in red, and proceeding into the city, ascended the steps of the Black Mosque, and there drew his sword. The work of †slaughter commenced and was not stayed until Nizam-ool-Moolk, a person of great weight and influence, conspicuous for his striking personal appearance and fine flowing beard, came close up to Nadir Shah, and cried out:—

“If you are a King, pardon! If you are a merchant, sell! If you are a butcher, kill!”

Mahomet Shah, also coming to the rescue of his subjects, is said to have repeated the following verse:

“Open your eyes, and as an example regard the Power of God; my way of life will then be auspicious.”

*NOTE.—It was at one of these very windows that Bahadur Shah “stood at the dawn of that fatal 11th May, 1857, to hear the vows of allegiance from the mutineer troopers as they stood in the dry fosse below.” See “Men and Events of my time in India,” Sir R. Temple.

†NOTE.—About 8,000 people were slaughtered at this time.

Not far from the city, we could point out the chamber in the garden-house of Heider Abad, where Prince Dara Sheko was attacked, and murdered in 1659, A.D., by order of his brother, the Emperor Aurungzeb, as he was boiling lentils for his humble fare; hoping thus to escape death by poison, but never dreaming that his brother would resort to cold blooded murder.

In peaceful days, melons of rare flavor are grown on the banks of the Jumna, after the inundations in the rainy season. The river flows on calm and tranquil; it has often varied its course, but has never been able to join its sister Ganges until it reaches Allahabad, then they flow on to the ocean together and mingle with the vast, black, inscrutable flood.

To the north, the land rises into the dark, red colored, small range of hills called "The Ridge;" so famous in after years, which gave a coronet to John Lawrence.


If we can spare a few minutes, to mount the wall of the Royal garden to the east, and glance towards the south, we shall see the Kootub Pillar and the tomb of Humayoon; below which the Jumna used to flow.* The river would be crossed, the city entered through one of its numerous gateways, and John Lawrence found a resting place, where he labored for many years of his life.

*NOTE — When the Mutiny of 1857 broke out, a bridge of boats connected the eastern and western banks of the river Jumna and the mutineers crossing the bridge entered the city of Delhi.

CHAPTER II.

Service in the Delhi Division.

"Constantine was not insensible to the ambition of founding a city which might perpetuate the glory of his own name."—*The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Gibbon, vol. III., page 3.

AWRENCE arrived in Delhi early in 1831, and was appointed Assistant of the district of that name, where he remained working earnestly, hard and steadily for four years. At this time he lived with the English chaplain, Mr. Everest. Most of the assistants were quartered at the Residency; Thomas Theophilus Metcalfe was the Resident during this period, but the appointment was fast losing its pristine glory.

It must be recollected that the Delhi territory had now been under British rule for about twenty-seven years, and many very able men had served in it. Therefore we cannot in the strain of excessive eulogy give John Lawrence more than the praise which is due to him. There was no disorder in the Delhi district when he joined it, and he probably left it very much as he found it. The wave soon dashes over the head of a retiring

official, to welcome the official entering on his duties on the crest of the incoming tide.

One of the weaknesses of Anglo-Indians is the belief, that all was confusion before their arrival, but that now, with "Your honor's firm rule the lion and the kid may live in peace together, and the poor black man may sleep secure from the midnight robber."

Doubtless Delhi required a good firm hand over it, and must have been full of men ready for mischief, who had ridden with plundering chiefs over half India. Some of these men may have belonged in former days to the body of twenty thousand horsemen, at whose head, *Cheetoo the famous Pindara chieftain used to scour the country, to the great discomfiture of the English under Sir John Malcolm.

As we have said Lawrence lived quietly with the chaplain on his arrival in Delhi. He was ever on horseback always riding very fast, and was accompanied by his favourite dogs. He would have to traverse all quarters of the city, as his duty was to look after the police.

When he was assistant he must frequently have alighted at the Chief Police office or Kotwalee; it was situated in Silver Street and had an open space in front of it. Here it was that in later years, the bodies of the three Princes slain by Hodson were

*See Note at the end of the Chapter.

exposed. On the right as you entered the courtyard, stood the Black Mosque, to which we have already alluded in connection with Nadir Shah.

Lawrence would also often have seen the Great Mosque or Jumna Musjid, the ornament and pride of the city, built by the Emperor Shah Jehan at a cost of £100,000. It took 5,000 workmen six years to erect, and was constructed on colossal proportions; it is well raised on a platform which is ascended by a flight of steps. When finished the Emperor asked his subservient courtiers for their opinion as to the ornament. With the voice of flattery, all with but one exception, pronounced it perfect. For the Persian proverb says :

“If at noon-day the king asserts that it is midnight, you are to say, behold the moon and the stars ! ”

One of the royal princes however, pointed out that the mosque commanded the palace. The Emperor's ready reply to this far seeing scion of his house was this :

“When the empire is so enfeebled that an enemy occupies the Jumna Musjid, never mind about the palace.”

The main entrance gateway of the palace looked down Silver Street, through the centre of

*NOTE.—See “Nirgis, a tale of the Indian Mutiny,” by Hafiz Allard.

which a stone channel ran, filled with water from the canal.

Native manners and customs would have been observed with interest by one so recently come from England as Lawrence was, and nowhere could he have seen them to greater perfection than in Silver Street.

Near the palace fine carriages would have been drawn up on the glacis, decked out with their crimson curtains, green chicks or blinds to keep out the flies (for which Delhi is famous), and drawn by large Nagore bullocks; ready at a moment's notice, if the inmates of the palace desired to take a pleasure trip. The dandies of Silver Street would have been seen in the early morning, but more especially in the evening. They were distinguished by their jaunty air, golden caps and fine muslin dresses; for in the olden day a native however poor, loved to keep an embroidered cap and nice white muslin dress in store, so that he might take a stroll as a gentleman through the fashionable quarters of the city, after the labors of the day were ended.

A lounge through the palace for court news, a chat with a friend in Silver Street, a sniff or two at the choice perfumes of the far famed shops of the Dariba, a prayer or so on the fine elevated platform of the Jumna Musjid, a look or two at the crowd of ponies at the steps of the Mosque to

suit the convenience of travellers to all parts of the world, a stroll into the Chitli Tomb, and then home through Red Well Street; these were the evening recreations of a Delhi man.

Silver Street would not however have been given up to the dandies; people from all parts of India would have been seen there, dark and fair men; men dressed to perfection and men in but little more than the garb of nature. Women carefully veiled, and women with but scanty covering; provided the mouth be concealed modestly and propriety are satisfied. The water carrier plies his trade with his huge skin of water slung on a bullock, and a Jain might be seen here and there, with a cloth over his mouth to prevent his swallowing an insect forefather by mistake.

Elephants, camels, horses, bullock carriages all push along; constant is the warning of the bell hung on to the elephant's trappings, and the cry of the running footmen:

“Save yourself, oh save!”

Occasionally a negro might have been detected, one of those born in the palace; but birth in royal quarters could not change his hereditary color, lips, or crisp curling hair.

Silver Street would have been full of merchandise; the grain market was always well supplied with grain in heaps before the open shops. The stuff merchants would display their materials

of varied hues. Flowers and fruit in profusion added to the brilliancy of the scene, their bright colors vieing with the artificial tints, imparted to the brocades and silks by the skill and cunning of men.

Although Lawrence's duties in earlier days would not have taken him into the palace, he may have entered it in the suite of the English Agent, or for a reception of a Governor General. But later on, when he acted as Agent himself, he would have taken part in, and witnessed everything that went on there.

The palace was built in 1638, A.D., by Shah Jehan at the cost of £1,000,000. Its length is 3,000 feet, its breadth 1,800 feet, and its walls are 25 feet high. An Italian is said to have been the architect, and he left a specimen of beautiful mosaic work in the Dewan Am; a picture of Orpheus. Perhaps he learnt his art in the great Papal Mosaic works in the Vatican at Rome.

We will imagine that it is a grand day of ceremony, and take the opportunity of accompanying Lawrence into the inner precincts of the palace. Having entered the gateway and crossed the court, we enter a fine solidly built corridor with a double story and chaste vaulted roof; the court shopkeepers and traders there display their goods. We pass through a square yard of considerable extent, from which there is an entrance through a fine gateway into the square

which contains the Dewan Am, or Court of Public Assembly. But we are going to the Dewan Khas or Special Court of Assembly, a beautiful edifice built on a raised stone platform; the walls are of pure white marble and the interior of it is carefully and elaborately adorned with precious stones, which have been inlaid so as to imitate wreaths of flowers. It was here that the Emperor's court was always held.

We reach at length the Red Purdah; here etiquette laid down that a salaam must be made, also another before the throne.

The preliminaries of the court have been arranged. We observe in passing that the master of the royal elephants has marshalled them in order, in the courtyard of the Dewan Khas. They have been painted black, and ornamented with lines of red on their foreheads. Their trappings are very gay, silver bells hang about them, and white cow tails are suspended from their ears like great whiskers. Mala Buksh, a favorite elephant is very conspicuous; he will make a salaam when Acbar Shah appears. The master of the horse has also arranged his richly caparisoned steeds in the same court. The criers, mace-bearers, eunuchs, negroes and bearers have all taken their places.

The throne is in its proper place, gorgeous and gay; but it does not equal in value the peacock

throne which Nadir Shah carried off; that was worth £1,000,000, this one only £40,000. The royal princes are allowed to sit in the presence of the Emperor, they are already in their places.

As Acbar Shah seats himself on his throne, the criers raise their voices :

“Oh Emperor! Refuge of the World! may safety be yours; may your friends prosper and your enemies be exterminated!”

To which the chorus answers:

“May your pleasures last for ever! I have realised my heart’s desire!”

“The singer prays for blessings! May they be poured out freely! May the sounds of music be auspicious!”

All have their *nuzzurs* or gifts ready; the Agent for the Governor General presents one hundred and one *gold mohurs; other Europeans from four to five gold mohurs. The return presents will be seven gold pieces and three jewels to the Agent to Government; and three or five pieces and two jewels respectively to others, according to rank.

The European officials present their *nuzzurs*, and are then carried away to the treasury to be clothed in dresses of honor. The Agent is decked out in a jacket covered with golden spangles, with cloth of gold sleeves. The European officials having

*Value £1 12s. 0d., or £1 14s. 0d. according to the rate of exchange.

been again presented, make their thankofferings of two gold mohurs each. How queer and out of place these gentlemen look! Some have sticks given them to lean on!

The mace-bearer warns all to keep in line, a blow on his toes is the reward of any man, who advances a pace too far forward.

In this manner was the tom-foolery of the puppet court kept up. In 1831 it was in full play, and it remained so until the time of Lord Ellenborough, who finally snuffed out these ridiculous ceremonials. Governor Generals used to appear before the Great Mogul, and make themselves objects for the sarcasm and sneers of the sharp Delhi tongues.

When Lord Lake rescued Shah Alum, the blind Emperor from the hands of the Mahrattas, he found him in his palace, **“oppressed by the accumulated calamities of old age, degraded authority, extreme poverty, and loss of sight; seated under a small tattered canopy, the remnant of his royal state, and with every external appearance of the misery of his condition.”*

The English made the mistake of establishing a mock Court for the Great Mogul; puppet life could hardly draw its breath for some years but the magic wand of Rebellion eventually infused

*NOTE—“Mills British India.”

life, though not vigor into dry palace bones, and we had to pay dearly for our mistake in 1857.

Could anyone mount the steps of the Flagstaff tower, situated on the low ridge of hills to the north of Delhi, and look yet further northwards, he would see the level district of Paniput, where John Lawrence was destined to spend two years after leaving the Delhi district. It is bounded on the east by the river Jumna, a canal runs through portions of it, and it has been more than once the battle field of India.

Now look south; there the city of Delhi is laid out like a bright ruby on the plain below, with its palaces, its walls, its mosques and its thousands of inhabitants of mixed blood, of various races, of different religions. But look again towards the south beyond the city walls, beyond the ruined tombs, mounds and mosques, which are scattered about in such confusion and disorder, and you will see the Kootub pillar standing out boldly as a landmark. Yet farther south you will catch a glimpse of the limits of the Goorgaon district, where John Lawrence passed two years before he was moved to Etawa.

The Goorgaon district is traversed by low ranges of hills, of the same character as those, which cling round the city of Delhi. They give shelter to the predatory Meos, and it was under cover of one of the ravines, that the cunning, fleet

of foot, Unyah Meo dwelt, who assisted Wassail Khan to murder William Fraser, the Commissioner of Delhi in 1835. We shall again allude to this very remarkable crime, which led to the arrest, conviction and execution of the Nawab of Ferozepoor, who dwelt in a pleasant country far to the south, close to Unyah Meo's home.

The best cultivators of the Delhi territory are the Jats; a quiet, fairish, strong and industrious race of people said to be of Scythian origin. They hold the most productive lands along the banks of the Jumna, and also in the Rhotuck district.

Besides the Jats, we also have as agriculturists Aheers, plundering Goorjurs, Rajpoots, Rangharhs (converted Hindoos), Meenas, Meos and other mixed classes.

With a strong will and tight just hand, the people of the Delhi territory are not difficult to govern; if it is well understood that the English Government is strong. Here is the secret; it is to be read in the faces of our fair haired, fair skinned English soldiers, the sons, brothers and sweethearts of our English matrons and girls, who are born and bred in happy England.

As the Native wrote during the dark days of 1857:

"White wheat is scarce, black wheat is everywhere!"

The time spent by John Lawrence in India up to

1840 was uneventful, and he did not make any special mark in the Civil Service. Even the Settlements of Land Revenue, which he drew up were many of them too high, they broke down and were revised by George Barnes. This however was attributable in some measure to bad seasons, caused by the failure of the periodical rains.

It was said, "John Lawrence is better as a Magistrate than as a Revenue Officer."

But a burnt child fears the fire, and Lawrence having gained experience, avoided a similar error when he arrived at maturer years.

We will now visit England and revel in its damp, clouds and green fields, which Englishmen who have never left their native country frequently do not appreciate, but which are so beneficial to the health of an Indian official, after the intense heat and perpetual glare of the sun in Hindostan.



*NOTE.—Cheetoo the Pindara chieftain. “His end was tragical and singular and deserves to be recorded. Having joined Apa Saheb, he passed the rainy season of 1818, in the mountainous heights of the Mohadeo range; and upon that chief's expulsion in February 1819, accompanied him to the Fort of Aseergurh. Being refused admittance, he sought shelter in the neighbouring jungle, and on horseback and alone, attempted to penetrate a thick cover known to be infested with tigers. He was missed for some days after, and no one knew what had become of him. His horse was at last discovered grazing near the margin of the forest, saddled and bridled, and exactly in the state in which it was when Cheetoo had last been seen upon it. Upon search, a bag of two hundred and fifty rupees was found in the saddle; and several seal rings, with some letters of Apa Saheb, promising future reward, served more completely to fix the identity of the horse's late master. These circumstances, combined with the known resort of tigers to the spot, induced a search for the body, when, at no great distance, some clothes, clotted with blood, and, further on, fragments of bones, and at last the Pindara's head entire, with the features in a state to be recognised, were successively discovered. The chief's mangled remains were given over to his son for interment, and the miserable fate of one, who so shortly before had ridden at the head of twenty thousand horse, gave an awful lesson of the uncertainty of fortune, and drew pity even from those who had been the victims of his barbarity when living.”—*History, &c., by Toby Prinsep.*

CHAPTER III.

Lawrence's return to England—Marriage and return to India *via* Bombay,

“With us these changes are brought about by a thousand different methods; education, affliction, illness, change of position in life, a happy marriage, a new field of usefulness.”

Christian Institutions—Stanley.



ON John Lawrence's arrival in England, he visited Clifton. His mother was still alive, but his father had died in May 1835; there were also other family blanks which we need not enumerate.

The Anglo-Indian when in Hindostan is constantly living in a “vain shadow”; the brain draws out visions of happy meetings after a ten years absence; how different is the reality! Those who have been so dear to us have passed away into the silent grave, and friends of whom we have thought so frequently have grown cold and forgotten us, and only greet us with the words:

“Ah yes, I believe I do recollect you,”

Then we cease to trust to imagination any more, and turn to the fresh flowers which are in bright bloom.

Such a flower John Lawrence found in Ireland, in County Donegal, during a tour that he made to revisit his old haunt Foyle College. Harriette Katherine Hamilton, was the daughter of the Rev. Richard Hamilton, rector and vicar of the parish of Culdaff and Cloncha, Co. Donegal. John Lawrence was married to her on the 26th August, 1841. Harriette was a fair haired, quiet, unsophisticated Irish girl; and the day of the marriage may be considered the turning point in John's life. He gradually emerged from the Bohemian chrysalis state in which he had almost been lost, and took up a fair social position; conforming to the proprieties of life, from which both Henry and John were always prone to break loose.

As an Artillery officer remarked to us with regard to Henry:

"I never thought Henry Lawrence would have risen so high, he was always so very untidy."

There was of course a honeymoon trip abroad for the newly married couple, with all the discomforts of bridal travelling; but time passes rapidly in Europe, too fast for an Anglo-Indian to run out the sands of the hour glass, and John had

to make ready for a return to India. He was seriously ill before he started, and then came the depressing news of the Cabul disaster with all its humiliating offshoots. George Lawrence, who had been Military Secretary to Sir William Macnaghten, (the Resident at Cabul, who was killed,) was a prisoner and could hardly hope to be alive from day to day.

John Lawrence and his wife arrived at Bombay on the 14th November, 1842; he was then officially almost unknown and unappreciated. The reason we take it, was mainly due to the fact that Lawrence's training had not been in English correspondence, which in India is the road to rapid advancement. To hold sound opinions, and to be able to put the ideas of superiors on paper so as to meet their wishes, is a mainspring of success. But the spring will soon be discovered, and will flow either through John's pen or that of a pliant secretary.

From Bombay John made his way with his wife under very great personal discomfort to Allahabad, *via* Poona, Aurungabad and Nagpore, and so on to Delhi; where by the kindness of Sir Robert Hamilton he had been appointed as Judge, and eventually he settled down as Collector and Magistrate of Delhi; from which city he was destined to set out for his first important official post.

We must now face the Cabul disaster, and try to explain how English rulers could have been guilty of the folly of meddling with Afghanistan ; when the Punjab, bristling with soldiers (controlled it is true by Runjeet Singh, who was fast hastening to his funeral pyre), lay between the boundaries of British Territory and Afghanistan, the frontiers of which varied from hour to hour.

But a fatal policy was resolved upon, and a great calamity shook our Indian Empire to its very foundations. The root of this political plague spot was centred in England. A vague idea, and undefined dread had taken possession of the brains of our rulers, that some great danger to English supremacy lurked in Afghanistan.

Just now, the Home Rule phantom haunts the minds of W. E. Gladstone and his followers, night and day. It is the lying spirit of the prophet of old.

As far as John Lawrence was concerned, he did not get clear of this Afghan question until the day of his death ; and the papers he wrote last on this subject must have been to him the bitterest of his life, written as they were in failing health, with eyesight sadly impaired. But duty to his country was always paramount with John Lawrence.

“I do not think anything of a man, who receives Government pay and neglects his duties ;” were the words one often heard him say.

But we feel that our readers ought to hear more about Afghanistan, we therefore reserve a special chapter to a not very pleasing episode for an Englishman to write about, comment on, or expose to public notice, after so many years have passed. But the warnings of History are the landmarks of safety for future politicians.




CHAPTER IV.

Sketch of the Ameer of Afghanistan, Dost Mahomet Khan.

"One is struck with the intelligence, knowledge, and curiosity which he displays, as well as his accomplished manners and address. He is doubtless the most powerful chief in Afghanistan, and may yet raise himself by his abilities to a much greater rank in his native country."

Travels into Bokhara, Burnes, vol. II.

OST Mahomet Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan, was a man to whom fortune weighed out from her scales, evil days and prosperous days; but he died full of years, sitting on his throne to which he had in earlier times cut his way by the assassin's knife, and the more honorable weapon the sword.

Though he did not belong to the reigning Royal Family, he was of a clan which assimilated to it; whilst the Dost was of the Barukzye clan, the Royal descent was reckoned through the Suddozye family. The father of the Dost was *Poyndah Khan, a favorite Minister and soldier of the court of Timour Shah, who fell into disfavor during the

*NOTE—See "War in Afghanistan," by Kaye.

reign of the succeeding monarch Zemaun Shah ; plotted against his sovereign and perished.

This Poyndah Khan left twenty-one sons, of whom Futteh Khan was the eldest ; he signally avenged his father's death by throwing his power and influence on the side of Zemaun Shah's younger brother, Prince Mahmoud. He induced him to leave Persia with a mere handful of troops, and with only 3,000 horsemen they took Candahar ; Zemaun Shah being absent at that time in an expedition to Hindostan.

On his return they defeated his army, took him prisoner, and after the fashion of those barbarous nations put his eyes out. Futteh Khan was made Vizir, but he eventually met with one of the most savage deaths ever recorded on the page of history.

In his turn he had his sight taken from him, and he was also scalped, having fallen under the displeasure of his royal Master ; and as after this cruel treatment he still refused to betray his brothers, he was literally hacked to pieces in the very presence of Mahmoud Shah.

Dost Mahomet was one of Poyndah Shah's younger sons, and commenced life as a sweeper of the temple of Lamech, the father of the patriarch Noah. He owed his rapid rise to the notice taken of him by his eldest brother, Futteh Khan. After a great deal of fighting and

treachery, for where there is an Afghan the latter element is never absent, the Dost was recognised as chief ruler of Afghanistan. He became a chief amongst chiefs, who were willing to drop their mutual jealousies and secure a Government, but not to pay any considerable tribute or revenue.

Thus the Dost remained poor and needy, and could barely keep up a badly equipped army. The vigor of Maharajah Runjeet Singh had driven the Afghans from Cashmeer, Peshawar, and the Derajat; so the Dost was forced to reign within curtailed limits, and with lessened revenue.

The ex-Royal Family of Afghanistan took refuge with Runjeet Singh, and it was during one of the sojourns of *Shah Soojah in the Punjab, that the cunning Maharajah possessed himself of the famous Koh-i-noor diamond, promising to give Shah Soojah a large *jagheer* or estate in return for it. This part of the bargain he saw fit to forget, and further plundered the Shah.

The ex-Royal Family eventually found a more secure asylum at Loodianah, within British Territory for themselves and their jewels.

Although the dominion of the Dost belonged once to the Great Mogul of Delhi, as well as the Punjab, there now appeared to be no chance of re-union; for the Afghan country was poor, rocky

*NOTE—Shah Soojah was brother of the blind Shah Zemaun.

and full of turbulent fighting clans. There was no profit in a conquest of this nature.

To the far north-west, Russia was pushing on her frontier S.E., and Persia appeared likely to fall an easy prey to her. Herat was a frontier town of Afghanistan, or rather of one of its outlying provinces, and its possession was deemed to be important even by English Ministers in London, and the Eastern question bubbled up from time to time. But it was not until after Sir Alexander Burnes, a Bombay officer, had visited Cabul and the Dost, that the views of England took shape.

Shah Soojah had tried to recover Afghanistan from the Dost, and had failed and again resided in British Territory at Loodianah. Burnes' views were personally favorable to Dost Mahomet. But the action of a Russian diplomatist named *Vickovich, though disowned, gradually led to the maturing of a scheme for the substitution of the Dost by Shah Soojah. This was a fatal political error, for the Dost was able and liked by his people, whilst Shah Soojah full of vain glory and ceremony had ever proved a failure; besides Dost Mahomet was far from hostile to the English.

Lord Auckland, the Governor General of India fell into the mad project of sending an English force into Afghanistan, with a body of troops

*See "War in Afghanistan," by Kaye. Vickovich blew his brains out.

raised by Shah Soojah, who accompanied the expedition.

After an advance through the Bolan Pass, the Fort of Ghuznee was taken by troops under the command of *Sir John Keane; the Cabul Gate was blown in by a party led by Brigadier Sale, and some hard fighting followed. The Dost ultimately surrendered to the English, and was sent as a prisoner to Calcutta.

Candahar was held by an English garrison under General Nott; the English also had possession of Cabul, Ghuznee, Quettah, Ali-Musjid and Jellalabad where Sale commanded eventually.

Sir William Macnaghten was appointed Envoy at Cabul, and Shah Soojah reigned in the place of the Dost.

Thus matters went on smoothly for a time, but the fire of rebellion was smouldering, and it burst forth suddenly one day when Sir William Macnaghten was on the point of leaving for India. †Sir Alexander Burnes was to have succeeded him; this unfortunate officer was killed in the town of Cabul, and there was hesitation and delay on the part of the English. Snow fell, our Native troops trembled before it; we had but one English Foot Regiment, the 44th, with the force before

*NOTE—Sir John Keane received a peerage, and became Baron Keane of Ghuznee.

†NOTE—Author of "Travels into Bokhara."

Cabul. The 13th Light Infantry was with Sale at Jellalabad, and Nott had the 49th Foot at Candahar.

We began to negotiate, meantime our outposts scattered through the country were cut up. Our Envoy Macnaghten was murdered by Acbar Khan, son of Dost Mahomet, in a silly conference that he held with him. Things went from bad to worse day by day, and the force attempted a retreat under some sort of treaty.

The enemy collected in thousands, and miserable to relate one morning a solitary rider was seen approaching slowly by the watchmen at Jellalabad. This was Dr. Brydon, the sole survivor of the English army who had succeeded in making good his retreat on a worn out pony.

Art, by the clever hand of Mrs. Butler has given us a telling picture of this tragic event of the war; but no art could bring to life the many slain, and it fell to the lot of General Pollock to restore England's lost prestige.

General Nott held out at Candahar, Ghuznee was recaptured by the Afghans. Jellalabad stood firm with its garrison under Sir Robert Sale, Broadfoot, Havelock and Macgregor. In time General Pollock retook Cabul, after some hard fighting. Shah Soojah was killed at Cabul; the Dost was restored to his throne, and the English evacuated Afghanistan,

A signal instance was thus afforded to the whole world of how foolish the English can be at times, and that the jealousy of officials brings ruin on every one high and low. For it was considered that Sir William Macnaghten ought to be supreme, and not molested in any form or shape; hence a poor, feeble, worn out General was sent to command at Cabul who ought to have been invalided years before. Poor *General Elphinstone died in captivity.

This disaster shook our Empire in India to its very foundations, and disordered our finances most vitally for years after. This system of interest and favoritism is a weed, which is ever growing and requiring the severest checks. It is only when a rattling sharp war breaks out, that the weed dies away for a time after humiliation and loss.


John Lawrence was opposed, up to the day of his death, to meddling in Afghan politics, but he carried his negative policy too far in the opinion of many unprejudiced judges. His views did not move with the times.

*NOTE—General Elphinstone had been an excellent officer, but was worn out by disease, when sent from England for political purposes.

CHAPTER V.

Magistrate and Collector of the Delhi District—Anecdotes—
Commencement and end of 1st Sikh War—Sir Henry
Lawrence appointed Resident at Lahore.

“A richer soil, a finer climate, a more industrious, active and frugal, and I will add docile, population, it will be difficult to find anywhere.”—*Financial Statement. The Right Honorable James Wilson.*

OHN Lawrence's time as Magistrate and Collector of Delhi passed pleasantly enough, no striking incident attracted attention, until after he had been there about three years. Sir Theophilus Metcalfe was still Agent to the Lieutenant Governor, and Bahâdur Shah had succeeded to the throne of his ancestors in 1837.

Kurnal was no longer our frontier station, it had been moved to Amballah. A virulent, and clinging fever had broken out at Kurnal, which laid all our troops prostrate; caused it was supposed by the Canal, which ran close to Cantonments not being kept within suitable bounds, or percolating through the ground, which was porous. Fever was very prevalent at Delhi at the same time, of a very difficult type to cure. Amballah was nearer to

the Sikh capital than Kurnal. Major Broadfoot, one of the illustrious garrison of Jellalabad was Agent to the Governor General for the affairs of the Sikh Government, and his head quarters were at Amballah.

Major Henry Lawrence had been appointed as Resident at the Court of Nepal. Maharajah Runjeet Singh had died and been succeeded by his son Khuruk Singh; he soon languished and also died. On the day that Khuruk Singh's son, Nao Nehal Singh, was solemnizing the obsequies of his father, masonry from a gateway fell on him, and crushed him to death. Uttam Singh, a son of Rajah Gulab Singh of Cashmeer, was with Nao Nehal Singh at the time and lost his life in the same manner.

Maharajah Shere Singh then came to the throne; but being too fond of wine and telling his plans when intoxicated, he fell a victim to treachery, with his son Pettab Singh; they were both murdered on the same day. Rajah Dhyan Singh the Prime Minister, a brother of Rajah Gulab Singh, being mixed up in a counter-plot was also shot.

When we first met John Lawrence he was about 35 years of age; he was neither the caricature of plebeianism affected by his first statue in Waterloo Place, or the tame nonentity of the second statue, which took its place. The face, and carriage of

the head of the first statue however, reminded one of John Lawrence, his head was well set on his shoulders. His brow was heavy, his eyebrows overhanging, and his eyes watchful and quick, perhaps somewhat cunning in their expression. He was of medium height.

His frame was solid, and somewhat heavy, not indicating activity or any great physical strength. His face was sallow and deeply furrowed, its expression was thoughtful. His dark, brown hair hung negligently over his forehead, it was dull in color, and never looked bright or attractive in its shades, even when seen lighted up by the sun.

In conversation with a native, John Lawrence fired up in a moment both in manner and language; but with Englishmen, his manner was frank if not quite sincere, and his conversation was full of metaphor, and allusions derived from native life and associations. He was prompt with his official answers, but gave replies without much argument. As he once said, speaking of an officer, who had written a long report, his own being very brief:

“One good reason is better than twenty bad ones.”

Whilst at Delhi, Lawrence and others founded the Delhi Bank, which proved a fairly successful affair on a small capital.

At this time the Press of the North West

Provinces was limited. The Friend of India was published in Calcutta and was welcome throughout India; it avoided personalities, and always contained useful information and sound opinions. Place was the Editor, and chief proprietor of the Delhi Gazette. Johnny Cope was the Sub-Editor. Place had led an erratic life, but eventually succeeded with his paper at Delhi. In the cold season, he used to appear in church in a green frock coat. Many officers used to write in the Delhi Gazette. Herbert Edwardes gained his reputation under the *nom-de-plume* of Brahminee Bull. Subsequently Johnny Cope had charge of the Lahore Chronicle, and was a warm advocate of the Lawrence brothers.

But the wit, fun and satire was ever in the hands of the Mofussilite, which was published at Meerut by Lang. He was a barrister and the author of several novels, and was well known for his defence of the great native commissariat contractor, Jotee Purshad; for which he received a fee of £20,000. Lang was once imprisoned for libel on Col. Mactier, having allowed the ink from his pen to flow rather too freely.

The Mofussilite attacked the dress of Henry and John Lawrence; the Lahore Chronicle defended their style of costume; the controversy caused lots of fun and amusement. In the end Johnny Cope managed to get a round-robin

signed by their friends to say, that they had never seen Henry or John improperly dressed.

We once asked a friend whether he knew John Lawrence, when Collector of Delhi.

He replied, "Yes, the first time I ever saw Lawrence, was at a dinner party given by Colin Lindsay, the Judge of Delhi, who lived in a house on the Ridge on the eastern spur, overlooking the river Jumna. Lawrence sat on my right hand, Lindsay was also on my right at the head of the table. Lawrence wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and I observed that he sat somewhat uneasily on his chair. I forget who the other guests were, there were no ladies present. Lawrence fell into conversation with Lindsay, and appeared to have the best of the question, which was being discussed. On a sudden Lawrence turned round to me and said :

'You are doing nothing under Tom Torch, (Sir T. Metcalfe) come under me, and I will teach you your duty.'"

Richard Lawrence was in those days in the Delhi Cantonments, to the north of the Ridge; he was a Captain in the 73rd Native Infantry, as was also his brother-in-law, Erskine, afterwards Earl Kellie. Richard and his little wife might often be seen of an evening, driving in a Buggy to pay a visit, or dine with brother John, who lived not far

from the City, close to Ludlow Castle, where Sir T. Metcalfe held his office.

In his own house John Lawrence was pleasant, but rough and blunt, and talked nothing but "shop."

In court he was very irascible and violent to natives, often excessively passionate; a blow, a kick and native language, that was not choice, were liberally bestowed in every direction. Shokiram, the native Judicial officer, often had to replace his turban on his head. John was also singular in his attire. A native white dress, a blue forage cap, shoes and no socks, frequently made up his costume. When in office in the hot season, Lawrence had a habit of tucking his shirt sleeves up, as far as the elbow, and blotting his papers with a sleeve when they required it, giving the paper a dab.

In his bachelor days Lawrence used to ride his 2,000 Rs. white arab horse, Chanda; but when married he drove a pair of horses, which had Rs impressed on their quarters, that is, they were rejected stud horses.

John had a few select native friends who used to visit him; amongst them was Hindoo Rao, an ex-Gwalior notable; he lived at the house formerly occupied by William Fraser, who was murdered by the Nawab of Ferozepore. It was at this house, that Reid and his Goorkhas made such a desperate

stand during the whole period of the siege of 1857. Col. Palmer was in the Cantonments, he was in command at Ghuznee during the first Afghan war, and became a captive with General Nicholson, then a youngster who was afterwards wounded at the siege of Delhi and died. Col. Palmer often used to foretell misfortune, if the English ever annexed the Punjab. Arthur Roberts, who subsequently died as Resident of Hyderabad was one of the Civil Staff at Delhi.

Gambling was very prevalent at Delhi amongst the natives in those days. Gamblers were difficult to catch, for by law, a warrant was required to have names stated in it when issued, and informers gave the gambler news of his intended apprehension. Lawrence gave a blank warrant to the police officer, caught the gambler first, and then entered his name!

The duty of officiating as Parson in the Church built by Col. Skinner, generally fell to the lot of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, who delighted in it. On one occasion however this office fell to the lot of John Lawrence, not being used to it, he got confused and lost his places, but read straight on, first this portion of the service, then that, his wife blushing crimson the whole time.

One Sunday, not that of the collapse, a young lady appeared in church, young, handsome, elegant, well dressed, slim, and tall. Her hair

was dark and fine as silk, her skin brown, but English air had lent her a bright color. In former days the girl's father, when stationed at Delhi, had selected a native wife from the City. Now the young lady found herself at Delhi for a day or so.

Her mother's brother had gone down in the world, but was still alive; a notorious gambler and bad character of Delhi, one of John's enemies. As the young lady came out of church, the uncle stood near wishing to see his niece, a pearl of beauty. He made no complaint of his destiny, though his family had seen better days in the times of the Great Moguls, and had possessed lands and servants, elephants, horses, and slaves; now all was changed. The gambler thanked providence who had watched over his sister's child, and saw her drive away in a carriage. Soon after he heard of her marriage to an English officer.

The uncle met his niece once again in the dark days of 1857; he rescued her when captured by mutineers; the good blood in his veins served him well; he killed two men who had meddled with his niece, and the other mutineers ran away. He never told his niece who he was, but placed her in security and was never heard of again.

John Lawrence had also to legislate on the matter of dogs, for they became very troublesome in Delhi. All through an Indian night, the restless Anglo-Indian tossing about on his bed, half stifled

with heat and choked with dust, hears three constant cries; that of the watchmen, that of prowling jackals and that of howling, barking, half wild, half tame dogs. Every now and then the dogs of Delhi became intolerable, and John Lawrence would then give an order to the sweeper class, to knock all dogs on the head by wholesale. As soon as the pious Hindoos got wind of the order, dogs were caught, put into boats and taken down the river Jumna, until the order for slaying dogs was stopped, at the intercession of tender hearted Hindoos, to whom the taking of life is a sin.

Meantime events had not remained stationary at Lahore, for Heera Singh, the son of Rajah Dhyan Singh had risen to power and fallen, owing to his implicit trust in a corrupt religious courtier, Pundit Jewalla. Dhuleep Singh, a minor came to the throne, but a turbulent Sikh soldiery could not be curbed any longer; they murdered the brother of Dhuleep Singh's mother, by name Jewahir Singh, who was a silly creature.

So the weak Court excited the soldiery to cross the Sutlej, and measure their strength with the English. The Sikh Army began to cross the Sutlej on the 11th December, 1845.

Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor General arrived at Delhi on the 11th November, 1845, and John Lawrence went out to meet him. Not long

before, the 50th Foot passed through Delhi; we can well remember Lawrence riding at their head with their Colonel.

But John was not on his guard against the Sikhs at this time, and the Governor General was pressed by his staff to remain for the Delhi races. Sir Henry Hardinge held a Levée in his camp, to the North of the City, behind the Ridge, at which all the civil and military officers attended. Sir Henry was a small man, quick in manner, and precise. On the Engineer Officer Lieutenant Hodgson being presented, he remarked:

“Young shoulders, for so great a responsibility.”

From Lieutenant Lestrangle he enquired:

Are you the son of General Lestrangle, and have you passed?”

“I am a son of his, but I have not passed my examination;” said he.

“Then I cannot speak to you,” was the reply of the Governor General.

At the dinner, which Sir Henry gave in the evening, a Russian was present; he was said to be a Prince. We heard of him again in Cairo in 1853, before the war broke out between England, France, Italy, Turkey and Russia. His servant kept an hotel in Cairo, and the Prince had just been there and was flitting hither and thither.

Before the close of the year most of the Governor General's staff, who were present at this

dinner had been killed. Major Somerset, Major Herries, Lieutenant Monro and others.

But very soon the order was "hasten on." And now it was, that John Lawrence prominently attracted official notice. He hurried up troops and supplies to the north west frontier, as in 1857 he dispatched them to Delhi. John had abundance of carriage at his command, and made good use of it; he gave most efficient aid to the Governor General.

Moodkee, Feroze Shurh, Alewal and Sobraon, were fought. and Lahore was won. But our troops had suffered heavily and we could not well venture on an advance beyond Lahore. Thus it was that Rajah Gulab Singh came forward, and purchased Cashmeer for £1,500,000 The Jullundur Doab, and the Cis Sutlej States were permanently annexed by the English. Major Broadfoot, and many others had fallen; so Major Lawrence was summoned in hot haste and appointed Resident of Lahore.

John Lawrence became Commissioner of the Jullundur Doab, he had well earned the distinction. Strangely enough he nearly missed securing this promotion, for Sir Henry Hardinge asked Mr. Thomason, Lieutenant Governor of the N.W. Provinces, to nominate a man, and Mr. Dean, a Bengal Civilian was virtually selected. But it is more than probable, that Henry Lawrence was

able to influence Sir Henry Hardinge in favor of his brother John, directly or indirectly, and as we have said he fully merited the appointment.

The Sikhs had proved that they could fight well, and taught us a severe but useful lesson, and we used the experience thus acquired against our revolted Sepoys in 1857. Whilst such a dangerous element as the Sikh Army lay so close to our Frontier, how mad it was of English Statesmen to meddle with Afghan politics, and initiate the first Afghan war, for the sake of the oft defeated, and incompetent Shah Shooja. Runjeet Singh had brought a very miscellaneous body of troops together; as long as he lived he could with difficulty control them. On the death of the Master, the Servant the army tried to rule, and destroyed itself and its Government.

In March 1846, Lawrence was directed to proceed to Amritsir, and assume charge of the Jullundur Doab as Commissioner; thus his honorable and useful career at Delhi ended.



CHAPTER VI.

The Punjab geography and religious history of the Sikhs.

"One, Self existent, Himself the Creator,

O Nanuk! one continueth, another never was and never
will be."

Adee Grunth.

History of the Sikhs.—Cunningham.



THE Punjab or land of the five Rivers, viz : the Sutlej, the Beeas, the Ravee, the Chenab and the Jhelum, on which hundreds of boats ply, carrying merchandise and goods of all descriptions, is bounded on the North and West by hills and mountain ranges, which ultimately rise to a magnificent height and are crowned with perpetual ice and snow. Amongst these cool regions Englishmen can live in luxury and comfort.

The Punjab can also now reckon within its limits the rolling waters of the Indus, which spread out far and wide during the periodical rains. The river Jumna flows on the Eastern boundary of the Punjab.

The Punjab is peopled by warlike races, both Mahometan and Hindoo, and amongst the latter the Sikh people stand forth conspicuously. The land which is situated under the ranges of hills

and along the banks of rivers, is fertile and gives employment to very industrious classes of agriculturists, of which Jats are the backbone, but to them may be added the Gojurs, Dogras, Pathans and Rajpoots.

As a traveller turns his face and marches southwards, or quits the banks of rivers, he finds sand and low jungle for miles and miles. Water is scarce, inhabitants sparsely scattered. The Sikh population clusters around Lahore and Amritsir, and many are found in the Cis Sutlej States both chiefs and cultivators. But quitting what is specially Sikh-land, and travelling to the N.W. tribes of hardy fighting men are met with, bound together in their own special clans, often inimical to each other. These tribes stretch on our Western Frontier for about 500 miles.

Horses, cattle, sheep, goats and camels thrive in the Punjab and the best of wheat is grown, also cotton, indigo, sugar, barley and rice. Lahore, Amritsir, Mooltan, Peshawar, Delhi and other towns are full of industrious inhabitants, workers in metals, wood, and manufacturers in a small way in cotton, silk and wool. Although the plains are hot for six or eight months of the year, the climate is not unhealthy.

The greatest length of the Punjab along its frontier is 500 miles, from Peshawar to Delhi it is over 500 miles. Its population is 18,850,437. The

Revenue is about £3,064,733 collected by the British Government, this includes the Revenue of the Delhi Division, which was annexed to the Punjab after the Mutiny. The Punjab Revenue alone was calculated at £3,000 000, but half this sum had been alienated to Native Princes and Chiefs. Therefore Sir John Lawrence was quite right in principle in trying to regain as much Land Revenue as possible. For many of these Princes only held their estates as plunder acquired by the weakness of Government.

The Tributary States contributed about £56,500 to the Punjab Revenue, but the first and second Sikh wars effected changes in the amount.

Thus when we write of the Punjab we describe a compact Kingdom, though now only one of the territorial divisions of India. The country is amply garrisoned by troops both English and Native, well supplied with all the munitions of war, and ever ready for taking the field at a moment's notice. Railways have been constructed, and thus movement from one part of the country to another is rendered easy.

This was the country which Lord Dalhousie annexed to the British Empire, and we will now give a sketch of the rise of the Sikh powers, both religious and civil, and of the ultimate formation of the Punjab into a kingdom under Runjeet Singh. For from the year 1846 John Lawrence

had much to do with the Land of the Five Rivers ; his fortune may be said to have been made there.

The shadow of the wings of Hindooism is all protecting, all embracing, the spirit of the Religion is not one of persecution ; it can tolerate all, from the man who realizes the pure and simple truth of the unity and omnipresence of God, to its lowest stamp of follower, who calling himself a Hindoo, barely retains the impress of humanity.

Thus when the Jat tribes, which cultivated the fertile lands spread out under the Himalaya Mountains and subordinate hills, were touched to the heart by the teachings of the Gooroos, or teachers which sprang forth as if by magic from amongst them, there was no persecution to face from Hindooism ; and the Sikhs or disciples, of the various Gooroos who arose, ten in number, would probably have lived, died, and passed away into oblivion, had not the temporal things which are seen, effaced for the crowding converts the spiritual things, which are the objects of faith.

NANUK. GOOROO I.

In the year 1469 A.D., Gooroo NânuK was born at Talwandi on the banks of the river Beeas ; his father was a Hindoo, and belonged to the military class, but from some cause or another engaged in business pursuits, instead of selecting a soldier's career. We find that NânuK became impressed with the spirit of religion and travelled far and

wide; mixing with all ranks of society, conversing and disputing, for to him there seemed to be but one God, all pervading. Both Hindoos and Mahometans were freely the objects of the Gooroo's inquiries and censures.

He wrote precepts of his pure religion for his disciples and followers; they were collected and arranged by Arjoon, the 5th Gooroo, in a book styled the Adee Grunth or Holy Writings.

Nânuk speaks thus of the God after whom he sought :

“One, Self-existent, Himself the Creator,

O Nânuk! one continueth, another never was and never will be.”—*Adee Grunth*.

And figuratively describes the Brahminical thread as follows :

“The cotton should be mercy, the thread contentedness, and the seven knots virtue. If there is such a “Juneo” of the heart, wear it. It will neither break, nor burn, nor decay, nor become impure.

O Nânuk! he who wears such a thread is to be numbered with the holy.”—*Adee Grunth*.

Thus life passed away, quietly but surely. Before his death he appointed his disciple Lena to succeed him as Gooroo, and changed his name to that of Unggud. Nânuk died in 1539, A.D., and

“History of the Sikhs,” Cunningham.

was buried at Kurtarpoor on the banks of the river Ravee.

UNGGUD. GOOROO II.

Unggud was married in 1520, A.D., to Kambohi, and had by her a son called Dassoï. He fixed his residence at Khadoor near Futtiabad, to which place he had taken a fancy, having once proceeded there with a marriage procession. The people of this place were perhaps more ready to listen to the doctrines of Unggud than those of other cities, and this may account for his preference for it.

We must not forget to relate the anecdote, concerning the change of the Gooroo's name from Lena to Unggud. As the story goes, Nânuk was anxious to ascertain the degree of confidence and faith placed in him by Lena, and told him to eat part of a dead man's flesh. He was about to obey his command, when he perceived that the body had disappeared, and Nânuk himself was there instead. Nânuk then changed the name of Lena to that of Unggud, which means "his own body," and said, that his spirit would dwell in him, and he should succeed him as Gooroo as a reward for his faith.

Khadoor is still in repute with the Sikhs as a place of pilgrimage. Unggud died at the age of 41 years, 1551, A.D., at Goindwal; his tomb is however at Khadoor,

UMMER DAS. GOOROO III.

No sooner had Unggud departed this life, than his place was supplied by Gooroo Ummer Das, under whose politic management the Sikh religion gained many converts. He was born at a place called Yasaree, four miles from Amritzir, in the year 1509, A.D., and was married to Marsadevi at Goindwal.

Ummer Das first met with Unggud at Khadoor, where the latter had taken up his residence; some say that he retired to this place in consequence of the persecution raised against him by the sons of NânuK. Ummer Das served Unggud in the capacity of watercarrier, and performed other menial offices. The attention displayed by him in the discharge of these duties, so worked upon the feelings of Unggud, that he appointed him as his successor to the vacant *Guddi* or Throne. Ummer Das selected Goindwal on the banks of the Beeas as his residence, where he was visited by many people of the Hindoo persuasion, who were also liberal to him, giving him valuables in return for the solace, consolation, or gratification, that his conversation or doctrines afforded them.

Some say that Acbar used to pay the Gooroo a *nuzzur* of one lac, and twenty-five-thousand rupees annually, in the month of Bysakh, but the statement if the character of Acbar is considered for a moment, is evidently false.

Ummer Das had the perception to find out, that the vulgar are more vividly affected by what meets the eye of sense, than by that which it is difficult for the eye of faith to realize, so he set about building a large * "*Baulie*" or Well on the banks of the Beeas. His ideas were however grander than the funds at his disposal, for in consequence of the depth he had to dig before he came to water, the expense incurred was so great that he was a ruined man. He fortunately had sufficient influence to interest several friends on his behalf, probably by playing on their religious feeling they supplied him with funds, and the *Baulie* was completed.

Ummer Das' character, for liberality and piety, was now fully established amongst a vulgar populace, who care not to look beneath the surface, and his wealth rapidly increased, from the flocks of pilgrims who resorted to the *Baulie*. It is situated 30 miles from Amritsir and has 84 steps; the vulgar were persuaded, that by walking up and down these steps, the soul of a man upon death was immediately united to that of his Maker, and escaped 84 transmigrations. The *Baulie* became a favourite place of pilgrimage, and Ummer Das a rich man.

But with all this he did not neglect his preaching

*NOTE.—A *Baulie* is a Well made of masonry with galleries round it inside so as to reach the water, often there are also rooms round in which travellers sit and rest.

and gained many converts. He appears to have discountenanced the practice of Suttee, which was prevalent amongst the Hindoos; the following are the words on the subject as written in the Adee Grunth.

“They are not Suttees who perish in the flames.

O Nânu! Suttees are those who die of a broken heart.”

We also have:

“The loving wife perishes with the body of her husband.”

“But were her thoughts bent on God, her sorrows would be alleviated.”

This Gooroo had twenty-two disciples, and gave them each separate authority. He died at Goindwal in the year 1574, having sat on the *Guddi* for 22 years, 5 months, and 11 days. His tomb was at Goindwal on the banks of the Beeas, but has subsequently been carried away by the inroads of the river. An officer of distinction at the court of Delhi, called Nounidrai, became Ummer Das' pupil; which added not a little to his fame and reputation.

One of the Gooroo's pupils called Gang Das, a Kshutree Basse, was sent by him to collect funds for the *Baulie* in the direction of the hills. The collection prospered, and Gang Das set up on his own account, he became the head of a sect,

*NOTE.—See “History of the Sikhs,” Cunningham.

whose head-quarters are at Huripoor and Danoo.

The Sikhs of this sect reckon their Gooroos thus: NânuK, Unggud, Ummer Das, Gang Das, Ram Das, Nimana Das, Sukha Nand Das, Sanichand, Kurrum Chand, Satal Das, Bikramagut, Kurruc Singh, Bishan Singh, Jawahir Singh. This sect was computed to consist of about 6,000 men in 1845.

RAM DAS. GOOROO IV.

Ram Das was born at Lahore, in the year 1524 A.D., he was the son of Hur Das and Dhaunee and was by caste Kshutree Sodhee. His early days do not appear to have been passed in flourishing circumstances, and at length being unable to procure employment at Lahore, he set off for the *Baulie* of Ummer Das, where he rightly conjectured, from the crowds that resorted there, that he would find ample employment as a sweet-meat seller.

Accordingly he took up his post near the *Baulie*, and he no doubt blessed the appetites of the hungry pilgrims, which made his viands go down more successfully with them, than would have been the case amongst the satiated residents of Lahore.

But great things were in store for our friend Pastry-cook, which if he could have foreseen would probably have made his present employment somewhat insipid. Woman has usually a good deal of power over the destiny of a man, and it

tends to his advantage, or disadvantage, according to the character, and position of the Fair Lady. Ram Das' future career was powerfully affected by that of a woman.

Ummer Das' daughter was at this time of a marriageable age. Her name was Bhanee. Search was made for a bridegroom, but none appeared as handsome and fascinating as the young sweetmeat seller. Whether he had become acquainted with Ummer Das' daughter previous to this period in his avocation of sweetmeat seller, we cannot say, but certain it is that after strict enquiries as to the family of Ram Das, which were satisfactory, the young couple were married, and eventually Ram Das was appointed to succeed to the post of Gooroo through "petticoat" influence, Bhanee being Ummer Das' favorite child.

On Ram Das' successful accession to the *Guddi* he pursued a liberal policy, founding many *Dharamsalas* or religious places of worship; viz, at Amritzir, Kurtapoor, Tarantaran, Badoulie, Hiran and Mahommedipoor. The tank of Tarantaran is much resorted to by lepers; it is situated between Amritzir and the junction of the Beeas and Sutlej. It was not however finished until the time of Arjoon.

Ram Das had an interview with Acbar at Goindwal, he petitioned, and had his request granted, that the revenue of several villages in the neighbourhood might be lowered, in consequence

of the depression of trade caused by the removal of the army. This popular measure, brought about by the Gooroo's instrumentality, tended not a little to raise his reputation, and the affluence attained by him, enabled him to introduce a degree of state into his establishment. Horses and elephants began to appear in his train.

Ram Das died at Amritsir, after having sat on the *Guddi* for seven years, he was succeeded by his youngest son, Arjoon. He had three sons, Pert'hee Mull, Mahadeo and Arjoon.

ARJOON. GOOROO V.

Arjoon was born at Goindwal, in the year 1565 A.D., he was married to the daughter of Chandah Singh, who resided at Marvee. He had also another wife, who was kindly given to him by one of his admirers, as a religious offering.

The attempt at display commenced by Ram Das was continued and improved on by Arjoon. He made also an alteration in the dress of the Gooroos by wearing a turban; the former Gooroos wore a *topi* or hat of a triangular form. He left Goindwal, and took up his residence at Amritsir, where he devoted himself to the instruction and improvment of the people.

He formed the verses, and writings of the proceeding Gooroos into a compact form. This is the holy Book of the Sikhs and is entitled the

Adee Grunt'h. Arjoon sent the volume by the hand of Bhai Pand, to Lahore to be bound, and he took a copy of it on the road. The original is now at Kartarpoor, the copy at Amritzir, at a Tank called Harmander, in a house situated in the midst of the water.

It was here that Arjoon composed the original; so great is the sanctity of the house, that no one is allowed to mount on the roof of the building. The Grunt'h is kept on a *charpoy* or small table, and the reader who has charge of it is called *Bhaiji*.

It is customary amongst the Sikhs, on the birth of a son to open the Grunt'h, and the first letter of the first line, on the left hand side of the page, is the first letter of the name given to the child.

The tank built at Amritzir, was not completed without the assistance of a Mussulman Fakir, called Shah Meer, who resided at Lahore, and whose good offices were enlisted on his side by Arjoon. The passage of the Gooroo from this mortal world was not doomed to be a tranquil one; he was destined to attest the faith he placed in the doctrines he professed by his death. It is probable that the doctrines of Arjoon would have passed unnoticed, had not the wealth which he had accumulated gained him many enemies, not only amongst his own relations, but also in other quarters.

Amongst the most powerful and bitter of his enemies was Jehangir's Dewan or Governor who resided at Lahore. The dispute originated in the marriage contract between Arjoon's son, and the Dewan, Chundoo Shah's daughter being broken off. A violent quarrel was the result, and an accusation was brought by the Dewan against Arjoon, at the court of Delhi, that he was meditating rendering himself independent.

Arjoon was consequently summoned to Lahore, to meet the charges brought against him. He was so hard pressed by his enemies, that, as the Sikhs say, upon being requested to show a miracle and prove his faith in the doctrines he professed, he passed into the river Ravee and was seen no more. Another account is that he committed suicide by throwing himself into the Ravee; another that he was put to death by order of Jehangir 1606, A.D.

This latter account seems most likely, as his tomb is shewn at the Delhi gate of the Fort of Lahore.

Arjoon completed another book called Sookhmani, the book of peace or rest; it was written at the tank of Santoksi, at Amritsir, and is included in the Grunt'h.

We may mention here, that it is customary with the Sikhs to bathe with their turbans on, at all places but Amritsir, and if any break through this rule a fine is imposed. The reason is obvious;

the Sikhs keep their turbans on, so as always to be ready to defend themselves in case of an attack; but at Amritsir the number of Sikhs being so large, the same precaution is not necessary.

HUR GOVIND. GOOROO VI.

Hur Govind succeeded his father Arjoon after some disputes amongst the Sikhs. He was about eleven years old when he became Gooroo, and he and his followers are said to have avenged his father's death by the murder of Chundoo Shah.

Up to this time the Sikhs had been men of peace and men of the plough, now they became warriors under the leadership of Hur Govind. He threw away the garb of the Priest and appeared in the full vigor of a soldier. The object he had in view was to make the Sikhs hardy and enduring, soldiers both in mind and body. The flesh of the cow was prohibited food, but other animal food was allowed.

This Gooroo had **"a stable of eight hundred horses, three hundred mounted followers were constantly in attendance upon him and a guard of sixty matchlock-men secured the safety of his person."*

His life was spent in warlike adventures and he was at one time detained as a prisoner in the fortress of Gwalior by order of the Emperor

**"History of the Sikhs," Cunningham*

Jehangir. But he did not altogether forget his priestly character, and at his death the Sikhs formed a much more numerous body than in the days of Arjoon. Hur Govind died at Keeritpoor on the banks of the Sutlej, 1645, A.D.

HUR RAAE. GOOROO VII.

Hur Raee grandson of the preceding Gooroo was born in 1628, A.D. His life appears to have been a peaceful one. He is said to have taken part with Dara, in the struggle that Jehangir's two sons had after his death, for the throne of Delhi. Aurungzeb was the conqueror and Hur Raee's son became his hostage for his future non-interference in political matters. The Gooroo died in 1661, A.D., at Keeritpoor.

HURKISHEN. GOOROO VIII.

The succession to the throne of the priesthood was disputed after Hur Raee's death, his youngest son Hurkishen was eventually chosen but died in his childhood of small-pox at Delhi in 1664, A.D.

TEGH BAHADUR. GOOROO IX.

There were quarrels again on Hurkishen's death, he is said to have chosen his nephew Tegh Bahâdur, Hur Govind's son to succeed him. He had the title of "Lord of the Sword," and he and his followers seem to have subsisted in much the same way as Robin Hood and his merry men. He

retired to the waste lands on the banks of the Sutlej with his disciples, and lived there by plunder. The number of the Sikhs increased greatly, and it is said that Aurungzeb feared that the Gooroo was aiming at a kingly power. He summoned him to Delhi, and there Tegh Bahâdur gained the crown of martyrdom being put to death with cruelty in 1675. And what enraged his followers was, that his body was exposed in the streets of Delhi by order of the Emperor.

GOVIND. GOOROO X. AND LAST.

But a son of the Martyr arose in the person of Govind to be an avenger. He changed the name of Sikh or disciple, to that of Singh, Lion. The Fort of Anandpoor-Makhowal, on the river Sutlej in the Cis-Sutlej States, was acquired by him. A turn was given to the Singhs in the direction of civil institutions as well as to their religious conduct. In future all were to be considered equal, the Sikh religion would cover all with its shield. All were now soldiers, and were to wear steel and blue clothes. The *General Council was founded at Amritsir, and the first book of the Grunt'h was added to by a detailed account of Govind's exploits and his wars. Besides which an exposition of the Civil Law was given to the Sikhs by the Gooroo.

*NOTE.—General Council called the Gooroomutta.

He seems to have been constantly at war with the Mahometans, and at last was reduced to great straits, losing all his sons, two through treachery and two at the siege of Chumkour; he had to fly for safety to Dumdumma where he gave himself up to writing his additions to the Grunt'h.

In 1708 he was summoned to the camp of Bahâdur Shah. There he unfortunately slew an Afghan merchant who had offended him. The sons of the Afghan watched their opportunity, and succeeded in mortally stabbing the Gooroo in an unguarded moment.

Govind did not appoint a disciple to take his place as teacher and guide, as there was a tradition amongst the Sikhs that their priests were to be limited to the number of ten.

He is said to have pronounced the following words before his death:

* "He who wishes to behold the Gooroos, let him search the Grunt'h of Nânuk. The Gooroo will dwell with the †Khalsa, be firm and faithful, wherever five Sikhs are gathered together there will I also be present."

Govind died from his wounds at Nudêrh on the banks of the Godavery in 1708, A.D. It was during his tenure of the office of Gooroo that the Singhs rose into political consideration.

* NOTE.—"History of the Sikhs," Cunningham.

† NOTE.—*Khalsa* or Kingdom of Govind.

In 1707 the great Aurungzeb died, and in 1709 Banda, the late Gooroo's follower, seized as he thought a favorable opportunity for wreaking the Sikh fury upon the Governor of Sirhind, Vuzeer Khan, who had put Govind's children to death. He attacked Vuzeer Khan, routed him, sacked Sirhind, murdered all without distinction of age or sex, defiled the Mosques, made converts at the edge of the sword and overran the country as far as the river Jumna.

Saharanpoor did not escape on the left bank of the Jumna, and on the right bank of the same river, the inroad continued up to the town of Paniput, that is to say to within seventy miles of the City of Delhi.

A battle was fought at Lahore and ended in the defeat of the Governor, but then the tide turned against Banda he was forced to surrender at the siege of Loghad, N.E. of Lahore, was sent a prisoner to Delhi and put to death there in 1716 A.D.

The Akalis or Immortals were hostile to Banda and disliked his innovations. They consider themselves defenders of the faith, watch the Tank at Amritsir, are of furious courage when excited, and affect the exclusive use of the blue turban and Sikh attire.

After the death of Banda, the Mahometans had the upper hand for about thirty years, driving the Sikhs into the hills and dispersing them in all directions.

NOTE.—The rites of initiation into Sikhism were as follows: “Sikhs are not ordinarily initiated before they reach the age of discrimination and remembrance, or not before they are seven years of age, or sometimes not before they have attained manhood.....The essentials are that five Sikhs at least should be assembled, and it is generally arranged that one of the number is of some religious repute. Some sugar and water are stirred together in a vessel of any kind, commonly with a two-edged dagger; but any iron weapon will answer. The novice stands with his hands joined in an attitude of humility or supplication and he repeats after the elder or minister the main articles of his faith. Some of the water is sprinkled on his face and person; he drinks the remainder, and exclaims, ‘Hail Gooroo!’ and the ceremony concludes with an injunction that he will be true to God and to his duty as a Sikh.....


Women are not usually, but they are sometimes, initiated in form as professors of the Sikh faith. In mingling the sugar and water for women, a one-edged and not a two-edged, dagger is used.”

Cunningham's History of the Sikhs, Appendix XI.

CHAPTER VII.

Civil history of the Punjab, Runjeet Singh and his Court.

"This kingdom will probably relapse into its former state of anarchy and small republics; or be reduced to subjection by some neighbouring power."—1832, A.D. *Travels into Bokhara*, Burnes.

S WE remarked before Aurungzeb died in 1707, A.D., in the 90th year of his age, the rule of his successors was weak over Delhi and the adjacent territories. In 1739, *Nadir Shah invaded the Punjab and marched to Delhi. The Sikhs hung about his camp both during his advance and retreat, and plundered all who came in their way.

Amritsir eventually became the religious centre of the Sikhs. After the death of Banda, the Grand Council as soon as it was powerful enough, assembling Chiefs from all directions, kept up the semblance of Government, which though rude, offered resistance to external pressure.

The first Afghan irruption under Ahmed Shah

* NOTE.—Ahmed Shah Abdali was his standard bearer, and was famous in after days as the founder of the Douranee dynasty. He was the grandfather of Shah Zemaun.

took place in 1748 A.D. The Punjab now became a kind of neutral fighting and plundering ground. The Afghans were too weak to conquer and hold it, and the Imperialists of Delhi were too feeble to keep a firm grip on it. Mir Manoo the Governor of Lahore, and his successor Adina Beg were at times fairly successful, and could have done more had not there been the constant fear of invasion and disorder from Ahmed Shah Abdali. His body-guard more than once turned the fortunes of the day in favor of their master, and the Sikhs dreaded their attack and pursuit. This great Douranee monarch died in 1773 A.D., from cancer in the face.

Amritsir was twice captured, plundered, and
•polluted by the Afghans.

We may mention that the Mahrattas under Rogonath Rao were called into the Punjab by Adina Beg Khan; they plundered friend and foe up to Attock on the river Indus, but the victory of Ahmed Shah Abdali at Paniput in 1760, A.D., swept the Mahratta power away to appear again in later days.

Thus the whole of the Punjab was reduced to the greatest misery, when a genius appeared in the person of Maharajah Runjeet Singh. He

*NOTE.—The Sikhs defiled Mahometan Mosques with pig's flesh, the Mahometans Sikh temples with Cow's flesh, hence the mutineers in 1857 stated with cunning, that *we* mixed pig-cow fat in the cartridges and caught both Hindoos and Mahometans.

founded a dynasty, acquired a Kingdom, and sat with regal pomp and solid sway in the Halls of the Great Mogul at Lahore.

Runjeet Singh's grandfather was Churrut Singh, a man of some note amongst the Sikhs, as Chief of the Sookerchukeea Misl or Brotherhood. He and his followers lived on horseback, roving about the country and plundering everywhere. They frequently took forcible possession of entire villages. Churrut Singh amassed a considerable fortune; he was killed at the age of forty-five by the accidental bursting of a matchlock, in the year 1774, A.D. He left his body of Horse, £30 000, and the Government of the Misl to his son Maha Singh.

Maha Singh increased his power and prestige amongst the twelve Misls, into which the Sikh confederacy was divided. He captured the important fort of Ramnuggur, and rebuilt that of Gujerawalla. In 1775 Maha Singh married the daughter of Jugputh Singh, who was known as Mai Malwine, or the Malwa Mother; their son Runjeet Singh was born in 1776. Maha Singh died at the early age of twenty-seven; he was "hard, faithless and grasping." His son was twelve years old at the time of his death.

In 1793, Runjeet Singh took the reins of Government into his own hands, being then seventeen years of age. In 1797 and 1798 Shah

Zemaun invaded the Punjab; Runjeet Singh avoided coming to an open rupture with him, although he entered Lahore, but turning his attention to the Cis-Sutlej States made profitable conquests there. In 1799 he found a fitting opportunity, and took Lahore from the feeble Chiefs who held it, Chaet Singh, Mohur Singh and Mean Singh, having first obtained its cession from Shah Zemaun. It was then but a sixth of its former size, the rest lay a mass of ruins for miles around, a sad record of the incapacity of former misrule.

In 1807, Runjeet Singh came to an arrangement with the British Government regarding his position in the Cis-Sutlej States, and weighing all contingencies very carefully, resolved for the future to conquer to the North West, West and South. He probably did not care to match his soldiers with the sheepskin capped body guard of the Afghan King, Shah Zemaun, but looked forward to the firm acquisition of more solid possessions in the Cis-Sutlej States, by conquest, intrigue and treaty with the British Government, as arranged through Mr. Metcalfe, eventually Lord Metcalfe.

In the same year *Runjeet Singh took the town of Kussoor; it was inhabited by Pathans, the descendants of Afghan invaders, who had wrested

* See "Adventures in the Punjab," by Sir H. Lawrence,

it from a Rajpoot dynasty. This town must ever have been of importance from its proximity to the river Sutley, its massive ruins stretch over the country for miles and miles. In 1809 he took the fortress of Kangra, in 1812, the hill fortresses of Bhember and Rajaori, thus opening out a road to the coveted possession of Cashmeer. In 1812 he took Attock, which commands the passage of the river Indus. Mooltan was secured in 1818, Cashmeer was entered in 1819.

The battle of Teree, or Naoshera, fought in 1823 between the Sikhs and Afghans, finally secured Peshawar and a frontier for Runjeet Singh's kingdom. This battle was won entirely by the bravery of an Akalee named *Phoola Singh. He was a religious enthusiast and freebooter, who at one time had even been strong enough to levy "black mail" from Runjeet himself. But it was the Maharajah's policy to attach these robber chieftains to himself if possible, and not to make them his enemies. After a time therefore he induced Phoola Singh to enter his service with his band of Akalees, but did not insist on their keeping up much military discipline.

The battle of Teree was fought on the northern bank of the Loonda, or Cabul river. Runjeet's army at first seemed to be gaining the day, but a

*NOTE.—The account of Phoola Singh has been gathered from "Reigning Family of Lahore," by Major G. Carmichael Smyth.

panic spread amongst the troops, and his European officers were helpless. Runjeet called on the Sikhs by "their God and Gooroo" to advance; he dismounted and rushing forward sword in hand entreated them to follow, but all in vain. Just at this critical moment he saw Phoola Singh advancing, with his black banner and 500 Akalees. They rode up the hill of Teree, which was the disputed position. Runjeet was surprised at this sight, for he had seen Phoola Singh struck in the knee by a musket ball, and carried to the rear some time before.

However there he was seated on an elephant, and urging his troops to the attack. The Akalee warriors shouted to the whole army to follow; they did not heed their cry, but on went the small band up the hill determined on making a desperate attack. The Afghans did not wait for this to be delivered but rushed down the hill on them.

At this moment Phoola Singh commanded his men to dismount, and let their horses go. "This was done and at the same instant the Akalees shouted their war-cry of Wah Gooroojee! which the Afghans as loudly answered with their Allah! Allah!"

The horses rushed forward against the Afghans, who had not expected such a strange attack, and it threw them into great confusion. The Akalees perceiving this cast aside their matchlocks, drew

their swords and renewed their endeavour to gain the crest of the hill with great spirit. They succeeded in their attempt, and the whole Sikh army now advanced to their assistance. Some twelve or fifteen hundred Afghans found themselves between the Akalee band and the main Sikh army; they tried to escape from this perilous position, but ere they did so they had lost six hundred men.

Phoola Singh's small band was now reduced to about one hundred and fifty men, and their leader had just been hit again by a musket ball; but he still led on up the hill seated in his *howdah* on the elephant; the Akalees keeping their position in front of the advancing Sikhs. As they neared the summit, the gallant band was still more severely tried by the rapid firing of the Afghan matchlocks.

The *mahout*, who guided Phoola Singh's elephant had already received three balls in his body, and now hesitated about making a further advance, dreading the destructive matchlock firing. But Phoola Singh would not give way at a moment of victory, and without hesitation he shot his driver through the head, and with his sword's point himself urged the elephant against the enemy. But a few moments more, and the Akalee hero received a shot in his forehead, which immediately proved fatal.

The Akalees revenged themselves for Phoola Singh's death with the greatest fury, and many of

the troops who had fled at the commencement of the battle having rejoined Runjeet Singh, the Sikhs succeeded in dislodging the Afghans from the entire hill and thus gained the day.

The Sikhs are said to have lost five thousand men in this action, and the enemy twice that number. A tomb was erected in memory of Phoola Singh at the spot where he fell; it is under the care of the Akalees, but his name is held in honor by Hindoos and Mahometans, and they both join in pilgrimages to Naoshera.

Thus Runjeet Singh consolidated his power, and clearly defined the limits of his Kingdom by treaty and the sword. We must now give our readers an idea of the personal appearance of the "Lion of the Punjab," and cannot do better than quote Vigne's description of him, although he did not see him until the year 1837.

*"The diminutive size of his person, and the comparative simplicity of his attire,—consisting of a turban, usually large only over the forehead, with the end hanging down the back folded à la Sikh; a kind of frock or tunic, padded so as to give an extraordinary breadth to his naturally wide shoulders, the *kumberbund* tied round his waist, and a pair of close-fitting trousers, of the same colour, yellow, or pea-green; and all of Kashmirian manufacture,—did not prevent any

*NOTE.—See "Vigne's Afghanistan.

one, who entered the Durbar for the first time from instantly recognising the Maharajah. The contour of his face was square; his complexion was a light olive; his forehead was wide and Napoleon like; his right and only eye, large and prominent, for he had lost the other by the small-pox, with which he was slightly marked, was incessantly roving; his nose was slightly *retrousé*; his nostrils expanded and contracted, as his conversation became animated; and decision and energy were preeminently imprinted on his thick but well-formed lips. A grey moustache, blending with his white beard, added character to the very expressive countenance of this extraordinary man."

We have a picture of Runjeet Singh, in which the small-pox marks are truthfully depicted by the native artist. Over his pink turban he wears a diadem of emeralds and pearls, surmounted by the royal heron's feather. His tunic is also of pink cloth of gold, and is trimmed with fur round the collar and sleeves, which fit tight to the wrist. The sleeves are richly ornamented with epaulettes of gold and pearls, and a band of precious stones above the elbow. The tunic has a gold fastening in front. He carries a small bow on one arm and holds an arrow in his hands.

The Maharajah was unable to read or write, but his memory was wonderfully retentive; he kept a watch on everything, nothing escaped his notice.

He was very inquisitive, and asked his visitors all kinds of questions, turning the conversation principally on military matters. He was brave in the field, kind but grasping, not always faithful but for a Native fairly so.

Runjeet drank a fiery spirit made from raisins; once, when holding an interview with a high English official, the spirit was served in a small silver cup. A doubt entered his mind as to whether his guest was drinking the spirit or not, so to convince himself, he inserted his finger into the official's cup.

Considerable attention was devoted by Runjeet Singh to the formation of a Court, it was not as free and easy as that of the Ameer of Cabul, Dost Mahomet Khan, but it was free from the faded, worn out etiquette of the Court of Delhi. Except in the rainy season, he was always moving about his Kingdom; he used to despatch four or five fully equipped camps from Lahore, but did not acquaint anyone until the last moment with his actual place of encampment.

We must now imagine that we see *the Maharajah starting from his palace to hold his Court, mounted on a magnificent native horse. He rode gracefully for so small a man, and was accompanied by a number of Chiefs, each of whom had an open umbrella held over him, which was

*NOTE—See "Adventures in the Punjab," by Sir H. Lawrence.

carried by a running footman. After this cortege of great men came an escort of about five hundred horsemen, followed by as many foot soldiers.

The prevailing colors were scarlet and yellow. The cavalry rode on high peaked saddles, the Akalees or Immortals formed a contrast with their blue costumes, and tall turbans of the same color encircled with three steel rings or quoits. The Akalees were fanatics, often with disordered brains.

The Cavalcade was bound for the Shalimar Gardens; a royal pleasure ground stiff and formal with straight paths through it. The poetical Cypress tree gives a gloomy coloring, but water and fountains in full play refresh and cool the air. Runjeet Singh has dismounted, been saluted by a Regiment drawn up to receive him, and passes under the Gateway into the Garden with his courtiers. Here the Emperors of Delhi rested and enjoyed the cool air and shade in former days.

Runjeet Singh was soon seated in a golden chair, and courtiers and Ministers sat on the carpet at prescribed distances. Men were in the back ground, ready with pen and ink to catch every word, look and gesture. The Maharajah's manner was kind, but his language blunt.

Not far from Runjeet's chair, Dhyan Singh the Prime Minister, and Commander-in-Chief, could

be easily distinguished. He was one of the three Jummoo brothers. Gulab Singh having fled from the Hill State of Jummoo in consequence of having killed a man in a quarrel, took refuge in Runjeet Singh's tent. He was then only a common horseman, but was received into favor, and introduced his two brothers, Rajah Dhyan Singh and Rajah Suchet Singh to court.

Dhyan Singh though illiterate was able, being at the same time courteous and conciliatory; he and Gulab Singh rose in Royal favor, power and riches. The grandson of Rajah Gulab Singh, is now Maharajah of Jummoo and Cashmeer.

Azizodeen may be made out by his plain attire; he affected meekness, and sprang from the barber caste; he was Home and Foreign Secretary, and was assisted by his brother Nooroodeen. We may also observe Khashial Singh, the Lord Chamberlain and Keeper of the Door of entrance; he was a Hindustani from Saharanpoor in British Territory. He retained his position until the day of his death, caused by a tight shoe, which rubbed his instep.

All who had accounts to settle trembled at the approach of Rajah Deenanath, Accountant and Auditor General. Runjeet Singh delighted in accounts, and his retentive memory often enabled him to credit himself with thousands of pounds.

Then there is a clique of petty counsellors ; Ram Singh, Govind Ram and Beni Ram. Basti Ram was Lord of the Treasury ; his books are ready at hand. *Beni Ram was the son of Basti Ram (there were two men of the same name), who at one time affected seclusion, and on Runjeet Singh's paying him a visit and asking him how he fared, he replied :

“ When your dominions were complete,
To me you gave a single sheet,
To one scarce fit to be my slave,
Jewels and robes and wealth you gave.”

The Almoner had plundered, so Basti Ram took his place and was fortunate enough never to lose it.

A Court of this style was well suited to the people of the Punjab, and work of a public character was thus transacted before the eyes and ears of friends and foes.

It was the custom of the Maharajah to hold the Duserah Festival, either at Lahore or Amritsir. If at the latter place the merchants presented a gift of £8,000, for the privilege ; the month of September being the time when the conclusion of the Festival was celebrated. The army was assembled for this great event, and gifts presented to Runjeet Singh, and dresses of honor and money given in return by the Maharajah. At a fixed hour Runjeet shot an arrow at Hanooman, around

*See “ Adventures of an Officer in the Punjab.

whom the guardian Monkey-army crowded and danced. Two jays were let loose from Runjeet Singh's elephant, and the troops then blazed away all the ammunition with which they had been provided, and the shout of "Victory, victory," resounded through the air. The regiments now received their routes and marching orders, and the van guard of each force started immediately.

The ruler of the Punjab amassed a large fortune, about £10,000,000 which was carefully guarded in his treasury. He also raised a large army, and kept it together as long as he lived, although it was composed of the most discordant elements.

An European system of organisation was introduced by French and other officers into the Sikh army, and the following may be accepted as the strength of the forces: to which would have to be added the contingents supplied or demandable from Native Chiefs. *Horse and Foot 67,000, with 276 pieces of Ordnance, 163 of which were Horse Artillery.

On the 27th June 1839, this great chief died, at the age of fifty-nine. When the controlling heart ceased to beat, there was no one destined to maintain his grasp of the Sceptre. Had his successors been able to control and employ the army, Runjeet Singh's dynasty might have

*See "Reigning Family of Lahore," by Major G. Carmichael Smyth.

continued to reign. Or power might have been usurped by the Jummoo brothers. But the Empire was founded on the faith and the sword of the Disciples of the Gooroos, and unless the heart of the Khalsa was with the Ruler there could be no stability.

A Genius of sparkling strength arose and passed away with Runjeet Singh. It was the same at Cabul, though in a lesser degree, in the person of Dost Mahomet Khan; but the Dost was poor, "ruling," as he said, "over a land of stones."



CHAPTER VIII.

John Lawrence appointed to the Jullundur Doab as Commissioner—Account of Sir Hugh Wheeler, K.C.B.—Second Sikh War.

“Northwards soared

“The stainless ramps of huge Himâla’s wall,

“Ranged in white ranks against the blue—untrod,

“Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vasts,

“And lifted universe of crest and crag,

“Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,

“Riven ravine, and splintered precipice,

“Led climbing thought higher and higher, until

“It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.”

The Light of Asia. By Edwin Arnold.



THE Jullundur Doab, to which John Lawrence was appointed as a Commissioner, is a gem; it lies between the rivers Beeas and Sutlej, is flat and fertile and is cultivated by a very industrious race of Jats. To the north, a country of hills, mountains and valleys stretches away for miles and miles. In the cold season, the mountains rise up covered with snow, and during the hot season down pour the ice fed rivers, the Ravee, the Chenab and the Beeas into the plains, from their homes of perpetual snow.

But it was not merely the pleasant land and ample pay, which must have satisfied John's ambition and longings for a time; the close proximity to his brother Henry, who held the post of Resident of Lahore must have fully convinced John that even better times were coming. For he was now virtually his own master; he had to correspond with Sir Frederick Currie, who was Foreign Secretary to Sir Henry Hardinge, and Henry was supposed to lean a good deal on the Lawrence brothers, and not to be very apt in reading the signs of the times, since on the arrival of Lord Dalhousie in Calcutta on January 12th, 1848, Lord Hardinge assured his successor, "that as far as he could see, it would not be necessary to fire a gun in India for seven years."

But the surrender of the Kangra Fort gave some little cause for anxiety. Our readers may judge what the strength of the Fort was, from the following extract:

*"Kangra had been often attacked, but never taken; the Gurkhas, after remaining before it for twelve months, had eventually raised the siege; it was only by capitulation that it fell into the hands of the Sikhs; and it has always, with reason, been considered as their strongest fortress. It stands on a hill, and on three sides it is surrounded by the Ban Gunga, a river at all times breast-deep;

*NOTE—See "Adventures of an officer in the Punjab," Sir H. Lawrence,

on the fourth side it is separated from another projecting hill, called Jainti Mata, by a deep dell, half a kos wide."

It must be recollected that the Doab had been under Sikh rule, and was therefore organised to a very great extent, and only required the pressure of John's strong hand, and his staff of English officers to mould it into a form approaching that of the Delhi Territory.

But John was resolved to collect the Government revenue in money, not in grain. The Sikhs kept accounts admirably, so there was no difficulty in fixing a money value in lieu of grain for each village; the people however did not like the change. The Doab was full of men to whom rent free estates had been assigned by the Lahore Court, for services or from court favor, or caprice; these allowances were pared down pretty close by John, who always disliked the native chiefs, or mushroom aristocracy, or indeed chiefs of the best blood. John liked the agriculturist with his fat bullocks, his cows, his well filled granary, his fields of wheat, cotton, or sugar, and the creak of the Persian wheel, or the hum of the women's spinning wheel, as they prepared their thread from the produce of their own fields. The dust from the mill grinding corn was also sweet to John's nostrils. And he was right, for from these petty holdings came the revenue on which the British white faced

soldier was fed, and the Civil Government carried on.

The question of female infanticide was also touched on, and the feelings of the people were gradually enlisted in favor of the suppression of an odious custom; the result of pride, which sapped the very root of society and domestic life.

Thus time passed pleasantly enough, but the seed was silently being sown, which stirred up John and Henry's worst passions, and eventually parted them in anger, sorrow, and repentant remorse, never to meet again in this world, except for a brief space of time in Calcutta.

We must spare a few lines to allude to a man, who at the time of which we are writing was serving in the Jullundur Doab. We mean Col. Wheeler. Not long after the time we are reviewing, Col. Wheeler was led up between Sir Henry Lawrence and Sir Henry Elliott, Foreign Secretary, to the Throne, before which stood Lord Dalhousie, the Governor General. The ceremony took place at Kennedy House, Simlah; the room was full of ladies in brilliant dresses, officers in uniform, and civilians. Col. Wheeler left the foot of the Throne, as Sir Hugh Massy Wheeler, K.C.B. We can even now recall the tones of the clear ringing voice of the Governor General.

A few years later in the agony of despair and extremity, Sir H. Wheeler wrote from the

entrenchment at Cawnpoor those melancholy lines to Sir Henry Lawrence, who was cooped up in the Residency at Lucknow.

◊ WHEELER TO LAWRENCE.

June 24.

“I avail myself of the return of Maclean’s man to give you an account of the past and present. (Here follows the details of the Mutiny of the 4th June.) Since then we have had a bombardment in this miserable position three or four times daily, now nineteen days, exposed to two twenty-fours, and eight other guns of smaller calibre, and three mortars; to reply with eight nines, you know is out of the question; neither would our ammunition permit it. All our carriages more or less disabled, ammunition short; British spirit alone remains but it cannot last for ever. Yesterday they attempted the most formidable assault, but dared not come on; and after three hours in the trenches cheering the men, I returned to find my darling son killed by a nine pounder in the room with his mother and sisters; he was not able to accompany me, having been fearfully crippled by a severe contusion. The cannonade was tremendous, I venture to assert such a position so defended has no example, but cruel has been

*See “Life of Sir Henry Lawrence.”

the evil. (Here follows a list of killed and dead.)
.....We have no instruments, no medicine, provision for ten days at farthest, and no possibility of getting any, as all communications with the town is cut off.....We have been cruelly deserted and left to our fate. We had not above 220 soldiers of all arms at first, the casualties have been numerous. Railway gents and merchants have swollen our ranks to what they are—small as that is, they have done excellent service, but neither they nor I can last for ever. We have all lost everything that belonged to us. I have not even a change of linen. Surely we are not to die like rats in a cage. We know nothing of Allahabad, to which place we have sent five notes, but whether they have reached, or even gone, we as yet know not. The ladies, women, and children, have not a safe hole to lie down in, and they all sleep in the trenches for safety and coolness. The Barracks are perforated in every direction, and cannot long give the miserable shelter which they now do.

God bless you,

Ever yours,

H. M. WHEELER.

“Then follows a postscript, in which he entrusts the disposal of his worldly affairs to his “old friend.”

But no aid could be given, and Sir H. Wheeler and his small force, sun stricken, starved and frantic with thirst, departed to a world of spirits.

The treaty of Lahore, dated March 9th, 1846; and the treaty of Bhyrowal, dated 22nd December, 1846, arranged how the Lahore Government should be settled. Henry Lawrence became Resident; but the treaties contained the seeds of eventual dissolution. The Court had been full of intrigue before their signature, and its nature was not changed by pen and ink.

*NOTE.—We asked the question from a friend whether Government could possibly have saved Cawnpoor. The following is his reply: “Government could by no means have saved Wheeler’s force, his troops mutinied on the 4th June, on that date also our mutiny at Benares took place, all our native troops (with the exception of some 200 Sikh Infantry on guard at the treasury, and some 30 native officers men of the Irregular Cavalry) mutinied, fought us, and fled. At Allahabad on 6th June, the 6th Regiment Native Infantry mutinied and murdered nearly all their officers leaving Brasyer’s Seiks staunch and some old European Pensioners to hold the Fort; the troops at Jaunpoor and Azimghur, &c., all mutinied, in fact the whole country was up. Wheeler’s force was reinforced by Sir H. Lawrence about the 21st May, he sent Captain Lowe of the 32nd with 50 men of that Regiment to his assistance, he could ill spare them; on the 3rd June the above detachment was sent back by Wheeler, and he also sent on Captain O’Brien and 50 men of the 84th Foot, which we had pushed on to him from Benares on *dak ghurries* before the mutiny took place at either station. So you see he was convinced at first he could hold his own! He was too confident, he placed such entire belief in his *baba logue*, as he used to call the native soldiers, he could not believe they would mutiny, and I fancy would not show them that he dreaded them doing so, and *ergo* left the defensible post alone and threw up that miserable mud wall around the Barrack some three or four feet high. He kept his force in the open, when he could have put them all in the fortified magazine filled with guns and ammunition and this he could have filled with provisions of all sorts, and then would have had room for all he had with him; the heavy guns used against him were taken from the Magazine. Lawrence’s own position was so precarious he could not with any safety possibly have again sent men to Cawnpoor to reinforce, or attempt to rescue Wheeler from the intrenched position he had got into. Chunhut which was a defeat to Sir Henry took place a week after Sir Hugh had capitulated.”

Maharajah Runjeet Singh used to ride at the head of two hundred Umbrella men or Chiefs, and though their number had been lessened, still the Resident found plenty to foment an ill feeling against the English, and the action of Henry Lawrence increased this irritation. With the very best intention, he brought a number of young English Assistants to aid him in the work of reform and reorganisation, these men were told off to aid and advise native rulers.

The payment of revenue in money was settled; Suttee prohibited, also infanticide. The Punjab soon felt that it needed one head as of old. The Sikh soldiery were not convinced that they had been thoroughly defeated, and longed to again try their strength with the English troops. Hindoos were separated from Mahometans in their views, for the Sikh rule had been too short to weld all the discordant elements together. Rajab Gulab Singh held aloof at Jummoo or Cashmeer, ready to take advantage of any fitting chance in his favor. The possession of Cashmeer, which formed the groundwork of a Court intrigue caught Rajah Lal Singh in the meshes of a conspiracy, and he was banished. Soldiers out of employ longed for a change, and trusted to see it soon. Plots ripened as fast as wheat in summer.

Major Lawrence, now Sir Henry Lawrence, K.C.B., had sailed with Lord Hardinge for England

and John Lawrence acted as Resident at Lahore until the arrival of Sir Frederick Currie, who was to hold the post until the return of Sir Henry to India. Sir Frederick did not wish to obtain the post, and he was unfitted for it. Brilliant, but sadly indolent at times, he did his work by fits and starts; his life had been too refined and too ceremonious for the simple mannered people of the Punjab. The Lawrence brothers were rough and homely, and devoid of all pomp and ceremony, so people could talk openly and freely to them, if they wished to do so.

It was clear that if the English Army left the Punjab, rebellion, rapine, and murder would fill the country, and possibly spread to our own provinces. The Queen Mother plotted, intrigued and was banished, and there was no one to whom the people could look as a guiding head, for John Lawrence went back to his own work at Jullundur, and Sir Frederick Currie entered upon the duties of President. The Council of Chiefs talked, but felt helpless to control the rising storm.

Probably the Government might have jogged on, until the return of Sir Henry, had not Sir Frederick been in a hurry and made a fatal mistake. It came about in this manner. Two hundred miles to the south of Lahore lies the Province of Mooltan, with a strong fort. It had been governed by Dewan Sawan Mull with great

success; he had cut canals, dug wells and paid the revenue fixed by the State as his contribution punctually. Sawan Mull had risen from nothing, his son Dewan Moolraj succeeded him and governed well. His family came from Akalghurh.

Now Dewan Moolraj said that he was anxious to be relieved of the Governorship of Mooltan; possibly he wished to see which way the wind blew. However, in an evil hour Vans Agnew and Anderson were sent, with an escort to take charge of the Fort. They were both murdered, and Dewan Moolraj was forced into rebellion. Sir Herbert Edwardes and his Pathan levées, backed up by a regular Sikh force under General Van Cortlandt, c.b., accompanied by Lake, Pollock, Ralph Young and Reynell Taylor came to the rescue from the frontier of the Derajat, but the Fort was too strong to be taken in this summary way, and although fighting took place near Mooltan, Edwardes was forced to wait.

A force was sent from Lahore, but it proved too weak. When it became certain that the force dispatched by Sir Frederick Currie from Lahore was not strong enough to capture the Fort of Mooltan, the Khalsa, or Sikhs began to entertain hopes that the time had arrived for forcing the English to quit the Punjab.

But a great change had taken place since the end of the first Sikh War, and the Mahometans of

the Punjab no longer desired for a renewal of Khalsa supremacy. The Kingdom, as bequeathed by Maharajah Runjeet Singh to his successors, had already fallen to pieces. Before the first Sikh War commenced, the Khalsa army had ceased to obey its officers, but was at the beck and call of Committees or Panches, who decided all political questions, and when the first Sikh War ended and the army was reorganised, the same element though not so active or apparent survived, ready to break forth on the first available opportunity.

The English army of occupation garrisoned Lahore, but throughout the country the reorganized Sikh Government troops held all military and civil posts. In short an army was ready to contest the point of supremacy with the English, but shorn to a great extent of Mahometan support; the Pathans of the Derajat having elected to side with the English force under Edwardes.

There was delay at Mooltan; reinforcements were summoned from Bombay, and Rajah Shere Singh who was sent by the Durbar and Sir Frederick Currie to aid in the capture of Mooltan, on a sudden, being distrusted by Dewan Moolraj, or acting on some understanding with him, left Mooltan and marching northwards joined his father Rajah Chutter Singh, and the second Sikh War commenced.

The troops at Peshawar broke out into mutiny;

George Lawrence was taken prisoner a second time, and other disturbances burst forth in various parts of the Punjab. We held Lahore with our troops, and an English force was besieging Mooltan aided by an Irregular force of Pathans under Edwardes, and Sikh troops under General Van Cortlandt. Rajah Gulab Singh remained quiet at Jummoo, and John Lawrence kept all fairly in order in the Jullundur Doab, but there were some disturbances which were suppressed.

Lord Gough drew his forces together with all practicable dispatch, and skirmishing commenced. In the affair of Ramnuggur, General Cureton, Col. Havelock and another officer of the 14th Dragoons were killed; but it was at Chillianwala that a pitched battle was fought, and the day won by Col. Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, and the 61st Foot, not however without considerable loss to the English, especially to the 24th Foot, which suffered most severely.

The fall of Mooltan was now not far off, and on the arrival of troops from Bombay, the siege was again commenced with vigor; a fortunate cannon shot or a shell blew up Dewan Moolraj's magazine, and caused him a considerable loss in men. Sir Henry Lawrence was present at Mooltan when the explosion took place, having hurried out from England. He was not far from the fortunate

Artillery man, who fired the shot which exploded the magazine, and with his genial, prompt liberality rewarded him with the gift of a gold watch, which he was wearing himself.

The Fort then surrendered, and Dewan Moolraj was sent as a prisoner to Lahore, tried and died in exile.

All was now ready, and Lord Gough fought the battle of Guzerat, which gave the Sikh army a crushing defeat, and Sir Walter Gilbert followed the retreating army with such expedition and vigor, that the whole force surrendered at discretion and the second Sikh War ended. The Sikh army, even in its disorganised condition, proved itself a by no means contemptible antagonist.

Lord Dalhousie had come up from Calcutta to Amballah, where he halted for a time, and then proceeded to the frontier. And after mature thought, the decree went forth that the Punjab was to be annexed to the Territory of the British Empire, and that the minor, Maharajah Dhuleep Singh should be pensioned. The order of annexation is dated March 29th, 1849. Thus Sir Henry Lawrence ceased to be Resident at Lahore.

We must pause a few moments to observe, that the annexation of the Punjab by the British Government was powerfully advocated by some letters, which appeared in the *Mofussilite*

newspaper, under the name of Economist. They attracted the attention of Lord Dalhousie; the writer George Campbell, in later years has been known as Sir George Campbell, M.P. But annexation was most distasteful to Sir Henry Lawrence, for it removed him from a post of extraordinary interest, power and importance.



CHAPTER IX.

Lord Dalhousie—Annexation of the Punjab—Government of the Punjab by Lord Dalhousie—Board of Administration—Its obituary.

"After he was confirmed and invested Protector by the humble Petition and Advice, he consulted with very few upon any Action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved on, with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority; but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it."—*History of the Rebellion*, Earl Clarendon, vol. III.



FRESH actor had now appeared on the scene, Lord Dalhousie. He was young, haughty, self-willed, self-reliant, and able; he resolved to be supreme master in India and remained so, until worn out and dying, he left India to his successor, Lord Canning. Lord Dalhousie set to work vigorously to put together the pieces of the map of India, which the weakness of the Mogul rule had allowed to slip through its fingers.

Sir Henry Lawrence was sorely vexed with the

edict of annexation; but Lord Dalhousie was not weak or pliant like Lord Hardinge; **“a man,”* said John Lawrence, *“of no ability;”* so there was no use kicking against the pricks. The Punjab Government was essentially Lord Dalhousie's handy work; he revelled in all the multifarious arrangements, and it is owing to the forethought of the Governor General, that John Lawrence was able to hold his own during the Mutiny of 1857, and come out of the struggle victorious. The Punjab was strongly garrisoned with English troops. It must be remembered, that Lord Dalhousie's despatches and letters have not yet been published.

Lahore was fixed upon as the head-quarters of a Board of Administration for the Punjab; it was composed of three men.

Sir Charles Napier, virulent and jealous, endeavoured to ridicule the scheme; it doubtless had its weak points, as the Governor General well knew, but it lasted for three years, and was for the time, a success. Sir Henry Lawrence became President, John Lawrence, Financial Member, C. Greville Mansel, Judicial Member, and Philip Melvill, Secretary. Robert Montgomery was made Commissioner of the Lahore division.

Thus the three schoolfellows of Foyle College

*Vide Bosworth Smith.

had got together. Almost a miracle one would say, did not Anglo-Indians know what interest, friendship and gentle flattery can effect in the East. The great defect in the appointment of officials, and it lasted for years, was that men were chosen from the military and civil services, as interest or ability weighed down the scale, without any previous civil training.

Thus we read of John Lawrence always finding fault with and trying to shunt men, against whom he took a dislike. No sentence, in Lord Dalhousie's writings, appears to have stung John Lawrence more than being called a "good hater." It was true to life of both Sir Henry and John Lawrence. If they disliked anyone, it was hopeless to try and conciliate them. There were Sir Henry's friends and John's friends. Sir Henry's friends were his till death, but John's likings were rather official than personal. The roots of discord ran deep into the soil, and did not wither away until Sir Henry left the Punjab, three years after the Board had been formed.

But to two of Sir Henry's friends, John was most specially indebted; to the chivalrous Nicholson, who fell mortally wounded at the siege of Delhi; and to Hodson, from whom however the official mantle of favor had been torn prior to 1857, never to be regrasped even by the gallant

See "Bosworth Smith."

deeds of the Mutiny, and a subsequent death at Lucknow.

Sir Henry knew that the Sepoy army was unsuited to the services, which would be required from it; perhaps in the first and second wars, startling facts were brought to his notice, or passed before his eyes. Accordingly a frontier Irregular Force was formed, and placed under the orders of the Board of Administration. The Guide Corps was the special offspring of Sir Henry's genius. It was recruited from all classes, and has always sustained a high reputation for military courage, dash and fidelity. These qualities were proved most conspicuously and honorably in 1857; when it marched under its Commandant Daly to the siege of Delhi in 22 days, and traversed a distance of 550 miles, arriving as fresh as a lark, when he rises full of life and song to a vanishing point, a mere speck.

A police, both preventive and detective, was enlisted; 8,000 of the former, and 7,000 of the latter. Amongst the ranks of these men were many old soldiers, first rate fighting men. There was always a friendly spirit between the Punjab native officials, and the English. They are not so overwhelmed with tongue flattery as the people of Hindostan; indeed an English officer has often to hear sharp comments on his Government.

One day after the annexation of 1849, a party

of Sikhs filled our court; we seated them. They then remarked to us;

“What is the use of your Proclamation, telling us to return home and confiscating our houses?”

We replied, “An evil wind has blown over the Punjab; go home with this order, and your houses will be rented to you for a penny a year, and wait.”

During 1857 we met some of these men, who had enlisted in General Van Cortlandt's force; they gave us a small present of sugar, laughed and said:

“Now we are on the right side.”

Vigorous measures soon strangled dacoity, which was very prevalent about Lahore and Amritsir; for disbanded soldiers without pay fancy they must live by plunder, or else regain their pay in their own country; as is the case in Burmah. Thugs, which had crept into the Punjab and been detected, were curbed later on; it was found that an English officer, who had been missed during the first Sikh war, and could not be accounted for, had been a victim to Thugs. Two or three Sikh Regiments had been enlisted after the first Sikh war was concluded, they were most splendid men. Lord Hardinge reviewed one Regiment at Amballah, before he quitted India, and was much struck by them. Rattrays and Brasyers Sikhs became famous in 1857.

Sir Henry never enjoyed office work; he was desultory in his habits, and delighted in roving about and making inquiries, his health was bad. The Government over which he had held rule as Resident was broken up, dragging down many with it to ruin and comparative poverty. It was in his endeavour to lessen the fall and discomforts of the Chiefs of the Punjab, whose estates were reduced or confiscated, that Sir Henry came to loggerheads with his brother John.

The younger brother, that is John, never liked the Chief element, he had no compassion or heart for them; they oppressed the agriculturist, ruined him and left nothing but lands deserted, cottages without roofs, wells without Persian wheels, whilst the poor Jat cultivator, whose skin had shone bright and fair at his well, whose song had urged on his fat, well conditioned bullocks at their work, was shut up in irons by a rascally idle Chief, in some dungeon full of vermin, which feasted on the Jat's skin; and his wife and children were either dead, or mere skeletons crawling about the country, like the vermin over the husband and father.

John Lawrence knew all this, his heart was with the Jats; Sir Henry's heart was with the Chief, mounted on his prancing steed, himself clothed with "purple and fine linen," an umbrella bearer running by his side to mark his rank, and ward

off the sun, the retainers riding behind at a proper distance.

The Financial Member of the Board knew that no country could be held without a full treasury. An English Regiment alone cost about £50,000 a year, and the Court of Directors was always calling out loudly about expense; therefore, he was determined not to allow a penny more than he was obliged, to any idler, harm doer, oppressor, or flatterer.

Thus the remaining Chiefs of the Punjab were clipped and pruned as low as possible; but Sir Henry's kindly feelings towards them entered their hearts, and many went the right road in 1857 with John, who would otherwise have risen in rebellion.

Sites for Civil and Military Stations had to be settled; and here we find Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, stepping in, or rather rushing in. He had cast a longing eye on the Punjab, and wished to govern it; but three strong paws were already pressed down on it, and Sir Charles Napier could not find a vacant spot for his pressure. He wrote, he abused, he threatened, he complained, but all to no purpose. He met his match, and his Scinde system was mauled by one who had served in the province; every argument, every misrepresentation was ably answered, and Sir Charles Napier left the Punjab growling like

a wild beast ; but not before he had lessened his military reputation, by a weak attack on Kohat.

The land revenue settlement was pressed on ; what had been effected in the days of the Residency came into good service. A money payment instead of one in grain having been instituted, every village knew the extent of its responsibility to government. Instead of a watchman's tax, levied direct from the inhabitants of a town, a source of endless vexation and discomfort to the poor ; an octroi system, which was in force in the Punjab, and which the people liked, was maintained. But transit duties were generally speaking abolished, to the great relief of merchants and commerce.

The Grand Trunk road from Calcutta was pushed on towards Peshawar ; the cost was always a cause of quarrels, but Robert Napier never shirked his work, or cared for expense. His public buildings are a credit to him, and to the Government. His barracks at Amballah were for years far famed.

Although possessing many virtues a good and progressive government, the Board like Ahab of old was sore at heart. It is true, it did not envy a garden of herbs, but it longed for fame. When a man has an erring wife, a love sick, dying daughter, or a too gallant knight in attendance, he has not every day a Tennyson at his elbow, to

blazon all forth in poetry. The Board had no poet, and not even a Secretary to put all its good deeds into prose. A highly finished picture was required. After search, Richard Temple was found by John Lawrence, and although not Secretary, he produced a model report which charmed everyone; the Board, the Governor General, and the stiff old Court of Directors, never very lavish of praise. A prose Tennyson had been discovered.

The report is admirable and well worth perusal; it gives a capital view of what energy and principle may effect, even in a climate which at times is intolerable. But the Secretary *de facto* Philip Melvill, whom everyone respected and loved, sickened and died most opportunely, and Richard Temple stepped into the vacant berth; from this time dates his rapid rise.

There were other portions of the Map of India, which Lord Dalhousie put together; those of Nagpore and Oude. But the Governor General committed one fatal error; he placed his trust in a native army, and thus after he left India, the edifice which he had built came down with a resounding crash, and had to be rebuilt. It was the old spirit of parsimony reappearing, and too few English troops were kept up. Bengal and the North West Provinces were denuded of English regiments. The former had only two or three

English foot regiments quartered in it; the latter, two English infantry regiments, and one of English cavalry. Cawnpoor had only a few English companies. The grave clothes were being quietly woven, for many a gallant English officer and soldier. But the future being concealed from us, does not trouble us, so we live on not unpleasantly,

In a financial point of view the Punjab was a success, money had not been wasted, and the people were doubtless content; for annexation in India, where so large a proportion of the population is Hindoo, does not lead to a feeling of degradation. An English rule is far better than a Mahometan rule, which was foreign.

The annexation of Oude however, brought discontent in the ranks of our native army, the homes of the Sepoys being there to a great extent. Under a British Resident they gained and kept many privileges, which they lost on annexation. But in the Punjab, the Sikh soldiery had fought it out with us, and saw we were masters. Of course both in the Punjab and in Oude, a host of courtiers and hangers-on about the Court lost their daily bread, and melted away into the general population.

We are now drawing near to the end of the life of the Board of Administration; it has lived its appointed time, not three score years and ten, it is true; but three years. It came about in this fashion. Sir Henry and John Lawrence were

more and more inimical and bitter against each other, and it was evident a climax must come.

Robert Montgomery often acted as peacemaker, but to no purpose. It was the question of the Jat and his Chief, over, and over and over again. The two brothers, would not or could not look, like Abraham and Lot, from the snow clad Himalayas, and choose their line of country. So Lord Dalhousie acted as arbitrator, and Sir Henry departed for the appointment of Agent of Rajpootana; whilst John Lawrence became Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, December 1852.

Sir Henry left the Punjab like David of old when his son Absalom seized upon the Government, full of grief and sorrow. The feelings of Sir Henry on this occasion are aptly described in the following extract:

*“In such employment I spent some hours, and then had a farewell interview with some of my Kangra officials, who now, with real grief, saw my preparations for departure, not perhaps for any personal affection for me, but at losing one who had protected and fostered them, and under whose care their business had thriven. The rumour of my departure had little time to spread, but there were nevertheless many of the traders and other inhabitants of Kangra, who had accompanied the camp assembled at my tent that night; and some

*NOTE—See “Adventures of an Officer,” by Sir H. Lawrence.

of the protestations and prayers on my behalf came, I do believe, from the heart, and well they might, for saving the legal rights of Government (one-third of the crop), nothing had, during my short reign, been taken from the cultivator, who, for once at least in the Lahore territory, had reaped where he had sown, and had been able to calculate on the fruits of his own field."

Sir Henry never visited the too well loved haunts of the Punjab again; but John Lawrence met him when he went to wish Lord Dalhousie good bye, on his relinquishing the Government. It was on this occasion that John Lawrence was knighted.

Thus two great and illustrious brothers parted; each good and earnest in his way. But with all his violence of temper, all his failings, there was a nobleness about Sir Henry, so that one's heart clings to him rather than to Sir John. The subtle power of the feelings cannot but be true to itself.

When an illustrious person departs from amongst us, custom awards him an obituary notice; we will claim this distinction for the Board of Administration, for we have some subjects to touch on, which might have broken into the continuity of our narrative, if brought forward sooner.

Lord Dalhousie retained the civil and military patronage of English officials, mostly in his own

hands, and was just in its distribution. If he ever determined for some special reason, to make a selection out of the regular beaten path, he did not shelter himself behind a hypocritical assertion, that he had selected the fittest man.

On Lord Dalhousie's arrival in India, he lost no time in drawing out a scheme for Imperial railways. He had seen the railway bubble burst in England, and the financial disaster brought about by contending and even unnecessary lines. A Mr. Sims was sent out as consulting Engineer, by the Court of Directors, and the Punjab eventually participated in the Imperial scheme.

A department of public works was formed, both for military and civil works, and was presided over by Col. Napier. It was a rule of the Board, that no buildings should be commenced without a plan and estimate; a sound and useful plan, the violation of this rule in later days, brought Sir John Lawrence, and Sir Bartle Frere, when Governor of Bombay, into bitter contest and strife.

Sites had to be speedily selected on annexation, for civil and military stations; the geographical formation of the Punjab mostly decided these, but the health of our English soldiers had due weight in fixing them, either on, or close to the mountains, which bounded the Punjab on the North West Frontier.

The Punjab was divided off into so many

Counties, and three or four of them were placed under a superior English officer, who was styled a Commissioner. The officer in charge of a County was called a Deputy Commissioner. He had an efficient staff of Assistants and Extra Assistants placed under him; the latter class often included natives, who always maintained a high character. A County was again divided off into its Police, and Revenue posts; and thousands of natives were chosen for these offices, many of whom had been servants of the Sikh Government.

A few central 1st class jails were erected, and every County had its own special jail, and a Post Office; many, a small church, and a dispensary with an English civil surgeon, or a native doctor attached to it. Staging bungalows or rest-houses were built, with good out offices, for the accommodation of both English and Native travellers, and a staff of servants belonged to them. Suitable offices for Courts were also built; the English clerks, who carried on the English work of a county, transacted their business in a special office. Many Counties had Telegraph offices at their head quarters.

Military stations were clearly marked out, and military authority was supreme within their limits. The Financial Member of the Board, amongst his other duties, held a Court of Appeal on questions connected with land. The Judicial Member

presided over Courts of Appeal, in civil and criminal matters; and confirmed criminal cases referred to him. Commissioners held Sessions, or Assize Courts in the criminal department; they also conducted Courts of Appeal in criminal, civil and revenue cases.

Main lines of communication were mapped out and made, as well as village roads to join them. When a Government takes its position in a country by conquest, there are certain claims on the late Government, which it cannot ignore. For instance, Rent Free Grants, whether for religious or other purposes; the inquiry into these, and their settlement involved an immense amount of work; there were thousands of these claims to be dealt with.

A Code of Civil, and Criminal Law, and Procedure was gradually framed. In the preparation of these Codes, Sir Richard Temple took a most earnest, intelligent and active part; and they were of immense benefit in teaching English and Native officials their duties, and the people of the Punjab their rights, and the penalties for their infringement. English Reports were cleared from the barbarous custom of interlacing them with native words. Sir Richard's vocabulary was so ample, that he had no need to borrow from the language of Hindostan, to express his ideas, or those of his Government.

Once, during the first Afghan war, two senior officers arrived on the banks of the Indus. One was an English officer of the East India Company; the other belonged to the Queen's army.

The Company's officer sitting down on the banks of the river, remarked to his brother officer:

"Now we must have a *bunderbust*."

"And what is a *bunderbust*?" was the reply.

The Company's officer, then had to explain the meaning of his familiar, native word. He meant to say, "We must arrange for crossing the river."

The question of adoption was always cropping up in the Punjab; mainly in consequence of our position in the Cis-Sutlej States. It was one, which had at length to be settled for the whole of India.

Water was life to the Revenue of many parts of the Punjab, so canals were a constant theme for discussion, and many noble works were carried out. Wells were dug by thousands, on money advanced by Government, on a carefully arranged plan.

Settlements of the land revenue, on a scientific survey, and village measurements were made, for a term of years. Records of holdings in villages were written out, and the terms were fixed, on which the Government revenue was to be divided on landowners, hereditary cultivators and so forth.

The germ of Municipal Institutions has always existed, in the towns, and villages of India.

Wealth, prosperity, or public danger, has always increased, or called into action, the number of members of Municipal Committees. The Punjab Government, has systematically endeavoured, to foster Municipal Institutions; and in large towns, has invested the most distinguished natives, with Magisterial, and even we believe, with Civil powers.

The subject of silver coins, which were circulating in the Punjab, was inquired into, and the rupees of the Company substituted for the coins called in; they were the cause of endless vexation, on account of the discount charged on them.

A friendly intercourse was kept up with all classes; and many needed a good deal of sympathy, encouragement and kindly treatment, who had lost their all on the field of battle, or by political changes in the Council Chamber, after annexation.

A system of elementary schools was sketched out, and schools for the instruction of native teachers were formed. Most counties had a school where English was taught, and a College was eventually established at Lahore. Girls were taught to read and write, in many village schools, by high caste Pundits. An impetus was given to the study of Persian, Arabic, Oordoo, Hindee, Sanskrit and English.

William Delafield Arnold was the first Director

of Public Instruction, in the Punjab; he was specially selected by Sir John Lawrence, for his eminent attainments in English literature, and classical knowledge. He did not long hold the appointment, for death snatched him away in the prime of life. The Punjab Government clearly indicated its earnest desire, for the cultivation of the minds of the people.

A system of Forestry was introduced, to preserve and improve forest trees in the Punjab. The Himalaya mountains contained magnificent pine forests, and thousands of trees were planted in the plains.

The subject of the improvement of the breeds of horses and cattle, was attended to. A breed of excellent horses existed about Rawal Pindie, but in diminished numbers; these were the produce of horses, which conquerors from the north west had left there, when marching to Delhi.

We have traced out these few facts to show, what a great weight of responsibility rested on the Government of the Punjab, which has at all times shewn itself a sincere friend of the people.

Thus ends a chapter in the sketch of the Punjab; it closes to open with fresh zest, for one head will in future govern the land of the five rivers.

CHAPTER X.

Punjab Government as reorganised by Lord Dalhousie, Governor General of India—Death of Col. Mackeson, his brilliant qualities—John Lawrence knighted—Commencement of the Mutiny.


“The sun reveals the secrets of the sky;

“And who dares give the source of light the lye?

“The change of empires often he declares,

“Fierce tumults, hidden treasons, open wars.”

I. Georgics, 626 Virgil, (Dryden, 1792.)

HE climate of the Punjab was varied, so were its races. This was a difficulty in the choice of English officials, with which John Lawrence had to contend. The refined, delicate, fastidious, but quick brained man, could not rough it on the frontier ; where a lion hearted, iron constitutioned, strong willed man was required; not given to hesitation, or legal quirks and quibbles. But in time all were shuffled, some out of the Punjab; they fled in dismay from a land where an official curse, a mark of Cain was impressed on them, to gain distinction, rise and be rewarded by Government in other parts of India.

"How strange," said an official to us, "is the rise of this man; I can remember the day when Lawrence would not give him a very humble appointment, that he applied for." But a coronet does not shadow forth its impress on a favored head, before it reaches it.

Sir Colin Campbell gave offence at Peshawar, and left with his friend Mansfield. Napier quitted the Punjab; he did not hit it off with John Lawrence.

Still, although Lawrence was often harsh and unjust, he did not incur the disfavor of Lord Dalhousie. Though now and then he had a sharp hint, "good hater" was one; another, remember the patronage is mine, so make the best of the men I nominate.

When the Punjab Government was remodelled, John Lawrence became supreme; Robert Montgomery, Judicial Commissioner, and George Edmondstone, Financial Commissioner. But the latter, was much too strong a man to remain long in harness with Lawrence; so he was made Foreign Secretary, and Donald Macleod took his place; a very good man, but always in arrears with his work, a greivous fault for which Lawrence was always censuring his subordinates.

John Lawrence called him the Cunctator. A Petition was once presented to Donald Macleod by

a native Messenger, asking for leave of absence, to get married. After a year's delay, Macleod ordered the leave to be granted. The Messenger stepped forward and said :

“Your slave has had leave, been married and is blessed with a son !”

C. Greville Mansel was sent to a high post at Nagpore, with his lovely wife ; much to the relief of all ladies, before whose beauty theirs paled. Thus the coast was cleared of troublesome aspirants. There is a remarkable hint thrown out by a *letter, from Lord Dalhousie, by which the current of his thoughts may be detected. When Col. Mackeson was assassinated at Peshawar, not long after John's accession to power, Lord Dalhousie proposes to send Sir James Outram, to take the post of Commissioner ; to this Lawrence most energetically replies, urging the claims of Herbert Edwardes to be appointed ; and the Governor General gave way. Subsequently, the Governor General asks Lawrence, whether his thoughts were on the Lieutenant Governorship of Agra, or Council. Thus it would appear, that Lord Dalhousie intended to transfer Lawrence, and to give the Punjab to Sir James Outram. But John did not fall into the trap ; his Scotch wariness saved him, and possibly Lord Dalhousie did not think the worse of him.

*Vide Bosworth Smith for letter.

•In writing, John was careful in always addressing Lord Dalhousie as "My Lord," and ending with, "My Lord." The Governor General once suggested, "may we not drop my Lord, and be a little more cordial in our correspondence?" John took the hint, but Lord Dalhousie was always a man with whom it was best to be on one's guard. By the time he left India, he apparently had a sincere friendship for John Lawrence,

We must not pass over the death of Col. Mackeson without comment. He was a very remarkable man, descended from a family living in Kent. Mackeson was actively employed on the Frontier, during the 1st Afghan war, and the subsequent disasters. His feats of daring were a marvel; he must often have met Sir Henry Lawrence about Peshawar, during Pollock's advance to Cabul, and in and about the Khyber Pass; through parts of which he used to ride alone with gold coins strapped round his waist, to make payments for our Government.

Though brave, Mackeson was always modest; he was handsome, tall and well made, his hair brown with a profusion of curls; he was a capital horseman, no one could be found to overmatch him. He was cool, clear headed, slow and cautious. The end of the Afghan disturbances left Mackeson without an appointment, but he was

*NOTE—Vide Bosworth Smith,

subsequently sent to Sirsa, and Vans Agnew, who was afterwards killed at Mooltan, was for a time with him.

The end of the 1st Sikh War, sent Mackeson to the Cis-Sutlej States, as Commissioner; but whilst Sir Henry Lawrence had secured the Residency at Nepal, from whose interest we cannot say, Mackeson was forced to rest content at the out of the way, sandy, thirsty, and ill paid post of Sirsa.

When the battle of Chillianwala had been fought, Lord Dalhousie was at Amballah; so was Mackeson. The Governor General at once sent for him, gave him his instructions and a correspondence to read. Mackeson sat up most of the night engaged in reading it, and rode off next morning to Ferozepoor; a distance of about 150 miles. The confidence placed in him was unlimited; he had full powers to control the fiery Lord Gough. This shows the trust reposed in him, by Lord Dalhousie.

When in camp before the battle of Guzerat, some information was required regarding the Sikh army; without saying a word, Mackeson went down at night to the bank of the river Chenab, swam across it, collected the facts that were desired, came back, and quietly gave them to the Commander-in-Chief.

Mackeson was a rival of Sir Henry Lawrence,

and had his star been auspicious, he might easily have become Resident at Lahore, and would have filled the post admirably; being cautious, vigilant, even tempered, not given to violent change, an excellent linguist, and well acquainted with all classes of natives. But the Lawrence party could not tolerate so able a man, and the assassin's knife ended his career at Peshawar; to the regret of all who knew the gallantry, the worth, the commanding qualities of this valuable servant of the State, in evil days and in times of peace.

A large portion of John Lawrence's time was taken up in squabbles with his subordinates, or in arranging their mutual jealousies. We shall allude to the subject here, and then dismiss it. In short, John Lawrence had made numerous enemies beyond the limits of the Punjab; friends of the Englishmen serving under him, and at one time it seemed very probable, that John Lawrence would be driven to the wall. John was afraid of Nicholson's quitting the Punjab, and thus causing more disaffection; he therefore could not put his foot down upon him, and crush him for his many irregularities; for when able, John did not hesitate to get rid of an officer.

In the instance of Hodson, John Lawrence was not over just. If the accounts of the Guide Corps were left by Harry Lumsden, as John allows,

“in great disorder;” why did Lawrence not order him back to his Regiment to put them right, instead of saddling a subsequent blame on Hodson. Then Lumsden’s rule appears to have been easy, but it is perfectly ridiculous Lawrence finding fault with Hodson, for calling one Futteh Khan, *nazool* (turned out). Lawrence always called his English officers, whom he disliked “*nimak haram*,” i.e., false to their salt; *haram* being not a fit word to translate for polite ears. But Hodson also got into hot water about Kadir Khan; how Kadir Khan was treated does not clearly appear. But it must be recollected, that up to the time John Lawrence left Delhi for the Jullundur Doab, he was notorious for his use of very violent language, which too often ended in a kick, or a blow. The Chief Constable (or *kotwal*) of Delhi was a standing joke; he was a tall, fine, handsome fellow, the son of a native sheriff at Goorgaon; he gave some offence to John in Court, and he tried to knock him down with a volume of the Regulations; the young man fled out of Court. This man eventually became an Extra-Assistant, and we believe died somewhere about, if not at Peshawar.

We may remark that Lawrence seems to have listened a good deal too much to tittle-tattle; it is a pity no one brought him word beforehand of the

*NOTE—For a full account see Bosworth Smith.

gathering storm of the Mutiny, the clouds of which were collecting from an almost invisible mist.

When at Peshawar after Mackeson's death, Lawrence made a most successful attack on the Bori Affridis, and brought out his own powers of organisation; indeed, during his Government, the frontier tribes were kept fairly well in hand. But constant vigilance is necessary on a frontier, and the avoidance of self praise, which lulls to sleep, and invariably leads to misfortune.

Lawrence never cared much to meddle in Afghan politics; he carried his abstinence too far, for it is better to have friends on a frontier, than men who are neither one thing or the other; even on the humble score of securing safe and just treatment for our merchants and travellers; but very likely, the events of the 1st Afghan disaster had given the Chief Commissioner a chill, from which his brains and nerves never rallied. Lord Dalhousie was anxious for a treaty with the Ameer of Cabul, so John set to work, and Ghulam Kadir Khan came as Envoy from the Ameer; a treaty was concluded, which appears to have given very great satisfaction to the Governor General, who was just about to quit India.

So on John's arriving in Calcutta, he was most

cordially welcomed, and the two friends parted, mutually, it would appear respecting and esteeming each other, if not loving, but political likings and dislikes are very capricious. From this time forward we may write Sir John Lawrence, K.C.B. Lord Canning had arrived, and Lord Dalhousie made over charge of the Government, as is the custom, on the steps of Government House; the Palace built by the Marquis of Wellesley.

*“On being questioned by Sir John as to his feelings at the moment, the out going Governor General replied “I wish that I were Canning and Canning I, and then wouldn't I govern India.” Then of a sudden the fire died away and with a sorrowful look he said “No I don't, I would not wish my greatest enemy, much less my friend Canning, to be the poor, miserable, broken down, dying man I am.”

This then was the utterance of the man, whom we had seen seven years before at Amballah, when the 2nd Sikh war had just broken out, holding his Levée, surrounded by his brilliant staff; young, not tall, standing firmly on the ground, conscious of power, rank and position; his clear ringing voice showing his command of language and his self possession. But Lord Dalhousie had found a conspicuous place on the

*Vide Bosworth Smith's "Life of Lord Lawrence."

page of Indian History, if that could cheer and console the Statesman, dying inch by inch, on his return to England. What does the preacher say, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity."

Sir John had met his new master, what he really thought of him we cannot say at present, a wide chasm was soon about to open out, and separate Master and Servant; to leave the Servant virtually independent, and trusting from necessity to his own resources; whilst the Governor General was almost shut up in Calcutta, surrounded by a not very efficient staff. After this meeting Sir John returned to the Punjab.

We have now to spend a year before the brilliant episode in Sir John's career commenced, which was destined to hand down his name to posterity, in such bright and dazzling colors. But the Persian war has first to be commenced, and ended. Lord Canning wrote to Sir John, and asked about the command of the force to be sent to Persia. *In reply, Sir John recommended his brother, Sir Henry, and trusted his Lordship would not consider it "a job." Lord Canning must have smiled when he received this fraternal epistle, but he appointed Sir James Outram to the command. An excellent officer in every respect; he was destined to bring the Persian war to a satisfactory conclusion and cover himself with

*NOTE—For Sir John's letter, see Bosworth-Smith.

imperishable fame at Lucknow, and the Alum Bagh. We never pass his statue on the Thames Embankment, without recalling his death of chivalry.

Although Lord Canning did not select Sir Henry for the command of the Expedition to Persia, he was sent to Lucknow as Chief Commissioner; and George Lawrence was happy in being posted to the Agency at Rajpootana, in his brother's place.

Before the Mutiny commenced, Sir John met the Ameer Dost Mahomet Khan, and settled a treaty with him; it was signed on the 26th of January 1857. Old as he was, the Dost appears to have been wide awake to his own interest, and must have laughed in his sleeve, when he found Sir John trying to pump him, regarding his correspondence with Rajah Gulab Singh of Cashmeer, during the Sikh war. He was true to his friend, and denied everything in the most impressive terms.

On the 4th of May, Sir John was at Sealkote and distributed scarves to the soldiers, who were learning their new system of rifle practice, with the ill fated greased cartridges. *On the 12th May, Sir John was on the point of starting for Murri, when the Telegram arrived from Delhi: "The Sepoys have come in from Meerut and are

*NOTE—The Mutiny broke out at Meerut on the 10th of May, and mutinous troops quitting Meerut arrived in Delhi on the morning of the 11th of May; before the day closed, the native troops of the garrison of Delhi had joined them and the city was in their possession.

burning everything, Mr. Todd is dead, and several Europeans. We must shut up.

Now we fail to see the foresight of a great statesman, that such a storm should have burst on the land, and that he should have remained ignorant of the real feelings of the Sepoy army, and not have taken any precautions, when warnings came from so many Cantonments, where *bungalows* had been set on fire; yet so it was. Perhaps English officers were afraid of being called alarmists, so remained silent, and failed to report slight hints to superiors.




CHAPTER XI.

Sketch of the mutinous Sepoy Army—The genius of Sir John Lawrence shines forth most brightly.

"Come what come may, I have launched my vessel on the waves.....Farewell! farewell! farewell!"

History of India, Elphinstone, Vol. II., Page 513.

HE native Sepoy army of the Bengal Presidency, together with contingents located in Native States, mustered about 150,000 men. Petty Chiefs in every direction, excepting however those of the Punjab, were fond of retaining men in their service, who were recruited from the same class. Many were descendants of the soldiers, who had been trained by French officers in the Mahratta service, and whose ancestors had been glad on the defeat of the Mahrattas, to take service where they could obtain bread and clothes.

We shall not touch upon the Madras army; but men from Oude had crept into the Bombay army, and were esteemed its best soldiers. This Sepoy element was orderly, submissive, smart, clean, took well to drill, and gave but little trouble in their Cantonments. From the day the

Sepoy soldier entered a Cantonment, he did not leave it until he was allowed to go on Furlough, or was called to change his quarters, in the ordinary routine of army relief.

In the Punjab the Sepoy was a stranger, he hated the land and the people and knew nothing of its geography. Many objected to the Brahmin element, which was found in the Sepoy Regiments; it was religious, and was too apt to meddle in caste matters. For some years before the Mutiny, the Sepoy army had been somewhat mutinous. At Vellore, in 1806, Col. Gillespie put a stop to a Mutiny with his English Dragoons; then other disturbances followed here and there. After a lapse of many years, Sepoy Regiments objected to march to Scinde, on account of which, the 34th Native Infantry was disbanded at Meerut.

When the Punjab was occupied the *Batta* or extra pay question sprang up, and then it was that Col. Bradford occupied the Fort of Govindghurh, at Amritsir, with his cavalry. Government was never certain what would please or displease a native Oude soldier, or one recruited from the northern portion of Bengal. Whilst the native infantry, and regular cavalry, and native artillery men mostly come from Oude; the irregular cavalry came from about Delhi, Rohilcund and our North West Provinces, and Sir John was of

opinion that the latter would remain loyal, but he was mistaken.

The native soldier was dressed like an English soldier in a scarlet uniform; the regular cavalry soldier had a light blue uniform, his accoutrements were all after the English pattern, and he was mounted on a Government horse bred at one of our studs. The irregular cavalry soldier brought his own horse, was clothed and armed after a native fashion, and a Regiment was often called after the officer, who raised or commanded it. Thus we had Skinner's Horse, Hodson's Horse, Tait's Horse and Quin's Horse. Many of the native infantry regiments were also known by the names of the officers, who raised them in former days, the Moffat and so on.

The Punjab frontier never had much intercourse with the Sepoy element; for the military, or civil Police never had any particular business in cantonments, where the Sepoy soldier lived a stranger and a foreigner. The Punjabee soldier hated the soldier from Oude, whose tongue was often too sharp on the score of food, religion and caste. The Punjabee knew that he had been conquered; but felt conscious that man for man, he was far in advance of the Oude soldier for courage. This was particularly the feeling of the Sikh, who has always been a brother to the English

soldier, but never to "the man from the East," *i.e.*, Oude.

Then, although the Hindoo element had broken into Delhi, and the Great Mogul knew not which way to turn; the Punjabee, whether he was a Mahometan or a Sikh, had no fancy for an Oude, Sepoy master. He soon made up his mind, that for a time at least, he would be one with the English, and that he and they joined, would fight out the contest at Delhi, and elsewhere. The atrocities, which had been committed both at Meerut and Delhi, sank deep into the hearts of the Punjabees.

Still, there were many noble natives around Delhi, who did their best for our countrymen and women; and all would have gone on right even at Delhi, had there been an English foot regiment to rally on to; but not a man moved from Meerut. Sir John had an admirable staff of English officers under him, who joined heart and soul, to support the dignity and prestige of England, and the Punjabee saw and felt this.

We must mention, that many of the native officers of the Sepoy army were old and inefficient; the offspring of a seniority system, therefore younger mutinous soldiers took their place; and when once the Mutiny broke out, a native regiment had a difficulty in moving, on the score of supplies

and carriage, if the country was hostile, and what was the good of moving, if no Punjabee recruits would come in, or unless mutinous regiments could join together, and overpower the combined forces of the English and Punjabees.

Robert Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner of the Punjab, had put a large body of horse and foot police together; and Richard Lawrence commanded a most efficient military police, who were soldiers at heart; men, who had proved their fighting qualities over and over again. With a little more drawing together, the civil police of the Punjab could meet a rebel Sepoy force, with a fair chance of success, and in the hands of the military police, the Sepoys would soon be sorely mangled.

Sir John had all these elements, possibilities and probabilities at his finger ends; but after the receipt of the fatal telegram of the 12th of May, it was clear that the time for action had arrived; and no one knew better than Sir John, how great was the talismanic charm of vigor, on a native mind.

Robert Montgomery was at Lahore, when the news came; and he was at once alive to the gravity of the calamity. He was a firm friend of Sir John, and his rule was always pleasant, both to the English and Punjabees; he ever patted on

the back, and was a success, he never stirred up strife or had enemies.

The Khalsa heart rested on Lahore and Amritsir; it even covered both cities, about thirty miles distant from each other. Amritsir was a religious and commercial city, it was also a military position, and had its strong fort, Govindghurh. The sacred, golden Tank was the places of devotion and security; for here the Sikh soldier was allowed to bathe, with his hair down; whilst the sounds of the priest's voice reached him, intoning in a clear sing-song chant, the verses of the sacred Book. And many a disciple sat before the reader, and listened to the warlike description of what a Sikh ought to be, as a conquering follower of the Khalsa. The sceptre had departed it is true; but the English rule obliterated the sting of subjection, there was as much religious and civil freedom as ever.

Donald Macleod joined Robert Montgomery at a Council, with other high officials; there was no hesitation. A result of the deliberation was, that Robert Montgomery drove off to see Brigadier Corbett; who was at Mean Meer, four miles or so distant. This is the cantonment, the site of which was fixed in a passion by Sir Charles Napier, the Commander-in-Chief.

Whilst Montgomery is driving along, we may

make some remarks as to the season of the year, and the character of the people of the Punjab.

The hot season is advancing, and every day the rivers of the Punjab are swelling; it will be difficult for strangers and foreigners, as the rebel Sepoys are, to cross. Runjeet Singh always regarded the hot season, as one of security from rebellion. The people of the Punjab are not homogeneous; Maharajah Runjeet Singh had conquered, but his dynasty was too short lived to perform the process of welding together. Besides iron and clay will not weld, neither will Mahometans and Sikhs; and the Mahometan population of the Punjab is very varied; from the clans around Peshawar, to the men of Mooltan, the Rajpoot Dogras on the north, and the mixed tribes of the Derajat, along the western frontier.

But Montgomery has arrived at the house of the Brigadier, and to-morrow, the 13th; the Sepoys, 2,500 in number, are to be disarmed by five Companies of the 81st Foot, backed up with twelve guns. The Sepoys, cavalry and infantry, gave up their arms like lambs, and retired to their cantonments. Brigadier Corbett well earned the thanks of his country, for he had executed a very ticklish business, in first rate style. So Montgomery, having gained the first throw of the dice, tried another; and dispatched English soldiers, on native carriages, post haste to

Amritsir ; fortune favored him, and the Fort was in safety. Thus, the heart of the Khalsa could beat in security. Montgomery now enlarged his sphere of action, and wrote to outposts ; to Ferozepoor, where there was an Arsenal ; to Kangra, where there was a very strong Fort, and arranged for the custody of treasure. Thus confidence was re-established.

But we must now pass on from Montgomery to Sir John, who was at Rawal Pindee, under the Murii hills on the road to Peshawar. The news of the outbreak of the Mutiny found Sir John in bad health, suffering from a cruel attack of neuralgia. The information of the disarming of the troops staggered him ; he did not altogether approve of the measure, but accepted it. It was evident that fresh examples must be made ; for, although native letters sent by post to Sepoys were stopped, news will get abroad, and bad news often runs faster than good news.

Sir John had much to say for the view he held of the question. He had only about 12,000 English soldiers whom he could implicitly trust ; and this is the cause, why our true, white faced soldiers are like so many diamonds, in war time in the East. There were 35,000 Sepoys, who could not be trusted, dotted about here, there, and everywhere ; just where it was most inconvenient for them to be. Then there was the irregular

force of 13,000 men on the frontier, which proved itself to be thoroughly loyal and trustworthy; men fit and willing to fight side by side with our English soldiers. But in the early days, Sir John must have felt anxiety about these irregulars. The military police numbered 8,000 men, the civil police, 7,000 men.

Sir John's genius now shone forth most brightly; he saw at a glance what ought to be done, to retake the City of Delhi as quickly as possible, and to provide for the internal safety of the Punjab. The one question was bound up in the other, and could not possibly be separated. Sir John knew the importance of Delhi, in the eyes, not only of the people of India, but of Afghans, hill tribes, frontier tribes, and the states of Central Asia. He was determined, that the city should be recaptured; his knowledge of the place was of the greatest aid to him; he knew every inch of ground, from Amballah to Delhi.

The loyal native Chiefs of the Punjab, immediately brought their forces together, to guard the southern frontier of the Punjab, in the direction of Delhi, so as to prevent disaffection spreading, or mutineers passing between Delhi and Amballah. Putteala, Jheend and Nabba proved loyal, and soon had their troops at the appointed stations; and Sir John called loudly on the Commander-in-Chief to act from Amballah,

and from Meerut, 40 miles or so to the east of Delhi. The gallant Guides had started to join the Commander-in-Chief, and cover themselves with undying glory.

General Anson, a Waterloo hero, now found himself in the unenviable position, of being Commander-in-Chief of an army, which was useless or could not be got at. After some delay a Column marched from Amballah; the English foot regiments, in the hills, experienced the ever recurring difficulty of transport. But, "*forward*," was the order, and with the Column came Hodson, who was in the hills with his regiment, and was immediately gazetted to the staff.

The army thus reached:—"the fertile strip of land," celebrated in the Vedic hymns as the new home of the Aryan conquerors, which was fondly remembered by them as their Holy Land, "fashioned of God, and chosen by the Creator." But at Kurnal, General Anson was carried off by cholera, he died with the words on his lips:—

"Good-bye, may every success attend you."

Other officers died from cholera; but the force marched on, and came in sight of the enemy, who were strongly posted at Badlee-ke-Serai, about 8 or 10 miles to the north of the Ridge. Brigadier Showers led on the 75th Foot, in gallant style, over troublesome and treacherous ground. The

* "The Indian Empire," W. Hunter.

9th Lancers carried out their manœuvre on the flank of the enemy, and the victory was ours, with thirteen captured guns. When the mutinous Sepoys were routed, many of the cavalry rode full tilt to Soonah, a small town to the south of Delhi, and excused their being defeated by stating that they mistook the 9th Lancers, who were dressed in white, for their own men, but were cruelly disappointed on finding English soldiers slashing them about.

The Ridge, which overlooks Delhi, was occupied and our force clung to it until the day of its final triumph, the capture of Delhi. Some say, that after the action of Badlee-ke Serai, the mutineers fled in wild panic around and through Delhi, and that the Gates were undefended during the evening, if not all night.

In his letter to General Anson, urging on a rapid advance, Sir John did not appear to think that Delhi would hold out; in this opinion he was mistaken, but could the advance have taken place sooner, and had the General at Meerut shown some of his English cavalry, on the left bank of the Jumna, even on the morning of May the 13th, Sir John's opinion would not have been far wrong. The natives of India got it into their heads, that the English troops had been taken at a disadvantage and cut up; not seeing any sign of a white

soldier, and they were aware how eager the English ever are to advance.

Although the Ridge had its weak points, it had some very strong ones; and our troops lay very snugly behind it; the guns from the city bastions could not injure us. We had the Jumna on our left flank, the canal on our right, and posts on the Ridge required a determined enemy to take them. Reid, with his small, almond eyed Goorkhas, was always at Hindoo Rao's house. It was here that William Frazer, the Commissioner of Delhi lived, when John Lawrence was an Assistant at Delhi, and Reid's picket could see the spot where he was murdered on the 22nd March, 1835. There was also a post at the Flag Staff tower, which required men with good hearts to face and attack.

But had a force been sent from Delhi to our right, rear, flank, at a suitable distance, and fortified itself, we should have had a difficulty in dealing with it; but fortune favors the brave.



CHAPTER XII.

A new Native Army formed by Sir John—Siege and capture of Delhi—The Nicholson brothers.

‘ In this extremity the Bhao wrote to Casi Rai a short note with his own hand: “The cup is now full to the brim, and cannot hold another drop. If anything can be done, do it, or else answer me plainly at once, hereafter there will be no time for writing or speaking.”—*Elphinstone’s India*, vol. II.

SIR Henry Barnard was now in command of the Delhi Field Force; the death of General Anson having given it to him, and for the present we will leave Sir Henry encamped behind the Ridge, and travel elsewhere.

At first, Sir John was not disposed to enlist Sikh soldiers of the former Khalso rule, remembering the virulence of the Sikhs against the English; but he gradually altered his opinion, perhaps he was cautioned, that he could not prudently make a practical distinction, between young and old Sikhs, without raising the old Sikh cry, which he dreaded of, “*Wah, Gooroojee ko Futteh! Wah, Gooroojee ko Khalsajee!*”

A moveable Column was formed, and sent off to Delhi, under the command of Brigadier Chamberlain; every effort was made to press on soldiers, two were placed on one camel, to enable them to make longer marches. Soldiers were enlisted from all classes, and a new native Punjabee army was formed; there was a danger no doubt, but it had to be faced.

But a great peril and difficulty had to be met at Peshawar, where all the elements of evil were ready, if the mutinous, native regiments, could shake themselves free, from the watchful eyes of Edwardes and Nicholson. The object of the Sepoys was to concentrate; the determination of the English officials was to prevent a junction being formed. With great judgment, certain regiments were disarmed; and the 55th made a bolt for it from Hoti Murdan, on seeing what was about to happen. Some were cut up trying to escape to the hills, those who succeeded in reaching the hills became entangled on mountain sides, paths or crags, and were slain or captured by Beecher, (afterward General Beecher, c.B.;) he found them wandering here and there, famished, footsore, and panic stricken.

Ferozepore, Jullundur, and Mooltan were important strategical points. Ferozepore commanded the passage over the Sutlej river, opposite the Kussoor, it possessed a Fort and

Arsenal, and led to Hurriana, westward of the Delhi territory, from which disaffection might spread at any moment, into the southern districts of the Punjab, bordering on the right banks of the Sutlej. General Innes was in command at Ferozepore, and Major Marsden and General Van Cortlandt were the civil officers. The latter had just arrived, to relieve the former.

Innes had the 61st Foot, commanded by Major Redmond; two Native Regiments, and one of Regular Native Cavalry. On a sudden, the native infantry troops tried to take the Fort, which held the arsenal; the attempted surprise was not successful, and the would-be-captors bolted for Delhi, *viâ* Hurriana; the 10th Cavalry followed at a later date. It was at this time, that Innes recommended raising Sikhs, but Sir John replied:

“What are you going to raise the Khalsa on us?”

However, after consideration, Van Cortlandt was sent with levies of Sikhs, to recover Hurriana; which he did with great success. The Hurriana Light Infantry, and some of Skinner's Horse, had murdered and plundered at Hansee and Hissar.

Whilst *bungalows* (thatched houses) were being burnt at Ferozepore in every direction, a guard of Sikh soldiers kept Van Cortlandt's house safe from fire and plunder, and induced a party of mutineers to help move the goods from inside the

the house, and bring water to put out any fire, which might catch the thatch. Van Cortlandt had spent a lifetime amongst the Sikhs, and had gained their love and esteem.

At Jullundur, which was on the line of communication with Delhi, two infantry regiments, and one of cavalry made a bolt of it; and thus swelled the number of mutineers in the city, and formed a fresh force to attack our hard pressed soldiers, on the Ridge. On their march they picked up the 3rd Native Infantry from Philloor; a Fort on the right bank of the river Sutlej, between Jullundur and Loodiana. Every fresh force of mutineers, was first called upon to attack the Ridge, before it could be trusted and admitted into the city.

Over and over again, Sir John urged General Johnstone to disarm these native regiments, with the 8th Foot at Jullundur; but he turned a deaf ear to all advice, made a most feeble show of pursuit, and actually did nothing. A lamentable illustration was thus afforded to all, of military irresolution. *And this was the man, Sir John had wisely refused, point blank, to have at Peshawar as General.

But, when the mutineers arrived on the banks of the Sutlej, George Ricketts, a Bengal Civilian, the Deputy Commissioner of Loodiana, met them

*Vide Bosworth Smith.

with two guns, and some Sikh soldiers, and gave them a pounding. One of the guns was lost, for the horses ran away with it, taking fright; but the remaining gun Ricketts himself worked.

At Mooltan, where there was a Fort, and which was on the line of communication between the Punjab, Scinde, Kurrachi and Bombay, there was no English regiment; but the native infantry were disarmed, by the native irregular cavalry, under Brigadier Crawford Chamberlain.

So a great danger was smoothed over, though the inquiring reader will ask, whether the cavalry and infantry were not in league; for it was well known that English troops were on their way from Bombay.

After once Sir John had become convinced of the importance of disarming, he took to the measure very kindly. A Sikh, by name Nihal Singh Chachi, now appears on the scene; a very remarkable man in his way, true and trustworthy; he had been one of the illustrious garrison of Jellalabad. He lived not far from Rawal Pindee, where Sir John was residing for the time. When he hesitated about the enlistment of Sikhs, Nihal Singh told him bluntly, that he had better have them with him than against him; a freezing bit of advice, but true, for men had already commenced intriguing, even in the Punjab. So the most

turbulent spirits were enlisted and sent off to Delhi. Hodson commanded many of them, with the consent of Sir John; they gradually formed the regiments of Hodson's Horse.

Robert Montgomery dispatched these men by hundreds. Nihal Singh's strong advice was, "employ Hodson," he probably knew his countrymen required the iron arm of Hodson over them, to make them fit for anything, and to keep them loyal. It is thus a subterfuge to say, that Hodson was not selected by the Punjab Government to serve it at Delhi; irrespective of his former short comings, and his calling a man, "turned out." Hodson's men had confidence in him, he was a soldier at heart. We recollect Sir John saying:

"Hodson, is the finest soldier I know."

Hodson had plenty of faults, but Sir John owed much to him at the siege of Delhi; so it is no use now attempting to slur the fact over.

We all know how still nature becomes, during an eclipse of the sun, even the birds go to roost; so it was at Peshawar until Edwardes and Nicholson had disarmed the native regiments, and Nicholson had performed his heroic feats of valor. Then every cut-throat was loyal, and recruits came in fast. Success is everything in the eye of a native; he does not care to serve the side, which is about to go to the wall.

Nicholson was made a Brigadier, and had a moveable Column assigned to him. He was only a regimental Captain, but the times could not face too strict military etiquette. Brigadier Chamberlain was at the camp behind the Ridge; throwing body, mind, and all his faculties, into the deadly struggle, which was going on from hour to hour. The capture, of the City of Delhi, was found to be no easy matter; it was now full of troops and crusaders from all parts of India.

Sir Henry Barnard had died from cholera, and General Wilson had taken his place. Alexander Taylor was in camp, and Baird Smith, both Engineer officers. Daly and his gallant Guides had arrived, fought with the rebel cavalry and licked them. Battye had fallen.

Sir John was fast creating a new native army, he already had 40,000 men; Delhi could not be taken without them. Could they be trusted? Natives are creatures of impulse, not of principle, and they have not got the blood of our English soldiers running in their veins; men of whom our whole nation is proud; still natives of India are excellent mercenaries, and good friends; though often blood thirsty, they are also firm in their friendships.

Sir Henry appears to have felt the coming storm; for he commenced fortifying the Machi

Bawan at Lucknow, and sent a message to Sir John, to be kind to his old friends. The sympathy of fellow feeling was ever strong in Sir Henry's heart.

It must be recollected, that many native Sepoy regiments, in the Punjab, were still in possession of their arms, and were a source of very great disquietude to everyone. When bodies of men had escaped as the Jullundur mutineers had done, and marched through the country towards Delhi, without any pursuit after them, on the part of the English, it seemed as if the Government of the Great Mogul had got a grip on the land, and men began to be in doubt regarding the final issue, and to cast their eyes where they ought not.

Rawal Pindee, Jhelum and Sealkote had soldiers to take care of them, who were rebels at heart. Sir John tried disarming at Rawal Pindee, and made a sad bungle of the affair; indeed, he nearly lost his life. There was hard fighting at Jhelum, where we lost a good many men; at Sealkote we met with a reverse, the mutineers had it all their own way. Brigadier Brind, a gallant soldier was killed, and several officers, and there was a general plunder and burning. The Sepoys marched off to Delhi all cock-a-hoop; but the sword of retribution was in Brigadier Nicholson's hand.

A good deal of disarming had been effected by Nicholson, on his own account with his Column; so the coast being somewhat clearer, no sooner did he hear of the Sealkote disaster, than he mounted numbers of his men in every possible way. The *ekka*. (light pony carriage) the horse, elephant and camel all took their share; and when the Sealkote mutineers were marching full of self congratulation and hopes of cutting a dash at Delhi; they fell into the jaws of the Lion Nicholson. They advanced with a good deal of spirit, but the Lion had the mastery over them, and they fled to an island close to the Trimmoo Ferry: here the gallant Nicholson attacked, and annihilated the whole force.

Sir John had in the mean time proceeded to Lahore, and there he met Nicholson for the last time, and gave him his orders, and permission to proceed to Delhi; where Nicholson was already in spirit; for he longed to take part in the capture of Delhi, around which there was so much glory to be reaped, even by the meanest soldier. Nicholson never seems to have really liked Sir John. Being himself frantic at, and impatient of control, he could not tolerate Sir John's strictures in any form or shape. Nicholson was a man cast in one of those moulds, whom a great emergency causes to sparkle, and dazzle for a time, and then

disappear as suddenly in the silence of the grave, having finished the appointed task of labor.

The arrival of Sir John at Lahore was fortunate, he had the advice, support and society of Donald Macleod, and Robert Montgomery. Thus any measure, which an almost worn out, nervous system might suggest was fully discussed, pruned, adopted or dismissed. Both Macleod and Montgomery were admirable supports to the pillar of the State.

However, mutinous disarmed men now gave trouble both at Meean Meer, and Peshawar. Frederick Cooper, at Amritsir, disposed of the runaway men of the 26th Native Infantry, red with the blood of their commanding officer and others; and the Peshawar authorities knew what to do with a Pandey (native Sepoy) mutineer, on the frontier.

Rajah Gulab Singh, to whom Cashmeer had been assigned by treaty, was still alive, though his ashes were soon to be gathered to those of his forefathers. He was the leading feudatory Chief of the Punjab, and had been born and bred in danger and intrigue, adversity and success. Gulab Singh had risen from nothing, he was a common horseman, but good hill blood, though mixed, ran in his veins. The Rajah was now old, and resided at Sirenuggur, the capital of Cashmeer. He was ready to aid the Punjab Government with a body of his troops; he had gathered up the

thread of the Mutiny pretty accurately; but whilst arrangements were being made, Gulab Singh died, and his son Runbeer Singh reigned in his stead. He too has quite recently departed this life, and his son Pertab Singh succeeded to the throne in 1885.

Rajah Runbeer Singh was staunch, and thus, when the assault took place, Richard Lawrence, and his Rose-buds as they were called, that is Runbeer Singh's Dogra troops, were attached to Major Reid's force. Nicholson had arrived at the Ridge, and the last soldier from the Punjab had reached it. General Wilson was worn out, irresolute and irritable. Many of our soldiers had died from sickness, or wounds. The heat had been terrible; but our men clung to the Ridge with the tenacity of sailors, who have been shipwrecked.

The city was full of soldiers; but the heart of the old Mogul was never in the Mutiny movement, he was dragged into it, so the mutineers made their own plans. To the west of Delhi, there is an inland, fresh water lake, caused by a depression of the ground, during the rainy season, the lake is full of water. Near the lake, there is a village called Nuzzufghurh. Now some of the mutineers knew our rear, and right flank, to be our weak point; possibly also our left flank.

A body of mutineers marched out to Nuzzufghurh; but instead of proceeding due west, and taking a course for twenty miles, then turning due south, they halted at Nuzzufghurh. And the Lion Nicholson scented the prey, and fell on them, like Joshua of old, "going up all night;" facing every obstacle of saturated ground, and the burning rays of an Eastern sun, as it rose dazzling, and exhausting to our fair skinned soldiers. Nicholson attacked without a moment's delay, and gave the enemy a most signal defeat; taking all his guns.

The return of the Column was one of joyous shouting, and congratulation from friends in camp. The news of the battle of Nuzzufghurh was promptly carried to the courtiers of the Palace of Delhi, and made them both suspicious and captious. It was rumored, that a powerful party inside the city was in league with the English; every man suspected his neighbour. A religious mendicant excited suspicion, some said that he was John Lawrence in disguise: he was at once executed! The physician of the Emperor did not escape censure; he was searched for, and only escaped death by being hidden for some time under the throne!

The Engineers, Col. Baird Smith, and Alexander Taylor were now hard at work. From the nature

of the ground, regular trenches were not made. Our guns were placed in position with the greatest audacity; and the breaching of the city walls commenced. The enemy did what he thought his best, and many of our men fell; still our English soldiers, well supported by old and young Sikh gunners, worked away with almost mad resolution. They sank exhausted on the ground, and were up again at their guns, with true English and Khalsa pluck.

Here could be seen Sir John Brind, as joyous and happy as a boy, animating and inspiring all. His gallant brother, as we have recorded, had been treacherously murdered at Sealkote, when coming out of the garden round his house, a cavalry rebel shot him in the back.

At length all was ready for the assault, and the question was to be decided, who was to hold the jewel of Hindostan, Imperial Delhi; for whose possession so many from the north, south, east and west had already struggled.

The English were determined to win the prize; the rebels to keep it. But the deep tongued guns have ceased to roar; all is silence, there is stillness everywhere. Here come the 60th Rifles, and after them the assaulting Columns. The Cashmeer Gate has been blown in, at the cost of the lives of most of the gallant men, who attacked.

Here fell Lieutenant Salkeld. The assaulting columns rushed on; Nicholson at the head of his men, and the breaches were crowned. Men fell fast; the ditch was full of dead, dying or wounded.

The Sepoys fought with demon fury; it is no use, all eyes are turned to the British flag, which has been run up at the Cabul Gate. Delhi is the prize of the English. But now a thrill of horror passed through many a gallant soldier's heart. Nicholson has fallen, mortally wounded by a mutineer from a house, whilst cheering on his men with superhuman energy of action and purpose. He was carried to the Ridge to die, from whence he had so recently come forth, bright as a morning star. When dead, it is stated that his native warriors came into his room in silence, removed the lid of the coffin or covering from the face, and some of them touching his beard, they talked over his noble deeds and lamented his untimely end.

There was still fighting inside Delhi; but the rebel soldiers had begun to clear out from the southern gates of the city, and at last not a mutineer remained, and Delhi soon became as a place of the dead. The inhabitants poured forth and fled in horror. Men on horseback galloped off and spread the news, "Delhi has broken up!"

Traitors turned pale, packed up their valuables

and fled in every direction. A friend told us: that "When the news reached our camp, the native soldiers collected round us like boys, and almost danced for joy; then ran off to help in firing a salute. One native Captain of cavalry, a first rate man, remarked:—

How thankful we are that Delhi has fallen, for we began to be in doubt, now we are happy!"

Sir John was thus rewarded for all his anxious thoughts, his toil, and his unparalleled energy. He had done his duty most nobly and unselfishly, and was true to his country. And now men crept out like the Jews of old, from holes and caves; put on their clean, white clothes and stood before their English rulers with the enquiry:—

"What is your highness' pleasure about the Government post, the runner is ready!"

We hear the bells of the runner's staff jingling, as he stands before us, with bags slung neatly on it. Horsemen are ordered to escort the post, and a man runs along whilst all call out:—

"Way for the Government post!"

The news spreads far and wide, and the post reaches the gate of Delhi, now guarded by our English soldiers.

But during all this turmoil and strife, what is the old Mogul, Bahâdur Shah, about? Possibly composing verses to soothe his leisure hours; for the roar of the English cannon must always have

been very disquieting to him. He quitted Delhi with thousands of the city people, and took up his temporary abode at Humayoon's Tomb. It was here that Hodson found him and the Princes, he captured the Great Mogul and after capturing, slew the Princes. We will allow the tale to be told by a *friendly writer. Major Hodson was subsequently killed at the siege of Lucknow, and thus the career of a notable man ended. He was a bold, daring leader, and in him the turbulent Sikh levies, whom Nihal Singh's advice sent to Delhi, found their master. Hodson rendered great service to Sir John during the siege; therefore with all his errors, his name cannot be obliterated by envy, from the record of those, who did their duty during the darkest days of the Mutiny.

We must now very unwillingly comment on a subject, which has been brought prominently forward. When General Anson was in doubt, what it would be best for him to do, on the receipt of the terrible and startling news from Delhi; he received a telegram:—

“Clubs, not spades are trumps, if you are in doubt take the trick.”

How the Commander-in-Chief relished this covert sarcasm, we do not presume to say. But a man of Anson's high birth, polished manners

*NOTE.—See “Twelve years of a Soldier's life in India.” By Hodson.

and social standing, could not have received the message, but with silent disgust. The advance on Delhi was a most perilous undertaking; and putting aside political considerations, was a military blunder. For when the Force arrived before Delhi, it could not carry on the siege, being at first deficient in guns and ammunition. But Sir John urged the advance almost, if not quite, to the very verge of official rudeness. Therefore when the Force had advanced, Sir John could not with any show of honor, abandon it.

In fact it was a gambler's throw of the dice; Sir John thought and wrote, that Delhi would fall, as soon as a force appeared before it; but he was in error, and his opinion proved incorrect. He gave every possible aid without stint, but in the meantime a question was being discussed, viz: the abandonment of Peshawar, and its cession to the Afghans, thus to set free about 3,000 English soldiers, who formed its garrison.

Edwardes and Cotton opposed the proposal, in the firmest and most explicit language, and Lord Canning wrote: "Hold on to Peshawar to the last." Still, Lord Lawrence up to the day of his death, appears to have been anxious to convince all, that he was right in his views. No one, with any common sense, will for a moment allow, that the proposal to abandon Peshawar, and give it to the Afghans was sound; it would have brought disaster

in its train, and even now at this distance of time, one trembles to think that such a proposal was ever made. Every rascal and cut throat in the Peshawar valley would have come to have a shot at the "Foreign Pig." We should have lost the Derajat, Mooltan and Scinde, The dice had been thrown, and we must win or fall; there was no safety for us in retreat, or in the abandonment of Peshawar; we must have fought, or have fallen where we stood. If by any turn of fortune, we could have retreated from Delhi; we might have concentrated some few English troops at Amballah, but our native troops would all have left us. The very report of a retreat from Peshawar, would have encircled us with thousands of rebels; it would have been the death warrant of the Force.

"Hold on to Peshawar to the last," was sound advice. Troops would have come from England, sooner or later; but we were bound not to show our backs. It would seem that Sir John's brain was overstrained on this question, and ever remained so. Fortunately *Nicholson's lion spirit would never have listened to retreat, with him it was conquer or die.

*NOTE—English mothers have a hard lot cast on them when parting with their sons, but it is one full of honor and glory. Mrs. Nicholson was severely tried in this respect; she had three gallant sons, one died in the Khyber Pass (a friend has kindly favored us with the particulars of his death); one fell at Delhi; and another was severely wounded on the day of the assault.

“The only time I ever met Nicholson in India, as far as I recollect, was in the Khyber Pass, the end of 1842, I was seated at the bottom of the Lundi Khana Pass, commanding a company of my Regiment, the 30th Native Infantry; which formed part of General Pollock’s forces Rear Guard, and my subaltern was Ensign Nicholson, younger brother to the General. Nott’s army was following in our rear, and my instructions were, to remain where I was, until they came up to us, my Sub. got very excited as he knew his brother, who had been a prisoner in Ghuznee, was with Nott’s force, and he hoped he might see him; they had not met since he was a mere boy. Almost the first to reach us was his brother Lieutenant Nicholson; he found his brother and myself seated on a rock discussing cold beefsteak and chapatties.

He joined us at our meal, and it was delightful to see the happy meeting, they had so much to say and tell each other; it was all too short, as I had to move off with my men, his brother remained behind promising to ride on again ahead next morning. Alas! that night just as we had got through the Valley of Ghurée Lala Beg, and entered the worst and most precipitous part of the Pass, it became dark and the enemy screened by the shrub, scudded down from the hills around us, and attacked us on all sides. I had given my young Ensign a single barrelled gun and a supply

of ammunition; he was greatly excited, and following a few Irregular Cavalry, "Tait's Horse," under Captain Liptrott with four of my men (without my knowledge), disappeared in the darkness. Liptrott and his men dispersed the few Kyberries and killed some. Only one of my men came back and rejoined me during the night, or towards morning, saying, his *Sahib* had been shot dead. Next morning his brother was the first to discover the body, which the enemy had as usual stripped and mangled, the name on his shirt and fair hair, were the only signs he could be recognised by."

General Nicholson was tall, dark, lithe and easy in his manners and address. Lieutenant Nicholson, who was wounded at Delhi, was tall, fair, and younger than his brother.



CHAPTER XIII.

Pastoral tribes in the Punjab rise—Sir John visits Delhi and the ex-Emperor Bahâdur Shah.

“Look how upon the Ocean’s treacherous face
“The breeze and summer sunshine softly play,
“And the green-heaving billows bear no trace
“Of all the wrath and wreck of yesterday;
“So from the field which here we look’d upon,
“The vestiges of dreadful war were gone.”

The Poet’s Pilgrimage to Waterloo, part III., 34, Southey.



THE capture of Delhi brought plenty of congratulations, but not perfect ease and comfort to Sir John’s mind; for he still had a large body of disarmed Sepoys in the Punjab to watch and guard. Though some broke away and were killed, the main portion were dismissed in batches to their homes, when the country had settled down.

But just as Delhi fell, the wild *pastoral tribes between Lahore and Mooltan, rose with the impulsive suddenness of natives of India, without any apparent good reason or cause. These tribes

*NOTE.—These pastoral tribes are of the non Aryan or Aboriginal races of India; in 1872 it was calculated that there were about twenty million non Aryan people in India. See “The Indian Empire,” Hunter.

do not cultivate land, but keep camels, cows, sheep and goats; the milk of the camel supplies food for men, women and children. Horses are also kept by them, often in partnership, one man owning only the leg of a horse, that is the fourth part of a horse. Men and women dress alike; a long sheet being twisted and folded, so as to hang not ungracefully over the male and female form. The men wear their hair long, bound by a fillet of cloth round the temples.

The country where these wild fellows live is between the rivers, on the rough land covered with stunted trees, brushwood and grass. Wells are scarce, and encampments are formed of huts, there being no regular houses.

The rebels, if such they can be called, collected in large numbers, swarming in the thick jungles like herds of deer, and did not show themselves until they made a sudden rush. Now, and then, wandering families would be found distinct from these pastoral tribes; coming from whence, no one could tell, of no known religion, of no known race and hardly speaking any language.

Sir John met this strange uprising with promptness. The rebels were only armed after a rude fashion, and they were suppressed; the leader, Ahmed Khan Khurral, as good fortune would have it, was killed very soon by a shot similar to

that which struck King Ahab of old. Ahmed Khan was always looked upon as a man to be depended on; probably some of the Government officials had squeezed him in a too sensitive part.

Sir John had raised a new native army, and this was a cause of anxiety and apprehension, Delhi had been taken, and a host of cut throat soldiers were let loose on the comparatively deserted city, and the inhabitants who had remained in it.

"I am going to avenge the death of your women and children!" said a villainous looking fellow to us, with a hideous grin and leer, who was fresh from the frontier of Peshawar.

Delhi was suddenly invaded by a body of the mutinous troops of the Company, and others collected on to them, like bees cluster round a Queen Bee. The Delhi people were loyal and quiet, the Emperor of Delhi did not wish for any change. Had General Hewett done his bounden duty, and followed up the mutineers from Meerut with promptness, they would never have entered the city of Delhi. Or had he shown his English soldiers, on the banks of the Jumna, to the east of Delhi, a day after the mutineers had entered it, they would probably have bolted. Delhi would then have been saved from plunder, and its inhabitants from fearful calamities; like those which fell on Jerusalem, when Titus was before it.

When you have let loose your hawk on its prey, and it has fixed its talons well into the victim's body, and with sparkling topaz encircled eyes, is gorging itself with flesh and blood, it will not lose its hold. So it was with Delhi; the army fed upon the city, and gutted it. A native remarked to us :

“The English do everything thoroughly, even their plundering!” or looting as it was called.

Col. Burn was appointed as military Governor; still the cry was for blood, and plunder.

Amongst those, who met with an untimely death from the cut throats in Delhi, was a young Mahometan; he had married a young girl who was so lovely that he hardly dared to trust her a moment out of his sight, and even forbade the Mahometan women, who were in attendance upon her, to talk of, or even to mention the beauty of their mistress to any one. The assault took place, and the jealous husband was afraid to flee with his wife, some one might see her; so he shut himself up with her in a house, which he fancied no one would visit. For a few days he escaped detection, at last two plunderers forced their way into the outer court.

The husband furious with passion, and armed only with jealousy, tried to hinder the intruders from entering the women's apartments. They

thrust him aside, again he stood in their way, but one of them lost no time in firing at him, and he fell dead at the ruffian's feet. The jewel was discovered, radiant in all its charms. A freebooter was passing the door at the time, and at once valued the prize at £200! Next morning, the widow was placed by her captor on an ambling pony, wondering and sobbing. She traversed the Punjab under an escort, and at length reached the North West Frontier; to find a new home and husband in a delicious climate, amongst purling streams of crystal water, in the region which looking down over the plains is bounded by perpetual snow. In this paradise she sighed not for Delhi and the past.

But at last, public opinion in England began to call out, about the reckless treatment of the natives of Delhi. Sir John became alarmed, and early in 1858 set out for the city.

There is no highway in India which has more historical interest attached to it, than that from Lahore to Delhi. Let us tax our memory, not to the time of Alexander, but to the days of Timour the Lame. *He marched to Delhi in 1398 with nearly 100,000 horse, and took the city. Then came Nadir Shah, Ahmed Shah, and the Mahratta host which perished at Paniput. Armies have

*See Bernier, Vol. II., page 216.

advanced along this road full of courage and spirit and then after defeat have fled over it in abject fear and trembling.

We can discern the outline of the Shalimar Garden, the county Villa of the Emperor Aurungzeb, here * "he encamped on the 6th December 1664, having left the city of Delhi at three o'clock in the afternoon with 35,000 cavalry, 10,000 infantry, 70 pieces of heavy guns and 50 or 60 light field pieces of brass, called stirrup guns."

In 1835, a single horseman had ridden along this road towards the city of Delhi; it was John Lawrence, and he had come to trace out the murder of William Fraser the Commissioner. And now we are awaiting the arrival of John Lawrence from the direction of Lahore, early in the year 1858. He is the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, and is marching towards the city, which his foresight and resolution have done so much to capture. Public opinion has been alarmed in England, by the reports which have been circulated by the Press, regarding the temper of Englishmen in India.

The morning was fine, and a small cloud of dust told of an approaching party. Sir John Lawrence rode at its head; Nihal Singh Chachi followed him, then came wild looking rough

*See Bernier. Vol. II., page 85,

Punjabee horsemen. The party which had come from Delhi to welcome Sir John was composed of a few English officers and civilians, there were no city notables.

The whole party then moved on through the deserted cantonments; having passed the parade ground, so recently white with the tents of the besieging force and so full of life, now silent as the grave. Sir John must have thought deeply of the many English and native soldiers, who were buried on the outskirts of the parade ground. Their graves could clearly be made out. There slumbered Sir Henry Barnard, the General who had commanded the Field Force and died from cholera, and Major Yule of the 9th Lancers. There lay Captain Fagan of the Bengal Artillery, who had helped Sir John to build his house at Lahore just after the annexation of the Punjab. Lieutenant Battye of the Guides and many others were also buried there.

"The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn

"No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

Sir John must have thought of the thinned ranks of the Guide Cavalry and Infantry; but when a conquered city is at our feet, sad recollections must be stifled. The Ridge has been left behind, the city comes in view; bright in its crimson tinted walls, as the sun lights them up. The ruined

palace of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe is on the left hand, well sheltered amongst its trees, surrounded with park like grounds ; on the right hand we can see the Assembly rooms, roofless ; the house occupied by Sir John when he was Magistrate and Collector of Delhi ; and Ludlow Castle where Sir Theophilus used to hold his office, and where Brigadier Showers gave the mutineers such a severe check during the siege. The earthworks and the litter of an encamping force were still spread about the grounds.

Having passed Ludlow Castle and still on the right hand side of the road, an enclosure came in sight, which must have been terribly sad for Sir John to look on ; for here lay the mortal remains of the gallant Nicholson, to whom his country owed so much. Sir John made some observation as he passed the spot, we did not catch the words quite distinctly, but we believe he said :—

“ How strange that one should be so much attracted by so sad a spot ! ”

Camp was reached ; but where is the host of natives who used to be ready at all times to welcome a great man ? They are either dead or in exile, or are reduced to abject poverty. White clothes have been worn to rags ; perfumes cannot be purchased. Many of those whom we knew are no more to be seen. The stammering jeweller

has disappeared, he was a rare gossip, and a friend of the Russian Prince, whom we mentioned before as being in Lord Hardinge's camp in 1846. The seal cutter, Budderooden was under a cloud, having engraved seals for the Emperor of Delhi during the mutiny. Hussan Ali Khan the uncle of the Nawab of Jhuggur was in disgrace, otherwise he would have been one of the first to welcome Lawrence. His chum, a Hindoo had been murdered in his own house after the siege, he was a brother of Isree Dass the treasurer of Goorgaon in Sir John's early days.

The Chief Commissioner encamped to the north west of the Cashmeer Gate, and had a difficult task to allay the passions of the English, which had been raised to the highest pitch of exasperation; but it was clear that if we intended to again govern India, we must stifle our bitter and venomed feelings. Some were for wreaking vengeance on the classical buildings of Delhi; on the Great Mosque, the Palace and its Council Halls.

The day after his arrival Sir John rode about with his friends and escort and inspected the suburbs and then the City. Oddly enough in passing along the road below Hindoo Rao's house, he stopped for a moment and remarked:—

“Here it was, that years ago William Fraser was murdered!”

“And I helped to trace the murderer!” said a man from amongst the horsemen, who were following Lawrence. The man who made this statement was brought forward; he was a Goojur, Uda by name and was dressed in a canary colored, cloth uniform, which he had taken from one of the mutinous soldiers of Skinner’s Horse, and came from a village about six miles from Goorgaon. When a boy, he had been much with William Fraser.

The cavalcade now passed on, and entered the city of Delhi by the Cashmeer Gate, where there was a guard of English soldiers. In every direction there were signs of the plundering which was going on; the streets were strewn with tattered pieces of cloth of all colors, paper, broken pottery and bottles, old bamboo chairs and stools, green, red and yellow blinds, fans, mats, shreds of old tents, straw and cinders.

The palace was reached; it looked the same as ever. The city was garrisoned by English troops, but its inhabitants had fled or been expelled. The prize agents were busily at work, houses were constantly being searched, rifled and gutted in the most artistic manner.

The old Mogul still resided in the Palace of his ancestors. Sir John dismounted, and accompanied by his principal followers, passed into the small

chamber where Bahâdur Shah was confined as a prisoner. There he sat on a raised dais under a canopy, which was supported by white inlaid marble pillars. He was plainly dressed in white; his face still retained the Mogul type of his ancestors, the nose being prominent. His complexion was sallow, he had a nervous way of pulling his wide sleeves up to the elbow, and he held a rosary in one hand. He looked old, feeble and miserable, but self possessed; perhaps to be pitied by the future historian, for his acts were mostly those of compulsion, brought about by the rebel army of the East India Company.

This then was the change, which years had brought about, since Aurungzeb reigned with imperial pomp and ceremony, and sat in the hall, within a stone's throw of the small room in which Bahâdur Shah was imprisoned, "dressed in a vest of white and delicately flowered satin, with a silk and gold embroidery of the finest texture. The turban, of gold cloth, had an aigrette whose foot was composed of diamonds of an extraordinary size and value, besides an oriental topaz, which may be pronounced unparalleled, exhibiting a lustre like the sun. A necklace of immense pearls, suspended from his neck, reached to the stomach. The throne was supported by six massy feet, said

*See Bernier's Travels,

to be of solid gold, sprinkled over with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, and was valued at 40,000,000 rupees."

But we must not keep Sir John waiting, whilst we are recalling the glories of the past. Bahâdur Shah has arrived at the depth of regal misery.

Sir John called out to his Punjabee followers, who crowded about him :—

"Here is the old chap who has set Hindostan on fire : see what a miserable creature he is ! "

"And what reply did the Emperor make ?" asked a Mahometan Chief, who had been unable to penetrate into the small room in which the Emperor was seated.

"He made none, he lifted up his eyes to heaven !" replied a Mahometan horseman.

"Thus he appealed to the Almighty !" remarked the inquirer.

Having made the arrangements he thought requisite, Sir John departed to his own special charge the Punjab. And in due time, after his trial and condemnation, Bahâdur Shah set out for his place of exile, by the same road taken by many of his illustrious family, when on their way to the Fort of Gwalior, to end their lives by a daily draught of opium water.

Natives of India are fond of anticipating events

by words of prophetic import, formed on dates. Now Bahâdur Shah ascended the Mogul throne in 1837. The words grafted on this date are, Destruction of Delhi.

1,000 = Gh

4 = d

200 = r

4 = D

5 = h

30 = l

10 = y

1254 Hejira = 1837, A.D.

Ghader Dehly or Destruction of Delhi.


Bahâdur Shah had indeed witnessed the destruction of Delhi, by the rebel army of the East India Company. Thus the mystic prophecy was fulfilled.



CHAPTER XIV.

Mutiny at an end—Sir Hugh Rose a conqueror—Sir John Lawrence rewarded—Religious discussion by Sir Herbert Edwardes—Sir John resigns his appointment and returns to England.

“Oh thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? put up thyself into thy scabbard and be still.”—*Jeremiah*, xlvii. 6.

HE Military authorities were primarily responsible for the safe custody of the city of Delhi after its capture, and for a considerable time they did not deem it prudent to again populate the city with natives, or to be too hard on the wild native soldiers from the North West Frontier of India.

There was at one time a fear, and a strong chance, that the Gwalior Contingent might march to Delhi, and perhaps induce the mutinous troops to again retrace their steps to the city, which they had quitted on its capture. The Gwalior Contingent however marched to Cawnpoor; fought desperately, being very strong in Artillery, and nearly cut up Windham's Force, which had been left by Sir Colin Campbell to keep open his

communications, when he advanced in November, 1857, to withdraw the garrison of Lucknow. Sir John formed a very incorrect opinion about the Gwalior Contingent, and its probable movements.*

Soon after the fall of Delhi, a Column, under Brigadier Greathed, was despatched to clear the road to Agra, and had a stiff engagement with some mutineers at that town, led by Tantia Topee.

But by this time, Sir Henry Lawrence had fallen at the glorious defence of the Residency of Lucknow; he was mortally wounded on the 2nd of July, 1857, and died two days later. Havelock and Outram relieved the almost exhausted Garrison on the 25th September, 1857. Robert Napier accompanied the Column, (Lord Napier of Magdala) and General Niell, who was killed just as he was making good his entry into the Residency. Havelock's Column had to encounter desperate fighting, but reached the Residency almost by a miracle, after severe loss in officers and men.

Towards the end of November, 1857, Sir Colin Campbell advanced from Cawnpoor, and withdrew the Garrison of Lucknow, but left Sir James Outram at the Alum Bagh to keep the rebels in check. Sir Henry Havelock died on the 24th of November, 1857, at the Dil Khoosha Palace, and

*Vide Bosworth Smith.

was buried in the Compound of the Alum Bagh, to the great grief of all Englishmen. Sir Colin Campbell was forced to hurry back to Cawnpore, in consequence of General Windham's ill success, if not disaster, at that place. In due time Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) again advanced, with about 20,000 English soldiers, and recaptured Lucknow; without however inflicting any signal loss on the mutineers, who scattered over the country. Rohilcund was cleared by Brigadier Jones, called "the Avenger." For a time fighting went on north, south, east and west of Lucknow, and then the troubled sea was at rest.*

But Central India still gave anxiety, and Sir Hugh Rose hastened to crush the Mahratta Force; which was spreading terror far and wide. Scindiah fled from his capital of Gwalior, accompanied by only a few horsemen and reached Agra. Tantia Topee and the Queen of Jhansi, met Sir Hugh Rose with their forces; but Sir Hugh proved himself bold, energetic and skilful in the field, and completely defeated them. The Queen of Jhansi was killed, many of the rebels were scattered amongst the surrounding ravines, and met with an untimely end, being starved to death.

*NOTE.—"The Mutiny sealed the fate of the East India Company, after a life of more than two and a half centuries....The Act for the better government of India (1858), which finally transferred the entire administration from the Company to the Crown, was not passed without an eloquent protest from the Directors."

'The Indian Empire,' W. Hunter.

The eventual end of Tantia Topee is thus briefly described:

The Mofussilite Extra.

Wednesday, April 20th, 1859.

By Special Telegram.

Tantia Topee was hanged at Seepree at 5 p.m., on Monday last.

Meerut. Printed by J. A. Gibbons.

The fate of the Nana who headed the insurrection at Cawnpoor is not generally known, but the Government of India is probably conversant with all its details. We observe that his wife is stated to have just died (October 1886) at Catamandhoo, the capital of Nepal.

The Mahrattas fought with determination, but were defeated. Jhansi and Gwalior were captured and thus the great Indian Mutiny and rebellion ended; British authority was re-established at the point of the bayonet, and the civil power emerged from the state of paralysis into which it had fallen.

Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant Governor of the North West Provinces, had died during the trying days of the Mutiny, worn out by disease and anxiety. His Province never had any chance of righting itself, when the Mutiny commenced; it had no English soldiers to fall back on, and it was the same want which caused the Province of Oude to go to pieces. One English foot regiment at

Lucknow, and one at Agra, was a mere nothing to keep large provinces in subjection. Sir John appears to have been somewhat impatient for the formation of a new native army, but Lord Canning was not in a hurry to again erect an empire on a foundation of sand.

Robert Montgomery took charge of the Province of Oude for a time; however Lord Canning was unwilling to adopt Sir John's nominees for that province, George Barnes and Bartle Frere,* afterwards Sir Bartle. Eventually Charles Wingfield (Sir Charles) was selected as Chief Commissioner of Oude; he did great credit to the trust placed in him and proved himself staunch and loyal to his patron, and the talookdars (land owners) of Oude in after days. When Sir John resigned the Lieutenant Governorship of the Punjab, the appointment was conferred on Robert Montgomery; the selection was fairly popular and might have been more so, had not there been doubts as to the fair distribution of patronage during the period of his incumbency.

The eminent services of Sir John Lawrence were now amply rewarded by the British Government. He was made a Baronet, a G.C.B., and was voted a pension of £2,000 a year for life, which he hoped might be enjoyed by his son.

*Vide Bosworth Smith, Vol. 2.

How would a poor Jageerdar have fared in his petition, if it had been made to Sir John? Twenty thousand rupees a year to myself and son! Indeed!

But before we conclude the narrative of Sir John's career as Lieutenant Governor, we must briefly allude to the religious question of Duty and Policy raised by Sir Herbert Edwardes. Long before the Mutiny broke out there existed an extreme religious party in the Punjab, and the stirring events of the year 1857 did not lessen, but rather increased its ardent zeal and fervor. The party was both political and religious; for it aimed at carrying its narrow minded views to the length of distributing the Patronage of the Punjab, amongst those who avowed themselves its partizans.

Sir Herbert Edwardes was most prominent in this movement; and not satisfied with the unostentatious intercourse, sympathy and fellowship of private friends, who might hold congenial views, determined to attack the Government for its unchristian policy. This resolution was most injudicious on his part, considering how this very question had just deluged Hindostan with blood; and that the English Government had emphatically declared its neutrality in questions of religion.

The Memorandum circulated by Sir Herbert

Edwardes proved one thing very clearly, that he was unsuited to be entrusted with any supreme post in India, such as that of a Lieutenant Governor. Sir Herbert drew up an indictment against the Government which contained many Counts. *That the Bible, and principles of Christianity were not taught in our Government Schools. That rent free grants had been confirmed, and given to religious institutions, both Hindoo and Mahometan. That caste had been recognised. That the English Government allowed itself to be made subservient to the observance of Native holidays and Saint's days, by sanctioning public holidays on them. That the use of Mahometan and Hindoo Law was most objectionable. That the toleration of Mahometan and Hindoo processions was inexcusable. That no restrictions ought to be placed on the marriage of European soldiers. That the British Government played a most immoral and degrading part in promoting, encouraging, fostering, nursing and increasing the Opium Trade.

These were the several Counts of the Indictment; and the Secretary to the Punjab Government, answered them to the best of his ability. His reply may be read by those who may be eager to examine deeper into the matter. It is clear, on a review of the several questions brought forward

*For full particulars vide Bosworth Smith.

by Sir Herbert, that it was impossible for the British Government to take any action in the way of applying a remedy.

We are an alien conquering power in India ; our feelings, our lines of thought, our education, our customs, and our religion are so different from what our Native fellow subjects follow, love and respect, that we cannot ever apply any legislative remedy.

Has Christianity been able even in Europe to stifle and eradicate Pagan observances? The Christian religion has adopted Pagan feasts, and we tolerate them up to the present hour, hardly conscious that it is so. Our calendar is full of Saint's days, although many of us may belong to a reformed religion. And who were many of these Saints? How is it that the statue of Jupiter still stands in the church of St. Peter at Rome, and receives the adoration of thousands of pilgrims? Whom does the Bambino of the Ara Cœli church represent, for whom a carriage and pair are kept, and who visits sick children? What is the origin of the Hooli, the Carnival and the Saturnalia? Many parts of England still teem with Pagan customs, particularly at harvest time.

Are not caste prejudices most strongly engrafted on English families? What family of noble birth in England or India, does not tremble at the idea

of a low caste marriage, and the introduction into the family of tainted colored skin, thick lips, snub noses, low foreheads, coarse hair, rough voices, large hands and feet and an awkward gait? Many English families feel a pride on still retaining their old Faith, though persecuted for years and years, and some have paid the penalty of constancy by martyrdom.

We cannot meddle with rent free grants to religious institutions; they have existed for ages under every conqueror and every Government, and after full inquiry we have solemnly confirmed them. The less we harass the Natives of India the better. A gradual change is coming over Hindostan; slowly but surely.

An intelligent Hindoo once asked our permission to put a question to us:

“Do the palaces of gold and ivory, studded with gems, exist or not in Ceylon, as our Priests say they do?”

“No, but go and see for yourself; the road is easy.”

“Then,” said the Hindoo after a minutes silence, “our religion is vain.”

The question of the marriage of English soldiers can be met to a certain extent, by short terms of enlistment.

The opium trade is doubtless very objectionable in some respects, but Revenue cannot be parted

with until a substitute for taxation is found suitable to the wants of Government.

But it must be borne in mind that Sir Herbert Edwardes wrote in sincerity, and good faith, as prompted by duty.

On the 17th of October, 1858, when Her Majesty the Queen issued her ever famous Proclamation on assuming the direct Government of India; the following were the gracious words of Her Majesty the Empress of India :

“Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects. We declare it to be our royal will and pleasure, that none be in any wise favored, 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 we do strictly charge and enjoin on all those, who may be in authority under us, that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects, on pain of our highest displeasure.”

This is the religious Charter of India well worthy of the all beneficent Sovereign who granted it. The time for Sir John to quit India had now arrived. He handed over the Government of the

Punjab to Sir Robert Montgomery on the 25th of February, 1859, but not before he had received an eulogistic official offering from many serving in the Punjab. To this memorial a suitable reply was given. Sir John then steamed down the Indus, and left Kurrachi and Bombay behind him.

Thus closed a brilliant career in India; full of incident, crowded with stirring almost crushing times; but the gallant civil, and military, officers of the Punjab, carried Lawrence like a Cæsar in triumph on their shields, to Victory; and Sir John was well worthy of the fidelity of the men, whom he had often attacked with a too sharp tongue and pen.



CHAPTER XV.

Home Life—Member of the Indian Council—Appointed
Viceroy of India—Arrival in Calcutta.

“For want of occupation is not rest,
“A mind quite vacant is a mind distress.”

SIR John Lawrence arrived in England early in the year 1859, and received a most cordial welcome; his name was in everybody's mouth. Flattery and adulation were liberally showered on him. A citizen of the city of London was pleased to compare Sir Henry and Sir John Lawrence, to the sons of the Roman matron Cornelia; but possibly the student of Roman history may not consider the simile perfect. For the elder Gracchus perished somewhat ignominiously in a scuffle; and Sir John stood before the citizen not having met with the fate of the younger Gracchus; viz., death at the hand of a slave, after a fearful struggle in the streets of Rome in which 3,000 persons are said to have perished.

By choice Sir John would have avoided a personal exhibition, it was not to his taste; still being brought into familiar contact, and social

intercourse with so many distinguished, earnest and celebrated Englishmen, must have contributed much towards wearing off Sir John's awkward, brusque manner, and in giving him confidence in public speaking. Latterly, he spoke remarkably well; we refer to the time when he became Governor General of India, for we never heard him speak in the House of Lords.

However the plaudits of the public do not last for ever; and Sir John was allowed gradually to settle down to the calm of domestic life, and a seat in the Council of India, where his practical common sense must always have been acceptable. Friends were made at the India Office, who were destined to help Sir John in pushing on some of the measures, on which his heart became fixed, when he succeeded to the post of Governor General of India. Not that an influence thus exercised can be a subject for unqualified approbation; it retains questions too much in an old, and party grove, therefore the appointment of a Civil servant of the State, who has served all his life in India, to a Governorship in that country, has to be very carefully considered, before it is sanctioned.

Lord Canning returned to England in 1862, only to die on the 17th of June of the same year. He was buried by the side of his illustrious father George Canning, in Westminster Abbey. Lord

Elgin had succeeded him; he also shortly passed away, and was buried under the shadow of the Himalaya Mountains. He had suffered from heart complaint; and in crossing a rope suspension bridge, from one side of a mountain to the other, over a deep ravine, a portion of his dress caught in a protruding bamboo, and arrested his progress for a time. The excitement thus produced aggravated the complaint, and on arriving at Dhuramsala he succumbed to it, and died on the 20th of November, 1863.

The transfer of the Government of India, to the Crown, was the natural consequence of the Mutiny of 1857, and the extinction of the territorial sway of the Honorable East India Company. Many questions crowded forward for settlement. Ought there to be a local, or an Imperial English army for the custody of the Indian Empire? What was to become of the English officers, whose regiments had mutinied? On what plan was a Native army to be formed; were English officers to be permanently attached to native regiments, according to the imperial system, or were they to be attached, and removed at the pleasure of the Commander-in-Chief, from a staff corps; and what was to be their number?

There was plenty of work at the India Office, and time slipped away perhaps somewhat heavily for Sir John; when, with the fickle turn events

take in the East, a war broke out on the North West Frontier of India, at Umbeylah; hard fighting took place, something resembling a panic began to spread far and wide; so eyes were turned on Sir John, and when he was selected as Governor General of India, the opinion of the public was most favorable to the choice made by the Crown.

The honor had come to Sir John somewhat late in life, and he never appears to have thoroughly recovered from the strain on his brain, of the great trial and triumph of his life. Still the post was too dazzling, and honorable to be refused. So Sir John Lawrence started, and as he neared India the phantom of the Umbeylah war, vanished from the political stage.

As a Viceroy steams up the river Hooghly to Calcutta the city presents an imposing appearance. The river is full of shipping in the cold season; trade is carried on by English and foreign merchants, both Natives and European, with all parts of the world.

The banks of the river are lined with English houses, their gardens and pleasure grounds; whilst hundreds of boats plying up and down the stream, add to the gaiety of the scene. All is life and motion; except the body of the dead Hindoo, which floats calmly down the stream, a vulture perched upon it, until it finds its final

resting place at the Sandheads, or on the waters of the bay of Bengal.

The steamer has stopped; all is bustle, the chief Civil and Military officials, in various brilliant uniforms, come on board to welcome the new Viceroy. The party lands at Prinseps Ghaut, guns pour forth their welcome, and Government House is reached. Sir John walks up its noble flight of steps; the out going officiating Viceroy, Sir William Dennison, Governor of Madras, stands waiting for him, and advances three paces to receive him. Here it was, that years before Sir John had watched the haughty Lord Dalhousie resign his charge to Lord Canning. The usual forms were gone through, and a new Viceroy commenced his reign, in the Palace of the Empress of India.



CHAPTER XVI.

Calcutta, Anglo-India society—Lawrence Asylum—Simlah.

“The sides of the mountain were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers, every blast shook spices from the rocks and every mouth dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or brouse the shrub, whether wild or tame; wandered in this extensive circuit secured from beasts of prey by the mountains, which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of the chase frisking in the lawns, the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephants reposing in the shade.”—*Rasselas*, by Dr Johnson, Chap. I.

CALCUTTA, or Kali Cuttah, the Temple of the Goddess Kali, has never been a favorite resort of Englishmen from choice; still the lust of heaping up wealth with rapidity, and the attractions of commerce have brought many strangers to it, from all parts of the world. Most people would prefer Calcutta being nearer to the sea; it is situated on the east bank of the river Hooghly, about 100 miles from the Bay of Bengal. This town was granted to the East India Company, by the Emperor of

Delhi, in 1698-99, and Fort William was commenced very cautiously. The History of the Province of Bengal is linked on with that of the Court of Delhi; a son of the Emperor often holding it, and if a son of the Emperor was not in office, a Viceroy took his place.

It was thus that the English came in contact, and collision with the Mogul power. Aliverdy Khan was the Viceroy of the Court of Delhi, for the Province of Bengal, together with Orissa and Bahar. He was virtually independent, and died in 1756. The sovereignty descended to his grandson Surajah Dowlah, and he determined to root out the English from Calcutta, acquire its plunder and satisfy his hatred of the intruders.

Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army to Fort William; it was taken after a feeble resistance, and the tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta was enacted on the 18th of June, 1756. One hundred and forty six prisoners were shut up in a cell twenty feet square; next morning only twenty six ghastly figures were taken out alive. The news of the fall of Calcutta reached Madras in August, and an expedition was immediately organised; the land force was placed under the command of Clive, the naval force under Admiral Watson, it reached Bengal in December. The Viceroy was at Moorshedabad, but hearing of the arrival of the expedition marched to meet it.

*“Clive had commenced operations with his usual vigor. He took Budge Budge, routed the garrison of Fort William on the 2nd of January, 1757, recovered Calcutta, stormed and sacked Hooghley.”

The battle of Plassey was fought by Clive with Surajah Dowlah on the 23rd of June 1757; the Viceroy was defeated and fled to Moorshedabad; this battle laid a firm foundation for the English to establish their empire on. †“Fort William was reconstructed by Lord Clive, capable of containing a garrison of 15,000; 619 guns, and 80,000 stand of arms.”

Gradually the great men who served the East India Company, pushed on its territorial power after the battle of Plassey. We may recall the names of Warren Hastings, Lord Cornwallis, the Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Dalhousie and Lord Canning amongst them; although the latter rather reconstructed the shattered limits of our Indian Empire, and certainly reconquered previously acquired territory. It was from Calcutta, that the plans of campaigns were originated, and immense thought was bestowed on their preparation, details and final accomplishment. Thus the capital of Hindostan, possesses a very considerable amount of interest, for the student of the progress of the

*Vide Macaulay's Essays, Lord Clive.

†Milner's Gallery of Geography.

English in that country, since Clive stood victorious on the battle field of Plassey.

Government House cannot boast of the view, enjoyed by the ruined Palace of the Cæsars at Rome. The latter was situated on a plateau, and commanded an extensive view over a country full of historical reminiscences; the sea in one direction, mountain ranges in another, and the City of Rome and its ruins spread out over the plains for miles. The country around Calcutta has no historical interest, is flat, marshy and unhealthy; the air is tainted, and full of malarious poison, though it may not be as deadly in its effects, as the climate of the Roman Campagna.

Government House was built by the Marquis of Wellesley; it is palatial and has ample accommodation, but has never been a favorite residence, from the climate of Calcutta being so insalubrious.

The parapets of Government House used to be covered with Adjutant birds; they were protected by Law, and stood there long legged and motionless; they or their ancestors have been there ever since the palace was built. A paragraph in a daily English newspaper, in October, 1886, announced that their occupation having gone, they have taken their flight elsewhere.

Sir John found heavy arrears of work, caused

by the sudden death of Lord Elgin, but cleared them off by dint of hard work; however, sooner or later, crowding the work of many days into one, exacts a severe penalty from the eyesight, brain or constitution. The power of a Governor General was much curtailed in 1864; the telegraph wire had effected this. Sudden action could not be taken without permission from the India Office. A Council was ever at the elbow of the Viceroy, to aid, advise, or thwart his proposed schemes; he could not shake the Members of it off. They did not owe their position or appointment to him, but were independent. Most of these Councillors were very able men; they could not be put down with a frowning brow, or be unnerved by a sarcasm. Consequently Sir John Lawrence was never quite happy or contented, as Viceroy of India. He must have been sorely vexed to read minutes, urging theoretical measures with great subtlety and ability, which his common sense told him would practically never hold water.

The Press of India, both English and Native, has always been a sufferer from *news hunger*; it is deprived of the daily food of political questions, which sustain the interest of our English daily papers, in London and our chief towns, such as Leeds, Birmingham and Plymouth. Therefore when a Viceroy lays himself open to criticism, he is often roughly handled, and attacks on him are

apt to be too prolonged, and to degenerate into personal spite and malice. An occasion for a sharp attack on Sir John arose in this way. He declined giving the customary Vice-regal, Silver Cup, to be run for at the Calcutta Races; he did so on principle, but arrows of vituperation and scorn were aimed at Sir John. and fell thickly around him.

Another cause of public dissatisfaction, arose in this manner. Dr. Hathaway had been appointed as Private Secretary to the Viceroy, he was connected with the Bernard family, which was allied to that of Sir John. He had been Civil Surgeon at Lahore, and also Inspector of Government Jails for the Punjab, and was considered very skilful in dieting native convicts. Dr Hathaway was brusque in manner, but he was methodical, and an excellent manager. Now certain abuses were found to be lurking about the household arrangements, or *ménage*, of the Governor General. A French cook, in whom Verres the Pro Consul would have delighted, was discovered installed in quarters in Government House, of whose existence the public had never dreamt. There had been reckless extravagance, in Meats and Drinks. But we will not carry our scrutiny too low or too deep. It is sufficient for us to state, that at first whispers got abroad, then exaggeration magnified them, till in the end,

the Press had prepared a hideous tale about Vice-regal dinners, and their short comings in all the elegancies of the epicure or gourmet.

English society in India is limited, and is mostly composed of civil and military officials in the service of the Government. In Calcutta there are also rich English merchants, lawyers and indigo planters, to whom we may add a very few enlightened Natives. But in Bombay, the Parsee element bids fair to soon command a society of its own; the gentlemen and ladies of this race are capable of taking their position in any circle in Europe, and being welcome. English society in India is too official; it is constrained, dull, unintellectual, and deals too much in personalities.

Officers of the army are however always genial, hospitable, pleasant fellows. Since a system of competition has filled the ranks of the covenanted Civil Service of India, its members are drawn from a mixed class, who socially hold no position in England. They are quick, young men certainly but without any pedigrees. Outside this privileged class, English men and women linger, without any social stamp impressed upon them, and we must acknowledge that their position is trying in a land of Exile.

By a traditional custom of Government House in Calcutta, certain ladies and gentlemen are

found on the list of those, who are entitled to be invited to stated public ceremonies; the Queen's birthday is one of them. An invitation is delivered in a large envelope, by a Government House official in scarlet and gold; the proud recipients attend the festivity, but after the ball we may say they vanish from sight.

Therefore, it can be easily imagined, what a social panic, Dr. Hathaway's reported reforms in the entertainments of Government House, brought into the minds of many; by anticipation rather than in reality. Perhaps Sir John was never fully aware of the claims of society on him, from his position as Viceroy.

Calcutta is a city of banishment to many English ladies and girls; they have been torn from all friends and associations in England, and deserve great sympathy, attention and some amusement to render life endurable.

The Governor General has generally done all that was expected from him by society, and this added much to the public esteem and regard, in which he has ever been held.

In the good old days, as a royal salute from the ramparts of Fort William, announced the anniversary of the Queen of England's birthday, all loyal hearts leapt with joy; especially the hearts of those, who had received invitations to be

present at the Government House Ball, which was given to celebrate the auspicious occasion. The day doubtless passed somewhat heavily, but the night brought its reward, when all the society of Calcutta collected in the marble halls of Government House.

We have seen ladies and gentlemen thus assembled, who would have startled Aladdin! Amongst these guests, there are various colors and shades of color. We saw orange colored girls and brown girls, copper colored and black girls, sepia colored and lemon colored girls. But all are happy and proud, for they have received special invitations to be present at Government House. We once saw a British officer in uniform, a fat little man, followed into the marble dancing room by seven daughters of varied shades of color, all beautifully dressed, and radiant in smiles. Many of these variegated ladies are the legacies of the Portugese rule, around Calcutta and along the sea coast.

Sir John became weary of Calcutta; his health was not good, and now he had cleared off all arrears of work, therefore he started for Simlah by rail. Old friends gathered to welcome him there; he shook off his melancholy, mounted a strong cob, and rode from Kalka at the foot of the hills to Kussouli, the first hill station on the road

to Simlah, where a regiment of English foot soldiers is stationed.

Beyond Kussouli, Sir John visited the Lawrence Asylum at Sanawar. It is situated on the spur of a hill, off the main road on the right hand side, a bridle path leads up to it. This Asylum was founded by Sir Henry Lawrence during his lifetime; he gave £1,000 a year towards its support, and it was intended for the children of English soldiers serving in India. In his Will, Sir Henry Lawrence wrote these characteristic words: "The Lawrence Asylum, the Aboo Lawrence School and projected Ootacamund School, I specially recommend to the fostering care of the East India Company's Government of India, which I have conscientiously served for two and thirty years." The Lawrence Asylum was built, and watched over for seven years, by Henry and Honoria Lawrence. It was well worthy of their kind and loving care; it embodied the very spirit of their unselfish characters, and shewed their great labor and thought, for the moral and physical welfare, of the sons and daughters of our ever to be trusted English soldiers. Eventually the Indian Government adopted these Institutions as its own.

Having inspected Sanawar, Sir John rode on, and entered Peterhoff, which had been selected as a residence for the Viceroy. It was built by

General Innes, whom we mentioned before as being in command at Ferozepore.

Simlah resembles Calcutta in one respect, it has no history to interest an Englishman; but it differs from the city of Palaces, in possessing a salubrious climate, and magnificent scenery. The conclusion of the Nepal war gave the hill districts running along the North West Frontier of India, from Nepal as far as Kangra to the English, and Maharajah Runjeet Singh as we have seen took the Kangra territory from the Goorkhas, and it fell to the English when the Treaty was signed on the conclusion of the first Sikh war.

In early days Col. Kennedy, the Government Agent, lived at Simlah, and built a house there, which bears his name; it was one of the first English houses erected there. It was here that Lord Dalhousie lived when Governor General, and invested Sir Hugh Wheeler with the order of Knighthood; but the house had then been modernized and enlarged.

Thus English houses began to spring up, sites were purchased and roads made. When the 1st Sikh war ended, more houses were built; they were mostly built with flat roofs at first, and then a style which was partly Swiss came into vogue; with a pent roof and stone and wood mixed. A church was also erected for the use of the English

residents and visitors, assembly rooms, and a racket court. A race course was secured in a small valley, which contained the only available ground.

The pine forests around Simlah were magnificent, and rhododendron trees when in bloom give a bright color to the side of the hill. The people in the vicinity are Hindoos, and are quiet and peaceable; they are very different to the turbulent tribes around Peshawar and it is well that it is so. The winter is cold, dry and bracing, snow falls there dry and crisp and remains on the ground for weeks. The rains commence in June, and last off and on for a couple of months. Invalids and visitors flock to Simlah for health and pleasure. The roads are narrow therefore riding is the order of the day, but many ladies are carried in chairs with covers on a frame work. Six bearers belong to a chair, four carry it and two others accompany them, so as to be ready for a change. The bearers are dressed in fanciful uniforms and when not on duty with Madam, they are employed in cutting wood and grass.

Great officials are almost too numerous in the season; then, after various despatches have been penned and sent off to all parts of the world, dinners, balls, picnics and love-making occupy the

*NOTE.—Many of the pine forests in the vicinity of Simlah were cut down in the most ruthless manner,

time, and form the pastimes and amusements of the visitors to Simlah. Still after a time, Simlah appears a dull place, the space being limited, for no level ground or valleys exist, therefore everything takes place on the side of a hill or a mountain. This leads to many of the officers travelling into the interior, here, there and everywhere. Some march over the hills to Cashmeer in search of sport, some to Kangra, and some even towards China. All can suit their own inclinations, so long as their leave lasts. Many of the best houses were built by Innes, Pengree, Goad, Collier, Clarke, Smith and Boileau. A Bazaar was called after General Boileau.

Simlah is about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, but the mountain Jacko, which is covered with houses, rises to a height of 8,000 feet. From an elevated point on looking north, south, east or west, range rises on range, or rather from ranges, but not imposingly; the height cannot be calculated, on account of there being no valleys from which one can look upwards. At a distance, the snowy range stretching apparently for miles and miles in an unbroken line, conveys an impression of awe and infinity to the mind. But on a nearer approach, the idea of infinity is lost, for then the break in the various ranges becomes visible, and black patches are detected on the mountain sides, where the snow has melted away.




When all the best building sites about Simlah have been taken up, it may possibly be considered desirable for us to turn our attention to the Valley of Cashmeer, as a sanitorium. An entry to the Valley could doubtless be effected along the level of the river Jhelum, which leaves the Valley of Cashmeer so suddenly, by the fissure at Baramullah. Our Engineers would soon settle the question, when called on to do so. This valley is peopled with a fair race, who are docile, industrious, strong and hard working.



CHAPTER XVII.

Where should the capital of India be?—Sir Hugh Rose, Sir William Mansfield, Sir Henry Durand—James Wilson and Finance—Scientific legislation and Sir H. S. Maine.

“But how much nobler will be the Sovereign’s boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear, and left it cheap; found it a sealed book—left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich—left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two edged sword of craft and oppression—left it the staff of honesty, and the shield of innocence!”—*Law Reform*, Lord Brougham, Vol. II.

 CERTAIN questions are ever cropping up in India, and amongst them there is this very important one. Where ought the Capital of India to be? Or rather, where ought the Viceroy to reside permanently? Some have advocated the selection of one place, others have given plenty of reasons for choosing another. As far as any opinion can at present be formed, Calcutta appears suitable for a winter residence, and Simlah for the summer abode of a Viceroy. But the expense of establishments travelling from Calcutta to Simlah, and the care required, in the custody of requisite and valuable

records, is always a cause of vexation ; and clerks are required both in Calcutta and Simlah. This difficulty attaches itself to the military, as well as to the civil departments of the State.

Calcutta is a sadly enervating place in the hot season, and wastes both mind and body ; and a Viceroy is not often a young man or full of vigor. If a Viceroy could be separated from his Council, he might pass one hot season in a Hill Station of the Bombay Presidency, another in a Hill Station of the Madras Presidency.

Sir John Lawrence had now entered upon the enjoyment of the sweets of office, but he could not escape from its bitters. The Government of the Punjab had resembled a close pocket borough, in the good old Tory days ; but the Vice-royalty of India, as Sir John found to his great discomfort, had become very democratic.

When the Viceroy arrived at Simlah, Sir Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn) was the Commander-in-Chief. In person he was tall, thin and gaunt, but wonderfully active, a capital horseman and good swordsman. He was older than Sir John, having been born in 1803, whilst Sir John was born in 1811. His official training had been very different from that of the Viceroy ; he was a soldier, a diplomatist and a courtier. The experience of Sir Hugh, in the details of the Administration

of India, was somewhat limited; for he first commanded a Division of the Bombay Army in 1857-58; Central Field Force 1857-58, and became Commander-in-Chief of India 1860. He proved himself a most able, resolute and successful General in the field, and was resolved to urge his own opinions, with the utmost pertinacity, at the Council Table.

The Military Member of the Council of India at this time, was Sir Henry Durand. In appearance he was tall and massively built, he was reserved, quiet, impassive and slow in his manner of speaking, until roused. He served with distinction in the first Afghan war, as an Engineer officer, and was placed, by the interest of Lord Ellenborough, in charge of the Tenasserim Provinces, where he got into hot water, and was removed from the post; although technically he was right in his views and actions. When the Mutiny broke out, Sir Henry was resident at Indore, where matters went wrong, but Government appears to have been satisfied with his proceedings. In Sir Henry, the Viceroy found a most virulent and exasperating antagonist. But it must be recollected, that Sir John had wielded his tongue and pen with considerable asperity, when Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab. Sir Henry Durand eventually became Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab, but met with an untimely death,

being crushed to death, when passing under a gateway mounted on an elephant.

We must say a few words about Sir William Mansfield (Lord Sandhurst). When we first saw him in 1853, he had a very handsome, intelligent face, and dark brown hair; in figure he was slightly built, rather high shouldered, and of medium height. He was agreeable in his conversation and address. When we saw him again at Simlah, as Commander-in-Chief, he was greatly altered in appearance, his health being much broken; he had become short sighted and stooped a good deal. He succeeded to the post of Commander-in-Chief of India, when Sir Hugh Rose's term of office expired in 1865. Sir William was closely associated with Sir Colin Campbell at Peshawar, and left that station for England at the same time that Sir Colin quitted it, after some disagreement with Lord Dalhousie and the Board of Administration, regarding some military question. But when Sir Colin came out to India as Commander-in-Chief, on the death of General Anson, Sir William accompanied him as Chief of his Staff.

When Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Mansfield fell in with Sir John Lawrence's ways, and the Viceroy was ultimately more at ease. The fact is Mansfield was more of a Civilian than

a Soldier, and his mind more readily adopted the close rules of system. Thus Lawrence struggled on, and the impartial reader, though regretting his wear and tear of mind and body, cannot help feeling that after all, the Viceroy had to swallow a gilded pill of pleasant proportions.

£24,000 a year Salary of a Viceroy.

£2,000 Pension.

£1,000 Civil Service Annuity.

The Mutiny of 1857 made sad havoc of the Finances of India; it brought about a deficit of twenty one millions sterling. It was therefore settled that the post of Financial Member of the Council of India should be instituted, and that it should be filled by James Wilson, Vice President of the Board of Trade; author of Capital, Currency and Banking. He was also closely associated with the Economist Newspaper. Wilson arrived in Calcutta at the end of November 1859; he was then fifty four years of age, and was full of energy and enthusiasm. He produced his Financial Budget in February 1860; it embraced proposals for three taxes, an income tax, a licence duty on trades and professions, and an excise on home grown tobacco.

Wilson's speech elicited a good deal of warm praise, and his proposals were not at first subjected

to any very adverse criticism, from those who would have to bear the weight of taxation; but eventually an antagonistic spirit raised itself, and after a brilliant career of only eight months, James Wilson died from dysentery, in Calcutta on the evening of Saturday the 11th of August, 1860. Not however before he had rendered signal services to the Government, and fully justified the wisdom of his selection for the high post which he filled.

He carried his Income Tax bill during his lifetime, "through several stages in the Legislative Council—devised a scheme for the Government paper currency—stimulated the operations of the Military Finance Commission over the entire range of Army expenditure for both European and Native forces—procured the appointment of a commission to review the numerous branches of Civil expenditure—caused arrangements to be begun for reorganizing the whole police of the empire—reviewed the existing system of audit and account;" and transacted various duties connected with his own and other departments. Transport establishments were cut down, and some moderate reduction of the European Force made. Stores of the commissariat, ordnance, and medical departments were diminished. So we find, after the panic caused by the Mutiny had subsided, that the old canker worm was again beginning its

* "Men and Events of my time in India," by Sir R. Temple.

work, by the reduction of the European Force, thus causing a paralysis of movement by curtailing the means of Transport.

Wilson was succeeded as Minister of Finance by Samuel Laing, who perfected the Income Tax scheme of his predecessor, adopted a more restricted plan for a paper currency, and set to work steadily to reduce expenditure, which he successfully accomplished. After the departure of Samuel Laing, Sir Charles Trevelyan became Minister of Finance, and he was succeeded by The Right Honorable William Massey, and the latter by Sir Richard Temple.

During Sir John's tenure of office as Viceroy, there "were five and a quarter millions sterling deficit, and two and three quarter millions sterling surplus, leaving a net deficit of two and a half millions sterling of deficit."

The Finances of India are an ever recurring source of anxiety to a Governor General, and Sir John did not escape from his full share. A deficit of income is the penalty of our European organization, engrafted on a Native system; it is very costly, and expenses are constantly forced upon Government, which no forethought can calculate on or provide for beforehand.

*"Men and Events of my Time in India," by Sir R. Temple.

The Military and Civil Services are indebted to Sir John, for finally settling the rules for Leave in India, and Furlough to Europe; all owe him a debt of gratitude on this account.

The question of sanitation for India generally, engaged the attention of Sir John, and he is allowed to be "almost the father of Indian sanitation."

Another result of the Mutiny was, that the Government was forced to retain a much larger body of English soldiers in India than formerly, and the question of healthy Barracks for them, could not but engage the most serious attention of the Viceroy and his Council. Barracks had to be built at a great cost, and there was no escaping from the outlay. Cholera had to be guarded against, a supply of pure water secured, and kept free from the pollution caused by Natives bathing, and washing their clothes at the wells. The cleansing of large towns, in the vicinity of European Cantonments, called for constant vigilance, and Simlah was too palpably a place which required stringent sanitary laws, to call for a search being made at a distance, for an example of the intolerable and uncleanly habits of the Natives of India.

We must now touch upon the burning question of exchange. The engagements of the Indian

Government are in silver, those of the English Government outside of India are in gold. When the Indian Government in India hires a servant, the contract with him is made in silver, so many Rupees a month are fixed as a salary. In England all contracts are in gold. The Indian Government has a large establishment to provide for at the India Office; pensioners to be paid in England, and interest on loans. These charges have to be met in London by payments in gold; for the interest on loans has been guaranteed in payments of gold, also salaries at the India Office and pensions.

Thus it will be seen at a glance, that the fall in the price of silver, has caused great loss to the Indian Government, when it has to make its payments beyond the limits of India in gold. A rupee which used to be considered worth two shillings, or one shilling and ten pence in London, is now only worth one shilling and five pence, and the Indian Government has to make good the loss, which is a serious drain on its Finances, considering that it remits £13,000,000 to England annually, to meet its liabilities in London.

This question caused Sir John great anxiety, and the English servants of the Government, who had to make remittances to London, suffered severely financially, and they naturally raised a

bitter cry of complaint. Sir William Mansfield wrote a minute on the question, but the arrow shot by him did not hit the target, for an arbitrary price could not be placed on a sovereign. As early as the 31st August, 1782, the traveller *Forster mentions the scarcity of gold and silver in Bengal. But the price of gold may fall suddenly as it has gradually risen.

In the Theory of Foreign Exchanges by Goschen, Preface to the third Edition; we find the following remark. "So in the former edition, the rapid fall in the price of gold in America, furnished the opportunity for comment and examination."

† A Royal Commission has been appointed this year (1886) to inquire into this question.

Scientific legislation did not drop astern during Sir John's rule. William Ritchie was the first Legislative Member of the Council of India, but death soon removed him, and Sir Henry Sumner Maine succeeded to his office. The anomalous position of the English in India, and the various races of Natives amongst whom they were interspersed, called for most careful, subtle and clear legislation.

The Hindoos held tightly on to their laws; even

* Forster's Travels. Letter I.

† See Note at the end of Chapter.

James Wilson in his first financial speech quoted the Lawgiver Menu, 800 B.C., for his Revenue Law. The Mahometans clung to their own laws, and the offspring of Hindoos and Mahometans, lingered on the threshold of both systems of law. Again, Englishmen had to settle their legal rights and wrongs amongst themselves, with Natives of India, and Europeans from all parts of the world; French, Dutch, Portuguese, Americans and so on.

Our seaboard was extensive, our commerce enormous, our ships owned by Anglo-Indians could be met with in all parts of the world. The harbour of Bombay, the roads of Madras, and the river Hooghly were full of foreign shipping and valuable merchandise. There was also a coasting trade carried on by Native crafts, manned by bold Native seamen, steamers and sailing vessels also took their full share in it.

But piracy had hardly been stamped out from our lines of seaboard; it was a sea-weed of genial growth. In the Persian Gulf, Sir Lewis Pelly did excellent service in efficiently utilising the Police of the sea, backed by a naval force. Eastward there was always a necessity for constant vigilance, the Chinese or Malay Pirate was ever on the look out for plunder; perhaps he took heart and thought that better times were about to dawn on him, when he heard of James

Wilson's sentence of death pronounced on the Indian Navy. India would have shivered at the mention of an Alabama claim, therefore the Legislative Member of Council required to be ever on the watch with his Law. We may add that Banks had been founded, and were carrying on Exchange transactions with all parts of the world.



NOTE.—In the first place a large quantity (of gold and silver) is melted, remelted, and wasted, in fabricating women's bracelets, both for the hands and feet, chains, ear-rings, nose and finger-rings, and a still larger quantity is consumed in manufacturing embroideries, alachas, or striped silken stuffs, turas, or tufts of golden nets, worn as turbans, gold and silver cloths; scarfs, turbans and brocades. The quantity of these articles, made in India, is incredible. All the troops, from the omrah to the man in the ranks, will wear gilt ornaments, nor will a private soldier refuse them to his wife and children, though the whole family should die of hunger; which indeed is a common occurrence."

Bernier's Travels, Vol. I., Page 252. (1655-1667)

"The first object which engaged the attention of the Supreme Government was, to relieve the Company from the necessity of providing a remittance at two shillings and sixpence for the interest of the loan of 1811-12, which, as the exchange was now at its par of from two shillings to two shillings and a penny, had proved a serious burthen on the home treasury."

Prinsep. History, etc., Financial Review, Vol. II., page 454.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lahore Durbar—Cyclone in Calcutta.

"You see this day, O Romans, the republic, and all your lives, your goods, your fortunes, your wives and children, this home of most illustrious empire, this most fortunate and beautiful city, by the great love of the immortal gods for you, by my labours and counsels and dangers, snatched from fire and sword, and almost from the very jaws of fate, preserved and restored to you."—*Cicero's Orations*, Vol. II.

"It hath an iron sound, that dread uproar ;
"Like countless cannons thundering on a plain !
"It pauses, as for breath : but, hark ! again
"It burst terrific, as though demons tore
"The solid globe from its firm anchorage.
"If such on *land*, oh ! what a night at sea !"

The Hurricane, Wordsworth.



LAHORE is the civil capital of the Punjab, Amritzir is its commercial and religious capital. Lahore is not by any means as imposing a City as Delhi, it cannot boast the quiet grandeur of the latter city, it must ever envy its rival's city walls, palaces, mosques and minarets, and its wide streets. But Lahore has often had to meet the first shocks of an invading host ; of Nadir

Shah, of Ahmed Shah, and it has many times been desolated. After the old Mogul became powerless, the plundering Sikhs were only induced to look on the city with favor, when Runjeet Singh had consolidated his power year by year, and resided at Lahore.

But Runjeet Singh ruled over a city of ruins at first; six divisions out of thirty six survived, and the country outside the city was covered with a mass of ruins and tombs. There was a wall round the town, and a fort, and here and there a Mosque raising a tall minaret, to relieve the flatness of the outline.

The Viceroy set out from Simlah, in October, 1864, to hold a Durbar at Lahore, and to meet old friends once more, both English and Native. At Amritsir, Sir Robert Montgomery and his staff met Sir John, and from thence the party proceeded by rail to Lahore, travelling in a saloon carriage.

On arriving at Lahore there were welcomes from thousands of natives; chiefs and their followers from all quarters of the compass, gave their greeting to Sir John.

“May the peace of God be with you!”

The Viceroy went everywhere and saw both rich and low. Amongst those, whom Sir John met as a scholar at the Government school, was the son

of Dewan Moolraj of Mooltan celebrity, who died in exile, subsequent to the capture of the Fort of Mooltan. After the siege, a Punjabee nurse hid away the child then an infant, for a time. But when the political atmosphere had become more settled, she brought him forward one day in a garden at Akalghurh, which belonged to the family of Moolraj, just after a native Hindoo had been preaching to a small gathering of disciples and friends, on the universal presence of Deity. The case was reported to the Government of the Punjab, and a pension of £50 a month was allowed for the child's maintenance.

The day before the Durbar, Sir John invested the Rajah of Kapoorthalia with the Order of the Star of India; the following is an account of the proceedings of that day, October 17th, 1864:

* "The Rajah Randhir Singh of Kapoorthalia is one of the Princes of the Punjab, whom Sir John Lawrence, Governor General of India has rewarded above all his peers and countrymen, for his loyal services to Queen Victoria, in lending aid to suppress the Mutiny and rebellion of 1857. At the grand durbar or assembly, which took place at Lahore on the 17th of October, the Rajah was solemnly invested by Sir John Lawrence, with the Order of the Star of India, having already

*Illustrated London News, December 1864.

received from the Government of Lord Canning, we believe, some more substantial tokens of approval, including the grant of an estate valued at £40,000 a year. It is agreed however; that no man in India had better deserved these favours at the hands of the English rulers of that vast empire; for it was he, who in the darkest days of its late trouble, when other native chieftains were hesitating or hostile, joined our cause with heart and soul, and raising 2,000 Sikhs as an auxiliary force, marched down to Oude, where he fought bravely during the campaign.

Sir John Lawrence, who was then Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab, had the best opportunity of appreciating the value of this example. On this occasion the Governor General addressed him as follows:

“Rajah Randhir Singh, Rajah of Kapoorthalia—It is with much satisfaction, that I find myself empowered by her most gracious Majesty the Queen of England to confer on you so great a mark of her Royal favor, as that of the Star of British India. This honour has only been granted to those princes and chiefs, who unite high rank with great personal merit. It rejoices me to install you among this chosen number.

Your grandfather, Sirdar Futteh Singh, was a chief of considerable renown. He was the well

known leader of the Aloowalia Confederacy, and the companion in arms of the great Maharajah Runjeet Singh. Your father, Rajah Nihal Singh was an old friend of mine, when you were but a youth. When he passed away, your Highness succeeded to his duties and his responsibilities, and have worthily discharged them. When the mutiny of 1857 broke out, you were one of the foremost chiefs of this country to do your duty, and range yourself on the side of the British Government. After the fall of Delhi, your Highness headed your troops, conducted them to Oude and there assisted in recovering that province. For these services you received at the same time much praise and liberal rewards, and now, to crown all, you are about to obtain a signal mark of honour, from her Majesty the Queen of England and India. In the name, then, of the Queen and by her Majesty's, commands, I now invest you with the honourable insignia of the Star of India, of which most exalted Order her Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint you to be Knight.

I have addressed you in Hindostanee, in order that the princes, and chief men present may the more readily participate in this ceremony, and that your relatives and friends may be more highly gratified; otherwise I should have spoken in English, for I know you thoroughly understand my language. This circumstance no doubt has

operated as a bond of union, between your Highness and my countrymen."

The Rajah made his acknowledgements in due form. He was dressed, (says the Lahore Chronicle) in better taste than any other chief at the durbar; simply in white, with blue paejamas, and he wore the blue ribbon of his order."

The grand Durbar took place on the 18th of October, we will now give a slight description of the ground near Lahore, where it was held. The river Ravee flows not far from the city walls, and after its inundations it leaves pleasant green fields on its banks; pleasant to the eye but not to be traversed too early in the year with impunity. It was on this ground that a century before, Ahmed Shah had pitched his camp. And here Runjeet Singh often reviewed his troops, when going out or coming in from conquest; near this he also used to hold his Court, and was visited by English travellers and the British Agents of the day, who had special charge of frontier politics; amongst them we may name, Moorcroft, G. T. Vigne, Sir Alexander Burnes, Sir Claude Wade, and Sir George Clerk. The French officers, who drilled Runjeet Singh's troops were in constant attendance at his Court, they mostly lived outside the city. Here on the close English looking turf, studded with clumps of dark-leaved trees, the tents for the Viceroy's Durbar had been pitched.

*“It would have been difficult to have found a more picturesque, or impressive spot for a great spectacle. On one side is the Badami Garden; once the most beautiful for its size in Upper India, and still, though neglected and half deserted, filled with rare trees and shrubs. To the south of the plain stretches the city of Lahore. Here is the Badshai Musjid, with its three white marble domes and four tall minarets; the Fort which has resisted more than one assault; the Summun Burj, where resided Runjeet Singh and his successors, the Roshnai gate, where Prince Nao Nihal Singh was killed by the fall of the parapet, and the tomb of Runjeet Singh himself. But on the present occasion, from every part of the Punjab territory rajahs, chiefs, maliks and sirdars had been summoned to Lahore, and they all with very few exceptions came to meet the representative of her Majesty.”

The Durbar itself was a striking spectacle. At the extreme end of the tent was the throne of the Viceroy, on a raised dais, spread with cloth of gold and covered with a crimson canopy. On each side of the throne were ranged in form of an ellipse, the rajahs, chiefs and native gentlemen about 600 in number all gaily attired, with civil and military officers whose various uniforms added to the general effect.”

*Illustrated London News, Dec. 1864.

All are now seated at the Durbar, the salute has ended, all is silence. The thoughts of many there must have been busy at that moment. The Maharajah of Cashmeer must doubtless have recalled the day, when his brother Uttam Singh was killed at the city gate not far off, with Maharajah Nao Nihal Singh. The spot where his uncle, the prime Minister Dhyan Singh was murdered, was also close to the meadows on which the Durbar was being held. Another uncle Suchet Singh, and his Cousin Heera Singh (Dhyan Singh's son) fell on the other side of the river Ravee, fleeing and fighting. From the minarets of the Badshahi Mosque in the city the sharpshooters sorely tried the courage of Rajah Gulab Singh, (Runbeer Singh's father) who was shut up in the Fort and besieged by Maharajah Shere Singh. Gulab Singh was allowed to march out of Lahore, and filled his artillery guns with money and jewels!

Many at the Durbar must have thought of former days, and dark and treacherous deeds. But now as the gentle breeze drives off the mist from a Scotch mountain side, so the sounds of the piper's music, of the 93rd Highlanders, coming from the further end of the Durbar tent, broke through and dissipated the melancholy, which was gathering over the memory of many a hero and chief. The pipers in single file marched up the

side of the tent, to the front of the throne playing the martial air :

Wha wadna fight for Charlie,
Wha wadna draw the sword,
Wha wadna up and rally,
At the royal Prince's word.

Then recollecting the sweets of country life, they changed the tune to—

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body cry.

On receding and doubtless longing for a return to Scotland, and the Castle Gardens in Prince's Street, they struck up the air of—

'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town,
In the rosy time of the year.

The pipers ceased playing, and there was a silence for a second or two, like that which gathers round a grave.

Then Sir John Lawrence, the Viceroy rose. He spoke in Oordoo so that all could understand, he recalled the labors of Sir Henry Lawrence in the Punjab, and stated how his best wishes had always been with its chiefs and people, and how ardently he had desired their moral and temporal progress; thus the speech passing on to other topics embraced all the questions that it was considered desirable to discuss.

The chiefs were then presented to the Viceroy, and each received his appropriated *khillat* as fixed by precedent.

On the 19th of October, Sir John inaugurated the opening of a section of the Punjab railway towards Mooltan, and spoke of the great things that were to be expected from the Punjab railway, in promoting, both politically and commercially, the improvement of the country.

Whilst all was so pleasant at Lahore, a cyclone was raging at Calcutta with frantic fury; blowing away ships and houses like mere playthings.

What havoc has not time wrought since 1864! Lawrence, Macleod, Edwardes, Cotton, Edmondstone, Hamilton, Lake, Macpherson, Durand, Farrington, Voyle, Reynell, Taylor, the Maharajah of Cashmeer, his Prime Minister Kripa Ram, and Pundit Manphool, c.s.i., the Rajah of Jheend and others have all left us.

Truly we may say—

“Year follows year, decay succeeds decay,”

“And tears some joy from withering life away.”

CHAPTER XIX.

The Orissa Famine.

"And the Famine was sore in the land."— *Genesis*, xliii. 1.

FORTUNE does not always smile on its favorites; *Pompey found this to his cost when his mangled remains were spurned on the African shore. Sir John Lawrence and Sir Cecil Beadon, the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal were now about to find that Fortune only half smiled on them.

The Province of Orissa stretches along a portion of the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal, to the south west of Calcutta. †"Its maritime portion is low and sterile. Hills rise in the interior covered with dense bamboo and other jungle inhabited by the wild tribes of the Khonds, among whom, after the abominable rite of Suttee had been suppressed, and Thuggism hunted down, the practice of infanticide and human sacrifice was found to exist." Meriah sacrifices attracted the special attention of the British Government and the custom is supposed to have been eradicated.

*NOTE—The Romans said that ill-luck followed Pompey after his cruelty to elephants in the amphitheatre in Rome.

†See "Milner's Gallery of Geography.

But it is to a town on the coast of Orissa called Juggernaut, and its temple to Vishnu that we owe our familiarity with Orissa. The love inspiring Krishna, (an avatar of Vishnu) who was one day shot with an arrow from the bow of a hunter, became incorporated in the Idol of Juggernaut. This Idol was fashioned without arms or legs; it however became the object of the most unhallowed worship and adoration, pilgrims resorting to its temple from all parts of India. The constant cry of the priests of the Idol was "blood, blood," and it was destined that Juggernaut was to be satiated with his favorite beverage by the helping hand of the Orissa famine. This country was inhabited by about four millions of people.

One day a sinister report reached the Bengal Government through the proper channels, that Mr. Barlow, a Civilian who was located in this ill favored region, anticipated a famine. All the superiors of this croaking Barlow were indignant, "How can such a thing take place," said they, and we have remained in utter ignorance of coming events. So all official correspondence condemned the theory of the predicted famine, and Barlow had a black mark placed against his name, as a pestilent alarmist. The periodical rains stopped prematurely, and crops either did not spring up or were withered; this was the cause of alarm on which Barlow grounded his sinister anticipations.

Sir John was never very quick at prophetic warnings, he had not observed the signs of the times which ushered in the Indian Mutiny, but being in Calcutta when evil reports began to circulate regarding the state of Orissa, he questioned Sir Cecil Beadon more than once regarding the probability of a famine. Official opinions were dead against Barlow's views, and all flying rumors were loudly condemned. Sir John trusted to Sir Cecil Beadon, and left for Simlah, but even in the cool atmosphere and pine clad heights of this hill sanitorium, the whisper of coming famine in Orissa would still murmur. So Sir John again urged on Sir Cecil the propriety of a more strict inquiry, and the latter quitted the pleasant hill country where he was residing, and visited Orissa in person, held receptions, and Durbars, but could find no famine.

Again poor Barlow and his theory were scoffed at, he became the laughing stock of every witty, sharp tongued clerk.

But Famine crept on stealthily nearer and nearer, she was resolved to feast on her prey. What cared she now for Sir John, the child of fortune; or for Lord Canning's *protégé*, Sir Cecil Beadon? She had a full grip on the land, and famine with all its horrors burst on the affrighted people of Orissa. They died by thousands, they perished by hundreds of thousands.

Death cried out every day, hour, minute and second, for more victims and garnered them into his storehouse, as the reaper gathers in the golden grain. At last Death was surfeited for he had taken to himself a fourth part of the population ! In other words one Million of Souls.

We can scent Famine from afar, we need no pack of hounds to make it out for us. That clump of green trees used to hold a religious Mendicant, with saffron colored clothes, who tended a shrine sacred to Juggernaut, gave water to travellers, cooked their food for a trifle, or light their hubble-bubbles. He had a myna bird in a cage, which called out cheerfully to all, "Come in Sir, come in Sir." But a time came when the bird called, and called and called in vain. No one even brought him food; so he tumbled from off his perch quite exhausted, and soon the cage contained nothing but a few feathers, which the hot winds blew here, there and everywhere. Sand settled on the cage and gave a mockery of burial ; but the Mendicant found none, he laid down on his bed and rose no more; his remains shrivelled away and famished dogs divided his saffron colored clothes.

On nearing the village we see a Brahmin, driving, or rather dragging along a cow with a cord, both are lean and hunger stricken. The Brahmin has received the cow as a religious

offering, and he has promised his prayers for plenty again. The Brahmin pants and totters, you can see his heart beating through the thin skin that covers it.

The cattle stand listlessly together, hoping to be driven to pastures, but their cow-herds are no longer in the land of the living; the cattle will fall down and die just where they are. The shrines no longer look bright with flowers, they have all faded and are brown or black now; no one could gather the bright yellow, purple, crimson or white flowers, for they have not bloomed this year. The light of the Mahometan shrine, no longer sparkles at night and guides travellers on their way. For generations it has boasted of its lamps of *ghee*, (clarified butter) and dogs used when all was quiet to assemble round the shrine, and after severe fighting the victor would lick up the palatable butter. The dogs now crouch about the shrines, still as death.

The smell is horrible from the dying and the dead. But the cry from the Bengal Secretariat is, "No famine, no famine."

It is the month of Chait; the season of marriage amongst Hindoos, when all ought to be festivity, and the bridegroom comes to take home the bride. But she is not astir yet, there she sleeps and needs no bridegroom now; she had not forgotten her bridal day, for she is decked out in her jewels and

her brilliant dress. Antimony has not been neglected for her eyes; a half famished, little yellow bee is slowly passing over the black mark under her eyelid, and stopping now and then tries to extract a portion of the cosmetic with his proboscis. The bangles are on her arms, and her ankles, the looking glass ring on her great toe, the ear-rings in her ears, the necklace round her neck.

We turn our back on the sickening scene; we have indeed found famine, and on our road to our camp we have stumbled on the cow; dead in the beaten path. The Brahmin must have pulled her along thus far, until she died, or was too weak to move any more. Half a mile or so on the road, we find the Brahmin; he also has fallen down and parted with life, and there he would have remained until his body had rotted, had not our attendants made up a funeral pyre and burnt the body; its ashes will soon be driven north, south, east and west. Possibly a dust storm may collect some of them, and lay them fine as powder on the sheet of paper on which the Secretary to the Bengal Government is writing; they may adhere to the ink not yet dry and pass on to the Viceroy of India. "We do not believe in the Orissa Famine!"

But how is famine with its velvet clad feet to be anticipated? We will enlighten the reader. Take a good, strong active horse, and ride through a district where there is very great scarcity and

grain has risen to a price, which places it beyond the power of people to purchase it. The first sign of a famine will be begging children coming out from villages, and belonging to castes, which ordinarily never beg. They call out "Hungry, hungry!" and point with significant glances to their stomachs. Now and then a traveller will be found dead on the road, thin and emaciated, he has not had the vigor or means to reach a haven of rest and plenty.

But no children come out to beg; then we will go into the village, the famine has commenced in good earnest. You will see the children sitting or lying down on beds, too weak to move, and in every village you will find men and women in the same condition, at their last gasp. Food can be purchased it is true at towns or large villages, but the people are unable to buy it, or too weak to fetch it. A famine stricken boy or girl is a most repulsive object to look at; all brightness of color has left the flesh, if any remains, there is little else but skin and bone.

There was a debate in the House of Commons, and the result was not favorable to Sir Cecil Beadon's official character. But the truth is that it requires experience to foretell a famine, and a good deal of skill and care is needed to marshal all probabilities and facts in order, and to clearly point out why such a conclusion has been arrived

at. The following enquiries must be made. Is there much grain stored in such a province? Have the people hidden stores of jewels or money? Thousands of people in India live on charity, a little grain is begged here, a little there, and life is sustained; but when great scarcity prevails the cruse ceases to flow, and the meal from the barrel is no longer given away. Village servants who are fed on offerings of grain for services performed soon succumb. The sweeper, the tanner of leather, the carpenter, and the blacksmith soon disappear.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Barlow was not allowed to sink into a position of obscurity, and be at the mercy of the officials of the Bengal Government, for he proved himself fully equal to the charge committed to him, and did his duty.



NOTE.--Juggernaut. We notice that Mr. W. Hunter in his most valuable book, "The Indian Empire," disclaims any taste for blood on the part of the god Juggernaut, but mentions that *one* sacrifice of human life was made at his temple yearly, in honor of Siva's wife. That "such rites arose from the ambition of the priests to make Purí the sacred city of all worships and sects." Whether the god loves blood or not, doubtless it is that thousands of human lives have been sacrificed in his worship, either through fatigue caused by the long pilgrimage to his shrine or by the self immolation of fanatics under the wheels of his car. "We know that we are approaching Juggernat'h (and we are fifty miles from it) by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewed by the way.....Numbers of pilgrims die on the road, and their bodies generally remain unburied.A letter from an eye-witness at Juggernat'h, on the 23rd of June, 1814, published in the Asiatic Journal, states, "the sight here beggars all description.....One woman has devoted herself under the wheels, and a shocking sight it was. Another intending also to devote herself, missed the wheels with her body and had her arm broken."—*Mythology of the Hindus*, C. Coleman.

It is to be hoped that the god Juggernaut will become more and more beneficent as he feels the pressure of the just British rule.

CHAPTER XX.

Land tenures in India—Irrigation.

"A question will naturally arise, whether it would not be more advantageous for the king as well as for the people, if the former ceased to be sole possessor of the land, and the right of private property were recognised in India as it is with us?.....The peasant cannot avoid asking himself this question: "Why should I toil for a tyrant who may come to-morrow and lay his rapacious hands upon all I possess and without leaving me, if such should be his humour, the means to drag on my miserable existence?" The timariots, governors and farmers, on their part reason in this manner: "Why should the neglected state of this land create uneasiness in our minds? and why should we expend our own money and time to render it fruitful? we may be deprived of it in a single moment, and our exertions would benefit neither ourselves nor our children. Let us draw from the soil all the money we can, though the peasant should starve or abscond, and we should leave it, when commanded to quit, a dreary wilderness."—*Bernier's Travels*, Vol. I., page 255, 256. (1655-1667.)



WHEN the Moguls governed India, the enlistment of Indian soldiers gave them a good deal of anxiety; for the people of India weighed the strength and stability of the Mogul power, by the

number of Mogul troops of pure blood which it could bring into the field; much in the same way that English troops are considered by the natives of India, as the gauge of British power. The Moguls for a time leant on Rajpoot levies, as their chief Indian Auxiliary Force, just as the English trusted to, and pinned their faith on the Sepoy from Oude.

The Nizams of the Deccan similarly employed Arab levies, and the blood was kept pure by constant enlistments from Arabia, for an Arab when he married an Indian wife, left children devoid of pluck or of enfeebled constitutions. A native army, if loyal, collects partizans around it, which is doubtless an element of strength, but the Indian is a fickle creature. It is a difficult problem to solve, from what classes the native Indian soldiers ought to be selected; the guiding principle in India should be to keep as many English soldiers as is possible, and as few native soldiers as is practicable.

After the Durbar at Lahore, Sir John held one at Agra; a town once favored by the Great Mogul, who adorned it with choice buildings, costly and unrivalled for beauty, but the events of the Mutiny cast a gloom over the city. Here Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant Governor had died from disease and sorrow during 1857; the garrison was too weak

to take any permanent initiative, it consisted of only one weak English foot regiment.

The Durbar was a success, flatterers were not absent; but the visit of Sir John to Gwalior, which is the capital of Scindiah, a Mahratta Chief, seventy miles to the south of Agra is interesting as shewing his opinion of the Chief, his army and the Fort. Scindiah has now passed away by cremation into ashes, his successor holds the Fort, which our Government has unwisely given up to the ruling Chief. Too large an army is a dangerous element, so close to Agra, in possession of a strong Fort.

We must now remark on the cotton speculations in Bombay, of which Presidency Sir Bartle Frere was Governor. The quarrel of the Northern and Southern States of America, caused cotton in India to rise to a fabulous price; but when the war collapsed (after General Grant's successful march), the price of cotton fell more rapidly than it had risen. Upon cotton rising men speculated in it, made enormous fortunes, and retained them for a time. The prices of everything rose in Bombay to an abnormal height, and it was stated with some touch of irony, that the poor Ensign's wife could no longer purchase butcher's meat.

Companies were formed, and most impracticable schemes originated, shares rose rapidly. English

and Native Chairmen and Directors sat in state at long tables; the American war ended, wealth crumbled away, Chairmen and Directors hid themselves from creditors in the wilds of India. Merchants became bankrupt, and the Bank of Bombay lost all its capital. However, a vast amount of ready money poured into India, and found its way into the pockets of the agriculturists and traders.

Sir Bartle Frere seized eagerly upon the opportunity of the influx of so much wealth into Bombay, to stimulate the minds of the Native residents to acts of Charity and benevolence. Being bent on the embellishment of the town of Bombay, and the improvement of the public buildings, full of energy, artistic taste, and architectural knowledge, Sir Bartle Frere succeeded in his designs, and by the magic power of wealth, left what he had found a mere collection of hovels full of disease and death, a city of marble, (speaking with an Oriental tongue) endowed with charitable institutions, and adorned with magnificent public buildings.

During the whole period of Sir John's incumbency as Viceroy, the questions of Tenant right in Bengal, Oude and the Punjab, the Redemption of the land tax, and the permanent settlement, sorely harassed him; but the strife in which he found himself plunged was mostly of his

own seeking. When the English first became settlers or traders in Hindostan, or assumed official functions, they discovered a land tenure of which they had no previous idea or knowledge; for they were only aware of land in England being occupied by two classes, the Landlords and the Tenants; we need not enumerate copyholders under Lords of the Manor, for they were exceptional tenures.

When the Mogul rule was strong and vigorous throughout India, the Emperor of India was looked upon as the sole and universal landlord, and to him belonged the rent derived from land which was fixed by immemorial custom, but often enhanced by extortion and oppression; lands were not sold or alienated.

Vast tracts of country were mere wastes growing nothing but grass and brushwood. “In the neighbourhoods of Agra and Delhi, along the course of the Jumna, reaching to the mountains, and even on both sides of the road leading to Lahore, there is a large quantity of uncultivated land, covered either with copse wood or with grasses six feet high.”

Rent payable to the Emperor was often farmed to large contractors, who made the best terms they could with the agriculturists, who were forced by necessity to cultivate the land, or starve. Land

*Bernier, Vol. II.

was in abundance, but useless if a margin of profit was not left to the agriculturist, and his tenure was not fairly secured to him from year to year. When a farmer or large contractor died, his son often succeeded him on the terms in force with his father, and thus farmers became *quasi* proprietors, paying the stipulated rent to the Mogul Government, making their own terms with the agriculturists, and retaining a large margin of profit for themselves.

According as a farmer was just or unjust, grasping or lenient, so the Tenant gained or lost a secure tenure or title; *Thus cultivators at will were gradually formed into subproprietors, with men claiming a right of occupation under them. In Bengal many of these farmers became large proprietors, by lapse of time and public disorders, according to their own account and claimed when the English came into political power to have the rent of land settled with them. That is to give a mere song as rent, for land which has been increasing in value ever since Lord Cornwallis' time, by the industry of the agricultural classes; whether subproprietors or not, and which has never been assessed at the fair rates, which have been applied to other parts of India.

The farmer became a proprietor of land, to

*NOTE—Or perhaps resumed their original position as proprietors, enjoyed by them under a Hindoo Government.

which he had no earthly claim, and eat up all the surplus profits that he could; whilst the cultivating classes often dreadfully impoverished were always in fear of enhanced rates or eviction. And there was no reason in many instances why the farmer should not have been put aside, and an agreement for the rent of land made direct with the village communities; not with the farmer of a cluster of villages called a *Talook* into which the farmer had slipped as *Talookdar*. But Englishmen did not understand the question in all its bearings, and a Perpetual Settlement was made by Lord Cornwallis with the powerful men of the Bengal country, who appeared to be clothed with proprietary right, that is to be landlords.

Another element now crept in; Englishmen bought these proprietary rights, and settled down in the country as Indigo Planters, and tried to make the cultivators grow indigo at rates which did not repay them, or which they objected to grow from other reasons. Perhaps our meaning is not clear, we will therefore endeavour to explain it in other words. An estate in the North West Provinces was assessed for its full rent say at £100 a year; an estate of equal capacity in Bengal was assessed under the Perpetual Settlement with the Farmer (the proprietary *Talookdar*) for £20 a year; the balance of £80 found its way into the pocket of the *Talookdar*, who really had no

proprietary rights under the Emperor of Delhi, and the State, that is the Imperial Treasury was defrauded by false representations of £80 a year.

In the North West Provinces, where Settlements have been made with village communities, tenures under a fair assessment grow to be very valuable. It is true, that in the earlier days of British rule, it was easier to deal with one man than with many, and people of the lower class are very difficult to discuss their rights with, on account of their ignorance; they cannot even state a good claim clearly, they vociferate mistaking vociferation for argument, and are irritating to the most patient Judge and thus often lose their cases.

Sir John wished to see the thousands and thousands of small proprietors and cultivators, with or without a right of occupancy, placed in a position of security and happiness, and in principle he was indisputably right. The Viceroy did much by his keen advocacy to urge on a settlement affecting the well being of the people of large and rich provinces. When famine bursts over a land natives, who have not hoards of gold, silver, grain or cattle to fall back on, and no houses or lands to mortgage, which they hold on secure titles highly assessed, are soon eaten up by disease and death.

But the quarrel in Oude from its antecedents embraced other elements, though the same

principle was involved, viz: the security and comfort of the agriculturists.

Lord Canning one day issued a Proclamation, which astonished everyone, he decreed the entire confiscation of the land of Oude to the British Government. What his exact object was has never clearly appeared; it was a political blunder, for the people of Oude had seen their territory annexed by Lord Dalhousie, their King deposed and sent into exile, their army disbanded, their Court broken up, without either a war or any regard to their wishes, and finding an opportunity rebelled in 1857. Oude is full of *Talookdars*.

After the Mutiny, a party sprang up, which advocated the principle of landlords with large estates; that is *Talookdars*. Englishmen, who had aided Government during the Mutiny, and had estates conferred on them, that were either rent free or lightly assessed, wished to think that their estates were free from all rights and claims of the cultivating classes. It was advocated that landlords with large estates could best aid Government in times of difficulty, having resources of money and men at their beck and call. And another reason may have had weight with Lord Canning; he wished to let the *Talookdars* manage the cultivators in their own way and fashion, that is the relations of the men, who had belonged to

the Sepoy Army, if not the soldiers who had outlived the Mutiny.

In due time, Lord Canning re-conferred their estates on the Oude Talookdars to hold as fiefs from the British Crown, but without as Sir John thought a proper inquiry into the rights of the cultivating classes. Probably it was this investigation which Lord Canning wished specially to avoid. But Sir John was resolute, and Henry Davies was selected by him and sent to Oude as Commissioner to make this enquiry; Sir Charles Wingfield was Chief Commissioner of Oude, and had been appointed with others by Lord Canning to carry out his policy.

Sir Charles appears to have acted a most straightforward part; he stuck most tenaciously to the principles under which he had been appointed, and also to his chief, Lord Canning. Sir John brought all his vast authority to bear upon him. The *Talookdars* felt that Sir Charles would not betray them or their interests, and very reluctantly in the end made some concessions to the cultivators; but not before Sir Charles Wingfield had been driven from his post by official pressure, and Sir John Strachey had been appointed in his stead, Sir John Lawrence's own man in short, bound to the Viceroy and his policy.

Lord Canning had left India and many official

partizans behind him, and it was a great source of vexation to his nominees, to see Sir John rip open his policy. On reaching England, Lord Canning had died, had he been alive he would have been able to support his policy and admirers, and rescue them both from the hands of Sir John, who was bent on crumpling up the one and ousting the others.

The Redemption of the land tax was simply this: a man was allowed to redeem the rent by a special lump payment. The rent of land in India is the great source of Revenue, and the people readily pay it; therefore to alienate it in any way was a mistake, and the scheme died away before coming to maturity. As to a perpetual Settlement for the whole of India, it was allowed, that it might be desirable to look into the matter more closely at some future period, when all available waste lands on estates had been cultivated, and they had arrived at their full capacity of development. But whoever looks at the great changes which come over the political horizon in India, will be disposed to wait. A settlement can be made for fifty years, renewable by mutual consent on its expiration to another fifty years.

As regards the perpetual Settlement of Bengal, a way must be found for increased taxation of those landowners, who have, and are absorbing

for their own use too large a proportion of the profits, which remain in their hands, after paying the rent fixed by Lord Cornwallis in his permanent Settlement. It will probably be an Income Tax specially elaborated.

The question of Irrigation also occupied a good deal of Sir John's time. There were two schools, the advocates of the storage of surplus water by artificial embankments, or natural formations of the country; and those who preferred the construction of canals from rivers as near as possible to their sources; or the formation of inundation canals from rivers in the rainy season, when the levels of a country are favorable.

Then there was the question as to whether the State or private Companies should construct canals, and whether surplus Revenue or loans should be used for the purpose. Sir John was well acquainted with the canal system as it existed in the Delhi Territory, North West Provinces and the Punjab, but of the Madras system he had had no personal experience. However principles were settled, surveys commenced and works progressed under the able direction of General Richard Strachey. As a Native said to us once, "Where water flows, there we find pearls, diamonds and emeralds."

CHAPTER XXI.

Patronage—Afghan politics—Lord Mayo arrives in Calcutta—Departure of Sir John Lawrence; return to England—Peerage conferred—Character reviewed—Failing eyesight, declining health, and death.

“When anyone is advanced on the score of desert and qualifications, the system is approved, but the individual is more envied, because his advancement is felt as an affront to all who think themselves or their friends more worthy.”


Annotations on Bacon's Essays, By Richard Whately, D.D.

“And thus there comes an end

“Of all, of bliss or sorrow, Time can share:

“But oh! in those domains whereto we tend—

“All is eternal there!”—*The Lake*, Wordsworth.

E will now offer a few remarks on the subjects of Patronage in India. The rule of general application is clearly this: that every man serving the Government has a right to have his merits and demerits fairly weighed, and to be rewarded accordingly. He ought not to be subjected to the indignity of having to fawn and cringe to a superior officer, so as to secure his just rights being granted to him.

The Patronage of the Punjab, in the earliest

days, was vested primarily with Lord Dalhousie, and no breath of partiality ever rested on him. Mr. Thomason, the Lieutenant Governor of the North West Provinces, sent many of his most capable officers to serve in the Punjab; we may name, Mr. Mansel, Sir Robert Montgomery, Sir Donald Macleod, Mr. Thornton, Mr. Edgeworth and others. Sir Henry Elliott, Foreign Secretary appointed a few men, General Clarke (we believe) amongst them. Sir Henry Lawrence had his friends. Thus in the earliest days of the Punjab Government, there was no room for favoritism. And matters remained pretty much so until Sir John quitted the Punjab.

Sir John Lawrence is said to have been admirable in his way of telling a story. Our readers will perhaps pardon us for attempting to do the same, although a professional story-teller is apt to be somewhat of a bore.

In a house of a busy street, of a town on the sea coast of the east of England, there lived a tobacconist; he had five daughters. The town was famous for its lodgers and its herrings, and has been described by one of our greatest prose writers, as resembling "a gridiron"; the streets being built in this form to escape from the blast of the east wind.

The daughters of the tobacconist may all have been very beautiful, we only speak of one; she

had a profusion of black hair, a dark skin, beaming full and expressive eyes, pliant eyebrows, a perfect figure, such as is often found in cigar divans, and an insinuating voice. To this small shop men flocked to buy pipes, lights, cigars or cigarettes, as soon as one man left another took his place. Now the father was afraid that his daughter might, in the buzz of compliments, forget to weigh his tobacco properly; so one day he carefully adjusted a small weight at the bottom of the scale. A few days afterwards a man, in a blue coat and silver plated buttons detected the contrivance.

We are informed that Sir John weighed his officials "in the hollow of his hand."

* "He was never tired of affirming that forethought was among the primary duties of public servants, and that the man who was endowed largely with the power of exercising such forethought, possessed one of the essential requisites for success. To weigh both sides of every question evenly and strike the balance, to eliminate passion, favour, prejudice or misleading sentiment, and fix the gaze on exact justice alone, were maxims uppermost in his mind. He acted according to this principle in judging of the conduct and character of officers whose fate he held in the hollow of his hand."

* "Men and Events of my Time in India," by Sir R. Temple.

One day brother Dick was carefully weighed in the hollow of his brother's hand. Fraternal affection adhered to the back of the hand, like the weight at the bottom of the tobacconist's scale; brother Dick was found full weight, and was sent as Resident to Nepal on a princely salary. Old friends, were glad to see his broad honest face, beaming with surprise and delight! And he might have exclaimed: "*Felix culpa.*"

Sir John held one more grand Durbar, before he quitted India; at Lucknow, the capital of Oude. The Viceroy led a procession of seven hundred elephants, and amidst all the glitter and show of an almost regal Court, had a sad duty to perform; to visit the ruins of the Residency, where many of our countrymen and women fell during the siege, and to stand at the grave of Sir Henry Lawrence, whose end was marked by much that was melancholy and harrowing. But the dark and light side of life soon changes in India.

We must remark that the Ameer of Afghanistan, Dost Mahomet Khan, died before Sir John left India, and the Viceroy followed the advice tendered to him by the Dost; that was to allow his sons to fight out the quarrel for the throne amongst themselves, and not to interfere. Thus a policy of "masterly inactivity" carried the day. Eventually Shere Ali Khan seated himself on the throne of Afghanistan; but the death of a son,

who was killed in a battle near Candahar, appears to have disordered his mind and rendered him an uncertain ally. If an opinion may be given, we should say that it would have been prudent, looking to future probable contingencies, to have made a ruling chief at Candahar friendly to us.

During his official term of office Sir John dealt with the Bhotan War; it was a legacy from Lord Elgin, and brought no credit to anyone mixed up in it. The Abyssinian War was very successfully carried out by Sir Robert Napier (Lord Napier), at a great cost. India was not directly concerned in the war, but was saddled with a considerable portion of the expenses; to the great vexation of Anglo-Indians.

At length the day arrived, on which Sir John was to take up his position on the steps of Government House, and make over the charge of the Viceroyalty to Lord Mayo, who had been appointed by the Crown. Sir John was dressed in his state uniform of blue and gold, looked old, worn and feeble, he stood where etiquette required; Lord Mayo, young, bright and full of health, ran up the steps in a plain English suit of clothes, entered the Council Chamber and became Viceroy of India.

An Ex-Viceroy never lingers long in Calcutta, so Sir John Lawrence soon departed and in due time arrived in England in 1868.

Home life would have been much more enjoyed by Sir John, could he have induced himself to live quietly without official work, for which he was now physically unfitted. We must now write Lord Lawrence; for a peerage was conferred on the late Viceroy soon after his return to England. On the 4th of April, 1869, he was created Baron Lawrence of the Punjab, and of Grately, Southampton, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom; he had been created a Baronet in 1858. His other honors were: G.C.S.I., G.C.B., P.C., D.C.L., L.L.D. He had nobly earned these distinctions by exemplary, hard and earnest work; and had a useful successful and brilliant career.

The time has now arrived, when Lord Lawrence, like a knight of old, may take off his armour and rest; but without mental occupation of some sort he was always discontented. Some have delighted in comparing Lawrence to a great Pro Consul, it was just what he never resembled, except in the power committed to his trust; for he was never corrupt and extortionate like Cæsar, or effeminate or voluptuous like Verres; and never as boastful as Cicero. Others have compared the character of Lord Lawrence to that of Oliver Cromwell; he was never possessed of the personal vigor of the Protector in dealing with persons or events; he was never so profoundly full of dissimulation and deception or of religious enthusiasm as Cromwell;

he was never as false to his country for his own selfish and private ends; and his language was prompt not "circuitous" like that of Cromwell.

For the first eleven years of his official life, Lawrence mostly spent his time amongst natives, acquiring, though in a somewhat rough form, the routine of business in the Revenue and Criminal Courts. Mixing freely with the people enabled him to form sound opinions, as to what measures would best suit them, and be of practical not theoretical utility.

Lawrence never possessed a very subtle intellect, and was not deeply conversant with the past history or religions of Hindostan. His turn of mind was essentially practical and from a net-work of European ideas, which were spreading slowly through the various departments of the State, he strove to disentangle and thrust aside those, which were unsuited to the natives of India; but seized firmly on those, which would bring peace and happiness to the people.

The land question was ever present to his imagination; how was the land to be held and cultivated, so that all should be happy and contented, paying a fair rent to Government, and enjoying the surplus profits free from the predatory habits, corruption, and pillage of Government officials and village worthies. Farmers of the land revenue, Lawrence ever abominated, he well

knew the misery with which this class had overwhelmed Hindostan, and how it had laid prostrate the throne of the Great Mogul. Every village therefore, was if possible, induced to engage direct with Government, for the rent payable to the State; so that all surplus profits should be the property of the village, that is of the proprietors, of the hereditary cultivators, or of the cultivators at will. Thus village servants could be punctually paid, the debts of traders promptly met, religious institutions supported and social requirements arranged.

But this close contact, with natives of no very high intellectual standard, though good for Lawrence in one way, was damaging in another. It blunted his manners, dwarfed his powers of conversation, prevented the expansion of his character, and brought about an adaptation of native trains of thought and modes of expression in Hindustani, which, though apt, sadly spoilt the force of any argument with an Englishman, or any social pleasure which might have been derived from conversation. Every other word was a Hindustani one, a miserable jargon to ears accustomed to classical English.

English composition was not Lawrence's *forte*, therefore he could not readily express his opinions in a pleasant attractive style of writing, and thus convince his superior officers of the advisability

of their adoption. The first years of his Indian life closed without his making any mark in the Civil Service; but he had acquired that insight into the organisation of native village communities, which enabled him to deal successfully with them when placed at the head of a large Province.

A combination of circumstances enabled Lawrence to grasp the opportunity, which fortune held out to him, when he returned from a three year's absence in England on furlough. Some of these circumstances were: a congenial and refining marriage, the return to the familiar locality of Delhi, contact with Sir Theophilus Metcalfe his tolerant superior, who was never extreme to mark his irregular orders or high handed proceedings. John Lawrence also possessed a great advantage in having a brother of such commanding and exceptionally intellectual qualities, as Sir Henry, who seemed to give vigor and vitality to all around him, and to endear all to him whom he wished to captivate, or render useful to the State, by a bright earnest example.

Still John did not specially engage official notice, by any celebrated English reports, or novel proposals for carrying on Revenue work, or for improving the Civil or Criminal departments of the State. He was always a most bitter enemy to the reckless decrees of the Civil Court; both as to

deeds for debt against village communities, decrees for rights of revenue Farmers over village communities, and decrees of a fraudulent character, which would render paupers hundreds of land owners. We can even now recollect his honest indignation and the valiant stand he made for his village proprietors, and the scorn with which he reduced rolls of paper of a Civil decree, eight or nine feet long, to so much waste paper, by his intimate acquaintance with the land tenures of the Delhi District.

The second period of John Lawrence's career discovered him as having shaken off a good deal of bohemianism, but remaining honest at heart for the welfare of the people; and thus the promotion, as Financial Member of the Board, found him well prepared in many respects to commence a great work under Lord Dalhousie.

Lord Dalhousie was born in 1812, Lord Lawrence in 1811, he was consequently one year older than the Governor General of India; but whilst the sands of Lawrence's hour glass ran on until 1879, those of Lord Dalhousie stopped prematurely in 1860. The private life and official training of Lord Dalhousie was essentially English, that of Lawrence was Anglo-Indian. Dalhousie knew the current of English political thoughts, feelings and intrigues, and many of the actors on the varying scenes of

political changes. But to Lawrence, England and its political likes and dislikes, its selfish party struggles without a particle of patriotism to redeem them, was a closed book. The Governor General was firm, self-reliant, of clear judgment and never swerved from his purpose; his lucid style of writing let every one know what he had resolved on, and intended to carry out. Therefore Lawrence could not but improve under such a sterling master, and there is no doubt that he benefited greatly by Lord Dalhousie's guiding influence and authority.

Sir Henry's character was fully formed, and could not be moulded by any one from the shape into which it had adapted itself. Thus, whilst John Lawrence awoke to the full consciousness of his latent powers, and perceived the channels into which Lord Dalhousie was desirous to turn them, Sir Henry never amalgamated with his chief as his brother John did. For Sir Henry wished to govern rather by sentiment and feeling than by the hard uncompromising letter of rule, regulation, or official reports; and though the opinions of Sir Henry might appear Quixotic, in the times of peace and security, after the two exterminating Sikh wars, the feeling engendered by his kindly nature and sympathy, was a tower of strength to his brother in the dark days of 1857. But John Lawrence never lost sight of the great principle,

which he had always placed prominently before him; the happiness, comfort and security of the agricultural classes, and he clung persistently to it until the day of his death.

Almost the last time that we spoke to Sir John Lawrence at Peterhof, he said :

“The agriculturists like our rule, the traders less so.”

Lord Dalhousie's despatches have not yet been published, so it is premature for us to say, whether he tried to remedy the glaring weakness to English supremacy, nurtured by the overgrown, homogeneous class native army. The Court of Directors may have refused any considerable increase to the European army. But it is certain that the genius of Sir Henry Lawrence made him fully aware of the plague spot, and he initiated a remedy, as far as he was able, in the shape of a Guide Corps and an Irregular Frontier force; he also wrote on the question of the native army and its defects.

Lord Dalhousie wove a political daisy chain; it was brilliant in color and pleasant to the eye. Kingdom after kingdom was added to the sphere of British supremacy; native levy, after native levy was raised to bind these newly acquired States firmly to British Territory; but on a sudden the chain

burst asunder, and deluged all who held it with torrents of crimson blood.

The Government of the vast kingdom of India, was confided to men who appear to have sunk into a profound slumber. Unfortunately an "alarmist" is a word which an Indian official dreads to have tacked on to his name and character, therefore sound opinions regarding coming events are often smothered and never see official light. Perhaps this feeling made John Lawrence not bold enough towards the end of his official career in the Punjab, in facing the burning question of the Native Army and in suggesting a remedy.

The body of English officers, almost to a man, would have been open mouthed in defence of their native Sepoy Regiments, and possibly Lawrence did not feel himself strong enough to face and conquer a storm, which he might raise; but his imagination was never very vivid, so the storm of the Mutiny burst over him and his province.

"Each house-father a warrior, husbandman, and priest; with his wife and his little ones, and cattle." English family life as it exists in England is almost banished from Hindostan. The warrior father is found as in the earliest days of Indo-Germanic immigration; but as a priest in his own family he is too often absent, and although

there may be a wife, and for a time, young children, the latter soon disappear, perhaps with their mother, to be brought up and educated in England, and rendered strong in mind and body and sound English principles. Thus the warrior English father passes his life alone, always longing for home, ever unsettled. Many Englishmen never marry in India, and thus it is that natives of India seldom see Englishmen in their true character of vigor, punctuality, industry, and severe physical and mental application. The climate of India is ever at war with our English natural force of character; a counterfeit form takes its place. There are few English men or women in India, who can be called old, and the female sex is, comparatively speaking, limited in number.

There is no State religion in India. Toleration is freely extended to all, whether they be Christians, Mahometans, Hindoos, Buddhists, or outside these religious communities. Thus Anglo-Indians are seldom bigots, or enthusiasts in matters of religion, possibly they are too undemonstrative, and tolerant; unobtrusive in urging religious theories, but practically capable of sealing their faith with their blood; as proved during the Mutiny of 1857, when our countrymen and countrywomen gave some of the most noble examples on record, since the Cross became a symbol of our faith; of

patriotism and martyrdom. We could mention many names, but we do not deem it proper even after the lapse of thirty years, to give pain to those, who hold their memories so sacredly dear. Lord Lawrence's religious views were never demonstrative; but he gave evidence of their sincerity, by his devotion on principle to his duty during the whole of his life. The only occasion on which he ever pointedly alluded to religion to us was at Delhi, when he remarked :

“ If we really believe in religion, why do we not practise it ? ”

As a sunbeam occasionally lights up the crest of an ocean wave, the reflection from English home life now and then gives color and charm to Anglo-Indian scenes in India. We can call to mind one of them, even after the lapse of many years. It was a day of bustle and preparation at Sanawar, where the Lawrence Asylum had been founded; a new girl's school was to be commenced. Sir Henry Lawrence was there full of zeal, fire and enthusiasm for the advancement of the work he had so much at heart. The object aimed at, was the rescue of the daughters of our English soldiers from disease, death and the taint of Barrack life in the plains of India. The Asylum was under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Parker and his wife; they had a bevy of daughters, young, dark haired,

clear complexioned, growing girls, so seldom seen in India.

Honoraria Lawrence sat in the schoolroom surrounded with the school girls, who were either showing their work, or listening to her instructions, or advice. As the sun became less bright and dazzling, all assembled to witness the laying of the foundation stone of the new schoolroom.

Sanawar is a spur of the Himalaya Mountains, it branches off from one of the ranges. Looking northwards Simlah may be seen, its houses look like white specks, and the snowy range appears as a line of sparkling white. To the south the plains of India stretch away, they are dark in color and intersected by the silver line of the river Sutlej and are at last lost to sight in a line of mist or vapor. To the east, a careful observer could mark out the site of Mussourie, a hill station, which is to Simlah what Margate used to be to Brighton. Close to Mussourie stands the ill omened Fort of Nalapani, where General Gillespie and so many of the 53rd Foot lost their lives in 1814.

Sir William Gomm, the Commander-in-Chief of India, was present at this ceremony, also Lady Gomm, and several officers from the military station of Kussoulie, about a mile or so distant. The hymn, which was sung by the girls, resounded

through the valley and was echoed amongst the clefts of the hill, on the side of which the Asylum stood. The Institution spoke of home life in every arrangement, and the girls were recovering health and color and learning sound English principles.

In a few years most of the actors in this scene had passed away, but the good word prospered and increased, spreading to Mount Aboo and Outamacund, where Asylums have sprung up, so that it cannot now be said that Mount Aboo is only crowned with a Jain temple.

Shortly after Lord Lawrence's return to England, his children began to marry and separate themselves from their own home; a warning to both father and mother, that time was quietly rolling on.

Lord Lawrence was elected Chairman of the London School Board, and thus some of his time was occupied, not that he had ever acquired any special aptitude for the post by educational training. After a while Lord Lawrence suffered much from defective eyesight, and his sight became more and more impaired; he was forced to employ Miss Graster as an amenuensis. An operation which was performed led to great mental and physical suffering, with no favorable result, another was afterwards undergone with some degree of success,

Then came the War with Afghanistan; in which Lord Lawrence took great interest, and gave forth his practical opinions in the columns of the Times.

At length being thoroughly worn out, Lord Lawrence expired on the 27th of June, 1879, after a short illness. He is buried in Westminster Abbey, amongst the illustrious men of whom England may well be proud.



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